

# Doomed

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## Teaser

INT. BUFFY AND WILLOW'S DORM ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

ON BUFFY and RILEY, exactly as we left them in "Hush" (Episode 10) -- sitting across from each other, in silence. After a couple more beats:

BUFFY

Well, somebody should speak before  
one of us graduates.

Riley rises slowly. He crosses past her, then turns back.

RILEY

What are you?

Buffy eyes him, a little irked at the question.

BUFFY

Capricorn. On the cusp of Aquarius. You?

RILEY

Sorry. Came out a little blunter  
than I intended. It's just...

(enthused)

You're amazing. Your speed, your strength--

BUFFY

Also passionate, artistic

And inquisitive.

(pointedly)

Who are you?

RILEY

(sincere)

You know who I am. The rest...

(uncomfortable)

What I do... I can't tell you.

She studies him a beat.

BUFFY

Then, let me. You're part of some  
military monster squad that rounds up  
demons, vampires -- probably have  
official-sounding euphemisms for them  
like "Unfriendlies" or "Non-sapiens..."

RILEY

(offering)

Hostile Sub-Terrestrials.

BUFFY

There you go. So you deliver  
these... "HSTs" to a bunch of lab



coats who perform experiments which,  
among other things, turn some into  
harmless bunnies. How am I doing so far?

RILEY

(with some concern)

A little too well.

BUFFY

Meanwhile, by day, you pretend to be  
Riley Finn, corn-fed Iowa boy. You  
ever even been to Iowa, Riley?

(realizing)

God, if that's even your name.

RILEY

It is. Born and raised. And hey,  
bulletin, I'm not the only one who's  
been less than honest here.

Buffy relents. He's got a point.

BUFFY

I'd have thought a professional  
Demon chaser like you would've  
figured it out by now.

(obviously)

I'm the Slayer.

Riley looks at her blankly.

BUFFY

Slay-er. Chosen one? She who hangs  
out a lot in cemeteries?

He shrugs, apologetically.

BUFFY

You're kidding.

(sighs, then)

In every genera--

(w/o skipping a beat)

You know, I really don't feel like  
doing the routine. Ask around. Look  
it up: "Slayer comma The."

RILEY

And you fight... demons... I mean,  
you wailed on them -- and these guys  
were in shape. Kind of a weird shape, but --

BUFFY

You did pretty well yourself.

RILEY

But I'm a walking bruise today. See  
me with my clothes off I look like...

I mean I have bruises... purple.

Don't see a scratch on you.

BUFFY

Not looking hard enough.



RILEY  
I'm looking pretty hard.

A little heat here. They break it:

RILEY  
So, then... What do we... do?  
BUFFY  
(sobering)  
I don't know. I'm still... I really  
thought you were a nice, normal guy.  
RILEY  
I am a nice, normal guy.  
BUFFY  
Maybe by this town's standards, but  
I'm not grading on a curve.  
(after a beat)  
I think we both need a little time to  
process... everything. Decide where  
this... where we're...  
RILEY  
Yeah. I think that's a good idea.

He stands. They look at each other for a moment.

RILEY  
Don't think I need to tell you...  
BUFFY  
I won't say a word to anybody.  
RILEY  
Good. It'll be safer for all--

SKRRREEECH! Amy the rat lets out an agitated SQUEAL. They turn to look at her.

RILEY  
--concerned.  
BUFFY  
What's--

Then, a LOW, RUMBLING HUM and the room begins to violently SHAKE. A few breakables fall off the shelf and SHATTER.

Riley instinctively grabs Buffy and moves into the door frame until the shaking finally subsides. In the distance, CAR ALARMS BLARE.

RILEY  
(jazzed)  
Wow. That was some ride,

BUFFY slowly crosses to the window.

RILEY  
Sorry. I'm a little excited.  
It's my first earthquake.



ON BUFFY, staring out the window, her reflection in the glass reveals a sense of dread.

BUFFY  
It isn't mine.

BLACK OUT.

END OF TEASER

## Act One

INT. XANDER'S BASEMENT - EVENING (PREVIOUSLY SCENE A)

CLOSE ON CEILING WATER PIPE - A STEADY DRIP OF WATER EMERGING FROM ITS SEAM. WIDEN to find

SPIKE unhappily standing over the reclining chair as water drips onto it. He moves the chair, then feels the seat.

SPIKE  
Ga! My sodden sleeping chair's  
bloody... sodden.

CUT WIDE to find the room in post-earthquake disarray as

XANDER comes over with an empty bucket and places it under the drip.  
NOTE: He's wearing black pants and t-shirt.

XANDER  
The quake just knocked a couple of  
pipes loose. There's a wrench  
hanging up over there by the work  
bench. Try tightening the valve nut.

SPIKE  
I look like a plumber to you?

XANDER  
No, you look like a big mooch who  
doesn't lift a finger around here.  
But I have to get to work.

Xander pulls on a bright shirt, which has a pizza delivery logo on it. He picks up, though doesn't wear, a matching cap. He's in uniform.

SPIKE  
Yeah. Delivering melted cheese on  
bread. Doing your part to keep  
America constipated.

XANDER  
Mock not. Remember who pays for the  
plasma around here, pal.



He crosses to the work bench and retrieves the wrench.

XANDER

You earn your keep or you don't get kept.  
(slapping the tool into Spike's hand)  
When you're done fixing the leak, try  
cleaning up this mess.

As he turns to leave, Spike raises the wrench to smash Xander over the head, only to be stricken with a painful brain twinge. Xander heads up the stairs, oblivious.

XANDER

And doing a little laundry for once  
wouldn't kill you. Unfortunately.

He exits. Spike glares after him, then, in frustration, flings the wrench against the wall, knocking stuff off.

EXT. BUFFY AND WILLOW'S DORM - EVENING

To establish

INT. BUFFY AND WILLOW'S DORM ROOM - EVENING

BUFFY, pensively, puts on her jacket and heads for the door as

WILLOW bounds in.

WILLOW

Hey. I was in the library when the  
quake hit. Almost got buried in 19th  
Century English Literature. And I  
don't have to tell you how hard it is  
to dig through some of that stuff.

Buffy smiles slightly.

WILLOW

You okay?

BUFFY

Yeah. Couple of broken  
knickknacks. No biggies.

WILLOW

Well, Porter Dorm is completely  
blacked out, so naturally they're  
dealing with the crisis the only way  
they know how: "Aftershock Party."

BUFFY

From the dorm that brought you the  
"Somebody Sneezed Party" and "Day  
That Ends in a 'Y' Party."

WILLOW

They do seem to be generous with the



milestones. You should ask Riley to come. Much carousing by flattering candlelight.

BUFFY

Riley. Riley is... busy, I'm pretty sure. Why don't I meet up with you there. On my way for a little Giles one-on-one.

WILLOW

Anything wrong?

BUFFY

(with forced lightness)

Wrong? No. Not at all.

EXT. GILES' COURTYARD - NIGHT

ON BUFFY, pacing, agitated. PANNING with her, we find GILES at the table, sticking GREEN push pins into an object we don't see.

BUFFY

Something horrible's going to happen. Giles.

GILES

It was an earthquake, Buffy. A not uncommon occurrence in Southern California. There's no reason to think it's anything more.

BUFFY

I've so got a reason. Pretty darn good one. The last time we had an earthquake, I died.

Giles looks up at her.

GILES

(sympathetically)

Yes. I know that. And therefore completely understand your anxiety.

BUFFY

Oh, good. Hate for my little "untimely, horrible death" concern to be ambiguous.

GILES

But until evidence suggests otherwise, I think we should assume this was the result of shifting land masses and not a portent of Imminent doom.

He produces a sheet of foam core on which is mounted a MAP of Sunnydale. GREEN push pins are stuck in it at various points.

GILES

In the meantime, I've come up with a few theories regarding our mysterious commando friends.



Buffy freezes in her tracks.

BUFFY

Oh. Really?

GILES

Yes. Now, based on the location of our various sightings, and Spike's descriptions of their underground installation--

BUFFY

(interrupting him)

Okay, say this quake was a sign -- a bad omen. And we just ignore it.

There's gonna be some pretty red faces around here if the world comes to an end.

GILES

If the quake is heralding a catastrophe such as that, I'm sure they'll be other signs to follow, affording us enough time to avert it.  
(back to map)

Now, I believe the commandos' installation is somewhere very close to, if not directly under, your school. And as such, I'm convinced one or more of them may be in your very midst--

BUFFY

Plague!

GILES

What?

BUFFY

If the end is coming in the form of a plague, too many people may become infected before we--

GILES

(interrupting her)

Buffy, will you please stop worrying about what may be and concentrate on what is.

Buffy opens her mouth to protest, but he holds up a hand to stop her.

GILES

Vigilance is all well and good, but as I feel we're getting close, there's a much more pressing question...

INT. INITIATIVE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

ON RILEY

RILEY

What's a slayer?



WIDEN to find him and FORREST, walking down a gleaming passageway.

FORREST

Slayer? Thrash band. Anvil-heavy  
guitar rock with delusions of Black Sabbath.

RILEY

No. A girl. With powers.

FORREST

Oh. The Slayer. Oh, yeah, man.  
I've heard of the slayer.

Riley stops, as does Forrest.

RILEY

Fill me in.

FORREST

Well, the way I got it figured,  
Slayer's like some kind of Bogeyman  
for the Sub-Terrestrials. Something  
they tell their little spawn to get  
them to eat their vegetables and  
clean up their slime pits.

RILEY

You're telling me she doesn't exist.

FORREST

(snickering)

Oh, wait a sec. Am I bursting  
somebody's bubble here? Maybe this  
is a bad time to tell you about Lara  
Croft. And the Easter bunny.

Forrest laughs, having a good ol' time. Irritated, Riley starts walking  
again. Forrest comes up behind, trying to sober himself up.

FORREST

Sorry. Sorry. It's a myth, Rye.  
All part of that medieval folklore  
garbage kooks dream up to explain the  
things we deal with everyday.

They hear an AGITATED GROWL, then look up ahead of them.

REVERSE ANGLE as they pass a SCIENTIST and GUARD (armed with a  
heavy BATON) escorting a LARGE DEMON -- drugged, its wrists chained --  
in the opposite direction. Riley and Forrest both take notice of the beast.

RILEY

And how do you explain the things  
we deal with, Forrest?

FORREST

(shrugs)

They're just animals, man. Plain and  
simple. Granted, a little rarer than





the ones you grew up with on that  
little farm in Smallville, but--

RAAAAUGGHHH! They hear the ROAR behind them and turn to see...

THEIR P.O.V. - THE LARGE DEMON has SLAMMED the Guard against the wall, sending him sprawling to the ground. It's in the midst of breaking the chain restraining his wrists, as the Scientist fumbles for a syringe.

ON RILEY and FORREST, moving into action mode. They dive at the huge creature and wrestle it to the ground. The LARGE DEMON grabs FORREST in a headlock as it SNAPS its jagged- toothed maw at Riley.

FORREST  
(choking)  
Where's... that... hypo...?

Riley tries to wrench his friend free, as he looks to see

THE SCIENTIST still filling the hypo. Then dropping it.

Riley sighs, grabs the NIGHT STICK next to the prone Guard and WHAMS the LARGE DEMON hard across the jaw, knocking it unconscious.

RILEY  
Never mind.

He helps Forrest to his feet. As the scientist tends to the semi-conscious guard, there is a DISTANT METALLIC BANGING, echoing throughout the hall.

FORREST  
Like I said. Animals.  
(re banging)  
What's that racket?  
RILEY  
The "animals" are rattling their  
cages. Been going on all day.  
Wonder what's got them all worked up.  
FORREST  
Earthquakes, man... They make  
everybody crazy.

INT. PORTER DORM LOBBY - AFTERSHOCK PARTY - NIGHT

A WILD PARTY rages in the BLACKED-OUT common room of the dorm (which oddly enough resembles the redressed Commons of the university). The only illumination comes from numerous scattered CANDLES, EMERGENCY CAMPING GAS-LAMPS and the criss- crossing streams of light from a bunch of handheld FLASHLIGHTS.

Much WHOOPING, kissage, cliquish groupings... Many partiers sport colorful phosphorescent necklaces, bracelets and other accessories.



A battery powered boom-box supplies the appropriately WB-style party ambience MUSIC. PANNING across, we find WILLOW, looking and feeling a little alone, apparently as she knows no one else there. A couple of times, she's bumped by partiers in the dimly lit hall, with nary an apology. She glances at her watch, obviously anxious for Buffy's arrival.

After a moment of looking around, she brightens when she sees

WILLOW'S P.O.V. - PERCY -- her tutee from high school - his arm around his GIRLFRIEND, a pretty coed.

WILLOW  
(excited)  
Percy! Hi!

He looks at her, smiles pleasantly but a little distantly.

PERCY  
Hey, Willow. What's goin', on?  
WILLOW  
Oh, stuff. Thought you got that  
football scholarship to USC.  
PERCY  
I did. Laurie goes here.  
LAURIE  
Hey.  
WILLOW  
Hi. Some party, huh?  
LAURIE  
It's okay.

The girlfriend just looks at her, expressionless, causing Willow some discomfort until Percy chimes in.

PERCY  
So, how's Oz?  
WILLOW  
Oh. Oz. Well, um, actually, he's--

Percy holds up his hand as the girlfriend whispers something into his ear. Willow stands there, awkwardly. Then Percy turns to her.

PERCY  
We're gonna get some drinks.  
Cool to see you.

Percy's gal pal pulls him away. Willow calls after them.

WILLOW  
Yeah, catch you...

They're gone. Willow sighs, scans the room again, checks her watch.



WILLOW  
Buffy'll get here soon.  
Then the fun'll start.

INT. PORTER DORM - HALLWAY - NIGHT

ANGLE ON DOOR at the end of the hall. A FEW KIDS run into frame, laughing, PUSH the DOOR open and scramble up a stairwell.

CLOSE ON the door as it slowly swings closed, with a mild rusty CREAK. Right before it does

A SCALY, GLISTENING, CLAW reaches in and catches it.

INT. PORTER DORM ROOM - NIGHT

A SHIRTLESS PARTIER is at a makeshift BAR set up in his DARK, CANDLELIT room. The door is partially ajar and we can make out the occasional party atmosphere in the hall.

THE PARTIER grooves to the music as he mixes concoctions for his pals. He calls over his shoulder.

PARTIER  
Hey, you guys serious about naked  
limbo, I'm in.

REVERSE ANGLE -- he gathers the half dozen plastic cups in his arms. As he turns to leave, WIDEN to see, standing in his way

A hellish DEMON unlike any hellish demon we've seen before. (Honestly.) It's scaly hide GLISTENS with an oily residue. The partier freezes and his eyes go wide with horror. Before he can scream, a razor sharp CLAW SWIPES his neck in a flash.

ON FLOOR, AT HIS FEET -- his drinks spill to the ground. As does his blood.

BLACK OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

## Act Two

INT. PORTER DORM LOBBY - AFTERSHOCK PARTY - NIGHT

The LIGHTS are STILL OUT. MUSIC still plays. More guests are pairing up now, some making out in the dark corners of the room. GRAHAM is visible in the b.g., chatting up a girl.

ON WILLOW, alone, trying out a few funky solo dance moves, getting self-conscious, and finally stopping.



She looks at her watch again and crosses to a window to peer out, looking for...

WILLOW  
(to herself)  
Buffy. Where are you?

Unbeknownst to Willow, she's ended up next to Percy - his back to her as he leans over his girlfriend. In the near-dark, Willow (and the audience) probably doesn't even recognize him until she hears:

LAURIE  
Why, so I can watch you  
flirting with that red head?  
PERCY  
Rosenberg? Yeah, right. She was  
just some egghead who tutored me a  
little in high school. She's nice,  
but, please... captain of the nerd squad.  
LAURIE  
Well, I don't know. Maybe you have  
a thing for geeks.  
PERCY  
No. I like my women hot. Call me  
old fashioned...

Willow is devastated. As Percy leans in to kiss his girl, Willow moves away, pushing between huddled couples. Near tears, she heads away from the party, down the DARK (still in blackout) residential hallway. She opens a door into:

INT. PORTER DORM ROOM - NIGHT

This is the partier's room from Act One, but you might not know that because the candles are blown out and it's pitch black in here, only the faint outlines of the windows visible.

WILLOW  
Hello? Anyone in here?

Willow enters and closes the door. She is only the vaguest shape moving into the room, if that. We hear her sigh, hear the creak of the bed as she sits, then lies down on it. She snuffles in the dark.

THE LIGHTS COME ON with a snap. From the party, we can HEAR THE DISAPPOINTED "AWW."

In a CLOSE SHOT: Willow, lying on the bed, eyes open. She slowly looks to one side, into the MILKY EYES of

A DEAD BODY - The shirtless Partier. Now very pale, his throat and each of his limbs slashed. A leg and arm hang over the edge of the bed and there appears to be a couple of pillows propped underneath his torso.



Wigged, Willow springs to her feet and stumbles backward. As she does, she takes notice of something.

WILLOW'S P.O.V. - A mysterious eye-like SYMBOL has been cut into the boy's torso.

Willow panics, scrambles for the door.

INT. XANDER'S BASEMENT - NIGHT (PREVIOUSLY SCENE B)

Xander enters from the door at the top of the stairs, wearing his uniform and cap, and finishing a slice of pizza. There's a jaunt in his step, a tune in his heart, the picture of unsuspecting innocence.

XANDER  
Mmm. Too bad you don't eat, Spike.  
Dropped a sausage and mushroom, and  
the guy wouldn't take it--

He reaches the bottom of the stairs and freezes.

XANDER'S P.O.V. - the room is in huge disarray -- all the damage from earlier, and then some. A mangled ironing board stands in the middle of the room. Clothing lies scattered around, some of it wet. Suds cling to the side of the washer. Detergent is spilled on the floor. The dripping pipe is still evident and the bucket is now full and overflowing.

ON XANDER, stunned.

XANDER  
Spike! Place is worse than when  
left. Didn't even fix the drip.

Then, from behind, he hears an urgent and ominous voice:

SPIKE (O.S.)  
Don't turn around.  
XANDER  
Spike? What is it? What's happened?  
SPIKE (O.S.)  
Don't look at me. It's...  
It's horrible.

Xander turns and sees Spike (we don't yet). He blanches and his expression turns to one of extreme revulsion. It's bad.

XANDER  
(horrified)  
Oh my god.

SPIKE



Now we see him. He's barefoot, wearing cutoffs and one of Xander's Hawaiian shirts.

SPIKE  
I shrunk them. My bleeding  
shirt, trousers...

Spike holds up his regular shirt, now teeny-weeny. Xander can barely contain himself. He bursts out laughing.

XANDER  
Look at you. You have knees!  
Very white knees!

Spike sits on the sofa, dejected. The cutoffs ride up. He stands back up, tugs them into place.

SPIKE  
Damn things keep doing that.  
XANDER  
You know I'm not any happier about  
you wearing my stuff than you are.  
SPIKE  
That cannot be true. Don't know how  
you let yourself be seen in this...  
wanker-wear.  
XANDER  
Hey. I'm known as  
a very sharp dresser.

Xander looks at realizes he's wearing his dopey uniform.

SPIKE  
(petulant)  
Go out. Get me some decent stuff.  
And I want more blood.  
XANDER  
No. You're not a guest. You're a  
vampire and you have no soul and  
don't get exactly why we're not  
making you into Spike-on-a-stick.  
SPIKE  
Wish you would, if it's gonna be like this.

Spike slams his hand down on the ironing board, breaking it further.

XANDER  
That's my mom's!  
SPIKE  
How you gonna stop me, you stupid  
sod? Property damage I can do.  
XANDER  
That's it! I am way past through  
with you. Hate to break it to you,  
Oh, Impotent One, but you're not the



"Big Bad" anymore. You're not even the "Kinda Naughty." You're nothing but a waste of space. My space. And as much as I always got a big laugh watching Buffy kick your shiny, white bum, and as much as I know I could give you a little bum-kicking myself now, I'm here to tell you...  
(gets in Spike's face)  
You're not even worth it.  
(heads up the stairs)  
I'm outta here. Anybody looking for me, I'll be at Anya's.

Spike calls after him.

SPIKE  
(mocking)  
Fine. Run off to your girlfriend, then. "Ooooooh. Spike's so mean to me -- boo hoo hoo..."  
XANDER (O.S.)  
(called down)  
At least I have a girlfriend.

We hear the door SLAM, and with that, the drippy pipe above and behind Spike COMES APART and drenches him in rusty water. He disbelievably takes in his soaking form for a moment, then lets out a ROAR filled with despair and outrage.

INT. PORTER DORM LOBBY - NIGHT

The common room is now WELL-LIT. Cops interview shivering party-goers as the now-covered body is wheeled past them and past

BUFFY, taking in the aftermath as she enters, scanning the crowd. Willow, standing apart from all the activity, notices her.

WILLOW  
Buffy. Over here.  
BUFFY  
Wow. See, I was kind of unsure about where the party was. And then I saw the flashing red lights and the ambulance, and it's like... oh, right, of course. Carnage. Death.  
It's a Buffy party.  
WILLOW  
I'm so glad you're here.

Buffy looks closer at Willow, sees how shaken she is, gets concerned.

BUFFY  
What happened?



WILLOW  
I found him. A guy on the bed.  
With me. Dead. Not me dead. He dead.  
BUFFY  
Poor, Will. Vampire?

Willow shakes her head... not a vampire.

WILLOW  
So much blood. Godfather horse-head  
amounts of blood, hold the horse.  
And there was a symbol and Percy said  
I was a nerd.  
BUFFY  
Percy called you a nerd?  
WILLOW  
We should probably report to Giles,  
get started on the demon tracking.  
Save lives and stuff.  
BUFFY  
(as they go)  
Does Percy even go here?

INT. LOWELL HOUSE - RILEY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Riley sits on his bed, three or four miniature basketballs on the bed next to him. Forrest is in a chair, with his own supply. Forrest tosses one at a little hoop hanging from his (closed) door -- makes the shot.

FORREST  
Yes! Swish! Nothing but net.  
And rim. And backboard.

He looks at Riley who appears lost in thought.

FORREST  
Hey. Ground control to Major Finn.  
You're up.

Riley, distracted, snaps out of his reverie and shoots for the hoop... the ball bounces off the rim.

FORREST  
Okay, that makes oh-for-a-billion.  
You don't got game, son. What's  
going on in that head of yours?  
RILEY  
Just trying to... make up my mind  
about something.  
(looks at Forrest)  
Buffy... She's pretty cool, isn't she.  
FORREST  
Yes, already. She's cool. She's  
hot. She's tepid. She's all-





temperature Buffy. Can we just  
concentrate on the game here?

He shoots another ball at the basket just as Graham enters, swinging the  
hoop aside. The ball hits Graham, and Forrest laughs.

FORREST  
Good block. You should use  
your face more often.  
GRAHAM  
We have an alpha code blue situation.

Riley reacts, instant soldier.

RILEY  
One of ours?  
GRAHAM  
Negative. Civilian at  
the Porter Hall party.  
FORREST  
HST attack?  
GRAHAM  
Cannot confirm that. Couldn't  
close without calling attention to myself.  
FORREST  
(to Riley)  
Should we mobilize?

Riley considers for a beat.

RILEY  
No. I'll go. Do a little recon.  
See if it falls in our domain. You  
alert Prof. Walsh. Tell her we have  
a casualty of indeterminate nature.  
Let's not make a move until we get  
the whole story.

INT. GILES' APARTMENT - NIGHT

Buffy, Willow, Giles and Xander are gathered around Giles' desk. Xander  
is still in his pizza uniform. Willow is recounting what happened.

WILLOW  
It just made me feel like  
I was right back in high school.  
XANDER  
Dumb jock... if it wasn't for you  
he still would be.  
WILLOW  
...of course, the Percy thing isn't  
really important. It's the dead guy  
on the bed.  
XANDER  
Yeah, that's bad too.



BUFFY

Creepy.

GILES

Yes, very upsetting. I'm still not clear on why you and he were on the bed...?

WILLOW

Oh! And something else. He -- the dead guy -- was propped up, like whatever killed him wanted to drain the blood out of him. Only there wasn't so much blood there. And so I'm thinking the whatever took a bunch of the guy's blood with it.

(then, still upset)

And I haven't been a nerd for a long time. Hello, dating a guitarist?

Or, I was...

BUFFY

(prompting Willow)

Tell them about the symbol.

WILLOW

(searching her pockets)

Oh, right. It was carved right into his chest. Like a big creepy eye.

She pulls out a napkin with the symbol drawn on it. They look at it.

XANDER

It's kinda the CBS logo. Could this be the handiwork of one Mr. Morley Safer?

BUFFY

I've seen this before. Somewhere. I can't remember. It's like...

GILES

(gravely)

The end of the world.

The others look at him.

XANDER / WILLOW

Again?!

GILES

The earthquake, this symbol--

BUFFY

I told you! Giles, I said, "end of the world," and you're all like... pooh pooh, Southern California pooh pooh--

GILES

I'm so very sorry. My contrition completely dwarfs the impending apocalypse.

WILLOW

It just can't be.

We did this already.

XANDER

It is losing its impact a little.



GILES  
End of the world. Divisions break  
down, Hell itself flows into our  
lives like a sea of fire. Loss,  
tears and heart-rending pain without  
end for every human man, woman and  
child on this earth. Death ten times  
over. For each of you and everyone you love.  
XANDER  
Hmm. Feeling the impact again.  
WILLOW  
What do we do?

BUFFY

Her expression grim and intense, picks up her weapon bag, shoulders it,  
faces the end of the world. A hero.

BUFFY  
I stop it.

CLOSE IN ON THE SYMBOL on the desk...

MATCH DISSOLVE TO:

THE SAME SYMBOL, carved into stone. PULL BACK to reveal it's on the  
side of a mausoleum in:

EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT

Buffy stands looking up at the symbol.

BUFFY  
(self-mocking)  
"Ooh, I wonder where I've seen this  
before." Where else? The place I  
spend almost all my waking hours,  
memorizing stuff off the sides of  
mausoleums. Big freaky cereal boxes  
of death---

She stops when she hears something... the scrape of stone on stone. She  
pulls a crossbow from her bag and steps silently around to the front of the  
mausoleum. The door stands open. She takes a tentative step inside...

INT. MAUSOLEUM - NIGHT

Buffy enters to see the horrific demon that we first saw in the dorm. He  
bends over a child-sized casket, loading bones into a bag. As he puts the  
small skull into the bag, Buffy's shadow falls across him.

BUFFY  
(casual)  
Door was open.



The demon turns toward her. Buffy raises her bow... shoots... The bolt catches the hellthing in the shoulder. It HOWLS and charges her.

Buffy slams him with the crossbow, but the demon swats it out of her hand, and slices at her with its razor sharp claws.

FIGHT, FIGHT, FIGHT... Eluding its talons, Buffy wails an the demon, eventually knocking it clear out of the mausoleum and into...

EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT

The demon's still on its feet, but reeling from the blow. MORE OF THE HITTING AND THE KICKING.

Finally, the demon gets her in a body hold, and squeezes, crushing her. Her arms pinned by the demon, she struggles to break free. She head butts the demon, dazing herself a little in the process. The demon ROARS again and drives her down to the ground, where she hits hard. It moves off, carrying the bag of bones.

Buffy stays on the ground, gasping for the air that was squeezed out of her lungs, trying to get back to her feet.

SOMETHING DARK

Moves between us and Buffy -- partially blocking our view of her. A heavy foot crunches on gravel. Buffy hears it, and stiffens, tensing for a renewal of the fight. From a seemingly defenseless position on the around, she suddenly FLIPS herself up to her feet, braced for the fight - her hand shooting out in a vicious punch at the same time...

Only to be blocked, lightning-fast, by

RILEY

He was the dark figure standing over her.

RILEY

Wow. That flippy thing you did...

BUFFY

Riley. Where--?

RILEY

It's gone. Saw it take off  
toward the woods.

BUFFY

You didn't follow it?

RILEY

No weapons. No backup. You don't go  
after a demon that size by yourself.

BUFFY

I do.

RILEY

Yeah, well, I'm no slayer.



From a holster on his belt, he produces a palm sized walkie-talkie and immediately speaks into it.

RILEY  
(into walkie talkie)  
Base One, this is Lilac one...  
BUFFY  
Lilac?

Riley holds his finger to his lips, cuing her to stay silent, as a voice comes out of the earpiece.

VOICE  
(filtered)  
Go.  
RILEY  
Confirm sighting of an unidentified  
sub-T. Mobilize patrol team for  
debriefing at oh-eight-hundred hours.  
VOICE  
(filtered)  
Copy that.

Riley turns it off and holsters it again, Buffy eves him with fascination.

BUFFY  
Very commandery, lilac not  
withstanding. What are you doing here?  
RILEY  
Looking for you.  
She who hangs out in cemeteries.  
BUFFY  
Well, I gotta get the... demon...  
RILEY  
Don't sweat it. We'll bag him.  
BUFFY  
It's not that simple.  
RILEY  
Yeah, but I really think we --  
BUFFY  
Riley, I can't. I just --  
RILEY  
Can't talk?  
BUFFY  
Can't... any of it. Can't be with  
you. It's a mistake, it's a huge  
black pit of a mistake and I can't go  
there again.  
RILEY  
Again? You've dated me before?  
BUFFY  
No. But I've been involved with...  
you don't know what my life is like.  
RILEY  
And I'm dying to find out!



BUFFY

Operative word: dying. There's too much risk -- there's too much... It's just doomed, okay, and I can't do doomed again right now.

RILEY

I don't understand where this is coming from. I know you like me. And it's not like we don't have anything in common.

BUFFY

But it's --

RILEY

Buffy. I'm thrown by this. I'm confused. But I can feel my skin humming -- my hands, my... every inch of me. I've never been this excited by a girl and I'm not trying to scare you, not gonna force myself on you but I am by God not gonna walk away because I think it might not work. I don't know what's happened in the past --

BUFFY

Death. Pain. Apocalypse -- none of them fun. Do you know what the Hellmouth is? Do they have a fancy term for it, 'cause I went to high school on top of it. For three years. We don't have that much in common. This is a job to you.

RILEY

It's not just a job --

BUFFY

It's an adventure, great, but for me It's destiny. It's something I can't escape, something I can't change. I'm stuck.

RILEY

You don't have to be. You're not in high school anymore. You can change things.

BUFFY

Riley... No.

RILEY

I know it seems like --

BUFFY

My answer is no.

Riley stops. It sinks in, Riley covering disappointment and anger with glowering calm.

There's nothing else to say. She walks away, leaving Riley standing there.

He doesn't see her start to cry.

BLACK OUT.

END OF ACT TWO



## Act Three

INT. GILES' APARTMENT - DAY

The day after Buffy's fight with the demon at the graveyard. Buffy reports to Giles, Willow and Xander, who each are consulting at least one book. The books in this scene are especially old, big, dusty and portentous-looking. Buffy Willow and Xander look at a picture of the demon in the book Giles holds.

GILES

A Vahrall demon.

WILLOW

Eww.

XANDER

I second that revulsion.

GILES

(reads)

"Slick like gall, and gird in  
moonlight, father of portents and  
brother to blight... "

Buffy has been reading over his shoulder and now takes over:

BUFFY

"...Limbs with talons, eyes like  
knives. Bane to the blameless, thief  
of lives..."

INT. INITIATIVE - DAY

Riley addresses his men. Forrest and Graham are there, along with five or six other young men who sit up very straight and take notes.

RILEY

...three meters tall, approximately  
one hundred to one-twenty kilograms,  
based on my visual analysis.

GRAHAM

Special hazards?

RILEY

Unknown, probably nothing we haven't  
handled before. There's no pattern that  
we can discern yet -- got to assume he's  
on a basic 'Kill-crush-destroy.' So I  
want him bagged fast.

INT. GILES' - APARTMENT - DAY

Buffy responds to something Willow just said:

BUFFY

Thing isn't digging up the bones of  
a child for fun.



XANDER

Well, demons got some hilarious ideas  
about fun...

WILLOW

It has to be a spell of some kind.  
Something that uses blood and bones.

GILES

There must be... thousands of rituals  
like that. The Test of Gervail, a  
number of passion spells, death-pact bonding--

Willow starts flipping through his book.

WILLOW

Bones of a child, though. I saw that...  
(spots the passage)

An ancient ritual -- it uses the  
blood of a man, the bones of a child,  
and... and something called the Word  
of Valios. It's all part of a, a  
sacrifice. "The sacrifice of three."

BUFFY

Let me guess. It ends the world.

WILLOW

Well, yeah. But it's not big with  
the details. It doesn't say how the  
world ends - or what the ritual  
entails, exactly.

XANDER

A sacrifice of three. Three people  
are going to die?

BUFFY

No, they won't. Because claw-boy  
won't get all the ingredients. We  
have to find that last one, the  
thingy... The Word of Valios.  
Keep him from getting it.

WILLOW

If he doesn't already have it. I  
mean, who knows where he's been?

INT. INITIATIVE - DAY

The briefing continues.

RILEY

Here's one for the good guys.  
Thing's got a pheromone signature a  
mile wide. And Agent Gates's been  
working with a detection system the  
lab's developing.

Forrest stands up, faces the other men.





FORREST

Can't tell where it's going. But  
I've got a bead on where it's been.  
Residual traces showing up in  
populated areas. Thing's not shy.

RILEY

We'll be going out in civvies -- day  
clothes only, guys. Weapons stowed  
in packs, keep 'em out of sight 'til  
nightfall. And remember... this one  
isn't a capture. It's a kill.

This signals dismissal, and the guys start getting up.

FORREST

Pick up quadrant assignments from  
me... we'll blanket the town.

INT. GILES' APARTMENT - DAY

Buffy and her troops.

BUFFY

I'll check the majik shop. See if  
they've heard of a book called the  
"Word of Valios." Willow, Xander,  
how 'bout the book archives at the museum?

XANDER

We'll go by my place on the way. Get  
some weapons. And I can change into  
something less anchovy scented.

As Willow and Xander turn for the door:

BUFFY

Will, Xander - this thing takes its  
wicked pretty seriously. Be careful.  
I couldn't stand anybody getting hurt.

INT. XANDER'S BASEMENT - EVENING (PREVIOUSLY SCENE C)

CLOSE ON XANDER'S COFFEE TABLE

Where we see that a STAKE has been secured to the edge with a C-  
Clamp.

WIDEN TO INCLUDE

Spike, at his nadir. Perched on the edge of the couch above the coffee  
table, arms outstretched, ready to impale himself on the stake. He takes  
a moment to firm his resolve. Closes his eyes.

SPIKE

Goodbye Dru. See you in hell.



He's just stepping off the couch when Willow and Xander enter from the stairs, distracting him. As a result he misses the stake completely and crashes down on the coffee table, destroying it.

SPIKE

Bloody rot! Can't a person knock?

Willow and Xander rush to him.

WILLOW

What are you doing!?

Xander takes in the stake, the clamp - gets it.

XANDER

You were trying to stake yourself!

Spike, humiliated and defeated, replies with pure belligerence, of course.

SPIKE

Fag off. It's no concern of yours.

XANDER

Is too. For one thing - that's my shirt you're about to dust. And for another - we've shared a lot here. You should have trusted me enough to do it for you.

WILLOW

Xander-

XANDER

What? He wants to die. I want to help.

Willow snatches the stake from him.

WILLOW

Well - I don't know - it's ooky. We know him. We can't just let him poof! himself.

SPIKE

(desperate)

But you can. You know I'd drain you drier than the Sahara if I had half a chance. Besides, I'm beyond pathetic. Stuck in this basement, washing skivvies for a blighter I wouldn't have bothered to bite a few months ago-

XANDER

Hey-

SPIKE

I mean - am I even remotely scary anymore? Tell me the truth.

He makes a menacing motion toward Willow - which looks pretty lame in his Hawaiian shirt and cutoffs.



WILLOW  
(trying)  
Well, the shirt is, kinda. And-  
SPIKE  
Please. Leave a bloke a shred, will you?

Spike implores her with his eyes. Please kill me. A beat as Willow considers. Then-

WILLOW  
I'm sorry. it's just not right. And  
besides - you still haven't told  
Buffy everything about the commandos.

Xander, exasperated, changes his shirt as he starts to gather some weapons he has hidden around the room.

XANDER  
(to Spike)  
Fine. But you break anything else  
while we're gone and you'll be  
sleeping in the garage, Buster.  
WILLOW  
We can't just leave him like this.  
We'll have to take him with us to the museum.

Spike tries for true sincerity as he offers the following.

SPIKE  
You go on. I won't do anything. I  
feel better now. Promise.

Xander and Willow regard him for a moment. Then each take Spike by an arm - drag him toward the door.

XANDER  
(to Spike)  
Look at the happy. If we don't find  
what we're looking for - we're facing  
an apocalypse.  
SPIKE  
(heartened)  
Really? You're not just saying that?

And they exit.

EXT. STREET - EVENING

Buffy is on her way to the majik shop to look for the Book of Valios, when she sees Riley moving toward her - discreetly reading some kind of electronic instrument he holds in his hand. Buffy hesitates, considers changing directions - but Riley looks up, sees her.

RILEY  
Buffy.



BUFFY  
(re: device he holds)  
Is this really the time for Donkey Kong?  
RILEY  
What? Oh-

Riley checks to make sure they are not being overheard. Then-

RILEY  
It takes trace readings of the  
creature's pheromones.  
BUFFY  
And?  
RILEY  
It's either mating season for this  
thing - or it's moving all over town.

He stops as Forrest and Graham catch up from further down the street.  
While they are both in civvies, they are definitely on duty, and their  
militaristic demeanor shines through. They both nod a greeting to Buffy.  
Then Forrest moves to Riley.

FORREST  
Can I have a minute, man?  
RILEY  
(to Buffy)  
Excuse me.  
BUFFY  
Actually, I should get going anyway-  
RILEY  
No. Hold up.

Buffy is surprised by his firmness. Nods. He and Forrest move a short  
distance away.

ON RILEY AND FORREST

FORREST  
We have some giant ass creepy crawly  
out there, and you're chatting up your  
honey? Might want to check your priorities.  
RILEY  
(laughs lightly, fondly remembering)  
Hey, remember that time I asked you  
your opinion? Gee, neither do I...  
(then)  
You and Graham move ahead. I'll  
catch up with you in a few minutes.

Forrest, put off - shakes his head.

FORREST  
I don't know about this girl, man.  
She's got you whapped something  
fierce, and you haven't even-



RILEY  
(cutting him off/hard)  
You'd be wise not to finish that  
thought, private. Now carry on.

Forrest stops himself. Returns to military form, albeit somewhat bitterly.

FORREST  
Carrying on.

He moves back to Graham and the two of them continue patrolling. Riley  
returns to Buffy. They're both majorly uncomfortable.

RILEY  
Sorry.  
BUFFY  
That's okay. But, really, I'd better  
keep moving. You know - big bad  
needing to be squished-  
RILEY  
Right. I'm on it too.  
(then/frustrated)  
It's just - this thing. This you and  
me thing? It's stupid.

Buffy isn't quite sure how to take this. Replies a little warily.

BUFFY  
Right. Which is why we can't.  
Do the you and me thing.  
RILEY  
No. I mean you're stupid. I mean,  
I don't mean that... no, I think maybe I do.  
BUFFY  
Wow. Sweet talk like that will melt  
my reservations.  
RILEY  
I'm serious. You've got this twisted  
way of looking at things. This -  
this doom and gloom mentality. You  
keep thinking like that, things are  
probably going to turn out just the  
way you expect.  
BUFFY  
You know, there is nothing more  
dangerous than a psych grad student.

Pissed, she starts to brush past him. But he stops her.

RILEY  
Buffy -- where's the bad here? It  
just turns out we're even more well  
matched than we thought we were. I  
mean, you're a-



Some people pass. Riley catches himself.

RILEY

-fry cook. And so am I.

BUFFY

Right. But you're an amateur... fry cook and I come from a long line of fry cooks who don't live past twenty-five.

RILEY

Which is exactly the attitude I'm talking about! I know the risks of what we do. I also know it's more rewarding than any other job on the planet. And fun-

BUFFY

Fun? Right. The last person I knew who believed that is in a coma right now because she had so much "fun" on the job.

RILEY

I'm not saying you shouldn't take your work seriously-

BUFFY

But just turn my frown upside down, is that it? I wish I could - but this isn't the kind of gig where you hang it up at the end of the day and snuggle with your honey.

RILEY

But why? Why can't it be?

BUFFY

I've tried it, okay? And every time, things fall apart - and I get sucked right back into the uber evil.

RILEY

(cutting her off)

Welcome to the story of the world!

Things fall apart, Buffy. Evil - it comes and goes. But the way people manage is, they don't do it alone. They pull each other through. And, sometimes, they even enjoy themselves. If you weren't so self involved, you'd see that!

BUFFY

(hurt)

You don't know what you're talking about. You barely know me.

Again, Buffy's had enough. She starts to walk. But Riley keeps pace with her.

RILEY

I know that it's not just the job thing. I'm sure there's some good looking guy that done you wrong in



there too but mostly I think you want  
to stay down in the dark place.  
'Cause maybe it's safer down there.

BUFFY

You are so out of line-

RILEY

No - see - I don't think so. We have  
an opportunity here, you and me. And  
the fact that you're too scared to  
even give it a try-

Buffy turns on him - really hurt and angered now.

BUFFY

It is my business. So why don't you  
just leave me alone?

A beat as Riley takes this in. He's still worked up - but he's said his piece.

RILEY

Fair enough.

Another beat as they stare each other down. Then Riley turns and walks  
off to join his men - leaving Buffy seriously rattled.

EXT. MUSEUM - EVENING

Willow, Xander and Spike are walking away from the museum. Xander  
and Willow both look discouraged, while Spike clearly continues to wallow  
in self-pity.

WILLOW

Great. No Word of Valios.

XANDER

Not even a syllable of Valios.

SPIKE

(mildly hopeful)

Which means I'm one step closer to  
melting in a sea of molten hell fire, yeah?

WILLOW

You shouldn't talk like that, Spike.  
Okay - you can't kill anymore. But  
there are other fun things you can  
do. You'll adjust.

SPIKE

Adjust? And what - end up like the  
two of you? No thank you.

XANDER

Here it goes.

(to Will/mocking her)

"We can't just leave him here to  
stake himself. It's not right."

SPIKE

I should think you'd be glad to greet  
the end of days. I mean, neither one



of you is making much of a go at it.  
(to Xander)  
You. Kids your age are going off to  
University -- you made it as far as  
the basement  
(re: Will)  
And Red here. You couldn't even keep  
dog boy happy. I mean, you can take  
the loser out of high school-

Spike's tirade is clearly getting to both Willow and Xander - but Willow offers protest nonetheless.

WILLOW  
(cutting him off)  
I see what you're doing. You're  
trying to get us to dust you-  
SPIKE  
Am not. I just don't want pity from  
geeks more useless than I am.  
WILLOW  
We are not useless! We - we help  
people. We fight the forces of evil-  
SPIKE  
Buffy fights the forces of evil.  
You're her groupies. She'd do just  
as well without you. Better, I'd  
wager - since she wouldn't have to go  
about saving your hides all the time.  
XANDER  
That is so not true. We're part of  
the team. She needs us.  
SPIKE  
Or - you're just the same 10th grade  
losers you've always been - and she's  
too much of a softy to cut you loose.

Spike moves out ahead of them, feeling a little better after doling out that punishment.

Both Xander and Willow look like they are fighting off major insecurity attacks.

INT. GILES' APARTMENT - NIGHT

Giles studies a large tome, reacts to something.

CLOSE ON BOOK

Under the inscription - "THE WORD OF VALIOS" - is a picture of a 15th century TALISMAN.

ON GILES





GILES  
Oh - as usual - dear.

He stands and hurries to an old trunk and flings it open.

CLOSE ON TRUNK

It's FULL OF ALL KINDS OF MYSTICAL ODDS AND ENDS. Amulets and crystals and daggers and such. Giles rummages through it until he pulls out the very talisman pictured in the book.

ON TALISMAN

The backside is inscribed with an incantation - "The Word of Valios."

CLOSE ON GILES

As he takes this in, then urgently moves to his closet and grabs his coat. When he turns, he starts - he is surrounded by not one but THREE VAHRALL DEMONS.

Giles bravely tries to get past them, but one of them lashes out and brutally strikes him. Giles and the talisman go crashing to the floor.

CUT TO:

INT. GILES' APARTMENT - LATER

A little while later. Willow, Xander have already arrived and are helping a badly beaten Giles to the couch. Spike sits off to one side, amused.

GILES  
(to Will and Xander)  
I'm fine... I'm-

WILLOW  
You're not. Now sit.

SPIKE  
Look at you. I'm surprised the world  
hasn't ended ten times over with this  
sorry lot protecting it.

XANDER  
(to Spike/hard)  
That's enough-

He'd go on, but Buffy enters. Sees Giles and moves to him.

BUFFY  
What happened?

Giles speaks with great difficulty.

GILES  
It's my fault. I should have known-



BUFFY

Giles-

GILES

The Word of Valios was the name of a talisman. Not a book. I blame myself entirely. I had it here-

XANDER

You had it here? Okay. First I thought you were being too hard on yourself, but-

GILES

It was in a lot I purchased at a sorcerer's estate sale. I really only glanced at it once, thought it was a knock off.

BUFFY

Well they have it. And they probably have their sacrifices by now, too.

GILES

They must be on their way to perform the sacrifice-

BUFFY

On their way where? You found out what the ritual is for?

GILES

(nods)

The Hellmouth. It opens the Hellmouth... The one in the library.

Willow, Xander and Buffy share a worried look. A beat, then Buffy's expression hardens. She's going into full battle mode.

BUFFY

Looks like we're going back to high school.

BLACK OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

## Act Four

EXT. SUNNYDALE HIGH RUINS - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

The charred building is surrounded by a high chain link fence, with "condemned signs attached.

Buffy, Willow, Xander and Spike arrive. A little intimidated by the looming, charred structure. Then Buffy turns to the others, all business.

BUFFY

Be careful in there - it doesn't look like the place is too stable.

SPIKE

(petulantly)

Fine by me. I hope we all go under.



BUFFY  
(irked)  
Why is he here? It's not like he can fight.  
WILLOW  
If we leave him alone he'll stake himself-  
BUFFY  
And that's bad because - ?  
(stops herself)  
Whatever. We don't have time for  
this. Just keep him out of the way.  
And when we get inside, watch for  
victims they're keening alive for the  
sacrifice. Getting them out is our  
first priority.  
WILLOW  
Will do.  
BUFFY  
Good. You ready?  
XANDER  
Let's rock n' roll.

They start to move while SPIKE rolls his eyes. Mocks him.

SPIKE  
Let's rock n' roll? You actually  
talk like that?

Xander just pushes him roughly ahead. The rest ignore him as they move  
toward the school.

INT. SUNNYDALE HIGH RUINS/HALLWAY - NIGHT

Buffy and the others move cautiously down what's left of the hall. They  
can't help but look around, amazed by the damage.

XANDER  
(Quietly)  
Sunnydale high. If these walls -  
were still walls - what stories they  
could tell...

Xander steps into something black and crunchy. He looks-

XANDER  
Ewwwww.

CLOSE ON WHAT XANDER STEPPED IN

It's a piece of CHARRED MAYOR SNAKE. Burnt to crisp.

ON XANDER AND WILLOW

As he responds to her questioning look.



XANDER  
Mayor meat. Extra crispy.

Willow nods. Makes a face. Steps on another piece of debris.

CLOSE ON DEBRIS

It's a CHEERLEADING TROPHY, black with smoke-damage. In fact - it's AMY'S MOTHER. Still entombed, her eyes dart desperately as Willow's foot comes CRASHING DOWN ON HER. After Willow moves off, Amy's mom GLARES AT HER despite her impotence.

BACK ON GANG

Unaware of the life-form in their midst.

WILLOW  
I think we're near the-

They turn a corner and stop. Even though walls are blown away and such, they are clearly in the area where the LIBRARY used to be because the MONSTERS ARE THERE, standing at the lip of the ALREADY OPEN Hellmouth.

WILLOW  
-library. Wow. Check out the new  
floor plan.  
BUFFY  
(re: monsters/sotto)  
I'll deal with them. You get the  
spell stuff away.  
WILLOW  
I don't see any sacrifice people.  
BUFFY  
They have to be around here  
somewhere - the ritual's not finished.

With that, Buffy whips a stake out of her jacket and FLINGS IT at DEMON #3, knocking the TALISMAN out of his hand. The demons react to this, looking at Buffy - startled and distracted.

BUFFY  
And you can't raise hell if you can't  
do the spell, right guys?

A beat as the demons process this turn of events - then CHARGE BUFFY. She and the monsters trade blows, while Xander and Willow swoop in and snatch the chalice of blood from Demon #1 and the bag full of child's bones from Demon #2, respectively.

CLOSE ON WILLOW AND XANDER



As Demon #1 and Demon #2 chase after them and they play a game of keep away with the ritual items. They expertly duck blows and toss the stuff back and forth - leaving the demons frustrated.

Then Demon #1 ends the game by hitting Xander over and over, trying to weaken him. Xander holds the chalice tight as he tries to fend Demon #1 off.

XANDER  
You picked the wrong guy, dude.  
I had lots of practice at this  
with my lunch money.

ON WILLOW

Who is being chased by Demon #2. He nearly corners her, but she tosses the bag, yelling-

WILLOW  
Spike!

A disinterested Spike catches the bag more out of instinct than anything else. Sees Demon #2, now more furious than ever - charging toward him.

SPIKE  
Right. Perfect.

ON BUFFY

Who is still locked in furious battle with Demon #3. He is the largest and strongest of the three demons and is giving her a run for her money.

ON XANDER

As Demon #1 finally wrests the chalice of blood away from him, Xander readies himself for further attack - but the demon seems to have no more interest in him. Instead, Demon #1 FLINGS HIMSELF AND THE CHALICE into the Hellmouth. Xander, stunned, takes this in.

XANDER  
(baffled)  
Okay. Guess I won.

Now the ground starts to shake, a tremor of the decidedly portentous variety starting to build. Xander processes this. A beat. Then the light goes on. He yells to Buffy-

XANDER  
The demons! They are the sacrifice!

CLOSE ON SPIKE

Who misses this news because he's in the midst of getting pummeled by Demon #2. Spike looks like he's reached the end of his rope. Tired,



broken... But then something in him snaps. If he's going to go out, he'll go out fighting. No matter how much it hurts.

He YELLS and STRIKES BACK at his assailant, who staggers back from the punch. A beat as Spike cringes, then realizes that hitting the demon didn't hurt him in the head at all.

SPIKE  
No pain...

The Demon, just recovered from Spike's last blow, lurches toward him. SPIKE POUNDS him again. And, again, no pain. Camera pushes in on:

SPIKE  
I can hurt a demon...

With this new awareness, SPIKE GOES TO TOWN ON THE DEMON, UNLEASHING A DIZZYING TORRENT OF PENT-UP VIOLENCE ON THE UNLUCKY FELLOW and going VAMP FACE in the process. His display is truly impressive, kicking and hitting until the demon is crumpled in a dying heap on the ground.

SPIKE  
Yeah! That's right! I'm back and  
I'm a bloody animal! Yeah!!

He raises Demon #2 over his head with a victory howl and hurls it into the Hellmouth, along with the bag of bones. The others SHOUT in protest, but it's too late.

XANDER  
Noooo!  
WILLOW  
Spike! Not in the-

The GROUND STARTS TO TREMBLE even more violently. Walls start to crumble. Spike takes in Willow and Xander's appalled stares.

SPIKE  
(innocent)  
What? I was helping.

ON BUFFY

Who notes the ever destabilizing structure as she continues to fight Demon #3. She shouts to Willow, Xander and Spike.

BUFFY  
Get out of here. The building's  
going to come down!

A piece of debris falls on Spike, dazing him. The others pull him out of the library.



Buffy continues to struggle with Demon #3. Emboldened by the near completion of the spell, the demon is stronger than ever - beating her closer and closer to the Hellmouth. She finds her stake on the floor and sinks it into the demon's chest. It SCREAMS and raises its arms for a killing blow. Then, suddenly, the demon is yanked off her by unseen hands. Buffy, confused, looks up to see RILEY, IN FULL COMMANDO GARB, wrestling the demon off her.

Riley and the demon go hand to hand. Riley fights well - but it's clear that he's outmatched by the creature. After a moment, Buffy recovers enough to join in again, yells to Riley-

BUFFY  
Don't let him jump in the Hellmouth!  
If he does, we're finished!

Riley nods his understanding and hits the demon hard, sending him staggering away from the lip of the Hellmouth. Just as it seems the two of them may best the demon, AN OVERHEAD BEAM, LOOSE FROM THE TREMORS, FALLS. The beam separates Buffy and Riley from the monster, and clips Riley on the leg, hurting him (but not pinning him.)

CLOSE ON DEMON

He's badly injured, near death - but using his last reserves to grab the fallen talisman and pull himself to the yawning maw of the Hellmouth.

ON BUFFY AND RILEY

Seeing this, Buffy starts to crawl over the beam after the demon.

BUFFY  
I'm going in.

A beat. Then Riley makes a decision. He grabs her belt and affixes a RETRACTING CABLE HE WEARS ON HIS UTILITY BELT TO IT WITH A GRAPPLER'S HOOK.

They share a quick but powerful look of connection.

RILEY  
You're coming back out.

ON THE DEMON AND BUFFY

The demon is a few feet ahead of her as he reaches the edge of the Hellmouth and hurtles himself in. Without hesitation, Buffy does the same, diving in head first.

INT. HELLMOUTH - NIGHT

The inside of the Hellmouth is basically a dark tunnel in the earth. We see the DEMON FALLING THROUGH FRAME - and BUFFY HOT ON ITS HEELS,



DIVING IN AFTER IT. She, too, disappears through frame toward an unknown fate.

INT. SCHOOL RUINS/LIBRARY AREA - NIGHT

Riley anxiously watches the entrance to the Hellmouth, when the cable snaps tight in his hands. With tremendous effort, he starts pulling it up as fast as he can, unsure of what he'll find on the other end.

CLOSE ON HELLMOUTH

As we see BUFFY EMERGE, struggling mightily to work her way out of the tunnel while she keeps hold of the demon. Riley rushes to help her, pulling the dying demon all the way out and lying it on the ground. Buffy crawls out, spent from the effort of her leap.

RILEY  
Buffy. Are you-

Before he has a chance to finish, the monster lying next to them DIES and the TREMORS STOP as the HELLMOUTH CLOSES AGAIN.

CLOSE ON BUFFY AND RILEY

Watching it, too stunned to feel their victory yet.

EXT. SUNNYDALE HIGH RUINS - NIGHT

We see Xander, Willow and Spike standing away from the school. Then Buffy and a slightly limping Riley emerge from the wreckage. While Will, Xander and even Spike are obviously happy that the world isn't ending - they are more than a little surprised to see Riley in action. Riley, in turn, is shocked to see them there. He immediately tries to cover, launching into an unconvincing, blustering explanation.

RILEY  
Well, hey! Willow. Xander, right?  
What are the chances, huh? I was  
just passing by - and I thought I  
heard people inside-  
WILLOW  
(dubious)  
You were just passing by...  
in your GI Joe outfit?

Buffy, amused by Riley's scrambling, can't help but add-

BUFFY  
No offense - but you are looking  
wicked conspicuous.  
RILEY  
I am? But it's... paint ball and  
then the aftershock and I-





XANDER  
So you're one of the commando guys, huh?

Riley tries the laughing it off method now. Weakly.

RILEY  
No, no, no. Commando, I mean-  
(evading/to Spike)  
Do I know you?

Spike's the one on the spot now. He replies with a hideously bad "American" accent.

SPIKE  
Me? No. No sir. I'm just - an old  
pal of Xander's, here.  
RILEY  
Oh - I - Oh. That's nice.  
SPIKE  
Yeah.

And they all start to move off.

ON XANDER AND WILLOW

Who both look as though they feel strangely liberated.

XANDER  
Good world saving back there, Will.  
The keep away thing was key.

Will takes this in, gratified.

WILLOW  
You too. If you hadn't figured out  
that "demons are the sacrifice"  
thing - we'd all be hell babies by now.

Now they boast somewhat mockingly.

XANDER  
What can I say? We kicked the  
apocalypse's ass.  
WILLOW  
Again.

A beat, then-

XANDER  
Weird being back, wasn't it?  
WILLOW  
Yeah. Everything looked so much  
smaller. And more charred and ruin-y.



ON THE WHOLE GANG

As Riley really takes in Willow, Xander and Spike in their torn and dirtied clothes.

RILEY

So - what are you guys  
all doing here, anyway?

As they walk away Willow, Xander and Buffy share a look. Then Buffy replies - a simple throwaway as they leave behind the black remains of Sunnydale High.

BUFFY

We used to go here.

INT. LOWELL HOUSE - RILEY'S ROOM - DAY

The next day. Riley's room is fairly typical college guy fare, except we might notice a few more pictures of family, the respectful lack of girly pin ups... Riley sits on the edge of his bed again - clearly distracted as he shoots total air balls at the Nerf basket. A quiet knock on the door interrupts him.

RILEY

Come in.

Now Buffy pokes her nose in - enters. She seems somehow calmer. More resolved.

BUFFY

Hey. You never called,  
I didn't know if you...

Riley anxiously cuts her off. It's clear that he's worked himself into a terrible state of agitation.

RILEY

Oh, hey, sorry, I'm just. I'm a dead  
man. Secret. Highly. Or, it's  
supposed to be. Then you find out,  
I can deal. You're special. But  
last night with your friends was a  
disaster. I mean, could I have been  
less convincing? I was trained to be  
sneaky and stuff and I'm like - hi,  
paint ball, just passing by... I  
should have just given them my  
security code and rank-

BUFFY

You have a security code and rank?



Riley looks like he wants to kill himself.

RILEY

No. Did I say - ? I... Oh, God...  
This is so not good. Everybody knows  
about me. I'm finished. It's the  
end of the world.

BUFFY

(calmly)

No. It's not.

And she kisses him. A kiss that takes Riley by surprise at first, but which he quickly gives himself over to. It grows into quite a passionate embrace...

INT. GILES' APARTMENT - NIGHT

Giles, still bandaged and bruised from the beating he took, nurses a cup tea while he sits with Willow and Xander, trying to watch something on the television. The only problem is - Spike's in the way.

SPIKE

What's this? Just sitting about  
watching the telly when there's evil  
afoot? Not very Industrious of you.

I say we get out there and kick a  
little demon ass!

(off their silence)

Can't go without your Buffy, is that  
it? Too chicken? Let's find her,  
then. She is the chosen one after all.

(more frustrated)

Come on! Vampires, grrrrrrr - nasty!

Let's annihilate em! For justice!

And... and for the safety of  
puppies... and Christmas, right?

Let's fight that evil! Let's kill  
something! Oh, come on...

Willow, Xander, Giles just eye him, wearily and warily.

BLACK OUT.

END OF SHOW

