

A New Man

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TEASER

INT. BUFFY AND WILLOW'S DORM ROOM -- NIGHT (DAY 1)

The lights are off, save Buffy's bedside that throws a romantic glow over the two on the bed.

Buffy and Riley are kissing. Like good cocoa, it's both hot and sweet. They pause, speaking between kisses...

RILEY

We're not expecting anyone, are we?

BUFFY

Willow said she was gonna be at the science library all night.

RILEY

Is that right?

They kiss, hard, Riley starting to pull up Buffy's shirt -- and Willow bursts in.

BUFFY

Apparently not.

WILLOW

We got trouble.

BUFFY

What's up?

WILLOW

I was in the rec room... came in through the window...

RILEY

Vampire?



WILLOW
Vampires don't breathe fire.

INT. HALL OUTSIDE REC ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER -- NIGHT

The three of them move quickly toward the rec room, Buffy with her weapons bag. She pulls out a crossbow, hands it to Riley as they talk.

RILEY
I should call for back up.

BUFFY
No time.

She indicates the far door. Riley heads for it. Buffy comes to the near door, whispering with Willow as she puts her hand on the knob.

BUFFY (cont'd)
I wanna make this fast. I really
had better things to do tonight
than kill.

INT. DORM REC ROOM -- CONTINUOUS -- NIGHT

Buffy flings the door open, hand on an axe in her bag.

Suddenly, the lights come on. Giles, Xander, Anya and approximately 10 N.D. dorm mates jump out from behind couches, pinball machines...

CHORUS OF VOICES
SURPRISE!!

Buffy stops in her tracks, hand coming out of the bag.

ANGLE: RILEY enters from the other door, equally surprised, and stashing her crossbow behind a chair.

Willow comes up next to the speechless Buffy.

WILLOW
Guess you won't be killing
anything tonight after all.

BUFFY
(smile plastered on her face)
Don't be so sure...

BLACK OUT



END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

INT. DORM REC ROOM -- NIGHT (DAY 1)

Buffy's birthday party. Music plays. People talk and laugh and eat. A ping-pong table is loaded with soda and a "Happy Birthday Buffy" cake. Buffy and Willow are cutting the cake.

Giles, Xander and Anya stand to one side and watch the party.

GILES

This is rather like an activities
room we had back at public school.
One time I got up to a bit of a
prank with the dart board--

ANYA

(to Xander)
I'm bored. Let's eat.

XANDER

Anya! We talked about this.

ANYA

(to Giles)
I'm sorry. That was rude. Please
continue your story. I hope it
involves treacle and a headmaster.

GILES

Go eat.

Xander smiles apologetically at Giles as Anya drags him away. Giles looks a little lost until Willow joins him.

WILLOW

Hey, Giles. Having a good time?

GILES

Yes. There are a lot of new faces
here, aren't there?



WILLOW
Uh-huh. Mostly from the dorm.
And a couple of Riley's friends.

Buffy joins them, Riley in tow.

BUFFY
Hey, Giles.

Giles gives Buffy a warm hug.

GILES
Happy Birthday. Nineteen. It's
Hard to believe, isn't it? I--

He might be about to say more, but Buffy is impatient.

BUFFY
Giles, I want you to meet someone.
This is Riley Finn. My boyfriend.

Buffy sneaks a quick glance back at Riley, checking how he's reacting. He's beaming.
Buffy beams. Willow beams. Giles is taken aback. This is the first he's hearing of this.

RILEY
(shakes his hand)
Very nice to meet you, Mr. Giles.
Did you help plan this? It was
quite a surprise.

GILES
First of many. You've been...
dating long?

Someone taps on Willow's arm, pulls her into a neighboring conversation. She steps away.

BUFFY
(to Riley)
Giles used to be the librarian at
my high school.

RILEY
I've seen the library. It's gone
downhill since you left.



GILES
(laughs)
Yes. I'm embarrassed to say I
actually miss it at times.

RILEY
So, you're retired?

GILES
Sorry?

RILEY
(mistake...)
Or, you're working somewhere
else now?

GILES
Well, not... between projects just
now, personal...

Riley tries to help.

RILEY
Oh, I know how that is. My dad
was out of work a while back. He
sells farm equipment. It was rough.

GILES
I see.

RILEY
He was great about it though --
didn't want to, you know, lie
around the house, watching TV--

BUFFY
Riley! Look at this. Giles
doesn't have any cake!

RILEY
Oh, hey. I'll get you a piece.

Riley moves away.

EXT. XANDER'S HOUSE -- DAY (DAY 2)

The next day.

INT. XANDER'S BASEMENT -- DAY (DAY 2)

Xander and Anya look on as SPIKE smokes and packs items into bag: a carton of
cigarettes, containers of blood, a radio.



XANDER
You own nothing. This shouldn't
take so long.

SPIKE
Hang on, let a fellow get
organized.

XANDER
That's my radio!

Xander grabs the radio out of Spike's hands.

SPIKE
And you're what? Shocked and
disappointed? I'm evil!

ANYA
So, what kind of place are you
looking for?

SPIKE
Dunno. Maybe a crypt. Someplace,
you know, dark and dank. But not
as dark and dank as this.

ANYA
It's pretty depressing, isn't it?

SPIKE
I've known corpses with a fresher
smell. In fact, I've been one.

Spike flicks his cigarette ash onto the floor. Xander points to the ashtray sitting right next to him.

XANDER
Ashtray. Not getting any... more
like an ashtray.

SPIKE
Piss off.

Spike flicks his cigarette butt at Xander.

XANDER
That's it. Let's go.

ANYA
Wait. I want to give you
something for your new place.



Anya picks up a lamp, hands it to Spike.

XANDER
That's my lamp!

ANYA
A gift is traditional. I read
about it.

XANDER
That's among . With bitter
enemies, we don't give them my
lamp.

SPIKE
Not gonna have electricity anyway.
It's a crypt, remember?

Xander takes the lamp, puts it back where she got it.

ANYA

What about running water? A
fridge to keep your blood fresh?

SPIKE
No...

ANYA
That's gonna just suck. You
should get a hotel room or
something.

SPIKE
(to Xander)
Demon girl's got a point. Need
fresh blood. If I had a few bob
for a room with an honor bar...

XANDER
Out! Before I get the Slayer over
here to kick your ass out!

SPIKE
Don't see why she didn't come...
Say goodbye, shed a few tears...

XANDER
Well, she has an appointment with
someone who's actually still scary.

INT. MAGGIE WALSH'S OFFICE -- DAY (DAY 2)



CLOSE ON MAGGIE, seated at her desk.

MAGGIE
So... The Slayer.

CUT OUT to Buffy seated in a chair across from her, shifting nervously. Riley stands over Buffy's shoulder.

BUFFY
Yep. That's me.

MAGGIE
We thought you were a myth.

BUFFY
(unsure what to say)
Well... You were myth-taken.

She laughs weakly at her little attempt to break the ice. Riley offers a slightly embarrassed smile. Maggie studies her, stonily. Buffy sobers.

MAGGIE
And to think, all that time you
were sitting in my class- well,
most of those times. I always
thought you could have done
better than a B-minus, but now I
understand your energies were
directed elsewhere.

She stands and crosses to a window, her back to them.

MAGGIE (cont'd)
What I *don't* understand is how
Agent Finn...

Unseen by Maggie, Buffy stifles a giggle and points at Riley, mouthing "Agent Finn." Riley gestures for her to stop.

MAGGIE (cont'd)
... came to tell you all about
and our...

She turns back to face Riley, glaring disapprovingly. Riley straightens, his turn to be nervous.



MAGGIE (cont'd)
...*highly secret* organization.

RILEY
Uh, yes, well... like I said,
ma'am, we were in a combat
situation with some... Hostiles...
and she saw me in my... gear
and... well, my cover was pretty
well blown... so--

MAGGIE
So you figured why not tell her
everything.
(before he can answer)
It's all right. We're all on the
same team.

BUFFY
We are?

MAGGIE
Our goals are similar. We're each
interested in curtailing the Sub-
terrestrial menace. It's only our
methods that differ. We use the
latest in scientific technology
and state-of-the-art weaponry
and you -- if I understand this
correctly -- poke them with a
sharp stick.

BUFFY
It's more effective than it sounds.

MAGGIE
Oh, I'm quite sure of that. As
I'm just as sure we can learn much
from each other. I'm working on
getting you clearance to come into
the Initiative. I think you'll find
the results of our operation most
impressive. Agent Finn here, alone,
has captured or killed...
(to Riley)
How many is it?

RILEY
Seventeen. Eleven vampires. Six
demons.

BUFFY
(trying to be impressed)
Huh. Well, that is... I mean...
Wow. Seventeen.

MAGGIE



What about you?

BUFFY
Me?

MAGGIE
How many hostiles would you say
you've... slain?

Buffy considers, looking at Riley, then back to Maggie. Then as she opens her mouth to speak...

INT. GILES' APARTMENT -- DAY (DAY 2)

Giles dusts his bookshelves. He happens to note a heavy, old-looking book. He pulls it out, checks something. He checks today's date on his desk calendar, counts on his fingers...

GILES
(working it out)
The third new moon after the nine
hundredth Feast of Delthrox.
Oh... crap.

TIME CUT TO:

INT. GILES' APARTMENT -- MINUTES LATER -- DAY

Giles is on the phone as he stuff things into a bag -- candles, rocks with symbols on them, exotic-looking knives...

GILES
No, we can't for her, Willow.
The Demon Prince Barvain is going
to rise tonight... Well, where is
she exactly?

EXT. CAMPUS -- DAY

Buffy and Riley walk in the sunshine. Riley's remarkably calm, working through his awe.

RILEY
Wow.

BUFFY
But those were my best stories.
Didn't tell you the "Buffy breaks
her butt" stories.

RILEY
But you killed the... You did the



thing with the... And you drowned,
and then... snake! Not to mention
daily slayage of....

Buffy watches Riley as he thinks for a beat.

RILEY (cont'd)
Wow.

BUFFY
No big. Really. Hey, who wants
ice cream?

RILEY
Buffy, when I saw you stop the
world from... you know, ending,
I assumed that was a big week for
you. Turns out I suddenly find
myself... needing to know the
plural of apocalypse.

BUFFY
If you'd been fighting evil since
you were fifteen, you'd have a
hefty resume, too.

RILEY
Fifteen?

Riley takes this in, dealing.

BUFFY
I know, 'wow' but, the point is, we
have different amounts of experience
Plus, I've got that whole preternatural
slayer strength deal...

RILEY
I've seen. Don't get me wrong,
girls I grew up with could hold
their own, but... I'm not even
sure *I* could take you.

BUFFY
Well. That kind of depends on
your meaning.

They smile -- there's a challenge brewing.

EXT. HALL OUTSIDE MAGGIE WALSH'S OFFICE -- DAY



Giles knocks at Maggie's office door. It reads "Dr. M. Walsh. Psychology."

MAGGIE (O.S.)
Yes?

Giles opens it, enters.

INT. MAGGIE WALSH'S OFFICE -- DAY

GILES
Professor Walsh, I presume.
You're hard to find. These halls
are quite the labyrinth. I felt
rather like Theseus. With the
Minotaur. In the... labyrinth.

MAGGIE
Can I help you with something,
Mr...

GILES
Giles. Rupert. I'm looking for
Buffy Summers. I'm... I'm a
friend of hers.

Maggie looks at him incredulously.

GILES (cont'd)
And... I was her high school
librarian.

MAGGIE
I'm sorry. Buffy isn't here. But
if I see her...

GILES
Buffy has been very influenced by
your course. She quotes you quite
often. Sometimes she sounds
rather like an introductory
textbook herself.

MAGGIE
I don't lecture from the textbook,
but I'm glad she's inspired by the
material. She's a bright girl. All
she's really been lacking is
encouragement in the academic
setting.

GILES
Well, well, I think it's best to



let a young person find their
own strengths. If, if you lead a
child by the hand, they never
find their own footing.

MAGGIE

And if it's true about hiking,
ergo it must be true about life?

GILES

That's not... I'm simply saying
Buffy isn't the typical student.
If you really got to know her,
you'd find out she's a very
unique girl. I hope you're not
going to push her too--

MAGGIE

I think I do know her. And I have
found her to be a unique woman.

GILES

Woman. Of course. How wrong of
me to choose my own word...

MAGGIE

She's very self-reliant, very
independent...

GILES

That's what I--

MAGGIE

Which is not always a good thing.
It can be unhealthy to take on adult
roles too early. I suspect what I'm
seeing is a reaction to the absence of
a male role model.

GILES

The absence of a--

MAGGIE

Buffy clearly lacks a strong
father figure.

GILES

I... I... I... I...

MAGGIE

I'm sorry. I have things to do
now. I'll tell Buffy her friend
was looking for her.

She goes back to her desk. Giles exits, fuming.



EXT. CEMETERY -- NIGHT (DAY 2)

Giles leads Willow and Xander through the cemetery...

WILLOW

This prince demon guy was supposed to rise at sunset. So aren't we like... late?

GILES

Yes, well, if I hadn't had to search the globe for our Miss Summers and do battle with that harridan...

XANDER

And if you hadn't gotten lost on campus afterwards...

GILES

Never mind. I'll take care of it myself. Vanquished a few demons without her in my day. Of course, it shouldn't surprise me if we entirely too late. Demon on the loose, carnage everywhere--

They enter:

INT. CRYPT -- CONTINUOUS -- NIGHT

The place is still and quiet and neat and empty. No carnage.

XANDER

Your better demons will clean up after themselves.

GILES

I... I don't understand. There should be... ruptured earth, broken stone...

Giles sets his bag in the shadows near the door. He speaks as he sets out ritual items: a candle, an inscribed stone...

GILES (cont'd)

Apparently, it hasn't happened yet. A bit of luck.

WILLOW

Or, you know what I bet? I bet the Initiative took care of it.



GILES
Who?

XANDER
Riley and his guys. Probably all
over it.

WILLOW
It has that "too neat" look. They
must've cleaned up.

GILES
What?

WILLOW
They read hot spots. Areas of
otherwordly energy. I'm sure
they picked up this place days ago.

GILES
Stop. Both of you. What's the
Initiative and what does it have
to do with Buffy's new boyfriend?

WILLOW
You know... I'm sure you know...
Riley, he's one of the commandos...

GILES
What? Oh, that's bloody marvelous!
After I've spent weeks trying to get
a single scrap of information on our
mysterious demon-collectors, no one
bothered to tell me that *Buffy is
dating one!* Who else knows this?

XANDER
No one! No one else knows this.
(beat)
Any. That's it.

Beat.

WILLOW

And Spike.

GILES
Spike?! knew?

XANDER
Only the basic stuff. Riley's a
commando. Professor Walsh is in
charge--



GILES
Professor Walsh? That... fishwife?

WILLOW
She's not so bad once you get to--
(off Giles' glare)
So, the demon's probably a little
late. We'll just, you know...

GILES
(the energy drained out of him)
Forget it. You two can leave.
I'll stay a little longer, just in
case.

WILLOW
You're sure? We could stay...

GILES
No. Go.

Willow and Xander exit. Left alone, Giles starts gathering up his ritual items.

GILES (cont'd)
Oh, who am I kidding? Nothing's
going to happen.

Giles heads toward the door. After he's gone, ETHAN RAYNE steps out of the shadowy corner of the crypt.

ETHAN
(ominous)
I wouldn't say that. I wouldn't
say that at all. In fact, Old
Ripper, I'd say something rather
interesting was about to--

Giles, having simply retrieved his bag from near the door, steps back into the light.

GILES
What did you s--

Ethan jumps, startled out of his skin.

ETHAN
Oh, bugger! I thought you'd gone!

BLACK OUT.



END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. CRYPT -- NIGHT (DAY 2)

Giles and Ethan as we left them, staring at each other across the crypt.

GILES
Ethan Rayne. You've no idea how
much thrashing you is going to
improve my day.

Ethan makes a move to dart past Giles, but Giles trips him, send him sprawling. Giles grabs him by the collar, hauls him to his feet as Ethan says:

ETHAN
Watch it! Now hang on. You want
to knock the crap out of me, go
ahead. I can't stop you. Or, you
could listen to me and find out
what's going on.

Giles hesitates, hand already drawn back...

GILES
What are you on about?

ETHAN
Something bad is happening. Bad
for both of us.

GILES
Well, bad for you, yeah.

ETHAN
No, no. You have to listen.
You're going to need time to
Prepare.



INT. BAR -- NIGHT (DAY 2)

Giles and Ethan, in a booth. A WAITRESS puts pints in front of them and moves off. She's attractive in a faded-rose kind of way.

ETHAN

Brilliant. Now, isn't this more fun than kicking my arse?

GILES
No.

ETHAN
Oh. Well it's more fun for me.

GILES
Just tell me what you want to tell me.

ETHAN
Tch. So cross. We used to be friends, Ripper. When'd that all fall apart?

GILES
I believe it was right about when you started worshipping chaos.

ETHAN
Ahh. Religious intolerance. Sad, that. I mean, look at the Irish troubles--

Giles starts to leave.

GILES
Right. That's it.

ETHAN
Hold up! I'll tell you.

Reluctantly , Giles sits back down.

ETHAN (cont'd)
Something's happening in the dark worlds. It's all rumors and whispers out there, mate. Only thing coming through clear is that something is harming demons and it's not



the Slayer. You know anything about it?

Giles ducks the question.

GILES

What are they saying?

ETHAN

Oh, you know demons, it's all exaggeration and blank verse. "Pain as bright as steel," that kind of thing. They're scared. And there's something called three-fourteen's got 'em scared most of all. The kind of scared that turns to angry.

GILES

Three-fourteen. What's that?

ETHAN

No bloody idea.

GILES

You're not being very helpful for a man trying not to get beaten-up.

ETHAN

But I am. I'm giving you a valuable warning. What ever's doing this, it's not respecting the old ways. I don't pretend to like you, Rupert, but we're a couple of old mystics, we are. We know what we're dealing with.

GILES

Right. That's why we never get into trouble.

ETHAN

This new outfit, it's blundering into a place it doesn't belong. It's throwing the worlds out of balance and that's beyond chaos, mate. We're headed, quite literally, for one hell of a fight.

INT. GYM -- NIGHT (DAY 2)

BAM! Buffy delivers a well-placed fist to Riley's head, but he blocks it. Responds with a slow-speed punch that Buffy easily ducks. They get more serious and things move faster. He catches her around the neck with his



arm, tries to pull her into a headlock. She spins out of it, knocking his legs from under him. He hits the ground rolling, comes up into a wrestler's stance.

RILEY
Are you holding back?

BUFFY
Are you?

RILEY
Maybe. A little.

BUFFY
Maybe me too.

RILEY
I'll go all out if you will.

BUFFY
You sure?

RILEY
Here we go.

Riley pushes her back, out of his grasp. They go at each other, it's fast and sexy, but Buffy has mostly been blocking. Now she does one simple kick. It catches Riley in the chest and **BLOWS HIM BACK TEN FEET**. He hits the wall, collapses to the floor.

BUFFY
Riley!

She runs to him, helps him up.

BUFFY (cont'd)
Are you hurt?

He's checking for broken ribs.

RILEY
I... I'm... I don't think so.

BUFFY
I didn't--I'm so sorry.

RILEY
It's fine. I'm good.

He smiles at her, impressed with her. And Buffy smiles back, wonders; is he gonna be okay with this?



ITN. BAR -- LATER (NIGHT)

Giles and Ethan are drunk.

GILES

You know what gets me? Here's what gets me. I fight demons for twenty years. Maggie Walsh comes in, six months later -- demons pissing themselves with fear. They never even noticed me?

ETHAN

They're pretty busy. Who's Maggie Walsh?

GILES

Oh, she's awful. Said I was an absent male role model. Absent, my ass. And I'm the man she is.

ETHAN

I don't doubt it.

The waitress sets down full mugs, collects their empties. Ethan scribbles something on his napkin, hands it to her.

ETHAN (cont'd)

Here, luv. M' name and number. Ring me up. I'll show you a time.

WAITRESS

(off napkin)

You're not Roger Moore.

ETHAN

God's truth. Tell her, Ripper.

GILES

What? Oh. He's not Roger Moore.

The waitress walks away.

ETHAN

Thanks. That was helpful.

GILES

We've gotta face it. We've changed. Well, you're still self-centered and sadistic.



ETHAN
(raising mug)
Here's to me!

They clink and drink. Giles continues.

GILES

But the world's passed us both by .
someone snuck in and took us away
and left these old men in our place.

ETHAN
I tried to get Head of Slug the
other day, for a spell. Know what
they told me? They only had
synthetic. Synthetic Slug-Head?
What's that?

GILES
We're relics, mate. Dusty scraps
of a world that doesn't exist
anymore. I mean, the bleeding
"Initiative"--their methods may
cause problems, but they're
getting it done. What am I? An
unemployed librarian with a
tendency to get knocked on the
head and a drawer full of grotty
amulets. 'S pathetic.

Ethan suddenly appears stone sober. In a clear, dark voice:

ETHAN
(ominous)
You don't' have to worry about all
that anymore, mate. When you went
to the loo I slipped a small pellet
of poison in your drink. You'll be
dead in an hour.

Giles stares at Ethan. A beat.

ETHAN (cont'd)
Just kidding.

Ethan laughs. Giles blinks, then laughs along with Ethan. They drink.



GILES
I'm gonna feel like hell in the
morning.

ETHAN
(ominous)
Yes, you will.
(then, drunk again)
Kidding. Relax. Stop thinking so
much and enjoy the night. We're
sorcerers. The night is still our
time. The time of magic.

GILES
To magic!

They drink.

INT. TARA'S ROOM -- NIGHT (DAY 2)

Tara is making a symbol on the floor with salt and black sand. Willow puts a single rose
in the center of the symbol.

WILLOW
I'm glad you wanted to get
together. I know it's late.

TARA
I... Thanks. I was happy you
Called.

WILLOW
We'll start out slow.

TARA
Okay.

They sit down facing each other. They join hands over the rose. They close their eyes.

TARA (cont'd)
Willow?

WILLOW
Yeah?

TARA
Start out slow doing what?

They open their eyes.



WILLOW

Oh. We're going to float the rose. Then we're going to use the majicks to pluck the petals off one at a time. It's a test of synchronicity. Our minds will have to be perfectly attuned to work as a single delicate implement.

TARA
Cool.

WILLOW
And it should be very pretty.

They close their eyes. They concentrate. Their hair blows in a swirling breeze. The symbol on the floor GLOWS, the rose QUIVERS, and then LIFTS. Willow and Tara open their eyes to see it floating above their heads.

TARA
It worked.

WILLOW
Now the hard part... the petals...

Suddenly the rose TAKES OFF... ZINGING around the room, bouncing off the walls and ceiling, petals flying off. The girls jump to their feet, and they have to duck it a couple times. Zing, zing... Finally it lands at Willow's feet. A battered, SMOKING, rose stem. Puzzled, she picks it up.

WILLOW (cont'd)
What the heck was that?

TARA
I don't know. But...
(bright side)
the petals are off.

INT. GILES' BEDROOM -- MORNING (DAY 3)

Outside the window, the morning sun shines bright, and sweet little birdies twitter. Inside, Giles is a miserable lump under the sheets. He GROANS. He starts to turn under the sheet, throwing it off him, filling the frame with white.

From WHITE to BLACK

INT. GILES' LIVING ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

The black recedes ahead of camera... it is Giles' pajama bottoms. He trudges down the stairway toward a MIRROR mounted there. He looks blearily at himself in the mirror. Double take. He's an almost unrecognizable, horned, tufted eared, spiny-torsoed guy in



silk pajama bottoms. *He's a demon.* He squints at himself.

GILES
No.

He leans in closer, resting a hand next to the mirror, and accidentally punches a hole into the wall.

GILES (cont'd)
Oh.

Giles hurries down the last few steps into the living room. The last few feet of banister snap off in his hand.

GILES (cont'd)
Damn.

He tosses the wood aside impatiently -- it knocks over a chair, breaking it.

GILES (cont'd)
Ethan. You bloody rotten tosser.

Giles picks up the phone and accidentally crushes the receiver in his hand. He gives up and heads for the door instead. On the way he spots last night's shirt on the floor. He picks it up and tries to put it on. It tears on his spiny ridges.

GILES (cont'd)
And I liked that shirt.

He drips the shirt and grabs the blanket off the back of the sofa and heads out the door. He slams it behind him. It splinters.

GILES (O.S.)
Damn!

INT. ROCKET CAFÉ -- MORNING (DAY 3)

Buffy and Willow talk over breakfast.

BUFFY
I like pancakes. They're
stackable. And waffles 'cause you
could put stuff in the little holes if
you wanted to.



WILLOW

You should always have a new boyfriend. You're so fun right now.

Buffy smiles, embarrassed.

BUFFY

Hey, I didn't even hear you come in last night. Where were you?

WILLOW

Oh, chem lab, by myself. I was trying to do a spell. Floating a rose, when all of a sudden,
(gesturing with fork)
Zing! Zing! All over the room, like a... rose-based missile.

BUFFY

Yikes.

WILLOW

I know. I think there's something out there. I felt like, there was this presence, this dark-majiks energy blocking the spell. It's new.

BUFFY

Someone else doing majiks?

WILLOW

Maybe. If so, it's someone pretty powerful.

BUFFY

Huh. I'll tell Giles about it. Oh, or maybe Maggie, she seems interested in this kind of stuff, learning the mystical side of the demon-hunting biz.

WILLOW

Talk to Giles. He's feeling a little hurt right now. How come you never told him about Riley being a commando?

BUFFY

I did. I didn't?

WILLOW

He says no. He's feeling all neglected and out of the loopy.



BUFFY

Huh. I mean, at first I didn't tell, 'cause Riley said not to. Then it was -- meow- cat out of bag, and I forgot he didn't know. I'll make it right next time I see him. Tomorrow. I'm spending today with Riley.

WILLOW

Of course. I forgot that's what you always do on days when the Earth rotates.

BUFFY

Well, it's just going so great. I think. I hope. Last night I kicked him across the room.

WILLOW

Um... that's not good.

BUFFY

We were sparring. He told me not to hold back. He's a little dented but I think he's okay with it. He said he was okay with it. You think he's okay with it?

WILLOW

I'm sure he is. And even if he isn't, you had to do it. I mean, he's right, you can't go around pretending you're less than you are. It wouldn't be right for you to hold back.

BUFFY

Right...

WILLOW

What?

BUFFY

I held back a little.

INT. XANDER'S BASEMENT -- DAY (DAY 3)

Giles, looking very spiny and horrible, lets himself in through the outside door. He looks around. Xander is asleep on the sofa bed.

GILES

(to himself)

Asleep. It's ten-thirty in the morning.



Giles shakes Xander by the shoulder.

GILES (cont'd)
Xander? Xander, wake up.

Xander starts to wake up, rolls to face Giles, eyes closed.

XANDER
(asleep)
Mom?

GILES
No, not Mom. Now you're going to
look at me, and you might be a
little... alarmed. But there's no need.
It's me, Giles. Ethan has turned me into
a demon and I need your help.

Xander opens his eyes, looks right at Giles, freezes.

GILES (cont'd)
Hello. Yes, it's me.

XANDER
Yaaaa!

Xander scrambles backwards -- up and over the back of the sofa.

GILES
Listen. Can't you understand me?

XANDER'S POV:

Giles is saying:

GILES
Rrr. Grrbch fffahar lagggh!

XANDER
Demon! Demon!

Xander looks around wildly for a weapon.



GILES
Xander, calm down! You're just--

XANDER'S POV:

GILES
--Grbr aachjk blah!

Xander grabs a saucepan (from the shelves near the sofa). He HURLS it at Giles, grabs another.

GILES (cont'd)
Hey! Ow!

XANDER'S POV:

Giles roars unintelligibly, flails at the pots and pans, knocks them aside and breaks things. Finally Giles exits in a hurry.

XANDER
That's right, run for your life!

EXT. SUBURBIA -- DAY

Xander's neighborhood. Giles runs through the yards. A MAN with a leaf blower stops and stares, then backs up in fear. A WOMAN carrying groceries from her car sees him and drops the groceries. A SMALL CHILD screams until its MOTHER scoops it up and runs away.

MOTHER
Call 9-1-1!

GILES
Bloody humans...

Giles runs for his life.

BLACK OUT.

END OF ACT TWO



ACT THREE

EXT. GILES' COURTYARD -- NIGHT (DAY 3)

Buffy, Willow, Xander and Anya walk into the courtyard.

BUFFY

It had pointy things? What kind
of pointy things?

XANDER

The pointy kind. And tufty ears.
Oh, and it might have a sauce-pan-
shaped bruise.

WILLOW

Giles'll know what it was.

Buffy has spotted Giles' splintered front door. Suddenly serious, she walks ahead,
pushing open the broken door.

INT. GILES' APARTMENT -- NIGHT

BUFFY

(calling)
Giles?

Xander runs upstairs while the girls look downstairs, noting the broken items.

BUFFY (cont'd)

Xander isn't the only one who got
a visit today.

Xander returns down the stairs.

XANDER

He's not upstairs.

WILLOW

Oh God, Giles...

BUFFY

Okay. There was a demon and Giles
is gone. But it doesn't mean that
Giles is hurt. There's no blood.
It might've just taken him
somewhere...



Anya picks up Giles' torn shirt. She holds it up.

ANYA
I think it ate him up.

EXT. CEMETERY -- NIGHT (DAY 3)

Giles wanders through the cemetery, rubbing his demony head and grumbling to himself.

GILES
What kind of people let their
children throw stones .}{

He rounds a corner and finds himself next to Spike. Spike holds up a measuring tape to the side of a crypt, looking at it appraisingly. He turns, sees Giles, smiles evilly.

SPIKE
Well, what do I spy with my little
eye? A demon. That would be...
oh right... the things I can kill.

Spike saunters over, circles Giles predatorily.

GILES
Spike. Wonderful. The perfect
end to a perfect day.

SPIKE
(incredulous)
Giles?

Giles is flexing his muscle-y, demony arms.

GILES
Fine, let's get on with the
fighting--You understand me?

SPIKE
Of course I understand you.

GILES
I'm speaking English?

SPIKE
No. You're speaking Fyarl. I
happen to speak Fyarl. And, by



the way, why the hell are you suddenly a Fyarl demon? 'Cause I like to think I'm pretty observant, and I never saw a sign of it, I swear.

GILES

It's a funny story. If funny meant horrific.

SPIKE

What, you just come over all demony this morning?

GILES

Matter of fact, I did. Thanks to Ethan Rayne. You've got to help me find him. He has to undo this. Then he needs a good being-killed.

Spike leans against the mausoleum, lights a cigarette.

SPIKE

And I'm supposed to just help you out of the evilness of my heart?

GILES

You, you help me and I don't, don't kill you.

SPIKE

Oh, tremendously convincing. Try it again without the stutter.

GILES

Money. I can pay you money.

Spike stands up straight, tosses the cigarette aside.

SPIKE

Ooh. I like money. How much?

GILES

A hundred dollars.

SPIKE

A hundred dollars? You'll have to to *a lot better* than that.

(then)

Two hundred.

GILES

Fine.



SPIKE

Right then. What's first? I run tell
the Slayer what you've gotten
yourself into?

GILES

No! Don't do that.

SPIKE

Ah... embarrassed. One of my
favorite human weaknesses, makes
the blood go to the skin. Little
Willow does it 'specially well.

GILES

I'm not embarrassed. It's just
not... not necessary. When I find
Ethan, I can clear this up without
Buffy having to know that anything
happened to me at all.

INT. GILES' APARTMENT -- NIGHT (DAY 3)

Buffy, Willow and Anya are pulling books off Giles' shelf, shoving pictures of various
demons in front of Xander.

XANDER

No... no... okay, that's a giant
vulture. I'd have mentioned if it
was a giant vulture.

WILLOW

Buffy, even if we figure out what
kind of demon got Giles, how are
we going to find it?

BUFFY

We'll figure it out.
(to Xander)
This one has tufty ears.

They all stop when they hear someone RATTLING THE BROKEN DOOR. Buffy is instantly
alert.

WILLOW

What was that?

XANDER

Someone's coming in.

Buffy pulls a stake, moves to the die of the door. It opens, and she finds herself about to



stake... Riley.

RILEY
Buffy?

BUFFY
Riley? What are you going here?

She puts away the stake. He looks around curiously.

RILEY
There were 9-1-1 calls. From a couple
different places. Including here.

XANDER
You get 9-1-1 calls?

RILEY
We have a tap into the system. It
flags things with possible non-
human causes. We check 'em out.
What are you doing here?

BUFFY
This is Giles' apartment. He's
missing. The calls... did anyone
see what did it?

RILEY
Negativ--no. Neighbors just
heard, you know, growling, things
breaking. Sounded like a struggle.

WILLOW
Poor Giles.

BUFFY
We'll get him back.

RILEY
What are you working on?

BUFFY
We have... stuff. Pictures...

ANYA
We have nothing.

Buffy looks down, trying to hide her fears. Riley takes Buffy the shoulders, looks into her eyes. As if he's trying to transfer his hope to her.



RILEY
I'll help. The whole Initiative.
We'll do whatever you need.

Buffy is moved by the offer, the complete trust it represents.

BUFFY
Thanks. I just wish I knew what
I needed. I keep thinking, let's
ask Giles, and then I remember.

XANDER
He'd be great right now. He'd
find himself in a second.
Nobody's cooler in a crisis.

INT./EXT. GILES' CAR ON STREET -- NIGHT (DAY 3)

GILES
If you can't third gear,
don't for third gear!

Giles is shouting at Spike, who drives the Citroen. Giles is bundled under a blanket in the passenger seat.

SPIKE
Doing my best. Don't know if I'm
driving this thing or wearing it.

GILES
It's perfectly serviceable.

Spike laughs.

SPIKE
Funny. Hearing a Fyarl demon say
"serviceable." Had a couple of 'em
working for me once. They're more
like "Like to crush. Crush now?"
Strong, though. You won't meet
a jar you can't open for the rest
of your life.

Giles growls.

SPIKE (cont'd)
What was that? Did you growl?



GILES
No. Listen, about Fyarl demons...
do I, do I have any special powers?
Setting things on fire with my
sizzling eye beams?

SPIKE
Well, you got the mucus thing...

Giles
What? Mucus?

SPIKE
Paralyzing mucus: shoots out the
nose, sets up fast. Hard as a
rock. Pretty good in a fight.

GILES
You're making this up.

SPIKE
Maybe. But, hey, you feel a sneeze
coming on, you warn me.

GILES
Turn here.

Spike turns the car.

GILES (cont'd)
(alarmed)
Downshift! Downshift!

SPIKE
Calm down, will you?

GILES
I'm not sure I can. I... I think
I'm changing.

SPIKE
Fine with me, long's you still
pay me.

GILES
I don't like this feeling. It's like
a... a mindless need to destroy
things. Anger. Rage.

SPIKE
(wistful)
Good times. Go with it.

GILES



(calm)
No.

SPIKE
It's fun! I can't do it. Do it for
me. Let yourself go!

GILES
(extremely rational)
I refuse to become a monster, just
because I look like one. I have a
soul. I have a conscience. I am a
human being.
(sees something, very calm)
Ooh. Stop the car.

Spike stops the car. They're on the street near the Sun Cinema. Maggie walks along the sidewalk. Giles hops out and runs at Maggie, waving his arms, ROARING like a demon maniac. Maggie screams and runs away. Giles gets back in the car, pleased with himself.

GILES (cont'd)
(calm)
Right. Let's go then.

INT. GILES' APARTMENT -- NIGHT (DAY 3)

Xander looks at an etching of a Fyarl demon.

XANDER
That's the thing that attacked me.

The others close in to look at the picture as Willow reads all about it, paraphrasing.

WILLOW
A Fyarl demon. Sort of a foot-
soldier type. Works for other
demons lots of the time. Very
strong, and... oh, hey: Mucus.

BUFFY
Mucus?

Riley's cell phone rings or squawks or something. He answers it (it's a cell-phone with a walkie-talkie feature -- we only hear his half of a conversation):

RILEY
Agent Finn... go ahead.



As he listens...

BUFFY
(to Willow)
How do I kill it?

WILLOW
Silver. A weapon made of silver.

XANDER
Did you just say "mucus"?

WILLOW
You don't want to know.

Riley is still listening...

RILEY

When...? Yes...
(with an uncomfortable look
toward Buffy)
I understand.

He terminates the connection.

RILEY (cont'd)
The demon attacked Professor
Walsh. It got out of a small gray
car. A Citroen.

WILLOW
It stole Giles' car!

XANDER
Why would a demon steal a car?

ANYA
Why would a demon steal car?

Buffy suddenly becomes General Buffy.

BUFFY
A demon that steals a car has a
reason. It has a purpose.

They all look at her... they see the change in her.



BUFFY (cont'd)
But it sounds like Fyarl demons aren't really big independent thinkers. Willow-- the spells that have been going wrong. Could that be caused by someone using majiks to control a demon? Making this Fyarl demon attack Giles?

WILLOW
Yeah. Yes, that would draw a lot of dark energy.

BUFFY
Willow, Xander, stay here. Whoever's controlling the demon may call, ask for ransom. Give 'em anything they want.

XANDER
You got it.

BUFFY
Riley, come with me to the majiks shop. Maybe they needed supplies.

Buffy makes a detour on her way to the door... looks at Giles' desk.

BUFFY (cont'd)
Something silver...

She grabs a silver letter opener from Giles' desk.

RILEY
A letter opener? That's not very sharp.

BUFFY
Then I'll have to put some muscle behind it.

She exits. Riley follows her.

INT. BAR- NIGHT (DAY 3)

Spike tosses back a shot and chats up the waitress from last night. Giles sits in the shadows at the end of the bar, hiding under his blanket.

SPIKE

Two of 'em. English like me, but older, less attractive. One of them gave you his number...



WAITRESS
Oh God, Roger Moore.

SPIKE
No. Not Roger Moore--

Giles waves to get Spike's attention, then nods vigorously.

GILES
(affirmatively)
Ahrooog.

SPIKE
(to waitress)
Don't mind my friend. He's...
insane. You got Roger's number?

WAITRESS
Sorry.

Giles sags in defeat.

WAITRESS (cont'd)
I mean, I took one look, saw he was
staying at that rat trap. No thanks.

SPIKE
Which rat trap?

WAITRESS
The one by the highway. The
Sunnydale Motor Inn.

SPIKE
Thank you. You're a discerning
woman. You ever been in a real
crypt, darling?

Giles pulls Spike with him as he heads out the door.

SPIKE (cont'd)
(called back)
I'll be back later. Buy you a
drink. I'll have money!

They're out the door. Giles slams it. It breaks.

INT. MAJIK SHOP -- NIGHT (DAY 3)



CRASH. The locked door is kicked in from the outside. Buffy enters, Riley follows. Buffy goes to the counter, rummages underneath, breaks open a drawer. Pulls out...

BUFFY
Credit card slips, copies of
receipts. Help me look.

They sit on the floor, sort through them. As they look:

RILEY
You shouldn't '}{ have done that to
the door.

BUFFY
Don't have time to play by the
rules tonight.

RILEY
I have a master key. Opens every
shop on main street.

BUFFY
Oh. Next time. Absolutely.

RILEY
(off receipts)
I don't know what I'm looking for.

Buffy freezes, a credit card slip in her hand.

BUFFY
I do.
(holds it up)
Ethan Rayne.

RILEY
Who's that.

BUFFY
Professional bad guy. He's gotta
be the one who made the demon
go after Giles. At least we know
who we're looking for.

RILEY
(into cell phone)
Come in... Are you there?

BUFFY
What are you doing?

RILEY



(into phone)
This is Agent Finn. I need a search.
Local hotel registrations matching
the name Ethan Rayne. R-A-Y-N-E.
I'll wait.

BUFFY
You can do that?

RILEY
It'll take a couple minutes.

BUFFY
Let's get in your car. Be ready to go.

She starts to get up...

RILEY
Buffy... earlier, when I talked to
Professor Walsh? She gave me very
specific orders.

BUFFY
Yeah?

RILEY
She said, when we located the
demon... I... I'm not supposed to
bring you along.

BUFFY
Oh.

She starts to head for the door. He follows.

RILEY
What are you doing?

BUFFY
I'm going to the car. And then
we're going where the demon is.

RILEY
Buffy--

BUFFY
You're not taking me along. I'm
going and I'm letting you come with
me.

RILEY
Buffy, it's not really your call. This
is a military operation now.



BUFFY
So get the troops to stop me, 'cause
nothing less than that's gonna do it.
This demon did something to Giles.
And I'm gonna kill it.

She exits. He follows.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

EXT. STREET/INT. GILES' CAR -- NIGHT (DAY 3)

Spike drives again, Giles in the passenger seat (no blanket). Giles GROWLS low in his throat.

SPIKE

How're you feeling, mate?

GILES
Like snapping necks until
everyone's dead.

SPIKE
Now sounds like a Fyarl
demon. Good for you.

GILES
Spike? If I change all the way, find
Ethan anyway, okay? Make him undo
it. Please. Promise me.

SPIKE
Yeah, okay. Oh, wait. I mean no.
Doesn't anyone get I'm still evil?
(off rear-view mirror)
Hey, picked up a tail.

GILES
Just a little one. Hurts to sit.



SPIKE
I mean someone's following us.

Giles twists around, looks behind them.

SPIKE (cont'd)
Humvee. Military.

The reflected light of the Humvee's headlights is in Spike's eyes now.

GILES
Lose them. Speed up.

SPIKE
I've got it floored. Why'd you
buy this car?

GILES
Do something! If they catch us,
we both go into the lab.

THE CAR

As it takes a turn almost skidding out of control, the Humvee right behind it.

SPIKE
It's getting closer...

Another Humvee cuts in behind them at a side street.

SPIKE (cont'd)
And it's got a friend.

GILES
Damn!

In frustration, Giles puts his strong demony hand through the passenger side window -- glass shatters.

SPIKE
Sure, dismantle the getaway car.
That'll scare 'em.

GILES
Slow down. I'll jump out. They'll
follow you.



SPIKE

Wait, these Commandos, they're the
same guys that're after me too.
Maybe I want you around to split
their attention a bit.

GILES

I'll give you another hundred dollars.

THE CAR

As it takes a turn, slowing marginally. The passenger door opens. *Impressively macho, Giles jumps from the moving car... hits the pavement... rolls!* The car speeds off, Humvees right behind it.

INT. ETHAN'S MOTEL ROOM -- NIGHT

Cheap motel room. Two double beds, a dresser, a TV, not much else. Ethan is stuffing clothes into a hard-sided suitcase on one of those folding suitcase stands when Giles bursts into the room.

ETHAN

Gaaah! Giles?

GILES

(cold menace)

Found you.

Ethan backs up as if from a wild dog.

ETHAN

Calm down. It's okay. Good Giles.

GILES

It's okay? Oh, I'm gonna rip off
your arms and stuff 'em right up
your--

ETHAN'S POV OF GILES

GILES (cont'd)

Vvrrooh, rrrraatha, hrrrrr!

Ethan backs up more, hits the wall, cringes.

ETHAN

I don't actually speak Fyarl...



Giles lunges at Ethan, who responds in typical manly fashion by ducking and running, zipping around the edge of the room, climbing over the bed, the dresser, the other bed...

ETHAN
Don't kill me! I can't undo you
if you kill me!

Giles ROARS, grabs Ethan by the shirtfront, tosses him across the room. Ethan scrambles to his feet, some distance away from Giles. Giles raises a hand, pressing one nostril closed threateningly:

GILES
I'll use my mucus!

Ethan understands the gesture. He flinches.

ETHAN
No!

That's where they are when BUFFY AND RILEY BURST IN.

ETHAN (cont'd)
Slayer! Kill it! It killed Ripper
and now it's trying to get me!

BUFFY
(to Riley, re: Ethan)
Don't let him go. I'll deal with
him after I kill his little pet.

Buffy lunges at Giles, deals him a flying kick that throws him back and makes him ROAR.

Ethan tries to sneak out. Riley blocks him. Ethan punches, Riley counters efficiently, keeps him from leaving.

ETHAN
She's just gonna make him angry...

Buffy and Giles fight. Giles SHOUTS in un-translated Fyarl. Buff hits him with a punch. He deals her one in return that throws her against a wall.

GILES
Obsolete, am I? Trying to get rid
of me! Good! *Try!*



Finally, Buffy knocks him down. She looks at him, fire in her eyes.

BUFFY
What did you do to him? *What did
you do?*

A devastating kick punctuates the question.

EXT. STREET -- LOADING DOCK/INT. GILES' CAR -- NIGHT

Spike is having a great time in the car chase, grinning and taking the corners wildly.

THE CAR

Turns into an alley. We see one of the Humvees miss the turn.

IN THE CAR

Spike leans out and yells back.

SPIKE
You just try and catch me, filthy
commando-pigs! You just try--

He turns to face front again in time to see that the alley is being blocked by a truck backing away from a loading dock directly into his path.

SPIKE (cont'd)
Oh, blast.

He spins the wheel wildly, turns, misses the truck by inches!

SPIKE (cont'd)
Ha! Knew I could do it. Not
gonna stop me--

Then HE CRASHES THE CAR INTO THE LOADING DOCK. Pallets of produce fly.

After a beat he crawls out of the totaled Citroen, pushing the wreckage of the pallets away. Spike takes off running. As he goes:

SPIKE (cont'd)
I can kill demons! I can
crash cars!

He runs off into the night. As he goes:



SPIKE (cont'd)
Things are looking up.

INT. ETHAN'S MOTEL ROOM -- NIGHT

Giles gets off the floor. But Buffy FLIPS over the folding suitcase stand, picking it up as she goes and CLAMPING it down on Giles' head. She TWISTS it...

He ROARS and SWATS at her, knocking her to one side.

RILEY AND ETHAN:

Riley, still blocking Ethan, is distracted by the Buffy/Giles fight. He glances over, and Ethan LUNGES. Ethan swings at Riley, who blocks with his forearm and throws a brutal punch at Ethan...

Giles shouts in Fyarl as he kicks at Buffy's limp body, rolling her over onto her back. He throws his head back in a ROAR of triumph.

Buffy's eyes snap open. She braces her arms on the floor and KICKS straight up with both legs... catching GILES in the head and knocking him to the ground. She FLIPS to her feet and launches herself on him... pummels him with punches. She kneels on his chest. She pulls her silver letter opener from her jacket and presses the tip against his throat. She braces both hands on it, ready to drive it through his neck.

BUFFY
This is for Giles.

GILES
(confused)
For me?

Buffy PLUNGES THE LETTER OPENER INTO GILES' CHEST.

At the same time, now face to face, she sees...

GILES' EYES wide, frozen (is he dead?) Buffy suddenly recognizes him.

BUFFY
Oh my God. Giles.

Giles, still alive, nods enthusiastically.

GILES
Ahrooog! Ahrooog!

BUFFY
Oh God!



She pulls the letter opener out.

BUFFY (cont'd)
Giles! Giles! I'm sorry! Don't die!

GILES
Actually I feel quite well.
Except for the rage.

BUFFY
I think he's okay.
(looking at letter opener)
Is this real silver?

ETHAN
Prob'ly pewter. Sometimes Giles
is cheap about that stuff. Who's
for a reversal spell?

INT. ETHAN'S MOTEL ROOM -- LATER (NIGHT)

Riley stands in the open doorway, talking quietly into his walkie-talkie. Buffy stands over Ethan, her hand wrapped around the back of his collar. He sits on the floor in front of a symbol and some herbs. Giles is wearing one of Ethan's shirts, looking at his face in the mirror to make sure he's all better.

ETHAN
I've got to learn to just do the
damage and leave town. It's the
stay-'n-gloat gets me very time.

BUFFY
(crossing to Giles)
Giles? You okay?

GILES
Embarrassed mostly. Buffy, I don't
know what to say. You know I'd
never intentionally--

BUFFY
I know. And I'm so sorry about,
you know, stabbing you in the heart...

GILES
How, how did you know it was me?

BUFFY
(quietly)
Your eyes. There's only one
person in the world who can look
that annoyed with me.



Giles smiles at her. A moment.

ETHAN (O.S.)
Is this going to go on much
longer? I'd like to be going.

Buffy crosses back over to Ethan.

BUFFY
Why would I let you go?

ETHAN
Well, maybe 'cause you've got no
choice. I'm human, you can't kill
me. What's a Slayer gonna do to me?

Riley ushers in two large, uniformed, US ARMY MPs. One of the MPs handcuffs Ethan.

RILEY
By the authority of the U.S. Military,
you are being taken into custody
pending a determination of your status.

The MPs haul Ethan away.

RILEY (cont'd)
(to Buffy)
They'll take Mr. Rayne to a secret
detention facility in the Nevada
desert. I'm sure he'll be rehabilitated
in no time.

GILES
I think I'd like to go watch them
manhandle him into a vehicle.

Giles exits. Buffy and Riley are left alone.

BUFFY
Thanks.

RILEY
I told you I'd help.

BUFFY
You did. If I got here any later--
If Giles killed Ethan, I'd never
have gotten him back.



RILEY
You'd find some other way.

Buffy shakes her head. After a beat:

RILEY (cont'd)
You're really strong. Like,
Spiderman strong.

BUFFY
Yes. I don't stick to stuff, but, yeah.

RILEY
And... you're in charge. You're,
like, make the plan, execute the
plan, no one giving you orders.

BUFFY
I'm a Slayer.

She looks at him, asking the question without asking it. He smile, making a decision.

RILEY
I like it.

BUFFY
Yeah?

Their gaze holds a beat. Then Riley nods, yes.

RILEY
(play it straight)
But give me another oh, week to get
ready and... I'll take you down.

A beat and he breaks a smile, she smiles. Much mutual liking.

INT. GILES' APARTMENT -- DAY (DAY 4)

Buffy sits on the arm of the sofa and looks on while Giles hooks up a new phone.

BUFFY
Nice phone.

GILES
Yes. Fabulous technology. You
see, if anyone has any information
I need to know, they can simply



tell me about it through this ingenious speaking tube. I'm very excited about it.

BUFFY
I'm sorry, Giles. I really thought I'd told you about Riley and the Initiative...

Finished with the phone, Giles moves around to sit in a chair near Buffy.

BUFFY (cont'd)
... and I know that doesn't really help. It won't happen again. I'll tell you everything.

GILES
Buffy, I don't want to ask you to betray any confidences, and I certainly don't want to interfere...

BUFFY
Uh-oh. You have but-face.
(off his confused look)
You're about to say "but..."

GILES
But... this Initiative. I'm concerned. Ethan's not exactly a reliable source, but I'm not sure he's wrong about them.

BUFFY
I'm not dating the Initiative. I'm dating Riley. And he's a good guy, Giles.

GILES
I believe that, but... he's part of something we don't really understand.

BUFFY
You sure you're not just saying I shouldn't date Riley because you don't like his boss?

GILES
No, that's not what I'm saying at all... although I do hate her quite a lot. I want you to have your personal life, just... just keep your eyes open. Make sure you know what you're getting into.



INT. HALLWAY -- THE INITIATIVE -- DAY (DAY 4)

Riley and Maggie walk down the hallway together.

MAGGIE

So she walks in and the rules
just suddenly... break.

RILEY

Um... pretty much.

MAGGIE

Be careful with her. She reacts
on instinct. There's no
discipline there. Her loyalties
are uncertain.

RILEY

You won't be disappointed in her.
She's good at what she does, and
she has the... the truest soul I've
ever known.

MAGGIE

(amused)

Oh no. Spontaneous poetic
exclamations. Lord spare me
college boys in love.

RILEY

I'm just saying she'll work out.
You'll be proud of her.

MAGGIE

You want to know what I think?

(beat)

I think you're probably right.

Riley exits down the hallway. Maggie punches in a complex code and enters a room. As she enters we get a quick glimpse of a large form under a sheet on an examining table. The door closes, blocking our view.

On the door: room number 314.

BLACK OUT.

END OF SHOW

