

# This Year's Girl

(January 14, 2000)

Written by: Douglas Petrie

## Teaser

INT. BUFFY'S ROOM - DAY

We open with a ripple of WHITE, filling the screen. The ripple flows past us and settles - it's a bed sheet. BUFFY is in her room (her old room, not the dorm) and she's making the bed, along with somebody else.

BUFFY  
Smell good, don't they?

We see holding the other end of the sheet: FAITH. And the two women talk like they're old friends. They make the bed slowly, in sync, like they're performing a ritual.

FAITH  
What?  
BUFFY  
Clean sheets. Like summer.  
FAITH  
I wouldn't know.

Now they ritualistically fold in the corners...

BUFFY  
Right. I forgot.  
FAITH  
I noticed.

Buffy looks at A CLOCK on the wall. Her face falls.

BUFFY  
I wish I could stay, but-  
FAITH  
You have to go.  
BUFFY  
It's just, with...  
FAITH  
Little sis coming. I know.

The bed is made. Couldn't be neater.

FAITH  
So much to do before she gets here.  
BUFFY  
(glancing at clock)  
Now I really have to go.

FAITH  
So go. Don't let me keep-

Faith stops - looks at the bed, disappointed.

FAITH  
Damn. Just when we made it so nice.

Close-up of the bedsheet. Plop! A single red drop of BLOOD hits the fabric, staining it. Then another drop of blood. Then another, and another. The drops start to flow...

ANGLE ON FAITH. Now looking down at herself, maintaining her casual tone. Buffy is holding a KNIFE in Faith's stomach. Faith's bleeding on the sheets. The stain spreads...

FAITH  
(sighs)  
Are you ever gonna take this thing out?

As if in answer, Buffy's expression goes hard and cold-blooded as she (out of frame) RIPS the knife up, hard, killing Faith. Faith's expression turns to total shock, she opens her mouth to scream but before we hear a sound we-

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

BEEP! A hospital machine, monitoring a heart beat. The iridescent green line skips just a little bit higher, just once, then settles down into a steady, regular beat. Continues.

We pan across the room to the sound of the machine and the sound of slow, regular breathing. Rest on the sight of FAITH, lying alone, hooked up on the machine in a small, lonely hospital room. It's not a nightmare, but it ain't too nice. A little paint peels from one of the walls, and the overhead fluorescent light clicks on and off, flickering.

Faith breathes steadily, lying still in her coma. We hold on her face and go to...

CREDITS.

END OF TEASER

## Act One

INT. XANDER'S BASEMENT - DAY

Close-up of a standard issue Initiative BLASTER RIFLE. It's side panel's open, exposing a vastly complicated inner design of criss-crossing wires, tubes and buttons.

XANDER (O.S.)  
So, here it is. The latest in state-of-the-art

combat technology. I gotta say, it  
doesn't look that complicated.

Buffy looks on as Xander and Willow examine the blaster by workbench  
lamplight. Xander's holding a wrench like he's about to dig in. Giles  
watches from a chair.

BUFFY

So, you can repair it?

XANDER

Sure. Just as soon as I get my master's  
degree in advanced starship technology.

He throws down his wrench in disgust. Buffy's disappointed.

WILLOW

Well, why don't we experiment, then? You  
know, press some buttons, see what happens.

GILES

I'd like to veto that.

XANDER

(nods)

Second. It's called a "Blaster," Will. The word  
that tends to discourage experimentation. Now  
if it was called "The Orgasminator," I'd be first to  
try your basic button-press approach.

BUFFY

(a little testy)

Just tell me - can you fix it or not?

XANDER

Working on it, working on it...

(mutters)

But if I blow a hole into Mom's azalea patch,  
the neighbors will not be pleased.

Xander switches to needle-nose pliers, goes back to fiddling with the  
blaster. Giles approaches Buffy.

GILES

Buffy, are you sure you're all right? You've been  
patrolling around the clock three days  
straight, perhaps you need...

BUFFY

What? Some rest? I can't, Giles. There's a  
demonoid killing machine out loose, and it doesn't  
only work the night shift.

GILES

I was going to say you might need back-up, but  
now that you mention it, gathering strength is a  
good idea.

BUFFY

Just get the blaster working. That's all the strength  
I need.

WILLOW

Are you sure?

BUFFY

Why, because ray guns aren't in the Slayer Handbook?  
You haven't seen this Adam thing, Will. He's  
the Terminator without the bashful charm. He's fast,  
he's deadly, and the last time we met - he kicked my ass.

WILLOW

Oh. No, blast away, by all means, I only meant...  
(small)

No word about Riley?

Buffy freezes. Closes her eyes. Just hearing his name causes pain.

BUFFY

They keep telling me he's fine, and that's all  
they'll say.

WILLOW

Maybe they're telling the truth.

BUFFY

Maybe, but I don't even know what  
The Initiative version of "fine" is. They  
could be forcing him back onto medication,  
or torturing him for all I know.

GILES

I know it's hard, but from all we've seen,  
I doubt they'd be trying to hurt him.

BUFFY

The only thing I know for certain is,  
my boyfriend's locked away and  
I'm not helping.

Suddenly, in the background - BZZT! - Xander, holding his pliers to the  
Blaster, gets loudly and painfully zapped. Electric blue sparks burst up his  
arms, making him jump.

XANDER

YOW!

He regains his composure as best he can, gets back to work. The others  
continue their conversation, never noticing.

WILLOW

Maybe Giles has a point. Riley is kind of  
their top gun guy. It doesn't make sense  
that they'd hurt him.

BUFFY

But the Initiative has a whole branch of  
brain-washy, behavior modification guys.

WILLOW

So?

BUFFY

So... what happens when they  
start not liking Riley's behavior?

Nobody thought of that before. And as they ponder the nasty possibilities, we CUT TO:

INT. INITIATIVE - HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Riley's getting out of bed. The one he was last seen de-toxing in in Episode 14. On his bed stand lies Buffy's scarf. Riley slowly, painfully pulls a shirt on over his bandaged ribcage. His right hand is now bandaged in sterile gauze.

He stands. Tests his footing. Okay. He picks up the scarf and walks out.

INT. INITIATIVE - DAY

Riley walks past the GUARD who's standing at his hospital room doorway. The guard, confused to see him up, stands in his way.

RILEY  
Stand down, soldier.

The Guard doesn't move.

RILEY  
Stand down before I put you down.

FORREST appears by the Guard's side. Puts a friendly hand on the Guard's shoulder.

FORREST  
You heard the man. At ease.

The Guard steps aside. Forrest walks alongside Riley, who moves slowly but deliberately. Baby steps.

FORREST  
The shish-kebob that walks like a man.  
Looks like you're doing better -- walking  
around and threatening people and all that.

RILEY  
Man was in my way. I got places to be.

FORREST  
Really? Where were you thinking of going?

RILEY  
You know where I'm going.

Forrest stops, closes his eyes and sighs. Riley just keeps taking those baby steps, holding the wall for support, hard purpose in his eyes.

FORREST  
Don't even tell me you're headed  
for that girlfriend of yours. Look at  
you! One good conjugal visit and  
you'll be back in intensive care to stay.

RILEY  
You wouldn't understand.

Forrest catches up to Riley. Not joking anymore.

FORREST  
How about you explain it to me, then?

GRAHAM joins the two of them. Immediately sees the tension.

GRAHAM  
We all friends here, fellas?

FORREST  
Absolutely. Riley here's just about to  
explain why he's leaving us so very quickly.

RILEY  
I don't explain, because I don't have to.  
I'm the one in charge.

FORREST  
(ice cold)  
Things change.

RILEY  
(same temperament)  
Do they?

FORREST  
Hey. In case you failed to notice, we  
are in a world of hurt around here, and  
now is the time for us to band together,  
not go flying off our separate ways.

GRAHAM  
Forrest has a point, Rye.

FORREST  
We have a problem, we will deal with  
that problem, and you know the most  
important thing of the equation right  
now is - we keep said problem within  
the family.

RILEY  
Family. Is that what we are?

Forrest and Riley just glare at each other.

RILEY  
Step aside.

Forrest doesn't. Riley takes one step forward, then grimaces in pain.  
Grabs his own side. Immobilized by the pain.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Close-up on Faith's face. Still in her hospital bed, motionless. Except - her  
eyelids twitch. A dream is coming. And we hear:

FAITH (O.S.)  
You think it's gonna rain?

EXT. FIELD - DAY

Now we are looking up at the most perfect BLUE SKY you ever saw. Tilt down to reveal Faith and MAYOR WILKINS, sitting on a blanket to a perfect picnic lunch. Alone together in a field under the clear blue sky.

MAYOR WILKINS

Nonsense. There's not a cloud in the sky. Now eat your sandwich.

They eat a little.

FAITH

I don't know, it just seems like it always starts raining right about now.

MAYOR WILKINS

You're too young and too pretty  
a girl to start wearing worry lines  
on your face. Oop...

He notices a small, harmless GARTER SNAKE slithering across the blanket. Nothing to worry about. He picks it up and sets it on its way, away from them.

MAYOR WILKINS

There now, little fella. I don't  
know where you belong, but it's  
sure not here with us. There you go.  
(to Faith)

You see? There's nothing that can  
spoil our time together.

The Mayor reaches into the picnic basket, fishing about...

MAYOR WILKINS

Now who wants cheese cake?

Faith smiles, a little re-assured. Then suddenly:

FAITH

NO!!!

We cut back to the Mayor - he's being horribly, brutally HACKED APART by Buffy with her knife. He's real dead real fast. Finished with his prey, Buffy whips her gaze to Faith, impatient and peeved.

BUFFY

**I told you I had things to do.**

Faith tumbles back and crawls backward away from Buffy as fast as she can. It's not nearly fast enough. Buffy is on her in an instant. She lifts the

bloody knife high out of frame - then lashes it down to strike into Faith as the thundering sound of a rainstorm blasts out and we CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Faith, still in her coma bed, lies still but twitches slightly. Her eyelids flicker as if in REM sleep. And instead of settling down this time, they keep flickering, faster, like something's building up inside her...

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

We are in the woods. A light swings into frame. It's a flashlight, held by Buffy. Xander and Willow pull into frame behind her, also carrying flashlights. On patrol.

WILLOW  
Spread out?  
BUFFY  
(nods)  
Not too far.  
XANDER  
So not a problem.

Willow and Xander fan out, out of frame. We hold on Buffy as she passes a cluster of brush, comes to a clearing, coming around, looking up, to see...

Buffy's P.O.V.: before her in the tree is an EVISCERATED DEMON. Looking like it's been crucified, but much worse. Its arms splayed out on either side, its guts are missing. It is strung up like Hannibal Lecter's cell guard in "Silence of the Lambs." Its head is thrown back in a silent scream of demonic agony. Willow and Xander's flashlights, coming from behind, send streams of light shooting through its ribcage, blasting out its open mouth and eye sockets. If it weren't so horrifying, it would be beautiful. Except, it's really horrifying.

CUT TO:

INT. XANDER'S BASEMENT - NIGHT

Buffy, looking shaken, sits staring dead ahead. Takes a sip from a mug of something hot and soothing, then speaks.

BUFFY  
I've never seen anything like it.

Willow and Xander, sitting with her, looking really wigged.

XANDER  
And I could go a long healthy stretch  
without seeing anything like it again.  
WILLOW  
It had to be Adam who killed that  
thing. But why?



BUFFY  
He's studying biology. Humans,  
demons, whatever he can get his  
hands on and tear apart.  
WILLOW  
Learning what makes things work.  
XANDER  
I really don't want to be around  
for the final exam.  
BUFFY  
It's not coming to that. The Initiative  
made this monster, now they can't stop it.  
But we will.  
XANDER  
Question: will hiding in a cabin with  
stockpiled chocolate goods be any part  
of this plan?  
BUFFY  
No.  
XANDER  
(to Willow)  
Told you.  
WILLOW  
What's first?  
BUFFY  
Riley. I gotta get him out of there. I am  
not leaving him down there with the  
people who made this thing. I don't care  
how many guns they have. We're going in.

Buffy stands and paces. She's in general-mode now, thinking on her feet,  
quickly and efficiently.

BUFFY  
Willow. I need you to hack into the  
security mainframe and buy me a  
ten-minute shutdown of all  
operational systems.  
WILLOW  
That could be...  
BUFFY  
(interrupting)  
Tricky, but not impossible. If you  
can't do it online, use magic.  
Just get it done. Xander. Any  
gear you've been saving for a  
rainy day - you give to me.  
XANDER  
You want the stealthy-stuff?  
BUFFY  
(shakes her head)  
We tried sneaking in, this time  
it's force. Explosives, tear gas,  
grappling hooks. I'll go in  
through the elevator shaft, use  
the cables for tow line.

Blast open the main facility doors  
and find the infirmary.

As she talks, she's so wrapped up in her planning that, at first pass, she doesn't see RILEY standing, smiling, at the foot of the basement stairs.

BUFFY  
By now their reserve generator's  
kicked in so I take out the main  
guard fast and...

RILEY  
Am I really worth all that?

BUFFY  
RILEY!!!

Buffy throws her arms around Riley and squeezes. Oops. Riley lets out a yell of pain. Buffy lets go immediately.

BUFFY  
Oh my God, did I hurt you?  
RILEY  
No, a giant skewer through the  
ribcage hurt me. That was just a  
reminder.

BUFFY  
How'd you get out?  
RILEY  
I walked.  
WILLOW  
They didn't try to stop you?  
RILEY  
They did. Repeatedly. But then  
I told them they couldn't keep me  
without a major ass-kicking one  
way or another... and here I am.

XANDER  
That's great, Riley. And you  
know, there's no polite way to ask  
you this, but - did they put a  
chip in your brain?

RILEY  
Beg pardon?  
BUFFY  
Forget it, we're just happy to  
have you back.

WILLOW  
We were all pretty worried about  
you for awhile there, Mister.

RILEY  
Me, too. I know my behavior was  
pretty out there...

He looks to Willow.

WILLOW  
Forget it. Tell you what. You

two crazy kids take down an  
unstoppable killer cyborg-demon  
hybrid thingie, and... we'll call  
it all even.

RILEY

Taking Adam down is gonna be  
tough. No way to predict what  
he'll throw at us.

Buffy embraces him again.

BUFFY

You're here. Whatever comes we  
can handle it.

Buffy, holding Riley, smiles for the first time in a while.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - NIGHT

Faith is now RUNNING, dead-out panic. She passes, near-stumbling,  
through a Sunnydale cemetery, pursued by some monster we can't see.  
What we can see is Faith more scared than we've ever seen her.

She runs past a headstone, painfully bashing her knee. Limpes along, looks  
back to see:

Faith's P.O.V.: Buffy's walking calmly toward her, knife in hand.

Faith runs some more. Trips and falls - into an OPEN GRAVE.

ANGLE ON THE GRAVE: Faith lands painfully onto the packed dirt. Tries to  
get up and out, but Buffy walks over like she's got all the time in the  
world, knife dangling in her hand. Buffy drops into the grave with Faith.  
We hold outside the grave, hearing but not seeing the fight within.  
Grunting, punching, and finally a wet noise - followed by silence.

Long pause. A drop of RAIN falls. Then another. Then another.

A dirt-caked HAND thrusts itself up out of the open grave, clutches soft  
grass and pulls itself up. It is FAITH, Beaten, bloodied and torn, but alive.  
Victorious. The drops of rain escalate into a torrential RAINSTORM as she  
pulls herself all the way out of the open grave and stands. Looks to the  
night sky and lets out a YELL of pain and triumph and agony all at once  
and we CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Close-up of Faith as she gasps a startled deep intake of air and her eyes  
snap open. Faith is awake.

BLACK OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

## Act Two

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

We see a close-up of Faith's face. Motionless. Calm. Still. Only her eyes move, sliding over to look at the machine she's so rudely plugged into. Slowly, as if testing her motor skills, Faith lifts an arm into view and looks at it like it's some foreign object. She flexes fingers. Everything works. So she slowly, still testing, grabs hold of her white sheet and -

RIPS it back off her. Nothing happens. The sounds of the hospital P.A. system can be heard far off down the hall.

Faith gets up from the bed. Stops short. Realizes she's still hooked up by an I.V. tube stuck in her arm. She looks at it - an annoyance - and pulls it out of her arm.

FAITH  
Ow.

She walks out.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - NIGHT

Faith wanders out into the hall. It's empty. She's been stuck in some tucked-away basement wing of the hospital. She walks a bit, then is stopped short when she hears:

VOICE  
Excuse me.

Faith turns to face... not what she expected. A pretty young hospital VISITOR. Girl about her age, nicely dressed and carrying a gift shop teddy bear.

VISITOR  
You know how to get to third floor  
west from here?  
FAITH  
I'm... What?

The girl notes Faith's hospital gown and bare feet.

VISITOR  
I see. Um... you need some help  
or something?  
FAITH  
Graduation.  
VISITOR  
What?  
FAITH  
Graduation. I gotta get to the...  
Sunnydale High School  
graduation - now.

VISITOR  
You can't. I mean, Sunnydale High  
school isn't even there anymore.

Faith freezes. Focuses on the girl like a lesser.

FAITH  
What day is it?  
VISITOR  
Tuesday.  
FAITH  
What date. The date.  
VISITOR  
February eighth.  
FAITH  
What year?

Okay, the girl is spooked now.

VISITOR  
Maybe I should get you a nurse.  
FAITH  
What happened to the school?  
VISITOR  
You sure you don't want a...  
FAITH  
Just - tell me.

And as she answers, we slowly close in on Faith's face as it slowly hardens into a mask of rage and hurt...

VISITOR  
Well... it was a tragedy, really.  
Lots of students died. The  
Principal, the Mayor...

Faith reacts, her face setting in grim stone as the camera pushes in on her.

VISITOR  
...it's a tragedy, really. They  
never did find out for sure what  
started the fire. I really think  
maybe I should get you some help.

EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Faith walks out of the hospital, wearing the visitor's clothes. She breathes in the crisp night. Savors it. It's good to be free. She walks out of frame.

BUFFY (O.S.)  
You know I never stopped thinking  
about you.

INT. BUFFY AND WILLOW'S DORM ROOM - NIGHT

Buffy sits in her dorm room, watching Riley. Riley seems a little nervous, pacing (as best he can), picking things up, putting them back again. Looking out the window. Not entirely comfortable.

RILEY

Me, neither. All I had in there  
was this one little part of you.

He pulls out Buffy's scarf, the one he had wrapped around his hand, from his back pocket.

BUFFY

It's just the scarf part of me, really.

RILEY

I'm serious. Knowing you were out  
there, that you cared...

(then, abruptly)

You think we're being watched?

BUFFY

Um... I don't know. Does The  
Initiative do that?

RILEY

Maybe.

She gestures for him to sit next to her. He tears himself away from the window, sits beside her.

BUFFY

You seem a little... somewhere  
else. Anything I can do?

RILEY

Give me an order. That's what I  
do, isn't it? Follow orders?

BUFFY

Don't have to.

RILEY

Don't I? All my life, that's what  
I've been groomed to do. They say  
jump, I ask how high, and I get  
the job done. But I don't know if  
it's the right job anymore.

BUFFY

I know how you feel. It's like,  
Giles is part of this council.  
For years all they did was give me  
orders.

RILEY

Ever obey them?

BUFFY

Sure.

(beat, then:)

I mean, the ones I was gonna do

anyway. The point is, I quit the Council. And it scared me, but now it's okay.

RILEY

See, we're different that way. I just suck at the whole gray area thing.

BUFFY

It's a choice. You can go back, maybe make some changes from the inside, or, quit the team and keep fighting demons your own way.

RILEY

You make it sound so simple. I don't even know what my way is.

BUFFY

Time to find out.

RILEY

I'm a soldier. You take that away, what's left?

BUFFY

A good man.

Pause as Riley considers this. Buffy takes his face gently in her hands and kisses his forehead. He closes his eyes, enjoying it. She gently keeps kissing.

RILEY

(smiling)

What are you doing?

BUFFY

Checking for any brain-washy chips in your head.

She keeps kissing...

RILEY

Find any?

BUFFY

Not sure. Might have to keep looking.

And in between kisses, she tells him:

BUFFY

You have been strong long enough, Riley Finn. And now I'm going to help you, and we will find this demon, and kill it together, and in the meantime, you will stop torturing yourself.

RILEY

You sure about that?

BUFFY

(nods)

It's an order.

She kisses him on the mouth. He returns it, and the kiss blossoms into tender passion as we CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Back in Faith's hospital room. A very flustered-looking OLDER NURSE is being questioned by an angry DOCTOR. Standing by, looking cool and checking out the room, is DETECTIVE CLARK, a no-nonsense plainclothes policeman.

DOCTOR

What do you mean, "She's just not there?"

OLDER NURSE

I - I don't know! I came to check the monitors like I always do at five o'clock. Five o'clock is my shift - I got here on time and...

DETECTIVE CLARK

You found the bed in this condition?

OLDER NURSE

Haven't touched a thing.

DOCTOR

Get the duty rosters, check the logs, I want to know exactly what happened. Coma patients do not just get up and walk away.

OLDER NURSE

We're checking every room on every floor now. She could still turn up somewhere.

DETECTIVE CLARK

Walk me through this one more time. You knew this woman was wanted for questioning in a series of murders - and there was no security on this wing?

DOCTOR

You don't understand. There was no way that girl was going to wake up.

An ORDERLY pokes his head in the door.

ORDERLY

Doctor!

DOCTOR

(continuing, to Clark)

This can't be happening.

OLDER NURSE

Did you find her?

ORDERLY

(shakes his head)

Another woman. Unconscious and badly beaten. And she's been stripped.



OLDER NURSE  
We couldn't have known - how could  
we have... ?

Clark and the Doctor ignore her and follow the Orderly out of the room. The Older Nurse watches them go. And the second they're gone, her composure changes. Her face goes deadpan. She is no longer flustered. Calmly, coolly she picks up a phone.

OLDER NURSE  
(into phone)  
It's happened. Send the team.

EXT. SUNNYDALE HIGH SCHOOL - NIGHT

The wind blows as we pass across a field to find Faith, standing alone, looking grim. We see what she sees:

Faith's P.O.V.: The RUINS of Sunnydale High. (Matte).

Faith just stares at it, taking in the sight, what it means, then suddenly turns and walks away.

EXT. SUNNYDALE MAIN STREET - NIGHT

As if in a dream, Faith walks down the street. The people around her are alive and well. A happy COUPLE walks by, arms around each other. Faith turns to watch them go and her eye is caught by the sight of a YOUNG DAD and his beautiful dark-haired DAUGHTER, walking down the sidewalk hand-in-hand. The little girl skips. Faith watches like it's something she used to know and is trying to remember - when her reverie is broken by a group of college-age PARTYERS. One bumps into her, mumbles an apology, then they head off as a group. Faith watches them go, thinking...

EXT. GILES' COURTYARD - NIGHT

We see Faith slip into Giles' courtyard at night. She crosses stealthily, without making a sound, to Giles' window. She stands outside looking in, the shadows of tree branches playing on her face. We see from her P.O.V.: Through the glass, the first thing she sees is BUFFY.

Faith reacts. After all this time, there she is.

Back to P.O.V.: Fuller view this time. Riley, Buffy, Giles, Willow and Xander, inside, sitting around the living room, talking.

It looks cozy.

INT. GILES' APARTMENT - NIGHT

We find Riley and Buffy in the middle of their leading a war room session on Adam. Riley, seated, has the blaster cradled in his lap.

GILES

The puzzle, it seems to me, is why  
Adam would stay dormant the past  
few days.

WILLOW

When he's not making performance  
art out of other demons, that is.

RILEY

He's probably working off an  
autonomic power-source, and  
because he's straight out of the  
box, needs to charge up awhile.

BUFFY

Okay - but what's he charging up for?

XANDER

Based on the clues? I'll go with  
"killing spree."

RILEY

And that's a best-case scenario.  
I suppose a little firepower  
wouldn't hurt right now. Here.

He opens a side panel on the blaster. Presses a button. It makes a  
humming "power-up" noise (like the power-packs in "Ghostbusters.") He  
hands it to Buffy.

XANDER

How'd you do that? How'd he do that?  
(grabs Blaster)  
Is there like an "On/Off" button  
somewhere in here?

EXT. GILES' COURTYARD - NIGHT

Faith, looking in, focuses on Buffy as she gives Riley a small affectionate  
kiss on the head. Puts her arm around him as he speaks. So natural she's  
not even aware she's doing it.

But outside - Faith is. Very aware. She focuses on Riley. Back inside...

INT. GILES' APARTMENT - NIGHT

The war room continues. Riley hands the blaster to Xander.

RILEY

Blasters are easy. Adam won't be.

WILLOW

Since Professor Walsh designed  
him - is there any chance she left  
instructions lying around?

BUFFY

If she did, they're in The Initiative.

GILES

Which we can't get into without  
mounting a major offensive.

RILEY  
(grins)  
Speak for yourself.

Beat. Everyone looks to Riley. The phone rings.

RILEY  
I'm just saying...  
GILES  
Having a man on the inside working  
for us could be...  
BUFFY  
... A really great idea. You sure  
you want to be double-agent guy?  
RILEY  
I'm not exactly sure what you'd  
call me. But I will share  
information. Least I can do.  
XANDER  
Riley's right. It is the least he  
can do.

Giles answers the phone.

GILES  
Hello? Yes.  
(puzzled, to Buffy)  
It's for you.

Buffy takes the phone.

BUFFY  
Hello? Speaking. What's the  
emergency?

Her face drops.

BUFFY  
I'll let you know.

She hangs up.

GILES  
What is it?  
BUFFY  
Faith. She's awake.  
(stunned, then)  
Beat someone up, took her clothes  
and disappeared out of the  
hospital. No one knows where she is.

One silent beat of shock, then everyone gets talking fast.

XANDER  
I'd say this qualifies for a worst-  
timing ever award.  
WILLOW  
What do we do?  
GILES  
(to Buffy)  
You must find her immediately.  
WILLOW  
But what about Adam?  
XANDER  
Yeah - I'd hate to see the pursuit  
of a homicidal lunatic get in the  
way of pursuing a homicidal lunatic.  
BUFFY  
Faith's not exactly low-profile-  
girl. I'll patrol, let her make  
a move...  
GILES  
...And then what?  
WILLOW  
Ooh! I have an idea. Beat the  
crap out of her!  
XANDER  
Good plan.  
BUFFY  
Good on paper, but Giles has a  
point. Let's say I talk to Faith...

Willow holds up a finger, waiting...

BUFFY  
After I beat the crap out of her...

Willow nods and smiles.

BUFFY  
...we still have to make a  
decision. Do I turn her over to  
the cops? They couldn't handle a  
Slayer even if they knew we existed.  
WILLOW  
What about the Council?  
XANDER  
Been there, tried that. Not  
unlike smothering a forest fire  
with napalm, as I recall.  
GILES  
The Initiative? They do have  
containment facilities.  
XANDER  
One word? Evil.  
(to Riley)  
No offense.  
BUFFY  
There's no way around it. Faith

is back, and like it or not, she's  
my responsibility.

WILLOW

Yeah, too bad.

(sighs)

That was the funnest coma ever.

BUFFY

First thing? We have no idea  
where Faith is right now. What  
she's thinking, what she's feeling...

XANDER

...Who she's doing...

BUFFY

She could be terrified. Maybe she  
doesn't even remember. What if  
she does and she's sorry, hiding  
alone somewhere?

This shames Xander and the group into shutting up a minute.

GILES

Perhaps there's some form of  
rehabilitation we just haven't  
thought of yet.

WILLOW

And if not, ass-kicking makes a  
solid plan B.

BUFFY

Don't think I'd rule it out. But  
first we gotta find her. Then  
we'll take it from there.

A beat as they all consider the plan.

RILEY

Who's Faith?

EXT. CAMPUS - DAY

Buffy and Willow walk across the campus together.

WILLOW

What'd you tell him?

BUFFY

The truth. She's my wacky  
identical cousin from England, and  
every time she visits, hijinks ensue.

WILLOW

It's good you guys have such an  
honest relationship.

BUFFY

I told him the story. Vagued up  
some details, but no flat-out lying.

WILLOW

That's fair. How'd you handle  
the Angel-y parts?

BUFFY

Did some editing. Not that I'm  
trying to hide anything from  
Riley, it's just - that's a longer  
conversation, and I had a Faith-  
Hunt to do.

WILLOW

Any luck?

BUFFY

Couldn't find her. Don't know  
where I'd place that in the luck  
continuum.

WILLOW

At least you're not alone on this.  
Right now I'll bet every cop in  
Sunnydale's looking for her.

BUFFY

Pressure's definitely high. If I  
were her, I'd get out of Dodge  
post-hasty.

Standing right before them, blocking the way, is FAITH. Smiling, cocky,  
arms folded across her chest and waiting for them like she owns the  
campus.

FAITH

You're not me.

BLACK OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

## Act Three

EXT. CAMPUS - DAY

And we're back. Buffy and Faith stand face-to-face. Willow looks around,  
stunned. UC Sunnydale students flow past in both directions, oblivious to  
the fact that King Kong and Godzilla are squared off in their midst.

FAITH

So. Check you out, B.

(she does)

Nice. The "big girl on campus"  
thing's really working for you.

Buffy approaches Faith cautiously - trying to get a read on her.

BUFFY

I've been looking for you.

FAITH  
I've been standing still for eight  
months, B. How hard you look?  
BUFFY  
Are you all right?  
FAITH  
Five by five. That's the thing  
about a coma, you come out all  
rested and rejuvenated...

Faith's real close. In Buffy's face.

FAITH  
And ready for pay back.  
BUFFY  
So much for the pleasantries, huh?  
FAITH  
What'd you think? I'd wake up and  
we'd go for tea? You tried to gut  
me, blondie.  
BUFFY  
You would have done the same to me  
if you'd had the chance.

Faith smiles a little. It's true. She gets even more in Buffy's face - itching  
for a fight.

FAITH  
So let's give it another go. See  
who lands on top.  
BUFFY  
It doesn't have to be like this  
you know.  
FAITH  
Actually - I think it has to be  
exactly like this.

Buffy glares at the students passing by.

BUFFY  
Not here. Not now. These are  
innocent people.  
FAITH  
No such animal.

Buffy takes this in. Then-

BUFFY  
I guess it was too much to hope  
you'd used your down time to  
reflect and grow.  
FAITH  
Could say the same about you.  
You're still the same old better-  
than-thou Buffy. I knew it

somehow. I kept having this  
dream -- not sure what it means, but...

As Faith talks, she doesn't notice Willow, edging around to her side and sneaking up behind her.

FAITH  
...in the dream this self-  
righteous blond chick stabs me.  
And you know why?

BUFFY  
You had it coming?

FAITH  
That's one interpretation. But in  
my dream, she does it for a guy!  
If it weren't so corny, it'd be  
beautiful. True love conquers  
all, and that. But then...

Willow's now behind Faith. She gestures to Buffy like she's going to grab her. Faith never looks back.

FAITH  
(to Willow)  
Try it, Red, you lose an arm.

Willow backs off. Faith continues like nothing happened.

FAITH  
... I wake up to find out this  
blonde chick isn't even *dating* the  
guy she was so nuts about before.  
She's moved on - to the first  
college beefstick she meets. Not  
only has she forgotten the "love  
of her life," she's forgotten all  
about the chick she nearly killed for him...  
(then)  
So, that's my dream. Well, that  
and some stuff about cigars and a  
tunnel. Tell me, College girl...

Faith saunters up to Buffy. Leans in, close and menacing.

FAITH  
...What does it mean?  
BUFFY  
To me? Mostly that you still  
mouth off about things you don't  
understand.

Faith takes this in. Then - CRACK! She punches Buffy in the head.



Buffy takes it - and comes back harder. Faith goes down. She kicks Buffy's legs out from under her.

Buffy hits the ground. Faith moves toward her and Willow hits her with a chair. Faith staggers, then knocks the chair away. She's about to go for Willow when Buffy leaps up between them.

The two Slayers square off in their fight stances. They hear the blaring "WHOOH!" of a POLICE CAR siren.

Cops get out fast and head past the gathered students, making their way straight to Buffy and Faith.

Faith sizes up the situation fast.

FAITH  
You took my life, B. Payback's a bitch.  
WILLOW  
Look who's talking.  
FAITH  
See ya 'round.

Faith BOLTS - straight back toward the cops. They make a grab for her but she plows through them like an NFL running back breaking tacklers. She runs up and over the squad car, leaps off the trunk, hits the ground running.

Buffy runs around the car, hot after Faith.

EXT. CAMPUS - DAY

Faith runs across the campus, past an ultimate frisbee game, past a couple romantically "studying" under a tree. Buffy follows. Faith gets to a wall on campus, scales it fast, and jumps over the side. Buffy gets to the same wall, scales it, jumps over...

ANGLE ON: The other side of the wall. Buffy lands to see that Faith is nowhere to be found. Just students, milling.

Buffy looks in every direction, no Faith. Off Buffy's concern and frustration, we...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. COMMONS - DAY

Willow and Tara enter the commons, blending in and looking around at the same time. Willow's checking the milling college crowd for Faith's presence.

WILLOW  
Thanks again for coming with.  
Hunting a sociopath super-bitch

is definitely in the "above and beyond" department.

TARA

It's okay. Really. So, um, what do we do if we find her?

WILLOW

Run. Flee. Maybe skedaddle. We're not here to engage. This is strictly recon.

Tara smiles, trying to hide how amused she is.

WILLOW

What?

TARA

You said "recon." You're like, cool monster fighter.

WILLOW

Well, technically, Faith's not a monster, and as for fighting? I'd be lucky if I bruise her fist with my face.

TARA

Oh.

WILLOW

What?

TARA

Face punching... I'm not good with the whole...

(punches air)

WILLOW

Swimming?

TARA

Violence.

WILLOW

Don't worry - we're sure to spot her first. Faith's like some big cleavage-y slutbomb walking around all...  
(Faith imitation)

"Check me out, I'm wicked cool, I'm five-by-five."

TARA

"Five-by-five?" Five-by-five what?

WILLOW

That's the thing - no one knows. Buffy can handle Faith. And you're plenty safe with me.

Tara nods, believing it.

TARA

So... we "recon" 'til nightfall?

WILLOW

(nods)

Then the ritual hiding begins.

Willow walks out of frame, still looking. Tara follows.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Giles and Xander walk down the street together. Giles checks the streets around him for any sign of Faith. Xander's a little more caught up in his running monologue:

XANDER

...the point being, I could be  
the target here. Faith finds Mr.  
Xander Harris still in town - odds  
are she goes tighter than cat gut.  
Lot of pent-up feelings there.  
I'm only saying.

GILES

(barely listening)

Yes, I'm sure.

XANDER

I can't be held responsible for  
the effect I have on women.

GILES

No, of course not.

XANDER

See, Faith and I have a little  
thing between us called "history."

Giles stops short, holds up a hand to silence Xander. They stand at an alleyway entrance - and there's noise coming from inside. They enter the alley.

INT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Xander and Giles enter the alley, backlit. Xander pulls a hand-held taser from under his jacket - they step forward, toward the noise - to find SPIKE. Emerging from the shadows, lighting a cigarette.

XANDER

Spike.

GILES

What are you doing here?

SPIKE

Me? Hey, I'm not the one out of  
place here.

XANDER

For your information, smarty,  
we've got a rogue slayer on our  
hands. Real psycho-killer, too.

SPIKE

Sounds serious.

GILES

It is. What do you know?

SPIKE

What do you need?

XANDER  
Her. Dark hair, this tall, name  
of Faith, criminally insane...

GILES  
Have you seen her?

SPIKE  
This bird after you?

XANDER  
In a bad way, yeah.

SPIKE  
Tell you what I'll do, then. Head  
out, find this girl, tell her  
exactly where all of you are, and  
then watch as she kills you.

Off Giles's and Xander's dazed expressions.

SPIKE  
Can't anyone in your damned little  
Scoobie Club at least try to  
remember that I HATE YOU ALL?!?

Points to his head.

SPIKE  
And just because I can't do the  
damage myself doesn't stop me from  
aiming a loose cannon your way.  
(beat)  
And here I thought my evening'd be dull.

He shoves past Xander and Giles, heading out the alley.

XANDER  
Go ahead - you wouldn't even  
recognize her.

SPIKE  
Dark hair, this tall, name of  
Faith, criminally insane - I like  
this girl already.

Spike storms out of the alley, smoking. Xander turns to Giles.

XANDER  
We're dumb.

EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

We go from day to night. And in the night sky, a single bright light  
appears. It pierces down and blinds us momentarily. Rotors whirl to a  
loud roar. A helicopter is coming.

Looking up at the approaching light is the Nurse from Faith's room. Her  
face is expressionless. She's a professional and she's expecting this. She

holds her cap pinched between two fingers to keep it on against the approaching rotor wind.

The helicopter lands. The Nurse approaches it, ducking down like "M\*A\*S\*H" doctors under the slowing blades.

Three MEN get out. We don't know it yet, but they are Watcher Council Special Ops (COLLINS, WEATHERBY AND SMITH). None of them say a word. They are all dressed similarly.

Whoever they are, you don't want them around. They look deadly. Leather coats, black gloves and hats. Each one carries a smart-looking leather briefcase. Each briefcase is new.

They exchange some words, briefly (we can't hear a thing they say) with the Nurse then march away from the tarmac as the unmarked helicopter lifts back up into the sky.

EXT. SUNNYDALE MAIN STREET - NIGHT

Faith leads up main street, looking nervous. She pauses, stops before a sporting goods store. Inside the glass is a KNIFE. Looks like just what she needs. She looks left, looks right, then freezes.

A PATROL CAR is sidling up the street, slowly.

Faith forces herself to be casual and steps away from the window. She turns and walks down the street, blending in with the pace of the pedestrians around her. Then she walks a little faster.

The patrol car picks up just a little speed, heading her way.

Faith ducks into an ALLEY.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Faith presses herself against the wall of the alley.

The lights of the police car come, illuminate her, then go. Faith breathes a sigh of relief. She doesn't move for a moment. Then heads out the alley, but her path is now blocked - by someone big.

It's a DEMON. Huge, horns, the whole bit.

DEMON  
Faith.

Faith tries to get away, but it won't be easy.

DEMON  
A friend sent me.

The demon approaches her, reaching around to the small of his back.  
Faith looks around. No exit...

DEMON  
I got a little remembrance from...

Faith shoots a hand out fast as lightning, grabs the Demon's neck and with a sickening twist, SNAPS it. The Demon falls to the ground, dead.

Faith starts to step over and past the Demon when the police car slowly backs up for a second look. Faith starts to run out the alley but stops. She looks down to the weapon in the Demon's hand. It's not a weapon - it's an ENVELOPE. A thick, oversized manila one marked "Office of the Mayor, Sunnydale CA." Faith picks it up.

She jumps to the top of the back wall like an alley cat. The searchlight swings by, illuminating her. It passes, then swings back - but she is gone.

INT. APPLIANCE STORE - NIGHT

We see a broken door LOCK. Smashed off its hinges, splintered wood around it. We go inside...

Inside an appliance store. Pass a store room filled with stereo equipment, DVD players, video recorders, and various electronics. We find Faith, sitting alone, her face illuminated by the electric blue glow of a television set.

She's watching TV. Whatever it is, it's the most interesting show she's ever watched. We hear the familiar voice of MAYOR RICHARD WILKINS.

MAYOR WILKINS (O.S.)  
Hello, Faith. If you're watching  
this tape, it can only mean one thing.

Reverse angle to show the TV. Mayor Wilkins is on the screen. We push in as he speaks, so he's on our screen as well. He stands in his office, before the American flag.

MAYOR WILKINS  
I'm dead. And our noble campaign  
to bring order to the town of  
Sunnydale has failed, utterly and  
completely.

He pauses, thinking, then brightens:

MAYOR WILKINS  
On the other hand - heck, maybe we  
won! And right now I'm on some jumbo  
monitor in the Richard Wilkins  
museum, surrounded by a bunch of  
kids sitting "Indian style" and

looking up at my face, filled with  
fear and wonder. Hi, kids!

He waves happily, then straightens his tie. Serious:

MAYOR WILKINS

But the realist in me tends to  
doubt it. Now Faith. As I record  
this message, you're... sleeping.  
And the doctors tell me you might  
never wake up. I don't believe  
that. Sooner or later, you'll  
find the world has gone and  
changed on you. I wish I could  
make the world a better place for  
you to wake up in. But tough as  
it is to accept, we both have to  
understand that even my power to  
protect and watch over you has its  
limits.

The Mayor looks saddened by this fact, then continues:

MAYOR WILKINS

The hard pill to swallow here is:  
once I'm gone, your days are just  
plain numbered. Now, I know  
you're a smart and capable young  
woman in charge of her own life  
but the problem, Faith, is that  
there won't be a place in the  
world for you anymore. Right now,  
I bet you're feeling very much  
alone. But you're never alone.  
You'll always have me. And,  
you'll always have this.

Onscreen, he holds up a BOX.

MAYOR WILKINS

Go ahead, look in the envelope.

Faith, dubious, looks in the envelope.

MAYOR WILKINS

Don't worry, it won't bite.  
(laughs)  
That's my job.

Faith reaches in, pulls out an ornately carved wooden BOX. The same one  
the Mayor is holding onscreen.

MAYOR WILKINS

Open it.

Faith opens the box, reaches in, and pulls out... a DEVICE. A small but intricate-looking metallic mechanism with three metal prongs that extend out and end in small, circular loops. Faith looks at it curiously, holding it up to the light, turning it this way and that.

MAYOR WILKINS

Surprise! You don't get these in any gumball machine. See, when you've been around as long as I have, you make friends, and some of them forge neat little gizmos like the one you're holding now. And here's the good news: Just because it's over for you, doesn't mean you can't go out with a bang.

He laughs. She examines the device.

BUFFY (O.S.)

She's a very dangerous woman.

INT. RILEY'S ROOM - NIGHT

We are in Riley's room with Buffy and Riley. Buffy's locking the locks on the door. Turns to Riley.

RILEY

Okay, I get it. Really. "Faith bad." Do I look like I'm arguing?

BUFFY

Not yet, but you always make that innocent face just before you start.

RILEY

Figured that out, huh?

Buffy nods.

RILEY

Damn, took Mom twelve years to catch that one. All I'm saying is, if you're in trouble, I want to help.

BUFFY

You can't.

RILEY

Give me one reason why.

In answer, Buffy casually tosses Riley one of the mini-Nerf basketballs lying around the room. He catches it, winces in sharp pain.

RILEY

Aah!

BUFFY

That's one.



RILEY

Okay, I'm not exactly action guy.  
But there's got to be something I  
can do besides sitting around  
waiting for you to pummel this gal.

BUFFY

Riley, the fact that you just  
called Faith a "gal" only proves  
you never met her.

RILEY

I've never seen anybody get under  
your skin this way before. What  
did she do to you, exactly?

BUFFY

It's a long story.

RILEY

I'm from Iowa, we drive four hours  
for a high school football game.

Try me.

He folds his arms and waits at the door. Buffy can see he's not giving up  
without some spillage of the beans.

BUFFY

I told you. She hurt me, and some  
people I care about and did I  
mention the psycho-killer part?

RILEY

There's something you're not  
telling me.

BUFFY

I have to go. She's out there.

RILEY

All right, I'm just saying, I  
think you're holding out on me.

She tries to get past him. He playfully grabs her.

Buffy pulls back.

BUFFY

It's not a joke, Riley. There's  
a criminally insane woman out  
there with, oh, did I mention -  
*super powers* - who thinks I'm  
responsible for ruining her life.

She comes to him, more tender.

BUFFY

I know Faith. She'll come after  
me, and she'll come after the  
people I love.

EXT. BUFFY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A doorbell rings. The door opens. It's JOYCE SUMMERS answering the door.

Her smiling face goes from curious to terrified.

Joyce's P.O.V.: Faith is standing there, smiling.

FAITH  
Hi, Joyce.

WHAM! Faith throws a punch (out of frame) knocking Joyce out cold.

FAITH  
Mind if I come in?

She steps into the house, closes the door behind her.

BLACK OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

## Act Four

INT. JOYCE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Faith. Sitting at Joyce's vanity mirror, rummaging through a drawer filled with cosmetics. She plucks out, examines and rejects different shades of lipstick, one by one.

FAITH  
"Ruby Sunset..."  
(tosses it)  
"Burgundy Skyline..."  
(tosses it)  
"Harlot." Huh. Way to go, Joyce.

We see Joyce, sitting on the edge of her bed, terrified. Hands in her lap. Faith gives her a smile in the mirror.

FAITH  
Now, normally? I wouldn't be going with a color this dark, but I read in some magazine, eight months in a coma will damage a girl's natural skin tone.

She uncaps the tube, twists the bottom so lipstick pops up, and applies it luxuriously to her lips.

FAITH  
Good thing pale is in this year.

She smacks her lips together, admires herself, then kisses the mirror, leaving a big sexy lip print.

FAITH

Or was it last year?

(shakes it off)

Anyway, for real now. I want to ask you something, and you gotta promise you'll be honest and not spare my feelings just because I could kill you. Promise?

JOYCE

I promise.

FAITH

Okay: How do I look?

Faith turns to face Joyce. She looks fabulous. Raises her eyebrows, awaiting an answer. Joyce thinks about it. Then:

JOYCE

Psychotic.

FAITH

I was shooting for "sultry," but hey. Bet I know what you're thinking.

JOYCE

Really.

FAITH

You're thinking...

(bad drama)

"You'll never get away with this." Warm?

JOYCE

Actually, I was thinking, "My daughter will kill you soon."

FAITH

Is that a fact?

JOYCE

More like a bet.

FAITH

Whoa, you got a pair on you, Joyce. I like seeing that in a woman your age.

(then)

Guess you can afford to talk that way. In the "World According to Joyce," Buffy's gonna come crashing through that door any minute.

Faith grabs something from the vanity, runs and jumps onto the bed like a little kid. Sits uncomfortably close to Joyce. We see now that she's got a stack of mail in her hand.

FAITH

But look what I found.

Faith starts flipping through the letters, reading who they're addressed to.

FAITH

"Buffy Summers, Buffy Summers,  
Buffy..." Lot of letters. She  
hasn't been by in a while, huh?  
(off Joyce's silence)  
And you'd think with a crazy chick  
like me on the loose, a crazy  
chick with a wicked grudge against  
her, no less, she'd call and give  
you a heads up.

Now Faith gets up, paces about the room.

FAITH

But Buffy's too into her own deal  
to remember dear ol' mom.

JOYCE

You don't know the first thing  
about Buffy. Or me.

FAITH

Don't I? I know what it's like.  
You think you matter - you think  
you're part of something, and you  
get dumped. It's like the whole  
world is moving - but you're  
stuck. Like those animals in the  
tar pits? You're sinking a little  
deeper every day, and nobody even  
sees...

JOYCE

Were you planning to slit my  
throat anytime soon?

But Faith doesn't seem to hear her. She paces with growing anger and agitation.

FAITH

Don't tell me you don't see it,  
Joyce. You've served your  
purpose. Squirted out the kid,  
raised her up and now you might as  
well be dead. Nobody cares.  
Nobody remembers. Especially  
Buffy, the fabulous super hero.  
Sooner or later you'll have to  
face it - she was over us a long  
time ago. Too busy climbing onto  
her new boytoy to give a single  
thought to the people that matter.  
(getting furious)  
You're her mother and she just  
leaves you here to die.

CRASH! Faith is interrupted as Buffy comes shattering through Joyce's bedroom window and smashes into her. Hard collision. Buffy gets to her feet first. Punches Faith hard in the face. Turns to Joyce.

BUFFY  
Hi, Mom.  
JOYCE  
Hi, Honey.

Faith punches Buffy back. Buffy side-kicks Faith, catching her under the jaw and sending her crashing into the vanity. Faith regains her footing and dives at Buffy, tackling her, the momentum carrying both fighters out the bedroom door and into the hallway. They're gone.

Joyce rushes to her phone. Grabs the receiver. Dials "911."

We CUT TO:

INT. GILES' APARTMENT - NIGHT

Giles comes in to his apartment. Double-locks the door behind him. Turns on the light switch, but - no light.

Giles tenses immediately. But before he can make a move, a silhouetted hand casually reaches up to the overhead lamp above his kitchen table and flicks on the light, revealing:

Three MEN. Sitting around Giles' kitchen table, smoking cigarettes and making themselves a little too at home. They are the three ASSASSINS from the airport. One of them, sporting a nasty old scar above his right eyebrow (this is COLLINS), smiles a wicked smile.

COLLINS  
Hello, Rupert.

Giles just stands there, mouth open as Collins exhales a lazy plume of cigarette smoke.

INT. BUFFY'S STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Buffy and Faith come tumbling down the stairwell together, locked in combat, rolling over one another, neither staying on top for long.

They finally come crashing painfully down into the dining room together.

INT. BUFFY'S DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Faith rolls over, jostles a table, and the VASE on it falls neatly into her hand. She rolls back, bringing the vase smashing down - right where Buffy was.

Buffy's already standing - she kicks Faith in the face. Faith rolls with it, comes up in fight stance.

FAITH

Thought I'd go after the clean  
marine, didn't you? He's a cutie.  
Looks like he could use a good  
roll in the sack...

Buffy throws a punch. Faith blocks, then counterpunches, catching Buffy in the ribs. Buffy swings back - connects.

BUFFY

You're not his type. He's not big  
on sleaze.

She lands a left-right-hook combination, staggering Faith back, toward the dining room entrance. But Faith grabs Buffy by the throat, slams her back into the dining room wall. Holds her there.

FAITH

He's probably just never tried it.

Faith pulls back her fist - Buffy breaks the neck-grip just as Faith lands a punch that puts a dent in the wall - Buffy turns to face her.

BUFFY

Going for the boyfriend again?  
That's tired...

FAITH

Just something to remember me by  
once I've moved on.

Faith grabs Buffy and shoves her hard and fast...

BAM! The two Slayers hit the dining room table and go sprawling across it, sending candle holders, place mats and dishes flying. Both roll over, onto their feet.

BUFFY

Ever occurred to you that the  
reason we all forgot you, Faith,  
is 'cause we wanted to?

Faith, feral, hair splayed over her face, yanks a drawer from the dining room cabinet, pulling it all the way out. Joyce's "good silver" goes clattering to the floor. Spoons, forks - and knives. Some of them glisten - sharp.

Faith grabs a knife. Grins. She swipes at Buffy, just missing. Buffy backs up. Faith presses the attack. Faith lunges, stabbing. Buffy side-steps and Faith's knife goes plunging into the wall. Buffy grabs Faith's arm and bends it the wrong direction - nearly breaks it.

BUFFY  
I mean - let's face it - you're a  
royal pain in the ass.

Suddenly, we hear the sound of SIRENS, coming this way, growing  
louder.

FAITH  
(whispers, to herself)  
Cops...

Faith looks to the living room. Looks back to Buffy. Buffy punches Faith so  
hard, Faith goes down. She doesn't stay there. Hitting the floor, Faith rolls  
back like a gymnast and heads back for the living room. Buffy follows,  
hurdling over the dining room table.

INT. BUFFY'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Faith enters, Buffy right behind her. The sirens are blaring louder, and red  
lights start to flash in the living room.

Faith's P.O.V.: The BOX the Mayor left her sits peacefully on the living  
room table. Faith runs for it. Buffy tackles her. Faith twists out of Buffy's  
grip, rolls over backward and kicks Buffy back into the wall. Buffy hits it  
hard, bringing a few knickknacks shattering to the floor.

Faith spots a framed PHOTO of Buffy and Joyce together in happy times.  
She hurls it backhand, spinning lethally Buffy's way. Buffy - THWAP! -  
catches it perfectly. And sets the picture of herself and Mom down,  
undamaged, away from the fight.

Faith grabs the box. Police sirens are now deafening. The whole living  
room is awash in spinning red light. Faith opens the box.

Buffy grabs Faith, spins her around to face her. Enough of this shit.

Buffy PUNCHES Faith.

And PUNCHES her again.

Faith extends her open hand fully out, poising it to strike.

A quick close-up of Faith's hand shows the Mayor's DEVICE strapped to  
her palm. This is what it's for. Her thumb, forefinger and ring finger fit  
through the metallic loops. The metallic mechanism rests in her palm.

Faith GRABS Buffy with her open hand, like she's giving her a joy-buzzer  
from Hell. And the second she makes palm-to-palm contact, a small  
PULSE WAVE flows out of the two women's hands, extending up to their  
elbows fast, then dissipating.

It is gone. Both women look stunned for just a moment.

Buffy shakes it off first. She gets her bearings on Faith and - BOOM!  
Punches her a third time, knocking Faith out.

Buffy stands over Faith's unconscious body. The police sirens are drowned out by the sound of their screeching tires and radio call-in static.  
Footsteps. A pounding can be heard on the door.

Buffy reaches down and strips the metal device from Faith's hand.  
Examines it. Joyce comes down the stairs, takes it all and, and comes to stand beside her daughter.

JOYCE  
You okay?  
BUFFY  
All things considered?

She nods.

JOYCE  
What is that?  
BUFFY  
Weapon of some kind. Didn't work,  
whatever it was.

She sets the device on the floor and grinds it under her heel, SMASHING it. A small CGI explosion of light emanates out from under the now-broken metal.

JOYCE  
Police...  
BUFFY  
She's their problem now.  
JOYCE  
You sure you're all right?

Buffy thinks, then answers:

BUFFY  
Five-by-five.

Buffy looks down upon Faith and smiles. We see her lying knocked out cold.

We go to black and the title card tells us this story is...

...TO BE CONTINUED

BLACK OUT.

END OF SHOW