

Who Are You

(February 2, 2000)

Written by: Joss Whedon

Please note for the purposes of this script:

The role of BUFFY will be played by ELIZA DUSHKU.

The role of FAITH will be played by SARAH MICHELLE GELLAR.

Teaser

EXT. BUFFY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

There is a small crowd outside the house: cops, paramedics, and a few neighbors. Two cop cars are on the street, and an ambulance is backed up right on the lawn.

Joyce stands on the lawn with Faith at her side, talking to the DETECTIVE from last episode.

DETECTIVE CLARK

It's good you called. We've been looking for this girl since she broke out of the hospital.

JOYCE

What's going to happen to her?

DETECTIVE CLARK

We'll take her to the hospital under heavy guard, get her checked out.

If she's in stable condition, she goes to jail pending trial.

FAITH

For murder.

DETECTIVE CLARK

And assault... She's got a lot to answer for.

As he says it, the paramedics bring out a gurney with an unconscious Buffy on it. She is just beginning to stir, half opens her eyes to see:

ANGLE: BUFFY'S POV: Herself. Or rather Faith, in her body, standing by her mother.

Faith sees that Buffy is semi-conscious. Smiling, she puts her arm around Joyce as Joyce talks:



JOYCE
I just hope she can get some kind of help.
DETECTIVE CLARK
First thing is to keep her from
hurting anybody else.

Buffy tries to say something, but she drifts back into unconsciousness. As the scene continues she is loaded into the ambulance (along with a uniformed cop) and driven off.

DETECTIVE CLARK (cont'd)
Well, you guys'll be safe now. We
may have some questions in the
morning.
JOYCE
Of course.
DETECTIVE CLARK
(starting to go)
Thank you both. I'm glad we
finally got the kid.
FAITH
She's not a kid.
(off his look)
I just mean, she's strong.
DETECTIVE CLARK
Yeah. This Faith chick: definitely
dangerous.

He turns and goes.

FAITH
She truly is.

Faith watches the ambulance pull away. Then she turns and heads inside with Joyce, the door closing behind them.

BLACK OUT.

END OF TEASER

Act One

INT. BUFFY'S FOYER/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Faith wanders into the living room. She cracks her knuckles, rubs her face in her hands a moment. New body. Still feels weird.

Joyce enters from the foyer, stands behind her.

JOYCE
Faith.

Faith spins, busted. Cold violence in her eyes.



JOYCE (cont'd)
Why do you think she's like that?

Oh. Relief.

FAITH
Oh. You know, she's a nut job.
JOYCE
I just don't understand what could
drive a person to that kind of
behavior.
FAITH
How do you know she got drove?
Maybe she just likes being that way.
JOYCE
I'll never believe that. I think
she's horribly unhappy.
FAITH
Well, could be things are looking up.
I mean, little stint in the pokey,
show her the error and all that. I'm
sure there's some big ol' Bertha just
waiting to shower her ripe little
self with affection.
JOYCE
Buffy!

Faith crosses to her, suddenly earnest.

FAITH
I'm sorry, Mom, I just... When I
think about how she mighta hurt you,
I... I can't stand it.

Joyce grabs Faith in a powerful hug. Faith is at first uncomfortable, then
annoyed. She gently shrugs Joyce off.

JOYCE
I'm sorry...
FAITH
Nah, I'm just... I'm sore from the fight.
JOYCE
I've missed you.
FAITH
Cuz I haven't visited you, right?
I knew it!
JOYCE
I know how it is... you have so much
in your life now.
FAITH
Yeah, I'm a busy little beaver.
College and all.
JOYCE
Of course. But maybe we could
spend a little time together soon.

Some night when I'm not being
held hostage by a raving psychotic.

Faith stares. It's possible she didn't love that phrase. A beat.

FAITH
Count on it.

Joyce smiles.

FAITH (cont'd)
I'm gonna take a bath.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Faith is in the bath. Her head breaks surface suddenly with all attendant splashing, her hair slicked back and pure enjoyment on her face.

She settles, slinging one leg over the side of the tub. Rubs the water out of her eyes, then looks at her hand, flexing it. Feeling the fit.

She looks down at her new body. Runs a hand up her leg, under the water.

She leans back, eyes shut -- then bursts out laughing.

INT. BATHROOM - LATER (NIGHT)

ANGLE: FROM INSIDE THE BATHROOM MIRROR

Now she faces us, towel wrapped around her, hair still wet. She is checking her teeth, baring them at the mirror and tilting her head as if checking out her new gift horse. Sticks her tongue out. Makes a few faces, stretching the skin.

She looks contentedly at her new face. Smiles innocently.

FAITH
Why yes, I would be Buffy, may I
help you?
(beat)
Buffy buffy buffy buffy buffy buffy.

Suddenly intense:

FAITH (cont'd)
You can't do that. That would be
wrong. Hey. I'm Buffy Summers,
I'll kick your ass with my righteous
fiery Slayerness.
(tries again)
You can't do that. Because it's naughty.
(again)
Because it's wrong.



From the same angle, a jarring TIME CUT: Faith is now dancing around in the middle of the room, throwing punches, being a gleefully out of control dork.

FAITH (cont'd)
You can't do that, it's wrong. I'll
kick your ass, you're evil...

INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Chaos. Buffy is on a table, freaking out. Doctors and nurses and cops are running around, holding her down.

BUFFY
Let go! Let me go!
DOCTOR
Get me a sedative NOW!
DETECTIVE CLARK
Hold her --
BUFFY
I have to get home! She's with my
mother! NO!

This last as they inject a sedative into her.

DOCTOR
Just lie still.
BUFFY
You don't understand...

She struggles again, but clearly the sedative is taking effect.

DETECTIVE CLARK
Keep holding her.
BUFFY
She took away my... my body...

She is starting to cry, but weakly, as she drifts off. A moment, and Detective Clark and the Doctor step back.

DETECTIVE CLARK
She's coming to the station.
DOCTOR
Are you nuts? She's been severely
beaten, she was in a COMA, for God's
sake.
DETECTIVE CLARK
She's healthy as a deeply psychotic
horse. How long will that sedative
work?
DOCTOR
A couple of hours, but there's no way
I'm releasing her to --



DETECTIVE CLARK
I'm taking her. She's gonna wake up
somewhere she can't walk out of.

INT. TARA'S DORM ROOM - NIGHT

We see Willow's head on a pillow. She is lying on Tara's bed, visible concern on her face. Widen to see Tara sitting crosslegged near the foot of the bed, flipping absently through some tarot cards.

WILLOW
I wonder where she is.

TARA
Who? Faith?

WILLOW
Yeah. I wish she'd make a move.
She's making my stomach all acidic.

TARA
But you think Buffy can handle her.

Willow sits up.

WILLOW
I think so, but... that doesn't mean
Faith won't hurt someone else.

TARA
Well you should be safe. Nobody
knows you're here. I mean, they
don't even know I exist, right?

Willow senses an undercurrent in Tara's tone.

TARA (cont'd)
I know all about **them**, but...

Willow reaches out, gently squeezes Tara's head.

WILLOW
Hey...
TARA
I mean that's totally fine. It's
good. It's better.

WILLOW
Tara, I never... I mean, it's not
like I don't want my friends to know
you, it's just...

She thinks it through.

WILLOW (cont'd)
Buffy's like my best friend, and
she's really special, plus, you know,
Slayer, that's a deal, and there's
the whole bunch of us, and we have
this group thing that kind of



revolves around the slaying and I really want you to meet them and meet Buffy but I just sort of like having something that's just, you know, mine. I don't usually use that many words to say stuff that little. But do you get it at all?

TARA

I do.

WILLOW

I should check in with Giles, get a situation update.

Willow rises, crossing to the phone on Tara's desk. Tara doesn't look around as she adds quietly:

TARA

I am, you know.

WILLOW

What.

Tara turns to her.

TARA

Yours.

Willow looks at her with extraordinary warmth.

INT. BUFFY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Faith is checking out her outfit -- stuff from Buffy's closet, the Faithiest stuff Buffy has. Pulls at the neckline a little, working the outfit.

FAITH

Okay... not too bad...

She digs in Buffy's drawer for accessories, and stops. Pulls out something much more interesting.

ANGLE: Buffy's PASSPORT. Faith opens it to a picture of Buffy.

FAITH (cont'd)

Score.

INT. JOYCE'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

ANGLE: JOYCE'S PURSE

Its contents spilled out on the bed.

Faith is on the phone, talking quietly lest she be detected. She gives the last four numbers of the credit card she is holding.



FAITH
Six four four seven. Yeah.
Expiration, five oh two. Okay.

She holds a bit, rifling through Joyce's wallet. She finds three twenties, stuffs them in her pocket.

FAITH (cont'd)
Yeah. Ten A.M. is the earliest flight,
huh? Okay.

She hangs up, is scooping things into the purse when Joyce comes in behind her, entering from the bathroom.

JOYCE
What are you doing?

ANGLE: OVER JOYCE

We see Faith's back, the purse hidden from view. Faith turns around and is holding the group of letters she had scattered on the bed in the last episode.

FAITH
Just gettin' my mail.
JOYCE
Oh. That was Giles on the other
line. He wanted you to meet your
friends there, said he had news.

A moment, then Faith smiles at the thought.

FAITH
Yeah. I got some time to kill. I'll
go see the gang. All my friends.

She shoots off the bed, crosses to the dresser and grabbing a lipstick.

FAITH (cont'd)
You don't mind if I steal this, right?

She's already near the door but Joyce asks:

JOYCE
Is that the "Harlot"?

Faith stops, looks at it.

FAITH
Yeah. Harlot.
JOYCE
That's the same one Faith picked.



Faith's eyes go dead. She stares at Joyce a moment, then tosses her the lipstick.

FAITH
Burn it.

INT. POLICE CAR - NIGHT

Buffy is in the back, still groggy, cuffed.

ANGLE: BUFFY'S POV

She sees the cop driving, and Detective Clark in the passenger seat. Narrow street passing by. Everything is blurry.

Buffy moans, and Detective Clark looks back.

DETECTIVE CLARK
She's coming to. Man, I want this
kid's constitution.
BUFFY
Faith...
DETECTIVE CLARK
Let's move it. I want to get her in
before she's a hundred percent.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUING - NIGHT

No sooner has the detective spoken then a VAN pulls right in front of the car. The van has a thick metal grating welded to its side; it's been rigged to take this impact. The squadcar hits it full on.

INT./EXT. POLICE CAR - CONTINUING - NIGHT

The two cops are bounced painfully off the dash. Buffy goes flying forward as well. She rears back with blood running down her forehead, still unable to focus.

(NOTE: Some of the following may be played in Buffy's blurry POV.)

The back of the van flies open and two of the council's men, COLLINS and WEATHERBY, come out silently and efficiently. Collins trains a gun (with silencer) on the cops (both of whom are unconscious or near it) while Weatherby swings a SLEDGEHAMMER into Buffy's window. He drops the hammer and roughly pulls the dazed girl out, walks her to the van, saying:

WEATHERBY
By order of the Watcher's Council,
you are being taken into custody
until such time --
COLLINS
Skip the speech. Let's go.



They toss her into the van and climb in after. The door slams shut and the van takes off.

BLACK OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

Act Two

INT. GILES' APARTMENT - NIGHT

Faith enters to find Giles there with Willow, Xander and Anya.

GILES
Buffy. Good.

FAITH
Wow, Scooby gang's all here. Willow,
Xander, and...

-- realizing she has no idea who Anya is --

FAITH (cont'd)
...everyone.
(to Giles)
What's up?
GILES
It's about Faith, not surprisingly.

Faith sits on Giles' desk, legs apart, feet swinging.

FAITH
Didn't Joyce tell you? I already
kicked that ass.
XANDER
I feel a high five coming on...
WILLOW
Where is she?
FAITH
Going to the big house. Cops took
her off my hands about an hour ago.
Poetic justice.
ANYA
How's that?
FAITH
Well, she did all those crimes, and
now she's being arrested... I guess
that's just regular justice. Anyway,
it's cool.
GILES
Unless I'm mistaken, Faith is no
longer in police custody.

Faith comes off the desk, suddenly less amused.



FAITH
What are you talking about?
GILES
The Watcher's Council.
FAITH
Those geeks?
GILES
Yes, those "geeks" have sent a
retrieval team to capture Faith.
FAITH
Yeah, 'cause that worked so well when
Wesley tried it.
GILES
They sent an operations team. They
handle the council's trickier jobs.
Smuggling, interrogation, wetworks.
WILLOW
What's wetworks?
XANDER
Scuba type stuff.
ANYA
I thought it was murder.
XANDER
Well, yeah, but, there could be,
underwater... murder... with the
snorkles...
FAITH
So the Watcher's Council has
assassins on payroll? Sweet
buncha guys.
GILES
They've never had a contract on a
human that I know of, but in the
world of international sorcery,
things get... complicated. It's not
all pointy hats and purple cloaks, as
I'm sure you well know.
FAITH
And they're taking her to England?
GILES
It'll be a long long time before she
returns -- if she ever does at all.

Faith can't help it. She starts laughing.

FAITH
I'm sorry... it's just, I'm
happy... Faith is so evil, and evil
is... wrong. I'm glad she's going.
To England.
WILLOW
Yeah. I hope they throw the book at
her.
GILES
I'm not sure there IS a book for
something like this.



WILLOW

They could throw other things.

FAITH

I forgot how much you don't like

Faith.

WILLOW

After what she's done to you? I just wish those council guys would give me an hour alone in the room with her...

If I was larger and had grenades.

FAITH

I bet I know what Faith would say to that.

She whips a big knife from Giles' desk and sinks it into Willow's heart. Willow's eyes and mouth pop wide as she staggers back, Faith coming at her and stabbing again --

ANGLE: FAITH

hasn't moved. T'was but a dream. Anya is speaking as Faith comes out of her fantasy, actually a little startled.

ANYA

So what you're saying is that everything's fine.

GILES

Yes.

ANYA

Well I'm glad that you called us all here because that information could never be conveyed by telephone.

GILES

I thought it would be best for us to convene, just in case there were any loose ends or problems we haven't thought of yet. But if I'm keeping you...

As he is replying, Willow sees Faith staring at her. Asks her:

WILLOW

What's up?

FAITH

I would never let her hurt you.

It's hard to tell if she is mock-earnest or genuinely so. Willow smiles.

WILLOW

I know.

That's all over Giles, who finishes:

GILES

...please, by all means, go.



XANDER
We kind of have a romantic evening
planned.
ANYA
We're going to light a bunch of
candles and have sex near them.

Xander gives a look: what can you do?

FAITH
Well we certainly don't want to cut
into THAT seven minutes.
ANYA
Hey!
XANDER
I believe that's my "hey".
FAITH
Lighten up. We're out of danger,
everything's good.
GILES
We still have Adam to worry about.
FAITH
Yeah, Adam...
(no clue)
...what's up with him?
GILES
I wish we knew.
FAITH
Yeah... Well, don't sweat it. I'll
patrol tonight, as long as it takes.
You guys have your fun. I'll be out
there, doing my job.

INT. BRONZE - NIGHT

Faith is dancing like a maniac. LOUD ROCK blasts through the club. Faith is sweating it up, dancing with everyone, male and female, around her. The dance floor is crowded and lively -- the whole club is.

The song ends. Faith crosses to get a drink, smiling, completely in her element. She bumps into someone, spills his drink a bit. The someone turns out to be SPIKE.

They recognize each other. Except Faith has never seen this guy before.

SPIKE
Oh, you.
FAITH
(searching)
And you...
SPIKE
What are you, keeping tabs on me?
You gonna give me a hard time now?
FAITH
(nonchalantly cool)



Um, do I... usually give you a hard time?

SPIKE

Very funny. Well you don't have to worry about me drinking. Unless you're here to protect innocent beers.

FAITH

You're a vampire.

SPIKE

Yeah, and as soon as I get this chip out of my head I'll be a vampire again but until then I'm as helpless as a kitten up a tree so why don't you sod off and let me enjoy the lack of ambience?

Beat.

FAITH

Okay.

She turns to go. This only infuriates him more.

SPIKE

Oh, fine! Throw it in my face!
'Spike's not a threat anymore, I'll just turn my back, he can't hurt me...'

FAITH

Spike...

(sizes him up)

Spike. William the Bloody, with a chip in his head. I kind of love this town.

SPIKE

Gah! You know why I really hate you, Summers?

FAITH

I'm a stuck up tight-ass with no sense of fun?

He's sort of stopped by that one...

SPIKE

Wuh-yeah, that... covers a lot of it...

FAITH

'Cause I could do anything I want and instead I just pout and whine and feel the burden of slayerness? I mean, I could be rich, I could be famous, I could have anything.

Anyone.

(her tone becomes intimate, hypnotic)

Even you, Spike. I could ride you at a gallop till your legs buckled and



your eyes rolled up, I've got muscles
you've never even dreamed of, I could
squeeze you till you popped like warm
champagne and you'd beg me to hurt
you just a little bit more and you
know why I don't?

Spike, as aroused as he is confused, takes a moment. Before he can
answer:

FAITH (cont'd)
(mock serious)
Because it's wrong.

She laughs. He takes a step back, not amused.

SPIKE
I get this chip out, you and me are
gonna have a confrontation.

FAITH
Count on it.

He smashes his beer bottle against the wall. Stalks out of the club. Faith
watches him go, not quite as amused as before, and heads for the bar.

INT. VAMPIRE LAIR - NIGHT

It's your typical dark sewery type lair. BOONE, a wired, headstrong young
vampthug, arrives with his three cronies. This is home to them.

BOONE
It was too crowded. We gotta hold
out a few hours, pick up a straggler,
some drunk. Can't be calling
attention to... ourselves...

They stop, confronted with the figure that has been waiting in the
shadows. It is ADAM, who stays in the dark as he speaks.

ADAM
I've been thinking. About vampires.

BOONE
This is my place.

ADAM
Your place. Yes. The sewers. You
hide from them, crawl about in their
filth, scavenging like rats. What do
you fear?

BOONE
Kill this guy already.

One of the vamps moves swiftly to Adam -- and Adam steps partially out
of shadows, grabbing him by the throat with a paralysing grip.



ADAM
You fear the cross. The sun. Fire.

He puts his hand on the vamp's shoulder.

ADAM (cont'd)
And, oh yes.

He pulls the vamp's head off. We don't see much, but there's a wet ripping sound we'll take to our grave, and the look on Boone's face speaks worlds as well.

The body drops to the ground, dusts.

ADAM (cont'd)
I believe decapitation is a problem
as well.

Beat.

BOONE
You can have this place, I mean we
don't have to stay here anymore...
ADAM
You fear death. Being immortal, you
fear it more than those to whom it
comes naturally.

He starts to circle them, lost in thought.

ADAM (cont'd)
Vampires are a paradox.
BOONE
Okay, we're a paradox, that's cool...
ADAM
Demon in a human body. You're a
hybrid. Natural and unnatural. You
walk in both worlds, and belong to
neither.

He comes right up to Boone, looks down at him.

ADAM (cont'd)
I can relate.

He puts a hand on Boone's shoulder, gestures toward the dark of the cave.

ADAM (cont'd)
Come. We've got a lot to talk about.

INT. VAN/WAREHOUSE - NIGHT



Buffy wakes suddenly, tries to get her bearings. She's in the back of the van, shackled. The chain between her cuffs runs to the floor of the van.

Weatherby is just finishing shackling her. The door to the van is open behind her.

WEATHERBY
Well, it's awake.

BUFFY
Who are you?

WEATHERBY
Council. We're taking you back to the mother country. Seems you've been a naughty girl.

His words are flippant, but there is real hate in his eyes.

BUFFY
Listen to me. You've made a mistake.

WEATHERBY
Threats, is it?

BUFFY
I'm not threatening you. Listen. I am not Faith.

Collins steps into view behind the open door of the van.

COLLINS
Well. Our mistake then.

BUFFY
I'm Buffy Summers. Faith performed some kind of spell to switch our bodies.

COLLINS
Congratulations. No one's ever actually tried that one on me before.

BUFFY
You have to find Faith. Call Giles! Get him here.

COLLINS
Giles doesn't work for the Council anymore. For that matter, neither does Buffy Summers. What you are, miss, is the package. I deliver the package. I don't much care what's inside.
(to Weatherby)
Come on.

He moves out of sight. Weatherby turns to her.

WEATHERBY
He may not care, but I do. The Watcher's Council used to mean something. You perverted it. You



trash. We should have killed you
while you were asleep.

He spits in her face, then goes. She is too shocked to move as he slams
shut the gate and then the doors behind.

INT. BRONZE - NIGHT

Willow and Tara enter the Bronze together.

WILLOW

I can't believe you've never been
here. The Bronze is the coolest
place in Sunnydale. Course, not a
lot of competition there... I think
the vending machine at Burgin's
came in second.

TARA

You used to come here a lot?

WILLOW

Lived here. Me, Xander and...
Buffy...

She is looking off at...

ANGLE: FAITH (who looks just a whole lot like Buffy.) She is with a group
of people, is watching a guy try to chug his whole beer.

FAITH

Chug! Chug!

He can't get it all down, spills a lot. People laugh, clap.

FAITH (cont'd)

You failed! You get no love.

ANGLE: WILLOW is a little surprised to see her.

WILLOW

Wow, I didn't think she'd be here...

Deciding, she takes Tara's hand, pulls her along.

WILLOW (cont'd)

Come on. I want you to meet her.

Faith is leaving the group --

FAITH

Back off. You're nothing but a
disappointment.

-- when she meets up with Willow and Tara.



WILLOW
Hey, Buff!
FAITH
Willow. And...
WILLOW
Buffy, this is Tara.
TARA
Hi.
FAITH
So we've never met.
(Tara shakes her head)
Okay. Cool. I'm having a thing with
names.
WILLOW
Tara was in my wicca group.
FAITH
Uh huh?
WILLOW
So what's going on? Patrol no go?

Faith sits at a table. The other girls do as well.

FAITH
I got tired. The whole Faith thing...
I wanted to let off some steam.
WILLOW
Good for you. You can't work
yourself too hard.
FAITH
That's my philosophy.
WILLOW
Anybody wanna soda?

Faith shrugs her head.

TARA
Water?

Willow goes to get. Tara watches her, Faith watches Tara. Sees the
affection there.

FAITH
You guys have been hanging out a
lot, huh?
TARA
Yeah. She's really cool.
FAITH
So Willow not driving stick anymore.
Who woulda thought? Guess you never
know a person till you've been inside
their skin.

Tara's a little flustered.



FAITH (cont'd)
And Oz is out of the picture? I
never did see two people so much in
love. She just couldn't get enough
of old Oz.

TARA
She, uh, said he www...

FAITH
He www? You gonna get that sentence
out sometime tonight?

Tara is stricken. Willow comes back, sans drinks, and missing Tara's plight
in her urgency.

WILLOW
Buff. Guy in the corner.

Faith looks over at:

ANGLE: A GUY leading his DATE out toward the bathroom. He is sleaze
and menace, she is innocence.

FAITH
Oh yeah. Good call.

TARA
What?

WILLOW
Vampire.

FAITH
He's wicked obvious.

A beat. Willow looks at her expectantly.

FAITH (cont'd)
So I better slay him them.

WILLOW
You want help?

FAITH
I got it.

She gets up, snags a pool cue leaning against a pillar, heads into the
bathroom area.

INT. BRONZE BATHROOM AREA - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

The guy is already in vampface, holding the date from behind, hand
clamped over her mouth and teeth in her neck. She struggles, wide-eyed
in terror.

Faith enters behind them. Breaks the pool cue, holds the short end.

FAITH
Picking on poor defenseless women,
well that really gets my dander up.



He continues feeding.

FAITH (cont'd)
Hey!

She hits him on the back of the head with the cue end. He stops, spins as the date sinks to the floor, not seeing what follows.

He comes at Faith, who blocks his lunge and brings her heel down on his knee so hard it cracks. His eyes go wide.

FAITH (cont'd)
Does that hurt?

She shoves the cue into his heart.

FAITH (cont'd)
How about now?

He dusts. Faith goes over to the girl, looks at her wound.

FAITH (cont'd)
You'll live.
DATE
(near tears)
He attacked me... he was so strong...
FAITH
Well he's gone now. Put some...
medicine on that.

The girl grabs Faith's hand.

DATE
Thank you. Thank you.

A moment as Faith takes in the girl's sincere gratitude. She becomes uncomfortable, tries to pull her hand away.

FAITH
Yeah, it's cool.

She exits back into:

INT. BRONZE - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

-- and meets Willow near the dance floor.

WILLOW
Everything poofed?
FAITH
All's well in the world.



WILLOW
Tara's not feeling great, I'm gonna
walk her home.
FAITH
(amused, mock
sincerity)
Yeah. You give her whatever she needs.
WILLOW
Are you gonna be in later, or are you
going over to Riley's?

A beat. Faith begins to smile.

INT. VAN/WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Smith moves angrily toward the van, holding a hypo. The reason for his ire is very possibly the incessant banging that comes from the van.

Inside, Buffy is kicking repeatedly at the door. Smith swings it open and comes in --

SMITH
This'll bloody keep you quiet --

And Buffy kicks him, gets him in a choke hold.

BUFFY
How about this? I'll be quiet, and
you can scream.

She twists his neck and scream he does, bringing Collins and Weatherby running. They stop, seeing the sitch.

BUFFY (cont'd)
Now you unchain me, very slowly and
politely, or I kill this guy.

COLLINS
We go on a job we always put our
affairs in order first. In case of
accident.

SMITH
Collins...
COLLINS
Sorry, Smithy.

He and Weatherby walk off. Buffy waits, becoming increasingly frustrated.

ANGLE: COLLINS AND WEATHERBY

Standing a ways off.

COLLINS (cont'd)
She's starting to bother me.
WEATHERBY
Getting her across the border is



gonna be a lot more trouble than it's
worth.
COLLINS
I'll call the Council. I think it's
time for a contingency plan.

In the background, Smith goes flying out the back of the van, gets
painfully up.

INT. RILEY'S ROOM - NIGHT

It's pretty dark in here, except for Riley's desk lamp. Riley sits at his
desk, finishing some homework. He turns his chair to see:

ANGLE: FAITH

Framed in the doorway. Looking at him with a kitten grin.

FAITH
Hi baby.

BLACK OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

Act Three

INT. TARA'S DORM ROOM - NIGHT

Tara and Willow enter.

WILLOW
I'm sorry you're feeling blechy. But
we'll get together with Buffy another
time, some time soon. I really think
you'll like her --

TARA
She's not your friend.

WILLOW
I may have overestimated the "you
liking her" factor. But I wish you'd
give her a chance; she's very
important to me.

TARA
No, I mean... I don't think she's...
her.

WILLOW
You lost me.

TARA
A person's energy has a flow, a
unity. Buffy's was fragmented; it
grated, like something forced in
where it doesn't belong. Plus she
was kinda mean.



WILLOW
You think Buffy's not herself? Like
she's possessed or something?

TARA
I'm not sure...

WILLOW
You didn't sense a hyena energy at
all did you? Hyena possession is
just unpleasant.

TARA
Do you have anything of hers?

WILLOW
Of Buffy's? Uh, uh, Ooh! Ah!
(fingering them)
Earrings!

Tara crosses to her desk, pulls a book out of her drawer.

TARA
There's a way we can...
(flips through book)
... The passage to the nether-realm,
there's a ritual, if you find her
there you should be able to see...

She reads a moment. Willow comes up behind her, looks over her
shoulder.

WILLOW
If it'll help Buffy...

Tara turns to her, concerned.

WILLOW (cont'd)
What?
TARA
The nether-realm exists beyond the
physical world. Accessing it is,
it's kind of like astral projection,
it's very intense. I'd have to be
your anchor, keep you on this plane.

WILLOW
I trust you.
TARA
It's not like anything we've ever --
WILLOW
I trust you.

INT. RILEY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Faith slinks in, leaving the door open.

FAITH
You miss me?



RILEY
I did, actually. Everything's okay?
FAITH
Everything's great.
RILEY
What about Faith?
FAITH
Faith has won a fabulous trip to
England, and I got the consolation
prize. Which is you.

She lowers herself onto his lap. Runs her hands along his arms.

FAITH (cont'd)
Well aren't you just a big ol' block
of man.
RILEY
So I don't have to worry about Faith
showing up? I have to admit, I was
kind of curious to meet her.
(aroused)
Or I was until about thirty seconds ago...

The term *lapdance* is perhaps too strong for what's happening here --
suffice to say Riley's powers of concentration are on the wane.

FAITH
Oh, you wouldn't have liked Faith.
She's not proper and joyless like a
girl should be. She has a tendency
to give in to her animal instincts.

She runs her tongue along his lower lip.

RILEY
Uh, the door's open.
FAITH
So?
RILEY
So, my fantasies don't tend to include
a bunch of Marines looking in on me.
FAITH
They might learn something.

He firmly moves her off and stands, wincing briefly.

FAITH (cont'd)
You're hurt.

He shuts the door.

RILEY
I'm not that bad. I guess those
drugs the professor was feeding me

really did make me stronger. I'm
healing pretty quick.

FAITH

Well why don't we give you a test
drive.

RILEY

Wouldn't say no.

She crawls onto the bed, back to him as she says:

FAITH

How do you want me?

She turns and sits, waiting for him to follow.

RILEY

How do I --

He sits close to her. She comes in close:

FAITH

What do you want to do with this
body? What nasty little desire have
you been itching to try out? Am I a
bad girl? Do you wanna hurt me?

He sits back a bit. Eyes her, not entirely happy.

RILEY

What are we playing at here?

FAITH

I'm Buffy.

RILEY

Okay, then I'll be Riley.

FAITH

Hey, if you don't wanna play --

She is starting to get up as she says this. He grabs her arm --

RILEY

Right. I don't wanna play.

He kisses her with tender passion. She responds in kind.

INT. TARA'S DORM ROOM - NIGHT

We see various ANGLES of the girls preparing for the ritual:

WILLOW closing the curtains (shot from outside the window).

TARA lighting a row of candles near the wall.



WILLOW pouring oil from a small earthenware bottle into a shallow bowl (wood, stone, clay -- anyway it's old looking) while Tara reads instructions.

TARA anointing Willow. She puts her thumb in the oil, then presses it briefly to Willow's forehead, lips, collarbone.

WILLOW does the same to Tara. As we cut to a:

LENNY ARM'S EYE VIEW: The girls sit crosslegged, not opposite each other but side by side, facing opposite directions. Each of them has one arm slightly out, is tracing an arc back and forth along the floor as through running their hand through sand. As they do this they whisper:

WILLOW/TARA
The Inward Eye, The Sightless Sea,
Ayala flows through the River in Me...

They continue to do this for a while, both looking straight ahead. It begins to affect them physically, sweat beading on their faces, breath coming slightly deeper, slightly shallower.

ANGLE: WILLOW'S HAND traces along the carpet -- and suddenly leaves behind a CGI trail of light.

From the high view we see both girls are doing it, and that the arcs of light are closing around them, forming a perfect circle.

The girls stop chanting. They each take the hand closest to the other and hold them up, palm to palm. Breath still heavy, something clearly coursing through them as the hoop of light RISES, passes over them and dissipates, followed by another. And another. Willow looks over towards Tara, her eyes clouded with sensation. She takes a sudden, startled breath and keels backwards, a vision gripping her.

CLOSE ON her eyes, as she sees:

INT. RILEY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Riley and Faith making love, intercut with:

INT. VAN - NIGHT

Buffy, alone, miserable.

INT. RILEY'S ROOM - NIGHT

The only light now is the moonlight pouring in through the window. Camera finds Riley and Faith just having made love. He is on top of her, they are both breathing heavily, slowing down. He is looking into her eyes, hands by her head, stroking her hair, her face, completely focused on her. She looks at him with equal focus...



RILEY
(softly)
I love you.

A reaction swells within her -- surprise, confusion, almost panic as she suddenly is struggling, fighting to get out from under him, barely forming the words:

FAITH
No... No... Get --

-- and scrambling out of bed, crossing the room to the window, standing there silhouetted, freaking out.

RILEY
Buffy... what? What's wrong?

He is sitting on the bed, uncomprehending.

FAITH
Who are you? What do you want from her?

She is anxious, almost muttering it.

RILEY
Should I not have...
FAITH
This is meaningless.
RILEY
You're shaking.

He comes to her, pulling the blanket with him, and wraps it around the both of them. A moment, and her shaking subsides.

RILEY (cont'd)
What happened?

She rests her head on his chest. Stares at nothing.

FAITH
Nothing.

He holds her, kissing the top of her head.

FAITH (cont'd)
Nothing...

INT. VAMPIRE LAIR - DAWN

Boone sits across from Adam, rapt. The other vamps sit on the floor, equally so.

ADAM
I have been blessed. I have a gift



that no man has, no demon has ever
had. I know why I'm here. I was
created to kill. To extinguish life
wherever I find it and I have
accepted that responsibility. You
have lived in fear and desperation
because you didn't have that gift.
But it's time to face your fear.

BOONE

Tell us what to do...

ADAM

You are here to be my first. To let
them know I'm coming. I am the end
of all life, of all magic. I'm the
war between man and demon, the war
that no one can win. You're a part
of that now. You have to show me
that you're ready.

BOONE

We are. We're ready.

ADAM

Then ask yourself: What is it? More
than man, more than anything else...
what is the thing that you fear?

INT. RILEY'S ROOM - DAY

Riley sleeps. Faith has put her clothes back on - all except her shirt. She
has taken one of Riley's instead, is buttoning it up.

She looks at the clock -- 8:30 am. Looks back at Riley. Heads out the
door.

INT. LOWELL HOUSE - CONTINUING - DAY

She comes down the stairs, runs into Forrest. He can't resist a dig.

FORREST

Hope you left him alive...

She spins, unsure of his meaning.

FAITH

What?

FORREST

Boy's supposed to be on the mend.
I don't see you letting him get much
rest.

FAITH

I think maybe you should stay out of
other people's lives.

FORREST

We've got a mission here. And back
when Riley could still think for
himself --



FAITH
You've got a mission? I've been
fighting demons since before you
could shave.
FORREST
Yeah, you're a killer.
FAITH
I'm not a killer! I'm a slayer. You
don't know the first thing about me.
FORREST
You really care what I think?
FAITH
No, I... I don't care. God. I don't care...

She takes off, perplexed again.

INT. BUFFY AND WILLOW'S DORM ROOM - MORNING

Faith has packed and changed -- into the sweetest, most "Buffy in feminine comfort mode" outfit possible. She looks at herself in the mirror -- very different attitude from the time at her house.

INT. VAN/WAREHOUSE - MORNING

Smith hands Collins the cell phone. His voice is a whisper:

SMITH
The council.
COLLINS
(into phone)
It's Collins.

Collins listens, hangs up. He pulls out his gun and screws the silencer.

COLLINS (cont'd)
They can't get us passage. They've
ordered the kill.
WEATHERBY
Torch the place?
COLLINS
Get the gas.

Collins moves efficiently to the van, Smith trailing.

SMITH
She could've killed me, she didn't.

Collins throws open the door, steps up.

COLLINS
Lucky you.

He sticks his gun through the bars --



ANGLE: BUFFY

Is stretched out on the floor. She brings her feet up and grabs the gunhand, pulls hard forward smashing Collins' face into the bars and knocking him unconscious.

The gun clatters to the floor and Buffy grabs it, aims at the chain on the ground.

Smith is backtracking, scared.

SMITH
Weatherby...

ANGLE: THE LOCK TO THE CAB DOOR

It is shot off.

Buffy scampers into the cab, gets into the driver's seat.

BUFFY
Keys, keys...

She spots them on the floor, grabs them.

ANGLE: WEATHERBY

Comes racing in past Smith.

WEATHERBY
Stop her, you ponce!

He jumps to the driver's side door --

-- and Buffy opens it hard in his face. He's out.

BUFFY
Okay, I'm good at this...
(finds)
drive!

She starts toward the door.

Smith fumbles for his gun. He fires at her as the truck smashes through the door, into the sun and away.

Smith looks out at the departing van, at his fallen friends. Defeated.

BLACK OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

Act Four



INT. AIRPORT - DAY

Faith politely takes her ticket from the lady at the counter, goes and waits for her plane.

INT. GILES' APARTMENT - DAY

Giles comes down from upstairs, crossing to the kitchen -- when the door BURSTS open and Buffy rushes in. Giles starts, takes a step back, seeing his enemy.

BUFFY
Giles!
GILES
God --
BUFFY
Don't move!

He goes still. But as she speaks, he subtly begins to inch towards the hall.

BUFFY (cont'd)
Okay. Giles. Listen to me very
carefully. I'm not Faith.
GILES
Really.
BUFFY
Really.
GILES
Because the resemblance is striking.
BUFFY
I know. Giles, you just have to --
stop inching! You were inching.
GILES
No I wasn't.
BUFFY
Just hear me out.
GILES
I know what you're going to say and --
BUFFY
I'm Buffy.
GILES
All right I didn't know what you were
going to say but that doesn't make
you less scary.
BUFFY
Faith switched. She had some device,
she switched our bodies.

He stares at her.

BUFFY (cont'd)
I swear, Giles, it's me.
GILES
(slowly)
If you're Buffy, then, then you'll



allow me to tie you up -- without
killing me -- until we can be sure
that you're telling the truth.

BUFFY

Giles, Faith has taken my body and
for all I know she's taken it to
Mexico by now. I don't have time for
bondage fun.

(idea)

Ask me a question. Ask me anything!

GILES

(thinks, then:)

Who is president!?!

BUFFY

We're checking for Buffy, not a
concussion.

GILES

Yes. Right. Um...

BUFFY

(impatient)

Oh, this is -- Giles, you turned into
a DEMON and I knew it was you.
Can't you just look in my eyes and
be all intuitive?

GILES

(probing)

How did I turn into a demon?

BUFFY

'Cause of Ethan Rayne. And, and, you
have a girlfriend named Olivia and
you haven't had a job since we blew
up the school -- which, uh, is valid,
lifestylewise, I mean you're not like
a slacker, but, okay -- and
(coup de grace)

When I had psychic power I heard my
Mom think you were like a stevedore
during sex. Do you want me to keep
going?

GILES

Actually, I beg you to stop.

BUFFY

What's a stevedore?

GILES

All right. Let's... I want you to
explain everything.

BUFFY

And I will. AFTER we get Faith.
Jesus, Giles, she's got my skin on.

GILES

Yes of course. Just give me a minute to --

The door flies open again -- Willow and Tara rushing in.

WILLOW

Giles!



BUFFY
Willow!
WILLOW
Oh my god.
BUFFY
Willow, wait. You don't understand.
WILLOW
You're Buffy. You and Faith switched
bodies, probably through a Draconian
Katra spell.
GILES
She understands it better than I do...
BUFFY
How did you...
WILLOW
Tara. Tara this is Buffy, only
really this time.
TARA
Hi.
WILLOW
Tara's a really powerful witch --
TARA
Not really --
WILLOW
No really, and she knew right away
that you weren't you so we connected
with the nether realm and found out
what had happened and then we
conjured this.

She pulls a box out of her purse, opens it to reveal a little ethereal glow
sphere (CGI).

BUFFY
Does that --
WILLOW
(nodding)
It's a Katra -- or, the home-conjured
version. It should switch you back,
if you can get hold of Faith.
BUFFY
Oh thank God. I was afraid I... you
guys rule.
GILES
Yes. Of course I would have... had
I known, I...

The phone rings.

GILES (cont'd)
I'll get it.

He picks it up...

GILES (cont'd)
Hello?



BUFFY
(to Willow)
Do you know where Faith is?

Willow shakes her head.

GILES
...Yes, Buffy's here with me. In
fact, she -- Oh. Right.

He hangs up, crosses to the TV.

GILES (cont'd)
That was Xander.
(turns it on)
He said there was a report --

He finds it right away -- a news report. Special bulletin.

ANGLE: ON THE TV

A REPORTER stands outside a church. Police cars and ambulances are parked in front of it. All attention is focussed inside (except for the reporter, who faces the camera).

REPORTER
... and barricaded themselves in the
church with at least twenty
parishioners. One of the few who
escaped described the three men as
frighteningly disfigured, almost
inhuman.

INT. AIRPORT - DAY

Faith is watching the same report. Her flight is called, but something seems to be building in her. She takes off, away from the gate.

EXT. CHURCH - DAY

The reporter continues her report:

REPORTER
So far one escapee has since died of
severe neck wounds.
(more)
There is no report of the condition
of the parishioners still trapped
inside, but their assailants have
vowed to kill all of them if police
attempt to storm the church.

INT. CHURCH - DAY



Some twenty or so parishioners sit in pews, hugging the outside -- staying away from the aisle. The priest keeps to one side of the altar, as scared as the rest.

One vampire sits on the pulpit, legs hanging over it. The other is to the rear of the church, guarding the door. And Boone walks the aisle, talking away.

BOONE

It's hard to believe. I've been avoiding this place for so many years, and it's nothing. It's nice, got the pretty windows, the pillars, lots of folks to eat... where's the thing I was so afraid of? You know, the lord? He's supposed to be here -- he gave us this address.

Well, we'll just have to start killing off his people, and see if he shows up.

EXT. CHURCH - DAY

Cop cars are pulled up, uniformed officers behind them, waiting for an order. The uniformed SERGEANT is near the carriage entrance, talking to Riley. Riley is wearing a dark suit and tie, being calm but firm.

RILEY

(knows the answer)

What'd he say.

SERGEANT

(defeated)

He said I was to defer command to you.

RILEY

Then hold your men until the reserves arrive. This is a military situation.

SERGEANT

What, do they got bombs in there?

RILEY

Your men are not prepared to deal with them. Just trust me.

He moves from the Sergeant, to the carriage entrance to check the door. He is surprised by Faith, who has changed into fighting gear. He pulls her into shadow.

RILEY (cont'd)

Buffy!

FAITH

How many are in there?

RILEY

We think there's three.

FAITH

I can do three.



RILEY
Not alone... Wait till the troops get
here. They're still mobilizing.
FAITH
How'd you respond so fast?
RILEY
I didn't. I was just late for church.
FAITH
The troops get here, you send 'em in,
But I'm going.
RILEY
I don't want you risking --
FAITH
Don't tell me what to do! I'm Buffy,
I... This is what I have to do.

She seems a little scattered, a little desperate. Riley doesn't get it,
replies:

RILEY
Then I'm coming with.

Faith squeezes his side. He cries out in pain, doubles over.

FAITH
I can't use you.

She moves to the door.

FAITH (cont'd)
Someone comes out, you get 'em to
safety. Unless they got fangs.

She rears back to kick the door in.

INT. CHURCH - CONTINUING (DAY)

The door comes open. Boone and the others turn to see Faith enter. She
moves to the aisle, faces him at the other end of it.

BOONE
I told the cops they send anyone in,
I start the whole massacre thing...
FAITH
Well, I'm not the cops. I just come
to pray.
BOONE
(moving toward her)
Now's a good time to start.

Vamp 3 is holding in behind Faith. She takes a couple of steps Boone's
way.

FAITH
You're not gonna kill these people.



BOONE
Why not?
FAITH
Because it's wrong.

The vampire behind her rushes her. She uses his momentum to spin him around and toss him back so he crashes into the back pew, tumbling to the floor in pain.

Boone pauses. Vamp 2 jumps down from the pulpit.

BOONE
You're the slayer.
FAITH
The one and only.

EXT. CHURCH - CONTINUING (DAY)

The Scoobies pull up in the Council van, Giles driving. Buffy, Willow and Tara pile out, only to be confronted by the Sergeant.

SERGEANT
You people get out of here.
WILLOW
But we have to get inside --
SERGEANT
The police are handling this. Just
back off right now.

Buffy throws a look to Giles, who gets the message. Giles goes into severe overact mode.

GILES
Dammit man, we have to get inside!
Our... families are in there! Our
mothers and tiny babies, for the love
of God man, we have to do something!
What if it was your tiny baby, could
you stand by and wait? No!

As he continues, Buffy fades off to one side, looking for another way in.

INT. CHURCH - CONTINUING (DAY)

FAITH
Simple deal. You let everyone go,
I let you walk. If I were you, I'd
think about it. This offer is not
available in stores.
BOONE
You think we're afraid of you? We're
not afraid of anything anymore.
FAITH
Then let these people go, and you can
all three take me on.



They are close now, staring each other down.

BOONE
I got a better idea.

And he attacks, him and Faith going at it in the center aisle. Vamp 3 makes a play from behind but Faith knocks him on his ass again. As Boone and Vamp 2 converge on Faith, Vamp 3 gives up and grabbing his hooded cloak, runs out the door --

EXT. CHURCH - CONTINUING (DAY)

-- and straight into Riley. They go tumbling back, Vamp 3 on top, Riley in pain as he fends the vamp off, finally planting his feet under it and launching it backwards into the sunlight sans cloak. It flails, burns up.

Riley painfully stands -- and Buffy runs up to him.

BUFFY
Riley!

She throws her arms around him. He pries her off politely.

RILEY
It's all right, miss. You just get
out of harm's way.
BUFFY
Riley, it's me, it's -- never mind.
How many are in there?
RILEY
Well... who are you?

INT. CHURCH - CONTINUING (DAY)

Faith stakes Vamp 2 with a broken shard of wood as Boone tackles her from behind. She hits the ground painfully and Boone rains punches on her. They are near the altar, Boone on top, not letting up.

BOONE
I have strength you couldn't dream
of! Adam has shown me the way and
there is nothing that can -- gnnnnh --

He dusts. Standing directly behind him is Buffy.

A moment, as Faith realizes who has saved her. Then she goes apeshit, launching herself into Buffy, knocking her into the altar.

Buffy comes back at her but is thrown by the ferocity of Faith's attack.

BUFFY
You can't win this --



FAITH
Shut up! You think I'm afraid of
you? You're nothing!

She has Buffy pinned, is pummeling her insanely, fists and hair flying.

FAITH (cont'd)
You're disgusting! A useless,
murderous bitch!

She is crying now. Buffy is merely warding off blows, not even trying to return.

FAITH (cont'd)
You're nothing!

ANGLE: In Buffy's palm

is the Kattr. Buffy slaps her hand over Faith's. There is the same CGI ripple and both girls start back a bit.

(Note: from this point on, Faith will be Eliza, Buffy is once again Sarah)

A moment, and Faith pushes Buffy away, running out the back as the horror of what she is begins to overwhelm her. Buffy, exhausted, lets her go.

INT. RILEY'S ROOM - DAY

Buffy and Riley both sit -- him in chair, her on bed. She is on the phone, hanging it up.

BUFFY
She's gone. Not a trace. Giles says
the Council guys have cleared out,
too.

RILEY
I don't understand. How could she
have... how is it possible?

BUFFY
Magic.

RILEY
I knew there was something... I
should have picked up on it, I
should have just --

BUFFY
You slept with her.

RILEY
I slept with you.

She looks at the bed, suddenly doesn't want to be sitting there anymore. Crosses to the window.



RILEY (cont'd)
Man would I like to get my hands
on her... but not in a sex way...
BUFFY
I don't think she's coming back.
RILEY
I guess she had her fun.
BUFFY
(looking out the window)
Yeah... Fun...

INT. RAILWAY CAR - AFTERNOON

Faith sits huddled in the corner of a slatted train car, the waning sun
striping her. She stares into the distance, unmoving.

BLACK OUT.

END OF SHOW

