

The Yoko Factor

(March 18, 2000)

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Teaser

INT. COLONEL MCNAMARA'S QUARTERS - DAY

Colonel McNamara is in the middle of delivering a report via vidscreen hookup to a bunch of government agency types in suits. The spokesman for the group, MR. WARD, is quizzing the colonel.

WARD

And the men?

COLONEL McNAMARA

These are exceptional boys. Their capture ratio just keeps increasing, they're keeping it together. Morale's a problem... The death of Professor Walsh, the escape of the prototype... Controlling the HST's is getting harder -- we have serious overcrowding in the containment areas.

WARD

Quite a mess.

COLONEL McNAMARA

Not my mess, sir. I'm just holding the fort 'til you figure out what you wanna do with the place.

WARD

Well, that's the purpose of these evaluations. And we appreciate your good work in this crisis period.

(a dig)

The incident with Finn was unfortunate...

COLONEL McNAMARA

Fell in with the bad crowd. Quite frankly, I don't think he was ever the soldier you all hoped he was.

Boy thinks too much.

WARD

Never the less, we want him back. The government has invested a substantial --

COLONEL McNAMARA

We'll catch up with him. My feeling is that he won't stray too far from the girl.

WARD

Yes, Buffy Summers. Our databanks don't have very much on her.



COLONEL McNAMARA

She's just a girl.

WARD

This would the 'girl' who broke
into the complex, liberated Finn
and an HST, and walked you out of
the place at gunpoint?

(checks his file)

Oh no. I'm wrong. Crossbow-point.

COLONEL McNAMARA

You want me to bring her in, I'd be --

WARD

No. Any action against her would
send Finn over the edge. We're
still hoping he'll come --

COLONEL McNAMARA

He's a deserter.

WARD

He's a resource. And I doubt very
much he's going to present a real
danger to the Initiative just
because he's gone swoony for some
young radical. She is, as you
say, just a girl.

INT. ADAM'S LAIR - DAY

Spike walks around Adam, gesturing. Adam stands stock-still, inserting
disk after disk into his zip drive and watching the vampire pace back and
forth.

SPIKE

She's a lot more than that. The
Slayer's dangerous, is all I'm saying.

ADAM

Yes, she makes things interesting.

SPIKE

No, see, you're not getting it,
Mr. Bits. You're gonna be
interestingly dead. Little Miss
Tiny's got a habit of bolixing up
the plans of every would-be
unstoppable badass who steps foot
in this town.

ADAM

Then we must ascertain the nature
of this variable.

SPIKE

Yeah, well, I was told there
wouldn't be any math.

(then)

Just wanted you to know, when the
Big Ugly goes down, Slayer's gonna
be right in the thick of it. You
ready for that?



Adam turns to look at Spike, a small smile on his lips.

ADAM
I'm counting on it.

BLACK OUT.

END OF TEASER

Act One

INT. ADAM'S LAIR - DAY

Picking up where we left off. A MATCH flares and Spike lights a cigarette.
As Adam now moves through the space.

ADAM
Two slayers...
SPIKE
That's right.
ADAM
And you killed them both...
SPIKE
Yeah. Well, not at the same time,
but, yeah, I killed the hell out of 'em.

Adam stops and studies Spike.

ADAM
Yet you fear this one.
SPIKE
(bristling)
Watch it, mate. I don't fear
anything. I just know my enemies.
ADAM
Do you? Then why haven't you
killed this slayer yet?
SPIKE
Because...
(searching)
Stinking rotten luck is why.
(then)
On top of that now I got this
buggering chip in my head.
ADAM
Yes. Your behavior modification
circuitry. I know what you feel...
SPIKE
(scoffing)
Not likely.
ADAM
You feel smothered. Trapped like
an animal, pure in its ferocity,
unable to actualize the urges



within... Clinging to one truth
like a flame struggling to burn
within an enclosed glass... That
a beast this powerful cannot be
contained. Inevitably it will
break free and savage the land
again... I will make you whole
again. Make you savage.

Spike stares at Adam for a beat, genuinely mesmerized.

SPIKE

Wow. I mean, yeah. I get why the
demons all fall in line with you.
You're like Tony Robbins is he was
a big, scary Frankenstein-looking...
You're exactly like Tony Robbins.

ADAM

I will restore you to what you once were...

Spike arches an eyebrow at the notion.

ADAM

When I have the Slayer how and
where I want her.

SPIKE

(sigh)

Easier said. She's crafty.
She and her little friends.

ADAM

Friends...

SPIKE

Yeah. There's your... whatcha
call it - variable. This slayer's
got pals. You want her evening
the odds in a scrape, you don't
want her slayerettes mucking about.

ADAM

Take them away from her.

SPIKE

Yeah, that's a plan. She's
working solo, she won't have a
chance to come after us when the
wild rumpus begins. Plus it'll
make her miserable, and I never
get tired of that.

Spike thinks, plans.

SPIKE

Oh yeah. Leave them to me.

ADAM

You can't hurt them. What can you
do to make sure they're out of the picture?

SPIKE
Not a blessed thing.
They're gonna do it for me.

INT. BUFFY AND WILLOW'S DORM ROOM - NIGHT

Buffy's room. Night. Buffy enters, looking worn and weary from her trip to L.A. She flips on the light. Sees Willow's still-made bed. Sighs. Sets down her bag, goes to her own bed, lies down. Eyes wide open.

RILEY (O.S.)
You know if she's back yet?

INT. BURNT-OUT SCHOOL - NIGHT

Riley sits in his makeshift home in the Sunnydale High ruins. Xander arrives with a knapsack.

XANDER
L.A. woman?
(shakes his head)
Haven't heard from her. She'll
probably come here first thing,
though. And... who's your buddy?

He tosses Riley the knapsack. Riley catches it.

XANDER
So you don't have to be G.I. Joe
while your civvies are gettin' washed...

Riley pulls a pair of hideous multi-colored weight lifter pants from the knapsack.

XANDER
Try those on,
you'll feel like a new man.

Riley nods, hiding his opinion of the pants.

RILEY
Would this man have a bright red
nose and big floppy feet?

Off Xander's look:

RILEY
Sorry, that's the cabin fever
talking. I'm grateful. Really.
XANDER
Okay. So, how you holding up otherwise?
RILEY
I've been trained to survive
harsher conditions. All I really



need's a sharpened stick, half a
canteen of water and...
(sighs)
... Room service and Spectravision.
Don't love doing the survival bit.
XANDER
But, as post-Apocalypse splendor goes...
RILEY
I've done wonders with the place.
Still. The sooner Buffy's back,
the better I'll feel.
XANDER
You and me both, big guy.
RILEY
I take it you're not an Angel fan, either.
XANDER
It's not like I hate the guy.
Just, you know, the guts part of him.
RILEY
Can't blame you. But, to be fair:
It's not him you hate, it's the curse.

Xander looks away.

RILEY
Right?
XANDER
What did Buffy tell you?
RILEY
About Angel? Everything. More
than I wanted to know, sometimes.
She loved him. He turned evil.
He killed people. She cured him.
He left.
XANDER
"And they all lived happily ever
after." Did she happen to mention
what turned him evil?
RILEY
He was cursed. Some kind of gypsy
thing. And then... I dunno.
Hundred years passed or the moon
hit a certain phase or...
XANDER
One moment's happiness.
RILEY
What about it?
XANDER
It's his trigger. Angel's an okay
guy - so long as he's mopey and
sad and brooding. But give him
even one second of pure, real pleasure...
RILEY
And that sets him off.
XANDER
Only in a big old kill-your-

friends kind of way. And you know
what makes Angel happiest? Give
you a hint: it's not crème brulee.

RILEY
Buffy.

Xander nods.

RILEY
Sex. With Buffy.

XANDER
Hate to be the one to tell ya.

RILEY
(numb)
Yeah, me too.
(beat)

Well, that explains a lot of
things I wish weren't explained.

XANDER
Hey, but that's ancient history, buddy.

RILEY
And she went running to L.A. to
bone up on her history.

XANDER
No, I'm sure it's boneless. She
just needs to make sure that
everything's okay. She's probably
back already.

RILEY

Maybe.

XANDER
You'll feel better when you see her.

Riley just looks off into space, ignoring Xander.

RILEY
Guess we'll see.

INT. GILES' APARTMENT - NIGHT

Giles is alone in his apartment, quietly, soulfully playing the guitar. Lynrd
Skynrd's "Freebird."

GILES
(singing)
...if I leave here tomorrow,
would you still remember me...
For I must be travellin' on now,
'Cause there's too many places I've
got to see... but if I stayed
here with you girl, thing's just
wouldn't be the same... 'cause
I'm as free as a bird na-a-
aaAAHHH!!!



He recoils as if from a snake. Reverse angle reveals SPIKE standing there, looking on curiously.

SPIKE

I think it was my childlike
conviction that you couldn't get
more pathetic that makes this so
depressing.

GILES

(grimacing)
Please, come in.

Spike heads for the fridge. Giles follows.

SPIKE

You know, for someone who's got
"Watcher" on his resume, you might
want to cast an eye to the front
door every now and again. Never
know who'll barge in.

Spike sticks his head in the fridge, rummaging, pushing aside a couple of items ...

GILES

What do you want?

Spike finds, pulls out one last stray blood packet.

SPIKE

Ah. Knew I left one. Buffy around?

GILES

Why?

Spike tosses the blood pack in the microwave. Presses the power button.
Drums his fingers while he waits.

SPIKE

Need to speak with the lady of the
house. Be a pet and give her a
message for me, would you? Tell
her I just might have something
she just might want.

GILES

And what would this something be?

SPIKE

Information - highly classified.
Not cheap word-on-the street
prattle, either. I'm talking
about the good stuff now.

Giles folds his arms, glaring:



GILES
Thrill me.

SPIKE
It's nothing I know. What, you
think I'd come running over,
saying "I've got a secret,
beat me 'til I talk?"
(shakes his head)
There's files. In the Initiative,
I'm pretty sure I know where.

Ding! The microwave goes off.

GILES
Files.

Spike busies himself selecting a mug.

SPIKE
Yeah. Secrets. Mission
statements, design schematics...
All of Maggie Walsh's dirty
laundry, which I guess would
include lots of tidbits about --

GILES
Adam.

SPIKE
Well, yeah. Say someone was to
risk his life and limb -- well,
limb, anyway -- to obtain said
files, might be worth a little
something...

GILES
At this point, a cynical person
would think you were offering just
what we need when we need it most.

SPIKE
That person'd be right, Rupert.
Supply and demand. You've got a
beastie to kill, I need the dosh.
And it won't be cheap this time.

Spike drains the mug of blood in one long gulp, starts to leave. Giles
closes the door on him, blocking his exit.

GILES
What do you want?

SPIKE
Year's supply of blood, guaranteed
protection, merry bushels of cash
and - most important - a guarantee
that I'm not to be in any way slain.

GILES
Done.

SPIKE
With a smile and a nod from you?



Sorry - not close to good enough.
This deal's with the Slayer.

GILES

I'll tell her.

SPIKE

Oh, you'll tell her. Great
comfort, that. What makes you
think she'll listen to you?

GILES

Because.

There should be more, but Giles can't think of it.

SPIKE

Very convincing.

GILES

I am her Watcher.

SPIKE

Think you're neglecting the past
tense there, Rupert. Besides, she
barely listened when you were in
charge. I've seen the way she treats you.

Giles tries acting brave, but Spike's struck a chord. Giles nonchalantly
uncorks some twelve year-old scotch, pours himself a neat glass.

GILES

Yes? A-and how's that?

SPIKE

Very much like a retired
librarian. Look. I've got what
she wants - long as she has what
I want. Pass the word. She knows
where to find me.

Spike exits. Giles regards his drink.

GILES

I'll think about it.

He takes a sip.

INT. TARA'S DORM ROOM - NIGHT

We pan down from the lights stringing across Tara's room walls to find
Tara studying next semester's course catalog while Willow plays with a
KITTEN.

WILLOW

I keep thinking, okay, that's the
cutest thing ever, and then she
does something cuter and
completely resets the whole scale.

TARA

Did you see her yawn earlier?



WILLOW
Yes! I thought I was going to die.
(to kitten)
I love you, Miss Kitty Fantastico.
TARA
We've got to get her a real name.
WILLOW
It's so cool she's all ours--
yours. That she's yours is cool.
TARA
She can be ours if you want.

Willow looks at Tara, moved. A little embarrassed by all the emotion, Tara turns her attention back to the course catalog.

TARA
You still need an elective. How
about sophomore level psych?
WILLOW
Oh. Kind of psyched-out after
Professor Walsh. Maybe something
fun like drama. I could be dramatic.
(to kitten)
You cannot have more catnip! You
have a catnip problem.

Tara beams.

TARA
Definitely drama.
WILLOW
I haven't even dealt with the
housing forms yet. Have you done
anything? I hear there's some off-
campus places that are way cool
for, you know, a group to go in on.
TARA
Oh. I figured you'd be dorming it
up with Buffy again.
WILLOW
We haven't really talked about it.
I used to just assume we'd be
roomies through grad school and
into little old ladyhood -- you
know, cheating at Bingo together
and forgetting to take our pills.
TARA
But...
WILLOW
(shrugs)
But, I don't know. It hardly
feels like we're roommates now.
She's all busy with Riley, and I'm
gone a lot too. And when we are
there together, it's just Slayer



business talk and feeding Amy the
rat. I guess I should ask her...

Willow pets Miss Kitty Fantastico and looks a little worried.

INT. BUFFY AND WILLOW'S DORM ROOM - DAY

There's a knock on Buffy's door. Buffy opens it - to find Riley standing
there. She's a little taken aback.

BUFFY

Riley. Hi.

RILEY

Hi. I got a little tired of
sitting around waiting, so...

BUFFY

... You joined the circus?

Cut back to show Riley is dressed in the brightly-colored pants Xander left
him earlier.

RILEY

(entering)

Xander took my clothes to clean
'em. Left me these. Does he hate
me in some way I don't know about
yet? I think I would've attracted
less attention in my uniform.

Buffy shuts the door behind him. A beat.

BUFFY

Is it okay for you to be here?

RILEY

You tell me.

BUFFY

I mean, with a whole government
branch hunting you down and all.

RILEY

I'm good.

He reaches around to the small of his back and pulls out a walkie-talkie.

RILEY

Took me awhile, but I patched into
their frequency. Can't sneak up
on a guy if he's listening in.

BUFFY

You're the trickiest.

RILEY

Why they hired me.

Beat. Buffy turns away, adjusts some papers, needlessly.



RILEY
Are you okay?
BUFFY
Yeah. I'm fine, it's just ...
Angel kind of upset me.
RILEY
How?
BUFFY
It's not that interesting.
RILEY
Got my attention.
BUFFY
He spun my head a little.
I assure you: not of the big.
RILEY
You don't want to talk about it.
BUFFY
Deconstructing Angel really can
wait. I want to get out there and
patrol. Find Adam. Talk about it later?
RILEY
It's the pants, isn't it? It's
okay. I couldn't take me
seriously in these things either.
BUFFY
Riley, it's not that big of a deal.
RILEY
Tell you what, why don't I get out
of your face. You had a long trip.
BUFFY
You don't have to go.
RILEY
It's okay. Besides...
(re: pants)
I gotta re-charge them every two
hours or they go dead on me.
BUFFY
Okay, then... see ya.

He gives her a smile and lets himself out.

INT. BUFFY'S DORM HALLWAY - DAY

Riley steps out of Buffy's room into the hallway. His smile evaporates. He looks hurt and pissed. Leaves.

INT. CRYPT - DAY

Xander hands Spike a khaki bundle of clothing. Anya sits down on the crypt slab behind them, drinking a milk shake, looking colossally bored.

XANDER
Here. You shoulda just kept the
ensemble from the last time
sneaking into the Initiative. I'm
not a clothing delivery service.



ANYA
(to Spike)
Well he is, kind of.
He did Riley yesterday.

Spike discovers something in the middle of the clothing bundle: a small but deadly-looking gun.

SPIKE
Oh, hello. This is just... swell.

He points it around, posing a bit.

SPIKE
Gotta say, liking this quite a
lot. Kind of changes the balance
of pow-ARRR!

He has come around and pointed it at Xander and immediately staggers with pain, clutching his head.

SPIKE
Come on, you've got to be kidding!
ANYA
Wow. The chip in your head means
you can't even point a gun. How humiliating.
XANDER
Gun doesn't work anyway. It's a fake.
ANYA
Can't even point a decorative gun.
XANDER
Give it up for American chipmanship.
SPIKE
It doesn't work? What about self
defense? I'm taking a risk here,
you know. These Initiative prats
aren't keen on letting a fellow
pop in and have a bit of a rummage-
around. Not twice, anyway.
XANDER
Can I tell you how much I really don't care?
SIPKE
Attitude. We'll see how far that
takes you at boot camp. Hey,
s'pose you'll get a tough-as-nails
drill sergeant who's only hard on
the men 'cause he's trying to keep
'em alive when the bullets start
flying? I love that stuff.
XANDER
Boot camp? Yeah, like I'd go there.
SPIKE
Oh, you changed your mind?
Not gonna join?

Anya jumps up, goes to Xander. Smacks him on the arm.

ANYA
You're joining the army?!
XANDER
(to Anya)
Okay, one: ow. Two.
(to Spike)
Where'd you get that idea? And three:
(to Anya)
Ow! I am not joining the army.

Anya sits back down.

ANYA
Well, good. Stopped that nonsense just in time.
XANDER
I was never--
(to Spike)
Who told you this?
SPIKE
Your little girlie-mates were
talking... something about being
"all you can be" or "all you can
be." Having a laugh... I figured
you were signing up. Say, you got
anything larger in the toy gun line?
XANDER
All I can... can you believe that?
Like I'm some useless lunk. It
happens that I'm good at lots of
things! I help with all kinds
of... stuff... I have... skills,
and strategems, I'm very...
(to Anya)
Help me out.
ANYA
(helpful, to Spike)
He's a viking in the sack.
SPIKE
(barely listening)
T'rific.
(examining clothes)
You didn't have these cleaned
after the last time, did you?
XANDER
(to Anya)
This is so like them lately. It's
all about them and the college
life. You know what college is?
It's high school without the
actual going to class. Well, high
school was sort of like that too
but the point is, I'm the one
working hard to earn a living and

it's a huge joke to them.
(mocking)
"Xander got fired from Starbucks."
"Xander got fired from the phone
sex place..."
ANYA
They look down on you.
XANDER
(agreeing)
And they hate you...
ANYA
But they don't look down on me.
SPIKE
It was just a laugh. Don't have
to go insane over it.
XANDER
Is anybody talking to you?
SPIKE
Sir, no, Sir.

Spike smiles, Xander glares.

EXT. CAVE - DAY

Buffy appears, searching. She comes upon a cave entrance. Draws a blaster. Takes a step forward. Hears a twig snap. She whirls, comes face to face with... FORREST.

FORREST
Don't shoot.

Buffy hesitates a long moment before putting the blaster down.

BUFFY
Give me a reason not to.
FORREST
You killing humans, now?
BUFFY
Not yet. Beating you senseless
should do just fine.
FORREST
I could have a patrol here in
under a minute - So here's a plan:
you go your way, and I'll go mine.

A tense beat as she considers. Then Buffy steps toward the cave. Forrest does too. Both stop to glare at one another.

BUFFY
I'm checking out that cave.
FORREST
My orders exactly.
BUFFY
Alone?



FORREST
We're spread a little thin right
now, so yeah. Family's tearing apart-
BUFFY
Family? Last time I dropped by
you put a gun to my head. What
kind of family are you guys?
The Corleones?

They enter the cave.

INT. CAVE - DAY

Proceed, Forrest growing more angry, frustrated.

FORREST
Weren't until you showed up.
BUFFY
What, no girls in the club?
FORREST
You think you're the first
girlfriend Riley's ever had?
There's one big head on that skinny
little body -- no, you're just the
first one ever got him to commit
treason. Riley had a career. He
had a future 'til he met you and
yeah, I got a problem with that.
BUFFY
A future? A future doing what?
Illegal experiments? Torture?
Murder? I guess killing someone
isn't a problem for you.
FORREST
Less and less. Now why don't you
get the hell out of here before I --

Forrest grabs her shoulder - pissing her off. She shakes him off,
interrupting his threat.

BUFFY
Touch me again you'll find out
what Slayer-strength is like.
FORREST
Think it's about time you showed me, then.

They both hear a voice.

ADAM
Yes.

They turn to see the cave entrance is blocked - by ADAM.

ADAM
I think that would be interesting.



BLACK OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

Act Two

INT. CAVE - DAY

Right where we left off. Adam stands looming over Buffy and Forrest. All three frozen, poised before the action starts. The peace doesn't last.

Adam prepares to skewer Forrest.

Buffy leaps across the cave and grabs Adam's skewering arm just as the blade juts out, throwing off his aim. Buffy and Adam square off. Without looking back, Buffy grabs Forrest by the shirt, bunching it up in her fist and shoves him back hard, toward the entrance of the cave.

BUFFY
Get out of here.
FORREST
Not moving.

Buffy strikes at Adam with all she's got. He doesn't move. He knocks her back.

BUFFY
(to Forrest)
GO!

Adam turns to see Forrest aiming the blaster right at him. The sight is interesting to him. Forrest FIRES - at point blank range. Electric energy courses through Adam's entire frame, rippling blue shock waves around his body, making his whole form violently VIBRATE. Buffy watches from the ground. Finally it stops - the last ray of energy wriggles into Adam's chest plate - energy absorbed. Adam rights himself.

Buffy runs toward Adam.

ADAM
Thank you.

With one lightning-fast thrust, Adam IMPALES Forrest.

Buffy rushes Adam.

Adam throws the dead body of Forrest onto Buffy.

Buffy hits the ground, momentarily pinned by the dead weight - face to face with dead Forrest.

Adam picks up Forrest's dropped blaster.



Buffy throws Forrest's body off her, sees:

Adam aiming right at her - opening fire. He hits her, sends her into the wall.

Buffy runs, blaster fire scattering around her.

She runs from the cave.

EXT. CAVE - DAY

Buffy runs. Hits the ground. Gets up, now limping, running, off into the woods.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Buffy runs, then staggers to relative safety. A small trickle of blood splattered on her forehead. She looks back to see if Adam's following behind her. She keeps going, barely conscious. She trips, tumbling down a small embankment, and WACK - hits her head on a stone. She is out cold. We hold on her unconscious face.

EXT. GILES' COURTYARD - NIGHT

Spike walks up to Giles' door, dressed in his Initiative outfit. Finishing a cigarette, he takes his time sucking in one last drag. Tosses the butt away. Then, like an actor preparing to go onstage, takes a big deep breath, "rehearsing," and bursts in -

INT. GILES' APARTMENT - NIGHT

Spike enters, out of fake breath. Shuts the door behind him, looks out the window.

SPIKE

Think I lost the buggers.

Willow is there with Tara. She approaches Spike as Giles looks on, pouring himself another drink. The discerning eye might notice that Giles is a little tipsy.

WILLOW

Any luck with the disk?

Spike pulls about four of them out of his jacket, fumbles them to Will.

SPIKE

Took what they had. Should be something useful on one of 'em.

WILLOW

Hope so...

She moves to the computer, Tara at her side.



TARA
What are we looking for?
WILLOW
Anything about Adam.
GILES
(to Spike)
No problems getting in and out?
SPIKE
No. I mean, a couple of 'em made
me on the way out, but I took care of them.
GILES
Gave them a good running-away-
from, did you?
SPIKE
Well, yeah. When do I get paid?
GILES
When Willow tells me you've
brought us something useful.

Spike glances over at Willow and Tara, sees Tara absently run her hand up the back of Willow's hair as they study the screen.

Spike gets an idea. Says to Giles, aside:

SPIKE
I coulda gone straight to the
slayer, you know. I cut you in,
let you pretend you're actually in
charge. Now you gotta wait for
Red's permission to finish the deal?

Giles tries not to show how the dig affects him. Replies, icily:

GILES
As soon as we see what's on the discs --
TARA
It looks like gibberish.
SPIKE
(moving to them)
Gibberish?
TARA
Or possibly gobbledygook.
It's not words, anyway...
WILLOW
They're encrypted.
GILES
Wonderful.

He retires to the room down the hall as Spike peers at the computer screen. Sure enough, a seemingly random pattern of numbers and letters shows on the screen. Spike wasn't actually expecting this himself.

SPIKE
Well, why did... can you fix them?



WILLOW
Crack a government encryption code
on my laptop? Easy as really
difficult pie.
SPIKE
You're not exactly the whiz these
days either. God, I'm never
getting paid.
WILLOW
I am a whiz!
TARA
She is a whiz.
WILLOW
(grumbly)
If ever a whiz there was... I
just need some time.
SPIKE
No, I just heard you weren't...
your mates said you weren't
playing with computers so much.
Into the new thing.
WILLOW
What new thing?
SPIKE
You know: you two, the whole...
wicca thing.
WILLOW
They were talking about that?
SPIKE
Can we get back to business here?
I got a deal at stake.
WILLOW
What'd they say?
SPIKE
Talking about, you know, it's a
phase, you'll get over it.
WILLOW
What? Who said that?
TARA
Maybe we should focus on the
gobbledygook...
WILLOW
Was it Buffy?
(to Tara)
'Cause you know what she
means by that...
SPIKE
She was defending you. 'Cause
Xander said you were just being trendy.
WILLOW
Trendy?
SPIKE
I didn't see why they were going
on. Person wants to be a witch,
that's their business.



WILLOW
I knew Buffy was freaked.
TARA
You should talk to her,
'cause I'm sure...
SPIKE
Pressing business, ladies. Let's
not get sidetracked. Still got
your monsters to fight.

He smiles to himself, satisfied at his work, as Willow gloweringly turns her attention to the computer.

INT. INITIATIVE - NIGHT

A DEMON smashes himself right into the front of his plexiglass Initiative cell. Setting off electric sparks. McNamara and a young LIEUTENANT stride by.

We see that some cells contain more than one demon. The inmates are restless.

LIEUTENANT
Cell capacity's maxed out three
days ago, sir. We keep up this
pace, there'll be nowhere left to
contain the Hostiles.
COLONEL McNAMARA
They're animals, Lieutenant.
We'll pack them in until we're out
of room - then pack them in some more.
LIEUTENANT
They're going to start tearing
each other apart, Sir.
COLONEL McNAMARA
I have no problem with that scenario.

They turn a corner, and enter:

INT. INITIATIVE COMMUNICATION CENTER - NIGHT

Inside the Communications Center, it's a busy hive of activity. Two rows of Initiative Soldiers sit tuned into tape-recording radios. Each operator wears a headset and takes notes. McNamara and the Lieutenant enter to the cacophony of static, radio reports and jargon.

RADIO VOICE ONE (V.O.)
Gamma Team en route to home base,
repeat en route to home base,
three hostiles bagged and tagged, over.
RADIO VOICE TWO (V.O.)
Team Alpha deploying search
procedure Tango Minor, estimated
time of departure thirty oh-six hundred...



And suddenly a SQUAWK of static fills the room. One report comes in loud and clear, louder than the others. Urgent, fractured, desperate:

RADIO VOICE THREE (V.O.)
... backup, request immediate backup, over.

Colonel McNamara motions to the nearest radio operator, who turns a knob. The room is filled with the sound of one report.

RADIO VOICE THREE (V.O.)
... tearing us apart out here ...
two men down ... from out of
nowhere ... mayday, repeat...

CUT TO:

INT. BURNT-OUT SCHOOL - NIGHT

Riley, forking food out of the can like Mad Max, stops cold. He listens in to the Initiative transmission on his walkie-talkie. It's the same broadcast McNamara heard, continuing...

RADIO VOICE THREE (V.O.)
... Mayday. Team Epsilon requests
immediate backup we're in the
alley near the school building...

Riley grabs the walkie, tuning it in as the sound dies out.

RADIO VOICE THREE (V.O.)
... where the hell is ... back,
fall back ... it's coming this --

SQUAWK! The walkie emits another ear-piercing screech - and goes dead. Riley grabs gear and weaponry - then bolts.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Riley runs into an alley at night - skids to a stop - just in time to see a COMMANDO get slammed into the brick wall beside him. Nose broken on impact, the big muscular guy goes slumping to the ground - out cold. Game face on, Riley steps into the alley. Whips out a flashlight and shines it.

Riley's P.O.V.: Standing inside the alley, surrounded by four unconscious Initiative Commandos, is a guy with his back turned to us. He senses Riley. Whirls to face us.

CLOSE-UP: It's ANGEL. Angel sees Riley.

CLOSE-UP: And Riley sees Angel...



BLACK OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

Act Three

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

We are in the woods. It's quiet. Peaceful. Somewhere, far away we can hear the sound of a babbling brook. Night sounds begin to filter in. An owl far away. Night birds chirping. Camera lazily pans across trees, leaves and branches, and comes to rest upon... Buffy.

Her eyelids open. She wakes up. Just lies there a moment, not moving. Then suddenly BOLTS UPRIGHT with a gasping intake of air. She gets her bearings. Stands. Instant pain nearly makes her knees buckle beneath her. She grabs a tree trunk for support. She takes one small, painful step and we CUT TO:

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Pacing one another like two old gunfighters, Angel and Riley square off in the alley, the bodies of four prone commandos lying around them.

ANGEL

Riley Finn.

RILEY

I know you?

ANGEL

We have a friend in common.

RILEY

(realizes)

Angel.

ANGEL

The welcoming committee your idea?

Riley looks down at one of the soldiers -- Angel has broken his nose and a lot of blood has poured out of it.

RILEY

Way I heard it, you were all peaceable now. You didn't by any chance go and lose that pesky soul again, did you?

ANGEL

Don't push me, boy.

RILEY

(contained rage)

Now what could possibly have happened with Buffy that would make you lose your soul?

ANGEL

(can't resist)

That'd be between me and her.



He moves to go.

RILEY
Where do you think you're going?
ANGEL
See an old girlfriend.
RILEY
You think I'm gonna let that happen?
ANGEL
You think you're gonna stop me?
RILEY
I surely do.

Angel rushes Riley, who's blocking the only way out. Riley THWIPS out his telescoping metal baton to its full length. Sidesteps the attack and CRACKS Angel hard in the back of the skull.

Angel whips around and full-body smashes into Riley, sending the two of them plowing back into a load of garbage cans.

Angel pins Riley, punches him square in the face. Once - twice - then pulls back for the final blow when Riley grabs a bottle lying nearby and smashes it into the side of Angel's face. Angel recoils.

Riley gets to his feet. Readies the baton for another strike. Angel, still covering his eyes from the bottle-smash, lashes out backhanded and hits the baton flying out of Riley's hand.

Riley punches Angel. Which only makes him mad.

Angel grabs Riley and rushes him hard into the brick wall. Head-butts him. Riley's hands fall to his sides, lifeless. Angel just holds him there an instant.

Riley grabs a small, hand-held taser off his belt and jams it up under Angel's chin. ZAP! It sends out a sharp jolt of electricity, blasting Angel back away from Riley.

Angel staggers back, getting his bearings. Riley presses the attack. Punches Angel in the stomach. Angel doubles over, his face hidden. Riley goes in for another shot when Angel whips his head back up - in full VAMP-FACE.

Angel punches Riley.

Riley, wobbling, manages to punch Angel back. Punch-drunk, he fumbles for his sidearm ...

Angel hits Riley so hard he goes flying back. Angel walks over to him, taking his time, no more playing around, ready to finish this when:

We hear approaching Humvees, lights heading towards us. Angel takes off over a wall.

Riley rises, also takes off, though much slower -- he barely limps off as the Humvees arrive.

INT. BUFFY AND WILLOW'S DORM ROOM - NIGHT

Buffy's door creaks open. She edges herself in and closes the door behind her, leaning on it for support. Head still wounded. She checks herself in the mirror. Then:

TIME CUT TO:

Buffy, now cradling the phone between shoulder and cheek, finishes bandaging her wounded arm.

XANDER (V.O.)

(recorded)

Hello?

BUFFY

Xander, it's Buffy.

XANDER (V.O.)

(recorded)

Hel-lo?

BUFFY

Xander?

XANDER (V.O.)

(recorded)

Ah, just kidding, this is an answering machine. At the tone, leave a message.

Beep!

BUFFY

Xander, call me. I think we need to get the gang together.

Buffy, feeling a little humiliated that she fell for Xander's trick, hangs up.

CUT TO:

Buffy on the phone, trying again ...

TARA (V.O.)

Hi. This is Tara.

Please leave a message.

Beep!

BUFFY

Hi, uh, Tara? It's Buffy. I'm looking for Willow. If you see



her, would you tell her? I - it's
pretty important. Thanks.

Buffy hangs up slowly. Another CUT and:

GILES (V.O.)
... for Rupert Giles and I'll
return your call as soon as possible.

Beep!

BUFFY
Giles. It's me. Just ... call me.

Buffy hangs up. Looks at the phone, feeling lost and alone. Where is everybody? A long beat, then a knock at the door interrupts her solitude. Buffy opens the door to find ANGEL standing there, holding himself up against the door frame, looking a little beat-up from his Riley encounter. Buffy's thrown, both by his unannounced arrival and his dishevelled appearance. Not to mention the fact that seeing him brings up all the pain of their last meeting.

BUFFY
Angel...
ANGEL
Hey. Can I come in?
BUFFY
I guess.

An awkward beat.

ANGEL
Need a little more than that, Buffy.

Buffy gets it.

BUFFY
Oh. Come in.

He enters. Buffy stands a good distance from him, hurt, uncomfortable. Still, she can't hide her concern for him.

BUFFY
You hurt?
ANGEL
I'll live.
BUFFY
Want to tell me who ran you into
that doorknob?
ANGEL
Not really. It's not world in
peril stuff.
BUFFY
Let me guess. You thought of
something else really hurtful to



say and it was just too good to do
it over the phone. 'Cause the
funniest part is the look on my face --

ANGEL

Buffy, please.

I don't have a lot of time.

BUFFY

Why not? What's going --

He's just about to spit it out when they hear a voice.

RILEY

I told you you weren't coming near her.

Buffy and Angel part, revealing Riley, standing unsteadily, a PISTOL aimed right at Angel's hand. He's shaking, clearly exhausted from the fight with Angel and the dash to Buffy's place - but he's holding it together through sheer force of will. He will not go down without (more of) a fight.

RILEY

I meant it.

Buffy takes in this tableau. Boyfriend and Ex on either side of her - staring daggers at each other. Gets it.

BUFFY

You've got to be kidding me.

(glares at Angel)

This is why you came?

ANGEL

No. It was an accident-

BUFFY

Running your car into a tree is an
accident. Running your fist into
somebody's face is a plan. You
wanna explain this to me?

ANGEL

(to Riley)

Put that gun down.

RILEY

It's pretty much all I got left,
so I'm thinking not. He attacked
four of my men, Buffy. He's up to
his old tricks.

Now it dawns on Buffy that Riley thinks Angel's gone bad. Her tone softens.

BUFFY

Oh... Riley - he's not. He isn't
bad now. He won't hurt anybody.
Angel, tell him...



ANGEL
(to Riley)
Might hurt you.
RILEY
Please try.
ANGEL
Some threat. You can barely stand.
RILEY
Trigger finger feels okay.
ANGEL
(to Buffy)
You actually sleep with this guy?

Riley can't contain himself. He launches at Angel, gets in a brutal punch. Angel returns in kind. Next thing they know, Buffy's clocking one across the jaw, then the other - sending them reeling apart.

BUFFY
Stop it!
RILEY
Ow!
ANGEL
Ow!
BUFFY
That's enough! I see any more
displays of testosterone
poisoning, I will personally put
you both in the hospital. Anybody
think I'm exaggerating?
ANGEL
He started it --
BUFFY
(points - don't you dare)
NNH!

He stops. The boys look equal parts sullen and contrite.

BUFFY
Riley...

Angel watches as Buffy goes to Riley first. She stands close with him, makes eye contact, touches his cheek, speaks tenderly.

RILEY
I'm sorry, I just wanted to know
you were safe.
BUFFY
I need to talk to Angel for a minute.
RILEY
What?
BUFFY
Riley, please.

Riley looks at Angel. Angel shrugs his shoulders. Riley turns back to Buffy.

RILEY
I'm not leaving this room.
I mean it.
BUFFY
Okay.

She simply turns to the door and walks out. Angel follows, giving Riley a smirk. They're gone. Riley just stands there, folds his arms, speaks to himself.

RILEY
Not moving a muscle...

INT. BUFFY'S DORM HALLWAY - NIGHT

Angel joins Buffy in the hall. Buffy's fuming.

BUFFY
Okay. I come to see you, to help
you and you treat me like I'm
just... your ex-
ANGEL
Well, technically --
BUFFY
Shut up.
(he clams up)
Then you order me out of your
city - and then you come here and
start pounding on my boyfriend?!
What is this? I'd really like to
know: What the hell are you trying to do?
ANGEL
I was trying to make things better.

A beat as Buffy takes this in. And Angel realizes how it sounded. They both get the absurdity of it, and they can't help but laugh.

ANGEL
It's going pretty well, don't you think?
BUFFY
Swell. Although you might want to
think about fire. Burning
things - always effective.

The tension of the fight diffused. Buffy leans against the wall. They regard each other more calmly. Then-

ANGEL
I couldn't leave it like that.
The way I spoke to you... I came
to apologize. I had no right.

Buffy takes this in.



BUFFY
I... and Riley?

ANGEL
I got jumped by some soldiers. He
came in in the middle. Wasn't
real forthcoming with the benefit
of the doubt.

BUFFY
Put yourself in his place.

ANGEL
I get it.

Now Buffy sucks it up.

BUFFY
Look, I... you weren't entirely
wrong, what you said in L.A. We
don't live in each other's worlds
anymore. I can't just barge in on
yours and make judgments.

Angel takes this in. Nods.

ANGEL
I'm still sorry.
BUFFY
Thank you.
ANGEL
And next time I'll apologize by phone.

They both smile. Two old soldiers.

ANGEL
Things seem pretty tense around here.
BUFFY
They really are.
ANGEL
Anything I can do?
BUFFY
Honestly, I think the best thing
right now --
ANGEL
Okay.

Beat.

BUFFY
It means a lot that you came.

They look at each other warmly for a beat. Finally, a feeling of peace
between them. Then Angel turns, limping a little, down the hallway. Buffy
watches. Angel stops. Turns back.

ANGEL
Oh. And... Riley?



BUFFY
Yeah.
ANGEL
(nods)
I don't like him.

A beat. Buffy smiles.

BUFFY
Thanks.

Angel backs off again and Buffy watches him go. Then looks back to her dorm room. The smile vanishes. She takes a heavy breath and heads back inside. We see her enter the room, Riley inside, awaiting her nervously.

INT. ADAM'S LAIR - NIGHT

Spike enters the cave, finishing off a can of beer, crushing it in his grip and tossing it aside.

SPIKE
That was fun. And I'm no stranger
to a good night out. De-flowered
a virgin Princess once. Killed a
Minister mid-sermon. Even saw the
Sex Pistols back in '76. But this ...

He rummages through his pockets, comes up with a pack of smokes, pulls one out of his teeth.

SPIKE
... this was really special.
ADAM
You were successful.
SPIKE
Easier than I thought it'd be, too.
ADAM
You're sure?
SPIKE
Feel it in my bones. It's ...
call it the Yoko factor.
(off Adam's blank stare)
Don't tell me you never heard of
The Beatles?
ADAM
I have. I like Helter Skelter.
SPIKE
What a surprise. Point is, they
were once a real, powerful group.
Not a stretch to say they ruled
the world. And when they broke
up, everyone blamed Yoko. But the
fact is, the group split itself
apart. She just happened to be



there. And you know how it is
with kids -- they go to college,
they grow apart. Way of the world.

Adam takes this in.

ADAM

So you've separated the Slayer
from her friends.

SPIKE

Do I have to explain about Yoko again?

ADAM

I get it. I'm pleased.

SPIKE

So, since we've got all our ducks
in a row... and not talking to
each other, guess it's time for
the grand plan. You know, the one
where I get the chipectomy. You
got everything you need, right?

ADAM

No.

Spike looks at him quizzically.

ADAM

There's one more thing.

BLACK OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

Act Four

INT. BUFFY AND WILLOW'S DORM ROOM - NIGHT

Buffy and Riley stand in mid-embrace. Buffy's face is buried up against
Riley's chest. But we can see Riley's face - he's deeply worried. They part.

BUFFY

How bad are you hurt?

RILEY

Not sure yet. The night's still young.

BUFFY

I have something to tell you.

RILEY

Figured.

BUFFY

Maybe you should sit down.

RILEY

I'm fine.

BUFFY

Riley...

RILEY

Wait. Me, first. Buffy... I



feel like we've gotten really close. At least, I thought we had. I don't know much about Angel, or your relationship with him. But all I ask is, if you're gonna break my heart? Do it fast.

BUFFY

What? You think... that Angel and I...

RILEY

Didn't you?

BUFFY

Of course not. I'd never do that to you.

RILEY

So - nothing?

BUFFY

Nothing. Riley.

How can you even ask that?

Riley knows she's telling the truth. Feels like an asshole.

RILEY

I don't know. Xander said-

BUFFY

(fuming)

Xander. He is the dearest man in Deadonia-

RILEY

(cutting her off)

No. It wasn't his fault. I prodded, and he explained how Angel went bad. The trigger-

BUFFY

Oh.

RILEY

(rambling)

And, after that, I went a little nuts, you know? I mean, on the one hand, I should believe in us.

But, on the other, sometimes things just happen between ex's and then I saw he was bad-

BUFFY

He wasn't bad.

RILEY

Seriously? That's a "good" day?

(off her nod)

Well there you go. Even when he's good he's all Mr. Billowy Coat King of Pain and girls really-

Buffy takes Riley's hand, stopping him.

BUFFY

Riley. Stop.

She pulls him with her to the bed. They sit.



RILEY
See? Nuts.

BUFFY
Have I ever given you reason to
feel you couldn't trust me?

RILEY
No.

BUFFY
Then why with the crazy?

Riley meets Buffy's eyes. Vulnerable. He's laying it all out on the table and he knows it.

RILEY
Because I'm so in love with you I
can't think straight.

Buffy takes this in, blown away. She touches his face tenderly.

BUFFY
Tell me about it.

A beat. Riley lets loose a shaky breath of relief and pulls Buffy close. They hug for a long time, feeling the intensity of the moment. Of their love. Then a shadow crosses Buffy's features as she remembers... Forrest.

BUFFY
Ry...

She pulls back and Riley can immediately see that something is very wrong.

BUFFY
I still have to tell you something.
And - there's no way to...

RILEY
Just say it.

BUFFY
Forrest is dead.

Beat. Riley is too stunned to speak.

BUFFY
I'm so sorry... There was a fight.
Adam killed him. I barely got away.

Riley softly moans, holds his head in his hands. We cannot see his face.

BUFFY
I know nothing I say can make
things better. But I swear to
you, we will find and destroy this
thing. Right now you need time.
Take what you need, I can...



RILEY
I have to go.

Riley's head comes back up. There's no tears, no expression of any kind.
A blank stare.

BUFFY
Are you sure? You...
RILEY
Have to go now.

And just like that, he gets up and leaves. Closes the door behind him -
gone. Buffy takes this in.

INT. GILES' APARTMENT - NIGHT

The familiar sight of a war room session held in Giles' apartment. Spread
out around the couch by the fireplace, everyone looks tense - sitting
clustered in mini-factions: Xander and Anya on a chair, Willow and Tara at
the computer, Giles in the kitchen area where he cracks the seal on a new
bottle of scotch and pours himself yet another drink. Buffy looks over
Willow's shoulder, scanning the computer screen, which is again filled with
unintelligible characters.

BUFFY
It's all weird and jumbley.
WILLOW
It's still encrypted.
TARA
Willow's been working really hard
on it, though.
BUFFY
Okay. So how long before you...
uncrypt it?
WILLOW
Hours. Days, maybe. Anyone
suggesting months would not be
accused of crazy talk.

Giles is drunkenly in a mood of false cheer that he retains throughout
much of the scene:

GILES
(too loud)
Whatever happened to Latin? At
least when that made no sense, the
church approved.
BUFFY
(to Will re: disk)
I can't just wait around, Will.
That disk is no good to me unless
you crack it soon-



Willow obviously fumes at this. Is about to say something but Anya cuts her off with-

ANYA
Hey! We worked hard getting that!
Xander delivered clothing.
GILES
"The church approved."

He chuckles to himself, retroactively appreciating his joke.

BUFFY
Sorry everyone, but we're on a
clock here. Adam was at that
cave. Maybe he was there for a
reason. I can go back, scope it
out, track him if I have to...
WILLOW
(false enthusiasm)
Right! And maybe you'll get lucky
and he'll still be there and he
can rip your arms off for you!
Buffy, you can't go back alone.
GILES
(cheerful smile)
You never train with me anymore.
Adam's gonna kick your ass.
BUFFY
Giles?!
GILES
Sorry! Didn't mean to be so
honest. Terribly sorry.
XANDER
So she doesn't go alone. Giles,
weapons all around--
BUFFY
You're not coming, Xander. You'd
get hurt. It'll be easier for me
if I'm not worrying about
protecting you.
XANDER
Oh. Okay. You and Willow go do
the superpower thing. I'll stay
behind and putter around the batcave
(indicates Giles)
with crusty old Alfred here.

Giles, still working at being chipper, pours another drink.

GILES
Ahh. I am no Alfred, sir. You
forget - Alfred had a job.
BUFFY
Willow stays behind too.
I'll do it alone.



WILLOW

Great. And then, when you've got
your new no arms, we'll all say,
gee, it's a good thing we weren't
there getting in the way of that!

Tara and Anya make eye contact, uncomfortable. Tara slowly gets up and
leaves her spot next to Willow, moving quietly toward the kitchen area.

XANDER

Right, and maybe we can help in
other ways. Need some fightin'
pants, Buff? I could go get you
some fightin' pants.

BUFFY

Guys, you're just making this harder.

WILLOW

Wow. We're already getting in the
way. We're good at this, huh, Xander?

XANDER

Right. I'm so good at it you
might have to ship me off to the
army to get me out of the way.

Now, unnoticed, Anya leaves Xander's side and also heads toward the
kitchen...

BUFFY

The army?

XANDER

You didn't know I knew about that,
did you? You two talking about me
behind my back.

BUFFY

Us talking about you? How about
you telling Riley every last
detail of my life with Angel--

WILLOW

(to Buffy)

Besides - when is there any "us two?"

(to Xander/Buffy)

You two are the two who are the
two. I'm the other one.

XANDER

Uh-huh. But maybe that all changes
when I'm doing sit-ups at Fort Dix.

GILES

(thinks it's a dirty joke)

Fort Dix. Heh heh...

BUFFY

(to Giles)

Are you drunk?

GILES

(happily)

Quite a bit, actually!



BUFFY
Well, stop it.
(to Willow and Xander)
This is stupid.
XANDER
Stupid. So you finally have the
guts to say it to my face...
BUFFY
I don't think you're stupid,
Xander, so stop being an idiot and
help me fix things. I need both of
you. I need you all the time,
just not now. Adam is dangerous--
WILLOW
Wait. How do you need me? Really.
BUFFY
I need you a lot. You're great,
with, with the computer. Usually.
GILES
Right you are. And I'm great with
the pacing and the saying of
"hmmmmm" and "ahhhhh," and "Good Lord!"
BUFFY
(ignoring him)
And you got the witch-stuff... that's...
WILLOW
(exploding)
Witch stuff?! What do you mean by witch stuff?!
BUFFY
What is happening? This is crazy.
GILES
No it's not! It's all finally
making perfect sense and I'm not
going to miss a moment of it.

Giles moves to sit down and misses the chair. He FALLS OUT OF FRAME.

INT. GILES' BATHROOM - NIGHT

Tara and Anya hide out together, waiting for the storm to blow over.

TARA
You think this'll go on awhile?
ANYA
Hard to say.

A beat. Tara looks around, searching for something to say.

TARA
Nice bathroom.
ANYA
Like the tile.

INT. GILES' APARTMENT - NIGHT



Giles is back on his feet and the argument is really rolling now:

XANDER

And if I did join the army I'd be great. You know why? Because maybe they'd give me a job that couldn't be done by any well-trained Border Collie.

GILES

That's it. I'm going to bed!

Giles heads for the stairs, unbuttoning his shirt as he goes.

WILLOW

Sure, you'd be wonderful in the army -- you think the umbilical cord between you and Anya would stretch that far?

XANDER

I knew it. I knew you hated her.

Giles' shirt sails over the banister and lands on Xander's head.

WILLOW

Hey, I'm not the one being judgmental, here. I'll leave that territory to you and Buffy.

BUFFY

Judgmental? If I was any more open minded about the choices you two make my whole brain would fall out.

XANDER

Oh. And superior. Don't forget that. Just because you're better than us doesn't mean you can be all superior.

BUFFY

Guys, stop this. What happened to you today?

WILLOW

It's not today. Buffy, everything's been wrong for a while. Don't you see that?

BUFFY

Willow, what do you mean things have been wrong? Things don't have to be wrong, do they?

WILLOW

Buffy, things haven't been right since Tara. We have to face it. You can't handle Tara being my girlfriend.

XANDER

No, it was bad before that. Since you two went off to college and forgot about me, just left me in the basement to --



(suddenly, quietly)
Tara's your girlfriend?
GILES (O.S.)
Bloody hell!

Buffy has had it. Here she comes:

BUFFY
Enough. All I know is that you want to
help, right? Be part of the team?
WILLOW XANDER
I don't know anymore-- Clearly not wanted--
BUFFY
No. You said you wanted to go.
So let's go. All of us. We'll
walk into that cave with you two
attacking me and the funny drunk
drooling on my shoes. Maybe
that's the secret way to kill Adam.
XANDER
Buffy--
BUFFY
Is that it? Is that how you can
help? You're not answering. Go
on. How can you possibly help?

They all freeze, stunned by what Buffy just said. After a horrible beat:

BUFFY
So...
(steeling herself)
So I guess I'm on my own. And you
know what? I'm starting to get
why there's no ancient prophesy
about a Chosen One and Friends.

She heads out, calling back.

BUFFY
If I need help, I'll go to someone
I can count on.

She leaves, closing the door behind her.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ADAM'S LAIR - NIGHT

Adam stands in his lair, waiting. A lone figure, cast in shadow and seen from behind, enters.

ADAM
I've been waiting for you.



Reverse angle reveals: it's Riley.

RILEY
And now I'm here.

TITLE CARD: TO BE CONTINUED...

BLACK OUT.

END OF SHOW

