

FADE IN

INT. FAITH'S HOTEL ROOM - MORNING

ANYA stirs and wakes up. She rubs the sleep out of her eyes and turns to find Faith's side of the bed empty. In fact, Faith is absent completely. Anya lazily smiles rubs the empty side.

ANYA

Mmm, Faith, oh what you can do for a woman. If you were here now, the things I'd do to you...and then let you do to me again and so on and so on. Where are you? I'm sure wherever and whatever you're doing, you are feeling plenty goodness.

The doorknob jiggles and the door opens slightly. Anya lights up and jumps out of bed--naked--and positions herself near the door. The door flies open causing Anya to fall on her ass backwards. FAITH walks in carrying a huge box labeled DELL. Faith puts it down on the floor and sees Anya.

FAITH

Did I hit ya? If so--whoops.

ANYA

Where were you?

FAITH

Gettin' a computer.

ANYA

Why?

FAITH

Same reason as everyone else: porn.

ANYA

You bought one at this hour?

FAITH

Stole it around four--realized it was pretty good exercise walkin' around with it, so I took a stroll.

ANYA

Stole? As in thievery? Why would you do that?

FAITH

Felt like it. Don't got enough money. Store was closed and I REALLY wanted the thing. Why do ya think?

ANYA

Is that a trick question involving your unstable emotional state?

FAITH
You have fun last night?

ANYA
More than I ever had at Six Flags
and Disneyland combined.

FAITH
I'm glad to hear that. Now get the
fuck out...naked or clothed--your
decision.

Faith strides into the bathroom and slams the door shut.
Anya's hurt and disappointed.

FAITH (OS)
(shouting)
And don't even think about takin'
my underwear as a souvenir.

CUT TO:

INT. BUFFY'S BEDROOM - MORNING

BUFFY awakens with DAWN clinging to her asleep. Buffy
disentangles herself from Dawn and gets out of bed. She
sways and fixes her outfit, running her hand over the left
side, shoulder-down. She's icked out.

BUFFY
I love this shirt. I hate doing
laundry.
(to Dawn)
You're grounded...next week, when
you're feeling better.

CUT TO:

INT. SUMMERS BASEMENT - MINUTES LATER

Buffy walks down the steps and over to the washing machine.
She takes off her shirt and tosses it in. She looks
thoughtful and fingers her cheeks softly.

She walks over to the punching bag hanging from the ceiling,
admiring it for a moment before touching it and massaging
her forehead against it. She taps it with her hand causing
it to swing and prepares to hit it but before she can, the
chain snaps and the bag hits the ground. She eyes the bag
and then looks skyward.

BUFFY
If this is some kind of metaphor,
please--please come down here so I
can kick your ass.

CUT TO:

INT. DRUSILLA'S LITTLE HOUSE - MORNING

DRUSILLA'S eyes flutter open. Her hand fondles her bandaged neck sensitively. She scans the room and she GASPS with dread at the sight of:

MISS EDITH HANGING FROM THE CEILING VIA ROPE TIED AROUND HER NECK.

Drusilla SCREAMS. SPIKE enters. Drusilla sees him and SCREAMS again.

SPIKE

You're not much of a looker yourself at this moment love. So I'll let that one go.

DRUSILLA

But--you are still--

SPIKE

--Kicking? Bet your sweetly chilled rear on it. And you're still screaming...a perfect match we are.

DRUSILLA

I don't feel right Spike.

SPIKE

Comes with being a vampire who loses a lot of blood...but I filled you with plenty of fluids just like the doctor ordered.

DRUSILLA

What did you do to Miss Edith?

SPIKE

She had it coming...told me to keep the telly down during the game. You know how I am when Manchester's playing.

DRUSILLA

That bad girl tried to kill me-- inflict unwelcome pain on me.

SPIKE

She'll pay for it soon enough. Pain begets pain--suffering can only bring more suffering...once you've experienced the sensation...it's addictive. Don't worry love, I've still got the talent.

DRUSILLA

In addition to a soul.

Spike right up into Drusilla.

SPIKE
Quit carping on that! It's irrelevant. Unless you want to end up back in the ground with your blasted dolls stuffed down your throat and up your blowhole, you'll shut up about something you have no true grasp of.

Spike grabs Drusilla's face roughly and kisses her. She's not receptive. After a few moments, he ends it.

SPIKE
Go back to sleep--revenge begins tonight.

Spike grins wickedly.

END TEASE

ACT ONE

FADE IN

INT. SUMMERS HOUSE - MORNING

Buffy--fully-clothed--stands at the stove making pancakes. She holds a spatula in each hand. She takes a pancake with the right and flips it high in the air.

She positions the left behind her back, intending to catch the pancake...but it hits her head instead.

BUFFY
Shoulda seen that one coming.

Dawn staggers in.

DAWN
What smells?

BUFFY
Is that a negative question?

DAWN
If I say yes, do I get grounded?

BUFFY
(mumbling)
You already are.

DAWN
What?

BUFFY
I said cooking is not a common occurrence here in the Summers household, so it may be wise to take it when it's available.

DAWN
Slayer mumbling--impressive.
(beat)
Thanks--for being all sisterly.
Don't take this the wrong way, but
I really prefer you in sister-mode
rather than slayer-mode.

BUFFY
Me too. And I'm much more enthused
about you in any state that doesn't
involve whining.

DAWN
Me--and everyone else--too.
(beat)
Umm, what--exactly how--I don't
think you voiced your opinion on my
shattering confessions.

BUFFY
Can't help who you fall in love with.

DAWN
Love? Who said anything about love?

BUFFY
You did.

DAWN
I said love? I don't love her.

BUFFY
The idea seemed implied by how
incredibly broken you were. Your
relationship with her--even in its
most innocent form--was tearing you
up inside and that plays at a
volume on the frequency of...LOVE.

DAWN
Maybe it's the fact that I'm 16 and
meeting my inner lesbian. I can
tell ya, she ain't as much fun as
my inner child. Inner child
reveres "The Wizard of Oz"...inner
lesbian keeps looking for subtext
and points out how the Tin Man's
make-up and talking-style are
totally queer.

BUFFY
First off: never tell Xander that
Tin Man theory--since his inner
child is pretty much dominant, that
bombshell might kill him. Second:
you have a point.

DAWN

Okay...

BUFFY

Discovering this side of yourself isn't easy and firmly grasping the reality is leaps and bounds tougher than accepting the idea of someone else you know being gay.

DAWN

God, could you be less understanding...what the hell has gotten into you? I'm your sister! How 'bout a freak-out?

Buffy smiles and envelopes Dawn in a hug.

DAWN

What are you doing?

BUFFY

Hugging my sister who I love and will always back no matter what road her life travels.

DAWN

Is this pancake poisoning?

Buffy CHUCKLES and hugs Dawn a lit bit tighter. Dawn relaxes into it...until GILES walks in and the sisters separate.

GILES

Hope I'm not interrupting.

BUFFY

Uh, did you hear anything?

GILES

Such as...?

DAWN

Nothing.

GILES

I just got here. Oh, and Buffy, I can't say this enough: it's WHOM, not WHO. Please open a grammar text.

Buffy and Dawn stare at Giles who realizes what he said.

GILES

Yes...well, let me remark in my defense that eavesdropping is an historically FEMALE trait...and I am surrounded by females...so there you go.

CUT TO:

INT. XANDER'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Anya enters, slamming the door and recklessly tossing her purse away. She sulks over to the answering machine and plays it.

XANDER'S VOICE

Hey An, just checking in--wondering if all's well and there's no "end's well" we should be worried about.

(beat)

L.A.'s fun so far...nice change of pace. I really want--and NEED--to talk to you soon. Call if you want--I guess it can wait.

(beat)

Bye.

There's a BEEP. Anya EXHALES and ruefully shakes her head. She walks over and plops herself on the couch facing the television.

ANYA

Anya, you are a horrible excuse for a human being. Shame on me. I don't deserve happiness.

Anya SIGHS. She takes the control and turns the television on. It's lesbian porn. Anya's mesmerized.

CUT TO:

INT. CHURCH - DAY

ELLE sits in a pew with FATHER OLIVEIRA.

ELLE

It seems ridiculous to hate the sin but love the sinner.

FATHER OLIVEIRA

Look at it in context. We believe people are born with sin which is expelled through baptism. It's about humanity--about forgiveness and understanding.

ELLE

Many would argue with that...including me.

FATHER OLIVEIRA

The church is condemned for having rules, but those rules serve as a guide to living life in the spirit of the Lord. We condemn certain actions--lifestyles--because that's what we believe. But no matter what, we love and accept everyone and wish no ill will to anyone.

ELLE
Dawn is unique. She stirs up feelings and emotions in me I've never even seen on T.V.

FATHER OLIVEIRA
Your problem sounds less about religious implications and more about YOU.

ELLE
(sarcastically)
That helps sooo much.

FATHER OLIVEIRA
Acknowledging your feelings is one part of the process. You have no idea where you want to go with those feelings--you may think you WANT to act on them, but another part of you says it's just an unwanted attraction that will go away. You might want to act, and CAN act, but don't--simply because she's your female best friend.

ELLE
Got a point there.

FATHER OLIVEIRA
This is not usually my territory.

ELLE
My brother's out of town...needed to get this off my chest immediately.

A NUN comes up to the duo.

NUN
Father, it's time for that meeting I informed you of.

FATHER OLIVEIRA
Can't it wait?

The Nun shakes her head.

FATHER OLIVEIRA
(to Elle)
Those doors are always open.

ELLE
In this town, that's dangerous.

Father Oliveira LAUGHS as he gets up. He pats Elle on the shoulder and the Nun leads him toward the back of the church. As they walk, the Nun's face morphs into demon visage.

CUT TO:

EXT. LIBRARY - DAY

Faith exits the building with a backpack. She slows down as a thrilled Giles shows up.

GILES
Faith, this is a marvelously
welcome surprise. Expanding your
horizons?

FAITH
Figured some studyin' could improve
my...situation.

GILES
How so?

FAITH
You know, bullshit.

GILES
Right...well, I'm pleased to see
you're taking this step and it can
only make you a better slayer.

FAITH
Among other things.

GILES
Shall I see you tonight for patrol?

FAITH
Sorry G-Man--busy. I will make
sure to get my fill of the demon
crowd.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARK - EVENING

Faith surveys the area and proceeds to the swings with caution. Faith opens the underground hatch and hops in.

CUT TO:

INT. CRYPT - NIGHT

Buffy reads a magazine as Dawn roams around.

DAWN
It's stupid to think he'd show up.

BUFFY
Spike is stupid enough to surpass
the stupidity of this stupid plan.

DAWN
But he knows how we think.

BUFFY
From back in the day--things have
changed.

DAWN
Yeah...it's been all of TWO WEEKS
since he turned Johnny Rotten.

BUFFY
Two weeks--a lifetime in Sunnydale.

DAWN
You hear from Xander and company?

BUFFY
Not for a couple of days.

DAWN
Think something's wrong?

BUFFY
They're fine.

CUT TO:

EXT. MULTIPLEX - NIGHT

WILLOW, DINO, and FRED watch from across the street as
MOVIEGOERS rush out into the street SCREAMING.

DINO
Not a healthy development.

WILLOW
By no means is that incorrect.

FRED
Should we go in?

DINO
From the looks of it...

WILLOW
...They'll be coming out.

XANDER, GUNN, and ANGEL all run fearfully as two MUTANT
JACKALS chase them.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. CRYPT - NIGHT

Buffy puts down her mag.

BUFFY
You talk to Elle today?

DAWN
Sure--we've had at least six

thousand conversations in my head.

BUFFY
That's a start.

DAWN
Not like there's any hurry. She's
not going anywhere. Faith on the
other hand...

BUFFY
Don't tell me you're in love with
Faith!

DAWN
Here come the visuals...there goes
my appetite. I meant from the way
she's been acting lately, she might
not stick around much longer.

BUFFY
I think you're overstating the case.

DAWN
Or your underestimating it. What's
up with you two?

BUFFY
Really nothing you should be
concerned with.

DAWN
Something happened last night.

BUFFY
Leave it alone Dawn.

DAWN
So the opening-up policy applies
only to me.

BUFFY
Faith and I are going through the
motions.

DAWN
Slayer thing.

BUFFY
In a way. I'm worried about her.

CUT TO:

INT. UNDERGROUND - NIGHT

LOUNGE

A YELLOW DEMON desperately tries and fails to open the door.
He's scared shitless of the only other figure in the room:
Faith, standing stone-still and watching the wussy-display

icily.

FAITH
Like I told ya an hour, half hour,
15, 10, and 5 minutes ago, it ain't
gonna work!

YELLOW DEMON
I never screwed you over! But if I
inadvertently did so, allow me to
grovel at your feet and beg
forgiveness.

FAITH
Go ahead.

Yellow Demon's "eyebrows" shoot up. He slowly drops to his
knees and crawls over to Faith.

YELLOW DEMON
(pleadingly)
Please oh demented slayer--

FAITH
--Mistress Slayer.

YELLOW DEMON
Please Mistress Slayer, please
forgive me for my indiscretion that
I swear I was unaware of and I will
not do it again! I am at your
mercy--willing to do your bidding.

FAITH
Bidding...I could get into the boss
routine.

YELLOW DEMON
You make for an excellent executive.

FAITH
No shit. Let's start by you
standin' up straight, chest puffed
like a beefcake.

Yellow Demon does it.

FAITH
Good.

Yellow Demon smiles, but it fades when Faith whips out her
knife and jams it in his chest, carving him up like a turkey.
The Yellow Demon's dead body falls to the floor. Faith
crouches down and chops off one of the Yellow Demon's toes.
She pulls out a ziplock bag and puts the toe in.

LATER

MID-LEVEL OFFICE

A SUITER sits behind a desk as Faith enters.

FAITH
Thanks for the tip.

SUITER
For the slayer, my door's always open.

FAITH
In this town, that's dangerous.

SUITER
Depends on what side of the door you're on.
(beat)
Have I thanked you for knocking off upper management?

FAITH
Wrong slayer.

SUITER
In my experience, one slayer fits all.

FAITH
Are you the new top freak?

SUITER
Yep.

FAITH
I shoulda kept B from killin' the other guy.

SUITER
Only time will tell on the wisdom of that heat-of-the-moment decision.

FAITH
Whatever.

Suiter blows Faith a kiss. Not amused, Faith coolly spits on the floor and stomps out. A side-door in the wall opens and Spike enters.

SPIKE
She got what she came for?

SUITER
Absolutely.

Spike pulls out an envelope and tosses it on the desk.

SPIKE
Good. That bitch is finished.

Suiter giggles delightedly.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN

INT. SUNNYDALE HIGH, HALLWAY - DAY

Dawn spots Elle at her locker and heads over. Elle notices and searches for a way out, but she's trapped.

DAWN
Hey.

ELLE
Hi.

DAWN
Um, how was your Sunday? Was it "Sunday Funday" or "Sunday Funday No Fucking Way!"?

ELLE
Wasn't really paying attention.

DAWN
To the virtues of Sunday or what I just said?

ELLE
First thing.

DAWN
I was a royal cunt to you Saturday night--

ELLE
--No problem.

DAWN
Yes it is.

ELLE
I don't care. I'm not dwelling on it and neither should you.

DAWN
We need to talk about a lot of heavy stuff that's been bothering me and that--I'm hoping--don't take this the wrong way...hoping is bothering you too.

ELLE
Forget it Dawn. I don't wanna deal with this right now.

DAWN
Doesn't have to be at this precise moment in time...

ELLE
Then I'll be going.

DAWN
But it's gotta happen soon.

ELLE
Actually, loneliness fits my mood.
A little life without Dawn will do
me good.

DAWN
Now YOU are ignoring ME.

ELLE
If anyone can handle it...
(beat)
Have a Funday Monday.

Elle shuts her locker and moves to go but Dawn grabs Elle's arm.

DAWN
Quit fucking making this into a
game! I've never had so much to
say--

ELLE
--And I won't be listening. Leave
me alone...please.

Elle's sorrowful gaze breaks Dawn's resolve and Dawn breaks her hold on Elle's arm. Elle walks off.

CUT TO:

INT. FAITH'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Faith throws back a cold one as she reads a book. The computer system is all set up. The toe sits on the nightstand. There's a KNOCK at the door.

FAITH
(yelling)
What do you fuckin' want?

The door opens and Anya pokes her head in.

ANYA
Can I come in?

FAITH
I'm not in the mood flighty.
There's mondo whores over on Viola.

ANYA
I am not some lowly sexpot.

FAITH

Christ, my pussy's laughin'.

Anya fully enters.

ANYA

If it was purely a one-nighter for sex, that's fine--even though I wouldn't mind another one-nighter followed by a quickie one-nighter...all acceptable.

FAITH

Now my ass is laughin' hard enough to laugh ME off. You came down here for that?

ANYA

Of course not. I have my own complex issues to tackle and yours are linebacker-like in scope--

FAITH

--Which are my business and you'll never be asked to wrap that pretty airhead around 'em. Everyone's got their limits and yours barely exist, so don't fret vengeance-wench.

ANYA

What did Buffy do--or say--to you?

FAITH

Nothin'.

ANYA

Is that the problem? You speak in a multitude of fashions, relaying your feelings to her and she won't even submit in the simplest way?

Faith stays silent.

ANYA

Buffy has made men act in foolish fashions since before the day you or I ever arrived in town. And now she's affected a substantially outstanding woman--one who's ripped to shreds the sensibilities of another woman who is the embodiment of FABULOUS. Make no mistake about it, I will get over you...unfortunately it took the extreme result of my desire to reach that conclusion. I'm trying...you should do the same.
(MORE)

ANYA (CONT'D)

Buffy is not a state-of-mind...you can forget her, at least in the way you think of her now. Love, lust--they're more similar than on the surface.

FAITH

Yeah, but your theorizin' is messed up...not like I ever told anyone--I fell in love with Buffy long before I ever got to SunnyD. Never met her or saw a measly picture...fuckin' talk all you want--my thing with you is nowhere in the same fuckin' league as what I have for Buffy.

ANYA

Well said. Make her see it.

Anya turns and walks out. As she does:

FAITH

Don't have to tell me that!

The door closes. Faith eyes the book.

FAITH

I will.

CUT TO:

INT. SUNNYDALE HIGH, GYM - DAY

The STUDENTS play volleyball. Dawn and Elle are among them--same court, opposing teams.

A girl serves it up. The point is lengthy as the girls conservatively hit the ball back and forth. Someone delivers an errant shot and the ball soars for the wall. Elle and the girls watch the ball...and then watch Dawn use the wall as a stepladder leaping high enough into the air to spike the ball viciously into a defenseless Elle's head.

Elle staggers and drops to the floor. Her teammates rally around her. Elle's definitely in pain and stares at Dawn the whole time. Dawn checks her fingernails.

DAWN

Aw fuck! Broke a nail. Shitty sport.

CUT TO:

EXT. BRONZE ALLEY - NIGHT

Buffy and Giles watch Dawn beat the unliving shit out of a VAMP. She GRUNTS and SHRIEKS as she lands one brutal blow after another. Dawn flings the Vamp against the wall, then throws him against the opposite wall. She kicks him in the

face, chest, stomach, crotch, knees, feet. She fires him into the other wall again. Buffy calmly walks over to the Vamp and softly places the stake into the Vamp's chest dusting him.

BUFFY
Easiest kill I ever had.

GILES
I believe everyone may benefit from anger-management classes.

BUFFY
Ooh ooh, rage-aholics! I always wanted to be an -aholic. That and a cover-girl for Cosmo.

GILES
GQ.

BUFFY
I knew it! Giles is a fashion hound!

DAWN
Are we staying?

BUFFY
You can go home if you want.

DAWN
Alone?

BUFFY
Unlike with the library incident, I SAW THIS.

Dawn slouches out of the alley.

GILES
It appears she's not handling her newfound...identity well.

BUFFY
Shock of all shocking shockers. At least lesbianism isn't life-threatening.

GILES
No, that comes with being the slayer's sister.

BUFFY
Wise-ass.
(beat)
I suck Giles.

Buffy faux-desperately runs into Giles' faux-comforting embrace. Moments later, a WAILING TEEN flails into the alley

TEEN

Help me please! It wants my brain.

BUFFY
Who?

TEEN
The sewer demon. My brains food
for it.

BUFFY
That is piss-poorly dumb even for
this town.
(to Giles)
Right?

GILES
(to Teen)
Is it a fair mix of slime and
leather with a resounding purplish
coloring?

TEEN
YES!

BUFFY
Oh no Giles--no. I'm 21 and have
taken more sewer-ventures than
trips out-of-state.

GILES
We won't be journeying into the
sewer system...

BUFFY
Thank you!

GILES
...Tonight.

This time, Buffy really does cling desperately to Giles' embrace.

CUT TO:

INT. MANSION - NIGHT

Faith carries a bag into the living room. She pulls out the book, the toe, a powder bag, some weed, a bowl, a matchbook, and a bottle of liquid.

Faith opens the book and reads. She creates a star with the powder and places the bowl in its center. She lights a match and tosses it in the fireplace. She looks at the book again and pours the liquid into the bowl. She takes the weed and lights it afire, then drops it into the liquid causing the liquid to SIZZLE and smoke.

Faith flinches at the sight and smell, but keeps going, referring to the book and taking hold of the toe. She takes a deep breath and SPEAKS in LATIN. Then:

FAITH
My heart and hers.

Faith shuts her eyes tight and carefully sticks the toe in the liquid. The liquid bubbles, CRACKLES. The smoke thickens, the SIZZLING intensifies opening Faith's eyes, which widen then narrow. She leans in slightly...an EXPLOSION emanates from the bowl, smoke invading Faith's face and body. Faith COUGHS disgustingly, sliding across the floor away from the star. She keeps COUGHING for several moments until finally settling down, but still struggling to breath normally. She stares at the setup. After a moment, she slams the floor, gets up, and smashes the materials, kicking and SCREAMING at everything.

FAITH
Piece of shit! Never a fuckin'
break available for Faithy.

Faith LAUGHS pitifully and heads to the exit, but she stumbles. She clasps the wall for support, looking increasingly dazed.

CUT TO:

INT. CHURCH - DAY

Two casually-dressed ALTAR BOYS--one with a hat--walk to the front with backpacks. The hat gets tossed into the corner of a front-row pew, then both put their backpacks on top of it.

ALTAR BOY 1
You are such a moron! The Mets keep wasting money on old guys who spend more time on the injured list than they do on the lineup card. They can't win a June series against the Brewers let alone the October classic.

ALTAR BOY 2
Al Michaels asked "do you believe in miracles?". I do--and you should too. They're called The Amazins for a reason. '69 Miracle Mets ring a bell?

ALTAR BOY 1
Of course...but it ain't as loud as...

Cue loud CHURCH BELLS. Father Oliveira comes out of his office.

FATHER OLIVEIRA
Boys--how's your day been going?

ALTAR BOY 2

Usual as usual.

FATHER OLIVEIRA
Oh, that'll change in a few minutes.
Before proceeding with the USUAL AS
USUAL, I need something from you
both.

ALTAR BOY 1
Sure Father. What's the what?

Father Oliveira morphs into an ugly-ass demon.

FATHER OLIVEIRA
Your organs will do.

CUT TO:

INT. SEWER - DAY

Buffy and Giles flashlight their way through the creepy
tunnels.

BUFFY
Chasing oogy sewer creeps--ahh,
Crapstastic Tuesdays--how I despise
thee.

GILES
The demon's official name is
Zickeria Pareesy.

BUFFY
It's late morning on an American
weekday and I'm in a sewer --excuse
my language, but FUCK the slimy
sons of bitches handles!

GILES
Allow to me point out we are in an
AMERICAN sewer.

BUFFY
Seriously: wise-ass.

GILES
Have you noticed Faith's less-than
energized behavior lately? Or,
overly-energized, depending on the
day. Both are negative in nature.

BUFFY
I'll take care of it.

GILES
Meaning no offense, there's reason
to believe YOU are the problem.

BUFFY
And I'M the solution.

GILES

She could benefit from a heartfelt reach by a certain watcher who took an unacceptable lack of interest in her the first go-around.

BUFFY

Don't blame yourself Giles--it's on all of us, especially me.

GILES

Now who is blaming WHOM?

BUFFY

Watch, document, mimic, train, talk to a slayer...do those and more for decades on end and you'll still never know what a slayer is unless the Powers lay that unsuspecting, un-fucking-welcome triggering touch on YOU.

GILES

I do my best to understand as much as possible.

BUFFY

Exactly why I'll always love and cherish my wonderful Giles so much.

The flashlights are bright enough to show Giles' even brighter smile. Buffy and Giles turn a corner and come face-to-face with a giant, puke-ugly PAREESY.

GILES

Oh mother of holy Christ...

BUFFY

(nauseously)
It looks like spoiled jelly.

The Pareesy spews some "jelly" onto Buffy and Giles knocking them into the shallow ground water. Buffy and Giles look at themselves, then each other.

BUFFY

Giles, you suck.

CUT TO:

EXT. WEST SIDE NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

Faith jogs, but is clearly weaker than normal. Faith comes to a halt, bending over to stabilize her labored breathing. She stretches her arms and legs, grimacing with every motion. Sweat drips from every inch of revealed skin, a stunned Faith wiping at it wildly. She gives up and leans almost helplessly against a car.

CUT TO:

EXT. BUFFY'S BACKYARD - EVENING

Buffy lies back in a hammock with a wet towel on her face.
Giles walks out of the house toweling off.

GILES

That was exhilarating.

BUFFY

A shower is just a shower until you
dance with Leatherface's violet
vomit cousin.

GILES

I was referring to the encounter.

BUFFY

So what?

FAITH (OS)

I miss anything?

Buffy springs up, the towel flying away. Faith struts into
the yard.

GILES

You were absent for a fascinating--

BUFFY

--Disgusting, Giles. Don't
sugarcoat it.

FAITH

Sorry I wasn't there.

BUFFY

You'll change your mind when you
see it. What's your day involved?

FAITH

Stuff--Sunnydale-style.

BUFFY

Anything dangerous?

FAITH

Can't be tasty without the spice.

GILES

Faith, are you physically all right?
You look--

BUFFY

--Off.

FAITH

I've been better--but when I'm
good, I'm still better than the rest.

BUFFY
Damn straight. How 'bout a sweep?
Together.

FAITH
Girl's night out...

BUFFY
...The way it should be.

FAITH
Let's kick ass B.

CUT TO:

EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT

Buffy's kicking the asses of two VAMPIRES. Faith is not-- and she's one-on-one. Buffy's quickness is on full display, connecting with her shots and evading whatever the Vampires try on her. She whips one, then nails the other, switching between them. She then hammers both at the same time, pulling out a stake. Buffy punches one, kicks the other, then shoves both against a tree, one on top of the other. She flips her stake in the air, and when it's at chest level, spin-kicks it hard enough to disappear in the first Vampire's chest and BOTH dissolve to dust. Buffy admires her work.

Faith struggles mightily with her VAMP. They exchange blows, on a level playing field. Faith gets in a solid shot, but the Vamp counters with several of his own clearly having an effect on Faith. Buffy notices and rushes over, but the Vamp sees her and trips her up. Faith attacks, but gets no decent results. The Vamp hits Faith a couple of times and then throws her into a tombstone. Faith CRIES OUT and lies motionless. The Vamp admires his own work, a mistake because Buffy catches him off-guard and unleashes a furious assault on the Vamp who can't do anything of substance. Buffy's eyes burn with rage as she lashes out with one vicious shot after another until staking him.

Buffy hightails it over to Faith. She turns Faith onto her back and examines her.

BUFFY
Faith? Faith? Can you hear me?

FAITH
(achingly)
B...I feel wicked funky.

Buffy presses down on Faith's midsection and Faith releases a shattering SCREAM. On Buffy's bewildered look:

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN

INT. SUMMERS HOUSE - NIGHT

On Faith's pale face as her eyelids flutter open. She GROANS. Pull back to reveal her lying on the couch. Buffy shoots into the scene and kneels beside Faith, caressing her compassionately.

BUFFY
Faith, baby, are you okay? God you scared me so much out there.

FAITH
What the fuck happened?

BUFFY
I don't know...you're weak baby, but you're home with me and it's all right. You're drained of slayer-strength, but we're working on it. We'll find out what's responsible and you'll be tip-top in no time. Okay baby?

FAITH
(serenely as Buffy strokes her)
Yeah...I love what you're doin'.

BUFFY
I know you do. I'll do it forever.

FAITH
B? You feelin' on the level?

BUFFY
More than ever--seeing you at the cemetery so helpless, and on this couch so vulnerable...baby I'm so sorry for how I treated you.

FAITH
Ya keep callin' me baby.

BUFFY
I just couldn't admit how deep you've infiltrated my heart. I'm yours Faith. I'm yours and I wish to God and Goddess and every fucking Power for you to be mine.

FAITH
(teary-eyed)
Ya gotta fuckin' ask?

Buffy begins to cry herself, but manages a smile. She kisses the tears off Faith's cheeks, her eyelids, and then, as Faith's eyes flutter shut...

On Faith's face as her eyes fly open and she sits up. Pull back to show only Faith in the room. Faith wipes at her dry face, semi-freaked, semi-disappointed. Faith MOANS, gently pressing areas of her body. Buffy appears from the kitchen with snacks.

BUFFY
You should lie down.

FAITH
I'm--
(pause)
--I, uh, feel more than off.

BUFFY
My heightened observation skills concur. Slayerness rules! I don't get freaked these days...

FAITH
Sorry.

BUFFY
Misplaced, missy.

FAITH
Quit tryin' to be cute to make me feel better.

BUFFY
I'm not trying. You think I've got cuteness working for me right this second?

FAITH
(unconvincingly)
Fuck no! Bein' a slayer hasn't changed the fact I can't tell cute from obnoxious. And it's really fuckin' annoyin' when someone self-proclaims cuteness. They think it's cute to do that, but it fuckin' ain't.

BUFFY
You're hurting--so the attitude cover is expected. You've changed, but not too much...just how I like you.

FAITH
Please don't do that.

BUFFY
What?

FAITH
Pity the loser lyin' on your couch.

BUFFY

You're sitting. I'm resigned to the sitting despite your health and you are staunchly opposed to me pitying you. Meanwhile, I have never and will never pity you. And you are not, never have been, and never will be a loser.

FAITH

I'm goin' back to the hotel.

Faith moves to get up but Buffy smoothly pushes her down.

BUFFY

FUCK no.

FAITH

Boss the groupies around.

BUFFY

Don't mistake assertive for bossy. Realize I'm telling you to lie down and shut up because it HELPS YOU. I care about you...this is how I'm showing it.

Faith's blown away. She can't respond.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHURCH - DAY

Father Oliveira futilely tries to drag a set of two-by-fours up the steps. A school-ready Dawn is passing by.

DAWN

Oh, Father, let me help.

FATHER OLIVEIRA

Generous child, I don't wish to impede your path to educational awareness.

DAWN

Um, I'm just headed for school-- there's no evidence of me paying attention and doing well. But, hey, lugging flanks of wood up stairs--woo hoo!

FATHER OLIVEIRA

From your size, these pieces may weigh as much as you do, so...

Father Oliveira drifts off as Dawn easily picks the two-by-fours up and over her shoulder.

FATHER OLIVEIRA

I should seriously consider those

holy coupons for the sports club.

CUT TO:

INT. CHURCH - CONTINUOUS

Dawn cheerily sways into the church and down the aisle, showing off her strength. Father Oliveira follows, uncomfortable with the display. She heads all the way to the front where Father Oliveira hurries to cut her off.

FATHER OLIVEIRA

Dropping them here is fine and dandy

DAWN

All rightee-O.

Dawn motions to toss them, but thinks better of it, seeing the stained-glass windows, crosses, and statue of Jesus. She carefully places them on the floor.

DAWN

Remodeling? The place is pretty kickin' as is.

FATHER OLIVEIRA

There's always room for improvement. A widely-held truth for human-kind.

DAWN

I guess. I've never been very religious--funny how it's appealing at this time in my life.

FATHER OLIVEIRA

Devotion to faith is always opportune.

DAWN

Gotta jump at the opportunities when they're presented free and clear. Not so much free.

A NOISE comes from the office. Dawn glances at the door, then spots the HAT scrounged in the pew corner.

DAWN

There someone--?

FATHER OLIVEIRA

--Sister...Christian. She's clumsy.

DAWN

Riiight...you know, I thought I might attend mass this week.

FATHER OLIVEIRA

Renovations--we're closed--for all cases. St. Cecilia's isn't the only game in town though.

DAWN
Doesn't look like any construction's
taking place.

FATHER OLIVEIRA
Starts tomorrow.

Dawn politely nods. She takes a few steps and casually tips
one foot and steps on her shoelaces with the other. She
stumbles onto the pew, sitting on the hat.

FATHER OLIVEIRA
Are you okay?

DAWN
Speaking of clumsy...I'll be fine
Father. You go do your
thing...won't waste anymore of your
time.

FATHER OLIVEIRA
Never a waste with my fellow humans.

Dawn ties her shoelaces. Father Oliveira peeks back as he
enters the office. He closes the door when he's in, giving
Dawn the chance to stuff the hat in her pants.

CUT TO:

INT. HYPERION OFFICE - DAY

Willow talks on the phone.

WILLOW
Ewwwwwwwww--stomach churning to the
max. I ate steamed octopus.

INTERCUT:

INT. SUMMERS HOUSE - DAY

On the other end, Buffy relaxes in the kitchen

BUFFY
Hopping on the "Ewww Train".
Tentacles is not a delicacy in my
house.

WILLOW
Suffice it to say, I probably would
have welcomed the jelly bath. So
how's everything on the homefront?

BUFFY
Out of control. Dawn's doing
heavy-lifting in the relationship
area. Spike is still on the run.
I'm in love with Faith. Giles
wants to be in GQ.

WILLOW

Whoa! Oh oh, hey, hold it right there "Miss I Just Professed My Love For My Fellow Lusciously Buxom Slayer". You love Faith?

BUFFY

Oh, yeah, I thought I'd slip that in. Really isn't a big deal.

WILLOW

The bleepin' hell it's not!

BUFFY

Bleepin'?

WILLOW

Profanity is a virtue I'd rather not embody. Lesbian love, however, is one that suits you! I mean, slayeriness is a sapphic organization.

BUFFY

What, like N.O.W?

WILLOW

Goddess no! You fight for the greater good and the powers that be--not a greater estrogen balance and the powers of special interest groups. Buffy, this is huge! When--

BUFFY

--Saturday night. For reasons that pertain to the personal lives of others, I can't tell you the circumstances of my awakening...let's just say I finally let go, faced the gorgeous music and realized spending my life with her is a choice I will never regret.

WILLOW

Awww--you can't see me, but I'm crying.

BUFFY

Called it!

WILLOW

Have you told Faith yet?

BUFFY

No.

WILLOW

Does she feel the same way?

BUFFY

Yeah...

WILLOW
YES!

BUFFY
Told to me as the climactic event
of a heated exchange BEFORE I had
my life-changing release.

WILLOW
Oh. Sucks for you huh?

BUFFY
Perfect phrasing.

WILLOW
Buffy, I know I've had--still
have--confrontational issues with
Faith--history-wise--but I'm happy
for you and I think Faith is the one.

BUFFY
That means more to me than anything
anyone's ever said to me. Except
when I was 14 and my dad told me I
looked like a young Grace Kelly.
Couldn't appreciate the comment at
the time since I didn't know who
Grace Kelly was, but now...

WILLOW
Mmm, Grace Kelly. Talk about a
piece of pie I'd love to eat.

BUFFY
WILLOW!

Buffy doesn't appear to disagree.

CUT TO:

EXT. DEAN HOUSE - NIGHT

Dawn bangs on the door. Moments later, a black-eyed Elle
answers.

ELLE
Banger.

DAWN
Labels aren't nice.

ELLE
You deserve it.

DAWN
It was an accident.

ELLE

You spiked a volleyball in my face!
Fuck that dodging unintentional shit!

DAWN
You're reading too much into my
propensity for rage.

ELLE
I'm not your therapist. You might
benefit from having one...I'm fed
up with you and your crap.

Elle tries to close the door, but Dawn keeps it open.

DAWN
Please don't dismiss me like that.
We have so much to discuss.

ELLE
Have the conversation in your head
then! You'll win it that way! Or,
knowing Dawn Summers, mental
instability would probably make her
lose in a fiery blaze!

DAWN
Don't blow me off. I feel so
fucking terrible for the gym
incident and ignoring you and
wronging you...
(pause)
I NEED YOU.

ELLE
Thanks...but how long until your
knee ends up in my gut and your
lips stay shut when my ears are open?

DAWN
It won't be like that.

ELLE
I can't keep submitting to your
words when I don't trust them.

Dawn's head drops, her hair hiding her face. Elle slowly
closes the door.

CUT TO:

INT. SUMMERS HOUSE - DAY

Faith gingerly walks down the stairs. She gets to the
bottom when Dawn flies down and bumps Faith. Faith YELPS
but Dawn doesn't acknowledge her on her way to the kitchen.
Faith settles in the archway to the dining room where Buffy
is.

BUFFY
Wanna do research? Find out first-

hand what's got you hurting?

FAITH

I already know--depending on what hurt your referrin' to.

BUFFY

There's a bunch of questions Giles--and I--want to ask.

FAITH

Ask and ye shall receive.

BUFFY

Fight a demon that succeeded in connecting with a special shot?

FAITH

Nope. I was on cruise-control 'til cruisin' into a tombstone.

BUFFY

Any unusual activities the last few--couple of days?

Faith shies away from that one. Buffy's got her.

BUFFY

Faith.

FAITH

Dabblin' a bit in the arts.

BUFFY

Arts? Black?

FAITH

More like pink.

BUFFY

Spells about gay men and flamingos?

FAITH

No, but that's one hell of an image B.

Buffy GIGGLES. Faith does to--against her better judgment.

FAITH

Substance ain't material to this. I was just screwin' around--testin' my mettle.

BUFFY

Did something happen?

FAITH

Blew up in my face--literally.

BUFFY
That's definitely something. Why
don't you write down the details
and Giles will check it out.

Faith nods, GASPS, and winces. Buffy moves closer to Faith.

BUFFY
Wanna lie down?

FAITH
Nah, just residual soariness. I
still got some slayer healin' left.

BUFFY
Strength?

FAITH
I'm runnin' on fumes. So fuckin'
weird.

BUFFY
What?

FAITH
I haven't felt this...mortal...since
the day I got the call.

BUFFY
Yeah--I thought I was a sitting
duck when my powers disappeared.
After all the bitching about having
them, I wouldn't know how to live
without them.

FAITH
You could. Your life was solid--
90210 datin', cheerleadin', hair
freak-outs.
(beat)
I despised myself up until that
day. My life was in the dumps--
worthless parents who still have
this sick power over me. I'd fuck
anyone just 'cause it was my one
real talent. School, friends,
responsibility didn't even
exist...that shit don't register if
no one puts it in front of you.
(MORE)

FAITH (CONT'D)
(pause)
I didn't want to care about ME...I
hate feeling like this.

BUFFY
Then don't. That's in the past.
Today's Faith is respectable,
likable, and lovable. You want to

feel those...we feel them for you.
(beat)
Faith, you are special in ways I
can't even describe.

Faith smiles. Buffy enamors her with a deep gaze...one
that's broken by Buffy's cell RINGING. Buffy angrily pulls
it out and:

BUFFY
You suck.
(pause)
Yes Giles--you still suck. In
fact, congratulations on surpassing
me on suck-street.
(pause)
Now? Later--
(pause)
Fine. I'll be there in a few.

Buffy hangs up.

FAITH
Bad guys?

BUFFY
If Giles can be categorized as
one--YES. He found info on some
Greek stuff he's been railing about
since getting those ancient books.
Wants to prove the existence of a
God-child living on Earth.

FAITH
What's new about that? I'm a
godchild. Billions are.

BUFFY
No--child of a God. Pet project.
We'll talk more later, okay?

Faith nods. Buffy leaves. Faith eyes the door for a moment
before turning for the kitchen. Dawn shoots into the frame
and almost knocks Faith over.

FAITH
Gimme a break D. What do I gotta
do to get on your good side?

DAWN
Die. Or move to South Dakota.

FAITH
I'm sorry! Sorry for what I did to
you and everyone else! I can't say
it any better--words aren't my fort.

DAWN
FortE. Jeez.

FAITH

I always got a kick outta you D.
You were my wing-chick.

DAWN

Easy to remember the good aspects.

FAITH

Why dwell on the bad when I can't
do anything about it! I can't fix
my mistakes--just repent and do my
best to be the real me.

DAWN

I've heard a lot about the real you.

FAITH

You seen it.

DAWN

Well those memories get bumped out
of my mind by those pesky incidents
of you trying to kill my sister and
friends! Helping that snake
destroy the world. Parading my
mother in front of me as you held a
FUCKING KNIFE TO HER THROAT!

FAITH

I never woulda cut her. I swear--
doing that is probably the thing I
regret the most! Your mom was the
only one that really showed...some
kind of embrace for me and I
couldn't have killed her.

DAWN

Knowing it was a bluff wipes away
the trauma. As if I'd believe you.

FAITH

I wish to God I could take it back.
It fuckin' tortures me that I can't
apologize to her! She's the one I
feel the worst about and I wish she
were alive so I could tell her!

DAWN

Oh, well, I feel so sorry for YOU
that you can't apologize to MY DEAD
MOTHER!

Dawn races up the stairs and SLAMS a door. Faith looks
lost. She rubs her increasingly red eyes then stares
determinedly at the door.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOPE CEMETERY - DAY

Faith strolls across the picturesque terrain, stopping when she reaches her destination. Close on the words: Joyce Summers.

Faith kneels down on the ground and sits in a comfortable position.

FAITH

Hey Mrs. S.

(long pause)

Christ, what the hell do I say to the stoned version of you? Get it? You--stoned--I'm talkin' to your...Jesus, I have enough trouble talkin' to people and when I think this'll be easier, I find I'm worse--and a complete dork. I might as well spit it out--plain and simple, I'm sorry Mrs. S. You treated me the best of anyone...like I mattered...like I belonged. Me and you, we were outsiders, meant to be kept outta the loop by the scooby inner circle 'cause--damn, I don't know. Still somethin' in common. I know you were ecstatic for me showin' up 'cause I could play reliever--do Buffy's job so she could have the normal life. Pissed me off back then...but I'd do it in a second now if that would make her happy. Now, I believe happiness is real, not just a dream.

(MORE)

FAITH (CONT'D)

Now, I want it--this time believing I can have it. If she'd just say...tell me--I'm hers. I love your daughter Mrs. S. I know I ain't the prototype husband you imagined and hoped for, but I'm no slouch. I don't deserve her--I've never doubted that--but devotin' and spendin' all my energy to LOVING her is the ultimate hope for a worthless piece o--me. For me--'cause while I may not deserve HER, I sure as hell deserve the chance to be WITH HER and earn her love. I wish you could give me a thumbs-up or whatever hokey approval.

Faith snuggles up against the headstone.

FAITH

(whispering)

Wish I had you for a mom.

CUT TO:

INT. DARK STATION - EVENING

On Spike as he stands in the shadows. We don't see who he's talking to.

SPIKE

Do your job. Anything short of success, and you get whipped onto my next sandwich. Got it? Deliver the rogue's head to me--mutilation is welcome.

CUT TO:

INT. SUMMERS HOUSE - EVENING

Buffy enters through the front and finds Dawn at the computer in the living room.

DAWN

Hey, I'm using hacker magic with resounding success.

BUFFY

You're not robbing a bank, are you?

DAWN

No...that's tomorrow. Actually, I'm--

BUFFY

--Where's Faith?

DAWN

(irritated)
I don't know.

BUFFY

You don't know? She's not here?

DAWN

Excuse me for not paying attention to her every move. I've been busy discovering two kids were reported missing yesterday and I think it has something to do with St. Cecilia's church--at least, the priest is spearheading the plot--it's doubtful the building itself came to life and is involved.

BUFFY

Did you do something to Faith? She's lost her slayer powers Dawn! YOU could take her!

DAWN

God! Are you listening to yourself? All about fucking Faith! Evil has

infiltrated a church--how about focusing on the important task at hand?

BUFFY

You're always grumbling about lack of responsibility and contribution to the fight--handle this on your own! I trust you. Now, you and Faith: what the fuck?

CUT TO:

INT. CHURCH - EVENING

Candlelight. Sister Christian plays the ORGAN in the upper deck. Elle, cognizant of the creepy-factor, slowly walks down the aisle to the front. Close on Elle as she turns and looks up at Sister Christian for a moment. She's uneasy with the atmosphere, and it doesn't help when she turns around to find Father Oliveira right there.

She SCREAMS and staggers back.

FATHER OLIVEIRA

Dear child, forgive my abrupt appearance. I meant not to disrupt you.

ELLE

No problem. It has more to do with how scary this place can be.

FATHER OLIVEIRA

That's unfortunate--hopefully you can relax now.

ELLE

Certainly worth the effort.

FATHER OLIVEIRA

I'm overjoyed you decided to show.

ELLE

I aim to please.

FATHER OLIVEIRA

Marvelous. You won't fail in that objective.

ELLE

Riiight.

FATHER OLIVEIRA

Come on...I want to share something with you.

Elle follows Father Oliveira to his office door.

FATHER OLIVEIRA

Tomorrow night shall be a banner
date in the history of my race.

Elle furrows her brow. Father Oliveira grins and opens the door. He presents the way for Elle who enters and the sight before her turns her white--

One of the Altar Boys is bound and gagged, bloody and bruised. There are two large crosses against a wall. The other Altar Boy--dismembered and chomped on.

Elle spins right into the demonized Father Oliveira.

FATHER OLIVEIRA
Sacrifice is the hallmark of
humanity. You should be
exhilarated my dear.

Father Oliveira brandishes his jaws-like teeth to Elle, triggering her SCREAM. He cuts it off with his hand and we stay in the main area as Father Oliveira pushes Elle inside and closes the door, Sister Christian's ORGAN resonating with madness.

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN

EXT. HOPE CEMETERY - NIGHT

Buffy wanders around until discovering Faith sleeping against Joyce's headstone. Buffy stops to take in the sight--the myriad of emotions playing on her face. She deliberately makes her way to Faith and crouches down next to her. She nudges Faith who stirs.

BUFFY
Faith--sweetness--wake up.

FAITH
Nooo...wanna stay.

BUFFY
That thrills me to no end Faith,
but it's too dangerous nodding off
out here.

FAITH
Your mom's protectin' me.

BUFFY
That's not surprising--she loved you.

FAITH
B, I'm so exhausted.

BUFFY
I know. I got it covered.

Buffy caresses Faith's tear-stained cheeks, gazing lovingly at her the whole time. She takes Faith in her arms and picks her up. Buffy stands and begins the trek home.

CUT TO:

INT. CHURCH - NIGHT

More candlelight. No organ. Demonized Sister Christian props up a cross in the front. Strapped to the cross is the living Altar Boy, barely breathing with a marking carved into his chest. The symbol is a vertical line intersecting with a horizontal one, and two diagonal lines connected to the middle forming a "V". From the office, there's a blood-curdling SCREAM.

IN THE OFFICE

Father Oliveira has Elle strapped to the cross on her front. He uses a bowie knife to carve the same symbol into Elle's back, only with the diagonal lines on the bottom half forming an upside down "V". Elle CRIES OUT constantly.

CUT TO:

INT. BUFFY'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Faith abruptly wakes up. She searches the room and is sedated by the sight of Buffy watching her from the window.

FAITH
Enjoy the show?

BUFFY
Four stars. A must-see...every night.

FAITH
(shyly)
Helluva review. Damn I'm good.

BUFFY
Like you said: when you're good, you're still the best.

FAITH
Better than the rest--exact quote.

BUFFY
Paraphrasing--no one should be permitted to be mentioned in the same sentence as you. Incomparable.

FAITH
Ya gotta power down the praise machine.

Buffy strides over to the bed and gets on. Faith sits up to face her.

BUFFY
No.

 FAITH
Blanket rejection--how 'bout
elaboratin'.

 BUFFY
I will compliment you for as long
as my mouth can move and the
vibrations of my vocal chords
produce the sound of my voice. If
that sits poorly with you...TOUGH.

 FAITH
Okay.

 BUFFY
Don't leave the house without me
accompanying you. While you are
totally aware of your situation and
thus can mount a sterling defense
on the street, it's still too risky.
I'm not gambling with my special
lady's life.

 FAITH
You really are a better heroine
than the drug. Listenin' to you is
addictive.
 (beat)
I'll stick--don't worry.

 BUFFY
Ain't happenin'. Worrying about
you is addictive.

Faith and Buffy smile vibrantly. Faith leans over and
pinches Buffy.

 BUFFY
Ow. Bitch.

 FAITH
Sorry--makin' sure I'm awake.

CUT TO:

INT. SUNNYDALE HIGH, CLASSROOM - DAY

Dawn boredly pays little attention to the TEACHER's DRONING.
She alternates between listening and reading the ancient
book in front of her. She peers over at an empty desk.

Dawn's both suspicious and upset.

CUT TO:

INT. SUMMERS HOUSE - DAY

Buffy and Faith sit on the stairs.

BUFFY
Regional bias. Has to be.

FAITH
But everything's supposed to be a
shinin' star in sunny California.

BUFFY
Unpredictability takes precedence
in this state.

FAITH
Forces of evil battlin' heaven's
platoon, right here in the
entertainment capital of the world!
Be glad you were born in the United
States--imagine doin' this
in...France.

Buffy mock shivers. Faith CHUCKLES.

BUFFY
Wouldn't mind airmailing them the
Parcheesy demon.

FAITH
Wouldn't mind seein' you in a
freedom braid.

BUFFY
Renaming hairstyles now? Miss
anti-feminine female.

FAITH
Just doin' my part as a patriot.

BUFFY
This is fun. Darn Giles--limey
bastard.

FAITH
Atta girl. I'm rubbin' off on ya.

BUFFY
I can think of some other way you
can rub me.

Faith's a deer-in-the-headlights on that one. Buffy GIGGLES
incessantly. She stops and Faith comes to her senses when
the door opens and Giles pokes in.

GILES
Buffy, shall we?

BUFFY
We shall. I'll be right out.

GILES
Naturally.
(to Faith)
Faith, you look smashing.

FAITH
(wryly)
That British for normal?

Giles smiles and shuts the door.

BUFFY
So, I gotta go.

FAITH
Be a hero.

BUFFY
No mischief out of you.

FAITH
Drat! My dastardly plans have been
foiled once again!

Buffy jerks her head, undecided of her next action...but she goes for it. She kisses Faith on the cheek. Faith's content with that. Buffy's lips linger then release, but Buffy's head doesn't move away. Instead, she raises her hand to Faith's chin and turns Faith's face to her own. This time, Buffy doesn't hesitate to close the gap between their lips. The kiss is soft and light, yet memorably mind-blowing. Buffy disengages and stands off the steps. Faith, eyes still shut, almost tips over leaning forward wanting more. She reconnects with reality and sees Buffy bend down and pinch her. Faith SQUEAKS.

BUFFY
Making sure you're awake.

Faith's grateful and clearly relieved.

BUFFY
I'll see you soon. Why don't you
take a stab at cooking dinner?

Faith nods enthusiastically. Buffy smiles like a goof, opens the door, and exits backwards so she can eyeball Faith the whole time. The door finally closes--Buffy's gone--Faith's delirious.

FAITH
(skyward)
If that's a sign of things to come,
please--please come down here so I
can lick ya!

CUT TO:

EXT. DEAN HOUSE - DAY

Dawn BANGS on the door.

DAWN
(shouting)
Elle. Elle, open up please. I
have to know you're all right, so
come out if you're here.

No answer. Dawn is off-the-wall freaking.

CUT TO:

INT. SEWER - NIGHT

Buffy and Giles scower the black passage.

BUFFY
I'd rather be home cozying up with
Fa--Fox News. Boy that Bill
O'Reilley--an opinionated bazooka.

GILES
Splendid way of putting it. I must
admit being partial to Laurie
Dhue--she's quite enchanting.

BUFFY
Miles beyond Greta Van Susteren.
(beat)
This strikes me as pointless and
blech since we eliminated the thing.

GILES
The assigned reading would have
informed you the Pareesy travel in
pairs.

BUFFY
Your mistake was giving assigned
reading to a superhero with a
complete disregard for the subject
in her school days. Plus, pairs?
What are they, figure skaters?
Don't these gross garbage goofs hit
the surface?

CUT TO:

INT. SUMMERS HOUSE - NIGHT

Faith has a pot filled with water boiling on the stove. She
tosses a bunch of spaghetti sticks in.

FAITH
That it? So, like, the boilin'
water tag-teamin' with the steam
softens the spaghetti...and now I
just watch? Cookin's a fuckin'
spectator sport.

Faith settles in for extended spectating when Dawn and Anya, backpacks in hand, come in.

DAWN

Pack some weapons and let's go.

FAITH

Excuse you?

DAWN

Elle's a hostage and God knows what else at St. Cecilia's church. They got two other kids--we're launching a rescue mission.

ANYA

Which could also be a save-the-world mission...either way, it's a distant second to a warm bath and a glass of vintage Portuguese wine.

FAITH

Sorry D. While I feel a kinda pride you're taking the initiative here and all, I ain't movin'.

DAWN

What? Bullshit! You're coming! This is my best friend and she could die!

ANYA

Are you cooking?

FAITH

I'm not supposed to leave the house. I promised Buffy. Anyway, I gotta keep an eye on the pasta--if it stays in too long, the sticks might evaporate or dissolve from the steam.

ANYA

Oh of course it's BUFFY! Everyone has a girlfriend except me now! Xander's got a girlfriend, Willow's got a girlfriend, Buffy and Faith are each other's girlfriends, even Dawn has a girlfriend!

DAWN

Huh? What was that?

ANYA

Is there something wrong with me?

FAITH

Didn't you tell me to go for it with her?

ANYA
Well, yeah, I just thought you'd
sew some more Anya-oats before
taking the plunge.

DAWN
Hold up!
(to Faith)
YOU and--and--Bu--Bu--Buf...
(to Anya)
...and I, uh, transparent...

Dawn rotates attention between Faith and Anya and her own befuddlement.

DAWN
This is SO the worst fucking timing!

Dawn huffs out of the kitchen.

ANYA
I love Xander. Congratulations on
the Fuffy.

Anya playfully punches Faith on the shoulder stinging Faith.

ANYA
Don't EAT too much.

Faith's eyebrows quirk. Anya leaves. Moments later, the door is heard OPENING and CLOSING. Faith returns to the pasta, but the doorbell RINGS. Faith heads out into the living room and to the door. As she opens it:

FAITH
No An--you're not invited to EAT
with us.

Faith opens the door completely to find the other PAREESY on the doorstep. Faith's eyes bulge and she tries to slam the door shut, but the Pareesy's claw obstructs the door and it slings back into Faith causing her to hit the floor. Faith wriggles to her feet and races into the dining room as the Pareesy chases. Faith and the Pareesy stand off on opposite ends of the table. Faith deeks one way, then the other. The Pareesy's not fooled and sends the table crashing away-- a development that dishevels Faith. The Pareesy stalks towards Faith, mammoth arms extended, but Faith escapes with a tuck-and-roll. She runs out of the dining room, through the living room, and into the kitchen--the Pareesy hot on her trail. Faith's genuinely afraid and can only muster the sensibility to throw any object she can get her hands on at the Pareesy. They have little to no effect, except for the scalding hot water that Faith slings along with the pot, which elicits a ROAR from the Pareesy.

Faith looks for an exit plan, and makes a bee-line for the backdoor, but stops short of leaving. She turns back and stares coldly at the Pareesy before jogging to and hopping on the table, using it as a springboard to jump in the air,

executing a hand-landing onto the counter and flipping into the archway distancing herself from the Pareesy, but not for too long as the Pareesy chases her as she speeds to the stairs. Faith stumbles up the steps, the Pareesy getting a claw on one of her feet. She kicks the Pareesy in the head several times, then stomps on his claw SNAPPING a nail INJURING the Pareesy. That gives Faith a chance to run up and into Buffy's room. She hurriedly pushes the dresser and desk in front of the door, immediately illiciting a SLAM from the Pareesy on the other side. Faith curls up into a ball, composing herself as best she can--which isn't much.

CUT TO:

INT. CHURCH - NIGHT

Demonized Sister Christian at the ORGAN. Torches blare in the corners. The crosses with Elle and the Altar Boy are side-by-side. Demonized Father Oliveira presides over the ceremony at the podium.

FATHER OLIVEIRA

We are gathered here, Gods of all realms laying witness to this grandest of occasions, as the ascension into the seventh circle of Uvomperia commences its final stage. This is truly a moment exemplifying glory at its most glorious...nullifying millennia of suffering in the crossroads of Drookome by the residents of the astral plain known as Earth and all her neighbors and allies.

The ORGAN stops. Father Oliveira walks over to Elle and Altar Boy.

FATHER OLIVEIRA

It is our time--destiny--rebirth into lucrative optimism; unparalleled domination; unbridled affluence.

Sister Christian appears and joins Father Oliveira. They hold hands and raise their free ones.

FATHER OLIVEIRA

Sister, we gear ourselves for a future existence that will last an eternity.

SISTER CHRISTIAN

And then some.

Father Oliveira and Sister Christian place their free hands on the symbols carved into the flesh. A STORM's brewing indoors. THUNDER and LIGHTNING. They CHANT:

BOTH

Emperors of darkness, purveyors of
enchantment, heed us our calls for
malevolent entrance--light, fire,
blowing winds of pandemonium--
elevate us! Take us! Make us!
Never BREAK--

They're interrupted by the SHATTERING of the chains on the
doors and the doors flying open. Dawn marches in with Anya
in tow. Dawn is pissed--the demonizers are pissing their
pants.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Buffy and Giles do double-time down the street.

BUFFY

Have I told you lately that you suck?

GILES

Yes. It provides warmth and
indigestion every time I hear it.

BUFFY

When this is over, and Faith is
ALIVE and still KICKING ass, I'm
gonna feed her boots your ass.
Send us into the friggin' sewer,
lurching into a set-up of putrid
proportions putting my Faith in
grave danger! You and me are
talking...oh we are sooo talking.

GILES

Happy days are here again.

Buffy and Giles make the turn onto Revello and don't get far
before encountering...

BUFFY

Spike.

There's Spike--holding port with his cocky grin and
cigarette. He flips the cigarette away.

SPIKE

Hello luv. I'd let you by, but my
friend isn't quite finished
redecorating.

BUFFY

I will let you go back to Drubitch
in tact if your bony ass wisens up
and avoids a confrontation.

SPIKE

Doesn't work that way. That
backroom slut has to pay for

slittin' Dru. I'm within my
rights--just like you want me
blowin' in the wind for messin'
with your woman.

BUFFY
What's happened to you?

SPIKE
I woke up from my worst nightmare--
actin' as your lovesick puppy and
doin' goody-goody bullshit at your
behest. I'll die for my woman--and
this smile on my face is 'cause
YOU--WILL--TOO. Know what they
say: you can't go home again.

Buffy engages Spike in a furious exchange. Giles takes off
for the house, but two HENCHVAMPS leap onto the scene.
Giles backsteps and prepares for a fight.

CUT TO:

INT. CHURCH - NIGHT

Dawn knees Father Oliveira in the gut and follows with an
uppercut. She's relentless in her attack, the Father unable
to mount much of a defense until baring his shark teeth and
biting Dawn's shoulder. Dawn CRIES OUT and the Father kicks
her off him.

Anya has an aluminum bat and maneuvers around Sister
Christian. Anya keeps her distance, hesitant to fight.

ANYA
I believe in a forum of discussion
to weed out disagreements.

Sister Christian HISSES and scares Anya shitless with her
jaws-like incisors. Anya LAUGHS nervously and wildly swings
the bat at Sister Christian who blocks Anya's shots. Anya
elbows Sister Christian in the chest, stunning her, but
Sister Christian punches Anya in the face. They have a
superior exchange, Anya doing a helluva job fighting Sister
Christian off. Sister Christian attempts a punch, but Anya
ducks and drives the bat-head into her stomach. Anya
scurries off, hopping onto a pew and jumping over the back
of it onto the next pew. She does it again, Sister
Christian following suit--another and another and another
and...Anya's toe scrapes the pew and she hits the next one
hard and then lands on the floor out of sight. Sister
Christian smiles maniacally and jumps one then the next then
the next...and when she leans over to look at Anya, the bat
flies into Sister Christian's face.

Father Oliveira hits Dawn several times, causing her head to
lull. She's losing it and Father Oliveira takes advantage,
picking Dawn up and heaving her into the gallery. He walks
to Elle, pulls her head back, and prepares to take a big
bite out of her exposed neck. But before he can, he YELLS

PAINFULLY --probably from the knife sticking out the back of his own neck.

He falls to his knees and suddenly convulses until a RED SPIRIT materializes from his body. The body collapses, but the Red Spirit hovers. Dawn strides purposefully into the aisle, turning to Anya.

DAWN
Anya--do it!

Anya nods, pulls out her own knife, and jams it in the same spot as the other. Sister Christian goes through the same song and dance and another RED SPIRIT appears. Both Spirits hover around and MOCK Dawn and Anya.

DAWN
Restoration solidification maximus.

The Spirits aren't thrilled as they become physically solid figures. Anya bops the head off hers with the bat and Dawn charges the other Red Spirit and shoves a stake through its eye, killing it. Anya and Dawn pull the knives out of the Father and Sister, checking for life signs.

ANYA
Still beating and breathing.

DAWN
Mine too. All hail research! ELLE!

Dawn shoots over to Elle and peels her off the cross.

DAWN
(soothing)
Oh God baby, please be all right.

ELLE
(groaning)
Dawn?

DAWN
Yeah, it's me, I'm here and you're safe.

Elle breaks down into tears and heavy SOBS. Dawn holds her tighter.

DAWN
I know--it's okay. Shh.

CUT TO:

INT. BUFFY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The door is beginning to give from the POUNDING. Faith crawls over to the weapons chest and opens it up--empty except for a note.

FAITH
(reading)
Ha ha. Got ya. Told you my
weapons are MY weapons and this'll
teach you to ASK before taking
someone else's possessions. With
the sincerest affection, Buffy.
(beat)
MOTHERFUCKER! Great fuckin' time
to be pullin' this prank PSA
bullshit B!

She discards the note and trashes the room in her search for any useful weapon. She hits the pillows knocking Buffy's diary to the floor, incidentally opening to the last entry. Faith peers under the bed--nothing but stuffed animals. Finally, Faith looks out and spots the diary just as the dresser skids further from the door and the desk is on the verge of following suit.

Faith takes a comprehensive look at the diary and silently reads it, shocked wonder invading her face--and then she comes to the "I LO" part. Despite it being incomplete, she knows. There's a surge in her--she gets up as the Pareesy breaks through and goes for her. Faith puts up a whale of a defense, getting in the first shot and a flurry of others. The blows cause a SQUISHY sound, but still hurt it. Faith hits it with all she has, but the Pareesy counters with a backhand sending her into the wall and almost out the window. Faith hangs half out, but manages to boot the Pareesy when it approaches and she goes on a rabid assault, beating the thing into submission. The Pareesy can only swipe at Faith with its claws, but Faith ducks them with ease. She pounds on the Pareesy with vigor and ecstasy, "jelly" and goo and other mushy crap flying off the demon as it ceases to move more and more with every one of Faith's brutal blows.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Spike's head SMASHES through a car window. Buffy drop-kicks his ass.

SPIKE
Bloody hell! Talk about
unsportsmanlike conduct!

Buffy pulls Spike out of the window.

BUFFY
What you just said--blah blah blah,
I'm pussy-fruit.

SPIKE
Dru was always a better lay than you.

BUFFY
What a coincidence--my hand is a
better lay than you. See--weren't

meant to be together.

SPIKE

Sure we were--in hell whoopin' the
stones out of each other.

Buffy backhands Spike and the two get into it rough. Giles does more than hold his own against the Henchvamps. He swipes at them with a battle-ax, connecting with the broad side of it. He drops down and chops off the legs of one of the vamps and then hops up and swings at the head of the other vamp, but misses. The legless vamp WRITHES in pain, as the other vamp gains hold of Giles' throat. The vamps loses all color and turns to dust a moment later. Once the dust settles, Giles is revealed to be holding a stake in his hand. He uses it again to shut the legless vamp's pathetic PLEAS.

Spike jukes away from Buffy's shots and lands a spin-kick of his own. Giles stands and motions to join the fight. Spike notices, elbows Buffy, and sends her crashing into Giles.

GILES

I suppose this is my fault.

BUFFY

All together now...

BOTH

Wise-ass.

GILES

There are worse things to be.

Buffy gets off Giles and helps him up. Spike's vanished. Buffy panics.

BUFFY

FAITH!

CUT TO:

INT. SUMMERS HOUSE - MINUTES LATER

Buffy races through the door and up the stairs into her room where the Pareesy lies dead and depleted of his "jelly". Faith relaxes on the floor against the bed. Buffy leaps on her, showering her with kisses.

BUFFY

FAITH! Sweetness, are you okay?
God I missed you and was so scared
I'd lose you.

Buffy kisses Faith full on the lips for an extended period of time. When they break apart...

BUFFY

From now on, safe haven is Giles'
place--NOTHING ever happens there!

FAITH
Whatever you say. I didn't get to
finish dinner.

BUFFY
(seriously)
God you're sexy.

Buffy kisses Faith again. They don't notice Giles in the doorway, or the tender and understanding smile playing on his lips. He leaves them to their moment.

CUT TO:

INT. GILES' HOUSE - DAY

Giles hands Buffy a drink.

GILES
How is Faith progressing?

BUFFY
Nascar-fast. She's pure adrenaline.

GILES
Killing that Pareesy ignited her
slayer spirit. People can execute
the most stultifying feats when
facing fatal adversity.

BUFFY
She's dazzling.

GILES
Simple and satisfying. Are you
here as a courtesy or is this
substantive?

BUFFY
Any conclusions on what sidelined
Faith?

GILES
Examining the spell's ingredients
and incantation, I fell upon a
single theory.

BUFFY
Which is...?

GILES
Faith claims she was strictly by-
the-book on the execution of the
spell, and I believe her. So the
problem was caused by one of the
ingredients...a Brasogen's toe--
last piece of the puzzle and
resulted in stripping a slayer of
her powers--no easy task. Too much

of a coincidence, especially considering WHERE she caught the demon.

That intrigues Buffy.

CUT TO:

INT. UNDERGROUND, MID-LEVEL OFFICE - DAY

The door BUSTS open and in swaggers Buffy with a sack. The Suiter falls out of his seat and fearfully stands up.

SUITER
I expect a check for that.

BUFFY
Not necessary. I'll pay you back right now.

SUITER
Cash?

Buffy dips into the sack and pulls out a railroad spike.

BUFFY
Tears--yours.

SUITER
Buffy, I know we've never been on good terms...

BUFFY
This is the first time we've met.

SUITER
And it's going unbelievably bad...

BUFFY
For you.

SUITER
I am a vain creature whose vanity is his greatest asset so this is vexing.

BUFFY
You never thanked me for killing your bosses.

SUITER
This is our introductory meeting--a point made by thou.

BUFFY
Thee.

SUITER
I was a Nazi.

BUFFY
Keep talking...now it's a laundry
list of reasons to kill you.

SUITER
Kill...yeah, how many spikes you
carrying?

BUFFY
Eleven.

SUITER
Doesn't exactly scream "quick and
painless".

BUFFY
Nope.

SUITER
Sounds more like torture.

BUFFY
Yep. Admittedly not my style--but
aiding and abetting the attempted
murder of the woman I love...just
the visuals have me shivering.

SUITER
I'm quivering.

BUFFY
Adds to the fun.

Buffy steps forward a few feet. Suiter uses that moment to
make a run for the door, but Buffy cuts him off in a flash
and traps him against the wall. She punches him.

BUFFY
You won't get a shred of mercy from
me by resisting.

SUITER
It wasn't my idea! I was just the
middle guy! Spike hired me!

BUFFY
No fucking duh! Why do you think
I'm using railroad spikes you dolt?

SUITER
Right...kinda hard to think
straight when your life is on the
line.

BUFFY
Takes practice.

Buffy punches Suiter again, then props up his left arm and
rams the spike through his elbow area. Cue HORRIFYING SCREAM.

BUFFY
How much did he pay you?

Suiter doesn't answer--more out of headsplitting pain than stubbornness.

BUFFY
Come on buddy--stay with me. How much?

SUITER
One thousand.

BUFFY
A grand? To sell out my sweetness...

Buffy grabs another spike, props up Suiter's right arm and slams it through his right elbow. More SCREAMING. Blood seeps from the wounds.

BUFFY
Everyone will know--you are the message to be paraded in front of the demon population, so they understand the rules of the game have been wiped from record and replaced by what you symbolize...Buffy the Vampire Slayer is now one ruthlessly vengeful bitch!

Buffy jams a spike into his knee. SCREAM.

BUFFY
Demons will find you here, my calling card clearly displayed so they know who was responsible and they'll remember...

Buffy spikes him in the thigh; one in the midsection; another in the shoulder blade. GASPING SCREAMS.

BUFFY
Embedded in their memory banks for as long as I live, the unconscionable sight of you...every gory detail fresh in their minds 24-7...

Spike in the crotch. PAINFUL, SCREECHING ROAR.

BUFFY
Fuck with my loved ones...
(whispering to his ear)
...and you--are--FUCKED.

Buffy pulls out the next spike and flips it playfully. She steps a few paces back and gets ready for target practice.

BUFFY

Don't worry--Spike'll get his--and
worse. Your mistake--Faith and I
are the chosen TWO.

On Buffy as she throws the spike:

FADE OUT