

FADE IN

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

An unsuspecting FELLOW WHISTLES as he walks. He slows down as he spots a woman sitting on a stoop up ahead, BAWLING into her hands.

FELLOW
Excuse me, miss? Are you okay?

Peering up from her hands is DRUSILLA looking pitiful.

DRUSILLA
My darling Spike is in bad shape.

FELLOW
Is he hurt somewhere? Do you need 911?

DRUSILLA
No...the cure for his ills is miles more complicated. He used to make promises to me and keep them with a vengeful flare. Now, he can't even do something as simple as avenge the near death of his lover. He's pathetic!

FELLOW
Ookay...um, exactly how can I help? If nothing comes to mind, I can leave. In fact, I prefer it.

Drusilla grins and stands. She sidles up to Fellow.

DRUSILLA
Actually, you seem an outstanding antidote for my temporary needs.

FELLOW
(flustered)
In what way?

Drusilla vamps out and before the Fellow can scream, she rips into his neck. After feasting for a while, Drusilla releases the body.

DRUSILLA
Now to satisfy more pressing matters...

CUT TO:

EXT. PARK - DAWN

Blue sky. Birds CHIRP. A light breeze rustles the trees. The sun is peeking in the horizon, not quite visible yet.

On BUFFY and FAITH as they share a kiss on a bench.

Afterwards, Buffy rests her head on Faith's shoulder.

BUFFY
Is there a better time of day than
this one?

FAITH
Last call.

BUFFY
Besides that.

FAITH
Any second I spend with you?

BUFFY
Now THAT'S an answer. Willow knows
about us.

FAITH
That gaydar is impressive.

BUFFY
Told her over the phone. She
didn't seem all that surprised.

FAITH
Maybe she saw what you didn't.

BUFFY
What--
(emphasis added)
--I--
(normal)
--didn't? Just ME? The ME sitting
next to you. The ME whose lips
your lips are unabashedly addicted
to kissing.

FAITH
Uh...I'm gonna say YEAH, but only
because I don't want this escalatin'
to the point where you're huffin'
and puffin' and blowin' away from
my body.

BUFFY
Well excuse me for taking offense
at being called a clueless dolt.

FAITH
Now that's overstatin' it! I'm
just suggestin' you were oblivious
to how I felt. It's okay B, I
don't blame ya.

BUFFY
Oh I feel so much better now.

FAITH

For fuck's sake B! Look where we are! It's a beautiful fuckin' day--with the birds singin', clouds puffin', sun risin'...got Shakespeare in the park about to start...and I'm with my girl. It don't get more kick-ass than this!

BUFFY

Good point. I always wanted to go to New York to catch Shakespeare in Central Park. What play is this?

FAITH

"MacBeth" I think.

BUFFY

I don't remember this scene.

The scene: two VAMPIRES strapped to two big crosses, their PROTESTS swallowed by the gags in their mouths.

FAITH

Oh come on--it's the one where Lady Mac and her lesbolicious lady capture a couple of vamps, strap 'em to crosses in the park, and watch 'em burn as the sun comes up.

BUFFY

Ohhh right...I LOVE that scene.

The slayers watch as the sunlight spreads throughout the area and onto the Vampires who begin to smoke, SIZZLE, and burn. It's gruesome--their SCREAMS apparent but useless. The Vampires become toast. Cue the applause and CHEERS from the slayers.

BUFFY

Excellent! Fabulous!
Someone call the Tonys!

FAITH

Bravo! Encore! Encore! We
want more it's that good!

They stop. Buffy snuggles into Faith.

FAITH

Man, I love the theater.

END TEASE

ACT ONE

FADE IN

INT. ELLE'S BEDROOM - DAY

DINO examines ELLE's carved-up back on the bed.

DINO

I'm gonna fuckin' kill that fuckin'
piece of motherfuckin' shit!

ELLE

Dawn killed him. Sorry your bloodlust won't be satiated.

DINO

Christ Elizabeth--why didn't you call me?

ELLE

Well, that whole being taken hostage and used as a human sacrifice thing made it difficult to get to a phone.

DINO

You shoulda called me anyway if you were having problems. I think it's great you'd go to a priest--still regret not putting you in Sunday school--but mass and communion are nothing compared to GUIDANCE. That's HELP--what I'm here for.

ELLE

I didn't wanna bother you--not like you get vacations often--or ever. Especially if you were with your lesbian friend.

DINO

Yes, it would be so wrong for my SISTER to interrupt my lesbian-interaction time for such trivial matters as personal problems and potentially life-threatening situations.

ELLE

I can't continue this dependence on you for everything and I definitely don't want to bog you down with MY issues.

DINO

There's a lot of crap I do and have done for years out of necessity--because I can't help but feel obligated to do them...

(firmly)

...you are not one of those things.

ELLE

I know.

Silence.

DINO

Anything you wanna tell me?

Elle considers it. She's conflicted.

ELLE
Not now.

CUT TO:

INT. SUNNYDALE HIGH, BUFFY'S OFFICE - DAY

Buffy sits at her desk while WILLOW giddily sits on the desk.

WILLOW
So you watched vampires burn on crosses in a public park...that's gotta be the weirdest date in recorded history.

BUFFY
Really wasn't a date. We haven't gone on a date yet.

WILLOW
Is Faith too macho for dating?

BUFFY
Please don't use macho and Faith in the same sentence. I prefer MY Faith to embody increasingly feminine qualities.

WILLOW
Faith and feminine...that's like Buffy and education.

Buffy scowls, picks up a ruler, and smacks Willow's leg.

BUFFY
(bashfully)
I really believe I can turn her into a housewife.

WILLOW
BUFFY!

BUFFY
School is no place for lecturing, so stuff it. And she tried cooking me dinner! It's realistic.

WILLOW
Shame on you. How could you change her like that? Why would you want to?

BUFFY
I love her the way she is--just that there's more than she let's on. For all the promises about getting to know her better, I honestly can't say I know much more about her than I did three years ago.

Just a few vagueries.

WILLOW
Plenty of ways to fix that.

DAWN marches in with her backpack.

DAWN
Why do I have to be in school today?

BUFFY
Because getting an education is the
cornerstone of a successful future.

DAWN
I already know what I want to be
when I grow up--JUST LIKE YOU.

BUFFY
Wow...that gets me--
(pointing to side of chest)
--right here in this part of my
heart. Over here--
(pointing to other side)
--this part of my heart is laughing
so hard it's on the verge of a
heart attack.

DAWN
(whining)
I'd rather be with Elle...I SHOULD
be with her.

Willow quirks an eyebrow.

BUFFY
Regular human beings go to school.
Xander, Elle--when she's healthy.
Irregular humans also attend
school--me, Willow...

WILLOW
Dino.

Buffy quirks an eyebrow.

BUFFY
(to Dawn)
Fact of life kiddo...tough it out
and you'll be home in a few hours.

Dawn's still not happy. She slouches out. Willow sends a
questioning glance at Buffy who looks away.

CUT TO:

INT. XANDER'S APARTMENT - DAY

ANYA lounges around until the door opens and XANDER, baggage
in hand, walks in. Anya runs to him.

ANYA
Xander! I missed you so much!

XANDER
Then why don't you take this for me...

Xander stuffs his baggage right into Anya's midsection. She catches it but her ass lands on the ground. Xander makes nothing of it.

ANYA
Did you miss me?

XANDER
At times. Gotta say, being away from Sunnydale really put things in perspective. My mind is clear--at least, as clear as it can get without becoming transparent.

ANYA
I'm...semi-thrilled to hear that in a barely understanding way.

XANDER
Been holding down the fort for me?

ANYA
(cheery)
Like a housewife. I didn't mention "housewife" because I'm hoping you'll make me one. I wish not to be domesticated by you no matter how much I love you--which has amassed otherworldly proportions.

XANDER
Thanks for all that information. I'm gonna take a shower.

ANYA
Want company?

XANDER
Sure.

Anya brightens considerably.

XANDER
Know anyone good?

Anya darkens considerably.

CUT TO:

INT. DEAN HOUSE - NIGHT

On Elle resting on the couch, exasperated.

ELLE
Dawn, stop it right now.

Pull back to reveal Dawn dressed in a nurse's uniform holding food and supplies.

DAWN
Am I doing something wrong?

ELLE
Yeah--annoying the hell out of me.

DAWN
Do you not like the outfit?

ELLE
That's the only reason you're still here. I don't want you fawning over me.

DAWN
It's no problem. Just wanna make sure you heal fast and stay strong and...a multitude of other things.

ELLE
(skeptical)
Right.
(beat)
Dawn, a nursemaid is something I've never needed or wanted. A best friend though...always wanted, never had...until you. Let's keep it that way.

Dawn smiles weakly.

DAWN
I'll put these in storage--just in case.

Dawn solemnly enters the kitchen leaving behind a bothered Elle.

CUT TO:

INT. DINER - NIGHT

Buffy and Faith eat pie. It's quiet for the most part.

BUFFY
Damn fine pie.

FAITH
Blueberry's my favorite.

BUFFY
Huh--didn't know that. Amazing what certain people can learn from

certain other people when those other people speak.

FAITH

Nice skirtin' B. You gonna tap dance around the table for your next number?

BUFFY

Forget it.

FAITH

Fuck the forgettin' and bring on the rememberin'...or anything soundin' less dorky.

BUFFY

You're not taking this seriously. All I want is to know my girlfriend.

FAITH

I've told ya plenty of shit about me.

BUFFY

There you go again.

FAITH

What?

BUFFY

You do this.

FAITH

What the fuck do I do? Swallow the fuckin' huckleberries so you can spit it out clearly.

BUFFY

Trivializing your identity.

Faith SCOFFS.

BUFFY

Who you are--your life now and then--what you have, what you want--

FAITH

--I WANT ya to shut up about this.

Buffy stares hard at Faith who returns it. Faith wills her to drop the subject--Buffy gesticulates her resignation. A WAITRESS comes over and gives them the check.

FAITH

You payin', right?

BUFFY

Of course.

FAITH

Then I'll be outside. Don't fret
over the tip.

Buffy rolls her eyes. Faith coldly leaves. Buffy hesitates
before picking up the check. She EXHALES loudly.

CUT TO:

INT. THE UNDERGROUND - NIGHT

Xander, Giles, and Dino sit in a booth.

DINO
Dude, that's pretty cruel.

XANDER
It is COOL, isn't it?

DINO
CRUEL. Seems kinda CRUEL to not
only keep her in the dark, but
almost strap her in and deny any
means of decent survival to her.

XANDER
You ever have a serious girlfriend?

DINO
I dated a nihilist.

XANDER
Serious as in bordering on marriage
and china patterns.

DINO
Sort of. I was fifteen tipping
over into sixteen...she was a few
months older and lightyears more
attractive. Never got to the point
of forever...

Dino trails off, his eyes blinking rapidly.

GILES
What happened?

Dino CLEARS HIS THROAT.

DINO
Died.

XANDER
Vampires?

DINO
Porsche.
(beat)
Morning after our, um, first night
together...she woke up before me
and went to make me an omelet--I

love omelets. I know because she left a note telling me she did, but that she had to go out to get some eggs...me and Elle finished 'em the day before. She never came back...found out what happened from a guy on the street.

Xander and Giles are sympathetic.

GILES
I'm sorry.

DINO
Nah...I got over it.

XANDER
How?

DINO
Lots and lots of sex with lots and lots of women. Back in New York, I'm kinda like a goodfella superhero.

GILES
You sound resoundingly proud of that fact.

DINO
Hey, before leaving, I had as much power and respect as the mayor in the world's greatest city. Makes your career as a teenage demon-killer more tolerable.

XANDER
Well, mine is exceptionally different circumstances. I'm not even sure where I want us to go anymore.

GILES
Take it from a man who has had his share of relationships--you may be unaware of where you're headed, but you are headed somewhere. The key is not subjecting Anya to some type of torture for her misdeeds--that may serve only to distort your sensibilities and emotions.

XANDER
After three years of listening to her yapping and badgering over the littlest disagreement in my favor-- or anyone else's besides hers for that matter--I think I deserve a level of bloodless revenge. How harmful could it be?

In unison, they all drink.

CUT TO:

EXT. GRAVEYARD - NIGHT

Buffy and Faith grasp their stakes as they patrol the area.

BUFFY
I forgive you.

FAITH
Who apologized?

BUFFY
You will.

FAITH
Meaning I haven't and I doubt I
ever will since I don't know what
my future non-apology is for.

BUFFY
The way you treated me at the diner.

FAITH
Gimme a break. Quit bein' so
girly-girly sensitive...boo-hoo,
Faithy was nasty to me 'cause she
doesn't feel in the mood to talk
about her FEELINGS on this, that,
and the other fuckin' thing.

BUFFY
I just want you to open up to me.
You don't have to broadcast it over
the internet--for my ears only.

FAITH
Let it go...it's in the past! You
said so yourself.

BUFFY
Yes I did, but in the context of
keeping you from wallowing in self-
hatred. Your life now is more
important than how it was then, but
that shouldn't devalue the effect
your past has had on you!

FAITH
The last thing I need is to dwell
on a time when I hated being me.
MY past, my choice whether or not
to waste Buffy-time on it.

BUFFY
You don't take yourself seriously
enough.

FAITH
Whatever.

BUFFY
Yeah--just write me off.

Buffy and Faith continue walking until catching the sound of VOICES in the distance. They share a knowing look and maneuver into a spot where they safely spy on an encounter featuring SPIKE and a couple of GOONS.

SPIKE
Did you find her?

GOON 1
Nowhere in sight.

SPIKE
Where did you look?

GOON 2
Combed the entire town--which isn't much to begin with--still came up empty.

SPIKE
Bollocks! As the hellmouth turns...ungrateful bitca.

Spike ruefully LAUGHS.

SPIKE
Come on--Sunnydale sojourn, part two.

The Goons follow Spike as he leaves. Buffy and Faith are intrigued.

CUT TO:

EXT. ESPRESSO PUMP - NIGHT

Willow and KENNEDY exit the place. Willow's beat.

KENNEDY
I'm just saying, a few phone calls would've been welcome. Bad enough I couldn't go.

WILLOW
Goddess! You called me and I did call you--what's the hang up?

KENNEDY
This "enough is truly enough" attitude doesn't fly with me. I could never get enough of my girlfriend.

WILLOW
Please don't take this the wrong

way, but my Earth does not revolve around your Sun.

KENNEDY

Thank you for the astronomical phraseology. Is your goal to be obnoxiously clever...or obnoxiously intellectual?

WILLOW

Swear to God, first time I'm seeing it.

KENNEDY

What?

WILLOW

Why everyone hates your guts. There was more to me than Kennedy's girl before you rode into town on that personality-challenged horse of yours...I'm steadfastly holding the same position now. There's loads of happy-tingly feelings for you here, but cut the shit if you want it to stay that way.

Willow stomps off. Kennedy bites her lip and waits a moment before catching up.

Close on a series of trees and bushes across the street. Stepping out from behind a tree is Drusilla.

DRUSILLA

You will do splendidly.

On Drusilla's maniacal stare:

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN

INT. DEAN HOUSE - DAY

Willow, Xander, Faith, and Dino watch "Die Hard". Buffy, Giles, Dawn, Elle, Anya, and Kennedy eye the viewers with contempt.

GILES

This is summarily counterproductive.

BUFFY

No duh.

FAITH

Oh oh, here it comes!

FAITH/XANDER/DINO

(with accents;
mimicking the movie)
Shoot the glass!

All four burst out LAUGHING. The others are frustrated.

WILLOW
I can't believe this is only my
first time.

DINO
Me neither.

Dino snakes his arm around Willow's shoulders on the sofa
earning an unseen glare from Kennedy.

GILES
(to the viewers)
Can we please get to the matter at
hand?

FAITH
You mean Spike? We hunt the dog
down and put him to sleep--case
closed.

XANDER
(to Faith)
Nice job.

FAITH
Thanks.

BUFFY
It's not so simple. You know
that--but I digress.

FAITH
Digress all ya want--we just wanna
watch the movie.

BUFFY
Spike is up to something.

WILLOW
Spike's always up to something.
That's what makes him a schemer.

KENNEDY
Shouldn't be so lax about this
WILLOW...he could be looking for you.

ANYA
Possibly to make you his bitch.
For that matter, he may want to
enslave us all. That would be
strenuously unacceptable.

XANDER

Unless it was Faith doing the enslaving.

ANYA
I'm over her!

FAITH
She's over me.

BUFFY
Really?

DAWN
(suspiciously; to Buffy)
Why do you wanna know?

BUFFY
Because...Anya's a pixie.

Anya's offended.

ELLE
Whoa...can't believe she said that out loud.

DAWN
Maybe Anya's rubbing off on her.

ANYA
Maybe Faith is.

DINO
Maybe I'd like to.

That earns a glare from Faith and a GIGGLE from Willow.

GILES
Maybe we should gain a semblance of perspective and realize how far off-track this meeting has gotten.

XANDER
What meeting? Ohhh, right. Maybe we should start over.
(exuberant)
Hey guys, what's up?

Some CHUCKLES, GROANS, and Giles removes his glasses.

CUT TO:

INT. DRUSILLA'S LITTLE HOUSE - DAY

Spike paces the room. The place looks the same except for the entire lack of dolls.

SPIKE
Bloody sensational. I'm gonna make her sensationally bloody--that's what I'm gonna do. Oh yeah, the

bint's getting plastered like the punks in Northern Ireland.

The door CREAKS open. Spike's elated.

SPIKE
Thank the bleedin' lord Dru! Where ya been? I miss--

Spike stops when ANGEL struts in. Spike's face falls.

SPIKE
Fuck you, this is not happening.

ANGEL
No hug?

SPIKE
I'd rather swim naked in raw sewage. But the sewage is real...not necessarily the case with you.

ANGEL
Smiles and candy canes aren't on the agenda I assume.

SPIKE
That corporeal bit ain't helping the brainpower department I see. If it's a patsy you're looking for, go to Washington--and stay there. A host of blokes will throw a parade as a send-off.

ANGEL
Spikey-poo, you don't like me?

SPIKE
Sure you want to hear my answer?

ANGEL
No. Would you like to know the whereabouts of your precious Drusilla?
(taunting)
She's taken up an extracirricular activity.

Spike holds a fiery stare at "Angel".

CUT TO:

INT. SECRET CRYPT - DAY

Drusilla places a small dress on a table.

DRUSILLA
Yes, you'll fit her perfectly. A dress worthy of such a special girl.

Drusilla walks over to a bag and pulls out a make-up case.

DRUSILLA
Has to look pretty for Mistress.

Drusilla walks over to an array of cushions housing a bare doll. Drusilla picks it up and strokes it gently.

DRUSILLA
So lovely. Won't be long now...

CUT TO:

INT. SUMMERS BASEMENT - DAY

Buffy and Faith spar as Giles takes notes and cools off with a bottle of water.

The sparring session consists of rapid-fire, high-intensity exchanges, neither holding back. As they spar:

FAITH
Where's this energy comin' from B?

BUFFY
Beating the shit out of you seems to be the best way to communicate with you.

FAITH
Sure it's not pent up sexual frustration...or is that me?

BUFFY
I'd say FUCK YOU if I knew you wouldn't throw an innuendo-laden comment back at me.

FAITH
Tell me this hasn't got your juices flowin' like a friggin' canal.

BUFFY
I can live without sex--you should try it.

FAITH
Don't gotta try--I'm with YOU!

Buffy lands a hard right and pushes Faith against a wall, smothering her.

BUFFY
Unload more invective into our relationship--does nothing to increase my sexual desire or decrease my determination to crack open your soul and learn every ounce of who you are. In fact, it serves to create the most

interminable bitch on the block.
Please Faithy, gimme more--got an
itch that needs scratchin'.

FAITH

You were a clit-tease then--still are.

Giles' breath hitches. Faith strikes Buffy in the face and connects with successive blows. Buffy strikes back, but Faith gains the upper hand and ties Buffy up in an embrace--Buffy's back against her front. Faith's got Buffy's arms locked and leans in to whisper loudly:

FAITH

Words don't mean shit to a slayer--
not when the adrenaline's flowin',
'cause it ain't any different from
the arousal...the rush, the power,
the desire to rip into someone, the
taste, the headiness...the words
are drowned out by our bodies
screamin' their urges, beggin' for
that release.

(MORE)

FAITH (CONT'D)

The ecstasy B--denyin' its
existence, pretendin' it's not
there or somethin' else altogether
is a fool's play 'cause you can't
fool another slayer. You want it--
you need it--I can take you to a
place beyond the heaven of your
wildest dreams.

Silence. Buffy's breathing becomes labored.

BUFFY

Wow. All I can say is: blah--
blah--blah.

Buffy spins free and nails Faith who fights back. They have a lengthy exchange before Faith lands a kick to the midsection, then flips Buffy to the floor. She jumps on Buffy, caging her. They both breathe raggedly, sweat dripping from their skin. Hair respective messes. Their faces barely inches apart.

FAITH

Try to fuckin' blah this away--BUFFY.

Buffy shivers. Faith's lips feather across Buffy's. Suddenly, water hits them sparking their awareness of Giles who holds the water bottle out in front of him.

GILES

Thought you might do well to cool
off. I know I will.

Giles pours a bunch of water over his head. He picks up his

notebook and stands.

GILES
Good day ladies.

Giles nods and walks out. Buffy and Faith focus on each other again. Faith kisses Buffy lightly, then turns it into a hungry, ravaging kiss. Faith's hand snakes down to Buffy's waist, her fingers roaming over exposed skin. Buffy unlatches her mouth from Faith, gasping for air.

BUFFY
Don't.

FAITH
I can sense how you're
feelin'...it's okay, I'm right
there with you.

BUFFY
This is far from a good time.

FAITH
Always a good time with me B.

Faith's hand dips into Buffy's pants.

BUFFY
Not like this. I don't want to.

Faith gazes long and hard into Buffy's eyes. Buffy pleads with Faith. Faith SIGHS, removes her hand and rolls off Buffy.

FAITH
Sorry.

BUFFY
It's okay. I don't blame you.

FAITH
(biting)
Wanna talk? Is that what you'd
prefer--or is this about makin'
love? Can never just fuck.

BUFFY
Both. Why you're apprehensive
about either boggles my mind and
heart.

FAITH
I'm sick of the first and got no
concept of the second. That help?

Buffy rushes to her feet and busts it up the stairs. Faith shuts her eyes.

CUT TO:

EXT. SUMMERS HOUSE - EVENING

Willow heads down the stairs to meet Kennedy.

WILLOW

Hi.

KENNEDY

Gee, thanks for the stellar greeting and loving embrace.

WILLOW

Ditch the melodrama please--you don't wear it well.

KENNEDY

What's going on with you?

WILLOW

Me? This seems more like a Kennedy-issue. What's with you Kennedys? Always stirring controversy and promoting dysfunction.

KENNEDY

What the fuck is that supposed to mean?

WILLOW

Figure it out yourself.

KENNEDY

Whatever's gotten into you Willow...do you not wanna be with me anymore?

WILLOW

Take it to the extreme...God, are you pulling wild theories out of your ass?

KENNEDY

Characterizations are subjective...you got a thing for Captain America?

WILLOW

Someone wasn't paying attention when I pointedly remarked my dislike of comic books.

KENNEDY

(acidly)

Dean. Dino. Christopher Columbus jr. I'm thinking he's been sailing to the new world--a.k.a., your pussy.

Willow slaps Kennedy.

KENNEDY

Yum. Admit it, would explain a

whole lot--like why I haven't gotten into your pants since you came back. Maybe you're afraid of what my heightened senses will find down there.

Willow slaps Kennedy again.

WILLOW
Want another one?

KENNEDY
Not if you'd rather be anywhere but here.

Willow and Kennedy eye each other for a moment. Willow turns and walks back into the house. Kennedy shakes her head angrily. She takes a few steps down the sidewalk, but stops and looks across the street. Kennedy keeps her sight on the area until a blue dress flashes. Kennedy sprints across the street, but finds nothing and no one. She recklessly surveys the neighborhood--no luck. She's alone.

CUT TO:

INT. THE BRONZE - NIGHT

Xander lounges on a couch opposite Willow and Faith.

FAITH
Bad boy.

XANDER
I'm taking that as a compliment even if you didn't mean it to be one.

WILLOW
When are you gonna have THE TALK?

XANDER
Eventually.

FAITH
Evil son of a bitch. I like it.

Xander celebrates.

WILLOW
It's wrong to string her along like that. Sure, we're talking about Anya, but she's got feelings and emotions like the rest of us. Yes, they border on schizophrenic--but no less human.

XANDER
What is it with people insisting on me being a sycophant romantic?
(MORE)

XANDER (CONT'D)

You laying a guilt-trip on me;
Giles trying to endow me with aging
wisdom from the 50's or whatever
decade he grew up in; Dino and his
tale of love lost as if I shouldn't
play around with Anya because she
might die any minute.

Willow's disturbed.

XANDER

Am I a horny twenty year old? Hell
yeah! Does that mean my dick has
controlled my approach to romance?
FUCK NO. I'm the one who gets a
bad rap in this trio even though I
would've been perfectly happy
spending the rest of my life with
you, Buffy, Cordelia, or Anya.
Meanwhile, no offense, but I have
no idea what you're doing with
Kennedy and Buffy used Spike for
sport-fucking, so tuck away your
pressuring, judgmental nice guy
rant for when I really deserve it.

Faith's mouth hangs open. Willow sits back and gestures her
giving up. Anya walks over and hands Xander a drink.

ANYA

Here you go sweetheart. Bartender
practically needed me to hold his
hand.

XANDER

Thanks.

ANYA

Wanna dance? Meaningful
conversation? Love-making in a
public place?

XANDER

Actually, could you get me some
nuts--my tummy's aching to be filled.

ANYA

Be right back!

Anya flies off. Xander grins and turns to Faith.

XANDER

So what's up with you and Buffy?

Faith and Willow exchange a glance.

FAITH

It's nothin'.

XANDER

Bull. There's something going on between you two. I don't know...the best analogy I can make is...girl-on-girl porn.

FAITH

Really hoverin' in a totally different country Xan.

XANDER

Then what is it?

Beat.

FAITH

Slayer PMS--times two.

Xander eyes Faith for a moment, then Willow who smirks and nods in confirmation. Xander smiles nervously before silently getting up and walking away.

WILLOW

Old reliable.

FAITH

Yep.

CUT TO:

INT. SUNNYDALE HIGH, BASEMENT - DAY

Dawn and Elle cautiously trek through the creepy area.

ELLE

There are really ghosts down here?

DAWN

Why would I lie?

ELLE

Uh, to freak me out? I'm not a fan of ghosts.

DAWN

Glad to hear that.

ELLE

Which part? The freak-out or the disinclination towards ghosts?

DAWN

If you got friendly with the supernatural, I'd have to stop being friendly with you.

ELLE

Wouldn't want that.

DAWN
In case you get scared, don't
hesitate to hold on to me for dear
life. I won't complain about where
your hands end up.

ELLE
(flustered)
Okay.
(beat)
Did you hear that?

DAWN
Considering I just learned of YOU
hearing something, I'm gonna say no.

There's a SNAP. Dawn and Elle halt.

ELLE
Should I go first?

DAWN
Heard that.

Dawn pats Elle on the arm, spinning her finger. Elle nods,
confused. Dawn pulls out a stake. After a moment, she
spins around and Elle follows suit. Nothing.

VOICE (OS)
Boo!

Dawn and Elle SCREAM and jump, turning around to find Buffy
adorning a death stare.

BUFFY
Stupid. You are stupid.
(to Dawn)
You, my sister, are stupid.
(to Elle)
You are stupid, but not my sister,
so I only THINK you're stupid.
(MORE)

BUFFY (CONT'D)
I'm not SAYING you're stupid, but
if I were your sister, I'd call you
stupid.
(to Dawn)
Now, I am calling you stupid...
(to Elle)
...and I would call you stupid...
(to both)
...for a reason. Do you know what
that reason is?

Dawn and Elle look at each other, thinking it over. They
look back to Buffy.

DAWN
Because showing off my hellmouth

skills doesn't promote modesty, the hallmark of a good superhero and a characteristic representative of cool decency?

BUFFY

Your punishment for coming down here WAS going to be a verbal spanking. That answer gets you grounded for a week.

DAWN

Of course.

BUFFY

Are you stupid?

ELLE

I thought we covered that.

BUFFY

What are you doing down here? Besides neglecting class.

ELLE

Secret make-out session.

Dawn SWOONS. Buffy narrows her eyes.

BUFFY

(slowly)
Is that true?

ELLE

(emphatically)
No.

DAWN

(quietly; disappointed)
No.
(louder)
We were just doing some ghost hunting.

Buffy shakes her head disapprovingly.

BUFFY

(to Elle)
Can you give us a minute?

ELLE

No prob. But I'm not going too far.

Elle puts distance between herself and the sisters. Buffy moves close to Dawn.

BUFFY

Dawny, I trust your self-defense abilities--I do...but this is a risk so not worth taking. Especially if your goal is to

impress Elle.

DAWN
Absolutely not! Thought it might help her build fighting skills. Get to know her surroundings so she isn't as vulnerable.

BUFFY
Commendable.
(beat)
Have you broached the whole...

Buffy gives a "you know..." look. Dawn knows.

DAWN
Asking about tonight's history homework and admitting I really do wanna come down to the basement during school hours for secret make-out sessions are on different ends of the vocal spectrum.

BUFFY
It's hard--but sweetie, the pay-off is utopia if she reciprocates.

DAWN
IF.

Buffy rubs Dawn's shoulder compassionately. Dawn peers over at a seemingly oblivious Elle.

CUT TO:

EXT. GRAVEYARD - NIGHT

Buffy, Faith, Willow, and Dino patrol.

FAITH
This group mentality seems pretty fuckin' misguided.

BUFFY
Is that code for "I want to be alone in my principles--namely shut up and fuck me!"?

DINO
Very rewarding principles.

BUFFY
(to Faith)
Say it.

FAITH
What?

BUFFY
Just come out with what you really

want at this precise moment--to
patrol anywhere I'm not.

FAITH
Always assumin' the dramatic worst.

BUFFY
Is that a denial?

FAITH
No, your assumin' was spot on this
time. THIS TIME.

BUFFY
Go kiss your own ass...
(muttering)
...unappreciative slutbomb.

WILLOW
(worried)
Uh oh, lovers' quarrel.

FAITH
Nuh uh Red...can't be a lovers'
quarrel without the LOVERS part.
Little Miss Priss would rather
finger her own pussy than mine.

BUFFY
Astounding what you'll talk about
with so many people around and what
you won't with just me.

FAITH
Let--it--go. I think splittin' up
is a good idea. I'll go one way,
you three go the other. All in
favor? The YEAS have it.

BUFFY
Leave. Go. Fuck off with your
phony majority.

Buffy turns her back to Faith. Faith huffs off. Willow and
Dino are supremely uncomfortable.

WILLOW
Buffy? Are you--

BUFFY
--going home. I'm tired. Sorry.

Before Willow can say anything else, Buffy marches in the
opposite direction Faith left. Willow and Dino shuffle
around for a few moments.

DINO
(heroically)
Fear not, fair maiden...I shall
protect you through and through,

out and about, here there and everywhere...and I'll do it with a smile.

WILLOW
(smiling; quietly)
Captain America.

DINO
What's that?

WILLOW
Thank you Christopher.

DINO
Always welcome.
(beat)
So where's Kennedy tonight?

WILLOW
Probably courting trouble.

CUT TO:

EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT

Kennedy sits against a headstone. She SNIFFLES and wipes at her eyes.

KENNEDY
Pathetic. Vapid town. Deserves to get sucked into hell...happiness for everyone.

VOICE (OS)
I vehemently agree.

Kennedy leaps to her feet and immediately gets into a fighting stance. She sees Drusilla floating towards her.

KENNEDY
You're that vamp's vamp girlfriend.

DRUSILLA
Technically.

KENNEDY
Evasion persuasion. You telling me you and the peroxide punky brewster aren't sharing a bed no more?

DRUSILLA
If that's what you'd like to hear, then I will say yes.

KENNEDY
What I want? I want to jam a piece of sharp wood in your chest...then suck what's left into a dustbuster...then shoot the shit

into a toilet, press the handle,
and--

(singing)
--flush goes the ashes.

DRUSILLA

That would hurt. What did I do to
you?

KENNEDY

Me personally? Nothing. But I'm a
soldier on the side of light, so my
first inclination is to kill you.
You got a history.

DRUSILLA

You do battle for those mean
children who wish ill of myself and
Spike.

KENNEDY

Not FOR them--WITH them.

DRUSILLA

You are a blasted fool if you truly
believe such an outrageous claim.
I've seen how they treat you...how
your own love has grown disgusted
with you.

KENNEDY

(dangerously)
How the fuck would you know
anything? Engage in heavy thinking
for your answer, 'cause if I don't
like it--

DRUSILLA

--instead of threatening me for
speaking the truth, why don't you
open your mind to the reality of
your relationship to all and her.
I've done that on several occasions
in my continuously lengthy existence.

KENNEDY

I'm not buying this shit.

DRUSILLA

They'd prefer you die than
withstand your presence for mere
seconds longer than necessary.
None of them like you...and the
lone beauty who saw your own unique
beauty-- invisible to the ignorance
of the rest--is falling in line
with their views. She no longer
wants you.

KENNEDY

(shakily)
No. She does.

DRUSILLA
She's roaming the landscape with HIM.

Drusilla steps right into Kennedy and strokes her face.
Kennedy lets her. Kennedy's shivers.

DRUSILLA
I'm here and I accept who you are--
a profoundly complex position
considering our origins--our
rebirths--light and dark...but our
differences draw us together. An
attraction of good and evil. I
want you.

KENNEDY
Not happening.

DRUSILLA
She loves you. That's not the
problem. She loves you.

KENNEDY
(hopefully)
Really?

DRUSILLA
I can help you win her back--
permanently. She will reside in
your heart and soul for all eternity.

KENNEDY
I'm intrigued...but keepin' an eye
on you.

DRUSILLA
As well you should my dear.

Drusilla CACKLES. Kennedy manages a slight grin. Drusilla runs her fingers over Kennedy's cheek. Kennedy's eyes flutter shut. At that moment, Drusilla vamps out and buries herself in Kennedy's neck. Kennedy GASPS, but that's all. She can't resist substantively, her body convulsing as Drusilla drains her. Finally, Drusilla stops feeding. When she lets go, Kennedy's body plops to the ground. Drusilla licks her lips and incisors.

DRUSILLA
It's midnight forever--pleasant
dreams.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN

EXT. KENNEDY'S PLACE - DAY

Willow walks down the hallway and stops at a door.

WILLOW

You can do this. Why the
apprehension? It's just a talk
that involves the moving of mouths
and creation of sounds into words.
Simple, easy, uncomplicated, facile.
Yeah, I've never broken up with
anyone, but get--

(pause)

--breaking up? Am I ending this
relationship?

(thinking)

No, I'm not. Am I?

(thinking)

No! I think...maybe...probably.
She's good to me and cares
abundantly about me and almost
worships the spell-book I read from.

(pause)

That's not enough though. I...

(pause)

...am not finished with her. I guess.

Willow SIGHS and shakes her head. She KNOCKS on the door.
No answer. She waits a moment before KNOCKING again. No
answer.

WILLOW

(loudly; as she knocks)

Kennedy. Kennedy, it's me.

(pause)

I'm naked.

The door across the hall CREAKS open and a PERVERT peers out.
Willow notices.

WILLOW

Perv!

DORK

Can you blame me?

Willow begins to object, but agrees. Willow turns back and
BANGS on the door. No answer. Willow hangs her head.

CUT TO:

INT. GILES' PLACE - DAY

Giles, Faith, and Xander sit at a table, books laid out.

GILES

There are reports circulating
demons have been the targets of
torture. Brutal, merciless, gruesome.

XANDER

Where did these reports get reported? The New York Times, Hellmouth Edition?

GILES

Neither of you have picked up on such occurrences?

XANDER

Sorry, none of those slug monsters I have lunch with mentioned anything.

FAITH

My eyes and ears got zip.

GILES

What about Buffy?

FAITH

B wouldn't recognize torture if she was bein' tortured.

XANDER

(to Faith)

You could teach her the basics. Starting with S and M--videotape the sessions and store the tapes in an easily accessible drawer...we all gotta learn sometime. Just sayin'.

Faith smirks like a goof and then actually looks intrigued by the idea. Giles removes his glasses and pinches the bridge of his nose. Anya, out of breath, approaches.

GILES

(to Anya)

Etiquette dictates ringing the bell when arriving at a home that doesn't belong to you.

ANYA

Serves you right for keeping the door unlocked.

GILES

Yes it does.

ANYA

(to Xander)

Dinner is in the process of being made and will be finished very soon.

XANDER

You couldn't use the phone for that announcement?

ANYA

I thought we could walk home and discuss a few important topics dealing with our relationship. You know, OUR RELATIONSHIP? That thing you are pissing on with your callousness!

XANDER

Anya, honey, this is neither the time nor the place nor the attitude to have this conversation.

ANYA

You think I care about their presence? Pfft!

Xander stands and promptly drags Anya to the front door.

XANDER

We will have the talk--really. But not now.

ANYA

What are you waiting for? You want me to beg? Physically worship you like a God? Cook for you every day?

XANDER

I just want you to wait until I'm ready. I'm not ready, so you will wait. You will wait until I am damn good and ready!

ANYA

You are a monumental prick. I have professed my love and devotion to you and this how you respond--by putting me on a waiting list of priorities. I've acknowledged my mistakes...I will not sit back and accept yours free and clear.

XANDER

Nothing can be done MY way--can it? Always have to lay down for you.

ANYA

Whatever.
(looking down)
Are those your keys?

Xander bows his head to look. Anya opens the door right into Xander's head knocking him to the floor.

ANYA

Dinner will be eaten without you.

Anya stomps out. She slams the door against Xander one more time before leaving. Xander GROANS and lies stone-still on the floor.

CUT TO:

INT. SUMMERS HOUSE - DAY

Buffy and Willow sit in Buffy's room with spell materials.

WILLOW

Should I be worried? Kennedy has a propensity for hovering over me, and, as you can see, no Kennedy.

BUFFY

Unless she's invisible.
(mock chiding)
Willow, did you perform some literal magic during sex again? I thought we talked about that kind of kink.

WILLOW

That has nothing to do with it. The last time I got my wicca groove on was weeks ago.

BUFFY

She can take care of herself. But, if it'll make you feel better, I'll take some initiative and look for her.

WILLOW

(hopefully)
And talk to her? I'm not finished with her yet--and I honestly don't want to be at all.

BUFFY

To secure your happiness--anything.

Willow smiles appreciatively. Faith appears in the doorway.

FAITH

What's the what?.

The girls turn to look at Faith.

WILLOW

Just fiddling with spells.

BUFFY

For our safety and yours, please stay where you are.

FAITH

(darkly; to Buffy)
Can we talk?

BUFFY

Sure.
(to Willow)

Wills, can you do a spell to see if
hell froze over?

Willow rubs her eyes. Buffy gets up and passes Faith into
the hallway. Faith shuts the door.

BUFFY

Hey, how about a party to celebrate
this TALK we're about to have?
But, please, no details on what
you'd do to my asshole with your
tongue.

FAITH

Demons all over town are gettin'
tortured--ain't sayin' who's doin'
it though. Got somethin' you wanna
tell me?

BUFFY

Oh there's plenty--but I really
don't know anything about torture--
that's more your area of expertise.

FAITH

Liar! I thought it was an
abberation--you wantin' to do that
to those vamps the other day. I
thought maybe you were just
lightening up on the whole slayer
thing--you can do the job with
flare and style...but this goes way
beyond you B.

BUFFY

Exactly what proof do you have I'm
doing anything behind your back?
Where would I find the time?
Remember, I have a life.

FAITH

Yeah, I know, that fact somehow
ends up in my face almost as often
as you open that lipstick-covered
trap of yours.

(beat)

Torture is not you B.

BUFFY

Don't pretend to know me. You may
have an idea of who I am--an
idealized version that everyone
wants to share--but if you want the
real me, then ASK! You want to get
inside me, look me in the eyes and
say so. And keep the fucking
morality trips centered around your
inner healing process...I do not
get lectured.

FAITH
You just give 'em.

BUFFY
How much more can I say it? All I
wanna do is listen.

Buffy and Faith gaze strongly at each other for a moment.
Buffy breaks it and walks back into her bedroom leaving
Faith alone.

CUT TO:

INT. SECRET CRYPT - NIGHT

Drusilla puts down scissors and picks up a small, RED wig.
She walks over to the bed where the doll from earlier sits.

The doll now sports a plaid skirt, high white socks, black
shoes, a sweater, and a wand in one hand.

Drusilla fits the wig over the doll's head.

DRUSILLA
Yes...just like the real thing. So
pretty--so sweet--so my future pet.

Drusilla blows the doll a kiss. Off the freaky doll:

CUT TO:

INT. SUNNYDALE HIGH, GYM - DAY

Elle relaxes on the bleachers--in her gym outfit--conversing
with KIT.

ELLE
Today's music has no redeeming
entertainment value whatsoever.
Except The Strokes. They're first-
rate classical-style punk rock.

KIT
The mainstream is calling you back
to the real world. Terms like
"classical", "punk", and "rock" are
poisonous.

ELLE
If you mean poisonous to swamp-
headed, talentless-loving
simpletons, then more power to ya
sister!

KIT
I take objectionable exception to
that, and I'll enumerate the
reasons why.

Kit keeps talking, but Elle's not listening. Instead, her

eyes capture a sight that shell-shocks her: Dawn entering the gym wearing an ultra-tight t-shirt that accentuates her figure generously. It's so tight and smallish on her, she has to tug on it to stay covered. Dawn spots Elle and heads over. Elle's eyes stick to Dawn's chest.

DAWN
Hey.

ELLE
(breathy)
Hi.

KIT
Christ--nobody fucking told me it was "bring your own volleyballs" day.

DAWN
(sheepishly)
Laundry's backed up.

KIT
Seriously Dawn--you should be getting laid on a regular basis.

DAWN
My legs have common sense--so they remain shut.

KIT
I'm no expert, but you're missing out on primo exercise with that body. And with that supernatural, freaky-deaky thing you got going...

DAWN
Lay off the gummy bears.
(to Elle)
What do you think?

Elle comes out of her daze--somewhat.

ELLE
Huh?

DAWN
Are you okay?

ELLE
Um, I'm a little dizzy. I'm--um...

Elle runs off and through a door. Dawn and Kit share a curious look.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Elle rushes in and immediately hits up the sink for some water. She splashes it on her face, rubs her eyes, and

cradles her head.

CUT TO:

INT. SUMMERS HOUSE - EVENING

Buffy hauls a weapons bag. Faith timidly enters.

FAITH

How 'bout dinner? I can make my patented spaghetti--sans jelly monster this time.

BUFFY

Sounds delicious, despite the nauseating visuals. Unfortunately, I've got duties to fulfill.

FAITH

Understood. By understood, I mean I can read between the lines.

BUFFY

Excuse me, I'll need a moment to get over the stunning revelation that you can read.

FAITH

All right Poor Man's Tara Reid, let's go.

BUFFY

(pissed)

Oh no you did not just say that.

FAITH

I did...and she's prettier than you!

Buffy attacks Faith and they have a relatively harmless exchange until Faith sweeps Buffy to the ground. Buffy kicks Faith's legs out from under her and she hits the ground on top of Buffy. They scramble for a moment before Buffy settles on top.

BUFFY

You have to be a bitch and a half. I could easily say Jordana Brewster is your superior counterpart, but I won't and never will because I think you're the most beautiful person in the universe. I won't even SAY otherwise.

(shouting)

Get back here Willow.

Willow sheepishly enters the living room.

WILLOW

I can go to Kennedy's alone. You've got better--or at least more

important--things to take care of.

BUFFY

No, I'm going. Let me hammer that into my sweetness' head.

FAITH

Go. I can find the fun without you any day of the week.

BUFFY

It's not the fun I want you to give me.

FAITH

All that other shit is so miserable and disgusting. Why you--

BUFFY

--because that's what you do when you really care about someone. You share the good times and feelings-- of course, it's not worth it without the good stuff...but you can share good times with anyone, stranger or best friend, not much of a difference. The bad stuff is what counts because you can't do that with just anyone--that's for the special people in your life, the ones you love and trust--and who love and trust you. I want to be that special person to you--I sure as hell have never wanted anyone to be that special to me than I do you.

Faith turns her head, hiding the tears she blinks back. Buffy leans down and kisses Faith softly on the cheek, then gets up and goes over to Willow.

BUFFY

(to Willow)

Ready?

WILLOW

Are you sure?

BUFFY

It's okay.

(to Faith)

We're going to look for Kennedy. See ya later?

FAITH

(inaudibly)

Yeah.

Buffy and Willow leave. Once the door SHUTS, Faith begins

SOBBING.

CUT TO:

INT. DEAN HOUSE - NIGHT

Dawn and Elle sit on the living room floor with notebooks.

DAWN

Freaked me out earlier...on a purely minimal scale. Wasn't on the verge of a stroke.

ELLE

Don't know what brought it on. Guess it was just one of those episodes.

DAWN

Yeah. Volleyball gives me migraines, not dizzy spells. I believe the prescribed treatment is sitting on the bleachers talking to friends.

ELLE

I can't even stomach that. Kit's right though--you should be screwing the guys in every way possible.

DAWN

Coulda. I coulda. Would shoulda? Nuh uh. I'm no expert, but there's more to romance than "wham bam thank you ma'am".

ELLE

My intentionally weak argument for your promiscuity is officially dead.
(beat)
Your tits looked fantastic in that shirt.

Elle peers up through her eyelashes. Dawn grins saucily.

DAWN

Your ass is bitchin' in those pants.

Dawn and Elle gaze deeply at each other. They break out into GIGGLES.

ELLE

Whoa!

DAWN

Second that.
(beat)
You sure you wanna do this? We can go another night.

ELLE
Totally sure. Gotta happen
eventually.

Dino enters with a shotgun.

DINO
Ladies--goin' huntin'.

The girls stare derisively.

DINO
You mock with your eyes, so I will
remind you I can break your necks
with one hand. One hand on one
head, another on the other--twist,
snap, your dead...I'm alone in the
house meaning dude's paradise and
Buffy and Willow get their house to
themselves meaning constant girl-
on-girl action.

The girls are now dumbfounded. Dino's eyes dart around the
room. He nods with his gun and exits. The girls' eyes meet.

DAWN
Our siblings are older and
stronger...that's it. It's sad.
Ready?

Elle flips her notebook over her shoulder and jumps to her
feet.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARK - NIGHT

Dawn and Elle, bags in hand, sneak over to the swings. Dawn
opens the hatch.

ELLE
Secret passage--nice touch.

DAWN
Let's get one thing straight--I
care about you too much, so if you
get turned into a vampire, I won't
kill you. Unless, of course, you
sleep with my sister...then it's a
staking.

Elle's half-amused, half-scared.

CUT TO:

EXT. RESTFIELD - NIGHT

Faith flails her arms, unleashing silent frustration on the
air.

FAITH

For fuck's sake--I'm such a sap--
fallin' for that kick. What am I
supposed to do? It's HER kick.
Love...I never hated somethin' so
much in my entire life!

Faith charges forward, but slows down at the sound of TEARS.
Faith moves closer and into her line of vision appears a
pair of legs...the owner not noticeable as the person sits
against a tombstone. Faith tip-toes into position, then
leaps forward, hand-springs off the tombstone and lands in a
fighting stance in front of...

FAITH

Spike?

Spike's head shoots up and his hands just as fast wipe at
his eyes. Faith loosens up and Spike leaps to his feet.

SPIKE

How much?

FAITH

How much what? How much HILARITY
do I find in this situation?
Enough to laugh myself into a fresh
grave.

SPIKE

I'm talking bribe babe. Name your
price and it's yours--in exchange
for your silence.

FAITH

Sounds fair. I'm thinkin' I kill
you, then keep it to myself.

SPIKE

Hell, that's better than being
called a nancy-boy. All right, go
ahead, end my misery.

Spike shuts his eyes and opens his arms, giving Faith a
clear shot at his chest. Faith is disturbed.

FAITH

Fuck you, I work for my kills you
pathetic nancy-boy.

SPIKE

What is it about you slayers?
Bimbo's bloodlust has her ready to
pounce and punish with impunity and
here you are--the malicious one--
giving me a pass.

FAITH

Whoa whoa whoa--you're gonna

die...no arguments on that front.
I just wanna feel like my life is
in danger first.

SPIKE

Greedy raven-wench. Can't do a
bloke a simple favor. You know,
none of this would be necessary if
Dru hadn't dumped me again.

FAITH

Again? She's done this before?

SPIKE

I'm losing count. She's still in
town--that I know...and her eyes
have taken to someone. The
gorgeous maniac is up to something.

Faith's eyes eyes narrow.

CUT TO:

EXT/INT. KENNEDY'S PLACE - NIGHT

Willow KNOCKS on the door. After a moment, it flies open
with no one behind it. Willow's ill at ease, but that
doesn't stop her from entering the apartment--cautiously.
She gets in a few feet before the door SLAMS shut. That
turns Willow around to the door, but there's no one there.
She's freaked now and frantically searches for a way out.
The door and windows won't open.

Close on Willow as she stops at a mirror. She shakes her
head, full of fear. She looks at the mirror, then turns
around and is startled. Pull back to reveal Drusilla
hovering dangerously over Willow.

DRUSILLA

Do not be too afraid--I want to be
your friend.

WILLOW

Wow, that just might be the dumbest
thing I have ever heard in my life.
Please let me live longer so I can
hear more dumb things.

DRUSILLA

You're so pretty--blood-red hair
and flush skin with that flawless
mix of innocence and knavery.

WILLOW

You've firmly established yourself
in bonkers.
(looking around)
Did you do something to Kennedy?

DRUSILLA

Escorted her to my residence.
She's waiting for you.

WILLOW
Oh, like I'd really go anywhere
with you. Insanity is your state
of mind--mine is clear and sensible.

Drusilla sneers, grabs Willow by the shirt, and headbutts her. Willow lolls unconscious. Drusilla admires her unsuspecting captive. She leans down and unceremoniously licks Willows lips. Once finished, Drusilla GIGGLES in demented delight.

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN

INT. XANDER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Xander approaches the KNOCKING door. He opens it to find Buffy.

BUFFY
Is Willow here?

XANDER
Nope.

BUFFY
Kennedy?

XANDER
Nope.

BUFFY
Dino?

XANDER
Nope.

BUFFY
Are you feeling okay?

XANDER
Nope.

BUFFY
Anya?

XANDER
Yep.

BUFFY
Maybe it wasn't meant to be Xan. I
can find someone for you.

XANDER

Sorry--necrophilia ain't my bag.

Buffy kicks Xander in the shin. Xander HOWLS and hops around in AGONY. Buffy pulls out a cell phone and dials. Xander settles down as best he can.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHLAND CEMETERY - CONTINUOUS

Deserted except for the cell phone RINGING on the ground.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. XANDER'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

XANDER
There a major situation of the evil kind brewing?

BUFFY
Kennedy's missing--Spike's up to something...

Buffy angrily shuts off her cell.

BUFFY
...and Willow won't answer her phone.

CUT TO:

INT. SECRET CRYPT - NIGHT

On Willow's twitching face as she wakes up. She swirls her head, trying to focus. She GROANS, but can't seem to move much besides her head. She looks from side to side, eyes flashing defeat...and then she peers down her front, her eyes bulging out of their sockets.

Pull back to reveal Willow, each limb tied to a corner of a bed, wearing a life-sized replica of the outfit belonging to Dru's new doll.

WILLOW
This is so wrong on so many levels.

Willow spots the doll sitting on a nearby couch. She stares at the doll, then herself, then back and forth several more times.

WILLOW
No comment.

Willow drops her head back.

CUT TO:

INT. THE UNDERGROUND - NIGHT

UPPER LEVEL

Elle circles the area with a stake in hand as Dawn battles two vamps. Dawn beats up on one, then lands a couple of quick shots on the other. Dawn handles herself expertly, leveling both vamps with powerful fury. As the vamps charge at her from opposite sides, Dawn leaps in the air, kicks one hard enough to send him staggering near Elle...then Dawn lands on one foot and immediately spin-kicks the other. Dawn chases that vamp while Elle steps up to the one near her. The vamp is seemingly oblivious as Elle prepares to jam the stake in his back. The vamp jumps up and swings at Elle, but she ducks and fires her stake-hand up and uppercuts the vamp with the stake. The vamp SCREAMS, blood squirting from the wound. Elle winces.

ELLE
Whoops. Sorry.

Elle shrugs innocuously. This time, she sticks the stake in the right place and dusts the vamp. Elle's proud of herself and looks for Dawn to celebrate...but Dawn's disappeared.

ELLE
(searching; shouting)
Dawn? Dawn?

There's a GROWL behind her. Elle gulps and slowly turns. A BEAST eyes her like a piece of meat waiting for the hungry slaughter. Elle goes deathly white.

CUT TO:

INT. DRUSILLA'S LITTLE HOUSE - NIGHT

Faith and Spike look around the girlishly decadent place.

FAITH
You really been hidin' here? Take your pants off.

SPIKE
All you slayers really are alike.

FAITH
I just wanna see if you still got your dick.

SPIKE
I might have to look myself. On the bright side, those blasted dolls are gone. She's gonna get mondo S and M treatment--lashings, slashings, drink from her like a broken fountain.

FAITH
Don't jump the gun dead girl--when we find the bitch, I'm gonna kill her right after turning you over to B so she can tenderize that chilled

body of yours.

SPIKE
Dru's mine--I'll defend her to hell
if I have to.

FAITH
That's right--keep addin' to the
list of reasons to kill ya. I hope
to God B enjoys it.

SPIKE
She should with her extracirriculars
of late. Amazing how the deity of
decency could explore her own
version of the Spanish Inquisition.

FAITH
So many words--zero meaning.

SPIKE
Torturing lowly dwellers because I
tried to kill you.

Faith looks thoughtful for a moment--until:

SPIKE
Fucking hypocrite--she'll get hers.

FAITH
(dangerously; up
close to Spike)
Watch it.

Spike punches Faith. Faith doesn't retaliate surprising Spike.

FAITH
I'll let that one go...

Faith knees Spike in the gut. He keels over in pain. Faith walks around and over to a corner. The wall has a lengthy, vertical crack in it. Faith eyes it suspiciously and rams her shoulder against the wall causing it to open up. After another push, a female body falls into Faith's arms. She's got red hair, all cut up. Spike takes curious notice.

FAITH
Dead.
(seeing the hair)
What's with the hair?

SPIKE
Huh...maybe Dru's got a new doll.
The only other time she used human
hair...

Spike drifts off.

FAITH
No cliffhangers!

SPIKE
Dru developed a crush on a--
(grudgingly)
--HUMAN FEMALE.

FAITH
(laughingly)
Oh you are such a fuckin' loser.

SPIKE
Laugh it up. I bet you'll also
find it hilarious just who Dru's
new lass is. She knows only one
redhead in this town.

Faith stops laughing. Spike smirks.

CUT TO:

INT. SECRET CRYPT - NIGHT

Drusilla freshens up with Miss Edith.

DRUSILLA
She's lovely Miss Edith. I can't
wait to dig into that precious
skin...surely a delicacy suitable
for royalty. Wish me luck.

Drusilla traces her fingernail over Miss Edith's cheek, then
makes her way into the next room where Willow remains
imprisoned on the bed. Willow struggles against the straps.

WILLOW
Let me go. I might convince my
friends to take the death penalty
off the table, but it's a foregone
conclusion if they find me dead--or
UNDEAD if you want a slave or toy.

DRUSILLA
My desire is for a worthy companion
and such a beautiful, strong-
willed, magical specimen as
yourself is utterly sensational.

WILLOW
Companion? You want me to be your
girlfriend? What about Spike?

DRUSILLA
He must rediscover his
talents...they seem to have drained
faster than a poor human's blood
into my mouth.

WILLOW
This officially sets a record for

how many levels something can be so wrong on.

Drusilla crawls onto the bed. Willow futilely tries to squirm away.

WILLOW
(desperately)
Please don't.

DRUSILLA
(soothing)
It will be glorious--I promise.
The pleasure will strike you in volumes while the pain will barely register.

Willow WHIMPERS as Drusilla runs her hands up Willow's sock-covered legs, onto her bare thighs. Willow's movements flip her skirt up and down--she's got nothing to cover what's underneath. Drusilla brings her face down in between Willow's legs, pushing the skirt up over Willow's waist, exposing Willow's pussy. Drusilla licks Willow's thighs and then the outer lips. She blows what must be freezing air onto Willow's wet flesh because Willow shivers and bucks.

DRUSILLA
(looking up at Willow)
Relax and revel in the sensations my dear.

Drusilla scares the shit out of Willow by vamping out and proceeding to bite and feed into Willow's inner thigh. Willow GASPS brutally. Her eyes and head roll back.

CUT TO:

EXT. RESTFIELD - NIGHT

Buffy and Xander walk.

XANDER
Kennedy disappeared? And then you drop Willow off at Kennedy's place even though the word vacancy comes to mind.

BUFFY
You think she got the hell outta dodge?

XANDER
Her emotions are volcanic. I had a nightmare once where she got so pissed, lava erupted from her mouth directly onto my body and burned me to a crisp.

BUFFY
Are you afraid of all the women in

your life?

XANDER
That's a loaded question.

BUFFY
Loaded with what? Relevance?

XANDER
Mars is closer to Earth than the
women are to normal.

BUFFY
Kennedy wouldn't have left town--
Willow's too important to her.

XANDER
We need a starting point.

BUFFY
Spike was looking for
someone...Drusilla might want
revenge and they've decided to hit
a softer target than me and Faith.

There's a BOOMING SHOT in the distance. Buffy and Xander
race through the bevy of tombstones and trees and discovers
the source: Dino and his shotgun. There's a body on the
ground.

BUFFY
(to Dino)
What are you doing?

DINO
Demon hunting. You know, this
place is much more gun-friendly
than Manhattan. At least, in a
legal, law-abiding citizen kind of
way.

XANDER
I am totally taking that up as a
hobby.

DINO
You need anything?

BUFFY
Kennedy come through here?

DINO
Kennedy? At this point, it sounds
like she's missing.

BUFFY
She's not the only one.

Dino's concerned.

CUT TO:

INT. THE UNDERGROUND - NIGHT

The Beast has Elle pinned to the ground, saliva dripping from its open mouth. Elle trembles and constantly tries to break free.

BEAST
I will devour you whole, then spit
you out so I can enjoy you a second
time.

ELLE
Ain't Italian, but our taste buds
are far from similar.

The Beast descends. Elle maneuvers her legs.

ELLE
Are you packin'?

BEAST
(stopping)
Huh?

ELLE
Never mind.

Elle rams her knee in between the Beast's legs causing him to ROAR. He rolls off Elle who jumps on the opportunity to get away fast. The Beast recovers and chases her. Elle makes an abrupt turn into a stairwell and runs down like lightning, but trips and crash-lands into a wall.

Elle grasps her head and gets on her knees just as the Beast enters the stairwell. Elle catches sight of it and warily stands. The Beast hurries down the stairs to attack Elle, but Elle squats, kicks her legs up into the Beast's stomach and flips him smashing into the wall, pieces of cement shattering to the floor. Elle crawls over to the Beast, picks up one of the rocks from the wall, and repeatedly bashes the Beast's head with it. She SHRIEKS throughout.

After a while, Elle finally stops, breathing heavy. She sits frozen for a moment, eyeing the sight of the mutilated Beast. She's dismayed--and elated--and relieved.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHLAND CEMETERY - NIGHT

Faith and Spike stand outside the gates.

SPIKE
Excuse me if I doubt your tracking
skills, but what in the name of
tracking are we doing HERE?

FAITH

Cryptology 101--the place with the most is the least safe for a vamp to hide out. This land-grab is barely touched. Only a handful of mosoleums and the like. We all know how high-maintenance you grand-standin', centuries-old vamps are...this is exclusive, private grounds--me an B hardly ever patrol here 'cause idiot kids are no-shows and vamp-deaths get put everywhere else. If she's smart, she's here.

SPIKE

Expert reasoning. Now it's just a matter of finding her. And when we do...

Spike SNARLS. Faith doesn't flinch--just looks determined.

CUT TO:

INT. SECRET CRYPT - NIGHT

Willow is dazed and choking out SOBS. Drusilla hungrily sucks on Willow's left breast, blood clearly being drawn. Drusilla halts her actions and slides up so she's face-to-face with a deflated Willow.

WILLOW

(choking out)

Please--kill me please. Just make it stop.

DRUSILLA

As you wish, my lady in red. Allow me to clean you up so you're fresh for our eternal joining.

Willow shuts her eyes tight as Drusilla kisses her way down...

CUT TO:

EXT. NORTH SIDE - NIGHT

Buffy, Dino, and Xander attempt to get info from vamps as they pound on them.

BUFFY

I know for a fact you've run with Spike, and by extension Drusilla--so give it up.

VAMP 1

I don't know! Really.

Buffy continues her beatdown lesson.

XANDER

We let the rats off the hook. One

little clue as to where she is and
it's back to the sewer sanctuary
for you.

VAMP 2
Um, I saw her in a cemetery
downtown, hiding in a mosoleum.

XANDER
Geez, you deserve to die just for
being a bad liar.

Xander stakes him.

DINO
(yelling)
I want answers! Give me the
bitch's location right now or I
start tearing off limbs!

VAMP 3
(frightened)
I--don't--really--don't know. I
don't. I swear on my baseball cards!

DINO
Defiling baseball cards--last straw.

Dino jams his foot in the vamp's side, grabs his arm and
pulls it off. Cue HORRIFYING SCREAM and gushing blood.
Xander watches with fascination and Buffy turns to look--at
the precise moment she yanks her vamp's head off. She
discards the head and watches with Xander as Dino picks the
vamp up and throws him all the way across the street, into a
tree. The vamp gets skewered by a high-up branch. It's a
feat that earns riveted admiration from Buffy and Xander.

XANDER
Is that a learned ability?

BUFFY
Anyone get anything?

XANDER
Nope.

DINO
Were you watching just now?

BUFFY
Well...this was productive.

CUT TO:

INT. THE UNDERGROUND - NIGHT

Elle sways onto the ground floor where the clubbers dance
with abandon. Elle surveys the crowd, and then begins a
search. She CALLS OUT:

ELLE
Dawn! Where are you? Dawn!

Elle wades about the clubbers, getting bumped and grinded and pushed and clawed at. As Elle stops, frustrated with her lack of success, a pair of arms--belonging to someone we don't see--wrap around her waist and pull her back. Elle panics for a moment.

VOICE
(whispering)
It's okay. You're okay. I hope
WE'RE okay.

Dawn's glowing face comes into view as she holds Elle tight against her. Elle relaxes.

ELLE
(harshly)
You left me.

DAWN
I wanna protect you from every
little awful thing in the world--
but I know that's not how you want
it. You got the goods babe--kicked
its ass like a pro.

ELLE
I could've died because you wanted
to simultaneously please me and
bring out the bad-ass bitch in me?
Demented, shiny-haired cunt!

DAWN
I can't get enough of this.

ELLE
Getting insulted?

DAWN
Being with you. Not to sound too
obsessively stalkerish, but I never
want us to be apart.

ELLE
If that makes you an obsessed
stalker, then--
(clasping Dawn's hand
in her own)
--add me to the guilty list.

DAWN
Dance with me.

Elle turns her head and locks eyes with Dawn. There's a sparkle in both of them. Off their intense gaze:

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHLAND CEMETERY - NIGHT

Faith and Spike continue their investigation.

FAITH
Quit whinin'.

SPIKE
Satan knows what Dru's doin' to Red.
Probably playing OUR games, the icy
whore.

FAITH
Man, I can feel the love pourin'
off you in droves. They're here
somewhere--close.

SPIKE
Horseshit! We are nowhere near
their locale. Dru's gonna turn
Red--they kill all of us and take
over the world. Simple as that.
And it'll be your fault for leading
us in the wrong direction!
Downtown! I said downtown is the
place to be! Like in the song.

There's a TUNE. Faith and Spike hear it. They walk a few yards where Faith bends down to pick up a cell phone. Faith looks at it, then at Spike.

FAITH
Buffy.

Faith sticks her tongue out at Spike who GROWLS in return.

FAITH
(into the phone)
B?

INTERCUT:

EXT. NORTH SIDE - NIGHT

Buffy's on the cell with Xander and Dino hanging around.

BUFFY
Faith? What are you doing with
Will--
(pause; with dread)
--oh Faith, no...YOU kidnapped
Willow? Why, why would you do that?

XANDER
Faith kidnapped Willow?

DINO
(as he pumps his shotgun)
That is so wrong on so many levels.

Buffy's worried about THAT. Faith rolls her eyes. Spike wanders off.

FAITH
No you lemon-drop. I found it in highland lookin' for Dru-bitch.

BUFFY
Highland? You have a lead?

FAITH
More of a hunch. And I discovered her other hide-out--real fucked up. Probably used a chick's red hair for a doll that may or may not be for Willow.

BUFFY
Willow's missing.

FAITH
2 plus 2 equals score.

BUFFY
Why aren't you home? Not that I'm complaining.

FAITH
Needed to blow off some steam. Ran into Spike.

BUFFY
Spike's with you?

Beat.

FAITH
Nuh uh...I beat a confession out of his boney butt, then he got away. Chances are though, he'll be here.

Faith spots Spike waving at her from a blackened hill.

FAITH
Gotta go B. Love ya.

Faith shuts off the phone before Buffy can respond. Buffy deflates for a moment, but the perks up.

XANDER
I take it THAT was productive.

CUT TO:

INT. MOSOLEUM - MOMENTS LATER

Faith and Spike enter drab, dusty, moonlit place. There's a single, stone-encased coffin in the center.

FAITH
She ain't here.

SPIKE
Not in this room at this moment,
but she's been here. Can you smell
the fragrance?

FAITH
Yeah--it's called the rotting decay
of a dead body.

SPIKE
No. Clever girl thought she could
hide it. Dru's perfume is in the
air. It's faint and mixed with
fresh death, but that's the point.

FAITH
So explain to me in what way this
isn't a dead end.

Spike focuses his attention on the coffin. He pushes the top off revealing a skeleton inside. Faith flinches from the sight and smell, but regains composure.

SPIKE
(to the skeleton)
My apologies sir.

Spike grabs the skeleton and tosses it out.

FAITH
Insincere jackass.

SPIKE
I piss on sincerity on most
occasions--the urgency of this one
dictates my actions.

FAITH
Secret passage?

SPIKE
An invaluable commodity. You saw
earlier--didn't even sense the dead
girl.

Spike jumps into the coffin and pats on the bottom. He scrapes his hands over the dirt, clearing a path for a line running from side to side a about one foot from the head. Spike stomps down a couple of times until the passage opens up. Spike looks up triumphantly.

SPIKE
Ladies first.

FAITH
I'll take safety over chivalry.

Spike concedes her point and hops in.

CUT TO:

INT. SECRET CRYPT - MOMENTS LATER

Drusilla unties a clothing-covered Willow. Willow's virtually helpless, unable to do anything but submit to Drusilla.

DRUSILLA
(softly)

You are fine because you are MINE.
Your remaining existence, for as long as it lasts, shall consist of my devotion to you, and yours in return.

Drusilla bares her teeth, no game-face, and bites into Willow who stiffens and MOANS. Drusilla suckles for only a short few moments before detaching and bringing her lips to Willow's. Drusilla kisses the irresistible and unresisting wicca.

DRUSILLA
Exquisite. Unimaginably exquisite.

Drusilla, in game-face, snaps her head to look behind her across the room.

DRUSILLA
You dare enter MY house?

The object of her displeasure: a malcontent Angel.

ANGEL
Interrupting the foreplay wouldn't be necessary if THEY weren't coming.
Finish the job!

DRUSILLA
You may be my daddy, but I take orders from no one!
(possessively holding Willow)
She belongs to me-find your own.

As Faith and Spike enter:

FAITH
Gotta take issue with that.

DRUSILLA
Bad girl!
(shocked)
Spike? You've sided with the light once more.

SPIKE
You left me in the dust for a scoobie, and I'M the one siding

with the light. Betrayal-mongering bitch. I'm gonna show you who belongs to who here.

Spike positions himself behind Faith.

FAITH
This exhilaratin' night of twisted passion and alliances is over. In more ways than one for you.

Spike, game-face on, steps towards Faith. Faith drives her boot backwards into Spike's crotch. It HURTS. Spike collapses to the ground. Faith charges Drusilla who meets her half way. They get into it. Angel eyes the fighting duo, then Spike pitifully writhing on the ground.

ANGEL
Evil in this town is so second-rate. And here I go...

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHLAND CEMETERY - NIGHT

Buffy, Xander, and Dino head through.

DINO
(to Buffy)
Do you mind if I question your navigation ability?

BUFFY
Yes, I do.

DINO
Sucks for you then. What is compelling you to lead this way?

BUFFY
I'm a slayer, Faith's a slayer...

XANDER
Enough said.

Dino shrugs in defeat. The trio continue walking and approach the hill. Buffy points to it.

BUFFY
Right over there.

As her finger goes down, flooding into the picture from that very direction are ten BRINGERS. The trio halts. Buffy digs into her bag and pulls out a couple of swords. She gives one to Xander. Dino readies his shotgun. They engage the Bringers in combat.

CUT TO:

INT. SECRET CRYPT - NIGHT

Faith and Drusilla one-up each other in a punishing exchange. Faith lands a solid shot, but Drusilla counters with two that are better. Faith returns fire with even more fury. Faith grabs Drusilla and wrestles her into the next room.

We stay with Spike who finally manages to stand up straight.

SPIKE
Bright spot: still got the jewels.

CRASHING and SMASHING and CRACKING and a generally wicked BATTLE rages in the other room. Willow slithers off the bed and does some more slithering towards the exit. Spike intercepts her and drags her to her feet.

SPIKE
Where do you fancy yourself going?

WILLOW
(weakly)
Spike? My night just went from bad to pain-in-the-ass bad.

Spike checks Willow's neck.

SPIKE
Cheers. Geez Red, you look awful..ly delectable.

Spike buries his face in Willow's neck, sucking every ounce of blood he can. It doesn't last though when Drusilla comes flying into the room and hits Spike, sending him and Willow sprawling to the floor while Drusilla crashes into the wall. Spike moves to get back to his feet, but gets hit in the head with an object. Faith re-enters. Spike picks up the object: a doll's head--Miss Edith's head. Faith punts Spike's head sending him shooting into the wall, the doll-head rolling away and settling in front of Drusilla. She sees it and SCREAMS--one that's cut off by Faith stomping on her head. Faith picks Willow up off the floor and carries her into the center of the room. Spike breaks one of the bedposts and gears towards Faith.

FAITH
(to Willow)
No problem Wills--I got ya.

Spike swings the bedpost into Faith's back. She YELLS and drops to her knees, Willow plopping out Faith's arms and colliding with the floor. She ends up in a corner next to a familiar crack in the wall.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHLAND CEMETERY - NIGHT

Buffy, Xander, and Dino handle the Bringers. Xander dispatches one, then goes to work on another. Buffy and Dino are ganged up on, but do an excellent job of fighting

the Bringers off, slashing and pounding on the punks.

Buffy stabs one with her sword, swings around slicing off the head of another, then jams the butt-end of the handle into the face of yet another. Dino shoots one Bringer and then baseballs another. He punches and kicks one more, then blows his head off. Dino surveys the scene: Xander kills a Bringer, so does Buffy. Three more to go.

DINO
(shouting; to Buffy)
You got this?

Buffy chops off a Bringer's leg.

BUFFY
We'll be okay.

Buffy guts the legless Bringer as Dino runs for the mosoleum.

CUT TO:

INT. SECRET CRYPT - MOMENTS LATER

Faith and Spike savagely beat on each other. Willow climbs the wall, making it to her feet. She breaths heavily on the wall before turning and finding herself up-close and personal with a grinning, yet concerned, Drusilla.

DRUSILLA
Are you injured darling?

WILLOW
Cut the patronizingly caring
bullshit. I hate you. I really
really really really hate you.
Jettison the density, halfwit!

DRUSILLA
Your cruelty does not register as
logical.

WILLOW
God you suck. No, that's not a
request.

Drusilla roughly grabs Willow's face.

DRUSILLA
My patience is wearing thin with
these ridiculous games you choose
to play.

WILLOW
(incoherently)
WHATEVER!

Drusilla vamps out and exposes Willow's damaged neck. There's a SHOT and Drusilla sails into the wall, shattering it. In the doorway is Dino, gun-barrel smoking.

Spike and Faith trade shots for a while before Spike elbows Faith in the back of the head and flings her into THE corner. Faith GRUNTS and massages her head. Above her, black hair spills from the opening crack in the wall. Dino jumps Spike and gets in a few good blows, but Spike retaliates with a boot to the knee followed by a backhand. Dino gets nailed onto the bed. Spike tends to Dru.

Close on the doorway. A period of time passes before Buffy and Xander appear. Buffy rushes over to Faith, Xander to Willow.

BUFFY
Sweetness, are you hurt?

FAITH
Head's a little pained. My ego's
bruised like a bastard.

BUFFY
Gotta be the big girl on campus.
Willow's alive--that's enough.

FAITH
They're gone? How 'bout the next
room?

Buffy gets up and checks. Spike and Drusilla are gone and so is Miss Edith. Buffy shakes her head and goes to Willow.

FAITH
Damn passages.

BUFFY
(to Faith)
Was Spike here?

FAITH
Unfortunately.

BUFFY
Oh poo. Revenge is rescheduled--
again.
(to Willow)
How are ya Wills?

WILLOW
I'd say I've been better, but I
can't seem to remember any of those
times at the moment.

XANDER
Worst is over. We'll get you all
fixed up and back to Willowness
faster than you can say school girl.
Would it be out of line to ask you
to wear this outfit more often?

Willow pats Xander on the cheek a few times before SLAPPING

him. Dino peels himself off the bed and heads to the group.

DINO
Despite the lack of inquiring minds
and hearts, I--AM--FINE.

WILLOW
Nice shooting. My John Wayne.

DINO
(extremely grateful)
Oh thank you. Thank you so
much...seven years I've been hoping
to hear that from someone.

BUFFY
(to Dino)
Do you own a lot of guns?

DINO
Hey, I'm not Ted Nugent. Wish I
was, but don't be gettin' all
accusatory on me.

WILLOW
Counseling. I'm gonna need
counseling to deal with the horror.
Which creates the worst part: money.
Expensive as hell psychiatrists.

BUFFY
I'm sorry--not a gun fan here. An
ex-pseudo friend was ready to gun
down the school 4 years ago--as
long as you don't hunt people or
deer, then fire away.

DINO
Deer? In a California suburb...the
word nonsense comes to mind.
Unless it's mutant deer...

XANDER
Seriously Will, did you actually
leave the house dressed like that?

The spirited conversations continue. Faith recovers fully.
Her face darkens when she sees the hair. Faith pushes
against the wall--once, twice...Buffy notices.

BUFFY
Faith, what are you--

Third time's a charm. Passage opens and Kennedy's dead body
falls into Faith's arms.

FAITH
Aw shit.

Faith adjusts her hold so Kennedy's pale, peaceful face is

in clear view for everyone. Eyes widen in disbelief--even sorrow. Willow's devastated.

Her eyes water and she stumbles over to where Faith crouches and lays Kennedy in Willow's arms. Tears flow quietly from Willow's eyes as she cradles Kennedy.

WILLOW
(breathlessly)
Oh God...oh God, I'm so sorry K.
I'm so sorry. You're so beautiful--
I--God baby I hope you found the
peace and love you deserve. You
deserve them so much. I'm sorry.
I'm sorry.

Willow repeats that mantra. Cut to close shots of Dino--respectfully mournful...Xander--enormously regretful and contemplative...Buffy--simply sad for her friend, worried about...Faith, who eyes the scene with lament and anger. She softens as she locks eyes with Buffy. They have a deep, simmering conversation without words. After a few long moments, their attention returns to their grieving friend. Willow caresses Kennedy's cheeks and lips--outlining every inch of her lover she can reach. Off that sight:

CUT TO:

INT. THE UNDERGROUND - NIGHT

Wild, electric, fast-paced music blaring on the speakers. The clubbers match the sound beat for beat with unbridled enthusiasm.

Dawn and Elle take a decidedly different approach. They slow dance with complete disregard for anyone and anything around them. Elle's arms wrapped around the taller Dawn's neck. Dawn's arms encircling Elle's lower back. Air between them doesn't exist. Their cheeks rest comfortably and contentedly on each other. Among the madness, it's sweet.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHLAND CEMETERY - NIGHT

Xander escorts a bereaved Willow out of the mosoleum. Behind them, Dino gently carries Kennedy. Buffy and Faith closely follow. Buffy stops and stops Faith with her. Faith visually questions her. Buffy turns to the others.

BUFFY
Uh, guys, we're gonna hang back,
see if there's any cleaning up to do.

Xander and Dino nod. Willow stares straight ahead. They go off. When they're out of earshot:

BUFFY
That's not us. That won't be us--I

won't let it. You are here--with me--I'm with you--I'm not letting you go. Physically, you can distance yourself from me, but I'll track you down and drag you home. Spiritually, my soul has a death-grip on yours and--

Faith places her hand over Buffy's lips, quieting her. Faith slides her hand across onto Buffy's cheek, her thumb remaining on Buffy's lips. Buffy's eyes flutter, leaning into Faith's hand, butterfly-kissing her thumb.

FAITH

I'll walk ya home. Gonna be a long few days.

Buffy's eyes open. Faith smiles softly, letting Buffy understand. Buffy smiles back, moreso when Faith's hand drops down and takes hold of hers. They begin their trek as the sun begins to rise. On Buffy and Faith's serene walk:

FADE OUT