

1- SARAH MICHELLE GELLAR

2- ALYSON HANNIGAN

3- NICHOLAS BRENDON

6- EMMA CAUFIELD

7- AMBER BENSON

"Title"

by

Your Name

4- ANTHONY STEWART HEAD

5- JAMES MARSTERS

8- MICHELLE TRACHTENBERG

9- SEAN JOHNSON

Blood Ties

A Buffy the Vampire Slayer episode written by Steven S. DeKnight and transcribed by Joan the English Chick (pisces@englishchick.com). Original Air Date: February 6, 2001

Transcriber's Notes:

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*I apologize in advance for my lame transcription of the fight scenes. I don't know the names of different punches and kicks. Use your imagination.

Teaser

Episode begins: Buffy sitting in the magic shop.

BUFFY

Look, I know Mom wants to gather and make with the merry tomorrow night, but with everything that's going on...

Willow walks up behind Buffy.

WILLOW

This is exactly what you need.

(Sits next to Buffy.

We see Tara sitting on Willow's other side)

A 20th birthday party with, with, with presents, and funny hats, and, and those candles that don't blow out...

(whispers to Tara)

Those used to scare me.

TARA

Me too.

BUFFY

I just don't think this is the best time to break out the party pinata. We need to stay focused if we're gonna find a way to stop Glory.

We see Xander and Anya sitting on Buffy's other side.

XANDER

We're going up against a god. An actual mightier-than-thou god.

WILLOW

Well, you know what they say, the bigger they are-

ANYA

The faster they stomp you into nothing.

Everyone looks at her.

Steven walks up behind Buffy.

STEVEN

Buffy, we're gonna be able to take Glory; no problem. Two Slayers, two witches, and a demon--

ANYA

(quick to correct)
Ex-demon!

STEVEN

(smiles)
Ex...demon
(to Buffy)
on our side, there's no way she can stop us.

We see Giles sitting between Buffy and Xander, looking through books and papers.

BUFFY

But she's right. I've thrown everything I've got at her and she just shrugs it off.

WILLOW

Then we have to find something heavier to throw.

STEVEN

(grins)

How 'bout a hammer?

GILES

That might pose some difficulty.
From what the Council's been able
to discover from the book of
Tarnis and, and, and other
sources, Glory and two of her
fellow hellgods ruled over ...
one of the more seriously
unpleasant demon dimensions.

TARA

There's more than one?

ANYA

Oh, there are thousands of demon
dimensions. All different.

GILES

All pushing on the edges of our
reality, trying to find a way in.

BUFFY

I guess Glory found one. The
question is, why?

GILES

There's nothing to indicate that
here. Just ... vague references
to ... chaos and destruction.

(Sound of teakettle
whistling. Giles gets
up to get it.)

BUFFY

Okay, so, we know where Glory's
from. What do we know about her?
You know, she's tough, yeah, but,
but no bolts of lightning, no
blasts of fire, shouldn't a god
be able to do that kind of stuff?

GILES

(pouring tea)

Uh, usually, yes, but um, being
in human form must be severely
limiting her powers. All we have
to worry about right now is she's
immortal, invulnerable, and insane.

STEVEN

Insane?
(scoffs)
Great.

XANDER

A *crazy* hellgod? And the fun
just keeps on leaving.

GILES

From what I've been able to
gather, her living in this world
is ... seriously affecting her
mental state as well. She's only
being able to keep her mind
intact by, uh, extracting energy
from us. Well, from, from the
human brain.

TARA

She, she, she's a brain-sucker?
(Willow and Tara
exchange a look)

GILES

She, um ...
(leans over to read
from book)
"absorbs the energies that bind
the human mind into a cohesive
whole." Once drained, all that's
left behind is, uh--

BUFFY

Crazy people.

GILES

(pouring more tea)
Which is, I'm afraid, why there's
been a marked increase in the
ranks of the mentally unstable
here in Sunnydale.

TARA

At least vampires just kill you.

BUFFY

(gets up)
We have to find a way to stop her.

WILLOW

Oh, well, Tara and I can work on some tactical spells.

(Giles hands Buffy a cup of tea)

ANYA

I can do some research. I know *way* more about demon dimensions than Giles does.

(Giles frowns)

Well, I do.

XANDER

This is great long-term plan-y stuff, but what about this ... key thingy Glory's looking for?

Buffy and Giles both standing, sipping tea, exchanging a look.

TARA

(OS)

Yeah, I mean, shouldn't we be trying to find it before she does?

BUFFY

I don't think that's what we should be worrying about right now.

(Giles sits)

WILLOW

They've got a point. Whatever Glory's planning on opening with the key, I'm guessing it won't be filled with candy and flowers.

XANDER

So where should we start looking? Do we know where it used to be kept? Who saw it last?

BUFFY

We did. Giles and me. We, we know where it is.

STEVEN

(surprised)

Really?

XANDER

You what?

WILLOW

You know, and you didn't tell us?

GILES

There were ... reasons.

BUFFY

Look, i-if Glory knew that you guys knew where it was, I ...

(sits)

I-I just didn't wanna put you in that kind of danger.

XANDER

(annoyed)

As opposed to the other kind we're always in?

WILLOW

You should have said something.

BUFFY

Will, there-

(pauses)

You're right.

(to Giles)

It's time.

GILES

Are you sure?

BUFFY

If they're gonna be risking their lives, they deserve to know.

XANDER

Know what?

Buffy looks at her friends. They look at her.

BUFFY

There's something that you need to know ... about Dawn.

STEVEN

(curious)

What about Dawnie?

Cut to: graveyard, night. The knight from "Checkpoint" (Orlando) holding a sword.

ORLANDO

The link must be severed. Such is the will of God.

We see two other knights standing with him, also holding swords. They all chant in unison.

KNIGHTS

The key is the link. The link
must be severed. Such is the will
of God. The key is the link. The
link must be severed. Such is the
will of God.

JINX

You really think *he* is going to
help you?

The knights draw their swords and turn to see Jinx, Dreg,
and another demon who looks like them, each holding an axe.

JINX

I fear your faith is gravely
misplaced.

The demons attack. The fight is brief; two of the demons are
defeated. Only Jinx is left. He cowers and tries to back
away as Orlando advances, but Jinx trips over something and
falls on his butt. Orlando stands over him and lifts his
sword high.

ORLANDO

Shall we test your faith now?

He starts to stab downward. Jinx cringes. A hand appears and
grabs the sword's blade.

GLORY

Never send a minion to do a god's
work.

She backhands Orlando, who goes flying backward, losing his
grip on the sword. He crawls toward it on the ground as
Glory beats up the other two knights. She stabs one knight
with his own sword, then uses it to kill the other as well.
She drops the sword and walks toward where Orlando is still
trying to reach his sword.

GLORY

Hey, nice sword.
(Picks it up and
points it at his face)
Bet it hurts.

Wolf howl. Opening credits.

Guest starring Clare Kramer, Charlie Weber, Troy T. Blendell, Amber Benson as Tara, and Kristine Sutherland as Joyce Summers. Written by Steven S. DeKnight, directed by Michael Gershman.

Act I

Fade in on Willow and Tara outside the magic shop, daylight. They are drawing symbols on the ground with colored sand. Dawn walks up.

DAWN

You guys doin' a spell?

WILLOW

Dawn, hey. Y-yeah, we're doing an early warning incantation. If anything hellgodishly powerful comes within a hundred feet of the shop, then screechy siren things will, you know, screech.

TARA

This should give us a heads-up so we can hide ... the, um, key.

WILLOW

We already put one up around your house.

DAWN

Cool, can I help?

Willow and Tara exchange a look.

WILLOW

Well, I don't think Buffy would like the, uh, black arts bumpin' auras with the littlest Summers.

DAWN

(nods resignedly)
Yeah, whatever.
(Goes into the shop)

TARA

(quietly)
How can she not be real?

WILLOW

She's real, she's just ... kinda ... new.

Willow throws a last handful of dust down; the symbols all flash brightly and disappear.

Cut to inside magic shop. Dawn enters. Anya is dusting something while Xander sits at the table reading. **Steven is reading a book by the shelf.**

DAWN

Hey. We on the case?

STEVEN

(smiles a little)

Hey, Dawnie.

XANDER

Yeah. Right on top, perched, ready for action.

(Anya looks uncomfortable)

How's my sweet fancy Dawn doing?

Xander reaches over to tickle Dawn's stomach. She giggles and tries to fight him off.

DAWN

(laughing)

Fine. What's up with you?

(Xander stops tickling)

Did you get into the sugar again?

ANYA

(loud fake cheerful tone)

You make a very pretty little girl!

STEVEN

(aghast)

What the Hell...?

Xander jumps up.

XANDER

(same fake tone)

Anya, you wanna help me with that thing?

ANYA

(same fake tone, with

fake smile and fake laugh)

Xander needs help with his thing!

STEVEN

Anya's insane.

They walk off. Dawn looks annoyed.

GILES

I'm not sure our regular workout
is ... challenging you any more.
Perhaps we should make it harder.

Giles and Buffy walk in from the back room. Buffy holds a
bottle of water. Giles is writing in a small book.

BUFFY

You always think harder is better.
Maybe next time I patrol I should
carry a load of bricks, use a
stake made of butter.

GILES

Very amusing.

They walk over to the counter, where Dawn is standing, with
a notebook lying open on the counter. Giles puts his book
down on the counter also.

GILES

I'm sure Dawn feels that way
about her schoolwork sometimes.

BUFFY

That true? How was school today?

DAWN

Um, the usual. Big square
building filled with boredom and
despair.

BUFFY

(OS)
Just how I remember it.

Giles closes his book, slides it off the counter and out of
sight.

BUFFY

So, what's the homework sitch?

DAWN

We have to imagine what we'll be
like ten years from now and write
a letter to our future self. The
teacher's clearly so out of ideas.

(Giles closes a drawer
behind the counter)
Wanna help?

BUFFY

Maybe later. I have some stuff I
have to do first.

Giles moves his hands away from the drawer. Dawn looks over
at him, then back at Buffy.

DAWN

Is it about that weird girl that
came to the house?

BUFFY

Glory. And no it's not.

DAWN

Like you'd tell me anyway. Dawn's
too young and Dawn's too delicate.

BUFFY

Right. A young delicate pain in
my butt.

DAWN

I just think you're freakin' out
'cause you have to fight someone
prettier than you. That is the
case, right?

STEVEN

(to himself)

We all wish.

Buffy walks closer to her.

BUFFY

(softly)

Glory is evil. And powerful.

(normal tone)

And in no way prettier than me.

DAWN

I just think you're getting soft
in your advanced age. She didn't
look that tough to me.

(Smirks)

Cut to: Glory in her apartment, talking to Orlando. His face
is bloody.

GLORY

Okay. One more time.
 (circles around behind him)
 Just between me and you. Our
 itsy-bitsy little secret.
 (comes back to the
 front, grabs his face)
 Where ... is ... the key?

ORLANDO

Even if I knew, I'd die a
 thousand deaths before I'd tell you.

GLORY

(annoyed)
 Well, you won't need a thousand,
 sweetie.
 (pats his cheek, turns away)
 I'll make the first one last.
 Long time.

She walks a few steps away. She's holding his sword. She
 turns back and shakes her head.

GLORY

What is it with you religious
 types?
 (gasps, smiles. Throws
 the sword aside and
 goes back to him)
 It's intimacy, isn't it?

She grabs his face, runs her hands down his chest.

GLORY

Oh! You're just scared of letting
 someone in!
 (circles around him,
 hugging him and
 rubbing his chest)
 Shh, shh, shh. It's okay. I know
 how difficult the first time can
 be. You don't have to be afraid.
 (gets back to the
 front, puts her face
 right next to his)
 Just relax. You may not have the
 info I want ... but you still got
 something I need.

She slides her fingers into his head. Light streams out of
 the holes. Orlando screams.

Cut to: huge pile of brightly wrapped gifts.

BUFFY VOICEOVER

Prezzies!

Pull out to reveal the Summers living room. Joyce and Dawn on one couch, Buffy on the other, on either side of the coffee-table laden with presents. Xander, Giles, Tara, Anya, **Steven**, and Willow stand around. Tara, **Steven** and Xander hold gifts. Willow wears a party hat and holds a bottle of bubble-blowing liquid.

WILLOW

See, just what you needed.
(Blows bubbles)

BUFFY

You are very, very wise. Now
gimme, gimme, gimme!
(Tara hands her a gift.
Buffy begins ripping
off the paper.)

STEVEN

(laughs happily)
Someone's happy.

ANYA

This is extremely suspenseful! I
want the presents.

STEVEN

(sighs)
Anya, this isn't your birthday.

Buffy pulls out a dress.

BUFFY

Ohh ... it's beautiful. Thank
you, guys.

TARA

Well, we thought you'd get lots
of crossbows, other killy stuff.

WILLOW

Yeah, so we figured, less killy,
more frilly.

ANYA

Gotta look.
(Grabs the dress from Buffy)
Oh, it's just so lovely! Oh, I
wish it was mine!

Everyone gives her a look.

ANYA
(quietly)
Oh, like you weren't all thinking
the same thing.
(puts the dress down)

STEVEN
I definitely wasn't.

GILES
I'm fairly certain I wasn't.
(whispers to Xander)
I've got one just like it.

DAWN
(gets up)
Here. Open mine.
(Gives gift to Buffy)

BUFFY
It's not gonna explode, is it?

She opens it and removes a photo of herself and Dawn, in a frame covered with seashells.

DAWN
It's when we visited Dad that
summer in San Diego.
(Buffy staring at it)
Um, I put the shells on it myself.
We picked them off the beach.

BUFFY
(softly)
I remember.

Joyce smiles. Everyone else looks thoughtful. Dawn looks uncomfortable.

DAWN
Well, geez, don't get all movie-
of-the-week. I was just too cheap
to buy a real present.

BUFFY
Thank you.

Buffy gets up and hugs Dawn. Buffy and Joyce exchange a look over Dawn's shoulder.

Cut to later. Joyce, Buffy, and Giles in the kitchen. Giles pouring a glass of wine. Buffy pouring a glass of water from a pitcher.

JOYCE

It still seems to me like there's
a lot you don't know about this.
I mean, is she dangerous?

BUFFY

No.

GILES

Well, now, wait just a second.
(Camera pans across to
the doorway. We see
Dawn in the dining
room, looking down the
hallway, listening in.)
I assume you're talking about her
existence rather than her
intentions.

Buffy looks down the hall, sees Dawn.

JOYCE

Exactly.

BUFFY

(calls)
Dawn? What are you doing in there?
Party gettin' slow?

DAWN

Uh,
(picks up a stack of
plates from dining-
room table)
we need plates. Cake time.

She walks off. Buffy smiles nervously.

Cut to living room. Tara and Willow are preparing the cake. Xander and Anya stand in the doorway kissing. **Steven stands by the stairs.** As Dawn walks in, Anya pushes Xander away; Willow and Tara stop what they're doing. Dawn puts plates on the table next to the cake, smiling. She stops smiling when she sees Tara's face, then turns around to look at Xander and Anya.

DAWN

Why does everybody start acting
all weird when I'm around?

XANDER
Me? Me not weird.

Tara looks worried. Willow licks frosting off a birthday-cake candle.

DAWN
I'm not an idiot. I know you're talking about me.

XANDER
No, no, we really weren't.

ANYA
(fake voice)
We were talking about sex.

Buffy, Joyce, and Giles enter.

DAWN
(to Joyce)
They were talking about me, just like everybody is.

XANDER
Again, not so much. In fact, none.

ANYA
We were talking about sex. I mean, you know us, sometimes we like to pretend stuff--

JOYCE
Um...

XANDER
Anya!

ANYA
You know, like, say there's a fireman, or a shepherd-

STEVEN
(irritated)
Shut up, Anya!

BUFFY
You know what? Let's not have this exchange of images right now.

DAWN

Oh. Right. Of course. Can't let Dawn hear anything.

(angry)

Fine. I'm just gonna go to bed. That way I won't accidentally get exposed to, like, words.

She storms out.

STEVEN

(sighs)

Okay, I know she's made to look like a teenager, but does she have to have the attitude of one?

Everyone looks unhappy.

WILLOW

(holds up a piece of cake on a plate)

Cake?

Cut to: Dawn storming into her bedroom, slamming the door. She leans against the wall and looks sullen.

Cut to: exterior of the house. Dawn climbs out her window and down the trellis, climbs from the trellis onto the back porch. The curtains are drawn; we can see the shadows of the others moving inside the house. Dawn goes down the back stairs, watching the windows, and turns around to find Spike standing right behind her. He has something under his arm and a cigarette in his mouth. Dawn gives a little yelp of surprise.

DAWN

Geez! Lurk much?

SPIKE

I wasn't lurking. I was standing about. It's a whole different vibe.

DAWN

What is-

(looks at the thing under his arm. Folds her arms and smirks)

Are you giving Buffy a birthday present?

(Spike looks at the box)

Oh my god. Weird. And chocolates? Lame. And the box is all bent, and, well, you know she'd never touch anything from you anyway.

SPIKE
 (leans closer to her,
 speaks menacingly)
 Shouldn't you be tucked away in
 your beddy-bye? All warm and safe
 where nothing can eat you?

DAWN
 (giggles)
 Is that supposed to scare me?

SPIKE
 (sighs, leans back)
 Little tremble wouldn't hurt.

DAWN
 Sorry, it's just ... come on.
 I'm badder than you.

SPIKE
 (insulted)
 Are not!

DAWN
 Am too. You're standing in the
 bushes hugging a bent box of
 chocolates, and I'm-

SPIKE
 What? Sneaking out to braid hair
 and watch Teletubbies with your
 mates?

DAWN
 No.
 (softly, looking back
 at the house)
 I'm breaking into the magic shop
 ...
 (boastfully)
 to steal things.

SPIKE
 (frowns)
 Magic shop, eh?
 (looks over his
 shoulder; thoughtfully)
 All number of beasties between
 here and there.
 (Dawn looks a little nervous)
 Bet they'd really go for a little
 red riding hood like you. Bet
 that wouldn't sit too well with
 big sister.

DAWN
(uncertain)
I can take care of myself.

Spike just looks at her. She looks around, anxious.

DAWN
You wanna come steal some stuff?

SPIKE
Yeah, all right.

Dawn nods. They walk off.

Cut to: exterior magic shop, night. Dawn stands by the door holding the chocolates while Spike kneels, trying to pick the lock.

DAWN
Do you know how to do that or not?

SPIKE
Give us a sec. I usually just
(gestures)
burst through doors.

The door finally opens.

SPIKE
That's right!
(Stands up, gives Dawn
his best smug smirk)
Who's bad now?

They enter.

SPIKE
Girl with a mission, eh?
(Dawn turns on a flashlight)
What's the caper? Jewels? Ancient
artifacts? Or just plain hard
cash liberated from the till?

DAWN
A book.

SPIKE
All this for a book?

Dawn walks confidently to the counter, puts down the chocolates and goes behind the counter.

DAWN

I don't want the book. Just
what's inside. I think it was
Giles' notes.

(Shines the flashlight
around as Spike
examines the stuff on
the counter)

He was standing here, and when I
turned around it was gone.

She begins feeling under the counter. Spike takes something
off the counter and puts it in his pocket.

Dawn finds the hidden drawer and pulls it open, revealing
the book. She smiles in triumph.

Cut to later.

SPIKE

Where did he learn to write so
bloody small, from a fruit fly?

We see Dawn and Spike sitting on the floor, three candles
lit in front of them. Dawn reading the book. Spike's
cigarette is mostly ash.

DAWN

Wait, here's something. Uh,
"Tarnis, 12th century. One of the
founders of the monks of the
order of Dagon."

(Spike stands up)

"Their sole purpose appears to
have been as protectors of the
key."

SPIKE

(scoffs)

Brown-robe types are always
protecting something. It's the
only way they can justify giving
up girls.

(He looks around,
spots Olaf's hammer
from "Triangle" in a
display case)

Hey! Troll hammer.

Spike tries to pick it up but it's too heavy. It falls to
the floor with a clang. He glances over to see if Dawn
noticed. She has her back to him.

SPIKE
 Didn't go with my stuff anyway.

He continues looking around at the shelves, looking bored,
 as Dawn reads.

DAWN
 "The key is not directly
 described in any known literature,
 but all research indicates an
 energy matrix vibrating at a
 dimensional frequency beyond
 normal human perception. Only
 those outside reality can see the
 key's true nature."
 (shakes head)
 Outside reality. What's that mean?

SPIKE
 Mm. Second-sight blokes, mostly.
 (Puts out his
 cigarette in an item
 on the shelf)
 Or even just your run-of-the-mill
 lunatics.

He resumes his seat beside Dawn as she begins to get an
 expression of revelation.

Flash to hospital in "Listening to Fear."

CRAZY SECURITY GUARD
 There!
 (points at a scared Dawn)
 There's no one in there.

Flash to outside magic shop in "The Real Me."

CRAZY GUY
 I know what you are.

Back to Dawn looking thoughtful.

SPIKE
 What else does it say about this
 key? Is it made out of gold?
 Maybe we can hock it, split the
 take.

DAWN

Um,

(reads)

"The key is also susceptible to necromanced animal detection, particularly those of canine or serpent construct."

Flash to the snake creature slithering across the floor in "Shadow." Dawn screaming as it rears up above her. The creature's eyes flashing red.

Back to Dawn holding the book, pondering. Spike reaches over and takes the book from her.

SPIKE

(frowns at book)

"The monks possessed the ability to transform energy, bend reality." Blah, blah, blah.

(looks at Dawn)

Good lord, Giles writes as dull as he talks, doesn't he?

(back to book)

"They started work. But the Council ... has suggested ... to us that they were interrupted. Presumably by ... Glory."

(Dawn continues

staring into the

distance as she listens)

"They obviously did manage to accomplish the taste..."

(looks closer)

"accomplish the task. They had to be certain the Slayer would protect it with her life. So they sent the key to her ... in human form. In the form of a sister."

Zoom in on Dawn's shocked expression.

Spike frowns, looks over at her.

SPIKE

Huh! I guess that's you, nibblet.

Shot of Dawn continuing to react. Blackout.

Act II

Exterior shot of the Summers house, night.

Cut to inside. Willow and Tara on a sofa, facing Buffy in an armchair.

WILLOW

Not even a card, huh?

BUFFY

I wasn't really expecting one. No contact with civilians. There's probably a ... code name for it. You know, like radio silence, it's "greeting card silence."

WILLOW

Sorry.

BUFFY

Maybe it's time to start a new tradition. Birthdays without boyfriends. It could be just as much fun.

WILLOW

Preaching to the choir here, baby.
(smiles at Tara)

TARA

Yeah, some of my best-
(sees something across
the room)
Oh-oh my god.

Buffy turns to look behind her, gets up.

We see Dawn standing in the doorway. A large knife in one hand, blood running down her other arm from a wound across the inner forearm.

DAWN

(dazed)
Is this blood?

We see Joyce and Giles across the room, turning to look.

BUFFY

Dawn!

JOYCE

Oh, baby.

Buffy and Joyce rush over to Dawn.

BUFFY
What did you do?!

DAWN
This is blood, isn't it? It can't
be me. I'm not a key.
(Buffy looks shocked)
I'm not a thing.

JOYCE
Oh, sweetie, no. Wha-what is this
all about?

DAWN
(grimly)
What am I?
(getting teary)
Am I real? Am I anything?

She begins to cry. Joyce hugs her. Buffy watches grimly,
also a little teary-eyed.

Cut to: Buffy seeing the others out.

WILLOW
If you need anything-

BUFFY
Thanks.

Willow hugs Buffy and leaves. Giles walks up to the door.

GILES
Perhaps I should stay, you know,
just in case.

BUFFY
This is a family thing. We should
deal with this.

GILES
Okay.

Giles leaves. Buffy closes the door behind him.

Cut to: Dawn sitting on her bed. Joyce sits at the foot of
the bed. Buffy enters.

DAWN
(softly, not looking up)
Why didn't you tell me?

Joyce looks at Buffy.

BUFFY

We were going to. It just...
(trails off. Dawn
gives her an angry look)

JOYCE

We thought it would be better if
we waited until you were older.

DAWN

How old am I now?

JOYCE

You're fourteen, sweetheart, you
know that.

DAWN

No. The monks. When did ... when
did they ...
(trails off)

BUFFY

Six months ago.

DAWN

(trying to hold back tears)
I've only been alive for six
months, huh?

JOYCE

Honey, you've been alive a lot
longer than that to us.

DAWN

You don't know that! You don't
know anything. I'm, I'm just a
key, right? Everything about me
is made up.

BUFFY

Dawn ...
(sits on the bed next
to Dawn)
Mom and I know what we feel. I
know I care about you. I know
that I worry about you-

DAWN

You worry about me because you
have to. I'm your job. Protect
the key, right?

BUFFY

I worry because my sister is
cutting herself!

DAWN

Yeah? How do you know? Maybe this
is just another fake memory from
my fake family.

JOYCE

Sweetheart-

DAWN

Get out.

BUFFY

Dawn...

DAWN

Get out, get out, get out!

Her voice rises to a shriek on the last two words. Joyce and Buffy get up to leave. Dawn lies down on the bed, curls up hugging a stuffed animal.

Cut to magic shop, day.

BUFFY

We need answers, Giles.

Buffy, Willow, Xander, **Steven**, and Giles move across the room toward the counter. Giles goes behind the counter, where Anya is already moving around looking at stuff.

BUFFY

We need to find out everything we
can about the key. What's it for,
who created it.

XANDER

And why Glory has a big girl-god
jones for it.

BUFFY

This isn't about her. It's about
Dawn. She deserves to know where
she came from. She needs to know.
Or it's just gonna eat away at her.

STEVEN

(worried)

Then who knows what'll happen...

GILES
 (looking at his
 notebook and papers on
 the counter)
 How did she find these? How did
 she get in here?

ANYA
 (turns away from the
 back shelves, holding
 an item)
 Ew! Who's been using the urn of
 Ishtar as an ashtray?
 (takes out a cigarette butt)

STEVEN
I only know of one person...

Willow looks thoughtful. Shot of Buffy as the realization hits her.

Cut to: Buffy bursting into Spike's crypt. Spike is sitting atop one of the coffins, painting his fingernails.

SPIKE
 Morning, sunshine. If you've come
 around for eggs or sausage, I'm
 fresh out.

Buffy grabs the lid of the coffin and pulls it out from under Spike so that he tumbles backward into the coffin. He sits up.

SPIKE
 Hey, careful! These are wet.
 (Holds up his hand)

Buffy slides the lid back onto the coffin so that it slams into Spike's chest, pinning him against the opposite side of the coffin.

BUFFY
 How could you let her find out
 like that? From books and papers?
 You hate me that much?

SPIKE
 I was just along for the ride.
 Not like I knew she was mystical
 glowy key thing. Nobody keeps me
 in the bloody loop, do they?

BUFFY

(bangs the lid, steps back)
You could have stopped her.

SPIKE

Oh, yeah, here it comes.
Something goes wrong in your
life, blame Spike. News flash,
blondie.

(Heaves the lid up off
of him, tossing it aside)
If kid sis wants to grab a
midnight stroll, she'll find a
way sooner or later. I just
thought she'd be safer with big
bad looking over her shoulder.

BUFFY

(glares at him
silently for a moment)
She shouldn't have found out like
that.

SPIKE

You didn't think you could keep
the truth from her forever, did
you?

(angrily)
Maybe if *you* had been more
honest with her in the first
place, you wouldn't be trying to
make yourself feel better with a
round of Kick The Spike.

Buffy turns and storms out, slamming the door. Spike sighs
and shakes his head.

Cut to: Joyce knocking on Dawn's door, entering. Dawn still
lying on her side on the bed, with her back to the door.

JOYCE

Honey? You're gonna be late for
school.

DAWN

I'm not going. Blobs of energy
don't need an education.

JOYCE

You want me to make you some soup?
(sits on the bed)
I think there's some chicken and
stars...

DAWN
I'm not sick!
(quieter)
I'm not anything.

JOYCE
Honey, calm down, okay...
(puts hand on Dawn's back)

DAWN
(faces her)
Don't tell me what to do.
(pause)
You're not my mother.

Joyce looks hurt.

Dawn lies back down for a moment, then gets up.

DAWN
I changed my mind. I'd rather be
at school.
(Grabs her backpack
and leaves)

Cut to: Exterior hospital, day.

Cut to: interior, mental ward. Ben enters carrying a tray
with a bunch of cups of Jello on it.

BEN
All right, fellas, today we've
got blues, greens, and...
(looks at tray)
oh, hey, chartreuse. It's a party.

ORLANDO
It won't stick. The birds have
been pecking too hard.
(laughing)

Ben looks over and sees Orlando strapped down in one of the
beds.

BEN
Byzantium.

JINX

Yes, they've arrived.
(We see Jinx standing
in the corner. He
walks over to stand
beside the knight's bed)
Unfortunate, but not completely
unexpected.

BEN

How many?

JINX

Their numbers are few for the
moment, but they will grow.
(Ben puts down the tray)
The Knights of Byzantium are like
ants. First you see one, then
two, then the picnic's ruined. No
matter how many we kill, they'll
keep coming ... wave after wave.
(walks over to Ben)
It's time to set old animosities
aside. Your fate is directly
linked to her magnificently-
scented Glorificus. She's been
extremely forgiving of your
considerable foibles up until
now, but if you persist in your
defiance, she'll be forced to-

BEN

To what? What is she going to do?
Send a six-pack of minions to
bore me to death? Glory can't lay
a finger on me. You know it, I
know it, she knows it. So save
the threats, or I'll finish the
job I started on your head.

He shoves past Jinx and exits.

Cut to: Exterior of the Summers house, night.

Cut to: Dawn in her bedroom looking through her diaries. She
has a bunch of them, of different sizes, shapes, covers, etc.
She clutches one to her chin and looks pensive.

Cut to: Buffy and Joyce in the living room. They sit side-
by-side on the sofa.

JOYCE

We can't just let her sit up
there all alone.

BUFFY

She needs time. We can't force her to be all right with this.

JOYCE

That's your answer? Just ... leave her alone and hope that everything works itself out?

BUFFY

No, but if I were her, I'd want a little bit of time right now. I wouldn't want my mother and my sister coming at me from all sides.

JOYCE

Her school called today. She was suspended.

We see Dawn on the stairway above, listening.

JOYCE

(OS)

She yelled at a teacher. The things she said, Buffy, I mean she never used language like that

BUFFY

(OS)

She probably feels like she can say or do anything right now. She's not real. We're not her family, we don't even know what she is.

Dawn looks shocked.

Cut to: Dawn storming back into her room, crying. She slams the door, looks around, and begins to trash her room, shrieking. She shoves stuff off the desk, shoves books off the shelves, tears posters off the walls. She picks up one of her diaries and flips through it, then begins to tear out pages, throws them in the wastebasket, then throws the whole book in. Extended sequence of Dawn ripping pages out of diaries, throwing the pages and the diaries into the wastebasket.

Cut back to living room. Joyce jumps up, staring at Buffy in horror.

JOYCE

How can you talk about Dawn as if she's a thing?

BUFFY

I'm not! I'm just ... saying
that's probably how she feels.

JOYCE

Well, then we have to show her
that it isn't true. She needs to
know that she's still a part of
this family and that we love her.

BUFFY

It's not that simple! We're not
gonna be able to fix this with a
hug and a kiss and a bowl of soup!
Dawn needs to know where she came
from, she needs real answers.

JOYCE

(sits)
What she needs is her sister,
Buffy, not the Slayer.

BUFFY

The Slayer is the only thing
standing between Dawn ... and
this god from the bitch dimension
that wants to shove her in some
kind of lock and give her a good
twirl. Mom, I need to be out
there, doing my job-

A shrill beeping noise begins. They both jump up.

BUFFY

Oh my god, Glory. It's Willow's
spell.

(Runs toward stairs)

JOYCE

(following)
Wait. It's not Glory.

Cut to: Buffy kicking down Dawn's door, rushing in followed
by Joyce. The beeping continues.

BUFFY

Damn it.

We see the wastebasket on fire. Buffy grabs a blanket from
the bed and tosses it over the flames to put them out.

BUFFY

Dawn!

JOYCE
 (looking at something
 across the room)
 Buffy.

BUFFY
 No. No, she could have burned the
 house down.

JOYCE
 Buffy ... she's gone.

Buffy looks in the direction Joyce is looking. Shot of the open window. The alarm continues beeping. Blackout.

Act III

Fade in on magic shop, night.

BUFFY
 She tore up her room ... she
 burned all of her diaries.
 (Moves across the
 screen to sit in a
 chair by the table)

XANDER
 The Dawnmeister Chronicles?

STEVEN
 (shocked)
 Oh my God.

Pan across Xander to find Willow and Tara sitting beside the counter. Giles and Anya behind it. Giles hands Willow a cup of tea. **Steven sits at the table.**

WILLOW
 She's been keeping those since ...
 (pauses, looks confused)
 I mean...

BUFFY
 Since she was seven. I remember
 too, Will.
 (We see Spike standing
 in the background
 behind Buffy)
 We have to find her. Fast. Before
 Glory or the knights of hack-n-
 slash figure out what - *who* she
 really is.

(MORE)

BUFFY (CONT'D)

Mom's gonna stay at home in case she shows up. I figure we split up and sweep the city.

(stands)

Anya. Will you stay here in case she shows up? Xander, Giles, you guys take the center of town.

Willow, Tara, west side. Spike, you and I'll get the east side.

Steven, you check her usual haunts: playgrounds, parks, toy stores...

STEVEN

Got it.

Everyone gets up to leave. Spike moves forward to stand beside Buffy.

BUFFY

(softly)

Just find her ... please.

Cut to: Dawn walking through a playground, night. She looks over at a swing-set.

Flash to a bright sunny day, small girl with Dawn's hair on the swing, bigger girl with Buffy's hair pushing her. (We only see them from the back.)

YOUNG DAWN

Bet you can't push me all the way around!

YOUNG BUFFY

Oh yes I can!

YOUNG DAWN

No you can't!

Flash back to today, the swing-set dark and empty. Dawn looks sad, tears on her face. She turns and walks away, **but bumping right into Steven.**

STEVEN

(smiles)

Hey, Dawnie.

Dawn turns away from Steven.

DAWN

(annoyed)

Leave me alone.

STEVEN

I'm not goin' anywhere, Dawnie.
Not until you tell me what's
bothering you.

Dawn turns back to face Steven.

DAWN

Then I guess it's a good thing I
can walk.

She starts to leave, but Steven steps in front of her.

STEVEN

Whoa, whoa. Let me rephrase my
statement.

(points to the swings)
Sit.

DAWN

Why should I? You can't tell me
what to do.

STEVEN

No, but I can grab your arm and,
using my Slayer strength plus my
human strength, drag you back
home.

(smiles warmly)
And that's one thing we both know
you don't want.

(sympathetically)
So why don't you just tell me
what's goin' on, huh?

Cut to: Xander and Giles walking through alleys in Sunnydale,
night. Giles pokes around looking behind things, inside
dumpsters, etc.

XANDER

There's so many things I remember.
Seeing Dawn ... hanging with her
... listening to Buffy complain
about her. Mostly that last one.
How could it be that all those
things never really happened?

GILES

Well, it takes some getting used
to. The idea of a ... bright
fourteen-year-old actually being
living energy thousands of years
old.

They continue walking, looking around.

XANDER
I'm guessing some kind of super-
powerful in her raw form.

GILES
People have killed, died for it
... summoned armies to control
the key.

XANDER
You know, uh ... she kinda has a
crush on me.

GILES
Your point being?

XANDER
(stops walking)
Well nothing, no, uh ... just
saying, powerful being ... big
energy gal digging the Xan-man.
(Grins. Giles frowns
at him)
Some guys are just cooler, you know?

Giles turns and walks away, rolling his eyes. Xander follows.

Cut to: Steven and Dawn sitting on the swings.

DAWN
(finishing her rant)
--and--and Buffy didn't even tell
me!

STEVEN
I know how you feel, Dawnie.

DAWN
No you don't. You've been alive
all your life.

STEVEN
(sighs)
But I know what it's like to
believe one thing and then find
out the whole time it was a
complete lie.

Dawn looks at Steven.

DAWN
(wondering)
What happened?

STEVEN
(sighs deeply)
Okay...I was born because of my
mother and my father.

DAWN
(gives him a look)
Well, duh.

STEVEN
(smiles a little)
You know what I mean. Anyway...I
was led all my life to believe
that my father had been the one
to end it with my mother. All
this time...I hated him for it.
But, not even a year ago...
(sighs)
I find out it's not true.

DAWN
Was it a mutual thing?

STEVEN
No. Not even mutual. My mother
ended the relationship. Here I
am, pissed at my father for what
he did...walking out on my
mother...and all...
(sighs)
All this time, I realized I was
focusing my anger toward the
wrong person.

DAWN
That's the difference between us.
You have all your memories intact.
Mine were just...there.

STEVEN
(gently)
So were ours, Dawnie. These
monks screwed with all of our heads.

He gets up off of the swing and goes over to her.

STEVEN

But the truth is...you're here.
You're real. You're flesh and
blood. And we would love you no
matter what you were.
Key...doorknob...even a big pile
of trash.

DAWN

(giggles)
Steven!

STEVEN

(smiles)
I thought that'd get a laugh.
(seriously)
But, Dawnie, listen to me...your
sister's worried about you. We
all are. Now, I'm not going to
narc on you and go running to
your sister...telling her where
you are.

DAWN

(curious/surprised)
Why not?

STEVEN

Because I know what it's like to
get information like this dropped
in your lap. You need time to
yourself...time to work through
all of it.

DAWN

(nods)
Thanks.

He hugs her.

STEVEN

If you feel up to comin' home,
you know where she lives. And...

As he hands her a card:

STEVEN

If you ever wanna talk...you can
call me anytime.

DAWN

Thanks, Steven.

STEVEN
(smiles)
See ya around, Dawn.

He walks off, as Dawn sits at the swings wondering what to do.

She realizes what she has to do and gets up, walking away from the playground.

Cut to: Buffy and Spike walking through the playground, night.

BUFFY
(calls)
Dawn! Dawn!

SPIKE
Yeah, that should do it.

BUFFY
Shut up.

SPIKE
The nibblet scampered off to get away from you. She hears you bellowing, she's gonna pack it in the opposite direction.
(they stop walking)
Can't say I blame her.
(looking around)

BUFFY
(quietly, staring at the ground)
You were right.
(Spike looks surprised)
This is my fault. I should have told her.

SPIKE
(sighs)
Look, she probably would have skipped off anyway, even if she never found out. She's not just a blob of energy, she's also a fourteen-year-old hormone bomb.
(sighs)
Which one's screwing her up more right now, spin the bloody wheel.
(shrugs)
You'll find her, just in the nick of time, that's what you hero types do.

Buffy gives him a hopeful look.

SPIKE
(firmly)
You'll find her.

BUFFY
(quietly)
And then what?

Cut to: Dawn walking down a street. She steps aside as an ambulance goes past, siren wailing, lights flashing. She stares after it.

Cut to: Exterior hospital, night. We see the emergency room door, ambulance parked next to it, people running inside with a patient on a gurney. Cut to: Dawn entering the hospital. She goes down a hall, looks around to make sure no one's watching, then slips through a door.

Cut to: Dawn entering the mental ward. All the patients begin to mutter nervously as she enters.

PATIENT 1
It's here. It's here. It's here.

PATIENT 2
Can't stop.

PATIENT 1
It's here. It's here.
(repeats over and over)

PATIENT 2
Make it stop. The skin's too tight.

PATIENT 1
(lifts his head to
look at Dawn)
Can't hear it. What's the
frequency? Empty. All spilled out.

DAWN
(goes over to Patient
1's bed)
Please. Y-you see me, right? Look
at me.

Patient 1 stares at her, very fearful.

PATIENT 2
Can't stop it!

DAWN

You know what I am, don't you?
You all know!

PATIENT 1

(stares at ceiling)
Can't hear it, can't hear it,
can't hear it
(repeats over and over)

DAWN

Tell me!

PATIENT 1

Can't hear it, can't hear it ...
(repeats)

DAWN

What am I?

ORLANDO

The key.

Dawn whips her head around to look at Orlando.

ORLANDO

I found it. Thank you. Thank you.
Thank you. Thank you.

DAWN

(rushes over to him)
You know what the key is?
(He stares at the
ceiling still
repeating "Thank you")
Where did I come from? Who made
me, wha-what am I?

ORLANDO

Thank you, thank you...

DAWN

Please!

ORLANDO

(suddenly jerks his
head up and yells)
Destroyer!
(Dawn jumps back)
Cracked ... bones ... the sun
bleeding into the sky! The key is
the link.

DAWN
 (shakes her head,
 backing away)
 No, no.

ORLANDO
 The link must be severed. Such is
 the will of God. Such is the will
 of God. Such is the will of God.
 (repeats)

He continues repeating this phrase as Dawn backs away, then
 turns and runs away.

ORLANDO
 Such is the will of God.

PATIENT 1
 Can't hear it.

Orlando continues repeating his phrase and Patient 1 repeats
 his, as the other madmen mutter also, getting louder and
 louder. Dawn runs to the door, pulls it open and finds Ben
 on the other side. He looks at her in surprise.

Cut to: hospital locker room. Dawn sits at a small table.
 Ben walks over carrying two cups, which he puts on the table.

BEN
 Two steaming cups of chocolate
 goodness courtesy of ... whoever
 I swiped it from out of the
 cupboard.
 (sits)
 Couldn't find any marshmallows.
 I'll try to steal some for next
 time.

DAWN
 Don't like 'em anyway.

BEN
 What? Is that even possible?

DAWN
 Too squishy. When I was five,
 Buffy told me they were monkey
 brains, and I-
 (stops)

BEN

Dawn, was your mom brought back in? Is that why you're here?

DAWN

No.

(bitterly)

My *mom*'s just fine.

BEN

(puzzled)

Is there anybody I can call? Your sister?

DAWN

I don't have a sister.

BEN

Oh ... you two have a fight? It's okay, I know how that goes. I got a sister too. They can be a real pain sometimes.

(Dawn nods)

I tell you, there've been a lot of nights I wish she didn't exist either.

DAWN

It's not Buffy. It's me. I'm the one that doesn't exist.

(sighs)

BEN

Look, I know it can feel that way sometimes, but when you're older-

DAWN

No, you don't understand. It's not real. None of this.

(indicating her body)

They made it.

BEN

Dawn-

DAWN

I'm nothing! I'm just a thing the monks made so Glory couldn't find me. I'm not real.

Ben looks extremely shocked and fearful. He gets to his feet.

BEN
(gets up)
You're the key?

DAWN
How do you know about the key?

BEN
Go! Before she finds you. Don't ask me how she knows, 'cause she always knows. Just go.

DAWN
Wait! Calm down, just tell me-

BEN
(agitated)
You don't understand, you're a kid.

(Dawn gets up)
You stay, she'll find you. She finds you, she'll hurt you.

DAWN
What's wrong with you?

BEN
You're what she's been searching for. I am telling you, run. You don't know, you -
(looks around nervously)
Oh god. Oh god no, she's coming.
(Dawn looks frightened)
I can feel it, you've gotta get out. No ... oh no, she's here!

He grabs Dawn by the arms. She screams.

BEN
She's here!

In the middle of "She's here," Ben morphs into Glory. Dawn gasps and stares at her in shock. Glory looks confused.

GLORY
Hey, don't I know you?

Blackout.

Act IV

Fade back in on the hospital. Dawn is sitting in the chair again.

GLORY

(OS)
Ugh, cotton!

We see Glory standing by the lockers, taking off Ben's hospital scrubs (her back to the camera).

GLORY

Could a fabric be more annoyingly pedestrian?

(reaches into a locker)
Now **this** is what I'm talkin' about.

(Pulls out a red silk blouse and slides it over her head, smiling)
Makes your skin sing.

DAWN

You're-you're Ben...

GLORY

(fastening the blouse behind her)
Uh, it's an eensy more complicated than that. Family always is, isn't it?

Dawn looks anxiously toward the door.

GLORY

(still with her back to Dawn)
You'd never make it. I'd rip out your spine before you got half a step. And those little legs?
(smiles over her shoulder at Dawn)
They wouldn't be much good without one of those.

Suddenly Glory is right next to Dawn, bending over with her hands on her knees so that her face is at Dawn's level.

GLORY

Would they, Dawnie?

Dawn looks alarmed.

GLORY

Now. What I'm trying to noodle, is what in the world was the Slayer's little sis doing here with gentle Ben?

DAWN
Y-you don't remember?

GLORY
Remember what?
(brushes hair off
Dawn's shoulders)
You were talking to him, not me.
(gasps, grabs Dawn's chin)
Oh, he wasn't being naughty, was he?

A hospital guard enters.

GUARD
Excuse me, ma'am. This area's for
hospital personnel-

Glory turns around, grabs his head and twists it, breaking his neck. He falls to the floor. Dawn gasps. Glory turns back to Dawn and leans down again.

GLORY
Rude! I was talking!
(sighs)
What do you say ...
(pulls Dawn to her feet)
we find a nice place off the
beaten
(grabs Dawn by the
front of her blouse,
spins her around)
where you and I can have a long
uninterrupted chat.

Glory pushes a very scared Dawn around in front of her.

Cut to: graveyard, night. Buffy and Spike walk up and encounter Willow and Tara.

WILLOW
We looked, but no Dawn.

Giles and Xander approach.

BUFFY
What about the carousel?

TARA
Checked there too.

BUFFY
(to Giles)
Nothing?

XANDER

Sorry, Buff.

Steven walks up to join the group.

BUFFY

Anything could have happened to her. Not just Glory.

They all look concerned.

BUFFY

We better check the hospital.

STEVEN

That'd be a good idea.

They all walk off together.

Cut to: hospital. Dawn and Glory are in some sort of lab, with X-ray display cases along one wall, racks full of beakers and test tubes. Glory shoves Dawn against a metal counter.

GLORY

(briskly)

Okay. Small talk over. I'm in a bit of a crunch here, so let's cut right to the ooey gooey center. Your sister, the Slayer, has my key. It's mine, I want it.

(softer)

Do you know where she squirreled it away? There's ice cream and puppydogs in it for you if you start singin'.

DAWN

(nervously)

I'm not sure. What does it look like?

GLORY

(smiles fondly, puts hands over her heart)

Well...

(walks a few steps away, gets nostalgic)

the last time I caught a peep ... it was a bright green swirly shimmer. Really brought out the blue in my eyes.

(MORE)

GLORY (CONT'D)

(annoyed)

But then those sneaky little monks pulled an abracadabra, so now it could look like anything. You see the predicament I'm in.

DAWN

Maybe...

GLORY

Yes?

DAWN

Well, maybe if you ... told me more about it, I'd know if I've seen it.

Glory sighs, leans forward, puts her hands on the table on either side of Dawn. Dawn gasps nervously. Glory gazes at her for a moment.

GLORY

Okay.

Cut to: the others waiting in the hospital emergency room. Buffy turns away from the desk.

BUFFY

She wasn't brought in.

XANDER

Which is a happy thing, right?

BUFFY

I don't know, I...

STEVEN

I'm sure she's fine, Buffy...

A doctor goes by, leading a bunch of security guards.

DOCTOR

...found him on the floor in the break room. You guys gotta see him. His head's almost twisted clean off.

Buffy stares after them.

BUFFY

Glory.

STEVEN

Let's do it.

Cut to exam room. Dawn is now leaning against a wall while Glory sits on the exam table.

DAWN

So this ... key thing ... it's been around for a long time?

GLORY

Well, not as long as me, but ... yeah. Just this side of forever.

DAWN

(long pause, very quietly)
Is it evil?

GLORY

Totally!

Dawn gives a little gasp of dismay.

GLORY

(laughs)
Well, no, not really. I guess it depends on your point of view.

DAWN

What's it for? I mean ... if it's a key, there's gotta be a lock, right?

GLORY

Yes. We have a winner.

DAWN

S-so what does it open?

GLORY

(sighs)
I smell a fox in my hen house.
(annoyed)
Is that why you've been playing sugar and spice with old Uncle Ben?
(gets down from the table)
Trying to get a peek at Glory's unmentionables?

DAWN

No, I-

GLORY

Shh! I kinda wanna hear me
talking right now. Me talking.

(gets right up close
to Dawn)

You know what I'm starting to
think? I'm thinking ... that
maybe you ...

(Dawn looking very apprehensive)
don't have any idea where my key is.

Glory spins away, speaking faster.

GLORY

Very irritating. Irrational. Know
what I mean, tiny snapdragon?
Like ...

She bangs her elbows down on the table, leans over and rubs
her forehead, scowling as if she has a headache.

GLORY

...bugs under my skin. And say,
(sighs, closes her eyes)
I'm feelin' a little...

DAWN

What's wrong with you?

GLORY

Hey.

(sighs, smiles)

Hey!

(straightens up)

This doesn't have to be a
complete waste of my precious
time.

(turns and walks back
toward Dawn)

I've been meaning to send the
Slayer a message. And I could use
a little pick-me-up. Two birds,
one stone, and

(claps her hands in
front of Dawn's nose)

Boom.

(Dawn looks very scared)

You have yummy dead birds.

The door bursts open and Buffy enters, followed by the others.

BUFFY

Get away from my sister.

GLORY

Hey, we were just talking about you.

(Dawn runs over behind Buffy)

BUFFY

Conversation's over, hell-bitch.

STEVEN

Hands off Dawn, Glory!

Buffy punches Glory with a right, then a left, then ducks a punch, kicks Glory. Spike enters the room. Buffy and Glory grapple; Buffy spins her around and slams her into a display case. Glory kicks Buffy away.

Shot of Dawn hiding behind a garbage can, watching the fight. **Steven walks up to her and kneels down.**

STEVEN

This is her fight. I won't interfere.

Glory punches Buffy. Spike comes up behind Glory and grabs her, pinning her arms against her sides. She struggles. Buffy punches Glory in the face while Spike holds her.

SPIKE

I thought you said this skank was tough.

Glory breaks free, grabs Spike's arm and flips him over, throwing him against a wall. She picks him up, head-butts him as Xander moves around behind them, holding a tire iron. Glory throws Spike and he slides across the exam table, crushing a bunch of medical equipment. He falls off the other side, lands against the wall unconscious. Buffy watches looking concerned. We can see Giles holding a crossbow.

GLORY

He wakes up, tell your boyfriend to watch his mouth.

Buffy gets in Glory's face, glaring.

BUFFY

(very firmly)
He is NOT my boyfriend.

Giles tries to aim the crossbow, but Buffy is between him and Glory. Buffy begins punching Glory. We see Willow and Tara watching, both holding small leather bags and quietly chanting.

Buffy tries to kick but Glory grabs her foot and looks at it.

GLORY
Hey, those are really nice shoes.

Glory pushes Buffy's foot away. Buffy goes into a back-flip and kicks Glory in the face on the way down.

BUFFY
Giles, now!

Buffy dives out of the way and Giles fires the crossbow. The arrow bounces off Glory's stomach. She looks annoyed.

GLORY
Oh, please. Like that's-

Xander comes up behind her and hits her over the head with the tire iron.

GLORY
Hey!
(grabs the tire iron
and Xander)
Watch the hair.

She flings Xander away; he flies back into Giles and they both crash into the x-ray display screens, which explode, showering sparks over them, **Steven** and Dawn in her hiding place. Dawn shrieks and covers her head.

GLORY
(points the tire iron
at each of them)
Time to start the dyin'.
(We hear Willow and
Tara still chanting)
Start with the whelp!

Glory throws the tire iron like a javelin at Dawn.

BUFFY
Dawn!

Buffy throws herself into the tire iron's path, letting it stab her in the upper chest as she falls to the ground. Dawn begins to crawl out toward her.

DAWN
Buffy!

BUFFY
Get back!

GLORY

Nice catch. Is that the best you
little crap-gnats can muster?
(Buffy pulls the tire
iron out of herself
with a grimace of pain)
'Cause I gotta tell ya, so not
impressed.

Glory walks in between Tara and Willow. They each throw a
handful of glittery powder over her. It flutters down on
her, covering her hair and body.

GLORY

(angry)
Look what you did to my dress,
you little-

WILLOW

(claps her hands once)
Discede!
(latin: "disperse" or "separate")

Glory explodes into a cloud of dust and disappears. Willow
falls to the floor.

TARA

Willow!
(rushes over to her)

Buffy stares, turns to Dawn.

BUFFY

Dawn.

Buffy pulls Dawn over and hugs her, looking back at Willow
and Tara.

BUFFY

What did you do to her?

WILLOW

(panting, nose bleeding)
Teleportation spell. Still
working out the kinks.

BUFFY

Where'd you send her?

WILLOW

Don't know. That's one of the kinks.

Cut to: exterior nighttime. Several hundred feet above Sunnydale. We can see the lights of the city below. A cloud of dust appears and materializes into Glory. She looks around, looks down.

GLORY

Oh, sh-

Long shot of Glory as a ball of light streaking toward the ground.

Cut back to hospital. Tara crouches by Willow as Giles comes over, **followed by Steven**. We see Xander getting up also.

GILES

That was an incredibly ...
dangerous spell for an adept at
your level.

(He and Tara help
Willow sit up)

STEVEN

You okay, Will?

WILLOW

(dazed)
Yep. Won't be trying that one
again soon.

Shot of Spike sitting up, looking annoyed.

Buffy and Dawn sitting on the ground together.

BUFFY

Are you okay? Did she hurt you?

DAWN

Why do you care?

BUFFY

Because I love you. You're my
sister.

DAWN

No I'm not.

BUFFY

Yes you are.
(Lifts Dawn's arm, so
we can see her arm and
hand are still bloody)
Look, it's blood. It's Summers
blood.

Buffy presses her hand against the tire-iron wound on her shoulder, wincing a little. She clasps her bloody hand in Dawn's bloody hand.

BUFFY

It's just like mine. It doesn't matter where you came from, or, or how you got here. You are my sister.

(pause)

There's no way you could annoy me so much if you weren't.

Dawn looks at her for a moment, then hugs her tightly. They both get teary-eyed.

DAWN

I was so scared.

BUFFY

Me too.

Shot of the others watching them.

BUFFY

Come on.

Buffy and Dawn stand up.

DAWN

Wait. Ben. He was here, he was trying to help me. He...

(stops, looks confused)

I ... I think he might have left before Glory came ...

(frowns)

I can't, I can't remember.

BUFFY

(takes her hand again)

It's okay. Don't worry about it. Next time we see him, we'll thank him.

(Dawn still looking puzzled)

I have to get you back home though. Mom's freaking out.

DAWN

(eyes widen)

Oh. Is she mad about the whole fire thing?

BUFFY

I think you sorta have a get-out-of-jail-free card on account of big love and trauma.

DAWN

Really? Okay. Good.

They start to walk out, holding hands.

DAWN

You think she'd raise my allowance?

BUFFY

Don't push it.

Blackout.

Executive Producer: Joss Whedon.