

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

## The Replacement

Fade in on Buffy, Riley, Xander, **Steven**, and Anya sitting in Xander's basement. The guys are sitting on the sofa, with the girls sitting on the floor each in front of her respective boyfriend. They're watching TV, except Buffy, who has a book in her lap and is studying it. Xander's holding the TV remote. Anya's right arm is in a sling.

XANDER

Wish I had something food-like to offer you guys, but the hot plate's out of commission.

**STEVEN**

**Don't worry about it.**

ANYA

We think the cat peed on it.

**STEVEN**

**I never knew you had a cat.**

On the TV, one Asian guy screams, and a bunch of other Asian guys perform kung-fu on each other.

XANDER

I do have Spaghetti-O's. Set 'em on top of the dryer and you're a fluff cycle away from lukewarm goodness.

(Gestures at the dryer)

**STEVEN**

**(smiles)**

**No thanks, Xand.**

RILEY

Hmm. Yeah, I had dryer food for lunch.

Upstairs we hear a door slam.

XANDER

(looking up)

Ah, I guess the folks are back.

We can hear voices yelling at each other. Xander, Anya, and Riley look uncomfortable. Buffy is oblivious.

XANDER

No, no, I was wrong. Just incompetent burglars.

More yelling from upstairs. Then there's a bang (another door slamming). Plaster dust from the ceiling drifts down onto Anya.

XANDER

Yeah, maybe it's definitely time to start looking for a new place. Something a little nicer. Buffy, you've been to Hell. They have one-bedrooms, right?

Riley laughs, then notices Buffy isn't paying attention.

RILEY

Hey Buffy, how's that book? Full of zippy dates and zesty names?

BUFFY

(not listening)  
I'm fine.

Riley leans forward, reaching his arms over Buffy's shoulders and placing his palms on the book pages.

BUFFY

Heyyy. I'm enjoying the studying.

RILEY

Who are you lately? Give it up and watch the movie.

BUFFY

I guess it has been a long day with the crusades. I can take a little break from the violence for some  
(looks up at TV)  
ooh, fighting.

Onscreen, the kung-fu guys argue. Their mouths move, and we hear the English that has been badly dubbed in.

XANDER

Incompetently-dubbed kung fu. Our most valuable Chinese import.

STEVEN

**Not really. There's better than that.**

ANYA

Much more durable than their hot plates.

Riley leans forward to rub Buffy's shoulders.

RILEY  
Just relax.

BUFFY  
Mm ... mm. That feels good.

Xander looks at them, cracks his knuckles, and puts his hands on Anya's shoulders.

ANYA  
Ow! What are you doing? I have a dislocated shoulder!  
(Xander stops rubbing.  
Riley stops rubbing  
Buffy's shoulders too.)  
I'm trying to concentrate on the kicking movie.

BUFFY  
Hey! Rubbing went away.

Riley starts rubbing again.

RILEY  
Oh ... sorry, I got caught up in the action.  
(gesturing at TV)

BUFFY  
Yeah, it's pretty good.

On screen, the fighting continues.

BUFFY  
Oh, give me a break! This is all wrong. See, first you would get the big guy, with a flying kick. Then you would take out all the little ones, bam, ba- see, now with the flying kick.  
(scornfully)  
From a dead stop! What's powering it, raw enthusiasm?

RILEY  
Hey Buff, maybe you oughta leave the work behind sometimes. You're not always on Slayer duty, you know?

BUFFY

It would drive you crazy if we were watching an army movie and they were all saluting backwards and ... invading all willy-nilly.

More shouting and banging from upstairs. Xander and Anya shift uncomfortably. Riley coughs.

BUFFY

And anyway, I mean, you know, you can't blame me for being critical. Willow's the same way when we watch a, a movie about witches, right Xander?

STEVEN

**I haven't seen her do that...**

XANDER

(distracted by the noise from upstairs)  
What? Oh yeah, she's all like, "What's that, a cauldron? Who uses a cauldron any more?"

Cut to a dark lair filled with steam or smoke. Cheesy dramatic music. A demon is tending to a huge cauldron full of bubbling yellow liquid. Steam rises from it. The demon pulls the hood of his cloak back, so we can see he has brownish skin with cracks through which yellowish light(?) shows. His eyes are sunken and red, and his voice is very deep.

TOTH

The last step in thy forging is my pain ... the price with which I purchase ... the death of the slayer.

He has some kind of rod or stick in his hand. He plunges it into the cauldron, along with his hand. He screams in pain.

Wolf howl. Opening credits.

Guest starring Michael Bailey Smith, and Kristine Sutherland as Joyce Summers. Written by Jane Espenson, directed by James A. Contner.

Act I

Fade in on a nice modern apartment building surrounded by bushes and grass. We see a "For Rent" sign outside.

Cut to interior hallway.

WILLOW

If you get the apartment, this'll  
be your hallway.

We see Willow, Anya, Xander, **Steven**, Buffy, and Riley walking down the hall. Xander wears a yellow T-shirt with a brightly flowered Hawaiian shirt over it. Anya still has her arm in the sling.

WILLOW

We'll walk down this hall, and  
we'll say, "La la, I'm on my way  
to Xander's."

BUFFY

Just warning you, Xander, I  
probably won't be doing that.

**STEVEN**

**Me neither.**

RILEY

Really? I will.

XANDER

Hey, we're just lookin'. Rent's  
way high, so don't get your hopes  
all carbonated.

ANYA

But you have references.

XANDER

No, I have Albert, which is me  
doing an important voice.

(Does important voice)  
'Xander Harris? An excellent  
tenant. And a very nice-looking  
fellow.'

**STEVEN**

**(laughs)**

**Nice accent.**

Anya opens a door and they walk into the apartment. It's large and spacious.

WILLOW

Whoa! Big!

**STEVEN**

**Awesome lookin' place, Xander!**

BUFFY  
It's nice. And not subterranean.  
It's very, uh, above-terranean.

Xander looks less than thrilled.

ANYA  
I want it. Pay anything.

WOMAN  
(OS)  
Xander Harris?

The real-estate manager woman enters, smiling at Riley.

RILEY  
Uh, no, Riley Finn.  
(shakes her hand)  
This is Xander.

Xander wipes his hand on his shirt before holding it out.

XANDER  
Hey.

He and the manager shake hands.

MANAGER  
Ah.

XANDER  
I brought my friends.

MANAGER  
I see.

XANDER  
They wouldn't always be around.

WILLOW  
But we're clean and-and quiet.

STEVEN  
**Yeah, so you don't have to worry  
about us.**

Xander looks nervous. The Manager looks uncertain.

ANYA  
(Standing in the  
living room, gesturing around)  
We can have the Scooby meetings  
in the living room, and-and Giles  
can explain the boring things  
over there.

WILLOW  
(going into kitchen)  
Oh, there's a microwave! It would  
be like having hot and cold  
running popcorn.

STEVEN  
**I've never dealt with cold popcorn.**

MANAGER  
Phone and electricity are hooked  
up. There's a private balcony,  
ceiling fan, closet space...  
(sees Xander opening a door)  
And that's the bedroom.

Xander opens the door and finds Buffy and Riley sitting on  
the bed, smooching.

XANDER  
Guys, you can't save it for the  
bedroom?

Buffy and Riley look around pointedly.

XANDER  
Okay, good point.

He walks away. In the background we see Buffy and Riley  
getting up.

MANAGER  
I brought an application for you  
to fill out.  
(giving Xander a piece  
of paper)

XANDER  
An application? I can't  
just...tell you my references?  
Because there's Albert.

MANAGER  
We run your credit check based on  
the application.



XANDER

Oh! Credit check.

(nervously, to the others)  
Little check on the credit. See  
how credible my checks are.

(Laughs nervously. The  
others laugh politely.)

MANAGER

And we'll be asking for first,  
last, security, and a small  
cleaning deposit. The total's at  
the bottom of the sheet there.

Xander looks at the sheet. Riley, Buffy, **Steven**, and Willow  
lean in to look too. Anya comes over and glances briefly at  
the sheet.

STEVEN

(whistles)

Wow.

ANYA

(to Manager)

He'll take it.

(to Xander)

Xander, go get the furniture,  
I'll wait here.

(to Manager)

He's been living in his drunken  
parents' basement where something  
urinated on the hot plate.

XANDER

(laughs nervously)

Anya, can we talk quietly over  
there?

(to manager)

Excuse us.

He pulls Anya aside, leaving the other three with the  
Manager. They smile nervously at her.

RILEY

Uh, we, uh ... we like the  
ceiling fan.

WILLOW

Yes. It's very, you know, kind of  
old south.

BUFFY  
But without the unpleasant  
slavery associations.

STEVEN  
**It's a very good ceiling fan.**

ANYA  
(OS)  
But why can't we have it?

Cut over to Xander and Anya across the room.

XANDER  
(quietly)  
I told you, my construction job  
is ending, and I won't have any  
more money coming in. And by the  
way, you do have your own place.

ANYA  
So when I wanna visit you, I have  
to be in that awful basement?

XANDER  
Not forever. Just until things  
come together.

ANYA  
Which is when, Xander? 'Cause  
right now, things are looking  
pretty untogether, and you can't  
expect me just to wait around  
for-  
(Her voice rises and  
the others try not to notice)

XANDER  
Quiet, please. Anya, what is this?  
What's going on with you?

ANYA  
(loudly)  
What's going on with me is my arm  
hurts ... and I'm tired ... and I  
don't really feel like taking a  
tour of beautiful things I can't  
have.

STEVEN  
**You guys couldn't have gone into  
the bedroom to do this?!**

She stalks out. Manager looks a little suspicious. The others smile gamely.

XANDER

(with a big fake smile)  
I guess I'll just start on that application. I think you'll like it. I've been told I have lovely penmanship.

STEVEN

**Unfortunately they don't grade on penmanship.**

He takes the application, puts it on a counter and begins filling it out. Manager watches, looking skeptical.

Cut to exterior shot of the magic shop.

Cut to inside. Giles is surrounded by boxes, looking at one.

GILES

(to himself)  
"Miscellaneous curses."  
(laughs, picks up something unidentifiable from the box)  
Brilliant. Be lucky if I don't curse my hands off at the wrist.

He picks up the box, turns, and is confronted by Toth.

GILES

Oh!

TOTH

(raising his stick)  
The slayer is not here.

Giles grabs something out of the box and holds it up toward Toth.

GILES

Rabbit's foot, no, wait...  
(Tosses it aside and looks in the box for something else. Toth brushes the box out of Giles' hands. Giles gasps and holds up a wooden statue about a foot and a half high.)

TOTH  
 That is a fertility god.  
 (Giles looks at it in dismay)  
 Feeble man, you are not going to  
 distract me-

Giles hits him in the head with the statue. He reels backward. Giles hits him with the statue a few more times, then Toth shoves Giles, and he falls into a pile of boxes.

TOTH  
 (pointing the stick at Giles)  
 You are not the slayer.  
 (Giles rolls over and  
 looks up at him)  
 You do not concern me.

Toth turns and walks out, his black cape flowing behind him. Giles watches, stunned, then lets his head drop back onto the floor with a groan.

Cut to a shot of Giles standing, holding the statue, making hitting motions.

GILES  
 Like this ... and this ... and  
 this...

The camera follows him as he moves across the magic shop floor, and we see Riley, Buffy, Willow, and Xander. The girls sit on the floor with books in their laps. The guys are standing around watching Giles demonstrate what happened.

RILEY  
 That thing's pretty heavy.

WILLOW  
 That's Oofdar. Goddess of  
 childbirth. She's got some nice  
 heft to her.

BUFFY  
 How badly did you hurt him?

GILES  
 Well, hurt, uh ... maybe not ...  
 hurt.

WILLOW  
 Well, I-I'm sure he was startled.

GILES  
 Uh, yes, yes, I'd imagine it gave  
 him, uh, rather a turn.

BUFFY  
(grinning)  
He ran away, huh?

GILES  
Um, sort of more ... uh ...  
turned and swept out majestically,  
I suppose. He said I didn't  
concern him.

BUFFY  
So a mythic triumph over a  
completely indifferent foe?

GILES  
(insulted)  
Well, I'm not dead or unconscious,  
so I say bravo for me.

**STEVEN**  
**You were...**

WILLOW  
(holding up a book)  
Some good demons in this one. See  
if your guy's in here.

Giles walks over to take the book.

XANDER  
So you bought the magic shop and  
you were attacked before it  
opened. Who's up for a swingin'  
chorus of the "We told you so"  
symphony?

RILEY  
(hefting the Oofdar statue)  
Owning this place does seem kinda  
dangerous.  
(takes a few  
experimental swings)

GILES  
(looking up from the book)  
Toth.

RILEY  
What?

BUFFY

He called you a Toth. It's a British expression. It means, like, moron.

GILES

No, Toth is the name of the demon.  
(Sees Xander holding a crystal)  
Be careful with that.  
(Xander looks around  
at the others, puts  
the crystal down carefully)  
Ancient demon. Very strong. Last survivor of the Tothric clan. It also says that for a demon he's unusually sophisticated.

BUFFY

Sophisticated. So I should discuss men's fashions with him before I chop his head off?

GILES

(exasperated)  
They're referring to the fact that he does not fight bare-handed. He uses tools, devices. Oh, he's also supposed to be very focused. And since he mentioned the slayer, I think we know what the focus is.

RILEY

He mentioned Buffy? Where do we find him, and how hard can I kill him?

STEVEN

**I second that. He deserves to die for even bringing her into his line of dialogue.**

GILES

(consulting book)  
Well, there's no mention of the types of places he might frequent, but ...  
(closes book and  
stands up)  
I have an idea.  
(Walks around, talking thoughtfully)  
He had a very specific olfactory presence.

XANDER

Well, I guess we're off to the  
olfactory. I hate that place.

(Everyone rolls their  
eyes at him)

I'm joking, I know what it means.  
He smelled.

(uncertainly)

Right?

WILLOW

Some demon rituals involve  
anointing with oils. Was it sort  
of ... sandalwoody?

GILES

Um ... not even remotely. But he  
was very, um... distinctive.

Cut to exterior location, night. Giles, Xander, Buffy,  
**Steven**, Riley, and Willow walk along cautiously. Buffy  
carries a large axe.

BUFFY

The city dump. Where smells go to  
relax and be themselves.

RILEY

People say they're recycling.

(shakes head)

They're not recycling.

(Xander pats him on  
the shoulder)

WILLOW

I found a spell so you can't  
smell anything, but it does it by  
taking your nose off, so ... no.

They hear noises and see someone rooting around in the trash.

RILEY

What are *\*you\** doing here, Spike?

(We see that Riley has  
a crossbow)

STEVEN

**How do you know it's...**

Spike straightens up, holding a mannequin arm.

SPIKE

Oh, there's a nice lady vampire  
who set up a charming tea room  
over the next pile of crap. What  
do you think I'm doing? I'm  
scavenging, ain't I?

(Holds up a small lamp  
in the other hand)

WILLOW

Very pretty.

Spike nods and turns to put the arm and the lamp in a  
shopping cart nearby.

GILES

Spike, um ... we're looking for a  
demon, um... tall, robed, skin  
sort of hanging off. Deep voice?

SPIKE

You mean a great tall robe-y  
thing like that one?  
(Pointing behind them)

They all turn and see Toth standing there. He points his  
stick at them. Fire flashes out of it and they all duck just  
in time.

RILEY

Take cover!

SPIKE

Big guy! Kick her ass!

Toth fires again. Buffy and Xander duck aside, and the bolt  
shatters Spike's lamp which he's still holding.

SPIKE

Oh, very nice! I was on your side!  
(angrily tosses the  
pieces of lamp aside)

Toth fires again.

XANDER

Watch out!

Xander thrusts Buffy behind him. The blast hits him full in  
the chest and he flies backward into a pile of trash. The  
others rush over.



RILEY  
Hey, you okay?

XANDER  
I'm okay.

WILLOW  
Buffy, he's gone.

XANDER  
I'm fine.

RILEY  
Easy, easy.

Riley and Giles help Xander up. He groans.

RILEY  
He disappeared.

They look around. No sign of Toth. They start to walk off.

RILEY  
That had to hurt.

XANDER  
Yeah, yeah.

GILES  
Take it slowly.

They walk off. The camera pans slowly back across the piles of trash. Among the bags, we see another Xander, lying apparently unconscious. Blackout.

## Act II

NOTE: From this point on the two Xanders are referred to herein as "ScruffyXander" and "SuaveXander."

Fade in on the city dump, day. The camera pans across mounds of trash to where ScruffyXander is lying, yawning and beginning to wake up. Eyes closed, he makes a disgusted face.

SCRUFFYXANDER  
Anya ... you trying to use the  
hot plate again?

Slowly he opens his eyes, looks around. We can hear flies buzzing.

SCRUFFYXANDER  
Uh-oh.

He gets up and walks off.

Cut to ScruffyXander walking around the corner of his parents' house, looking confused and disheveled. He goes down the outer stairs to his basement door, tries to open it but it's locked. He knocks.

SCRUFFYXANDER

Anya? An?

He knocks some more, then kicks the door, hurting his foot, and hops around in pain. He limps up the stairs and goes to the nearest window. It's ground-level. He lies on the ground, wipes dirt off the window, and peers in.

Long shot of a person wearing khaki pants but no shirt, combing his hair in front of the mirror inside Xander's room.

SCRUFFYXANDER

(peering in window)

Oh my god!

Closer shot of the person inside as he turns away from the window. It looks just like Xander.

SCRUFFYXANDER

(OS)

What? No way! Who is ... me?

We see SuaveXander putting on a blue button-down shirt. His hair is neatly combed and appears to be wet.

Cut back to outside.

SCRUFFYXANDER

What am I doing in there? Buffy.  
Need Buffy.

He gets up, trips over his own feet and falls over.

Cut to ScruffyXander standing at a pay phone with the receiver tucked under his ear as he digs in his pockets.

SCRUFFYXANDER

(into phone)

No, it ate my quarter. Uh-huh.  
But see, I'm sort of having this  
aggressively bad day.

(pulls quarter out of pocket)

Ooh! I found a quarter! I found a  
quarter! ... Well, ma'am, for me  
it *is* worth getting excited about.

He hangs up, puts the quarter in, and dials.

SCRUFFYXANDER

Come on, Buffy.

He turns and sees SuaveXander walking toward him, looking very tidy and confident. ScruffyXander quickly turns away and hides his face with one hand, then watches as SuaveXander walks past him.

BUFFY

(on phone)

Hello?

ScruffyXander dithers for a moment, then hangs up and goes after SuaveXander.

Cut to Buffy holding the phone to her ear.

BUFFY

They hung up.

She hangs up and picks up an axe. We see that she's in her bedroom at Joyce's place. Riley sits on the bed. Buffy moves toward the bed, where she puts the axe in a bag with some other weapons.

BUFFY

Well, if this guy wants to fight with weapons, I've got it covered from A to Z. From axe to ... zee other axe.

(Riley looks tense.

She walks over to him.)

Relax. Another day, another demon.

RILEY

Right. It'll be good.

BUFFY

Hey.

She leans down to kiss him. The kiss goes on, and then we hear choking, gagging noises. Shot of Dawn in the doorway, pretending to gag. Buffy and Riley stop smooching, look annoyed.

DAWN

My friend Sharon's older brother knows a girl who died because she choked on her boyfriend's tongue.

BUFFY  
(annoyed)  
Go away, Dawn.  
(Riley looks amused)

DAWN  
I'm not in your room. I'm in the  
hallway. The hallway doesn't  
belong to you.

We see Joyce coming out of the room across the hall.

BUFFY  
(moving toward the door)  
Get \*out\* of here.

DAWN  
Mom, I can stand in the hallway,  
right?

BUFFY  
She's watching us like a big freak!

JOYCE  
(sighs, puts hand to  
her forehead)  
This must be my "two teenage  
girls in the house" headache. I  
thought it felt familiar.

BUFFY  
Good work, Dawn. You gave her a  
headache.

DAWN  
I did not!  
(to Joyce)  
Did I give you a headache, Mom?  
I'm sure part of it is Buffy's.

BUFFY  
But part of it is Dawn's.

JOYCE  
It's so nice you've learned to  
share. You girls, sort this out  
yourselves. It's good for you.  
(Exits. Buffy looks annoyed.)

DAWN  
(smiling smugly)  
She didn't say I couldn't stand  
here.

BUFFY  
(smiling smugly)  
Hmm.

Buffy shuts the door in Dawn's face.

DAWN  
(OS)  
Ow!

Cut to Spike in his crypt, arranging a mannequin. As the camera moves out we can see that the mannequin is from the waist up only (no legs). Spike arranges its clothing, then turns away and takes a long blonde wig from his shopping cart and carefully places it on the dummy's head. He smiles slightly.

SPIKE  
Very posh.

He turns away as if to get something else, but suddenly whirls and aims a kick at the mannequin. It falls over and its head comes off, bouncing on the floor. Spike kicks it into the air and catches it. The wig is still on. Spike holds the head up and gazes at it.

SPIKE  
Oh, slayer.  
(Rubs his thumb along  
its cheek)  
One of these days....

Cut to exterior shot of a construction site, day. Various men and machines are working. SuaveXander walks through the scenery, approaches a rack where a bunch of hard-hats are hanging. He picks up the one marked "Harris" and puts it on. He walks off.

Cut to SuaveXander wearing the hard hat, gloves, and safety goggles, using some kind of noisy power tool on a piece of wood. A guy walks up behind him. It's his boss.

BOSS  
Hey Harris!  
(No reaction. Boss  
yells louder.)  
Harris!

SUAVEXANDER  
(turns off tool)  
Harris, right. Yeah.

BOSS  
In my trailer, okay? I'm talking  
to all the guys today. The job's  
winding down.

SUAVEXANDER  
Right, I'll ... be right there.

Boss walks off as SuaveXander puts down the tool.

Shot of ScruffyXander hiding behind a Porta-Potty, watching.  
He's still wearing the yellow t-shirt and flowered shirt  
over it, now looking extremely dirty. His hair is disheveled.

Shot of SuaveXander walking toward boss's trailer.

SCRUFFYXANDER  
(muttering)  
Welcome to payback, mister evil-  
plan-face-stealer. You take my  
life, you get my being fired  
absolutely free.

We see SuaveXander walking across the site, smoothly ducking  
underneath a big pipe being carried by two other guys.

The door of the Porta-Potty opens and smacks ScruffyXander  
in the face. A hard-hatted guy, exiting the Porta-Potty,  
looks at ScruffyXander as he puts a hand to his face.

GUY  
Harris. Where's your hard hat?

ScruffyXander makes a face and walks off.

Cut to interior of boss's trailer.

BOSS  
Sit down.

SuaveXander does so, putting his hard hat on the desk.

Shot of ScruffyXander outside, walking up to the trailer,  
trying to look through the window but it's too high.

Cut back inside.

BOSS  
How long you work here, Harris?

We see that SuaveXander has something shiny in his hand, about the size and shape of a US quarter. He's turning it around in his fingers.

SUAVEXANDER

Huh? I'm not sure.

BOSS

About three months?

SUAVEXANDER

I guess, yeah.

Cut back outside. ScruffyXander is trying to make a table to stand on, by pulling together some random pieces of wood that were lying around. He climbs up on it and peers in the window. We see the boss and SuaveXander from ScruffyXander's perspective.

BOSS

(OS)

And you haven't done much construction work before this, is that right?

SCRUFFYXANDER

I knew they were gonna notice that.

BOSS

I have to tell you, that's surprising ... 'cause your work here has been first-rate. Yeah, we have another job lined up in Carlton when you're finished here.

Cut back inside. We see that the shiny thing in SuaveXander's hand is reflecting the light onto the boss's face and chest.

BOSS

You ever think about staying on full-time?

Cut back outside.

SCRUFFYXANDER

What? Why isn't he firing me? ... Him?

Cut back inside.

BOSS

I was thinking that I'd have you  
head up our interior carpentry  
crew ...

(Closeup of the shiny  
thing in SuaveXander's  
hand, reflecting the light.)  
...see how it goes. It's more  
responsibility, but the pay is  
better.

SCRUFFYXANDER

(enthusiastically)  
That would be great .

Cut to outside.

SCRUFFYXANDER

Promotion? But I ... I mean, he  
didn't ... Doesn't he see the  
shiny thing?

(Gestures angrily at  
the window. This  
causes him to lose his  
balance and fall off  
his perch.)

Cut back inside. The boss shakes SuaveXander's hand.

BOSS

Congratulations, Harris. You and  
your girl should go out and  
celebrate.

SUAVEXANDER

I already have an idea how.

Cut to exterior of the apartment building, night. The For  
Rent sign is gone.

Cut to interior of the apartment. SuaveXander is filling out  
forms while the manager lady watches. He's still wearing the  
khaki pants and blue shirt, but now with a brown suit jacket  
over it.

MANAGER

I was going to call you, Mr.  
Harris, let you know your credit  
checked out fine, but ... I  
really didn't think you'd be back.

Cut to the hallway. ScruffyXander is listening in, crouching  
on the floor.



SCRUFFYXANDER  
"Mister Harris." Yeah, right.

MANAGER  
I'm sure you'll like the  
building....

Cut back to inside the apartment.

MANAGER  
(smiling)  
...I think someone said you're  
currently in your parents' basement?

SUAVEXANDER  
Right. There comes a point where  
you either have to move on, or  
just buy yourself a Klingon  
costume and...go with it.

Manager laughs a little more than necessary.

MANAGER  
Well ...  
(picking up documents)  
I hope you'll be happy here, Mr.  
Harris. We're certainly happy to  
have you.

SUAVEXANDER  
Thank you.  
(We see that he's  
doing the trick with  
the shiny thing again.)

MANAGER  
And if you ... need anything ...  
day, or night ... please. Call me.

SuaveXander grins.

MANAGER  
I, um ... I'm leaving my home  
number here...

Cut to hallway.

SCRUFFYXANDER  
She's coming on to him ... me!

Cut back to inside apartment.

MANAGER

Call me.  
(hands SuaveXander her card)  
Even for, you know ... non-  
business stuff. Maybe we could,  
uh, do something?

Cut to hallway.

SCRUFFYXANDER

Please, lady, that is so not me.  
He's too clean for one thing. And  
his socks are all matchy.

He leaps aside as the door opens. He rushes to hide around  
the corner.

MANAGER

(in doorway)  
Remember ... any time.

She closes the door and walks off.

Cut back to inside apartment. SuaveXander is dialing the phone.

SUAVEXANDER

Anya, you there? ... Look, I know  
you're still mad, but ... I  
figure you're probably sitting  
there pretending you're not home  
but listening anyway.

Cut to Anya's apartment. She's standing there in a bathrobe,  
still with arm in sling, listening to SuaveXander on the  
answering machine.

ANYA

Am not.

Cut back to apartment.

SUAVEXANDER

Look, I have something to show  
you. Meet me at the apartment.

Cut back to Anya's.

SUAVEXANDER

(on machine)  
You know the one. Nine o'clock.  
(Beep)

Anya looks conflicted.

Cut back to hallway outside Xander's apartment. The door opens and SuaveXander comes out. He closes the door, locks it with the key. ScruffyXander comes out from around the corner and leaps on SuaveXander's back, yelling.

SCRUFFYXANDER

Yaah!

SuaveXander throws him off and ScruffyXander falls down. He gets up and they stare at each other. SuaveXander punches ScruffyXander in the face. He goes down again, clutching his nose.

SCRUFFYXANDER

I won't let you do this!

NEIGHBOR WOMAN

(OS)

What's going on down there?

SCRUFFYXANDER

You can't do this to me!

SuaveXander turns and runs off. ScruffyXander groans and clutches his face.

SCRUFFYXANDER

Oh, man, I need Buffy.

Cut to shot of Sunnydale, night, with rain pouring down. Cut to exterior of Giles' apartment (courtyard). ScruffyXander runs across the courtyard, soaking wet.

SUAVEXANDER

(OS)

No, no. He looked *\*exactly\** like me.

STEVEN

(OS)

Really?

ScruffyXander goes to the window and sees SuaveXander talking to Riley, **Steven**, Buffy, and Giles.

SUAVEXANDER

It stole my face. We have to find it, and we have to kill it.

STEVEN

**I'm all for that, Xander.**

ScruffyXander turns away.

SCRUFFYXANDER  
 She sees it's not me. Please,  
 Buffy ... resist his spell. Do  
 this for me.

He turns to look in the window again.

BUFFY  
 (to SuaveXander)  
 Don't worry, Xander. Whatever  
 stole your face, it has to deal  
 with the slayer now.

ScruffyXander stares through the window in alarm.

Blackout.

Act III

Exterior shot of a UC Sunnydale dorm building, still night,  
 still raining. Cut to inside Willow's bedroom. She enters,  
 carrying some books. A moment later the door bursts open and  
 ScruffyXander comes in, thoroughly drenched.

SCRUFFYXANDER  
 Don't be scared, Will. Just  
 listen. It's me, Xander.

Willow puts her books on the bed, looking confused.

SCRUFFYXANDER  
 And I can prove it.

WILLOW  
 Um ... okay.  
 (Sits on the bed)

SCRUFFYXANDER  
 Let's see.  
 (paces)  
 Stuff only you and me know. Okay!  
 On my seventh birthday ... I  
 wanted a toy fire truck, and I  
 didn't get it, and you were real  
 nice about it, and then the house  
 next door burnt down, and then  
 real fire trucks came, and for  
 years I thought you set the fire  
 for me. And if you did, you can  
 tell me.

(MORE)

SCRUFFYXANDER (CONT'D)

(grins nervously.

Willow doesn't respond.

He paces more.)

For a while last year, I thought  
I was lactose-intolerant, but it  
was just some bad Brie. Oh!

(points at Willow)

Every Christmas, we watch Charlie  
Brown together, and I do the  
Snoopy dance.

He begins to do the Snoopy dance, wearing a big grin. Willow  
watches for a moment and then gets up.

WILLOW

(smiling)

Xander ... stop dancing.

SCRUFFYXANDER

Aha! You called me Xander!

WILLOW

Xander, shut up! Why wouldn't I  
think you were Xander?

SCRUFFYXANDER

Oh. Huh.

WILLOW

What's goin' on?

SCRUFFYXANDER

(sighs)

Okay. I woke up in the dump this  
morning.

WILLOW

Xander, the basement isn't a dump.  
It, it's more like a really nice  
hovel.

SCRUFFYXANDER

No. The dump. The city dump. I  
got hit last night, fall down  
boom, woke up this morning.

WILLOW

Nuh uh! We walked you home last  
night, remember?

(Sits down on bed again)

SCRUFFYXANDER

You walked? Will. Did I do anything weird? Did I wave any shiny things around?

WILLOW

Shiny things, what are you talking about?

SCRUFFYXANDER

Last night, that wasn't me. There's a double out there. Some ... thing has stolen my face, and it's going around pretending to be me, and it's hypnotizing people. It even got to Buffy and Giles and Riley. It's over there right now and they have no idea.

Cut to Giles' apartment.

GILES

What's intriguing me is that there are any number of demons with the ability to mimic a simple form, but, uh ... this sounds like more than that.

STEVEN

**Like what? What does it sound like?**

SUAVEXANDER

Hold up. Do we really have to figure out what it is? Let's just go kill it.

RILEY

Yeah. When the imposter's killed, the body'll probably turn back into whatever it really is, and then we'll know.

BUFFY

Toth!

They all look at her.

BUFFY

The demon with the creepy stick thing.

SUAVEXANDER

(thoughtfully)

Toth.

BUFFY

It's gotta be! He hit Xander with that blast, and somehow it allowed him to take Xander's form. Couldn't that be what the creepy stick thing did?

GILES

Yes ... I suppose, yes, yes, it makes sense. A shape-shifting device.

(Moves offscreen  
toward his bookshelves)

SUAVEXANDER

It does make sense. It must be Toth.

**STEVEN**

**Then we find this fake and kill him.**

Cut back to Willow's room. Willow and ScruffyXander are sitting side-by-side on the bed. He's wringing out his wet clothing.

SCRUFFYXANDER

(angrily)

It's a robot. It's an evil robot constructed from evil parts that look like me designed to do evil.

WILLOW

Uh huh. Or it's Toth.

SCRUFFYXANDER

(still angrily)

Or, it's Toth.

Cut back to Giles'.

BUFFY

I was gonna look for Toth anyway. Guess now I start ...looking for you.

SUAVEXANDER

Should I go with you? I...told Anya to meet me at my new place. I'd feel a whole lot better knowing she's safe from this creep.

Buffy nods.

BUFFY

Go be with her. I, I mean, if you were out there looking for the double too...

(looks at Riley, then back at SuaveXander)  
let's just say that I wouldn't wanna run into you and kill the wrong one.

SUAVEXANDER

Good thinking. When you kill this thing, you better make sure you got the one's who's actually--

Cut back to Willow's.

SCRUFFYXANDER

A demon. A demon has taken my life from me, and he's living it better than I do.

He's now standing and has his Hawaiian shirt in his hands. He gives it a shake to remove the water. Willow is still sitting on the bed, and winces as the water sprays her.

WILLOW

Well, we're working on it. There has to be a way to get to Buffy to ... unhypnotize her. I'll find a spell to snap her out of it.  
(Stands up and goes to her bookcase)

SCRUFFYXANDER

(sourly)  
Right. Whatever.

WILLOW

(turns back to him)  
Xander, you sound a little ... you have to help me figure this out, you know.

SCRUFFYXANDER

But I never help. I get in trouble and Buffy saves me.

WILLOW

That's not true! Sometimes we all helped save you.  
(realizes that was unhelpful)  
And sometimes you're not in trouble.



They both sit on the bed again.

SCRUFFYXANDER

I'm just ... another great humiliation.

(Willow looks sympathetic)  
But this time it's even worse.  
This demon, he's like taking my life, and everyone's treating him ... Everyone's treating him like a grown-up! Will, I'm starting to feel like...

WILLOW

Like what?

SCRUFFYXANDER

Like ... he's doing everything better. He's smarter, and ...

(shakes head)  
I don't know, maybe I should just let him have it. Take my life, please.

WILLOW

Xander, no!

(Puts hand on his shoulder)  
You're just tired, and ... and all soggy. That's why it seems so hard, but you can't let him just take your whole existence.

SCRUFFYXANDER

Why not? It's not like I was doing anything so great with it. When I get to the pearly gates I'm sure the guy is not gonna go, "Hey, what a kick-ass comic book collection, come on in!"

(Willow still looking sympathetic)  
No, what have I got that's even worth-

(eyes widen)  
Any!

WILLOW

You think he's after her?

SCRUFFYXANDER

She won't know. He can just ... no. No way!

(Jumps up)  
No way. He can take anything, but he can't have her. I need her.

WILLOW  
 (half disgusted, half smiling)  
 Really?

SCRUFFYXANDER  
 (desperately)  
 He could be with her right now!  
 Figure out a spell, something ...  
 reveal. I gotta find her.  
 (Turns to leave)

WILLOW  
 Xander....  
 (He turns back)  
 You already knew he was taking  
 over your life, and ... you  
 didn't think about Anya till just  
 now?

SCRUFFYXANDER  
 Hey, wait till you have an evil  
 twin. See how you handle it.  
 (Exits)

WILLOW  
 (pouts)  
 I handled it fine.

Cut to Anya's apartment. ScruffyXander bursts in.

SCRUFFYXANDER  
 Anya? An?

He looks around. No one there. He notices the answering  
 machine blinking and pushes the button.

SUAVEXANDER  
 (on machine)  
 Meet me at the apartment. You  
 know the one. 9:00.

ScruffyXander looks around, runs to a bureau, starts  
 rummaging through the drawers.

SCRUFFYXANDER  
 It's gotta be here. Where is it?

Cut to Xander's apartment. SuaveXander is getting together a  
 bottle of wine and two glasses. Anya stands in the living  
 room, on a blanket that's spread on the floor. A picnic  
 basket is at her feet.

ANYA  
You're lying. It's a trick.

SUAVEXANDER  
No. Trust me.

He walks over with the wine and puts it on the floor next to the basket.

ANYA  
You really got this apartment?

SUAVEXANDER  
I really did. And do you know why?

Anya looks around.

ANYA  
The ceiling fans? Very attractive.

SUAVEXANDER  
No. It's because I knew you wanted it. It's all for you.

She moves closer to him and they kiss.

SUAVEXANDER  
Anya, you didn't see me today, did you? I mean, we didn't talk?

ANYA  
What do you mean? I just got your phone message, that's all.

SUAVEXANDER  
Good.

They kiss some more, kneel and then sit on the blanket.

ANYA  
So... what happens next?

SUAVEXANDER  
Well, at some point we take off our clothes.

ANYA  
I mean what happens next in our lives? When do we get a car?

SUAVEXANDER  
(confused)  
A car?

ANYA

And a boat. No, wait, I - I don't mean a boat. I mean a puppy. Or a child. I have a list somewhere.

SUAVEXANDER

What are you talking about?

ANYA

Just ... we have to get going. I don't have time just to let these things happen.

SUAVEXANDER

There's no hurry.

ANYA

Yes there is. There's a hurry, Xander. I'm dying.

SuaveXander looks shocked.

ANYA

I may have as few as fifty years left.

SUAVEXANDER

Fifty years? What is thi- Oh, wait a minute. This is about this.  
(Touching her arm sling)

ANYA

What about the sling?

SUAVEXANDER

You haven't been hurt like this since you became human.

(She nods reluctantly)

Maybe it's finally hitting you what being human means.

ANYA

(pouting)

No, that's not it.

SUAVEXANDER

Yes, I think it is. You were gonna live for thousands of years.

(Anya nods)

And now you're gonna age and die. That must be terrifying.

ANYA

You don't understand what it's like.

SUAVEXANDER

Being suddenly human? I think I  
can get what that would be like.  
And we can get through it together.

ANYA

You can't make it any different.  
I'm going to get old. And ... you  
can't promise you'll be with me  
when I'm ... wrinkly and my teeth  
are artificial and stuck into my  
wrinkly mouth with an adhesive.

SUAVEXANDER

No, I can't promise that. But it  
doesn't sound terrible. And  
that's saying something.

(Anya looks somewhat comforted)  
I promise you, Anya. Very soon  
you won't be thinking about  
getting older.

They smooch.

Suddenly the door bursts open and ScruffyXander rushes in.  
SuaveXander and Anya look up.

SCRUFFYXANDER

Get away from her!

ANYA

Xander!

Anya and SuaveXander stand up.

ANYA

(to SuaveXander)  
Xander!

SUAVEXANDER

(to ScruffyXander)  
Get out. You don't belong here.

SCRUFFYXANDER

Anya. It's me.

Anya looks in confusion from one to the other. She starts to  
walk toward ScruffyXander but SuaveXander stops her.

SUAVEXANDER  
It's a demon. He stole my face,  
he's trying to trick you.

Anya looks from one to the other, very confused.

SUAVEXANDER  
Anya, you know I'm me, right?

SCRUFFYXANDER  
No!

Anya looks at ScruffyXander again and moves closed to SuaveXander.

ANYA  
What is it? Make it go away.

Cut to Giles'. Riley is looking at a map. We see Giles in the background looking at books.

RILEY  
So you're thinking we split up?

BUFFY  
Yeah, you check the places where  
he might try and go and blend in  
as Xander. I'll check the places  
where Toth might hang out.

The door bursts open and Willow enters.

GILES  
I swear, this time I \*know\* I had  
that locked.

WILLOW  
Buffy, Toth looks like Xander.

**STEVEN**  
**We know that.**

RILEY  
We already know. We're on our way.

BUFFY  
Wait a second, how did you know  
about this?

WILLOW  
He came to me. I-I mean Xander  
did. And he's in terrible shape,  
we need to help him.

Shot of Giles reading a book, not listening to them.

RILEY

He came to us too.

WILLOW

No. We each had a Xander. I mean  
... you didn't have a Xander, you  
had a, a demon in a Xander suit.

STEVEN

**What do you mean, "a Xander suit"?**

BUFFY

What makes you so sure that yours  
is the right one?

WILLOW

He knew stuff! He, he did the  
Snoopy dance.

(Another shot of Giles reading)  
Buffy, it was Xander, and he  
needs us.

GILES

Oh, dear lord.

RILEY

Buffy, our Xander, did he seem a  
little-

BUFFY

He seemed kind of forceful and  
confident.

WILLOW

That's not Xander.

GILES

I said, "Oh, dear lord."

BUFFY

You always say that.

STEVEN

**(overlapping)**

**You always say that.**

GILES

Well, it's always important!

STEVEN

**(skeptical)**

Uh-huh.

GILES  
(coming forward to  
join them, carrying book)  
Neither Xander is a demon.

WILLOW  
Um ... is one of them a robot?

GILES  
What? No. Um, uh, the rod device,  
it's called a ferula-gemina. It  
splits one person in half,  
distilling personality traits  
into two separate bodies. As near  
as I can tell, Toth was attempting  
to split the slayer into two  
different entities.  
(Hands the book to Willow)

BUFFY  
Two Buffys?

GILES  
Yes. One with all the qualities  
inherent in Buffy Summers, and  
the other one with everything  
that belongs to the slayer alone  
... the, uh, the-the strength,  
the, uh, speed, the heritage. And  
when it hit Xander, I think it  
separated him into his strongest  
points and his  
(grimaces)  
weakest.

RILEY  
But which one's the real one?

GILES  
They're both real. They're both  
Xander. Neither one of them is  
evil. There's nothing in either  
of them that our Xander doesn't  
already possess.

RILEY  
I still don't get the original  
plan. I mean, why do it? The  
slayer half would be like slayer  
concentrate, pretty unkillable.



GILES

But the two halves can't exist  
without each other. Kill the  
weaker Buffy half, and the slayer  
half dies.

STEVEN

Sorta like that "Star Trek"  
episode.

(gets looks from the group)

(smiles weakly)

Sorry.

BUFFY

So the same goes for the Xanders.  
We lose one, we lose them both.

Cut back to Xander's apartment.

SCRUFFYXANDER

He's the demon!

(Anya looks uncertainly  
at SuaveXander)

Or possibly a robot. Look at me.  
Look in my eyes. Can't you see  
it's me?

Anya looks from one to the other, still completely confused.

ANYA

I, I don't know!

SCRUFFYXANDER

(desperately)

Please! Look at him! Listen to  
him! He's all smooth! You have to  
know it's me!

SUAVEXANDER

Don't worry, Anya. I'll get rid  
of this thing. I'm thinkin' this  
is gonna last about fifteen  
seconds.

(Walks slowly toward ScruffyXander)

ScruffyXander reaches inside his clothing and pulls out a  
gun. He points it at SuaveXander.

SCRUFFYXANDER

I'm thinkin' less.

Blackout.

## Act IV

Fade back in on the standoff. ScruffyXander points the gun at SuaveXander, with Anya behind. Suddenly Anya rushes forward.

ANYA  
No! Don't shoot him!

She pushes the gun so it points at the ceiling. SuaveXander comes forward and grabs ScruffyXander's hands and they all three grapple for the gun.

Cut to exterior shot of a car zooming down the streets. Cut to interior of car with Riley driving and Buffy in the passenger seat.

BUFFY  
Can't this thing go any faster?  
Ultimate driving machine, my ass.

RILEY  
We're pushing 70.

Pause. Buffy looks meditative.

BUFFY  
Riley, do you wish-

RILEY  
No.

BUFFY  
No? You don't even know what I was gonna say.

RILEY  
Yes, I do. You wanted to know if I wished you got hit by the ferula-gemina, got split in two.

BUFFY  
Well, you have been kind of rankly about the whole slayer gig. Instead of having slayer Buffy, you could have Buffy Buffy.

RILEY  
Hey. I \*have\* Buffy Buffy. Being the slayer's part of who you are. You keep thinking I don't get that, but...

BUFFY

It's just ... I know how ... un-fun it can be. The bad hours, frequent bruising, cranky monsters...

RILEY

Buffy... if you led a perfectly normal life, you wouldn't be half as crazy as you are. I gotta have that. I gotta have it all. I'm talkin' toes, elbows, the whole bad-ice-skating-movie obsession, everything. There's no part of you I'm not in love with.

Buffy looks up at him. He glances at her. She smiles a little, then looks out her window.

BUFFY

We better get there soon. If Xander kills himself, he's dead.  
(frowns)  
You know what I mean.

Riley nods.

Shot of the car zooming along.

Cut back to the apartment. The Xanders and Anya are still wrestling over the gun.

SCRUFFYXANDER

Let go! I have to kill the demon-bot!

The gun falls to the floor. SuaveXander grabs it.

SUAVEXANDER

Anya ... get out of the way.

Anya is standing in front of ScruffyXander. Buffy, **Steven** and Riley rush in.

BUFFY

Xander!

Riley closes the door.

SUAVEXANDER

(smiling)  
All right, Buffy. I have him.

SCRUFFYXANDER  
No! Buffy! I'm me! Help me!

ANYA  
My gun! He's got my gun!  
(Pointing to the gun  
in SuaveXander's hand)

RILEY  
You own a gun??

STEVEN  
**Where'd you get the gun anyway?**

BUFFY  
Xander ... gun-holding Xander.  
(Walks quickly over to SuaveXander)  
Give it to me.

Both Xanders stare. Finally SuaveXander holds the gun up and gives it a quick twist with one hand so that the bullets fall out onto the floor. He flips it shut and hands it to Buffy, who looks impressed.

STEVEN  
**Nice move...**

ANYA  
Buffy, which one's real?

Buffy hands the gun to Riley.

SCRUFFYXANDER  
I am.

SUAVEXANDER  
No, I am.

They try to attack each other but Buffy steps between them. She flings ScruffyXander across the room; he lands against the kitchen counter.

SUAVEXANDER  
Thank you.

Buffy grabs him and shoves him over next to ScruffyXander.

SUAVEXANDER  
Ow!

Anya, Riley, and Buffy come up to examine the two Xanders side-by-side.

RILEY

Wild.

BUFFY

Yeah. Okay, Xander ... Xa ...

(sighs)

You've been split in two. But you're both Xander. And you \*can't\* kill each other. Um, well, you could, but it would be really bad.

The Xanders look at each other.

SUAVEXANDER

No way.

SCRUFFYXANDER

He can't be me. He's all ... fancy.

RILEY

We can prove that you're both Xander.

BUFFY

Yeah!

(to Riley)

How?

RILEY

Um...

BUFFY

Um...

RILEY

Well, there has to be a way.

BUFFY

Ooh! What number am I thinking of?

RILEY

I don't think that's gonna do it.

XANDERS

(in unison)

Eleven and a half.

BUFFY

Wrong. Oh! But see?

The Xanders frown.

SCRUFFYXANDER

No. We're not the same. We're all different.

RILEY

Different properties went into each of you, but you're both Xander.

ANYA

Different properties?

SCRUFFYXANDER

What different properties?

BUFFY

Uh, uh, you know, uh, sense of direction. Good night vision, stuff like that.

STEVEN

**More like confidence, good sense of dress, et cetera.**

**(to Buffy)**

**That makes more sense.**

SCRUFFYXANDER

Oh, but he has a thingie! In his pocket!

(pointing to

SuaveXander's pocket)

A shiny disk that stuns and disorients!

SUAVEXANDER

(reaching in pocket,  
taking out the thing)

What disk?

SCRUFFYXANDER

Cover your eyes!

(covering eyes with hands)

SUAVEXANDER

This?

SCRUFFYXANDER

It'll melt your brain!

Buffy takes the thing from SuaveXander. Anya and Riley lean in to see.

BUFFY  
 (to ScruffyXander)  
 Look.

SUAVEXANDER  
 (tolerantly)  
 It's a nickel someone flattened  
 on the railroad track. I found it  
 on the construction site and I  
 thought it was cool. It's not magic.

ScruffyXander uncovers his eyes to take the thing from Buffy.

SCRUFFYXANDER  
 No, I ... huh. It *is* kinda cool.  
 (SuaveXander nods tolerantly)  
 Washington's still there, but  
 he's all smushy.  
 (looks more closely)  
 And he may be Jefferson.

ANYA  
 Okay, isn't anyone gonna tell me  
 why there are two Xanders?

BUFFY  
 I will on the way to Giles'.  
 Let's go.

They all turn to leave just as the door is smashed in.  
 ScruffyXander and Anya hide behind SuaveXander, grabbing his  
 shoulders. Toth strides in.

BUFFY  
 Oh great. Rod boy.

TOTH  
 I will not miss again, Slayer.

SCRUFFYXANDER  
 (standing behind  
 SuaveXander, clutching  
 him around the shoulders)  
 The gun! Pick up the little gun  
 pieces!

Toth raises his rod. Buffy and Riley dive away in opposite  
 directions. Toth fires at Buffy and misses, tearing a big  
 hole in the floor.

SUAVEXANDER  
 Hey, I just made a small cleaning  
 deposit!

Riley jumps on Toth from behind, making him drop the rod. He throws Riley off. Riley punches him a few times, then Toth head-butts him and flings him aside. Buffy comes up and kicks Toth a few times, punches him a few times, then he picks her up and body-slams her. She kicks up as he approaches, catching him on the chin. She gets up, lands a few more kicks and punches, and Toth goes down.

BUFFY

Sword!

Riley grabs the sword from the bag of weapons and throws it to her. She catches it and stabs Toth. He screams and dies.

Buffy stands up, panting. Anya and ScruffyXander let go of SuaveXander. They all cluster around the corpse.

SUAVEXANDER

Oh, yeah. That cleaning deposit's gone.

SCRUFFYXANDER

(gasps)

I was thinking the same thing!  
Hey, do you suppose we're both  
Xander?

SuaveXander gives him a big grin. Anya stares at them.

Cut to a shot of the two Xanders side-by-side. Now they're dressed the same, both in yellow T-shirts and identical Hawaiian shirts, but ScruffyXander's shirt is all dirty whereas SuaveXander's is clean, and ScruffyXander's hair is much messier.

SCRUFFYXANDER

Look and admire, ladies.

We see that they're in the magic shop. Willow, Buffy and Anya are in a row staring at the Xanders, fascinated. In the background we see Riley watching, and Giles on the floor making markings with chalk.

BUFFY

(looking closely)  
Look, there's a scar there,  
(pointing at  
ScruffyXander's forehead)  
and there's the same one right  
there.  
(pointing at  
SuaveXander's forehead)



WILLOW

It's all double.

(pointing)

This zit, and this ... kinda funny dippy thing. A-and this weird little hair that grows in the wrong way

(pointing to  
ScruffyXander's nose)

SCRUFFYXANDER

Okay! Back off, ladies.

RILEY

Psychologically, this is fascinating. Doesn't it make everyone wanna lock them in separate rooms and do experiments on them?

STEVEN

**You've been spending too much time at the Initiative.**

Everyone gives him an odd look.

RILEY

Just me, then.

ANYA

So ... you Xanders really do have all the same memories, all the same ...

(looking downward)  
physical attributes?  
(Laughs suggestively)

SUAVEXANDER

We're completely identical.

SCRUFFYXANDER

Yeah, we checked out some stuff in the car on the way over.

(Anya frowns in puzzlement)  
Fingerprints!

ANYA

(turning to the others)  
Well, maybe we shouldn't do this reintegration thing right away.

(MORE)

ANYA (CONT'D)

See, I can take the boys home,  
and ... we can all have sex  
together, and ... you know, just  
slap 'em back together in the  
morning.

Giles tries not to look appalled. Buffy and Riley grin.

SUAVEXANDER

She's joking.

SCRUFFYXANDER

No she's not! She entirely wants  
to have sex with us together.  
Which is ... \*wrong\*, and, and it  
would be very confusing.

GILES

(getting up from the floor)  
Uh, uh, we just need to light the  
candles. Also, we should continue  
to pretend we heard none of the  
disturbing sex talk.

WILLOW

Check. Candles and pretense.

Everyone moves around getting stuff ready, except the Xanders.

ANYA

It's not like it'd be cheating.  
They're both Xander.

SCRUFFYXANDER

Now, hold on a sec. If you  
weren't putting a whammy on  
people with the shiny thing,  
how'd you do it? How'd you get  
the promotion?

SUAVEXANDER

Well, I'm good at that stuff.

SCRUFFYXANDER

I am?

SUAVEXANDER

Yeah.

SCRUFFYXANDER

And hey, how 'bout that lady, huh?  
The apartment manager.

SUAVEXANDER

How weird was it when she called  
me "mister"?

The Xanders grin goofily at each other.

WILLOW

We're ready. We should do it now.  
(The Xanders turn  
their grins toward her)

ANYA

What'll we do if this doesn't work?

XANDERS

(unison)  
Kill us both, Spock!  
(They look at each  
other and laugh delightedly.)

BUFFY

They're ... kinda the same now.

GILES

Yes, he's clearly a bad influence  
on himself.

**Steven tries to contain his laughter.**

SCRUFFYXANDER

Hey, summon the goddess. Chant  
the chant. Let's do it.

WILLOW

Actually, it's not that hard.  
Your natural state is to be  
together. Toth's spell is doing  
all the work of keeping you apart.  
I just have to break it. So you  
two ...

(takes them both and  
positions them inside  
the chalk markings)  
stand right here. Side by side.  
We don't want you to end up with  
two fronts, now do we?

SCRUFFYXANDER

Are you sure you know how to do  
this?

WILLOW  
(exhales)  
Here we go. Brace yourselves.

The two Xanders close their eyes and prepare.

WILLOW  
Let the spell be ended.

Closeup of a single Xander, still with eyes closed.

XANDER  
You gotta be kidding. "Let the  
spell be ended," that's not gonna  
work.

He opens his eyes and sees there's only one of him.

XANDER  
Oh!

Willow smiles proudly.

ANYA  
I liked it the other way. Put him  
back.

Shot of Buffy raising her eyebrows.

Cut to interior of Xander's basement. Xander and Riley are carrying boxes out. Anya is sitting on a stool reading a magazine. Riley and Xander put the boxes by the door, and Xander pauses to look around.

RILEY  
Getting nostalgic?

XANDER  
I don't know. At first it's just  
a place, then you start to make  
memories, and ... then you're  
like,  
(pointing)  
that's where Spike slept, and  
(pointing)  
there, that's where Anya and I  
drowned the separvo demon. Oh!  
(points)  
and, and right there, that's  
where I got my heart all ripped  
out.  
(shakes head)  
I really hate this place.

He and Riley turn to pick up the boxes as Buffy walks by. She goes to pick up another box, passing Anya.

BUFFY

Anya. I see you've joined the non-sling-wearing crowd.

ANYA

(smiling)

Yes, I'm feeling better. And I anticipate many years before my death. Excepting disease or airbag failure.

BUFFY

That sounds nice.

(Walks off carrying box)

Xander walks up to Anya, carrying another box.

ANYA

Ooh!

(tosses magazine aside)

Presents?

XANDER

Not unless you want my collection of Babylon 5 commemorative plates. Which you cannot have. I just thought you could help carry a little.

ANYA

Me?

(pouts)

Buffy has super strength. Why don't we just load her up like one of those little horses?

XANDER

Anya. Please.

ANYA

(getting off stool)

Fine. I'm just your slave.

(Takes box and goes out)

Xander watches her go. Riley watches too, while packing a box.

XANDER

How is it that she can always  
make me feel SuaveXander's left  
the building?

RILEY

You two have your friction, but  
... she digs the whole package.  
It's obvious.

XANDER

Still, I do envy you sometimes.  
(Riley looks up at him)  
I mean for the sanity. Not that  
I'm still into Buffy.  
(quickly)  
Not that I ever was.

RILEY

(grinning)  
Hey, I'm well aware of how lucky  
I am. Like, lottery lucky.  
Buffy's like nobody else in the  
world. When I'm with her it's  
like ... it's like I'm split in  
two. Half of me is just ... on  
fire, going crazy if I'm not  
touching her. The other half ...  
is so still and peaceful ... just  
perfectly content. Just knows:  
this is the one.  
(Smiles a little,  
continues packing for  
a moment, then looks  
up at Xander again.)  
But she doesn't love me.

Xander stares at him, not knowing what to say. Buffy re-enters.

BUFFY

Got something else for me to carry?

RILEY

Uh, you can help me pack this.

BUFFY

Sure.  
(goes over to Riley  
and kisses him)  
Sure.

They both turn to the packing as Xander watches. Blackout.

Executive producer: Joss Whedon.