

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

No Place Like Home

Written by Douglas Petrie

Directed by David Soloman

Episode 5.05

Original Airdate: October 24, 2000

INT. CZECH REPUBLIC- MONASTERY- CORRIDOR- NIGHT

Two MONKS race down the corridor, panicked, throwing terrified glances behind them. They clutch religious items in their arms: books, candles, incense. One of the monks stumbles, dropping a censer of incense. His companion helps him up and they continue their flight down the candlelit hallway.

The monks careen through a set of massive wooden doors and slam them shut. They slide a beam the size of a tree trunk across the doorway.

Title Card:

Two Months Ago

INT. CZECH REPUBLIC- MONASTERY- GREAT HALL- NIGHT

As he beam slides home, one of the monks calls fearfully to the other in Czech.

MONK #2
(subtitle)
It's coming. It's going to kill us!

MONK
(subtitle)
Our lives aren't important. We
have to protect the Key.

The two monks race to the center of the great room and join a third senior member of their order. They kneel on the floor before the SENIOR MONK, around several lit candles and magick talismans.

SENIOR MONK
(subtitle)
Help me perform the ritual.

All three monks extend their arms and begin chanting. As they speak the ancient words, a tremendous crash echoes through the monastery and the massive wooden door trembles in its frame.

As the junior monks glance fearfully at the door, the elder admonishes them.

SENIOR MONK
(subtitle)
Concentrate. Concentrate.

The ritual resumes and a breeze springs up inside the chamber. The relentless pounding on the door continues; the crossbeam starts to splinter.

Suddenly, a bright flash of light leaps from the center of their circle. Then all goes dark as the door finally gives way and shatters, blasted into the room in pieces.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SUNNYDALE INDUSTRIAL DISTRICT- FACTORY LOT- NIGHT 3

FADE IN:

On a sign mounted on a chain link fence:

PRIVATE PROPERTY

NO TRESPASSING

VIOLATORS WILL BE PROSECUTED

Title Card:

Now

BUFFY flies into frame and slams against the sign. She ducks just as a vampire's fist smashes into it where her head was an instant before. The VAMPIRE is a huge, burley Hell's Angel biker-type and he looms menacingly over Buffy.

BIKER VAMPIRE
I've always wanted to kill the
Slayer.

BUFFY
And I've always wanted piano
lessons. So really, who's
surprised we have all this
unexpressed rage?

Buffy punctuates her words with blow after blow, knocking the hulking vampire back several feet. He retaliates with a brutal punch to her face, sending her reeling. She blocks a second blow and wrenches the demon's arm behind his back and flattens him against the fence.

BUFFY
But honestly? I think I'm
expressing mine better. Tell you
what... you find yourself a good
anger management class...

The vampire throws her off but she slams him back into the
fence again and whips out a stake.

BUFFY
And I'll jam this pokey wood
stick through your heart.

Before the vampire can react, Buffy stakes him to dust and
slips the stake back into her coat.

BUFFY
(to herself)
I think that sets the world speed
record for closure.

MAN
(o.s.)
Hey!

A bright light shines in Buffy's eyes as she turns to see
the factory NIGHT WATCHMAN approaching.

NIGHT WATCHMAN
Miss, if you're looking for one
of those rave parties, I'm afraid
you're late. Chased a bunch of
kids out of here last night.

BUFFY
(covers)
Oh, right. Yeah. Darn. My fellow
ravers will be so disappointed.
It was my turn to bring the Bundt
cake.

NIGHT WATCHMAN
You know, if it was my call, I'd
let you do whatever you want.
It's not like anybody's using
this place or nothin'. But they
just don't pay me enough to argue
with the boss so...

BUFFY
Already gone!

She turns to leave but the guard stops her.

NIGHT WATCHMAN
Oh, hey! Hold it, miss. Take
your... whatever this is with you.

He bends over, picks up a glowing yellow orb and hands it to Buffy, who looks at it curiously.

BUFFY
Thank you.

NIGHT WATCHMAN
Glow balls, huh?
(laughs)
I swear, I don't get your
generation. What is that thing?

BUFFY
(distracted)
I'll let you know as soon as I
find out.

She turns and walks off into the night.

Opening credit sequence.

INT. SUMMERS HOME- KITCHEN- DAY 4

Buffy is preparing a breakfast tray for her mother. DAWN enters, smiling.

BUFFY
Dawn, touch nothing.

DAWN
Who died and made you the Iron Chef?

BUFFY
Look, Mom's sick and I made her a
nice non-instant breakfast for
once. And I don't need you...

Dawn knocks over the rose vase on the tray.

DAWN
Oops!

BUFFY
...doing that.

JOYCE enters in her bathrobe, smiling.

JOYCE
Oh! Check out the "Pamper Mom"
platter.

(to Dawn)
You two do all this?

DAWN
Oh, Buffy helped.

Buffy can't believe her sister.

BUFFY
I didn't "help"...

JOYCE
I'm sure you did.
(sits down)
So neither of you is pregnant,
failing or under indictment?
(off their looks)
Just checking.

BUFFY
We knew you were feeling less-
than-great so...

JOYCE
Yeah, the headaches they said
would go away came back and
brought some friends along with.

BUFFY
Well, what did the doctor say?

JOYCE
Oh, take four of some-pills a day
and come back for tests.

BUFFY
So they don't know what's wrong?

JOYCE
Not yet.

BUFFY
Well, that's unacceptable. I
think we should get a second
opinion.

JOYCE
Well, we need a first opinion
first, honey.

BUFFY
Okay, we'll go right now.

JOYCE
Buffy, I know you're concerned,
okay? But don't be. I'm still the
mom. Which means I get to worry
about you two. Which is a good
thing because you're a Vampire
Slayer.
(pulls Dawn onto her lap)
And you... you are my little
punkin' belly!

DAWN
(embarrassed)
Oh, Mom! That's like my kid name.

JOYCE
So I can't be retro?

Buffy notes Joyce and Dawn's easy camaraderie and feels a
little excluded.

BUFFY
Did you ever have any names for me?

JOYCE
No... I think you were always
just Buffy.

DAWN
I got some names for ya...

Buffy is hurt but covers. Joyce suddenly remembers something.

JOYCE
(to Buffy)
What are you doing hanging around
here? Isn't this Giles' big day?

BUFFY
Oh! Bigger than big. It's his
grand opening.

JOYCE
So go. Bring me back a... I don't
know... a flying broomstick or
something.

DAWN
Those never really work.

JOYCE
Whatever. Book club tonight?

DAWN
Uh-huh.

BUFFY
You guys have a book club?
(off their looks)
Okay, I'm gonna go. I will be
back later.
(to Joyce)
What time is your doctor's
appointment?
(off her exasperated look)
I just want to know... take it
easy. I want you to relax all
day, keep your feet up, plenty of
Oprah.

DAWN
Plus you can check my rain forest
report and you know there's like
eighty bazillion old board games-

Buffy grabs Dawn by the arm and drags her out of the house.

DAWN
Hey! You said I couldn't come.

BUFFY
Changed my mind.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE MAGIC BOX- DAY 5

Steven is walking down the street when he sees Buffy and Dawn.

STEVEN
(smiles)
Hey, guys.

DAWN
Hey, Steven.

BUFFY
Hey, Steven; how are you?

STEVEN
Good. What're you two lovely
ladies up to?

BUFFY
Checkin' out the Magic Box.

STEVEN
Oh, yeah...I forgot. Let's go
check it out.

INT. THE MAGIC BOX- DAY 5

Buffy enters, **along with Steven**, and glances up at the quaint bell that rings when she opens the door. She strolls into the store, taking in the curios and knickknacks lining the shelves. The store is quiet and empty. She looks up to find GILES standing serenely in the center of the store, dressed in a spangled purple robe and pointed purple warlock's cap. Giles smiles at Buffy cheerily who merely stares him down. **Steven is trying not to laugh.** Finally, he drops the fa ade and shrugs out of the costume just as Dawn bursts through the door behind Buffy, gasping for breath.

DAWN
 (to Buffy)
 I told you you couldn't ditch me!
 (looks around)
 Whoa... Mr. Giles! This place is
 so... wow. I mean, check out all
 the magick junk.

GILES
 Our new slogan...

DAWN
 So when's it open? You know, for
 customers?

GILES
 Since nine this morning, actually.

BUFFY
 Dawn. Go. Browse. And-

DAWN
 "You break it, you bought it."
 Heard you the first sixty times.

Dawn wanders into the recesses of the store to check the place out.

GILES
 (to Buffy)
 Still, not to worry. No, I've got
 feelings about this place.
 (MORE)

GILES (CONT'D)
Magick's a small niche market
but... well, think about it.
Sunnydale... monsters... supply
and demand. They'll be lining up
around the block in no time.

STEVEN
**Yeah, I'm sure everything'll work
out, Giles.**

BUFFY
Yeah. You'll be making money hand
over fist.

Suddenly puzzled, she holds her hand over her fist.

BUFFY
Which I guess is a good thing.

GILES
You all right? You seem a little
distracted.

BUFFY
It's just my mom's still sick and
we have no idea what the deal is.

GILES
She is getting medical attention?

BUFFY
Yeah. We have a highly trained
medical staff working 'round the
clock to tell us diddly.

GILES
I'm sorry. Still, you know, time
and patience... both great
comforts-

The bell jingles as WILLOW and RILEY enter. Willow runs in,
excited.

WILLOW
Giles! Where's your hat and cloak?

RILEY
Yeah, the hype was out of control.

DAWN
(to Willow)
Willow! You gotta see this. They
have the coolest talismens...
mans... talisguys. I-

BUFFY
(interrupts)
Actually, I have a little Scooby-
centric deal to deal with first.

Buffy reaches into her bag and removes the glowing yellow
globe.

BUFFY
I put this before the group. What
the hell is it?

STEVEN
Don't know, but it looks magical.

GILES
It appears to be paranormal in
origin.

WILLOW
How can you tell?

GILES
Well, it's so shiny.

STEVEN
**Then remind me never to give you
a brand-new quarter.**

BUFFY
Found it on patrol.

She hands the object to Giles.

RILEY
May be more where that came from.
I say we go back out again tonight.

BUFFY
Um...sure.

DAWN
(to Riley)
You can't patrol. Buffy said.

BUFFY
No, I didn't.

DAWN

Yeah, remember? You said it'd be easier if you didn't have to look out for anybody.

BUFFY

(nervous)

Well, I wasn't talking about Riley.

RILEY

Don't worry about it.

DAWN

Oh, she just said you look even cuter when you're all weak and kitteny and she'd better go solo or you'd get hurt. So welcome to the club. She'll never let me go either.

Buffy is mortified and furious. Giles, Willow and Riley look away, uncomfortable. Dawn finally registers the awkward silence.

DAWN

What? What?

RILEY

Giles, you got that danger room set up out back? I'm feeling the need for a little physical rehab about now.

Giles hands the globe to Willow.

GILES

(to Riley)

Of course, yes.

(to Willow)

If any customers do-

WILLOW

On it.

BUFFY

Dawn, we're going.

Dawn knows she's in trouble and heads out, dejected. Willow stops Buffy before she leaves.

WILLOW

Buffy, wait. Go easy on her.

BUFFY

Why?

WILLOW

I can't help it. I just have all
this involuntary empathy for Dawn.
'Cause she's, you know, a big spaz.

All of Buffy's pent-up frustrations suddenly pour out.

BUFFY

She's so annoying. Especially now
that Mom's sick. She's all over
her while I have to be the grown-
up and the two of them are like
the Giggle Twins and why can't I
ever be L'il Punkin' Belly?

WILLOW

While I don't feel qualified to
address the last part, I can tell
you that Dawn's not just the
youngest, she's the baby and
maybe your mom needs that right now.

BUFFY

Dawn doesn't care what my mom...
(beat)
You just have no idea how much I
wish I were an only child these
days.

The crash of breaking glass comes from the rear of the store.

DAWN

(o.s.)
Oops!

Buffy winces and looks knowingly at Willow.

STEVEN

(sighs deeply)
Like now.

CUT TO:

INT. SUMMERS HOME- FOYER- DAY 6

Buffy and Dawn enter, Dawn still going on about the incident
at the shop.

DAWN
We can't all be born with big,
fancy, Chosen One reflexes, you
know.

BUFFY
Shh! Mom?

A soft moan comes from the living room.

INT. SUMMERS HOME- LIVING ROOM- DAY 7

Buffy and Dawn rush to Joyce, who is lying on the couch in
obvious distress.

BUFFY
Mom!

DAWN
What's wrong?

JOYCE
(weak)
It's just my head.

BUFFY
I'm taking you to the doctor.

JOYCE
No, sweetheart. I'm fine.

BUFFY
We don't know that. We don't know
anything. We're going.

JOYCE
I just need my prescription. Please?

Buffy picks up the slip and stands.

BUFFY
Hospital pharmacy open?

JOYCE
Mmm-hmm.

BUFFY
Ten minutes.

She heads out.

CUT TO:

INT. SUNNYDALE HOSPITAL- PHARMACY COUNTER- DAY 8

The technician hands Buffy a bottle of pills and she turns to leave, examining the bottle as she goes. She passes two orderlies and a nurse wheeling a patient down the corridor on a gurney. BEN, the nurse, calls out to Buffy, stopping her.

BEN

Hey! It's Buffy, isn't it?

She looks at him, confused.

BEN

Ben... but you can call me man-nurse. Everybody else here does.

Suddenly the patient sits up, struggling to get off the gurney. It's the factory night watchman from the night before.

NIGHT WATCHMAN

I don't belong here. I have important instructions. Fascists!

Ben pushes him back down while the orderlies fasten his restraints.

BEN

Now you're hurting the nice orderly who's here to help you.

(to nurse)

I need nine cc's of Phenobarbital in this guy n-

Buffy steps up and slams the man down onto the gurney with one arm and effortlessly holds him there.

BEN

(amazed)

Or not.

(to orderlies)

Now let's strap him.

(to patient)

For your own good, I promise.

(to Buffy)

You know, not to be rampantly sexist in the workplace, but you've got some serious muscles for a girl.

BUFFY

I...um...

BEN

Radioactive spider bite.

BUFFY
How'd you guess?

BEN
I'm a doctor- well, almost.

The night watchman seizes Buffy's arm and looks at the medicine bottle she's holding.

NIGHT WATCHMAN
Doesn't even help. Doesn't make a damn bit of difference!

BUFFY
(to Ben)
I've met this guy. He's a security guard. He's not crazy.

BEN
If you say so...

NIGHT WATCHMAN
(to Buffy)
They're coming at you. Don't think you're above it, missy. They come through the family! They get to your family!

BUFFY
My family? What do you mean?

He lets go of her arm and the pill bottle falls to the floor.

BEN
(to orderlies)
Let's get him to Exam One. Now would be nice.

Buffy stares after him as the orderlies wheel him out. Ben picks up Buffy's pills and hands them to her.

BEN
I'm real sorry about that. Here. For your mom?

BUFFY
Yeah, thanks.

BEN
She's not feeling better?

BUFFY

Not yet but she will be. I'm
starting to figure out what's wrong.

CUT TO:

INT. SUNNYDALE INDUSTRIAL DISTRICT- FACTORY- DAY 9

The same factory where Buffy found the glowing orb. A voice
echoes in the cavernous chamber, speaking in Czech.

MAN

(o.s.; subtitle)
God help me!

Pan down to reveal the monk from the Czech monastery
crouched on the floor amid a circle of lit candles and
magickal icons similar to the one we saw before. He's
marking locations on a map of Sunnydale.

Suddenly, a deep boom reverberates through the factory and
he looks up fearfully at the tempered steel door. The
massive portal shudders as it's struck by some titanic force
from outside.

MONK

The Beast!

The pounding continues and the steel buckles inward with
each blow. The door suddenly flies into the room, taking a
good portion of the surrounding wall with it.

When the dust settles, GLORY, an attractive blond woman in a
form-fitting red dress stands incongruously amid the rubble.
She strides into the room and smiles manically at the monk
who cringes in fear.

GLORY

There you are. I have been
looking all over for you.

FADE OUT

INT. THE MAGIC BOX- DAY 10

Giles hands a couple their purchase with a smile.

GILES

Thank you for choosing to shop at
The Magic Box and please do come
again.

Willow stands at the counter, perusing an ancient tome. Giles waits until the couple leaves the store, then bounds over to her, giddy.

GILES
Did you see that? Customers!
Real, live customers! They came
in and I gave them things and
they gave me money and then they
left! It's brilliant!

STEVEN
(grinning)
Giles, you're nuts.

He jumps back to the cash register to deposit the cash.

WILLOW
Congratulations. You're an
official capitalist running dog.
But I gotta tell ya...on the
orbular front? We're batting zeroes.

GILES
Well, we'll just have to keep
trying.

A group of customers enters and begins browsing. Giles calls out to them.

GILES
If there's anything you need help
with, let me know.

One of the customers is ANYA who stops at the main display table, examining the items. She picks up a small bag of dust and carries it over to Giles.

ANYA
Your conjuring powder is
grotesquely over-priced.

GILES
(can't believe it)
Anya...

ANYA
I'm sorry. I'm nearly out of
money. I've never had to afford
things before and it's making me
bitter.

Steven LAUGHS.

GILES

The change is palpable. That stuff doesn't come cheap.

ANYA

Well, you're getting ripped off. I could hook you up with the troll that sheds it.

Buffy runs in, flustered.

BUFFY

Giles, I have an idea what's making my mom sick.

GILES

Have you spoken with her doctors?

BUFFY

They won't find anything. What's hurting her--it's supernatural.

(picks up the orb)

The night watchman who found this thing? He went crazy--like overnight.

Willow, Giles and Anya back away cautiously.

BUFFY

It won't hurt us. I had it on me all night. But this guy, he saw things... he said things.

GILES

Such as?

BUFFY

They'll come at me through my family.

GILES

Who will?

BUFFY

I don't know... yet. But whatever touched this guy, it made him see through what the rest of us are seeing. He knew someone's hurting my mom and they're trying to get to me.

GILES

It's possible but still... the ramblings of a madman aren't much to go on.

BUFFY

Yeah, but it's a start. We need to find out who's making my mom sick and how.

STEVEN

Buffy, I'll help you. We all will. We promise.

WILLOW

Then what?

BUFFY

Then I hunt them... find them... and kill them.

STEVEN

(nods)

That works.

CUT TO:

INT. SUNNYDALE INDUSTRIAL DISTRICT- FACTORY- DAY 11

Glory has the monk tied to a chair and gagged. He's been beaten severely. She paces around him while she talks, frequently getting right up in his terrified face.

GLORY

You know, when you think about it, I'm the victim here. First off, I don't even want to be here. And I'm not talking about this room or this city or this state or this planet. I'm talking about the whole mortal coil now, you know? It's disgusting! The food... the clothes... the people. I could crap a better existence than this.

(beat)

But... okay- and feel free to tell me if this next part gets a little too personal, because I'm told I have boundary issuesbut I'm hurt! Yes, by your incredibly selfish behavior. Newsflash, hairdo: it's not always about you.

(MORE)

GLORY (CONT'D)

All I want is the Key! Why? Why
can't you tell me where the Key
is?

(beat; realizes)

Oh! Forgive me... monkey.
Sometimes I just... I get so
anxious- like there's something
deep inside of me and it's
swelling up and it's making me
crazy!- that I forget there's all
that duct tape on your face!

Glory rips the tape off violently and smiles at him. It's
clear now that she's insane.

GLORY

Now... tell me where the Key is.

Glory shoves her knuckles into the monk's eyes and wrenches
his nose.

GLORY

Or I'm going bowling.

She holds him there, sputtering in pain, then releases him.

GLORY

It's okay, it's okay, it's okay!
The stutter's sexy. Keep it coming.

The monk stares at her for a beat then whispers in Czech.

MONK

Zabbiij me... zabbiij me.
(Kill me... kill me.)

Glory stands up, enraged.

GLORY

Josve novem svete, tak prohoba
speak American!
(We're in the New
World now so please,
for God's sake, speak American!)

MONK

I... will tell you...
(spits)
nothing.

The monk glowers at her, scared but defiant. Glory sighs and suddenly seems on the verge of tears.

GLORY

Fine. You know what I wish? I wish that you could feel what I'm feeling right now.

She backs away from the monk and we now see a SECURITY GUARD chained to a steam pipe behind her. He hunches over, terrified.

GUARD

Lady, whatever you are... whatever you're on, please.

GLORY

(ignores him)
'Cause I don't know how much more of this I can take.

GUARD

I have a wife. Her name's Jennifer. We have two daughters.

Glory is in her own world. Her focus is on the monk. She pays no attention to the guard.

GLORY

(to monk)
I bet this is fun for you, isn't it? Say it. Why? You don't even own the damn thing and I want it, I need it and I gotta have it now and you keep refusing to tell me where the Key is!

Glory starts to come apart mentally.

GLORY

It's typical! The whole mortal meatsack comes complete with stink and bile sweat and protein. Yes, I said humans! Not now, Mommy's talking! Wriggling, piling, prowling, crawling, clowning, cavorting, doing it over and over and over and over until someone's gonna sit down on their tuffet and make this birthing stop!

With a strangled cry of despair, Glory puts her fingers on either side of the hapless guard's head. White light flares and his eyes go wide with shock and pain.

He collapses to the floor, whimpering and gasping, while Glory takes a deep breath and stands, calm and refreshed.

GLORY
Ahh... that is so much better.

CUT TO:

INT. THE MAGIC BOX- DAY 12

The shop is bustling with customers now. Anya is working the register and Buffy and Willow are at the counter, busily researching. A CUSTOMER approaches Willow with an antique hourglass.

CUSTOMER
Do you gift wrap?

WILLOW
Do we!
(to Anya)
Do we?
(Anya nods)
Oh! We do. Little help...

Giles is desperately trying to manage the customers and answer a flurry of questions.

GILES
No, no. Ground cloven hooves are
30% off. The whole ones are full
price.
(turns around)
That's not... candy!

He looks up with relief as XANDER enters the store.

GILES
Xander! There's too many of
them... people! And they all seem
to want things.

XANDER
I hear ya. Stay British. You'll
be okay.

He pats Giles on the shoulder then heads over to Anya.

XANDER
The thousand-yard stare. Damn!
You hate to see it on any man but
especially in retail.

Anya wraps up a woman's purchase and hands it to her.

ANYA
(to woman)
Please go.

The woman walks away, shaking her head.

XANDER
Anya, the Shopkeeper's Union of America called. They wanted me to tell you that "please go" just got replaced with "have a nice day".

ANYA
But I have their money. Who cares what kind of day they have?

XANDER
No one. It's just a long cultural tradition of raging insincerity. Embrace it.

Anya calls out to her customer.

ANYA
Hey, you! Have a nice day.

XANDER
There's my girl!

Anya grins with pride and Xander wanders over to Buffy. In b.g., Willow is utterly failing at gift wrapping the hourglass.

XANDER
(to Buffy)
Did you ever think in a million years you'd miss the high school library?

BUFFY
Someone put a spell on my mom. Something to make it seem like she's sick.

XANDER
That's a new kind of nasty. Any suspects?

BUFFY
Well, I've got the list narrowed down to just under infinity.

Willow carries the hourglass over to Anya, the wrapping paper hanging off it.

WILLOW
Does this look right to you?

ANYA
Sure, if you wrapped it with your feet.

Steven walks up to Anya.

STEVEN
(annoyed)
Like you could do better?

Anya takes the hourglass and starts wrapping it herself.
Willow frowns and turns away.

ANYA
You know, Buffy, there used to be this French sorcerer back in the 16th I-don't-know-what named-

GILES
Cloutier?

ANYA
So cute in his little knickers.
But he had this one spell demons just hated called tirer la couture.

BUFFY
"Rotate many foodstuffs"?

WILLOW
"Pull the curtain back".

ANYA
A spell to see spells... well, a trance to see spells, actually, but you get the idea. Try that.

BUFFY
What do you mean "see" spells?

GILES
Well, all spells leave a trace signature. It's just not perceptible to the human eye. In this case, it could be the image of a hand choking your mother.

ANYA
Or a cloud of mist around her.

WILLOW
Or maybe the shape of the demon
that's performing the spell?

GILES
Possible, yes.

Anya holds up the perfectly-wrapped hourglass, beaming.

STEVEN
(impressed)
Wow.

BUFFY
Okay, so I'll do what Monsieur
Silk Knickers did. I'll go home,
I'll get trancey and I'll see
what's affecting my mom.

WILLOW
I don't know, Buffy. Trances?

GILES
Yes, Buffy, the Sorcerer Cloutier
was legendary. His skills at
achieving higher states of
consciousness were-

BUFFY
Better than mine?
(to Willow)
I knew he was gonna say that.
(to Giles)
But I've been practicing
concentration skills. I know I'm
close.

GILES
(serious)
Are you ready?

BUFFY
It's my mom. I'll get ready.
(to Willow)
What do I need?

CUT TO:

INT. SUMMERS HOME- BUFFY'S ROOM- DAY 13

Buffy sits on the floor in the middle of her bedroom and
dumps out a bag of incense, powders and other magickal
talismans.

BUFFY
Thanks for coming over. I really
appreciate the help.

Riley steps into frame and hunkers down next to her.

RILEY
Sure thing. So what do I do?

BUFFY
Lots. Tons. Lots and lots of tons.
This is all kinda-

RILEY
New terrain?

BUFFY
All prayin', no slayin'. Okay, so
the incense needs to be ignited...
and there's a job. And this stuff
needs to get poured around me in
a circle, counter-clockwise-

RILEY
So you need me to light incense
and pour sand?

BUFFY
Magick incense... and spooky
sand... and the ritual itself is-

RILEY
Something you do alone. You sure
this isn't just your way of
trying to make me feel less- what
are the words?- cute and weak and
kittenish?

BUFFY
Kitteny.

RILEY
Right. Much manlier. Look... I
really am okay.

BUFFY
I know.

RILEY
So I'm not quite Super Guy
anymore. It was borrowed power
anyway. Had to give it back some
time.

BUFFY
I know you can handle yourself. I
just didn't want to see you get
hurt.

RILEY
Maybe instead of you trying to
take care of me, we agree to take
care of each other. Deal?

Buffy smiles and nods.

BUFFY
Done.

She stands and they shake hands. Riley leans over and kisses
her forehead.

RILEY
For luck.

He turns to go but she pulls him back.

BUFFY
Hey, a girl needs more luck than
that.

Riley smiles and kisses her tenderly.

RILEY
Have a nice trip.

He heads out and she closes her bedroom door behind him.

TIME CUT:

Buffy prepares for the ritual: incense is lit, conjuring
powder is poured in a circle on the carpet. She sits, cross-
legged, in the center and places her hands on her knees. She
closes her eyes and begins meditating.

The silence is broken by a knock on the door.

DAWN
(o.s.)
What are you doing?

BUFFY
(frustrated)
My boyfriend. Go away.

DAWN
(o.s.)
Liar. Are you doing magick?

BUFFY
No, I'm not!

CUT TO:

INT. SUMMERS HOME- UPSTAIRS HALLWAY- DAY 14

DAWN
Can I watch?

CUT TO:

INT. SUMMERS HOME- BUFFY'S ROOM- DAY 15

BUFFY
No, you can't!

DAWN
(o.s.)
Oh, come on! Please, please, like
times ten and cubed? Please?

CUT TO:

INT. SUMMERS HOME- UPSTAIRS HALLWAY- DAY 16

Dawn tries to open Buffy's door but Buffy slams it in her face.

DAWN
Yeah, well, I can smell your
stinky incense down the hall, you
know. And your clothes are gonna
reek. And if you are doing
magick, I am so telling.

CUT TO:

INT. SUMMERS HOME- BUFFY'S ROOM- DAY 17

Buffy folds up a towel and shoves it under the crack in the door.

BUFFY
Fine! Go! Go tell. Go do whatever
you want. Just go!

CUT TO:

INT. SUMMERS HOME- UPSTAIRS HALLWAY- DAY 18

Dawn is hurt. Despite everything, she really wants her big sister's approval.

She turns and walks back down the hall, dejected. She goes into her room and slams the door.

CUT TO:

INT. SUMMERS HOME- BUFFY'S ROOM- DAY 19

Buffy returns to the circle, sits, and resumes her meditation.

TIME CUT:

Night. Buffy is still in the lotus position in deep meditation, her trance deepening with each passing moment. Her eyes suddenly snap open and she gets up and leaves her room. The house around her appears grainy, sepia-toned, reality slightly altered.

INT. SUMMERS HOME- UPSTAIRS HALLWAY- NIGHT 20

Buffy makes her way down the hall and stairs to the living room, taking in her surroundings as she goes, the familiar house suddenly appearing strange and new.

INT. SUMMERS HOME- LIVING ROOM- NIGHT 21

Joyce's voice comes to Buffy as if from a great distance. Buffy turns to find Joyce dressed and putting on her overcoat.

JOYCE

Buffy?

BUFFY

Mom? Are you going out?

Buffy studies her mother carefully but sees nothing out of the ordinary.

JOYCE

Well, either modern medicine's working or I just took the world's best placebo. Either way, I'm going out for a couple of hours.

BUFFY

Nothing...

JOYCE

Hmm?

BUFFY

There's nothing.

Buffy stares intently at her mother, trying to detect anything abnormal, but everything seems fine. Her attention is suddenly drawn to a family photograph on the wall behind Joyce. The picture shows Joyce, Buffy and Dawn smiling happily. Dawn's image appears and disappears, flickering in and out of the photo like a bad television reception.

JOYCE

Are you sure you're feeling okay?
You seem a little out of it.
(beat)
Hey... Buffy?

BUFFY

(covers)
Yeah. I'm fine. Long day's all.
You go, have a good time.

Joyce smiles wistfully.

JOYCE

You're so grown up.

Joyce turns and heads out. As soon as she's gone, Buffy immediately finds another family portrait and finds the same thing: Dawn fading in and out.

CUT TO:

INT. SUMMERS HOME- UPSTAIRS HALLWAY- NIGHT 22

Buffy approaches Dawn's room and cautiously opens the door. Dawn is not there and Buffy walks slowly in.

CUT TO:

INT. SUMMERS HOME- DAWN'S ROOM- NIGHT 23

Buffy stands in wonder as the entire room around her shifts back and forth between Dawn's normal teen girl setting and a room full of boxes and odds & ends: an unoccupied storage room. Dawn's voice echoes from far away, calling to Buffy.

DAWN

Buffy? Buffy.

Buffy turns to find Dawn, angry at her intrusion. But Dawn herself is fading in and out of reality along with all her things.

DAWN

Who said you could come in my room?

Buffy finally realizes what's going on.

BUFFY
(cold)
You're not my sister.

FADE OUT

INT. SUMMERS HOME- DAWN'S ROOM- NIGHT 24

Resume. Buffy stares coldly at Dawn.

DAWN
Yeah! Like I even want to be
related to your nasty self-

Buffy rushes forward and seizes Dawn by the arms.

DAWN
Ow! What are you doing?

BUFFY
What are you?

DAWN
Get off me!

BUFFY
You want to hurt me?

DAWN
Let go of me, you freak!

BUFFY
Then you deal with me.

DAWN
I'm telling mom!

BUFFY
You stay away from my mother!

Buffy shoves Dawn against the wall with tremendous force. Dawn stares at Buffy, shocked, and Buffy stares back, her gaze unwavering.

The moment is broken by the ringing of the phone.

CUT TO:

INT. SUMMERS HOME- LIVING ROOM- NIGHT 25

Buffy answers the phone.

BUFFY
What?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. THE MAGIC BOX- NIGHT 26

Giles tries to hear Buffy over the bustle of customers.

GILES

Buffy? Oh, I'm glad I've caught you. I think we may have underestimated what we're dealing with.

Buffy checks to see if Dawn's nearby before answering.

BUFFY

Go on.

GILES

We've uncovered more than expected about this orb. It's called the Dagon Sphere and it has a history going back many centuries.

BUFFY

What's it do?

GILES

It's a protective device, used to ward off ancient primordial evil.

BUFFY

Any word on what this evil looks like?

GILES

Unfortunately, no. This is where-
(to customer)

Excuse me.

(to Buffy)

This is where accounts get vague. All we've managed to uncover so far is the Dagon Sphere was created to repel That Which Cannot Be Named.

BUFFY

I'm going to go back to the factory where I found it. Whoever planted this doohickey's got answers.

GILES

Buffy, you've heard me say this before but do be careful. Anything that goes unnamed is usually an object of deep worship or great fear maybe both. Have you completed the trance? Seen what's harming your mother?

BUFFY

That's the thing... I just saw-

Buffy breaks off when she senses Dawn standing behind her.

GILES

Yes?

BUFFY

Nothing. It didn't work.

She drops the phone in its cradle and faces Dawn.

END INTERCUT

DAWN

What are you talking about?

BUFFY

Slayer stuff. I'm going out.

Buffy heads for the door.

DAWN

Do you really think I care you're the Slayer?

Buffy stops and turns to her.

BUFFY

What's that supposed to mean?

Dawn gives her a cold look.

BUFFY

I'll be home in an hour.

DAWN

Mom's coming back.

BUFFY

(hard)
I'll be back first.

With that, Buffy grabs her jacket and leaves.

CUT TO:

EXT. SUMMERS HOME- FRONT YARD- NIGHT 27

Buffy walks down the front steps and is halfway across the lawn when she stops, sensing something. She reaches behind a tree and yanks SPIKE out into the yard.

BUFFY

Spike.

SPIKE

Hi, Buffy.

BUFFY

Don't take this the wrong way but...

She socks him in the nose.

SPIKE

Ow!

BUFFY

What are you doing here? Five words or less.

Spike counts the words on his fingers.

SPIKE

Out... for... a... walk... bitch.

BUFFY

Out for a walk at night by my house. No one has time for this, William.

SPIKE

On your merry way, then. You know, contrary to one's self-involved world-view, your house happens to be directly between parts... and other parts of this town. And I would pass by in the day but I feel I'm outgrowing my whole "burst into flame" phase.

BUFFY

Fine. Keep going, I cut you a break.

SPIKE

Oh, yeah. Okay, let me guess... you won't kill me? Wooo... the whole crowd-pleasing threats-and-swagger routine. How stunningly original. You know, I'm just passing through. Satisfied? You know, I really hope so because God knows you need some satisfaction in life besides shagging Captain Cardboard and I never really liked you anyway and... and you have stupid hair.

He turns and stalks off into the night leaving Buffy not just a little bit perplexed. She looks down at the base of the tree and notices a dozen or so cigarette butts where Spike was standing. Having no time to worry about it now, Buffy heads off to the factory. She doesn't notice Dawn watching intently from her second-floor window.

CUT TO:

EXT. SUNNYDALE INDUSTRIAL DISTRICT- FACTORY LOT- NIGHT 28

Buffy easily snaps the chain on the fence and heads inside.

INT. SUNNYDALE INDUSTRIAL DISTRICT- FACTORY- NIGHT 29

Buffy flicks on her flashlight and starts exploring the musty corridors of the abandoned building. Eventually, she comes across the tremendous gaping hole in the wall and the twisted remains of the tempered steel door. She examines the wreckage with concern.

CUT TO:

INT. SUMMERS HOME- FOYER- NIGHT 30

Joyce enters, looking pained.

JOYCE

Buffy? Girls?

No answer.

JOYCE

Where is everybody?

She looks in the living room and dining room but sees no one. Suddenly, Dawn is right behind her, holding a teacup and saucer. Joyce starts.

DAWN

Hi, mom.

JOYCE

Oh! Dawn. Where's Buffy?

DAWN

You don't have to worry about her.

JOYCE

You're probably right. I mean, it's not like she's never patrolled before. Anyway, I was feeling kind of- what's the medical term?-crappy. So I called off the big night out.

DAWN

Want tea, mom? I made it for you.

CUT TO:

INT. SUNNYDALE INDUSTRIAL DISTRICT- FACTORY- NIGHT 31

Buffy shines her light over the shattered remains of the blast door, then looks deeper into the room. She sees the monk, semi-conscious and tied to the chair.

BUFFY

Whoa.

She runs to his aid and starts loosening his restraints.

BUFFY

It was you who planted the Dagon Sphere, right? I got it. Don't worry. I'm stronger than I look.

Glory silently approaches Buffy from behind.

BUFFY

I have had experience with stuff like this before. Best of all...

Buffy whirls around and seizes Glory by the throat.

BUFFY

(cold)
I'm not stupid.

Glory gives Buffy a withering look, wrenches Buffy's arm from her neck and backhands the Slayer with such force that she flies 50 feet across the room and impacts the cement wall so hard she cracks it.

Buffy falls to floor and looks up at Glory, stunned at her power.

GLORY
You sure about that last part?

FADE OUT

INT. THE MAGIC BOX- NIGHT 32

The jingling bell signals the departure of the final customer of the evening. Giles, Xander, **Steven** and Willow sit around the reading table, exhausted. Anya is at the register counting the day's receipts.

GILES
Would someone please rip that bloody bell off its hinges?

XANDER
Would that involve moving?

WILLOW
My feet are numb.

STEVEN
I can't move at all.

XANDER
I'll see your numbness and I'll raise you a lower back pain.

GILES
I think I liked it better when demons would just crash in here and tear the place apart. Just seemed so much simpler.

ANYA
You're out of crystal balls. Those babies are really popular with the amateurs. Better restock and raise the price 10%. Make it 15.

GILES
Anya...

ANYA
Your cash register looks like squirrels nest in it.

GILES
Anya...

ANYA

And the Hand of Glory packs some serious raw power. Better institute a seven-day background check for-

GILES

Anya!
(beat)
Would you like a job?

ANYA

Okay.

GILES

Good. Then we can talk shop tomorrow.

ANYA

(smiles)
Okay... boss.

WILLOW

Hey, any word from Buffy on how her spell went?

GILES

She said it didn't work. Now she's off investigating whoever left the Dagon Sphere behind.

STEVEN

Hopefully she can find it.

XANDER

You're not worried about the Slaymaster General, are you Big G?

GILES

No, no. I just hope she isn't doing anything too rash.

CUT TO:

INT. SUNNYDALE INDUSTRIAL DISTRICT- FACTORY- NIGHT 33

Buffy slams into the cement wall again, face first. The wall cracks under the impact. Glory strides toward her and seizes her by the shoulders.

GLORY

And another thing? I just want you to know...

She slams Buffy into a support pillar and pummels her.

GLORY

The whole "beat ya to death"
thing I'm doing? It's valuable
time out of life that I'm never
gonna get back.

Buffy tries to fight back but Glory grabs both her arms and wrenches them downward. Buffy cries out in pain.

GLORY

Wait, I've always wanted to try
this. You know that thing with
worms where if you have one, you
rip it in half, you got two worms?
Do you think that'll work with you?

Buffy slams her head into Glory's face and breaks free.
Glory cries out in shock.

GLORY

You hit me! What, are you crazy?

Buffy presses the attack, hitting and kicking for all she's worth, forcing Glory backward, but her blows seem more to offend Glory than injure her.

GLORY

You can't go around hitting
people. What, were you born in a
barn? Fine. Be that way.

Glory easily blocks Buffy's next blow and swings her around into the wall. She sends a blow for Buffy's head but the Slayer ducks at the last instant and Glory's fist punches through the concrete. Glory picks Buffy up by the throat and holds her there, gasping for air.

GLORY

I just noticed something. You
have super powers. That is so
cool. Can you fly?

She hurls Buffy clear across the room where she lands, dazed, next to the dying monk. Buffy gets to her feet and prepares to engage Glory again but realizes her priority is the monk. She helps him out of the chair.

GLORY

Hey! Hands off my holy man!

Buffy picks him up and runs toward the window. Realizing what Buffy is about to do, Glory charges after them. She's too late: Buffy crashes through the window with the monk and tumbles to the ground below.

Glory stumbles to a halt when the heel on her shoe breaks off. She takes off the shoe and glowers at it in frustration.

CUT TO:

EXT. SUNNYDALE INDUSTRIAL DISTRICT- FACTORY LOT- NIGHT 34

Buffy helps the monk up and they escape across the parking lot.

CUT TO:

INT. SUNNYDALE INDUSTRIAL DISTRICT- FACTORY- NIGHT 35

Glory whips her shoe across the room in a fit of rage and stomps her feet. The tremendous force from her blow cracks the floor and she looks up as the support beams shatter and the ceiling comes crashing down on her.

GLORY
(no audible dialogue)
Oh, shi-

CUT TO:

EXT. SUNNYDALE INDUSTRIAL DISTRICT- FACTORY LOT- NIGHT 36

A cloud of dust roils out of the shattered window above as Buffy helps the critically injured monk across the lot.

MONK
Stop. Please.

BUFFY
No. We have to keep going.

They stumble across the lot to the chain-link fence surrounding the property. The monk collapses against it, gasping.

MONK
My journey's done, I think.

BUFFY
Don't get metaphory on me. We're going.

She tries to lift him again but he stops her.

MONK

You have to... the Key. You must protect the Key.

BUFFY

Fine. We can protect the Key together, okay, just far, far from here.

MONK

Many more die if you don't keep it safe.

BUFFY

How? What is it?

MONK

The Key is energy. It's a portal. It opens the door...

BUFFY

The Dagon Sphere?

MONK

No. For centuries it had no form at all. My brethren, its only keepers. Then the abomination found us. We had to hide the Key, gave it form, molded it flesh... made it human and sent it to you.

Buffy stares at him in shock as the realization sinks in.

BUFFY

Dawn...

MONK

She's the Key.

BUFFY

You put that in my house?

MONK

We knew the Slayer would protect.

BUFFY

My memories... my mom's?

MONK

We built them.

BUFFY
 (angry)
 Then un-build them! This is my
 life you're-

The monk starts coughing heavily. He's fading fast.

MONK
 You cannot abandon.

BUFFY
 I didn't ask for this! I don't
 even know... what is she?

MONK
 Human... now human. And helpless.
 Please... she's an innocent in
 this. She needs you.

BUFFY
 She's not my sister?

MONK
 She doesn't know that.

The monk exhales one last time and dies. Buffy is stunned,
 her life turned upside down.

CUT TO:

INT. SUMMERS HOME- FOYER- NIGHT 37

Buffy enters, still somewhat in a daze. She finds her mother
 and Dawn together on the couch in the living room.

JOYCE
 You're home.

Dawn gets up and leaves the room.

DAWN
 I wasn't bothering her.

JOYCE
 What was that all about?

BUFFY
 Nothing.
 (beat)
 Sister stuff.

Buffy turns and follows Dawn up the stairs.

CUT TO:

INT. SUMMERS HOME- UPSTAIRS HALLWAY- NIGHT 38

Buffy knocks on Dawn's bedroom door.

DAWN

(o.s.)

Go away.

CUT TO:

INT. SUMMERS HOME- DAWN'S ROOM- NIGHT 39

Buffy opens the door and stands in the threshold. Dawn sits quietly on her bed.

BUFFY

I'm sorry.

DAWN

You hurt my arm.

BUFFY

I know.

DAWN

Butthole.

BUFFY

Really sorry.

DAWN

I tell you I have this theory? It goes where you're the one who's not my sister. 'Cause mom adopted you from a shoebox full of baby howler monkeys and never told you 'cause it could hurt your delicate baby feelings.

Buffy takes a few steps into the room.

BUFFY

That's your theory?

DAWN

Explains your fashion sense. And your smell.

BUFFY

(sincere)

I'm sorry, okay?

DAWN

Broken record much?

BUFFY
You can't even take an apology.
You always do that. Ever since-

Buffy stops herself and sits down next to Dawn.

BUFFY
I just had a bad day.

DAWN
Well, join the club.

BUFFY
Can I be president?

DAWN
I'm president. You could be the
janitor.

BUFFY
(smiles)
Okay.

Buffy reaches up and strokes Dawn's hair.

DAWN
Buffy?

BUFFY
Yeah?

DAWN
What's wrong with mom?

BUFFY
I don't know.

Buffy and Dawn share a troubled look as Buffy continues
stroking her sister's hair.

FADE TO BLACK