

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

Tough Love

A Buffy the Vampire Slayer episode written by Rebecca Rand Kirshner and transcribed by Joan the English Chick (pisces@englishchick.com). Original Air Date: May 1, 2001

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

Teaser

Episode opens on the UC Sunnydale campus. Exterior of a building, students walking around and talking.

Cut to a classroom. Close shot of a pair of hands fiddling with a slide projector. In the background the door opens and Buffy comes in. We see students leaving. The person at the slide projector is the professor. Buffy walks over to him.

BUFFY
Professor Lillian?

PROFESSOR
Buffy.

BUFFY
I'm sorry that I missed the
lecture today.
(professor continues
struggling with the
slide machine)
Was it good?

He gives her a look.

BUFFY

Um, of course it was.
(He returns to fiddling)
D-do you want me to try?

PROFESSOR

Yes, thanks, the ...
(gesturing vaguely)
slide is stuck in the ... thing.

BUFFY

Okay.
(begins pulling at the slide)
Um, I just ... came by to tell
you that ... I have to drop this
class. Um, all my classes
actually. I'm not finishing the
semester. I wish it ... um ... I
just, I can't be in school right
now. I, I have to take care of my
sister.

PROFESSOR

(nods)
Yes, I, I thought you might. I
was very sorry to hear about your
loss.

Buffy looks pensive for a moment, then reaches for her bag.

BUFFY

Um, I have these forms from the
registrar's office that I need
you to sign.

She gives him the papers.

PROFESSOR

Oh ... yes.

He puts the papers on the table, puts on his glasses to read
them. Buffy waits while he signs the papers and gives them
back.

BUFFY

Thanks.

She puts them in her bag as the professor takes his glasses
back off. Then she looks back up at him.

PROFESSOR

Is there something else?

BUFFY

No. Yes. Yeah. Um ... I wanted to tell you ... how much I enjoyed this class.

(resumes pulling at the slide projector)

I mean, I know that I wasn't the best student, but ... I really learned a lot. Uh, and I really like poetry.

(shot of her hands on the projector)

I really do.

The stuck slide pops out and goes flying across the room.

BUFFY

(embarrassed)

Oh, sorry.

PROFESSOR

(smiles)

I'm glad you like poetry, Buffy.

BUFFY

I wish I had time for it. But I just ... don't right now.

PROFESSOR

Well, maybe short poems.

BUFFY

Yeah! Like, like those, those Japanese ones that, that, um, sound like a sneeze?

PROFESSOR

Haiku?

BUFFY

Right. Maybe those. A-and hopefully I'll be back next semester.

Cut to Ben rushing down the hospital hallways, looking anxious.

BUFFY VOICEOVER

When I'm more myself again.

Ben approaches two doctors who are standing there looking at a clipboard. One wears a white lab coat, the other blue scrubs. They seem to be waiting for Ben.

DOCTOR
Benjamin. This is a pleasant surprise.

BEN
I'm sorry I'm late.

DOCTOR
You're not late.

BEN
(looks at his watch)
But sir-

DOCTOR
You can't be late to a job that you don't have.
(gives the clipboard to the other doctor who walks away)
Interestingly enough, I've decided to give your job to someone who'll actually do it.
(Ben sighs in annoyance)
Honest to God, Ben! I've been calling you for two weeks. Where the hell have you been? I didn't wanna ... I'm sorry to fire you, but I need somebody I can count on.

BEN
(surprised)
I haven't been here...
(resigned)
I haven't been here in two weeks.
(hopefully)
There's an explanation for this. Which ... I ... can't exactly give you. I - can I just tell you it's not my fault?

DOCTOR
(nods)
Sure. You can also tell me that the dog ate your homework, or maybe eating Twinkies made you do it, or ... maybe yeah, that there's really a wicked demonic creature living inside you that takes control of your body and forces you to do its bidding.
(sighs)
Take responsibility for your actions, Ben!

BEN
I ... this ...
(angrily)
you know, forget it. Just forget it.

He turns to walk away. Fast-cut to Ben cleaning out his locker, angrily throwing clothes into a bag while talking to himself.

BEN
This is so unfair. You're taking everything away from me. Everything I worked for, I earned, I care about. These are my choices, this is my life, and you're ruining it!
(pauses, shakes his head)
No. No. Not here. Not now, please.
(puts his hands to his face)
I'm Ben. I'm Ben. I'm Ben.

He continues to repeat this phrase while turning to bang his hand against the side of the locker. Focus on his hand as it shrinks and becomes Glory's hand. Pan over to Glory standing where Ben was. She looks around with a small smile.

GLORY
I'm hungry.

Wolf howl. Opening credits.

Guest starring Clare Kramer, Charlie Weber, Troy T. Blendell, Anne Betancourt, Leland Crooke, and Amber Benson as Tara. Written by Rebecca Rand Kirshner, directed by David Grossman.

Act I

Open on Glory taking a bubble bath. Beside the bathtub three of her demons are kneeling, with blindfolds over their eyes. One holds a tray with a wine glass on it, another holds a large box of chocolate.

GLORY
(happy sigh)
We got this part right, that's for sure. Lot of sucky things in this dimension -- bubble baths? Not one of 'em.
(blows some bubbles)
Know what I mean?

JINX

I am in thunderous agreement, oh
glittering, glistening Glorificus.

GLORY

I wasn't talking to you.

SLOOK

Uh, begging your pardon, and
begging in general, but ... were
you talking to me?

GLORY

Eww. Yeah, right. Like any of you
have ever bathed, anyway.

SLOOK

Oh, but we do, your
scrumptiousness. We bathe in your
splendiferous radiance, your
aromatic-

GLORY

How about you shut up and listen
to me, you disgusting little
fools?

(all three bow their heads)
Okay. Now, I asked for the key,
and you brought me a vampire. A
pulseless, impure, follicly-fried
vampire. Loofah!

Slook produces a large loofah and gives it to her. She
begins scrubbing her leg.

GLORY

So, what I think we have here is
a failure for you to do your
frickin' jobs, pardon my French.

(shoves the loofah
back into Slook's hand)
Mimosa.

Murk holds out the tray and Glory takes the glass.

GLORY

Mmm ...

(sips, smiles)

Vitamins.

(briskly)

So I think you better rack your little minion brains, and tell me everything that you saw when you were spying on Buffy and her wacky pals. Everything. Mm. Then I'll figure out who the key is.

BUFFY VOICEOVER

You lied to me?

Cut to head-shot of Dawn sitting in a chair.

DAWN

Didn't ... lie ... e-exactly.

BUFFY

(OS)

Really.

Cut to head-shot of Buffy sitting next to her.

BUFFY

What about all the times I asked you how school was and you said "fine"?

DAWN

Well, it was!

(softly)

You didn't ask if I was in it when it was fine.

We see a woman sitting behind a desk with a nameplate saying "Principal Stevens." Buffy and Dawn sit in chairs on the other side of the desk. Buffy sighs.

BUFFY

I-I don't know what to say. I-I'm sure you're aware that the past few months, you know, have been kind of hard for Dawn. Not that I'm saying that's an excuse.

PRINCIPAL

I understand. Your mother was a lovely woman and we'll all miss her very much. I know how difficult it must be.

BUFFY
It is. Especially for Dawn. She-
she's just a kid.

PRINCIPAL
Well ... I think we both know
that Dawn is a lot more than
"just a kid."

Dawn looks alarmed, looks over at Buffy, who returns the look.

PRINCIPAL
(leans forward)
She's a talented young girl ...
with a sharp mind ...
(to Dawn)
when she puts the effort in.

Dawn looks away in relief.

BUFFY
Look. I realize that there's been
some ball-dropping, but I'm sure
this will all-

PRINCIPAL
Dawn, why don't you wait outside
for a few minutes?

Dawn looks very scared. She looks over at Buffy, who gives her a nod. Dawn gets up and leaves. Buffy watches her go with a sigh.

The principal gives Buffy a stern look. Buffy faces her head-on.

Cut to: interior magic shop, day. Xander and Willow sit at the table, he's reading a comic book and she's reading something else. In the background there's an older couple walking around browsing. The camera pans around to reveal Anya on the other side of the table, standing, watching the customers. **Steven is walking around, looking at the different books.**

Shot of the customers examining the merchandise.

Shot of Anya watching them, partly hidden behind a display case.

XANDER
Honey.

Anya whirls around to face him.

XANDER
 Old saying. "A watched customer
 never buys."

ANYA
 They would if they were patriotic.

Steven walks up to Anya.

STEVEN
 (grins)
**It's actually "A watched pot
 never boils", but it works for
 this situation.**

Xander and Willow both put down their reading material, look
 at Anya, then look at each other.

XANDER
 (to Willow)
 Okay, I'm goin' in.
 (to Anya)
 Patriotic?

ANYA
 Yes. I've recently come to
 realize there's more to me than
 just being human.
 (proudly)
 I'm also an American.

Giles appears, holding a cup of tea.

GILES
 Yes, I suppose you are, in a
 manner of speaking. You were born
 here -- your mortal self.

He walks past her.

ANYA
 Well, that's right, foreigner.
 (Giles gives her a look)
 So I've been reading a lot about
 the good ol' us of A
 (she says "us" not "U.S.")
 , embracing the extraordinarily
 precious ideology that's helped
 to shape and define it.

WILLOW
 Democracy?

ANYA

Capitalism. The free market depends on the profitable exchange of goods for currency.

(Xander and Willow exchange an amused look)
It's a system of symbiotic beauty apparently lost on these old people.

(turns to look back at the customers)
Look at 'em. Perusing the shelves. Undressing the merchandise with their eyeballs

(turns back to the others)
all ogle, no cash. It's not just annoying, it's unAmerican.

Giles comes over to her and peers past her at the customers.

GILES

Appalling. Almost as if they no longer think money can buy happiness.

He walks off.

ANYA

Totally unAmerican. Oh, and you know what else is unAmerican? French people.

STEVEN

(sarcastic)
Naw...really?

WILLOW

You don't say.

ANYA

From what I hear, they don't tip. Now, French old people? That's *really* the bottom of the barrel, you know?

XANDER

Ahn, how's about we try being a bit less prejudiced, and a bit more inclusive? Not us,
(indicates himself and Willow, then points to Anya)
just you.

ANYA

Fine. I'm gonna make those fogeys
buy things.

STEVEN

Good luck.

She turns and walks toward the customers. The door opens and Buffy enters, followed by Dawn. Buffy gives Anya a little wave as they head down the stairs toward the table.

XANDER

Hey, what's up? It's Dawn
Giovanni and the Buffster.

DAWN

(sullen)
Hi.

BUFFY

Hey everybody.

GILES

I trust everything went well at
the university?

BUFFY

Yep, I'm, uh, all dropped out.
(she and Dawn sit at
the table)

XANDER

Good on you. Welcome to the real
world. Lot of fun to be had on
the outside.
(looks at Willow)
You'll see.

BUFFY

Well, it's just for now. I mean,
I'm thinking that I'm probably
gonna go back next semester.

XANDER

And that's cool too. Whatever you
choose, you've got my support.
Just think of me as ...
(MORE)

XANDER (CONT'D)
 (nervous laugh)
 as your ...
 (frowns; Buffy looks
 curiously at him)
 You know, I'm searching for
 supportive things, and I'm comin'
 up all bras, so...
 (Buffy smiles)
 something slightly more manly,
 think of me as that.

STEVEN
 (grins)
 How 'bout a jockstrap?

Shot of Dawn not smiling.

XANDER
 (quietly)
 Seriously. Whatever you need.

BUFFY
 Thank you. Actually, I need to
 talk to Giles alone for a minute.
 (Giles looks up from
 his tea and newspaper)

XANDER
 (OS)
 Cool, that's cool.

BUFFY
 (stands)
 Uh, Dawn, why don't you get
 started on your homework? Uh, if
 you need help,
 (turns to Willow)
 Will, could you?
 (Willow nods)
 Okay.

Buffy and Giles walk out as Dawn opens her schoolbag.

Cut to the workout room. Buffy sits on the sofa in the
 background with her chin in her hand as Giles toys with the
 punching bag in the foreground.

BUFFY
 I just don't know what I'm gonna
 do. I mean, she's messing up ...
 I'm messing up ... it's a mess.

GILES

You're just going to have to put
your foot down with her.

BUFFY

I try. It's just ... my foot's
not used to being put down.

(turns to Giles)

I want you to do it.

(Giles sighs)

You can be the foot-putting-downer.

GILES

No, Buffy, I don't think I can.

BUFFY

Please? Pretty please?

(desperately)

I mean, your foot is way bigger
than mine! And you're so much
more a grownup than me. Dawn
needs an authority figure. A
strong guiding hand. She'll
listen to you.

GILES

(scoffs)

Just like you always have.

BUFFY

I listen!

Giles gives her a look.

BUFFY

(pouts)

I do.

GILES

(removes his glasses,
sits next to her)

Well, then perk up your ears. I
may be a grownup, but you're her
family. Her only real family now.
She needs you to do this.

BUFFY

(nervous)

Right. She needs me.

(Giles looks sympathetic)

Me, the ... grownup.

(more confidently)

The authority figure. The, the
strong guiding hand and, and
stompy foot that is me.

GILES

That's the spirit.

BUFFY

(small smile)

Okay.

(nods)

I can do this.

(gets up)

GILES

(gets up)

I know you can.

They walk a few steps toward the door, then Buffy whirls
around to face Giles.

BUFFY

Please?

GILES

No.

He takes her shoulders, turns her around. She takes a deep
breath.

BUFFY

Okay.

(Giles nods)

Here we go.

Pause. Then she begins to walk again. Giles follows, still
with hands on her shoulders.

BUFFY

(reciting)

Early to bed, early to rise,
balanced breakfast, hospital
corners. It's a new beginning.

Cut to the main room as Buffy and Giles emerge.

BUFFY
Discipline. Authority. Order.

We hear giggling.

Buffy looks into the main room and discovers Xander, Anya, and Willow lying on the floor head-to-toe forming a triangle. Dawn stands in the middle. All are giggling. Dawn sees Buffy and stops laughing.

BUFFY
(storms forward)
What is this? I thought I told
you to do your homework!

The others gets up from the floor.

DAWN
I was.

BUFFY
(folds her arms)
Please don't lie to me.

DAWN
I'm not.

Giles, Xander, and Anya move away into the shop.

WILLOW
We were acting out a geometry
problem, 'cause I read this
really neat article that said
kids learn math better if you,
you stimulate their, uh, visual
learning pattern. You know, using
the right side of the brain
instead of just the left?

Buffy still looks stern and unamused.

WILLOW
(OS)
Stuff like that.

STEVEN
That actually does work, Buff.

BUFFY
Uh-huh.

WILLOW

So we made a triangle with our bodies, and that's when I called Xander obtuse, and he got really grumpy

(smiling; Dawn giggles)
and then Dawn said we were "acute" triangle, and, well, hilarity ensued.

BUFFY

Right. Well, you know what I think? I think maybe Dawn should do her homework at home.

Both Willow and Dawn stop smiling, look disappointed.

DAWN

B-but it was working. I was really learning.

BUFFY

Please get your stuff.

Dawn scowls, looks at Willow.

DAWN

Fine. Don't listen to me.
(goes to get her stuff)

WILLOW

(walking over to Buffy)
Please don't be grouchy with her. Who among us can resist the allure of really funny math puns?

BUFFY

It's really important that Dawn finishes her schoolwork right now.

Shot of Dawn listening to them from the table.

WILLOW

(OS)
Yeah, I know, but...

Dawn turns back to her stuff as Willow glances at her.

WILLOW

We were having good clean educational fun, and then all of a sudden it was all gloom and doom and the outlawing of human triangles.

BUFFY

(firmly)

It's **really** important that Dawn finishes her schoolwork right now.

WILLOW

I know it is, and I'm a big fan of school. You know me! I'm like,
(sings)
"Go school! It's your birthday!"
Or something to that effect.

BUFFY

Look, Willow, I know that you mean well, but you just don't understand, and there's no way that you could.

WILLOW

I do so understand, it ... you're stressed out.

BUFFY

I'm more than stressed out. I'm freaked out.

WILLOW

Yeah, well, maybe you need a break to de-freak. Hey, you could go to the World's Culture fair if you want to, with me and Tara.

BUFFY

(quietly)

I don't think so.

WILLOW

Come on. You can bring Dawn. It'll be fun. Good, educational-type fun in a discipline-y sort of way.

BUFFY

I can't do it, Will. Don't worry. It's not like I don't have a life. I do. I have Dawn's life.

Buffy walks over to the table where Dawn stands, holding her stuff. Buffy picks up her bag without breaking her stride.

BUFFY

Ready?

Dawn looks sullen, turns and falls into step behind Buffy. She casts a look over her shoulder at Willow as they leave.

Cut to: close shot of Glory in her apartment.

GLORY

So it's her. Under our noses all this time. I like the detail work those monks did.

(smiling)

Quirks, foibles, passions ... it's all so cute, so ... human. You know?

We see that she's sitting on the sofa with the three monks standing before her. They all nod and smile.

GLORY

Pretty convincing really.

(ponders)

But not convincing enough.

She slowly stands up and looks each demon in the eye.

GLORY

You all know your assignments.

(smiles widely)

I think it's time to collect the key.

She whirls around and begins to walk out. The monks follow her in single-file.

Blackout.

Act II

Open on Willow and Tara's dorm room. Tara is looking in the closet for clothing while Willow sits on the bed putting on her shoes.

WILLOW

It wasn't anything really. Buffy was just a little crabby at Dawn about her schoolwork.

TARA
Well, it's understandable.
(puts something on the
bed, turns back to
close the closet door)

WILLOW
Yeah, sure it is. I'd totally be
blowing off classes if I were in
Dawnie's shoes.

TARA
(smiles)
Sweetie, you wouldn't blow off a
class if your head was on fire.
(goes over to the sink)
And, I meant Buffy.

WILLOW
(putting on earrings)
Buffy what?

TARA
Understandable about the crabby.
She has to look after Dawn now.

WILLOW
(putting on a jacket)
Yeah, but not in a Miss Minchin's
Select Seminary For Girls way. I
mean, she's just gonna make
Dawnie more rebellious.

TARA
I had to deal with my brother's
problems after ... I mean, you
can't really know what it's like
to-

WILLOW
Yeah, I know that.

Tara makes a noise of displeasure, frowns, sits on the bed
next to Willow.

TARA
I, I didn't mean to-

WILLOW
No, I just ... I ... I know I
can't know what you went through.
(MORE)

WILLOW (CONT'D)

(Tara frowns)
But I just ...
(fake laugh)
It's no big.

TARA

I made you mad.

WILLOW

No. No.

TARA

All I meant was-

WILLOW

No, it's okay. This whole Buffy thing, let's just forget it.

TARA

No, please. I mean, I mean, tell me if I said something wrong, otherwise I know I'll say it again. Probably often and in public.

WILLOW

No, I was snippy gal. It's just ... I know I can't ... on some level ...
(sighs)
it's like my opinion isn't worth anything because I haven't been through ...
(sighs)
I didn't lose my mom, so I don't know.

TARA

Well ... I-I'm not the expert. I mean, I've only lost the one.

Willow gives a sympathetic smile. Tara looks anxious.

TARA

(uncertainly)
Do ... I act like ... the big knowledge woman?

Wide shot of the two of them sitting on the bed, facing each other, with at least a foot separating them.

WILLOW

(weakly)
No.

TARA
Is that no spelled Y-E-S?

WILLOW
S-O-R-T of.
(Tara frowns)
I mean, I just feel like the-the
junior partner. You've been doing
everything longer than me. You've
been out longer ... you've been
practicing witchcraft way longer.

TARA
Oh, but you're way beyond me
there! In just a few- I mean ...
it frightens me how powerful
you're getting.

WILLOW
(frowns)
That's a weird word.

TARA
(nervous smile)
"Getting"?

WILLOW
It frightens you? *I* frighten you?

TARA
(jumps up from the bed)
That is *so* not what I meant. I
meant i-impresses - impressive.

WILLOW
Well, I took Psych 101. I mean, I
took it from an evil government
scientist who was skewered by her
Frankenstein-like creation before
the final, but I know what a
Freudian slip is.

Tara looks upset.

WILLOW
D-don't you trust me?

TARA
With my life.

WILLOW
That's not what I mean.

TARA

Can't we just go to the fair?

WILLOW

I don't feel real multicultural
right now.

(stands up)

Wh ... what is it about me that
you don't trust?

TARA

It's not that. I worry, sometimes.
You're, you're changing so much,
so fast. I don't know where
you're heading.

WILLOW

Where I'm heading?

TARA

I'm saying everything wrong.

WILLOW

No, I think you're being pretty
clear. This isn't about the
witchcraft. It's about the other
changes in my life.

TARA

I trust you. I just ...

(looks down)

I don't know where I'm gonna fit
in ... in your life when...

WILLOW

When ... I change back? Yeah,
this is a college thing, just a,
a little experimentation before I
get over the thrill and head back
to boys' town.

Pause.

WILLOW

You think that?

TARA

Should I?

WILLOW

I'm really sorry that I didn't establish my lesbo street cred before I got into this relationship. You're the only woman I've ever fallen in love with, so ... how on earth could you ever take me seriously?

She walks toward the door.

TARA

Willow, please!

WILLOW

Have fun at the fair.

Willow storms out. Tara stands there looking upset.

There is a knock on the door.

Tara goes to answer it.

TARA

Steven.

STEVEN

Tara...

(notices her)
What's wrong?

TARA

N--nothing.

She sighs.

STEVEN

I'm, um...I just came by to ask you if you wanted to go to the fair.

TARA

Yeah, I--I was actually gonna go anyway.

STEVEN

Want some company?

Cut to: exterior Summers house, day. A couple of Glory's demons walk up the front porch, over to the side window, kneel down and look in the window. Inside we see the living room. Dawn is sitting at the table while Buffy stands.

The camera moves in through the window. Buffy is folding dish towels on the table while Dawn is doing homework.

BUFFY

Okay, so, I-I think the next step is to make a chart. A schedule.

(Dawn gives her an angry look)

I'll write down all the things you're supposed to do, and when you have to do them, and then I'll leave a box next to it, which you can mark with an X when you've accomplished the task.

Dawn stares at her with a sullen expression.

BUFFY

What? You want gold stars?

(rolls her eyes)

Okay. You can have gold stars.

DAWN

I don't want gold stars.

(scoffs)

I don't want any of this.

She puts down her pencil and crosses her arms. Buffy pauses in her towel-folding.

BUFFY

I'm just trying to give you a normal life.

DAWN

(sarcastic)

Well, good luck.

Dawn returns to her schoolwork. Buffy stands and stares at her. Dawn pauses, looks up warily.

DAWN

What?

(rolls eyes, sits back)

What am I doing wrong now?

BUFFY

This is for real, Dawn.

DAWN

No, it's not. I'm not real, so why would my exciting graph of chores be real? Who cares if a key gets an education anyway?

(slams her textbook shut, folds her arms again)

BUFFY

It's a chart. Not a graph. And you are real.

DAWN

Yeah? Those monks put grades K through eight in my head. Can't we just wait and see if they drop nine in there too?

Buffy slams her hand down on the table, making Dawn jump and wince.

BUFFY

Damn it, Dawn. This is serious.

DAWN

Why? Why should I care about any of this?

BUFFY

Because they'll take you away!

Beat. Long shot of the two of them facing off across the table. Dawn unfolds her arms and looks scared.

DAWN

Take me away? What do you mean?

BUFFY

(softly)

They'll take you away from me. That's what your principal told me when you weren't in the room. If I can't make you go to school, then I won't be found fit to be your legal guardian.

She resumes folding towels. Dawn absorbs this for a moment.

DAWN

Where would I go?

BUFFY

(softly)

I don't know. Dad maybe ... or foster care ... I, I didn't really want to ask.

DAWN

(pause, scoffs)

You could've told me that.

BUFFY

I just did.

Buffy continues folding as Dawn sits there.

Fade to a park, day. Balloons and paper lanterns are hanging from trees. People are walking around, some in costume, some holding carnival prizes. A group of cheerleaders waving pompoms. A group of Chinese men dancing with a large paper dragon. Flags of many nations hang from a wire above. Soft sad music over faint crowd noises.

Shot of Tara sitting alone on a park bench, at the far right of it, looking sad.

Steven walks up to her.

STEVEN

Hey.

He walks over and kneels next to her.

STEVEN

Having fun?

TARA

Not really...

STEVEN

Anything I can do?

TARA

Can you go and get me something to drink?

STEVEN

Sure. I'll be right back.
Anything in particular?

TARA

Nope.

STEVEN

Got it. I'll be right back.

He gets up and walks away.

Cut to: magic shop. Giles walks over to the counter carrying two cups of tea, goes behind the counter where Anya is doing paperwork, gives her a mug. Pan across to a corner where Willow sits on the floor, beside a bookcase, amongst a pile of cushions, looking sad. Sad music continues.

Cut back to Tara on the bench. She looks idly off to her left.

Shot of Tara's right hand lying on the bench. Another hand appears and slips into Tara's. The fingers entwine together.

Tara smiles, looks down at the entwined hands, then looks up at the face and stops smiling. The sad music stops.

GLORY

Is this seat taken?

Tara gasps in fear.

Steven hears her gasp and turns around.

STEVEN

Oh, no...Tara...

Cut back to magic shop. Willow walks around the corner toward the counter. Giles is opening a box.

GILES

I hope this isn't a return.
Everyone wants petrified hamsters
and they're never happy with them.

Willow leans on the counter still looking sad. Giles notices her expression.

GILES

You all right?

WILLOW

Yeah.

GILES

Ah yes, because your good mood is
both obvious and contagious.

WILLOW

I had a fight with Tara. It was
awful.

GILES

Oh, I'm sorry.
(takes the box and
walks toward the
shelves behind the counter)

WILLOW

(OS)
Me too.

GILES

You two don't quarrel much, do you?

WILLOW
Never. Until today.

GILES
Well, now it's over.

WILLOW
(very upset)
Over? How can it be over? I just found her!

GILES
The quarrel is over.

WILLOW
(quieter)
Oh. Yeah.

GILES
Uh, you'll feel better when you've made your apologies and you'll know that you can fight without the world ending.
(walks toward the rear door)
I know it all seems bleak now, but as they say, this too...

Giles opens the door to discover one of Glory's demons, Slook, who was listening at the door. Slook falls into the room.

GILES
...shall pass.

Willow and Anya both stare.

Cut to: Giles holding the demon by the ear, dragging him into the shop and throwing him into a chair. Willow and Anya rush over.

ANYA
Wow!

GILES
Now, what do we have here?

ANYA
Oh, he's one of those things that work for Glory!

GILES
Yes. How helpful.

SLOOK

I do indeed work for the god. Let me go if you do not wish to incur her anger.

GILES

Well, she's not here. What a marvelous opportunity for you and me to talk.

SLOOK

I will not betray Glorificus. I will never talk, no matter what heinous torture-

GILES

Actually, you're talking quite a lot, just not about the right things. Tell us why you're here.

SLOOK

No words shall pass my lips that will bring peril to Glorificus.

Giles doesn't take his eyes off the demon, but points with his hand.

GILES

Girls, get the twine that's on the counter, let's tie him up.

Willow and Anya turn away. We hear some sort of rustling noise and Slook begins to sob. The girls turn back in amazement.

SLOOK

No, no! I'll tell you! Anything! Please! Whatever you want! Just, I'll, anything!

The girls walk back over.

ANYA

What happened?

GILES

He changed his mind.

SLOOK

I'm ... I'm supposed to watch. We're watching the Slayer's people ... while Glory fetches the key.

Everyone looks alarmed.

WILLOW
Glory knows who the key is?

GILES
Oh god.
(removes his glasses)

ANYA
We've got to call Buffy.

SLOOK
Too late. Too late. Glorificus
will find the witch, and there's
nothing you can do to stop her.

ANYA
Witch? What do you mean?

WILLOW
(horrified)
Tara!

Willow turns to run out.

SLOOK
She's the new one among you. It
wasn't hard to figure out. The
glorious one will have found her
by now.

GILES
(yells)
Willow, wait! I'll go with-

WILLOW
No! Call Buffy a-and go look in
Tara's room, I'm gonna check the
fair.

She runs out.

Cut back to the fair. Glory is still sitting beside Tara and
holding her hand as Tara looks at her with fear.

GLORY
Oh, this is nice. Just hangin'
out, just us girls. You like that
sort of thing, don't you?

Shot of their entwined hands. Glory squeezes and we hear
bones cracking. Tara winces in pain.

TARA

Aah...

GLORY

Don't ... make a sound.

Tara gasps and whimpers as Glory looks around at the other fair attendees. The people walk around not seeming to notice anything.

GLORY

Nah. They won't help you. I'd kill them. You know that.

Tara looks around desperately. Shot of three bicycle cops riding away. Overhead shot of the fair.

GLORY

There's no one here that can stop me.

STEVEN

(from behind her)

Guess again.

Glory grabs Steven and digs her nails into his neck.

STEVEN

(groaning in pain)

Ahh...

GLORY

(menacingly)

Hurts, doesn't it?

We hear a *pop* noise, and Steven falls unconscious.

Tara continues gasping and panting.

GLORY

I'll kill her
 (shot of a random woman)
 and ... and them
 (shot of a random couple)
 I'll kill him, and her and her,
 (laughs)
 and it'll all be your fault.

Shot of their hands. Glory's nails dig in and Tara's blood begins to drip out between their fingers.

Tara continues whimpering softly in pain and breathing erratically.

GLORY

Kinda funny, isn't it? All these people here and ... no one who can do a thing. Not a person who can help you.

Tara whimpers and turns her head to look at Glory.

GLORY

But that's people for ya. They're pretty worthless.

(watches some people go by)

But keys, on the other hand ... keys are worth a very lot.

Glory smiles and brings their clenched hands up to lick off some of the blood. Then she makes a disgusted face and spits.

GLORY

You lying little tramp! You're not the key, you're nothing! Just another worthless human being!

TARA

I didn't-

GLORY

I hate being lied to. It makes me feel so betrayed.

(considers)

Hey!

(turns back to Tara)

You wanna make it all better?

Tara looks at her with fear.

GLORY

If you tell me who the key really is ... I'll let you go.

Tara looks alarmed. Glory gives her hand another squeeze and she whimpers again as we hear more bones crack.

GLORY

Think about it. You think your hand hurts? Imagine what you'd feel with my fingers wiggling in your brain.

(Tara looks very scared)

It doesn't kill you. What it does ... is make you feel like you're in a noisy little dark room ...

(MORE)

GLORY (CONT'D)
(Glory frowns and
fidgets uncomfortably)
naked and ashamed ... and there
are things in the dark that need
to hurt you because you're bad ...
little pinching things that go in
your ears ...
(Tara begins to cry)
and crawl on the inside of your
skull. And you know ... that if
the noise and the crawling would
stop ... that you could remember
how to get out.

Glory contemplates this as Tara continues to cry quietly.
Then Glory turns to look at Tara again.

GLORY
But you never, ever will.

Glory squeezes her hand again and Tara gives another cry of
pain.

GLORY
Who ... is ... the key?

Tara forces herself to stop crying and look Glory in the
eye, saying nothing.

GLORY
Fine. Let's get crazy.

Glory caresses the side of Tara's face with her other hand.
Tara whimpers and tries to pull her face away. Blackout.

Act III

Open on an overhead shot of the fair.

WILLOW
(OS)
Tara!

We see Willow running through the crowds.

WILLOW
Tara!

Shot of Tara and Glory on the bench. Willow runs toward them.

WILLOW

By force of heart and mindful
power, by waning time and waxing
hour ...

Glory puts her hand on Tara's head. People keep walking past and blocking them from view so it's difficult to tell what's happening.

WILLOW

I echo Diana, um, when I decree
... uh, what is it, what is it?

Shot of Glory with both her hands on Tara's temples.

WILLOW

No! No!

The light begins to stream out as Glory's fingers enter Tara's head. Both Tara and Glory cry out.

Willow reaches the edge of the path but is blocked by the Chinese dragon people and has to stop.

WILLOW

That she I love must now be free!

Shot of Tara with Glory's fingers still in her head and the light streaming out as Tara makes a pained face. People continue walking past and blocking her from view. Shot of Willow straining to see around the people.

WILLOW

Tara!

The crowd clears momentarily and we see Tara sitting alone on the bench with her head lolling to one side.

WILLOW

No!!

Willow runs over and sits on the bench, grabs Tara by the shoulders. Tara doesn't react or look at her.

WILLOW

Tara, Tara, are you okay?

TARA

It's dirty. It's all dirty. And
all over me!

She begins brushing at her stomach as if to brush off dirt.

TARA
Dirty. Dirty. I'm bad. Bad.
(whimpering)

WILLOW
(crying)
Tara. Oh, I'm so sorry. I'm so
sorry.

Willow pulls Tara's head down onto her shoulder and rocks her gently.

Steven slowly regains consciousness.

STEVEN
(groans)
What the...

He gets up and sees the two.

STEVEN
(worried)
Oh my God, what happened?

Overhead shot of them on the bench. People continue to walk by all around them.

Cut to: interior hospital. Giles is looking at some X-rays of a hand that are posted on the wall. He removes his glasses and wipes his eyes as he turns and the camera pans across to reveal Anya and Xander, then Tara sitting on the edge of an exam table wearing a hospital gown. She looks straight ahead with a glazed expression. Her hand is bandaged. We see Willow sitting beside her. **Steven stands on the opposite side of Tara.**

WILLOW
Can she go home now?

We see the same doctor who fired Ben earlier.

DOCTOR
Unfortunately, no. Hospital
policy dictates we keep her for
the night.

WILLOW
But does she have to? I-I can
take care of her at home.

TARA

It's poisoned.

(to Willow, matter-of-factly)
Why don't I tell you that? It, it
has to be checked, though.

STEVEN

(trying not to get
uncomfortable by her ramblings)
(to the doctor)
I'd get on that.

Willow looks sad. Tara looks confused.

DOCTOR

She your sister?

TARA

I-i-it has to be verified, of
course. Anyone can tell you that.
Of course.

(looking from one
person to the next)
Of course, of course.

WILLOW

(staring at Tara)
She's my everything.

DOCTOR

Well, you can get her released
first thing in the morning. But
she's gotta spend one night in
the psych ward. Just for
observation. We'll keep an eye on
her, do a couple basic tests,
then you can take her home. Does
that sound fair?

(Willow nods uncertainly)
Well, sit tight then, and I'll
send a nurse by in a few minutes
to pick up Tara.

The doctor leaves as Anya and Xander give Willow concerned
looks. Willow stands and brushes hair back from Tara's face.

XANDER

Man, words cannot express how
much I hate this place.

GILES

It's dreadful.

ANYA
It's like communism.

STEVEN
That doesn't make sense.

Buffy enters.

BUFFY
Hey. Will, I'm so sorry.

She hugs Willow, looking over her shoulder at Tara.

Shot of Tara staring vaguely at nothing.

Buffy and Willow pull apart. Willow has tears in her eyes.
She looks at Tara who gives her a huge smile.

TARA
They kill mice.

Shot of Willow with tears on her cheeks.

BUFFY
Tara.

Buffy hugs Tara, who doesn't react. Buffy pulls back slowly
and looks at Willow.

BUFFY
I'm sorry it took me so long, but
Dawn's safe with Spike, so I-I
can stay as long as you need.

Willow puts her hand over Tara's non-bandaged hand.

WILLOW
(to Buffy)
I'm so scared.

STEVEN
**Willow, everything will be
fine...don't worry.**

Buffy puts her hand on Willow's cheek.

SPIKE VOICEOVER
Nothin' to be worried about, kid.

Cut to Spike leading Dawn through his underground cavern.
Spike moves a little slowly and with a slight limp. Dawn
holds a flashlight.

SPIKE

No one's gonna hurt you.

DAWN

Oh yeah? Same no one who did that to you?

SPIKE

What, these? It's just a few bruises.

We see that Spike is still looking very bruised and battered from his encounter with Glory in "Intervention."

SPIKE

Nothin' to write home about.

He stops and turns back to see Dawn's nervous expression.

SPIKE

Hey, chin up, platelet. Don't get scared. Maybe Glory doesn't wanna kill you, maybe it's something-

DAWN

Worse?

Spike doesn't respond, walks a little more. Dawn sits down on a rock. Spike turns to watch her as she sits there looking scared, facing away from him. He slowly walks toward her.

SPIKE

Hey.

He puts out a hand to touch her hair, but pulls it back quickly as she turns back toward him.

DAWN

You wanna know what I'm scared of, Spike? ... Me.

(tearfully)

Right now, Glory thinks Tara's the key. But I'm the key, Spike. I am. And anything that happens to Tara ... is 'cause of me. Your bruises, your limp ... that's all me too. I'm like a lightning rod for pain and hurt.

(crying)

And everyone around me suffers and dies. I ... must be something so horrible ... to cause so much pain ... and evil.

SPIKE
(firmly)
Rot.

DAWN
(teary)
What do you know?

SPIKE
I'm a vampire. I know somethin'
about evil. You're not evil.

DAWN
Maybe ... I'm not evil. But I
don't think I can be good.
(looks up at Spike
with a hopeful expression)

SPIKE
(considers)
Well, I'm not good, and I'm okay.

Cut to Tara in a wheelchair. A nurse is trying to settle her into the chair. Tara pushes at the nurse's hands trying to stop her.

TARA
(upset)
Don't! Please don't with that
treachery!

She calms down slightly as the nurse goes around behind the wheelchair and begins to wheel her out. Tara looks up at Willow.

TARA
I told the cat. And now I beg my
mother sitting all alone.

WILLOW
Bye, Tara. I'll see you tomorrow.
I love you.

STEVEN
Feel better, Tara...

Tara whimpers as the nurse wheels her out. We see her good hand reaching back toward Willow.

Willow watches her go, tries to run after her but Xander steps into her path.

XANDER

Willow. No. It's just for one night.

(We see Buffy in the background leaning against the wall)

WILLOW

Yeah, I-I know, but ... it's a whole night. I don't think I can sleep without her.

STEVEN

It's okay, Willow. You've tried--

ANYA

(cutting him off)

You can sleep with me.

STEVEN

Excuse me??

Everyone looks at Anya.

ANYA

Well, now that came out a lot more lesbian than it sounded in my head.

BUFFY

(comes forward)

Will, you just have to rest. Okay? Right now there's nothing you can do.

WILLOW

(ponders)

Yes there is.

(walks out the door)

BUFFY

No. No way.

Buffy chases Willow out into the hallway and stops her.

BUFFY

You cannot even think about taking on Glory.

WILLOW

You saw what she did to Tara. I can't let her get away with it.

BUFFY

No. You **have** to let her get away with it. Even I'm no match for her, you know that.

WILLOW

But maybe I am.

She turns to go but Buffy grabs her arm.

BUFFY

You're not. And I won't let you go.

WILLOW

This is not your choice. It's mine.

BUFFY

This is not the time.

WILLOW

When, Buffy? When is? When **you** feel like it? When it's someone **you** love as much as I love Tara? When it's Dawn, is that it?

BUFFY

When we have a chance. We'll fight her, when we have a chance. You wouldn't last five minutes with her, Willow. She's a god.

STEVEN

We don't have a chance, Buffy. You know that. Willow can take her. Now...I'm behind her. If you want to be a bitch about it, then whatever. But she's got my support one hundred percent.

WILLOW

(shakes her head sadly)
Fine. I'll wait.

BUFFY

It's the only way.

WILLOW

(skeptical)
Yeah.

Willow starts to walk away.

BUFFY
Can I do anything?

WILLOW
(not turning back)
Just let me be alone.

Buffy watches her go with a concerned expression.

Cut to: interior magic shop. Willow bursts in at a run. She runs straight to the stairs that lead up to the loft where the more dangerous stuff is kept. She goes up the stairs, takes a small black leather bag from the top of a bookshelf, kneels, and begins pulling stuff off the shelves. She opens a drawer and takes out a jeweled dagger, puts it in the bag. She pulls books and vials off the shelves and puts them in the bag. She shoves books off the shelves every which way, finally pulls out one very large old book and puts it on the floor in front of her.

Shot of the book cover reading "Darkest Magick." The book has a metal lock holding it shut.

Willow grabs a small axe from the shelf and hits the lock with it. The lock breaks and the book's pages flip open. The pages continue to flip past as if blown by a wind. Blackout.

Act IV

Open on Glory's apartment. Glory is coming down the stairs followed by her three minions. She walks a little unsteadily.

GLORY
You know, I think I'm a little
buzzed from eating that witch!
What a mind she has. Mmm, nummy
treat.

JINX
Is your grace not the slightest
bit concerned about-

GLORY
What, about the Slayer? Don't be
stupid. I know I'm closing in.
The key's as good as mine.
(the demons all smile)
Girl like Buffy's got just so
many friends. All I gotta do it
rip through 'em one by one until
I finally...

She stops as the walls begin to shake and rattle. Knick-knacks on the walls fall over and smash to pieces. Glory and the demons look around in confusion. The lights darken.

GLORY

Did anybody order an apocalypse?

The door suddenly flies open, revealing Willow floating several inches above the floor. Her hair is blown back by an unseen wind.

WILLOW

Kali, Hera, Kronos, Tonic...

She floats into the room toward Glory as the minions flee.

WILLOW

Air like nectar, thick as onyx...

We see that her eyes are completely black.

WILLOW

Cassiel by your second star...

GLORY

Uhh. It's the lover.

(walks forward)

That's so cute.

WILLOW

Hold mine victim as in tar.

The air around Glory shimmers and she suddenly cannot move forward. She looks at Willow in surprise.

WILLOW

I ... owe ... you ... pain!

Blue lightning flashes out of Willow's hands toward Glory. Glory screams and clutches her shoulders.

Cut to: Buffy and Dawn sitting together in Spike's cavern. Spike stands a little ways off.

DAWN

It's all my fault.

BUFFY

No.

(brushes Dawn's hair back)

Sweetheart, it is **not** your fault.

DAWN
(teary)
How's Willow?

BUFFY
(continues stroking
Dawn's hair)
She was looking to go all
payback-y on Glory for a minute.
But I cooled her down a little.
Actually a lot.

SPIKE
So she's not gonna do anything
rash then.

BUFFY
No. I explained that there was no
point.

SPIKE
(walks a little closer)
Mm-hmm.

BUFFY
What?

SPIKE
You - so you're saying that a ...
powerful and mightily pissed-off
witch ... was plannin' on going
and spillin' herself a few pints
of god blood until you, what,
"explained"?

Buffy frowns, looks at Dawn and back at Spike.

BUFFY
You think she'd ... no. I told
Willow it would be like suicide.

SPIKE
I'd do it.

Buffy stares at him.

SPIKE
(looks down at the ground)
Right person. Person I loved.
(looks at Buffy)
I'd do it.

Buffy continues to stare at him as if not getting it.

DAWN

Think, Buffy. If Glory had done that to me.

Buffy glances at Spike, jumps up and races out.

Cut back to Glory's apartment.

WILLOW

Shatter.

The mirrors in the room all shatter and the glass flies toward Glory, slicing her dress into shreds but not harming her.

GLORY

Is that it? Is that the best you can do? You think I care about all this, the apartment, the clothes?

She pulls off the shreds of her dress, revealing a black negligee underneath. She backhands Willow, who flies backward and topples over a sofa, landing on the floor.

GLORY

Now, sucking on your girlfriend's mind?

Willow lifts her head. Her eyes are still all black.

GLORY

That was something to treasure.

Willow gets to her feet, wearing a very angry expression. There's a small trickle of blood coming out of her mouth and down her chin.

Shot of the black bag on the floor. It slides across the floor toward Willow, who turns to look at it. The bag opens of its own accord.

GLORY

(amused)

What's this? Bag of tricks?

A bunch of daggers fly up out of the bag.

WILLOW

Bag of knives.

The daggers fly toward Glory, who bats them all aside. One buries itself in the wall.

WILLOW
Spirit of serpents now appear.

Glory picks up a coffee-table and throws it at Willow, knocking her down again. Willow braces herself up on her hands and looks back at Glory.

WILLOW
Hissing, writhing, striking near.

A snake appears out of the carpet Glory's standing on and winds itself around her leg.

Shot of Willow still on the floor, panting and watching.

Glory shakes her foot and the snake disappears in a puff of smoke. Glory walks forward.

GLORY
Now this is getting weak.

She grabs Willow by the throat and pulls her to a sitting position.

GLORY
And so are you, honey. Aren't ya?

Willow spits in her face. Glory looks startled.

Glory grabs Willow's arm and drags her across the floor to where one of the daggers is lying. Glory scoops it up and continues dragging Willow.

WILLOW
No!

Glory pulls Willow up and shoves her against the wall, holding her by the throat.

GLORY
Know what they used to do to
witches, lover?
(brings up her other
hand with the dagger)
Crucify 'em.

Glory pulls her arm back to stab with the knife, but Buffy appears and grabs Glory's wrist.

BUFFY
They used to bow down to gods.

Glory smiles in delight. Buffy kicks her in the stomach and she lets go of Willow, who falls to the floor.

Buffy twists Glory's arm aside, punches her.

BUFFY
Things change.

Buffy cartwheels across the floor to kick Glory in the face, punches her a few times, kicks her again, spins around to punch but Glory blocks. Buffy does a flip and kicks Glory in the face, comes back upright and throws another couple of punches which Glory evades. Glory pins Buffy's arm behind her back and throws her over a sofa.

GLORY
That witch really slowed me down.

Glory glares at Buffy. Buffy kicks the sofa, which flies forward and pins Glory against the wall.

Buffy runs over to Willow, helps her up.

Glory shoves the sofa aside and stalks toward them. Buffy begins to lead Willow out.

WILLOW
(over her shoulder)
Thicken.

The air around Glory thickens, rendering her immobile. Buffy and Willow run out.

GLORY
(shouting)
This isn't over, you hear me? It
isn't over!

She watches them go with an annoyed sigh.

Cut to: exterior dorm building, day.

Cut to inside Tara's room. Willow, Tara, **Steven**, Dawn, and Buffy sit on the bed. Tara's hand is still bandaged and she still stares blankly in front of her. Willow has one hand on Tara's knee. Buffy has a paper bag. She takes something out of it.

BUFFY
Chicken salad?

WILLOW
Right here.

Buffy hands Willow the sandwich and continues taking wrapped sandwiches from the bag.

BUFFY
 Eggplant, that's me ... salami
 with ...
 (looks at the sandwich)
 ew, peanut butter? Dawn.
 (gives it to Dawn)

DAWN
 Yeah, like eggplant is normal.
 It's what, half egg, half plant?
 'Cause that's just unnatural.

STEVEN
 (laughs)
Totally.

Buffy continues unpacking sandwiches along with plastic bags full of grapes.

WILLOW
 What's Tara got?

DAWN
 Oh.
 (holds out a sandwich)
 I ... got her tuna. Does she
 like...?

Willow draws Tara's attention to the sandwich. Buffy stops unpacking to look at them.

DAWN
 (gently)
 Tara?

Dawn unwraps the sandwich to show Tara. Tara anxiously looks to Willow, then back at the sandwich.

TARA
 Plastic and their six sisters.
 Six sick sisters.

STEVEN
 (laughs)
Tongue twister.

TARA
 (anxiously)
 Willow?

WILLOW
 It's okay. Let's just start slow
 today. Um, Buffy, could I have that?

Buffy hands her a cup of applesauce and a plastic spoon. Willow opens it.

WILLOW

Here you go.

Willow spoons some applesauce into Tara's mouth. Tara eats it uncertainly.

WILLOW

That's my girl.

Buffy looks on with a sad expression as Willow continues feeding Tara.

DAWN

Can I help?

Willow nods, gives Dawn the cup and spoon. Tara gives Willow an anxious look but accepts the food from Dawn. Willow looks over at Buffy.

BUFFY

What are you gonna need?

WILLOW

I don't know. They gave me a lot of stuff to ... keep her calm.

They both look at Tara, still being fed by Dawn.

WILLOW

(quietly)

They said I might have to restrain her at night. But ... sometimes she's fine. She looks at me, and ... she's fine.

Tara makes an unhappy face.

BUFFY

I'm sorry I couldn't-

WILLOW

It's okay. I can do this. I'm gonna take care of her. Even if she never...

Dawn looks up at this.

WILLOW

(softly)

She's my girl.

Steven smiles at that.

Buffy looks sympathetically at Willow, looks at Dawn and plays with a lock of Dawn's hair.

BUFFY
I understand.

WILLOW
(nods)
I know you do.

They give each other small smiles.

WILLOW
(to Tara)
Hear that, baby?
(Tara looks at her)
You're my always.

Willow kisses Tara on the forehead. Tara smiles.

Suddenly the entire outside wall smashes to pieces, exposing them to the outside. Dawn and Buffy jump up in alarm. Sunlight streams in.

STEVEN
(annoyed)
What the Hell now?!

Glory appears in the window, which is now just a broken frame with shards of glass hanging in it.

GLORY
I told you this wasn't over.

TARA
No. The place is cracking! It's cracking! Cracking, no, no, no!

Dawn looks anxiously at Tara as Willow tries to calm her.

DAWN
No, Tara, it's okay.

STEVEN
(calming tone)
Tara, it's okay...everything's okay...everything's...

TARA
(gasping, staring at Dawn)
Oh, look at that, look at that.
The light!

Buffy is staring at Glory but turns to look at Tara at this.

TARA
Oh, it's so pure! Such pure green
energy!

STEVEN
(sighs)
Oh, crap.

Dawn gasps and looks over at Glory in fear.

Glory begins to smile.

TARA
Oh, it's so beautiful.

Glory's smile widens.

Dawn looks fearfully at Buffy.

Buffy turns to glare at Glory.

Blackout.

Executive Producer: Joss Whedon.