

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

Fool for Love

Written by Douglas Petrie

Directed by Nick Marck

Episode 5.07

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EXT. SUNNYDALE CEMETERY- NIGHT 1

All is quiet in the mist-shrouded graveyard. Suddenly, the peace is shattered as BUFFY pounds a VAMPIRE dressed like a Van Halen reject to the ground.

BUFFY
You know, it's probably none of
my business but I just gotta ask...

The vampire lunges at her and she backhands it.

BUFFY
You smell this bad when you were
alive?

She kicks the vampire into a headstone.

BUFFY
'Cause if it's a post-mortem
thing, then boy, is my face red...

She flips him over the headstone and whips out a stake.

BUFFY
But just so you know, the fast-
growing field of personal
grooming has come a long way
since you became a vampire.

Buffy somersaults over the headstone, stake raised and ready to strike. But the vampire seizes her arm as she lands, spins her around and plunges the stake into Buffy's abdomen. Her eyes go wide with shock and pain as she looks down at the stake protruding from her body.

Opening credit sequence.

EXT. SUNNYDALE CEMETERY- NIGHT 2

Resume. Buffy looks down in horror at the stake in her gut. She grips the shaft and, with a gasp of pain, pulls it out. Her sweater is soaked with her blood.

For the first time in a long time, Buffy feels fear. She turns and flees, trying to escape the vampire. The hunter had become the hunted. Her wound slows her, however, and she casts terrified glances over her shoulder.

Suddenly, the vampire leaps in front of her and she stops with a gasp, looking around desperately for an escape route.

ROCKER VAMPIRE

You're going? But you were having
so much fun a minute ago!

Buffy brings the stake up but the creature easily knocks it from her grasp and tosses her against a nearby crypt. She doubles over in pain as the vampire picks up her stake and approaches with a predatory grin.

Buffy is helpless. She realizes that this is the moment she's been dreading but always knew would come. She's going to die.

As the vampire raises the stake for the killing blow, he's suddenly tackled to the ground by RILEY. He rains blows down on the demon and takes out a taser but the vampire knocks it from his hand before he can use it and takes off across the graveyard. Riley is about to give chase when he notices Buffy's obvious distress and rushes to her aid.

RILEY

Buffy! What happened?

She holds up her bloody hands, then collapses in arms, unconscious.

CUT TO:

INT. SUMMERS HOME- BUFFY'S ROOM- DAY 3

Riley is applying first aid and dressing Buffy's wound.

BUFFY

I can't believe I passed out. Do
you think I'm a total wuss now?

RILEY

Oh, yeah. I like a girl who can
play a few hard sets of tennis
with a major stab wound.

BUFFY

You said it wasn't that bad.

RILEY

I said I've seen worse. There's a difference.

BUFFY

Well, at least no major organs got kebabed.

RILEY

I still think you need to see a real doctor.

BUFFY

That would put me in a real hospital which would get my real mom real freaked out. I can't do it. Don't worry. Accelerated healing powers come with the Slayer package. And the boyfriend who comes complete with combat medical training? That's just a Buffy Summers bonus.

RILEY

So tell me about the bad guy- or guys. What do you think they were?

BUFFY

Vampire.

RILEY

How many?

BUFFY

One.

Riley is surprised.

RILEY

So... what? He was like a super-vampire or something?

BUFFY

No, he was the regular kind. He just beat me.

RILEY

That ever happen before?

BUFFY

I'm in the best physical shape of my life. I mean, if you're asking how it happened, I don't-

The door flies open and DAWN runs in.

BUFFY

Dawn!

DAWN

Sorry to interrupt the sex-capades. I just wanted to tell you that Mom's coming.

Riley hides the bandages and tape just as JOYCE enters the room.

JOYCE

Hi, Riley.

RILEY

Hey, Mrs. Summers. How're you feeling?

JOYCE

I'm fine, bordering on chipper and tomorrow planning on being obnoxious.

RILEY

(smiles)
Glad to hear it.

JOYCE

Buffy, when you have a minute I'd like to go over the grocery list for next week.

BUFFY

You got it.

JOYCE

(re: alcohol)
Are you disinfecting something?

BUFFY

Huh? Oh, uh-

DAWN

Mine! Some nail polish experiments are doomed before they even begin.

JOYCE

But you keep pushing the envelope, honey.

Joyce smiles and leaves, closing the bedroom door behind her.

DAWN
(smiles; to Buffy)
Did I just pull a Slayer-related
Mom cover-up thing? Come on,
who's the man?

BUFFY
You are. A very short, annoying man.

Stung, Dawn's smile fades.

BUFFY
If I show you something, you
promise you won't tell?

Dawn crosses her heart and Buffy lifts her shirt to reveal
the bandaged stab wound. Dawn is awed.

DAWN
Oh, cool!
(off Buffy's look)
I mean, gross!

BUFFY
And Mom cannot know. Okay? You'll
help me with the household stuff?

DAWN
Oh, sure. I save your butt and
you dump all your chores on me.
(off Buffy's look)
I got it. You're covered. We're
good. Just lucky it's not bikini
season.

Buffy smiles and strokes Dawn's hair.

RILEY
So Dawn takes household duty.
I'll take tonight's patrol.

BUFFY
By yourself?

RILEY
Just a sweep.

BUFFY
Do me a favor? Will you take the
gang along with?

RILEY
Okay. I will patrol with the
group tonight.

DAWN
When do I get to patrol?

BUFFY
Not until you're never.

CUT TO:

EXT. SUNNYDALE CEMETERY- NIGHT 4

Riley moves stealthily among the headstones, ducking from shadow to shadow. He pauses behind a large marble slab and raises his arm, fist closed, and pumps it up and down twice before moving further into the cemetery.

WILLOW, **STEVEN**, ANYA and XANDER follow about twenty yards behind him, munching potato chips and making no effort to conceal themselves.

XANDER
(to Willow)
What's with the hand move? Does that like mean something?

WILLOW
It's code. I think it breaks down to "choo-choo".

STEVEN
It means everything's clear.

She mimics pulling a train whistle.

ANYA
It means to follow him. That, or wait here for him.

They watch Riley's covert movements for a moment, then Willow turns to Xander.

WILLOW
Ask.

XANDER
(yells)
Hey, Riley! What's the
(hand gesture)
all about?

RILEY
(exasperated)
It means yell real loud so the vampires who don't know we're coming will have a sporting chance.

XANDER
(to Willow)
See, now he's all mean and
sarcastic.

WILLOW
That's because you were doing all
the yelling, Mr. Stealthy-Pants.

ANYA
(to Riley)
It's their fault.

STEVEN
(whispers)
Guys, shut up!

RILEY
Guys, I'm thinking if we split
up, we could cover more ground.
Tell you what? I'll take the
cemeteries, you guys get the
Bronze. **Steven, you're with me.**

ANYA
Are we not being covert enough?

XANDER
We're sorry!

WILLOW
Sorry.

XANDER
We'll be sneakier. Promise.

He munches loudly on a handful of chips.

RILEY
Okay. Just ditch the chips and
watch my back.

WILLOW
Done.

She reaches into the bag and grabs a handful of chips
herself before setting the bag down. Riley moves off into
the cemetery again.

XANDER
(to Anya)
You know what he's like? He's
like a cat.
(MORE)

XANDER (CONT'D)
You know, a big jungle cat. How
come I'm not like that? It's just
so cool.

WILLOW
(munching)
I think you're cool.

STEVEN
Everyone does, Xand.

CUT TO:

INT. THE MAGIC BOX- NIGHT 5

The reading table is piled high with books. GILES and Buffy
are into some deep research.

GILES
Here's another one. Early 18th
Century Slayer.

Buffy closes her book with a sigh and sets it on the stack.

BUFFY
Good. Let's hope she'll be more
helpful than this last one.

GILES
Why? What does it say?

BUFFY
Same as all the others. Slayer
called... blah, blah... great
protector... blah, blah... scary
battles... blah, blah... oops!
She's dead. Where are the details?

GILES
Details? Well, it says this
Slayer forged her own weapons.

He hands the book to Buffy.

BUFFY
Gotta love a gal with an anvil.
But where are the details of the
Slayer's last battle? You know,
what made that fight special? Why
did she lose?

GILES

You didn't lose last night, Buffy.
You just-

BUFFY

Got really close. I slipped up,
Giles. I've been training harder
than ever and still I...

(beat)

And there's nothing in any of
these books to help me understand
why. I mean... look, I realize
that every Slayer comes with an
expiration mark on the package.
But I want mine to be a long time
from now. Like a Cheeto. If there
were just a few good descriptions
of what took out the other
Slayers, maybe it would help me
to understand my mistake, to keep
it from happening again.

GILES

Yes, well, the problem is after a
final battle, it's difficult to
get any... well, the Slayer's
not... she's rather...

BUFFY

It's okay to use the D-word, Giles.

GILES

Dead. And hence not very
forthcoming.

BUFFY

Why didn't the Watchers keep
fuller accounts of it? The
journals just stop.

GILES

Well, I suppose if they're
anything like me, they just find
the whole subject too-

BUFFY

Unseemly? Damn. Love ya but you
Watchers are such prigs sometimes.

GILES

Painful... I was going to say.

Buffy and Giles share a meaningful look.

GILES
But you're right. Accounts of the
final battles would be very
helpful. But there's no one left
to tell the tales.

Buffy has a sudden revelation.

GILES
What?

CUT TO:

INT. SPIKE'S CRYPT- NIGHT 6

Buffy shoves SPIKE against the wall and holds him there.

SPIKE
Ow!
(beat)
Wait. Not ow. You feeling all
right, Slayer? This stuff usually
hurts.

Buffy spins him around to face her.

BUFFY
Don't even start, Spike.

SPIKE
What do you want?

BUFFY
Slayers. You killed two of them.

SPIKE
(wary)
I did.

BUFFY
You're gonna show me how.

FADE OUT

INT. THE BRONZE- NIGHT 7

Spike and Buffy sit at a corner table. Spike greedily drains
a mug of beer while Buffy stoically watches.

SPIKE
You know, there quite a few
American beers that are highly
underrated. This unfortunately is
not one of them.

BUFFY

Update, Spike. We're not here to discuss the fine choice of hops. It's about two Slayers: one in China during the Boxer Rebellion, one in New York.

She holds up a wad of cash and snatches it back as he tries to grab for it.

BUFFY

Both got killed by you. Tell the tale, you get the cash.

SPIKE

Right. You want to learn all about how I bested the Slayers and you want to learn fast. Right, then. We fought. I won. The end. Pay up.

BUFFY

That's not what I-

SPIKE

What did you want, eh? A quick demo? A blow-for-blow description you can map out and memorize? It's not about the moves, love. And since I agreed to your little proposition, we can do this my way. Wings.

BUFFY

What?

SPIKE

Spicy buffalo wings. Order me up a plate. I'm feelin' peckish.

Buffy sighs and turns to signal a waitress.

BUFFY

Excuse me-

The movement aggravates her injury and she winces in pain.

SPIKE

As I thought. Some nasty thing got a taste of you.

BUFFY

Don't get all excited. I'm fine.

SPIKE

Oh, right. Stuck in a dark corner
with a creature you loathe,
diggin' up past uglies, 'cause
you're fine.

BUFFY

Just tell me what I want to know.

SPIKE

I told you. No one's narrating on
an empty stomach here.

Buffy shakes her head in exasperation.

BUFFY

Were you born this big a pain in
the ass?

SPIKE

What can I tell you, baby? I've
always been bad.

CUT TO:

INT. LONDON (1880)- VICTORIAN PARLOR- NIGHT 8

A very different Spike is sitting and composing poetry off
in the corner of a dinner party. The spirited laughter of
the party-goers can be heard in the background. Spike's hair
is long and unruly and he's dressed as a proper gentleman,
complete with tie and reading spectacles. He's awkward and
bookish- none of the confident swagger we're used to.

SPIKE

(to himself)

Luminous... oh, no, no, no.
Irradiant's better.

A WAITER approaches and holds out a tray.

WAITER

Care for an hors d'oeuvre, sir?

SPIKE

Oh, quickly! I'm the very spirit
of vexation. What's another word
for "gleaming"? It's a perfectly
perfect word as many words go but
the bother is nothing rhymes, you
see.

The waiter smiles patronizingly and moves off into the crowd. Spike's eyes are drawn to CECILY, young woman just entering the party.

SPIKE

Cecily...

He turns back to his poem with renewed purpose and jots down several more lines, then gets up and moves through the crowd toward her.

TITLE CARD: London, 1880

CUT TO:

A group of young ARISTOCRATS- a woman and her two male companions- are gathered, discussing current events.

ARISTOCRAT #1

I mean to point out that it's something of a mystery and the police should keep an open mind.

One of the men turns to Spike as he passes by.

ARISTOCRAT #2

(to Spike)

Ah, William! Favor us with your opinion. What do you make of this rash of disappearances sweeping through our town? Animals or thieves?

SPIKE

(haughty)

I prefer not to think of such dark, ugly business at all. That's what the police are for.

(looks at Cecily)

I prefer placing my energies into creating things of beauty.

The third aristocrat snatches the poem from Spike's hands.

ARISTOCRAT #3

I see. Well, don't withhold, William.

ARISTOCRAT #1

Rescue us from a dreary topic.

SPIKE
 (to Aristocrat #3)
 Careful. The inks are still wet.
 Please, it's not finished.

ARISTOCRAT #3
 Don't be shy.
 (reads)
 "My heart expands/'tis grown a
 bulge in it/inspired by your
 beauty, effulgent."
 (laughs)
 Effulgent?

Everyone laughs, mocking Spike. Uncomfortable, Cecily glances at Spike and walks off. Spike shoots Aristocrat #3 a sour look, snatches back his poem, and follows her.

ARISTOCRAT #2
 And that's actually one of his
 better compositions.

ARISTOCRAT #1
 Have you heard? They call him
 William the Bloody because of his
 bloody awful poetry!

ARISTOCRAT #3
 It suits him. I'd rather have a
 railroad spike through my head
 than listen to that awful stuff!

CUT TO:

Spike approaches Cecily who is sitting on a sofa, away from the main party, and looking out the window.

SPIKE
 Cecily?

She turns and sighs when she sees him.

CECILY
 Oh. Leave me alone.

SPIKE
 (re: other guests)
 Oh, they're vulgarians. They're
 not like you and I.

CECILY

You and I? I'm going to ask you a very personal question and I demand an honest answer. Do you understand?

He nods.

CECILY

Your poetry, it's... they're... not written about me, are they?

SPIKE

They're about how I feel.

CECILY

Yes, but are they about me?

SPIKE

Every syllable.

CECILY

Oh, God!

SPIKE

Oh, I know...it's sudden and...please, if they're no good, they're only words but...the feeling behind them...I love you, Cecily.

CECILY

Please stop!

SPIKE

I know I'm a bad poet but I'm a good man and all I ask is that... that you try to see me-

CECILY

I do see you. That's the problem. You're nothing to me, William. You're beneath me.

She stands and walks off, leaving Spike devastated and alone.

CUT TO:

EXT. LONDON STREET- NIGHT 9

Spike staggers down the street in tears, ripping up his poems as he goes. He bumps into a passerby and drops the pages.

SPIKE
Watch where you're going!

He gathers up the torn sheets and makes his way toward a nearby alleyway.

CUT TO:

EXT. LONDON ALLEY- NIGHT 10

Spike is sitting on a bale of hay and finishing the job of destroying his poetry. He looks up at the sound of a woman's voice to find DRUSILLA standing serenely in the dark alley with him.

DRUSILLA
And I wonder... what possible catastrophe came crashing down from heaven and brought this dashing stranger to tears?

SPIKE
Nothing. I wish to be alone.

DRUSILLA
Oh, I see you. A man surrounded by fools who cannot see his strength, his vision, his glory.
(beat)
That and burning baby fish swimming all around your head.

Spike backs away from her, nervous.

SPIKE
That's quite close enough. I've heard tales of London pickpockets. You'll not be getting my purse, I tell you.

DRUSILLA
(smiles)
Don't need a purse.

She points to his heart and head in succession.

DRUSILLA
Your wealth lies here... and here. In the spirit and... imagination. You walk in worlds the others can't begin to imagine.

Spike is riveted by her insight into his character.

SPIKE
Oh, yes! I mean, no. I mean...
mother's expecting me.

Drusilla opens the collar of his shirt.

DRUSILLA
I see what you want. Something
glowing and glistening.
Something... effulgent.

Spike is beside himself. Finally someone who understands him.

SPIKE
(sotto)
Effulgent.

DRUSILLA
Do you want it?

Spike has never wanted anything more.

SPIKE
Oh, yes!
(touches her chest)
God, yes.

Drusilla looks down for a moment as her face changes and her fangs descend. Spike reacts, more confused than afraid. She pulls back his shirt collar and buries her fangs in his neck. Spike cries out in pain but his cries quickly turn to moans of pleasure as Drusilla ends his human existence.

CUT TO:

EXT. SUNNYDALE CEMETERY (PRESENT)- NIGHT 11

Riley, Willow, **Steven**, Anya and Xander are crouched behind headstones as the Rocker Vampire who staked Buffy makes his way through the graveyard. Riley sees him first.

RILEY
Guys...

XANDER
What you got?

RILEY
That's him. Let's go.

STEVEN
We'll give him a night he won't
forget.

The vampire slips into a crypt as the four of them cautiously approach. Boisterous laughter can be heard coming from inside. Riley motions for the others to stay put as he steals up to the crypt entrance and peers inside. He sees the Rocker Vampire with four others and backs off, frustrated. He returns to the others.

XANDER

It sounds like a party in there.

RILEY

Forget about crashing. There's too many of them. We'll come back at daybreak when they're asleep and we're better armed. It's okay. We can kill them just as dead in the morning.

STEVEN

Forget that. I'm goin' in there.

RILEY

Steven, no. You can't.

STEVEN

Riley. I'm a Slayer. I can beat them so far down that they'll be digging themselves out of the ground for weeks.

RILEY

I'm not gonna let you take that risk.

STEVEN

Well, then it's a good thing that I don't have to listen to you.

He charges in, but gets tossed out.

STEVEN

(on the ground)

(in pain)

Okay. I've come to a decision...

CUT TO:

INT. THE BRONZE- NIGHT 12

Buffy and Spike are shooting pool as Spike relates his story.

BUFFY

So you traded up on the food chain. Then what?

SPIKE

No, please. Don't make it sound like something you'd flip past on the Discovery Channel. Becoming a vampire is a profound and powerful experience. I could feel this new strength coursing through me. Getting killed made me feel alive for the very first time. I was through living by society's rules. Decided to make a few of my own. Of course, in order to do that... I had to get myself a gang.

CUT TO:

INT. YORKSHIRE, ENGLAND (1880)- COAL MINE- DAY 13

ANGELUS has Spike by the throat, choking him.

ANGELUS

Perhaps it's my advancing years that makes me so forgetful, William. Remind me. Why don't we kill you?

SPIKE

(chokes)
...ike.

ANGELUS

What's that?

TITLE CARD: Yorkshire, 1880

Angelus releases Spike in disgust.

SPIKE

It's Spike now.

Reveal Drusilla and DARLA standing to either side of Angelus.

SPIKE

You'd do well to remember it, mate.

ANGELUS

I'm not your mate. And when did you start talking like that?

DARLA

(to Spike)

Look, we barely got out of London alive because of you. Everywhere we go, it's the same story and now-

ANGELUS

You've got me and my women hiding in the luxury of a mine shaft, all because William the Bloody likes the attention. This is not a reputation we need.

Spike takes a deep swig from a wine bottle.

SPIKE

Oh, I'm sorry. Did I sully our good name? We're vampires.

ANGELUS

All the more reason to use a certain amount of finesse.

SPIKE

Bollocks! That stuff's for the frilly cuffs-and-collars crowd. I'll take a good brawl any day.

Angelus approaches Spike menacingly.

ANGELUS

And every time you do, we become the hunted.

DARLA

(sing-song; to Drusilla)

I think our boys are going to fight.

Drusilla claps her hands giddily.

DRUSILLA

The King of Cups expects a picnic! But this is not his birthday.

Darla looks at Drusilla like she's crazy.

DARLA

Good point...

SPIKE

(to Angelus)

Yeah, you know what I prefer to being hunted? Getting caught.

ANGELUS
That's a brilliant strategy
really... pure cunning.

SPIKE
Sod off!
(laughs)
Come on. When was the last time
you unleashed it? All out fight
in a mob, back against the wall,
nothing but fists and fangs?
Don't you ever get tired of
fights you know you're going to win?

ANGELUS
No. A real kill. A good kill. It
takes pure artistry. Without
that, we're just animals.

SPIKE
Poofter!

Angelus shoves Spike and the fight is on. Angelus snaps a
metal rod in half, lifts Spike up and slams him down on his
back, raising the makeshift stake. Spike stops it inches
from his heart and smiles up at Angelus.

SPIKE
Now you're gettin' it!

Angelus drops the rod and backs off.

ANGELUS
You can't keep this up forever.
If I can't teach you, maybe
someday an angry crowd will.
That... or the Slayer.

Spike sits up, suddenly interested.

SPIKE
What's a Slayer?

CUT TO:

INT. THE BRONZE (PRESENT)- NIGHT 14

Back to the pool game. Buffy listens while Spike tells his
tale.

SPIKE

After that, I was obsessed. I mean, to most vampires, the Slayer was the subject of cold sweat and frightened whispers. But I never hid. Hell, I sought her out. I mean, if you're looking for fun, there's death, there's glory and sod all else, right?

(shrugs)

I was young.

BUFFY

So how'd you kill her?

Spike moves behind Buffy.

SPIKE

Funny you should ask.

His hand whips out and takes her by the neck. She instinctually reacts, bringing the pool cue up as a weapon but Spike holds her at bay.

SPIKE

Lesson the first: a Slayer must always reach for her weapon.

His face shifts as the demon in him comes forward.

SPIKE

I've already got mine.

He shakes his head and his face returns to normal. After a moment, he releases Buffy's neck and takes the pool cue from her. He walks over to the table and lines up a shot.

SPIKE

A good thing, too. Become a vampire, you've got nothing to fear. Nothing but one girl. That's you, honey. Back then... it was her.

CUT TO:

INT. CHINA (1900)- BUDDHIST TEMPLE- NIGHT 15

Spike and the SLAYER are fighting. She's a young, diminutive Chinese girl, adept at martial arts and swordsmanship. She kicks Spike back and whips her sword at his head. He ducks but not quite quick enough. The blade splits the skin over his left eyebrow and blood runs down his face.

Spike is enjoying himself immensely.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHINESE VILLAGE- NIGHT 16

Fires burn as panicked villagers flee in every direction, their belongings and farm animals in tow. Explosions can be heard not too far distant.

TITLE CARD: China, 1900

Boxer Rebellion

CUT TO:

INT. CHINA- BUDDHIST TEMPLE- NIGHT 17

Spike dodges another blow from the Slayer's sword.

SPIKE
Just like I pictured it. This
good for you?

The Slayer charges him, sword whickering through the air in a deadly blur. Spike dodges every swing and viciously backhands the girl, breaking her grip on the sword.

The Slayer goes hand-to-hand with Spike, landing several kicks and punches to his head, serving only to further enrage the vampire. He beats her back but begins to lose ground again. The Slayer backs him up against a support column and pins him there, her foot to his throat. She raises a stake, poised to strike the killing blow, when an explosion outside blasts part of the temple wall inward, the concussion breaking her hold on Spike.

Spike goes on the offensive, knocking the stake from her hand. As the Slayer bends to retrieve it, Spike seizes her arm and wrenches it up behind her back. He pulls the hapless girl to him and sinks his fangs deep into her neck.

The Slayer gasps in pain as her life drains away. Spike turns the dying girl toward him. She speaks to him in Chinese.

SLAYER
(subtitle)
Tell my mother I'm sorry...

SPIKE
I'm sorry, love, I don't speak
Chinese.

She dies and Spike throws her to the ground like so much refuse. Panting heavily, he licks his lips with pleasure.

SPIKE
(to himself)
A fella could get used to this.

FADE OUT

INT. CHINA- BUDDHIST TEMPLE- NIGHT 18

Resume. Spike is staring down at the Slayer's corpse as Drusilla glides into the temple.

DRUSILLA

Oh, Spike, look at the wonderful mess you've made. That's a Slayer you've done in. Naughty... wicked... Spike.

She holds out her hand and Spike approaches, lust in his eyes. He grabs Drusilla up in his arms and looks into her eyes.

SPIKE
You ever hear them saying the
blood of a Slayer is a powerful
aphrodisiac?

She looks at him, wanton hunger in her eyes.

SPIKE
Here, now... have a taste.

He holds his blood-covered finger up and she seductively sucks on it, moaning with pleasure. Spike grins and picks her up, pushing her against the wall and kissing her passionately. She eagerly responds, pulling at his clothes as they sink to the floor in each other's embrace.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHINESE VILLAGE- STREET- NIGHT 19

Houses burn brightly as the terrified villagers flee the looters. Spike and Drusilla walk arm-in-arm through the violence, smiling and whispering to each other. They meet Darla and Angel, the four of them forming an incongruous picture of calm amid the panic and terrified screams around them.

DARLA
So where have you two been?

DRUSILLA
(to Spike)
May I tell?

SPIKE
No need to be humble.

DRUSILLA
(to Darla)
My little Spike just killed
himself a Slayer.

Angel looks him up and down, his face expressionless.

ANGEL
Congratulations. I guess that
makes you one of us.

SPIKE
Don't be so glum, mate! The way
you tell it, one Slayer snuffs
it, another one rises. I figure
there's a new Chosen One getting
all chosen as we speak. I tell
you what... when and if this new
bird does show up, I'll give you
first crack at her.

Drusilla's attention is suddenly drawn to something behind
Angel.

DRUSILLA
I smell fear.

ANGEL
Yeah, this whole place reeks of it.

Drusilla sinks into Spike's arms, ecstatic.

DRUSILLA
It's intoxicating!

Angel takes Darla by the arm.

ANGEL
Let's get out of here. This
rebellion's starting to bore me.

Spike and Drusilla revel in the misery around them, laughing
in each other's arms, before following Angel and Darla into
the night.

CUT TO:

INT. THE BRONZE (PRESENT)- NIGHT 20

SPIKE
That was the best night of my life.

Spike and Buffy are still at the pool table. Buffy's face is neutral, expressionless, at Spike's casual description of the death of a Slayer.

SPIKE
And I've had some sweet ones.
(off her look)
What are you looking at?

BUFFY
(disgusted)
You got off on it.

SPIKE
Well, yeah. I suppose you're
telling me you don't?
(laughs)
How many of my kind reckon you've
done?

BUFFY
Not enough.

SPIKE
(nods)
And we just keep coming. But you
can kill a hundred, a thousand, a
thousand thousand and the enemies
of Hell besides and all we need
is for one of us- just one-
sooner or later to have the thing
we're all hoping for.

BUFFY
And that would be what?

Spike leans in close and whispers in her ear.

SPIKE
One... good... day.

Buffy pushes him away from her.

SPIKE
(laughs)
Hey! You asked and I'm tellin'.
The problem with you, Summers, is
you've gotten so good, you're
starting to think you're immortal.

BUFFY
Not really. I just know I can
handle myself.

SPIKE
Oh? Then how do you explain this?

He reaches out and punches Buffy in her wound. Both Buffy and Spike cry out in pain as Buffy doubles over and Spike's chip lights his brain on fire.

BUFFY
(gasping)
So that's it? Lesson over?

SPIKE
Not even close. Come on.

He picks up a pool cue and heads outside.

CUT TO:

EXT. SUNNYDALE CEMETERY- NIGHT 21

Riley strides purposefully through the mist-shrouded trees toward the crypt where the vampires are still partying. The Rocker Vampire is regaling his companions with his tale of fighting and besting a Slayer.

ROCKER VAMPIRE
(o.s.)
Killed with her own weapon!

CUT TO:

INT. SUNNYDALE CEMETERY- CRYPT- NIGHT 22

The Rocker Vampire holds up Buffy's stake for the others to see.

ROCKER VAMPIRE
They ought to put this in a museum!

The door bangs open and Riley walks confidently in.

RILEY
You know what they put in museums?
Mostly dead things.

The Rocker Vampire leaps up and charges Riley. He easily blocks the demon's blows and seizes its arm, giving it a violent twist. The vampire's arm breaks with a snap and the stake drops from its hand into Riley's. Without hesitation, Riley slams it into the vampire's chest.

As the dust settles to the floor, Riley takes out an incendiary grenade and pulls the pin. The handle flips up and Riley holds it for a beat, letting the fuse burn down. Then he sets it on the ground in front of the stunned vampires and runs out the crypt door.

CUT TO:

EXT. SUNNYDALE CEMETERY- NIGHT 23

Riley dashes into the trees as the crypt explodes from within.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE BRONZE- NIGHT 24

Buffy squares off with Spike.

BUFFY
Give it to me.

Spike lashes out at her and she easily ducks his blows, then wraps her hand around his throat, pinning him against a chain-link fence. Spike smiles and laughs.

BUFFY
What?

SPIKE
Lesson the second: ask the right questions. You want to know how I beat 'em?

Buffy releases him and steps back.

SPIKE
The question isn't "How'd I win?".
The question is "Why'd they lose?".

BUFFY
What's the difference?

Spike lunges at her, the pool cue aimed at her throat. Spike stops it inches from her skin. Buffy never even flinches.

SPIKE
There's a big difference, love.

Buffy kicks the cue from his hands.

BUFFY
How'd you kill the second one?

SPIKE
Hmm? A bit like this.

He sends a series of punches at her but Buffy easily ducks them all.

BUFFY
That didn't hurt?

SPIKE
I knew I couldn't touch you. If there's no intent to hurt you, then that chip they shoved up my brain never activates. If, on the other hand...

Spike's face changes and he lunges at her but he's brought up short by a crippling brain seizure.

SPIKE
See, now that hurt.

BUFFY
Yeah? This hurt too?

Buffy gut-punches him, then pounds him to the ground.

BUFFY
How'd you kill 'em, Spike?

He jumps up and attacks but Buffy flips him over onto the ground again, whips out a stake and lands on top of him. Spike seizes her wrist before she can plunge it into his chest.

SPIKE
You're not ready to know.

BUFFY
I'm ready.

SPIKE
Okay, then. Went like this.

Spike flips Buffy up and off him as we

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. NEW YORK CITY (1977)- SUBWAY CAR- NIGHT 25

A young black woman in dark leather lands hard on the floor of the train and rolls to her feet. Spike, looking very much like Billy Idol, squares off with the Slayer and throws a punch. The car is empty, save for the two combatants.

TITLE CARD: New York City, 1977

BEGIN INTERCUT

The fight on the subway car and Buffy and Spike outside the Bronze.

As Spike fights the Slayer in the past, he also fights Buffy in the present, the battles mirroring each other across time. Spike feels no pain from the chip, indicating the fight with Buffy is more demonstration than anything else.

SPIKE

(to Buffy)

The first was all business but
the second, she had a touch of
your style.

Spike and the Slayer trade blows. This Slayer does indeed fight much like Buffy. She runs Spike headfirst into the train car's window, smashing it. Spike loses a cry of delight and attacks again.

SPIKE

(to Buffy)

She was cunning, resourceful...
oh, did I mention? Hot. I could
have danced all night with that one.

BUFFY

You think we're dancing?

SPIKE

That's all we've ever done.

Spike breaks one of the subway car's hand rails and wields it as a weapon.

SPIKE

(v.o.)

And the thing about the dance is,
you never get to stop.

Spike flips the pool cue up and spins it like the hand rail.

SPIKE

(to Buffy)

Every day you wake up, it's the
same bloody question that haunts
you: is today the day I die?

He brings the pool cue down in a vicious arc and Buffy counter-attacks, enraged.

Spike cracks the Slayer across the face with the metal rail, sending her reeling to the floor and pounds her repeatedly with it.

SPIKE

(v.o.)

Death is on your heels, baby, and sooner or later it's gonna catch you.

Spike brings the rail down for another blow but the Slayer catches it and slams it back into his face.

SPIKE

(to Buffy)

And part of you wants it... not only to stop the fear and uncertainty, but because you're just a little bit in love with it.

Buffy has heard enough. She backhands Spike across the face.

On the subway, Spike falls to the floor and the Slayer jumps on his chest, straddling him. She pounds him repeatedly in the face as the train car's lights go out. When they come back on, the Slayer is on her back with Spike straddling her, his hands around her throat.

SPIKE

Death is your art. You make it with your hands, day after day.

Buffy stares at him, her face a blank mask.

The Slayer struggles beneath Spike.

SPIKE

That final gasp. That look of peace. Part of you is desperate to know: What's it like? Where does it lead you? And now you see, that's the secret. Not the punch you didn't throw or the kicks you didn't land. Every Slayer... has a death wish.

Spike grips the Slayer's head between his hands and twists violently, snapping her neck and killing her.

SPIKE

(to Buffy)

Even you.

Spike stands up and faces Buffy.

In the subway, he walks to the end of the car and pulls the emergency cord. As the train grinds to a halt, he returns to the dead Slayer and pulls off her black leather coat.

SPIKE

The only reason you've lasted as long as you have is you've got ties to the world... your mum, your brat kid sister, the Scoobies. They all tie you here but you're just putting off the inevitable.

Spike shrugs into the Slayer's coat.

SPIKE

Sooner or later, you're gonna want it. And the second- the secondthat happens...

Spike claps his hands together inches from Buffy's face.

END INTERCUT

SPIKE

You know I'll be there. I'll slip in... have myself a real good day.

He stares intently into Buffy's eyes, then steps back.

SPIKE

Here endeth the lesson. I just wonder if you'll like it as much as she did.

BUFFY

(cold)
Get out of my sight. Now.

SPIKE

Oh... did I scare ya? You're the Slayer. Do something about it. Hit me. Come on. One good swing. You know you want to.

BUFFY

I mean it.

SPIKE

So do I. Give it me good, Buffy. Do it!

The tension is rising between them.

BUFFY

Spike...

His passion aroused, Spike leans in to kiss her. She backs away in horror.

BUFFY

What the hell are you doing?

He grabs Buffy by the arms, his words coming in a breathless pant.

SPIKE

Come on. I can feel it, Slayer.
You know you want to dance.

BUFFY

Say it's true. Say I do want to.

She shoves him to the ground and looks down at him with disgust.

BUFFY

It wouldn't be you, Spike. It
would never be you.

She tosses the wad of cash at him contemptuously.

BUFFY

You're beneath me.

Buffy turns and walks off into the night, leaving Spike alone in the dark alley.

He begins to gather up the money, stifling a sob. As Buffy's words ring down through the years, he becomes the same spurned and awkward young man he once was. Her words have hurt him more than her blows ever have. He closes his eyes in anguish, takes a deep breath, and when he looks up again, only murderous hate remains.

CUT TO:

INT. SPIKE'S CRYPT- NIGHT 26

Spike throws open an old trunk and starts searching through the contents. HARMONY looks at him with concern.

HARMONY

Spike, what are you doing?

SPIKE

(to himself)
Beneath me... I'll show her.

He takes out a double-barreled shotgun, cracks the breech and loads two rounds.

SPIKE
Put her six bloody feet beneath
me. Hasn't got a death wish?
Bitch won't need one.

FADE OUT

INT. SPIKE'S CRYPT- NIGHT 27

Spike is gathering up his things, preparing to go after Buffy. Harmony is worried for him.

HARMONY
Okay, I'm trying to be supportive
here so don't drive a stake
through my heart like last time,
but you can't kill Buffy. She's
the Slayer. She is so gonna kick
your ass.

SPIKE
I've got two barrels here that'll
prove you wrong.

HARMONY
I knew you'd take this personally.
You are so sensitive! How are you
going to kill her? Think! The
second you even point that thing
at her, you're gonna be all ahhh!

She holds her hand to her head in mock pain.

HARMONY
And then you'll get bitch-slapped
up and down Main Street unless
she's had enough and just stakes
you!

SPIKE
Sure, it'll hurt like hell for
about two hours...

He grabs Harmony by the neck and twists. She gasps in pain.

SPIKE
But she'll be dead just a little
longer than that.

He tosses Harmony aside and runs out.

HARMONY

Fine! But don't come crying to me when you fail. You couldn't kill her before you got the chip. You had plenty of chances!

CUT TO:

EXT. SPANISH-STYLE TAVERN (1998)- NIGHT 28

Drusilla and Spike are arguing.

DRUSILLA

Why can't you kill her?

SPIKE

You're the one who keeps bringing her up!

TITLE CARD: South America, 1998

SPIKE

I haven't said a word about the bloody Slayer since we left California. She's on the other side of the planet, Dru!

DRUSILLA

But you're lying! I can still see her floating all around you, laughing. Why? Why won't you push her away?

SPIKE

But I did, pet. I did it for you. You keep punishing me. Carrying on with creatures like this.

Pull back to reveal a CHAOS DEMON standing nearby, holding a beer. He's tall with antlers that drip and ooze.

CHAOS DEMON

Okay, you guys obviously have a thing going on here.

DRUSILLA

I have to find my pleasures, Spike. You taste like ashes.

SPIKE

(re: demon)
So this is my fault now?

CHAOS DEMON

(to Spike)
I didn't know she was seeing
somebody.

(off Spike's look)
I should take off.

SPIKE

Yeah, why don't you do that?

The demon blows a kiss to Drusilla, then walks off.

DRUSILLA

You can't blame the ghoul, Spike.
You're all covered with her. I
look at you... all I see is the
Slayer.

CUT TO:

INT. SUMMERS HOME- JOYCE'S ROOM- NIGHT 29

Buffy enters to find her mother packing a suitcase.

BUFFY

Hey, I put together that grocery
list for you.

JOYCE

Oh, great. Thanks, hon.

BUFFY

Are you okay?

JOYCE

I'm fine. Have you seen my
conditioner?

BUFFY

Did you look under the sink?

Joyce realizes that's where it is and goes to retrieve it.

BUFFY

Where are you going?

JOYCE

Oh, I was hoping to put this off
but... you know the nothing that
I've been dealing with the last
couple of weeks? It might not be
nothing.

BUFFY
What is it?

JOYCE
I'm staying overnight at the
hospital for observation. I'm
getting a CAT scan.

Buffy doesn't know what to say. Joyce is quick to reassure her.

JOYCE
It's only one night and they say
even if there is something, it's
still very early if they didn't
see it before. I'm going to be fine.

Buffy puts on a brave smile for her mother's sake.

BUFFY
I know you will.

CUT TO:

EXT. SUMMERS HOME- BACK PORCH- NIGHT 30

The back door opens and Buffy walks out and sits down on the back steps. She is terrified for her mother, her eyes brimming with tears. She puts her head in her lap and sobs uncontrollably.

Spike watches her from the bushes, then moves forward, striding purposefully toward her, gun at his side. He raises the gun and cocks it.

Buffy looks up at the sound, her face wet with tears.

BUFFY
What do you want now?

Spike is about to pull the trigger when he sees her tears and through them, her pain. His rage vanishes in an instant.

SPIKE
What's wrong?

BUFFY
I don't want to talk about it.

Spike lowers the gun.

SPIKE
Is there something I can do?

Buffy says nothing, the reality of her mother's situation hitting her like a steel weight, overcoming her.

Spike sits down next to her and tentatively pats her back, trying to comfort her. She lets him.

Pull back on the two of them, sitting together, side by side.

FADE TO BLACK