

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

Checkpoint

A Buffy the Vampire Slayer episode written by Douglas Petrie and Jane Espenson, and transcribed by Joan the English Chick (pisces@englishchick.com). Original Air Date: January 23, 2001

Transcriber's Notes:

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

Teaser

Episode begins. Fade in on exterior of the Summers house, night.

BUFFY VOICEOVER
Here, I'll get that.

Cut to inside.

BUFFY
Sorry. Mom's still not a hundred percent, and I guess I haven't really been taking up the slack.

We see the living room. Tara, Anya, and Willow sit on the sofa. Xander sits in a chair. **Steven is standing next to Xander.** Buffy and Giles are standing. Buffy moves around trying to pick up stuff that's lying around.

WILLOW
No, the place looks fine, Buffy.

TARA
Yeah, it's just us.

Buffy picks up a sweater (Riley's) and looks sadly at it.

XANDER

That must have belonged to, uh...
 (We see that Xander's
 right wrist is in a
 cast after having been
 broken in "Triangle.")
 Um, aren't we supposed to have a
 meeting?

STEVEN

Yeah...

GILES

Uh, yes, yes, we, we're here for
 a reason.

(Buffy sits)

I've had some rather, uh ...
 well, I've had some news. It
 seems that the Council of
 Watchers has...found some
 information that may help us out.

BUFFY

About Glory?

GILES

Presumably. We'll find that out
 when they ... arrive. Could be
 very important.

STEVEN

Arrive?

BUFFY

Arrive? They're coming here? Now?
 W-why do they have to come here?

XANDER

Yeah, don't they have phones?
 (fake British accent)
 "Allo, Buffy, here's some stuff
 we know, pip pip."

STEVEN

(chuckles)

That's the stupidest accent I've
 ever heard.

BUFFY

Yeah! Phones. See, I'd like them
 on phones.

TARA

Well, what's so bad about them coming here? Aren't they good guys? I mean, Watchers, that's just like other Gileses, right?

BUFFY

Yeah, they're scary and horrible!

GILES

Um, they, well, they can appear a bit ... well, uh, hard-nosed, but, uh, well, essentially, their agenda is the same as ours, they want to save the world and kill demons.

ANYA

Kill the current demons, right?
Current demons.

BUFFY

Giles, I don't want them to come here. I don't trust them. Make them not come here.

STEVEN

I don't trust them either.

GILES

They're probably already on their way. Our old friend Quinton Travers is ... heading up the delegation.

BUFFY

They put me through that test, and it almost killed me. And then, when I was Faith, they almost killed me again. Honestly, I really can't handle almost being killed right now.

ANYA

I don't like the sound of this. They don't sound very ex-demon-compatible.

TARA

Are you sure they're English? I-I thought English people were, um, gentler, then, uh,
(trailing off)
normal...

STEVEN

What do you mean by that?

WILLOW

Maybe it won't be so bad this time. I mean, Buffy, they did think you were Faith last time. Now that they know you're just you, maybe they won't care enough to kill you.

STEVEN

(laughs)

That sounds so bad.

BUFFY

It's not just that. They're gonna screw everything up. I-it's a delicate time right now. I-I have to take care of Dawn, and-

XANDER

But that's not new, you've always taken care of her.

BUFFY

Right. Right, I, I know that, it's just, you know, there's, there's Glory, and...

We see Dawn on the stairs, listening in, wearing pajamas.

BUFFY

(OS)

...and I don't need the Council looking over my shoulder when I don't even know what we're dealing with.

GILES

(OS)

Well, that's precisely why we need to talk to them.

Joyce comes down the stairs and sees Dawn.

JOYCE

Dawn, honey, what are you doing up at this hour? Go back to bed.

Cut back to living room. Buffy hears Joyce and looks alarmed.

DAWN

(OS)

I was just getting a snack.

BUFFY

(yelling over her shoulder)

Dawn, are you listening?

Cut to stairs.

DAWN

(calling to Buffy)

I can get a snack if I want to.

Dawn turns and goes back upstairs. Cut back to living room.

BUFFY

(alarmed, to Giles)

She was listening.

WILLOW

Does it matter? I mean, is she really gonna set the junior high school buzzing with "ooh, there's a delegation a-comin' "?

Steven chuckles at that.

BUFFY

No, I, I guess not. You know, it's just ... sometimes we ... say stuff, and, and ... it's all good. Giles, you were saying ... something?

GILES

Um, just that ... if the Council knows something about Glory, her agenda or her origins, then ...

(sighs)

then maybe it will help us get a, a, a grip on what we're dealing with. Right now I think we're, we're a bit lost.

STEVEN

Then I think we should try to get found.

Cut to: Glory sitting on the floor of her apartment, panting and sweaty, looking pale and in pain. The door bursts open and Dreg enters with another demon who looks like him (Jinx). They are dragging a man in postal carrier uniform.

DREG
Mistress, at last we've found one.

They throw him to the floor next to Glory.

MAILMAN
Look, don't hurt me. I beg of
you, if you just let me go, I
swear I won't tell anyone.

Dreg pulls him upright.

DREG
(to Jinx)
Help her!

Jinx goes to Glory and drags her toward the mailman.

JINX
We're here for you, great one.

Glory gets up on her knees and the demons put her hands on
the mailman's head.

MAILMAN
What-

DREG
Drink!

MAILMAN
Oh, what is this? What the, what
the hell are you things doing to me?

Glory puts her fingers on the sides of his head, and then
pushes them into his head. Instead of blood, yellow light
streams out as Glory pushes her hands deeper into his brain.
Both Glory and the mailman scream. After a moment the light
stops and they both fall to the floor.

DREG
Very good, delicious.

Glory lies on the floor panting and smiling. She no longer
looks pale or sweaty. Jinx moves toward her but she stops him.

GLORY
No, I'm good. It's okay.

She looks at the mailman in disgust, smacks the side of his
head. He sits up, then stands.

MAILMAN

I know you're all always looking
at me. I can tell. Always tell. I
can see. I, my hat, where's my
hat?

(wanders off)

GLORY

(groans, laughs)
Try not cutting things so close
next time, understood?

DREG

Yes, we live to serve.

JINX

As always.

GLORY

Cool.

(to Dreg)

Take this mess out with the rest
of the trash.

(Dreg moves away)

And you ...

(Jinx takes her hand,
helps her up)

have something to tell me?

JINX

Indeed, Glorificus.

GLORY

(smiling)

Well, I'm waiting.

(picks up a hand-
mirror and rubs
lipstick off her teeth)

JINX

We have found that the signs of
the alignment are moving faster
than expected.

GLORY

(primping in mirror)

Meaning?

JINX

If you are to use the key, you
must act quickly.

GLORY

Fine.

(puts mirror down)
I have been cooling my heels in
this crappy little town long
enough.

(lies down on bed)
Sunnydale's got too many demons
and not enough retail outlets.
(Picks up a pair of shoes)

JINX

All you need is the key.

GLORY

(lying on her back)
Yes, and I bet Mousy the Vampire
Slayer has an idea where it is.

JINX

If I may remind your eminence ...
you don't have much time.

GLORY

(scoffs)
Baby, if that girl's the only
thing between me and my key? I
don't need much time.

Act I

Guest starring Clare Kramer, Charlie Weber, Cynthia
LaMontagne, Oliver Muirhead, Kris Iyer, Kevin Weisman, Troy
T. Blendell, Amber Benson as Tara, Harris Yulin as Quinton
Travers, and Kristine Sutherland as Joyce Summers. Written
by Douglas Petrie and Jane Espenson, directed by Nick Marck.

Fade in on magic shop. Giles is talking to a female customer.
He is holding two books.

GILES

Well, if you're serious about
these matters, all right, but ...
you need to be very careful.
Measure precisely, and, and,
please don't step ahead.

TRAVERS

(OS)
No, he's quite right.

We see Quinton Travers standing there with six other Watchers standing behind him: four men, two women. Quinton takes one of the books from Giles and looks at it.

TRAVERS

You wouldn't want to do anything dangerous. Turn the wrong person into a badger.

(Smiles, hands the book back)

GILES

Quinton. I didn't realize you were here.

(Gives book to customer; she walks off)

TRAVERS

Well, evidently.

GILES

Been a while. I see you've, uh, brought some of our ... colleagues with you. Would you care to introduce us?

TRAVERS

Well, first I thought we might catch up.

The other Watchers begin to spread out through the store.

GILES

Well, certainly, certainly. Uh, well, um, this is the shop, obviously.

(Begins walking toward the counter. Travers follows)
Uh, i-it's been a very interesting transition into the world of retail. But I think it's gone rather well. I'll give you the grand tour if you like.

TRAVERS

No, that's all right, I think I can see what you've been up to.

Anya comes up to them behind the counter.

GILES

Yes, well, I, I, uh, do limit my
time here, obviously.

Watcher #1 (Nigel) comes up behind Anya, looking at the
racks of magic stuff behind the counter. Anya looks at him
suspiciously.

GILES

Buffy and I have been training a
great deal these days. Uh,
there's a, a back room...
(points toward the back)

TRAVERS

(sits on a chair
beside the counter)
Oh yes. I thought perhaps you
were keeping that space for the
really dangerous items that
should be kept out of the
public's hands.
(Giles frowns)
Or maybe you don't worry about that.

GILES

I'm very careful.

NIGEL

(comes over holding a vial)
Most of this stuff couldn't harm
anyone. Incense, dime store
trinkets ... but there are some
things.
(Hands vial to Travers)

GILES

I'm sorry, who are you?

Watcher #2 (female) is looking at the stuff on another shelf.

WATCHER2

There are some very potent
elements here ... focusing
crystals, runic artifacts, an
amulet of Cauldis... Also this
statue.
(Picks up a statue
about 2 feet tall)
Its removal from Burma is a
criminal offense...
(MORE)

WATCHER2 (CONT'D)
(Giles looks surprised.
Watcher 2 carries the
statue over to Travers)
...and when triggered, it has the
power to melt human eyeballs.
(She gives the statue
to Travers and walks off)

GILES
In that case, I severely
underpriced it.

TRAVERS
(nods to Nigel)
Uh, Giles, sorry, but this is
just for the duration of our stay.
I think you can see why.

Nigel takes the book from Giles.

GILES
What, what, wha-what is just for
the duration?

Nigel stands in the middle of store and speaks loudly.

NIGEL
Magic Box shoppers! We're going
to have to ask you to leave. The
store is, uh, closing early today.

Watcher #3 (Philip) takes an item away from a customer.

PHILIP
Terribly sorry for the
inconvenience.

Customers begin to leave. Anya looks alarmed.

ANYA
Hey! Giles, what are they doing?
Customers! Please bring your
money back.

Watchers escort customers out. Giles glares at Travers.

GILES
You knew you were gonna do this
before you even saw the place.

TRAVERS

I'm sorry. It's just for the duration of the Council's review.

ANYA

Council? You're the Council?

(smiles)

Welcome to our store. We're closed now. I'll be in the back.

(Begins walking toward the back)

GILES

What review, Quinton? Let's just stop a moment and talk about this.

TRAVERS

(to Anya)

Miss, excuse me, you, uh, you work here?

Anya stops walking, turns back looking apprehensive.

ANYA

Yes I do. Ever since I moved here from southeastern Indiana, where I was raised by both a mother and a father.

GILES

Anya, just go. You don't have to talk to him.

(Anya looks relieved, leaves)

She works for me. Now tell me about this review. No one said anything to me about this.

TRAVERS

Let's sit down and talk about it over here.

All the Watchers move toward the round table at the far end of the store. Watcher #4 (female) pours some tea. The others stand around.

GILES

You all stand around and look somber.

(They do. Giles rolls his eyes)

Good job.

TRAVERS

You used to respect us, Giles.
You used to be one of us.

GILES

You used to pay me. If you
recall, firing me was not my idea.

TRAVERS

Touche.

(sits at table)

But you were on the inside once.
You know what sort of resources
we command.

Another Watcher puts a suitcase on the table, opens it,
takes out some papers and puts them in front of Travers.
Watcher #4 gives Travers a cup of tea.

TRAVERS

We've discovered information
about this creature, your Glory.
Some of it is clearly vital, the
rest merely extremely disturbing.
And it won't be handed over until
we're convinced that you and your
Slayer are prepared for it. Thus
the review.

GILES

(leans over to put

hands on table, speaks softly)

I'm not having you put her
through another one of your
insane tests.

TRAVERS

It's not a test. It's a check of
her methods. We need to know that
this information is safe.

GILES

You can trust her.

(straightens up)

Buffy's come very far recently.
She's acquired a remarkable focus.

TRAVERS

As for the other one?

GILES

**Steven is just as focused as
Buffy, if not more so.**

Cut to: UC Sunnydale classroom. Buffy is sitting among the students, yawning while the professor lectures. **Steven is in the back, blinking and nodding off, trying to stay awake.**

PROFESSOR

Now, Rasputin was associated with a certain obscure religious sect.

(Buffy taps her pencil on her desk. The girl next to her glares.

Buffy sees her and stops tapping the pencil but continues fidgeting)

They held the tenet that in order to be forgiven, one first had to sin. Rasputin embraced this doctrine and proceeded to sin impressively and repeatedly. The notion that he was in fact evil gained strength years later

(Buffy fiddles with her pencil, drops it, shrugs and doesn't pick it up)

when the conspirators who set out to kill him found it nearly impossible to do so.

BUFFY

(to herself)

Nearly impossible?

PROFESSOR

I'm sorry, there's a question?

The students look at Buffy.

PROFESSOR

(sighing)

Miss Summers, of course.

Buffy makes a pained face, stands up as the professor gives her a disapproving look.

BUFFY

I, uh, about, you know, killing him ... you know, they, they poisoned him and, and they beat him and they shot him, and he didn't die.

PROFESSOR

Until they rolled his body in a carpet and drowned him in a canal.

STEVEN
 (to himself)
Why not throw him off a bridge?

BUFFY
 But there are reported sightings
 of him as late as the 1930s,
 aren't there?

PROFESSOR
 I can assure you there is near
 consensus in the academic
 community regarding the death of
 Rasputin.

BUFFY
 There was also near consensus
 about Columbus, you know, until
 someone asked the Vikings what
 they were up to in the 1400s, and
 they're like, "discovering this
 America-shaped continent."
 (Professor looks annoyed)
 I just ... I'm only saying, you
 know, it might be interesting, if
 we came at it from, you
 know, a different perspective,
 that's all.

PROFESSOR
 Well, I'm sorry if you find these
 facts so boring, Miss Summers.
 Maybe you'd prefer I step aside,
 so that you can teach your own
 course. Speculation 101 perhaps?
 (The other students laugh)
 Intro to Flights of Fancy?
 (The students laugh more)

BUFFY
 I only meant-

PROFESSOR
 What was it you were going on
 about last week? Mysterious
 sleeping patterns of the
 Prussian generals?
 (Buffy looks annoyed)
 Now, some of us are here to learn.
 Believe it or not, we're
 interested in finding out what
 actually happened.
 (MORE)

PROFESSOR (CONT'D)
It's called studying history. You
can sit down now. Unless you have
something else to add, professor?

Buffy scowls, sits.

Steven stands up.

STEVEN
All right, that's enough!

PROFESSOR
I'm sorry, Mr. Windsor; you had
something to add?

STEVEN
Now, Buffy is perfectly entitled
to give her opinions. I think
it's unfair that you can talk
down to her just because she made
you look like a fool.

PROFESSOR
Well, I don't care what you
think, Mr. Windsor. I'm the
professor, and you are the
student. That is the way it is,
and that is the way it shall be.
You're coasting at best, Mr.
Windsor, so unless you would like
to fail this class, I would
suggest you sit down, be quiet,
and not say another word until
the class is over.

Steven sighs and sits down.

BUFFY VOICEOVER
Miss Summers!

Cut to graveyard, night. Buffy is fighting a vampire. She
kicks him backward.

BUFFY
Some of us are here to learn,
professor!

She kicks, punches twice. The vamp swings, she ducks. She
grabs him and spins him around, throws him against a headstone.

BUFFY
Maybe you'd like to teach your
own class!

VAMP

Who are you talking to?

Buffy approaches and the vamp punches her in the face. She spins around from the blow, gets her bearings and turns to attack again.

Spike comes flying over the headstone and grabs the vamp from behind, knocking him to the ground. As he gets up, Spike kicks him, then stakes him. Spike grins at Buffy, who stalks forward.

BUFFY

Spike ... why did you do that?

SPIKE

Not for money, if that's what you're thinking. Your heartfelt gratitude's plenty.

(stops grinning)

I expect I'll be getting that any moment.

BUFFY

Gratitude. For getting in my way?

SPIKE

Ge-getting in your way? I saved you.

BUFFY

I was regrouping.

SPIKE

You were about to be regrouped into separate piles. You needed help.

BUFFY

I didn't need you. I never need you, Spike.

She turns and starts to walk off.

SPIKE

Oh, I get it.

(follows)

You just don't like who did the rescuin', that's all. Wishin' I was your boyfriend what's-his-face. Oh wait, he's run off.

BUFFY

You know what? I don't need a boyfriend, to rescue me or for any other reason.

SPIKE

Don't need or can't keep?

(She stops walking to glare at him)

You keep making notches in the headboard but eventually they get up out of the bed and run off, don't they?

BUFFY

(deeply annoyed)

You're disgusting.

SPIKE

Oh, rough talk.

(They resume walking)

Maybe that's your problem, maybe you push 'em away. Or is it the other? Maybe you cling too much. Or maybe ... your beauty's fading.

(They stop again)

The stress of slaying, aging you prematurely. Things not as high, not as firm.

Spike grins and makes a gesture with his hand as if trying to hold up sagging breasts.

BUFFY

You know what, Spike? The more I get to know you, the more I wish I didn't.

SPIKE

Or maybe you just don't hold their interest.

He walks off, leaving Buffy looking stung.

Cut to: interior hospital. Ben comes around a corner, wearing scrubs but putting on his jacket. Jinx comes out of a doorway and grabs him.

JINX

Begging permission to speak with you, sir.

He pulls Ben into an empty room.

BEN

Don't touch me, you're crusty.
What do you want?

JINX

Oh, not me, the magnificent Glory.
She wants. She wants more
information on the Slayer, she ...
knows you know her.

BEN

The Slayer? I don't know any
Slayer. Get away from me, you
shouldn't be here.

JINX

Oh, I believe you do, sir. She's
short, symmetrical, hair on top?
Buffy something.

BEN

Buffy Summers is the Slayer?

JINX

That's the one! Very clever of
you, sir.

BEN

The Slayer. How does Glory know
this?

JINX

I do not know, I was not there.
But the beautiful Glory said for
you to tell us please, where her
dwelling is ... who her friends
are...

BEN

Why? So Glory can find her, do
something to her? Why would I do
that?

JINX

I don't know, sir, she just said
to tell you to do it. For her.
That was her message.

BEN

Well, I've got a message for
Glory too.

Cut to: interior magic shop. Giles is walking out of the
back room, along with the other Watchers.

GILES
 We've been developing sort of a,
 a hybrid fighting style ... let
 me outline her progress for you
 and I-I think you'll see that
 your review isn't strictly needed.

Buffy enters, **followed by Steven.**

STEVEN
**Hey, Giles. I walked Buffy here;
 hope that's okay.**

He sees the Watchers and tries to back out.

STEVEN
 (disgusted)
Great.

As does she.

BUFFY
 (muttering)
 Bad day. Bad, baaad....

TRAVERS
 Miss Summers...**Mr. Windsor.**
 (Buffy stops backing
 away, **as does Steven**)
 good to see you again.

Buffy enters reluctantly, **followed by Steven, and** closes the
 door behind **them.**

BUFFY
 Mr. Travers.

STEVEN
 (sarcastic)
Wussup?

TRAVERS
 Giles has just been telling us of
 your training regimen. Perhaps
 you'll favor us with a
 demonstration while we're here.

STEVEN
Why don't you go take a flying leap?

BUFFY
 (to Steven)
Take it easy, Steven...
 (to Quentin)
 Right now?

TRAVERS
 No need to rush you.

GILES
 (ruefully)
 They're ... staying a little
 longer than I'd anticipated.

TRAVERS
 We've already laid out our
 project for Mr. Giles. Nigel?

The Watchers and Buffy move toward one side of the room
 while Giles stays leaning against the counter.

NIGEL
 It's an exhaustive examination of
 your procedures and abilities.
 We'll observe your training, talk
 to your friends...

BUFFY
 Talk to my friends?

STEVEN
What purpose does that serve?

TRAVERS
 Yes, we understand you're still
 taking civilians out on patrols.

STEVEN
So what? They can handle
themselves.

BUFFY
 Oh, you've gotta be kidding me.

TRAVERS
 Buffy ... I can sense your
 resistance. I don't blame you.
 But I think your Watcher hasn't
 reminded you lately of the
 resolute status of the players in
 our little game. The Council
 fights evil. The Slayer is the
 instrument by which we fight.
 (MORE)

TRAVERS (CONT'D)

The Council remains, the Slayers change. It's been that way from the beginning,

STEVEN

(apalled)

That means she has to die in order for you guys to leave?

GILES

(scornfully)

Well, that's a very comforting, bloodless way of looking at it, isn't it?

TRAVERS

Giles, let me talk to Buffy, because I think she's understanding me.

(to Buffy)

Glory is stronger than you. She's a more powerful instrument, if you will. We can help you. We have information that will help. Pass the review and we give it to you without reservation. Fail the review, either through incompetence, or by resisting our recommendations...

STEVEN

(can't believe it)

You gotta be kidding me...

GILES

(angrily, moves toward them)

Resisting your recommendations? **They fail** if we don't do whatever you say! How much under your thumb do you think we are?

TRAVERS

How much do you want our help?

GILES

(pokes his finger
angrily at Travers;
the other Watchers
restrain him)

They're not your bloody instruments and you have no right to do any of this!

BUFFY

Giles!

Giles shakes off the other Watchers and moves away, frustrated.

TRAVERS

I understand you think this is unfair. But there are factors which should motivate you to go along with the review. Now, I don't want to do this, but obviously we could shut this place down permanently.

BUFFY

You can't do that. You don't have that kind of power.

TRAVERS

Of course we do, and a great deal more. In fact, if you insist on fighting us, we'll arrange to have Mr. Giles deported within the day. Never set foot in this country again. Now perhaps you're used to idle threats and sloppy discipline, Miss Summers, but you're dealing with grownups now.

(pause)

Am I making myself clear?

Buffy looks angrily from Travers to Giles (who doesn't look at her) and then back. She glares at Travers, **along with Steven who looks really angry.**

Blackout.

Act II

Glory's apartment. Jinx enters, holding his head down to hide his face.

GLORY

Jinx... hey, what's the deal with your face?

Jinx lifts his head to reveal his face bruised and bloody. We see Glory standing in front of a vanity with a towel wrapped around her.

JINX

It's a message from Ben. He ... isn't going to help.

GLORY
 (pouring oil into her hand)
 Isn't go...
 (bemused)
 isn't going to help?

JINX
 No.

GLORY
 All he has to do is turn over
 that tiny squirming Slayer girl!
 (rubbing oil on her arms)
 I have business to do with her.
 If she knows where I can start
 looking for my key... aah!

She grabs her head in frustration. Jinx watches. Glory calms down and begins walking toward him.

GLORY
 Why won't he help? He knows her.
 He could go to her ... he could
 talk to her ...
 (irritated)
 he could seduce her and bang the
 key out of her!

JINX
 He is quite attractive.

GLORY
 Well, of course he's attractive!
 (pouty)
 But he drives me insane. Know
 what I mean?

JINX
 He drives you insane?

GLORY
 Yeah! That's it exactly!
 (puts her head on
 Jinx's chest)
 Oh. Sweet lumpy minion. You're
 the only one that understands.
 (thoughtfully)
 Probably cause I haven't sucked
 your brain out yet.
 (Jinx cringes)
 He makes me so mad... if I could
 just ... get my hands on him...

She curves her fingers into claws and gestures as if she's about to grab Jinx's head. He cringes in fear.

GLORY
(drops her hands)
You know?
(Walks away. Jinx
sighs in relief)
I'll just find her myself.

Cut to magic shop. Buffy sits at the round table; Giles paces. **Steven is sitting across from Buffy.**

GILES
It's a power play, that's what it is. It's about who has the power.

BUFFY
I'm guessing they do? Big power outage in Buffy county?

GILES
I should have set you loose on them, that's what I should have done.

BUFFY
Giles, that Travers guy is like sixty. I can't hit him.
(looks up)
Can I?

STEVEN
I can. He'll go down like a sack of rocks.

GILES
I suppose not. Well, I could. I think I will.

BUFFY
Can they really do the stuff they threatened? Kick you out the country?

GILES

In a heartbeat.
 (Takes off his
 glasses, takes out a
 handkerchief and
 begins cleaning his glasses)
 See, the rough stuff, they're all
 right out there, a bit ham-
 handed, but they get it done,
 but, uh ... this stuff, the, uh,
 bureaucracy, the pulling of
 political strings, they're the
 best in the world. They can kill
 you with the stroke of a pen.
 Poncy sods.

STEVEN

(sarcastic)

Great.

There's a crunching noise as Giles's glasses break in his hands from too vigorous a cleaning. One of the lenses has popped out of the frame. Giles looks down at them.

BUFFY

(softly)

Am I gonna be able to get through
 this review?

STEVEN

You'll be fine, Buffy.

GILES

Well, I.....
 (comes over and sits
 next to her)
 I suppose they'll make it as
 difficult as they want to. The
 physical stuff could be a bit of
 a challenge.
 (Puts on his glasses,
 immediately takes them
 off again)

BUFFY

That's not what I'm worried about.
 It's the other stuff. Examining
 decisions I've made. I mean,
 twice now I've been within
 slaying distance of Glory, and
 twice she's kicked my ass without
 even tensing a muscle.

(MORE)

BUFFY (CONT'D)

And I haven't been able to figure out ... what she is, or anything about her except that she wants the key, which I have, and I can't even figure out if it's okay for me to tell anyone that.

GILES

Buffy, no one could have done any better than you.

BUFFY

But no one else is gonna be asked the questions that I can't answer.

(getting agitated)

They're gonna expect me to ... to be like a Slayer and, and know stuff, but I'm just me and I don't know anything, and they're gonna go away, and they're not gonna tell me how to fight Glory, and I'm not gonna be able to protect Dawn.

STEVEN

(calming)

Buffy, calm down...things will be fine. I promise.

GILES

Buffy, calm down. The scandal here is not anything you've done wrong, it's the way they're behaving. Holding what they know hostage with a gun pointed at my bleeding green card, no less.

(sighs)

It's humiliating.

BUFFY

Also smart. They picked the perfect thing. I can't lose you.

GILES

(softly)

Thank you.

BUFFY

(sighs)

I guess I should be getting ready. What do you think it'll be like, I mean, how do you think they'll start?

Cut to: Anya sitting next to Xander in Xander's apartment.

ANYA

Anya Christina Emanuella Jenkins, twenty years old. Born on the fourth of July, and don't think there weren't jokes about that my whole life, mister, 'cause there were. "Who's our little patriot?" they'd say, when I was younger, and therefore smaller and shorter than I am now.

We see Philip sitting across the table from them, and Watcher #4 standing in the background.

PHILIP

(taking notes)

So, you spell it A-N-Y-A, yes?

ANYA

Yes.

PHILIP

Fine, now we can get to the questions.

Cut to: Willow and Tara's room. Willow and Tara sit on the bed side-by-side. Nigel stands before them with a notebook.

WILLOW

Questions, great.

TARA

Well, we can answer questions.

NIGEL

Good. I need to know a little bit more about the Slayer, and about the both of you. Your relationship, whatever you can tell me.

TARA

O-o-our relationship?

WILLOW

We're friends.

TARA

Good friends.

WILLOW

Girlfriends, actually.

TARA
Yes, we're girlfriends.

WILLOW
We're in love. We're ... lovers.
(puts hand on Tara's knee)
We're lesbian, gay-type lovers.

NIGEL
I meant your relationship with
the Slayer.

Both girls look embarrassed. Willow removes her hand from Tara's knee.

TARA
Um, just good friends.

Cut back to Xander/Anya interrogation.

XANDER
Best friends. Willow and me and
Buffy. The three of us have been
together from the beginning.
We've always gone on patrols, and
uh, done demon research with her
and everything.

PHILIP
Have you mastered any fighting
disciplines over the years?

XANDER
No.

PHILIP
So, you have no special skills,
or powers, or knowledge that you
bring to the mix. Neither of you.

ANYA
Just enthusiasm for killing the
demons. Go deadness for the demons.

XANDER
I don't have any powers, but I do
help.

PHILIP
How? Be specific.

XANDER

Last year, uh, Willow, Giles and me combined our essences with Buffy, which isn't as weird as it sounds.

(laughs nervously)

We merged, and I was the heart part of a super-Buffy. Again, let me stress the not-as-weird thing.

ANYA

I'm told it was all very professional.

NIGEL VOICEOVER

Are you saying that the Slayer needs that level of help from you often?

Cut back to Willow/Tara interrogation.

WILLOW

No, no, she doesn't need help.

TARA

She'd be fine without us. Sometimes she goes off and does stuff without even telling us.

WILLOW

Not that she's like a, a weird loner or anything.

TARA

I'm not sure we're saying this right.

WILLOW

See, here's the thing. We, we can help because we do magicks. I'm working on this ball of sunshine thing. See, I have this theory.

TARA

It's very cool.

WILLOW

A-and if it works, easier slaying for Buffy. Not that it's hard for her now!

NIGEL

Interesting. What level are you at?

TARA
Level?

NIGEL
Magical proficiency level?

WILLOW
Oh! Uh, high, a high level. Very high. One of those ... top levels.

TARA
Five!

Nigel writes this down as Willow and Tara give each other anxious looks. Willow mouths, "five??" and Tara shrugs.

NIGEL
And you're registered as practicing witches under the names as you gave them to me?

TARA
R-registered?

WILLOW
Oh yes! Yes, of course we're-

TARA
...r-r-registered.
(nodding)

Cut back to Xander/Anya interrogation.

PHILIP
Do either of you know anything about the key?

ANYA
Nope, but it sounds demony to me. I don't hold with that demon nonsense.

(picks up a basket of muffins and holds it toward Philip)
Muffin? I cooked them myself.

PHILIP
(gestures to indicate "no thanks")
So, Buffy sometimes protects you from the dangerous elements of her work.

XANDER

Yes. She's saved my life lots of times. The vampires in this town hate her.

Cut to: Spike's crypt. Spike staring at someone.

WATCHER #2

(OS)

But we understand that you *help* the Slayer.

We see that Spike is being interrogated by Watcher #2 while the other two nameless male Watchers stand between her and Spike. One of the men holds a cross, the other a crossbow.

SPIKE

I pitch in when she pays me.

WATCHER2

She pays you? She gives you money?

SPIKE

Money, a little nip of blood out of some stray victim, whatever.

WATCHER2

Blood?

SPIKE

Well, if they're gonna die anyway.
(considers)

Come to think of it, though, that's a bit scandalous, isn't it? Personally, I'm shocked. The girl's slipping.

WATCHER2

You've noticed a decline in her work?

SPIKE

Oh, yeah. See, the poor little twig can't keep a man. Gets her all down. Few more disappointments, she'll be cryin' on my shoulder, mark my words.

WATCHER2

(frowns)

Is that what you want? I'd think you'd want to kill her. You've killed Slayers before.

SPIKE
 (intrigued)
 Heard of me, have you?

He walks a little closer. The two male Watchers shift nervously and hold up their weapons.

WATCHER2
 (embarrassed smile)
 I ... wrote my thesis on you.

SPIKE
 (grins)
 Well, well. Isn't that neat.
 (stops smiling)
 Tell me, pet, now we're such good friends, how's the Slayer doing?
 Is she okay? High marks in all categories?

TRAVERS VOICEOVER
 Agility, clarity, stamina and strength-

Cut to the workout room in the back of the magic shop. Nigel is tying a blindfold around Buffy's head. Giles and the other Watchers are standing around.

TRAVERS
 ...these are the qualities that the Slayer must possess to do her job.

BUFFY
 What came after agility?

GILES
 If you want her to attack the dummy-

TRAVERS
 No, no. Philip will attack the dummy.
 (We see Philip standing next to the dummy, wearing a karate robe)
 The Slayer's job is to protect it. Do you understand?

BUFFY
 Protect the dummy.

TRAVERS

As if it were precious. Now, getting the best of Philip will require agility. Listening to my instructions at the same time, that will demonstrate clarity. And stamina and strength will win the long fight. Good luck.

BUFFY

Instructions?

TRAVERS

Yeah, I'll be telling you what to do, how to counter Philip's attack. We assume you're familiar with the Japanese names for aikido and jiu-jitsu moves.

BUFFY

Japanese?

WATCHER2

(clicking a stopwatch)
And, go!

BUFFY

Whoa, hold on a second. We uh, you know in America, we usually just work our way up to "go."

Philip bows toward Buffy. He's holding a short axe.

TRAVERS

(speaks Japanese)

BUFFY

Huh?

GILES

He wants you to bow. Take a bow.

BUFFY

Oh.

(bows)

Philip circles around her. Buffy follows his movements. He thrusts at the dummy and Buffy blocks. Then she kicks at him and misses. She spins around and blocks his overhead punch.

TRAVERS
(Japanese)

Philip punches Buffy in the face.

GILES
Punch him.

BUFFY
Thanks, Giles.

GILES
Sorry.

TRAVERS
(Japanese)

GILES
Uh...back kick, elbow-

Buffy back-kicks and Philip moves out of the way. She thrusts with her elbow and he avoids it.

GILES
...elbow...strike.

TRAVERS
How have you been training her?

GILES
I've trained her to win.

Buffy looks annoyed.

BUFFY
You know what? I'm gonna have to do it my way, guys.

Philip swings the weapon and she ducks. He lifts it for an overhead blow and Buffy grabs the handle, kicks him in the stomach, forces him back against the training horse and elbows him in the face. He tumbles backward over the horse, losing his grip on the weapon. The momentum pulls it out of Buffy's hands and it flies backward to land in the dummy's chest, knocking the dummy backward into Nigel. He falls to the floor with the dummy on top of him.

Buffy turns around, pulling the blindfold off.

Watcher #2 kneels by Nigel and clicks the stopwatch.

BUFFY

Uh-oh.

The others help Philip up.

PHILIP

I think she just broke my rib.

TRAVERS

Yes, well.

BUFFY

I didn't mean to. Um, you know, I, I can do better. I think I might be getting this, like, inner ear thing, and so maybe, maybe if I got a note, I, I could try again.

TRAVERS

No, that's all right, I don't think we need to see any more physical tests for a while. We can move on to the real review. Look into your strategies, plans ... figure out what's going on in that head.

BUFFY

(unhappily)

Good. Head stuff.

TRAVERS

We start at seven tonight. Give you time to, uh ...

(looks from Buffy to Giles)
well, however you prepare.

The Watchers leave. Buffy and Giles look glum.

Cut to: Buffy entering the Summers home.

BUFFY

(puts down her bag, calling)

Mom?

She walks toward the living room. As she rounds the corner, she comes face-to-face with Glory.

GLORY

Long day, sweetie?

Blackout.

Act III

Fade back in on Buffy looking apprehensively at Glory as Glory checks out the living room.

GLORY
So ... this is where the Slayer
eats, sleeps, and
 (run her finger
 through the dust on a
 side table)
...combs her hair? Oh...
 (picks up a photo)
so cute.
 (Holds it up for Buffy
 to see, then puts it down)
I can't even stand it. Personally?
I need more space, but uh, this
is good for you, it's, it's so
quaint, and...

As Glory is speaking with her back to Buffy, Buffy moves across the room to the fireplace and picks up a poker. When she straightens up, Glory is right behind her.

GLORY
Buffy...
 (takes the poker)
If I wanted to fight, you could
tell by the being dead already.
 (goes to sit in an
 armchair, giggles)
So play nice, little girl.

BUFFY
What do you want?

GLORY
The key. Why else do you think
I'd come here? See,
 (points poker at Buffy)
I think you knew where it is. And
that's a good thing.

BUFFY
I'm glad you think so.

GLORY
Well, it's the only thing keeping
you alive right now. Because you
may be tiny queen in vampire
world...

Dawn enters behind Glory. Buffy looks at Dawn in alarm, tries not to let Glory see her looking.

GLORY
...but to me, you're a bug. You
should get down on your knees and
worship me!

Dawn walks closer. Buffy widens her eyes to signal Dawn to go away.

GLORY
But oh, no, you still think it's
neat having Slayer strength.
(Dawn mouths "What?"
at Buffy)
Ooh, big deal! Stronger than
humans!
(Dawn begins to back away)
Who isn't? I could crush the life
from you as easy as you'd break a
nail. But I need the key.

Dawn has reached the stairs. She begins to turn away.

GLORY
Kid!

Dawn stops. Buffy looks alarmed.

GLORY
Come here a sec.

BUFFY
Leave her out of this.

GLORY
Not asking twice.

Dawn approaches, still behind Glory and out of her line of sight.

BUFFY
This is between you and me.

GLORY
No. This is between me and my key.
You just happen to be the thing
in the way.

Glory lifts her hand over her head and snaps her fingers. Dawn walks into her view, folds her arms over her chest sullenly.

GLORY

And you are just the darlin'-est thing I ever did see in my life. What's your name, honey?

DAWN

Dawn.

GLORY

Dawn? Did you know your sister took my key, Dawnie? And she won't give it back! I bet you know where she put it, don't you?

BUFFY

She doesn't know anything.

DAWN

(looks at Buffy, annoyed)
I know some stuff.

GLORY

I bet she takes your stuff all the time without asking, doesn't she? Where's my key, Dawn?

BUFFY

Go upstairs, Dawn.

DAWN

(angrily, to Buffy)
You're always talking about stuff I'm not supposed to hear.
(Glory looks interested)
I'm gonna figure it out, you know.

Dawn leaves.

GLORY

(grins)
Ooh, I like her. She's sassy.
(pauses, gets serious)
And I'll kill her. I'll kill your mom, I'll kill your friends ... and I'll make you watch when I do.
(sighs)
Just give me the key. You either have it or you know where to find it.
(stands up)
Obviously, this is a one-time-only deal.

(MORE)

GLORY (CONT'D)

Next time we meet, something you love dies bloody. You know you can't take me. You know you can't stop me.

She drops the poker on the floor and leaves. Buffy watches her go with a grim expression.

Joyce enters.

JOYCE

Buffy, who was that?

BUFFY

Pack a bag.

Cut to Spike asleep in his crypt. A ray of sunshine falls on his face as the door opens. He screams and jumps up to find Buffy standing beside his "bed."

SPIKE

(sarcastically)

Oh, it's the Slayer. For a second there I was worried.

He starts to rub his eyes sleepily, pauses and looks over at the other end of the crypt.

Shot of Dawn and Joyce standing by the door.

SPIKE

(surprised)

So, what's with the family outing?

BUFFY

(quietly, walking up close to him)

I need your help.

SPIKE

Great. I need your cash.

BUFFY

I'm serious.

(even more quietly)

You have to look after them.

SPIKE

Well, that's a boatload of manly responsibility to come flying out of nowhere. What's the matter, Slayer? You're not feeling a hundred percent?

BUFFY
(frowns)
No.

SPIKE
(frowns)
They didn't put a chip in your
head, did they?

BUFFY
No!

SPIKE
Be funny if they did.

BUFFY
(annoyed)
Spike, I need an answer. Now. In
or out?
(quietly)
You're the only one strong enough
to protect them.

SPIKE
(looks at her for a moment)
All right then.
(calls to Joyce and Dawn)
Ladies...
(walks toward them;
Buffy follows)
Come on in. There's plenty of
blood in the fridge.

DAWN
Do you mean like, real blood?

SPIKE
What do you think?

DAWN
Mostly I think "ew."

BUFFY
(to Joyce)
Keep Dawn here as long as you can.
I'll be back soon.

JOYCE
Okay.

BUFFY
(walks over to Spike)
I don't think I need to remind
you, but-

SPIKE

Yeah, yeah, "anything happens to 'em I'll stake you good and proper." Sing me a new one sometime, eh? That bit's gone stale.

Buffy leaves. Spike, Dawn, and Joyce stand around looking uncomfortable.

JOYCE

I, I love what you've, um, neglected to do with the place.

SPIKE

Just don't break anything.
(goes to turn on the TV)
And don't make a lot of noise.
"Passions" is coming on.

JOYCE

(comes forward)
"Passions"? Oh, do you think Timmy's really dead?

SPIKE

Oh!
(gestures to his
armchair. He and Joyce
each sit on one arm)
No, no, she can just sew him back together. He's a doll, for god's sake.

JOYCE

Uh, what about the wedding? I mean, there's no way they're gonna go through with that.

Dawn makes an exasperated face, walks off.

Cut to magic shop, night. The Watchers are walking around, looking at books, moving stuff around. Giles sits in a chair by the table. **Steven is standing next to Giles.** Anya, Xander, Willow, and Tara sit on the balcony above, looking down. Their feet dangle in the air and they lean against the railing watching the Watchers.

XANDER

Look at them. Big tough Council members pickin' on the books.

WILLOW

Fascists.

TARA

Why doesn't Mr. Giles put them
all out of here?

XANDER

Because if they deport him,
they're not just destroying his
career, they're ... condemning
the man to a lifetime diet of
blood sausage, bangers, and mash.

Cut to below. Travers walks over to where Giles is sitting.

TRAVERS

Well, your Slayer's twenty
minutes late and counting, Rupert.

STEVEN

She'll be here, Quentin. Calm down.

GILES

Buffy will be here, I assure you.

TRAVERS

(chuckles)
Yes, but when?

Cut to: Buffy walking through a dark alley. She looks at her
watch.

BUFFY

Crap.

She walks faster. Suddenly someone appears from behind a
trash can and grabs her around the waist, pulling her down
to the ground. They both get up. It's a person in medieval
armor with chain-mail covering his face. He backhands Buffy,
she spins around and flies into a pile of garbage. As she
straightens up, two more knights appear. The first one has a
sword, the other two have metal staves. They circle around
Buffy, twirling their weapons.

BUFFY

Uh ... guys? A-any way we could
... not do this?

Overhead shot of the three knights circling her. Blackout.

Act IV

Fade back in on the same scene.

The knight with the sword swings. Buffy ducks. She spins and punches him, ducks a staff thrust, kicks the other staff, ducks again, kicks the first staff-holder in the stomach. Ducks another swing, kicks the second staff guy twice. Ducks a swing from sword guy, blocks a punch, punches him in the face while holding his sword arm. Kicks him back, grabs the staff of another and pushes him away. Deflects the other staff holder. Then she does two back-flips that carry her over the two staves, grabs one staff and thrusts it into that knight's stomach, deflects a sword thrust with it, kicks the sword guy in the stomach. Jabs the staff into disarmed knight's stomach again, ducks a thrust from the other staff, kicks that knight so he goes spinning away. Buffy and the disarmed knight grapple for his staff, finally she hits him in the face with it. He goes down. She drops her staff and blocks an overhand sword thrust, punches the sword holder and he goes down. Buffy kicks the other staff holder away, picks up the staff again and faces off with the sword holder.

Buffy knocks the sword out of the knight's hand and pushes him to the ground, jumping on top of him and holding the staff to his throat.

BUFFY

Okay. Let's see what you are.

She removes the chain-mail mask to reveal an ordinary-looking human man with a symbol on his forehead.

BUFFY

Or who you are.

KNIGHT

One soldier in a vast army.

BUFFY

What army?

KNIGHT

The Knights of Byzantium, an ancient order. And now your enemy.

BUFFY

(pushes the staff
harder into his throat)
You work for Glory?

KNIGHT

You think we align ourselves with the beast? You must be mad.

BUFFY

You're the ones tried killing me.

KNIGHT

No, we were fools, three alone.
But if it takes a hundred men, we
send a hundred men, and if it
takes a thousand, we send a
thousand.

BUFFY

A thousand?

KNIGHT

So long as you protect the key,
the brotherhood will never stop
until we destroy it and you. You
are the Slayer, and we know what
we must do. Now, be done with it.
Kill us, and let legions follow.

Buffy shoves the staff into his throat again, then tosses it
aside, gets up and picks up the sword. The knight gets to
his feet, and she puts the sword to his throat. He turns his
head away waiting for the kill stroke.

BUFFY

Go.

The knight looks surprised, edges around her and leaves.
Buffy stares at the sword.

Cut to: Buffy entering the magic shop, still holding the
sword. Pan across all the Watchers standing there, the four
Slayerettes still sitting on the upper level, and Travers
sitting at the table with a pile of papers spread out in
front of him. Giles sits on the stairs leading up to the
balcony **and Steven stands next to Giles.**

TRAVERS

You're late.

BUFFY

Yeah.

GILES

(sees the sword, gets up)
Was, was there an attack?

BUFFY

Yeah.

STEVEN

(concerned)
Are you all right?

BUFFY
(smiles weakly)
No big.

TRAVERS
 We can begin the review at last.
 We'll, uh, skip the more obvious
 questions...

Buffy puts the sword down on his papers.

BUFFY
 There isn't gonna be a review.

TRAVERS
 Sorry?

BUFFY
 No review. No interrogation. No
 questions you *know* I can't
 answer. No hoops, no jumps -
 (Nigel starts to speak)
 and no interruptions.

Nigel shuts up. Buffy looks around, begins to pace.

BUFFY
 See ... I've had a lot of people
 talking at me the last few days.
 Everyone just lining up to tell
 me how unimportant I am. And I've
 finally figured out why.
 (looks Travers in the eye)
 Power. I have it. They don't.
 This bothers them.

Buffy moves back to the table, removing her coat.

BUFFY
 Glory ... came to my home today.

STEVEN
(shocked)
Oh my God, are you o--

GILES
(alarmed)
 Buffy, are you--

BUFFY

(puts her coat on a chair)
Just to talk.

(resumes pacing)
She told me I'm a bug, I'm a flea, she could squash me in a second.

(stops, looks at Travers again)
Only she didn't. She came into my home, and we talked. We had what in her warped brain probably passes for a civilized conversation. Why?

(pauses)
Because she needs something from me. Because I have power over her.

Buffy looks around, hands on her hips. She walks the floor, looking from one Watcher to the next as she talks.

BUFFY

You guys didn't come all the way from England to determine whether or not I was good enough to be let back in. You came to beg me to let you back in. To give your jobs, your lives some semblance of meaning.

Steven snickers.

STEVEN

(quietly)
(to Giles)
That makes sense.

NIGEL

This is beyond insolence-

Buffy grabs the sword from the table and throws it across the room in a single movement. It flies point-first into the wall directly in front of Nigel's nose. He jumps back looking shocked.

Steven grins and tries to surpress his laughter.

BUFFY

(clears throat)
I'm fairly certain I said no interruptions.

XANDER
 (whispers)
 That was excellent!

Willow and Tara grin.

BUFFY
 You're Watchers. Without a
 Slayer, you're pretty much just
 watchin' Masterpiece Theater. You
 can't stop Glory. You can't do
 anything with the information you
 have except maybe publish it in
 the "Everyone Thinks We're
 Insane-O's Home Journal."

(Pauses, addresses
 Travers again)
 So here's how it's gonna work.
 You're gonna tell me everything
 you know. Then you're gonna go
 away.

(resumes pacing)
 You'll contact me if and when you
 have any further information
 about Glory. The magic shop will
 remain open. Mr. Giles will stay
 here as my official Watcher,
 reinstated at full salary...

GILES
 (coughing)
 Retroactive.

BUFFY
 ...to be paid retroactively from
 the month he was fired. I will
 continue my work with the help of
 my friends...

WATCHER2
 I, uh, I ... don't want a sword
 thrown at me, but, but, civilians,
 I - we're talking about children.

BUFFY
 (looks up at her
 friends on the balcony)
 We're talking about two very
 powerful witches and a thousand-
 year-old ex-demon.

ANYA
 Willow's a demon?!

Steven walks up beside Buffy.

STEVEN
And a male Vampire Slayer.
(to Quentin)
(annoyed)
That doesn't need to be Watched.
So don't even try to get me into
your little club.

PHILIP
The boy? No power there.

BUFFY
The boy has clocked more field
time than all of you combined.
He's part of the unit.

WILLOW
(whispers to Xander)
That's Riley-speak.

XANDER
(whispers back, with a
big grin)
I've clocked field time.

BUFFY
Now.
(addresses the Watchers)
You all may be very good at your
jobs. The only way we're gonna
find out is if you work with me.
You can all take your time
thinking about that.
(turns back to Travers)
But I want an answer right now
from Quinton, 'cause I think he's
understanding me.

TRAVERS
(clears throat)
Uh, your terms are acceptable.

Giles smiles hugely. The Slayerettes burst into cheers and
applause, but quickly stop, looking embarrassed. Buffy looks
up at them, looks at Giles. She doesn't smile, but looks
satisfied. She sits across from Travers.

BUFFY
See? No begging.

TRAVERS

(nods)
Uh, Rupert.

GILES

Quinton?

TRAVERS

When we inventoried your shop, we found a bottle of single malt scotch behind the, uh, incense holders.

GILES

Well, it's, it's not, you know, during working hours.

TRAVERS

I think I could use a glass.

GILES

Well, I suppose we could-
(starts to move away)

BUFFY

(gets up)
Just a minute.
(Giles stops)
Glory. I wanna know.

TRAVERS

Well, there's a lot to go through.

BUFFY

Just tell me what kind of demon I'm fighting.

TRAVERS

Well, that's the thing, you see. Glory isn't a demon.

BUFFY

What is she?

TRAVERS

She's a god.

STEVEN

(shocked)
Holy...

BUFFY
(long pause, eyes widen)
Oh.

Blackout.

Executive Producer: Joss Whedon.