

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

Smashed

Episode opens in an alley. Overhead shot of a scared middle-aged couple backing up against a wall. Two men advancing toward them. One of the men is holding the woman's purse and looking through it.

HUSBAND

(nervous)

I'm sure we can work something out.

WIFE

A deal of some sort. Anything you want.

BUFFY

(OS)

I always wanted a pony.

Everyone turns to see Buffy standing there.

BUFFY

Oh. You weren't really speaking to me, were you? My bad. Well, as long as I'm here...

She walks forward and kicks one of the men. He stumbles back, drops the purse. He and his cohort stare at Buffy in fear. We see that they're human, not vampires.

BUFFY

(surprised)

Wow. A mugging. Haven't gotten one of those in a while.

The uninjured mugger checking to make sure the one Buffy kicked is okay.

BUFFY

Usually it's blood, and with the horror ... just a good old-fashioned mugging.

(the victims staring at her)

Kinda sweet actually.

Buffy bends over, picks up the woman's purse.

BUFFY

Oh, uh, probably not for you. Here.

(gives the woman her purse)

Go. Now.

The husband and wife run off.

One of the muggers attacks Buffy and she blocks his punch, punches him, then grabs his arm and twists it around behind him. She holds him there while she kicks the other one back.

BUFFY

Not too sweet for you either, huh?
(mugger getting up)
But come on, rush me. It'll be
funny.

The second mugger gets up and is about to rush her when Spike comes into the shot yelling.

SPIKE

Yaah!

BUFFY

No!

Spike punches the mugger and falls into a pile of boxes. Buffy lets go of the mugger she's holding and he runs off.

Spike rolls around in the pile of boxes clutching his head in pain. Boxes fall on top of him. The other mugger runs off too. Buffy watches them go and yells in frustration.

BUFFY

Gah! Oh!

Spike gets up, still holding his head.

BUFFY

What the hell are you doing?

SPIKE

I thought they were demons.

BUFFY

Way to go with the keen
observiness, Jessica Fletcher.

SPIKE

(glares)
Remind me not to help you.

BUFFY

More often?

SPIKE

Hey. Little sympathy for the man
with the migraine here, can we?

BUFFY
Well, that's what you get for
attacking a human.

SPIKE
Yeah.
(annoyed)
You'd think if the government was
gonna put a chip in my head,
they'd at least make it so I
could attack criminals and that
sort.

BUFFY
Yes, because muggers deserve to
be eaten.

Spike gives her a sour look.

BUFFY
Just have to get your rocks off
fightin' demons.

SPIKE
(suggestively)
There are other ways.

BUFFY
And to that, an extreme 'see you
later.'

She turns to go. Spike smirks, walks after her.

SPIKE
Buffy.

She stops, sighs, turns back.

BUFFY
Spike ... it's late, okay, can we
just finish this another time?

SPIKE
(walks closer)
Oh, so you wanna jump right to
the kissing then, eh?

BUFFY
I am not kissing you, Spike. Once
was-

SPIKE
Twice.

BUFFY
But not again.

She turns away again, begins walking.

SPIKE
You're a tease, you know that,
Slayer?
(Buffy rolls her eyes,
continues walking)
Get a fellow's motor revving, let
the tension marinate a couple-a
days, then bam! Crown yourself
the ice queen.

BUFFY
(still walking away)
Need a few more metaphors for
that little mix?

She walks off. Spike stays where he is in the alley, yelling
after her.

SPIKE
(yells)
It's only a matter of time before
you realize I'm the only one here
for you, pet. You got no one else!

Cut to the Summers house, night. Willow opens the door of
her bedroom, peeks out, goes back inside and closes the door.
She goes over to the window, looks out.

Amy-Rat is in a cage on the floor, squeaking. Willow kneels
down beside it.

WILLOW
What's the matter, Amy? You
lonely?
(opens the cage)
Oh, we need to get you a nice
companion rat
(takes Amy out of the cage)
that you can love ... play with
... and grow attached to, until
one day they leave you for no
good reason.

Willow carries the rat over to the bed, stroking it gently.
She puts the rat down on the bed.

WILLOW
Won't that be fun?
(rat squeaking)
Relax, Amy. I'm just kiddin'. I
swear, if I could figure out how
to turn you back...
(realizes something)
Any way ... Revele!

A sheet of paper appears on the desk. Willow picks it up, reads.

WILLOW
'Cio che fu non e piu. Cio che fu
fatto disfa. Passato e il
pericolo, finita e la prova.
Metti le cosa a posto.'

Willow looks up at the bed. Red lightning flashes as the rat morphs back into Amy, sitting naked on the bed with her legs pulled up to her chest. Willow smiles.

Amy lifts her head, looks around, her movements all twitchy like a rat. She screams.

Wolf howl, opening credits.

Guest starring Danny Strong, Adam Busch, Tom Lenk, Elizabeth Anne Allen, and Amber Benson as Tara. Written by Drew Z. Greenberg, directed by Turi Meyer.

Act I

Open in a museum, night. A person dressed all in black descends from the domed ceiling on a thin wire, a la Tom Cruise in "Mission Impossible." He stops, hovering beside a display case in the center of the room. Cut closer. We see that it's Andrew, wearing all black clothes and a black beret and a small microphone headset. He attaches a small metal device to the side of the display case.

Warren and Jonathan walk up beside him.

WARREN
Dude, what are you doing?

JONATHAN
We're not breaking into Langley
here. It's Sunnydale.

ANDREW
Well, you never know what new
stuff they have, better safe than-

WARREN

Okay, the security system here is
a guy named Rusty.

Warren gives Andrew a shove so that he starts spinning head-over-heels in the air. He spins a few times before managing to stop himself. Warren and Jonathan grin.

WARREN

Now get up.

ANDREW

Whoa, head rush. Cool.

Andrew grins, disconnects himself from the wires.

WARREN

Guys, come on, quit jerking around.

Warren walks over to the display case. We see that he has a small gas tank strapped to his back. He removes the device that Andrew attached to the glass, tosses it over his shoulder. Jonathan catches it.

Warren produces a small blowtorch and begins cutting the glass.

ANDREW

See, that's cool. How come he
gets to play with all the cool
stuff?

JONATHAN

Because I'm allergic to methane
and you're still afraid of hot
things?

ANDREW

(pouty)
I know.

JONATHAN

Besides, the tank kept making
both of us tip over, remember?

Warren has finished cutting a hole in the glass. He knocks out the round piece of glass, reaches in and grabs a large diamond from the case. He turns to the others.

WARREN

Got it!

JONATHAN

It's beautiful.

WARREN

Boys, congratulations, Phase One
of the plan is now complete.
Let's get the hell outta here.

They turn to go, but are confronted by an older man in a
security uniform.

RUSTY

What are you boys doing?

WARREN

Um, we're with a tour group.

(pauses)

The Get-The-Freeze-Ray tour group.
Musta gotten separated.

RUSTY

Museum closed five hours ago.

WARREN

Really?

RUSTY

Uh-huh.

WARREN

Huh! Guess we just lost track of
time, we should probably get the
freeze ray out of here now.

Warren pauses, waiting for the others to pick up on his
subtle cue, but they don't. He turns to glare at Jonathan.
Jonathan and Andrew finally clue in, turn their backs to
Rusty and dig in a bag that Jonathan's carrying.

WARREN

'Cause we love the learning,
Rusty.

(walking closer to Rusty)

Museums, libraries, Disney Hall
of Presidents ... not boring. But
more to the point? Good-bye.

Warren makes a kissing motion at Rusty and backs up.
Jonathan points a large gun-like device at Rusty and fires.
Ice shoots out of it and encases Rusty completely,
immobilizing him.

WARREN

(excited)

Dude, that is so cool!

(walks closer to Rusty)

ANDREW

The freeze ray totally worked.

We see that Jonathan's arm holding the freeze-ray is also encased in ice.

JONATHAN

Yeah, uh, not exactly.

WARREN

(still gazing at Rusty)
So there's a kink or two. It's just a prototype. I mean, soon we'll have-

JONATHAN

Hey, that's really neat and stuff, but in the meantime, you know ... ow!

WARREN

(glances at him)
Be a bigger wuss.

JONATHAN

Can we just go back to the lair? Because ... I can't ... really feel my fingers.

WARREN

Yeah, yeah, come on.

Jonathan and Andrew walk on past Warren. Andrew pauses looking at Rusty.

ANDREW

Is he gonna like-

WARREN

Oh, he'll be fine. Yeah, he'll defrost in a couple of days, no harm, no foul.

ANDREW

Won't he tell on us?

WARREN

And say what? 'Two guys and a mime took me out with their freeze ray'? That's likely.

Andrew looks uncertain.

WARREN

Come on!

They walk off, leaving Rusty standing there with bits of mist curling off him.

Cut to the Summers house. Amy still sits on the bed in the same position, but now she is wearing clothes. She looks around, very twitchy rat-like movements. She jumps as the door opens. Willow enters holding a mug.

WILLOW

Hey. Here's some hot chocolate,
you want-

AMY

No, thanks.
(gestures at her throat)
Still ... kinda queasy.

WILLOW

Okay. Maybe later.

Willow turns to put the mug down. Sound of a siren from outside. Amy starts, looks fearfully at the window. Magic sound-effect. The window slams shut.

WILLOW

Hey, no, i-it's okay.

Amy makes a gesture with one hand and the curtains pull shut over the window.

WILLOW

(walking forward)
It's, it's just a siren. It's o-
it's all right. Okay? You okay?

Amy peers at the window, then looks at Willow.

AMY

(twitchy)
Mm-hm. Yeah. Just ... you know.
(whispers)
Everything feels weird.
(Willow nods)
I mean, it's like ... I felt like
I was in that cage for weeks.
(Willow looks nervous)
But it can still be okay ...
right? I-I can still get into the
swing of things, like ...

(MORE)

AMY (CONT'D)
prom's coming up. I-I'm so hoping
Larry would ask me. We would make
such a splash at-
(sees Willow's expression)
Oh. Oh god.
(sighs, anxiously)
He hasn't asked someone else, has
he?

WILLOW
Uh, Amy ... three things we have
to talk about. One, Larry's gay.
(Amy staring at her)
Two, Larry's dead.
(Amy still staring)
And three, high school's ...
kinda over.

Amy frowns, stares at her.

AMY
How long was I in the cage?

Willow fidgets nervously, looks around.

AMY
How long?!

Cut to downstairs. Buffy enters from outside, puts her keys
on the table by the door, looks around.

BUFFY
Willow?

She goes up the stairs.

Cut to the bedroom. Willow sits on the bed, leaning against
the headboard. Buffy enters.

BUFFY
Hey.
(they smile at each other)
How you doin'?

WILLOW
Oh. Uh ... okay.
(sits up)

BUFFY
Yeah?
(sits on bed beside Willow)

WILLOW

Yeah. Not parades and cotton candy, but ... okay.

BUFFY

Will, um ... can I talk to you about something?

WILLOW

Of course.

BUFFY

(nervous)

Right. Okay. Um ... You know how we all make choices? And sometimes they're good, and ... sometimes they're ... less good.

WILLOW

Uh-huh...

BUFFY

Well, lately, I, uh...

The bathroom door opens. Buffy glances over as Amy comes out.

BUFFY

Oh, Tara, hey-
(pauses, stares)
Amy?!

AMY

(to Willow)
The whole school?

Willow nods. Buffy stares at Amy, then at Willow.

AMY

By a giant snake thing.
(nods)
Okay, still adjusting. Hi Buffy.

BUFFY

Hi.
(awkwardly)
How've you been?

AMY

Rat. You?

BUFFY

Dead.

AMY
Oh.

BUFFY
(looking at Willow)
Well, I should ... let you guys
catch up, I can-

AMY
No no no, stay.
(twitchy)
Do you have any cookies?

BUFFY
Uh, yeah, w-what kind?

AMY
Any kind. Not cheese.

BUFFY
Um, sure, in the, the kitchen,
I'll just get 'em-
(gets up)

AMY
Oh no, I'll grab 'em.
(moves toward the door)

BUFFY
Okay, well, at least, you know,
let me make up the, the couch for
you? It's late, you should stay
here. Everybody does.

AMY
(distracted)
Thank you.

Amy exits. Buffy stares at Willow.

BUFFY
Wow.

WILLOW
(smiling)
I know.

BUFFY
Is ... she gonna be okay?

WILLOW

Don't know. She's kinda freaked out. I mean, I would be too.

BUFFY

Wow.

WILLOW

I, I just realized I could. Thought of the right thing, and ... it's nice, having another magically-inclined friend around.

Buffy looks down, pensive.

WILLOW

So, w-what were you gonna tell me? You were sounding all serious.

BUFFY

Huh? Oh. Uh, it's nothing. I mean, the whole Amy, rat, Amy thing ... no way I'm toppin' that.

Buffy exits.

Cut to downstairs. Amy sits on the couch eating cookies and watching TV.

Buffy comes down the stairs, stands in the doorway from the foyer to the living room.

BUFFY

Hey.

(Amy mutes the TV)

How you doin'? Need anything?

AMY

No, thanks. Good cookies.

Buffy smiles. Beat.

AMY

Sorry about your mom.

BUFFY

(softly)

Thanks.

AMY

It's crazy, all the things that've happened since I went away.

BUFFY
No kidding.

AMY
Snyder got eaten by a snake ...
high school got destroyed...

BUFFY
Oh, Gatorade has a new flavor. Blue.

AMY
See? Head spinning.
(shakes head)
People getting frozen ...
Willow's dating girls ... and did
you hear about Tom and Nicole?!

Buffy comes forward, frowning.

BUFFY
(frowns)
People getting frozen?

Amy turns on the TV sound.

TV REPORTER
...in critical yet stable
condition as local authorities
continue their investigation into
the robbery that left one man
frozen solid.

On the TV, behind the reporter we can see the exterior of
the museum with an ambulance and a bunch of people moving
around.

REPORTER
Live from the museum, Ryan
Morris, KOUS.

AMY
Weird.

Cut to outside the museum. Sirens, flashing lights, a crowd
of people standing around.

Buffy stands behind the gathered people, jumping up and down
trying to see over their heads.

BUFFY
Excuse me, excuse me, thanks.

She pushes her way to the front of the crowd, stares and
frowns.

We see a couple of policemen wheeling out the still-frozen Rusty on a dolly. TV cameramen following them.

Buffy turns and starts walking around toward the side of the museum, across the lawn. She looks back at the crowd, continues on her way, suddenly stops as she sees something in front of her.

BUFFY
(annoyed)
Great.

SPIKE
Well, well, well. Look who decided to show up.

BUFFY
What are you doing here, Spike?

SPIKE
Well, you know, a man was frozen alive in there. A little compassion, luv.

Buffy rolls her eyes, starts to walk past him. Spike falls into step beside her.

SPIKE
Uh, you know, as long as we're both here, you might as well tag along. I mean, as a team we could-

BUFFY
Yeah, that never really ends well, does it?

SPIKE
It did the other night.

BUFFY
You really seem awfully fixated on a couple of kisses, Spike.

Spike pauses, so that she walks a few steps ahead of him.

SPIKE
And you seem awfully quick to forget about them.

Buffy stops walking, turns to him.

BUFFY

Look. I'm sorry, okay? I'm-I'm
sorry if you thought that it
meant more.

SPIKE

But...

BUFFY

But ... when I kissed you ... you
know I was thinking about Giles,
right?

SPIKE

You know, I always wondered about
you two.

BUFFY

What?

(makes a face)

Oh, gross, Spike!

(Spike frowns)

He left. I was depressed. Ergo
vulnerability and, and bad
kissing decisions.

(Spike still frowning)

Okay, but, that's all that it was.
You have to let it go.

SPIKE

(smirking)

Did it work?

BUFFY

What?

SPIKE

You convince yourself?

BUFFY

(seriously)

Please, stop.

She starts walking again. Spike follows.

SPIKE

A man can change.

She again stops walking and faces him.

BUFFY

You're not a man. You're a thing.

She turns away again. Spike frowns, grabs her shoulder.

SPIKE
Stop walking away.

BUFFY
Don't touch me!

As Spike turns her around she punches him with her other hand. He pulls back and backhands her. Buffy falls to the ground.

Spike looks surprised, puts his hand tentatively to his head with the beginning of a smile. Looks at Buffy, who is still getting to her feet and has her back to him.

SPIKE
Ahh, ahh, ohh!
(grabs his head)

Buffy gets up, backhands Spike and he goes down. He gets up to a kneeling position with his back to Buffy and stays there, looking at the ground. She speaks to his back.

BUFFY
You're a thing. An evil,
disgusting, thing.

She walks past him and away.

Spike lifts his head to watch her go. Slowly an evil grin spreads across his face.

Blackout.

Act II

Open on the street, downtown, night. People walking around, talking, etc. Spike walks out from an alley, looks around, grins.

Pan across the street. Lots of people going about their business.

SPIKE
(to himself)
Look at all the goodies.

He continues looking around, pauses as he spots something.

Closer shot of a young blonde woman standing on the corner, looking at her watch, looking around, hugging herself as if she's cold. She turns and starts to walk away.

Spike moves to follow her.

Cut to an alley. The young woman walks along, still hugging herself, looking nervous. Suddenly Spike steps out in front of her. She screams.

SPIKE

That's right, you should scream.

She tries to get away but he moves to intercept her. She looks scared.

SPIKE

Creature of the night here, yeah?
(indicating himself)
Some people forget that.

He advances on the woman. She backs away, shaking her head fearfully, backs up against a wall.

WOMAN

Please.

SPIKE

She thinks I'm housebroken. She forgot who she's dealing with.

WOMAN

Anything you want, please-

SPIKE

Just 'cause she's confused about where she fits in, I'm supposed to be too? 'Cause I'm not.
(pacing back and forth)
I know what I am. I'm dangerous.
I'm evil.

WOMAN

(scared)
I-I'm sure you're not evil.

SPIKE

Yes, I am. I am a killer.
(moves closer to her)
That's what I do. I kill. And, yeah, maybe it's been a long time, but ... it's not like you forget how.

He gets up very close to the woman, who is panting fearfully.

SPIKE
You just ... do it.
(nervously)
And now I can, again, all right?
So here goes.

He morphs into vamp face. The woman screams.

SPIKE
This might hurt a little.

He bends over to bite her, then flings himself back, yelling in pain, crashes into a Dumpster. The woman runs off.

Spike crouches there clutching the Dumpster, panting.

SPIKE
What the hell is going on?

Cut to an outdoor cafe, day. Dawn sits drinking from a very large chocolate milkshake as Tara watches.

TARA
Good god, that's a lot of shake.
(Dawn nods)
I mean, I know, part of our ...
big ... movie and milkshake fun
day, but ... good god, that's a
lot of shake.

DAWN
(laughs)
Helps to wash down the Raisinettes.

TARA
Promise me that you will eat
something green tonight. Leafy
green, not ... gummi green.

They both laugh. Dawn continues drinking her milkshake.

TARA
The movie was fun.

DAWN
Yeah. It was ironic when all
those cute inner-city kids taught
their coach a valuable lesson.

TARA
You know that I will always be
there for you, right?
(MORE)

TARA (CONT'D)
(Dawn looks at her,
stops smiling)
There, there was actually more of
a lead-in when I practiced that
at home.

DAWN
I know.

TARA
It's just ... I wanted you to
know that ... my moving out had
nothing to do with you, and I, I
will never stop loving you.

DAWN
I know.
(beat)
Do you think you'll ever get back
together?

TARA
I wish I knew.

DAWN
But you still love her.

TARA
Very much. I just ... sometimes
... other things get in the way.

DAWN
I know.
(nervously)
Uh, she's been doing a lot better
lately, though. Uh, she's been
really good about ... being
careful ... a-about stuff.

TARA
Well, good. Great, that's ...
that's great.

**Steven walks into the cafe. He sees Tara and turns around,
beginning to walk out.**

Tara sees Steven and gets up.

TARA
Steven!

Steven continues walking away.

TARA
 (imploringly)
 Steven, wait!

Steven stops walking, turns and faces her.

STEVEN
 What do you want?

TARA
 Look...I know you have every
 right to be angry with me, but
 you'll have to understand that I
 did it for the right reasons.

STEVEN
 You left Willow. You made her
 cry. I can never understand that.
 You hurt her, Tara. And by doing
 that...
 (sincerely)
 you hurt me, too.

He walks away from her.

Cut to the magic shop, **later**. Willow, Xander, **Steven**, and
 Buffy sit around the round table. Anya stands by the
 bookshelves in background.

WILLOW
 Here. Says the guard's definitely
 gonna live.

XANDER
 (reading newspaper)
 He's all thawed out, says they
 used hair-dryers. Huh.

STEVEN
 (smiles)
 That makes sense, considering
 hair-dryers can thaw ice.

Shot of the newspaper with an article headline reading:
 "Museum Guard Attacked, Frozen. Body Thawed, Remains
 Unconscious."

WILLOW
 Everything slowed down. His
 nervous system, circulatory
 system. He's still unconscious.

Anya makes a whiny noise.

BUFFY

Anya?

ANYA

It's such a pain. The text I wanted, Giles took it with him. He has this thing that ... owning a book makes it like his property.

BUFFY

What should we do, should we call him? It's like the middle of last night there.

(frowns)

Or maybe it's tomorrow. Anyone remember how that works?

WILLOW

That's okay, no one freak. We'll just do it another way.

(reaches for her bag)

BUFFY

I-I don't think we need to resort to ... I mean...

Willow pulls out her laptop computer and sets it on the table.

BUFFY

Oh. Hey, cool.

XANDER

All right, back to basics. A little old-fashioned state-of-the-art hacker action.

BUFFY

That's great, Will, I haven't seen you do that in a long time.

Willow puts her hands over the keyboard, not touching it. The keyboard glows with a pale yellow light.

BUFFY

(to Xander)

I-I don't remember that part.

(Buffy and Xander
staring at Willow)

STEVEN
 (now staring)
 (surprised)
 Me neither. Will...what're ya
 doin'?

WILLOW
 (staring blankly in
 front of her)
 It's quicker. It'll just take me
 a sec to go through the files.
 Okay. Internal police report.

Buffy, **Steven** and Xander exchange a concerned look.

WILLOW
 A diamond was stolen from the
 museum last night. A big one. On
 loan from the British museum.
 They're withholding information
 to smoke out the criminals. Oh!
 It's pretty.
 (looks at Buffy, smiles)
 There's a picture.

BUFFY
 Well, is it a, a supernatural
 diamond? You know, like, healing
 powers, or, or good-lucky?

ANYA
 Maybe it's cursed. Diamonds are
 excellent for cursing.

WILLOW
 (again staring blankly)
 Well, we'll keep checking, shall we?

XANDER
 (awkwardly)
 Well, you know, I am kinda beat,
 and I bet you that's tiring, that
 ... thing you're doing there...
 (fake yawn)

Xander gives an exaggerated stretch as if to show he's tired.
 Willow takes her hands off the keyboard. Sound effect to
 indicate the end of her spell. She looks at them.

WILLOW
 Guys, I'm fine. What's the deal
 with-

ANYA

Oh, for crying out loud. This is bizarre. You're all, 'la la la!' with, with the magic, and the not talking, like everything's normal, when we all know that Tara up and left you and now everyone's scared to say anything to you.

(pauses, smiles)
Except me

STEVEN

(grins)
Yeah. She's quirky that way.

ANYA

(looks at Xander)
Is this that thing I do that you were commenting-
(Xander nods)

WILLOW

Guys ... it's okay. It's hard ... but i-it's better this way. Little things just ... starting taking over, things that didn't matter, but we saw them differently, so ... they got blown out of proportion.

(Shot of Buffy and Xander listening)
And, this time away will help us sort through things. Really. Now, let's just keep working on this. I don't wanna leave Amy alone in the house so long.

XANDER

Amy, is she ... how is she adjusting?

WILLOW

It's hard to say. It's a lot to take in. I keep expecting her to do, like, ratty stuff, you know, licking her hands clean, shredding newspaper, leaving little pellets in the corner.

BUFFY

Let's definitely not leave her alone in the house too long.

Steven chuckles at that.

STEVEN
(grins)
No, definitely not.

Cut to: close shot of the diamond sitting on a piece of black velvet.

JONATHAN
I didn't know it'd be so sparkly.

ANDREW
It's so big.

WARREN
Yes, gentlemen, it turns out,
size is everything.
(puts hand on
Jonathan's leg)
No offense, man.

Jonathan smacks him. We see that they're in the basement lair, sitting and looking at the diamond on a card table.

ANDREW
It makes colors with the light.

The others stare at him for a moment.

WARREN
All right, I think we've finished
the first part, now it's time for
Phase Two.

They all get up.

WARREN
Is the van fired up?

JONATHAN
Check.

They go to the bulkhead but it slams open before they reach it. Spike is there, glaring in at them. The Geeks stare in alarm, back away.

Spike comes down into their lair with a menacing expression. The Geeks continue to back up.

ANDREW
Hello, it's called knocking.

Spike backs Warren up against a pole.

SPIKE

Knock knock, robot boy.
(knocks on Warren's head)
Need you to look at my chip.

JONATHAN

Is that like, British slang or something? 'Cause we're not-

SPIKE

In my head, the chip in my head.

WARREN

We're kind of in the middle of something.

SPIKE

Well, you can play holodeck another time. Right now, I'm in charge.

WARREN

Yeah, what are you gonna do if we don't especially feel like maybe playing your-

Spike turns around, sees a display of action figures, reaches for it.

WARREN

What are, wait, what are you doing?

Spike picks up the Boba Fett action figure, removing it from its display stand.

SPIKE

Examine my chip, or else Mister...
(looks at the label on
the stand)
...Fett here is the first to die.

Spike holds the action figure in one hand and takes its head in the other hand as if he's going to pull the head off. The geeks are extremely nervous.

JONATHAN

Hey, all right, let's not, let's not do anything crazy here.

ANDREW

That's a limited edition, 1979 mint condition Boba Fett.

Spike grins, pretends to pull the head off.

WARREN

All right, dude ... chill. You can still make it right. You know you don't wanna do this.

SPIKE

What I want ... is answers, nimrod.

WARREN

Right. But you don't wanna hurt the Fett, 'cause man, you're *not* comin' back from that. You know, you don't just do that and walk away.

SPIKE

That right? Let's find out.

Spike fakes pulling the head off again. Warren yells in alarm.

WARREN

Wah, uh, one second.

Warren pulls the other geeks aside.

ANDREW

Dudes, I think that's Spike.

JONATHAN

Of course it is, and he's evil. Completely capable of removing that head.

WARREN

I'm gonna help him out.

JONATHAN

Are you sure we can trust him? I mean, we all have heads too.

WARREN

See, we help him, and he owes us one. See, we get Spike on our side, we get info on Buffy. And maybe, maybe we can even find a way to keep her out of Phase Two.

ANDREW

Jonathan's right, can we trust him?

WARREN

'Course not. But alliances aren't about trust. See, he needs us, we need him.

(nods)

Well, that's how these things work.

In the background we see Spike pacing, playing with the action figure.

WARREN

I think we're ready. Agreed?

JONATHAN

Agreed.

Andrew looks over at Spike. Shot of Spike tossing the action figure in the air and catching it.

ANDREW

(to Warren)

Do what you need to do.

Warren turns back to Spike.

WARREN

I think we can work something out.
I'll take a look at your chip.
It'll be a deal. We scratch your
back, you scratch-

SPIKE

I'm not scratching your anything.
You do what I tell you, that's
the deal. Deal?

WARREN

(sighs)

Deal.

SPIKE

Then let's go.

Spike tosses the action figure to Andrew as Spike and Warren move off. Andrew catches it, and he and Jonathan look anxiously at it.

ANDREW

Oh! It's okay, it's okay. It'll
be fine.

Cut to the Summers house. Willow enters, looks around, goes into the living room.

WILLOW

Amy?

Amy peeks out of the kitchen.

AMY

Oh god, you're back.

(hurries over)

I thought you said you wouldn't
be gone that long.

WILLOW

I wasn't. I mean, I thought it was-

AMY

Let's go somewhere.

WILLOW

Don't you wanna go see your dad?

AMY

(twitchy)

No. Can't. Not yet. Too many
questions.

WILLOW

(nods)

About where you were.

AMY

No, about how I got there.

(pauses)

I wish there was a way that I
could make him forget about the
last three years.

WILLOW

Oh, well hey, I can help you with
that. Only, you might wanna sew
your name into your clothes first
or something.

(puts her bag down)

AMY

No ...

(crosses arms over her chest)

I just don't wanna deal with him
right now. I think I would be...

(pauses, looks at Willow)

...bored.

WILLOW

(nods)
Well.

AMY

Come on, let's get outta here.

WILLOW

(uncertain)
Oh, well, what do you wanna do?

AMY

I don't know. Something fun.
Anything ... not involving a big
wheel.

(Willow smiles a little)
Or ... maybe ... you'd rather sit
home all night, alone, like in
high school.

WILLOW

No!
(stands up)
No, you know what? I can have fun.
Heck, I, I deserve some fun.

AMY

Yeah you do!

WILLOW

I can party! Not like I owe
anyone anything. I am totally
free.

(nods)
So, let's make with the fun.

They turn and walk off.

Cut to the lair. Warren fiddles with an electronic device, then turns to Spike who is lying on his back on a table. Spike has his hands behind his head and numerous wires attached to his head. Warren moves the device over Spike's head. Pan across the table to reveal a book open to a page that shows a diagram of the human brain. There's also a disconnected robot arm.

Cut to later. Andrew, Jonathan, and Spike sit in chairs side-by-side on a slightly raised platform.

ANDREW

You're English, right?

SPIKE
(frowns at him suspiciously)
Yeah.

ANDREW
I've seen every episode of Doctor
Who.
(Spike continues frowning)
Not Red Dwarf, though, 'cause, um...

JONATHAN
'Cause it's not out yet on DVD.

ANDREW
Right. It's not out on ...
(weakly)
DVD.

Spike scowls at them.

SPIKE
(yells)
Warren!!

Warren appears from another room holding a pile of paper.

WARREN
Here I am, here.

SPIKE
Bloody hell. Get on with it then.

Warren hands Spike the papers. Spike looks at them.

SPIKE
Help me out here, Spock, I don't
speak loser.
(gives papers back)

WARREN
Okay, right, um ... your chip
works fine, yeah.

SPIKE
(frowns)
There's gotta be something wrong-

WARREN
No, no, listen. I don't know what
that thing does ... I'd like to...
(leans closer)

SPIKE
(leans back)
Hey.

WARREN
But whatever it is, it works fine.
There's no deterioration of the
signal, it still is coming
through on a steady pulse. Which
it's supposed to.

Spike stands up, gets in Warren's face, towers over him on the platform, very menacing.

SPIKE
If you're lying to me-

WARREN
No! It's all right here. I, I
mean, it is. It's really not that
hard to figure out, if you just...
(sees Spike frowning)
What?

Spike frowns, ponders deeply. Gives a small smile. Looks at Warren.

SPIKE
You tell anyone about this...

WARREN
No, I promise. Who would I tell,
I don't even know what this is
about!

SPIKE
It's about the rules having changed.

Spike steps down from the platform and heads for the door.

SPIKE
Everything's different now.

He gets to the stairs leading out, starts up them.

SPIKE
(to himself)
Nothing wrong with me. Something
wrong with her.

He smirks and exits. Blackout.

Act III

Open on the foyer of the Summers house. Dawn and Tara enter.

DAWN
(calls)
Hello! We're home!

TARA
Looks like no one's here.

DAWN
Well, I'm sure they'll be back soon. Um, I know Willow and Buffy were meeting up with Xander **and Steven** to do some research.

Dawn takes Tara's arm and pulls her into the living room.

TARA
Well then I, I should really get back.

DAWN
Or, you can stay and wait for them.
(sits on couch)
Then you can get a chance to catch up with ... everyone.

TARA
Yeah, I-I don't think that's such a great idea.

DAWN
Okay. Your call.
(picks up TV remote)
I have the TV to keep me company until they get back.

Dawn begins channel-surfing. Tara grimaces uncertainly.

DAWN
(innocently)
You notice how it's been getting dark so much earlier these days?

Dawn sneaks a sly look at Tara, who looks nervously at the windows.

DAWN
(giggles, indicates TV)
Talking cat.

Tara rolls her eyes, sighs, sits beside Dawn.

TARA

Fine. I'll stay, but just until they get back. And only to make sure that you're not alone, this ... has nothing to do with ... anyone else.

DAWN

Sure. Cool. Up to you.

Dawn snuggles up to Tara, puts her head on Tara's shoulder. They both watch TV.

Cut to the Bronze. The group Virgil is onstage, performing their song "Vermilion Borders."

MALE SINGER

Low country wars Oh, there's a demon She's drinkin' and thinkin' Of runnin' away

Close shot of Willow's face as she bends over. Sound of billiard balls clinking. Willow grimaces.

WILLOW

I know. Xander engaged, I couldn't believe it either.
(straightens up)

AMY

It's just so weird.
(bends over, sound of
billiard balls)
So what's she like?

WILLOW

(shrugs)
Thousand-year-old capitalist ex-demon with rabbit phobia.
(walks around Amy)

AMY

Well, that's so his type.

Willow nods agreement, bends over. We see that neither she nor Amy is holding a pool cue. Willow uses magic to make her shot, knocking a ball into the corner pocket. She straightens up.

Two guys walk over.

GUY 1

Hey.

WILLOW

(uninterested)

Hey.

AMY

(smiling)

Hey.

The first guy leans over and whispers in Amy's ear. Willow watches.

AMY

Well, let's go then.

(to Willow)

We're gonna go dance. Do you wanna come?

WILLOW

Oh, uh, no, you go. I'll keep an eye on our drinks.

AMY

Okay. I mean, because, if you want something a little more your style...

Shot of the bar area. We see a very pretty dark-haired woman chatting with a blonde woman.

Willow turns around and sees them.

AMY

I'm sure we can swing that.

Amy snaps her fingers, which makes a little green sparkle. The dark-haired woman looks over at Willow.

Willow turns anxiously to Amy.

WILLOW

No, really, no.

The woman gets up, walks over. The one she was talking to looks annoyed. The guys look interested.

BREE

(to Willow, seductively)

Hi. Bree.

WILLOW

Willow. Nice ... um ... top.

Willow turns to Amy again.

WILLOW
(nervous)
No. Thanks, but no.

AMY
You sure?

WILLOW
(nods, looks at Bree,
then back at Amy)
I'm not, she, I'm still-

AMY
It's cool.

Amy snaps her fingers again. Bree looks confused.

BREE
Oh, uh, sorry.

Bree walks back to where she was. The other girl looks outraged.

GUY 1
So, uh, are we gonna go?

AMY
(to Willow)
You sure you're gonna be okay?

WILLOW
Yeah, go. I'm all kinds of good.

Amy and the two guys go off to the dance floor, begin dancing together. Willow stands watching.

MALE SINGER
I'm getting caught in the
corners/Of her vermilion
borders/She's moving backwards
and forwards/And she's ugly when
she's insecure

Cut to later. Willow sits by herself staring at a martini glass. She lifts out the plastic stirrer with an olive speared on it.

Close shot of the olive with its pimento filling.

WILLOW
No use looking at me like that.
It's the gullet for you, mister.

She eats the olive.

Amy comes rushing over.

AMY
Hey! Sorry, I kinda got caught up.
(drinks from another martini)

WILLOW
No, it's okay.

Amy puts down her glass, ponders.

AMY
You know ... if rats could dance
... they probably wouldn't gnaw
so much.

Willow smiles and nods.

The two guys walk over again.

GUY 1
Hey, come on. We're just getting
started.

AMY
(looks at Willow)
I think I'm gonna sit this one out.

GUY 2
Nuh-uh! You can't, you can't just
work us up like that and then just-

The guy grabs Amy's arm and pulls her away from the bar, but
she pulls free.

AMY
Hey!

WILLOW
I think she said no.

GUY 2
Well, nobody asked you ... Ellen.

The two guys snicker. Amy and Willow exchange a look, then
look at the guys again.

AMY
You wanna dance?

GUY 1
That's all. Nice, slow ...
relaxing dance.

Amy and Willow exchange another look, shrug, and both gesture at the guys. Magical special-effect shoots from their hands to the two guys. Willow's special-effect is dark orange, Amy's green.

Suddenly the two guys disappear and reappear in dance-cages above the dance floor. They each wear just a skimpy loincloth. They both begin to dance although their faces look shocked and appalled.

Willow and Amy watch with small smiles.

WILLOW
Gee.

AMY
I think I do feel more relaxed.

Cut to the magic shop. Buffy, Xander, **Steven**, and Anya sit around the table looking at books.

XANDER
Aha! I got it! Uh, here's our
villain right here!

Anya and Buffy look, then both shake their heads. Buffy returns to her book.

XANDER
What?

ANYA
That's a D&D manual, sweetie.

XANDER
No, but it could-
(looks at the book
cover, laughs weakly)
Oh.

STEVEN
(smiles)
Honest mistake.

ANYA
Let's face it, we're not gonna
find this thing because it
doesn't exist. There's no such
thing as a frost monster who eats
diamonds.

BUFFY

Well, maybe he doesn't eat them.
You know, maybe he just ...
thinks they're pretty.

Steven gives her a look. She nods hopefully for a moment,
then stops, makes a face, slams her book shut.

BUFFY

We suck.

XANDER

We need new brains. What's up
with Willow?

BUFFY

Out with Amy, I guess.

ANYA

Great, someone to do more magic
with.

BUFFY

But at least she's not all cooped
up and crying. That's forward
momentum. Now, I know that I
don't ... know everything that
happened with her and Tara, but it-

XANDER

Tara thinks Willow is doing too
much magic. And she's not the
only one.

BUFFY

I know. But I-I think she'll be
fine. You know, it's, it's Willow.
She of the level head.

ANYA

Well, those are the ones you have
to watch out for the most.
Responsible types.

BUFFY

Right, she might go crazy and
start alphabetizing everything.

ANYA

I'm serious. Responsible people
are ... always so concerned with
...

(MORE)

ANYA (CONT'D)
being good all the time, that
when they finally get a taste of
being bad ... they can't get
enough. It's like all
(gestures)
kablooey.

BUFFY
That's not true.

ANYA
Okay, not kablooey, more like bam.

XANDER
It's human nature, Buff. Will's
getting a taste of something
powerful, way bigger than her.

ANYA
Yeah, she was getting out of
control with it before Tara left,
and now that she's gone...

XANDER
It's gotta be seductive.

Buffy looks up in alarm at the word 'seductive.' Her eyes
widen.

XANDER
(OS)
Just giving in to it. Going
totally wild.

Buffy stares at him.

XANDER
We need to keep an eye on her.

BUFFY
Okay. Okay, we'll, we'll keep an
eye. But we can't assume that
everybody's getting seduced, you
know, sometimes-

The phone rings. Buffy gets up to answer it. We see that
she's wearing a gauzy white blouse with a long black leather
skirt. She goes to the phone at the back of the room.

BUFFY
Hello, Magic Box.

Cut to Spike standing at a pay phone.

SPIKE
(deep gruff voice)
Slayer.

BUFFY
(frowns)
Spike?

SPIKE
(deep voice)
Meet me at the cemetery. Twenty
minutes. Come alone.

BUFFY
(still frowning)
Spike?

SPIKE
(rolls eyes, mutters)
Bloody hell.
(normal voice)
Yes, it's me.

BUFFY
You're ... calling me on the phone?

SPIKE
Just be there.

BUFFY
Why? Are you ... helping again?
(shot of Xander,
Steven and Anya
listening. Buffy
speaks louder)
You have a lead on this frost
monster thingie?

SPIKE
(smirking)
Something like that, yeah.
Thought you might be up for a
little grunt work.

BUFFY
(shocked)
What?! No,
(whispers)
no-no grunting!

SPIKE

(grins)

I was talking shop, luv, but if
you got other idea ... you, me,
cozy little tomb with a view...

Buffy makes a face, hangs up. Spike continues grinning
evilly, hangs up as well.

Buffy walks back over to the table.

XANDER

So, what did Captain Peroxide want?

BUFFY

Nothing!

(nervous)

You know, he just, you know,
wanted to see if I-I wanted to
patrol, for, for the, the monster.

(sits)

But I, I told him that I ...
would ... not.

Cut to the street, later. Buffy, Anya, **Steven**, and Xander
emerge from the shop. Buffy now wears a denim jacket over
her blouse and skirt.

Anya locks the store. They walk down the sidewalk.

BUFFY

I'm telling you, I, I think
there's something about this thing.

XANDER

Well, I don't know, Buff. It
seems like we've been through
every book.

ANYA

Yeah, even the ones that weren't
so boring you wanted to kill
yourself.

XANDER

We have those?
(they stop walking)

BUFFY

I'm just saying, all the things
that have happened lately? Okay,
the, the bank robbery, the
jewelry heist...

XANDER
The exploding lint.

BUFFY
I-is it me, or do these things
seem really-

ANYA
Lame?

BUFFY
(shrugs)
Well, I was gonna go with
unusual, but, yeah.

STEVEN
I'd go with 'connected'.

They all stand there shrugging at each other.

BUFFY
I don't know. You know, I'll do a
quick patrol tonight, and after a
good night's sleep, we can solve
this tomorrow.

ANYA
Optimism. I remember optimism.

XANDER
That's because you're like a
thousand.

BUFFY
Good night, guys.

ANYA/XANDER/STEVEN
Good night.

Anya and Xander go off in one direction, Buffy in the other,
Steven continuing to walk forward.

Cut to Buffy walking down a dark alley. Spike steps out in
front of her.

SPIKE
(angrily)
Slayer.

BUFFY
And so my night is now complete.

SPIKE
You never showed.

BUFFY
(walks past him)
Sorry. Little busy actually doing
stuff.

SPIKE
(walks beside her)
You shouldn't be so flip, luv.

BUFFY
What are you gonna do, walk
behind me to death?

SPIKE
I'm just saying things might be a
little different.

Spike walks around in front of her again. They stop walking.

SPIKE
You oughta be careful.

BUFFY
(shakes head)
Enough.

She moves to walk around him, but he shifts to block her path.

BUFFY
(small puzzled smile)
Get out of my way.

SPIKE
Or what?

Buffy shrugs, punches him in the face. Spike reels a little, catches himself, pauses. Then he hits her in the face, spinning her around. Buffy straightens up, turns back to him.

SPIKE
(mockingly)
Oh, the pain! The pain!
(grimly)
Is gone.

Buffy stares.

SPIKE
Guess what I just found out.
Looks like I'm not as toothless
as you thought, sweetheart.

BUFFY
 (alarmed)
 How?

SPIKE
 Don't you get it? Don't you see?
 (sneering)
 You came back wrong.

Buffy stares in disbelief. Blackout.

Act IV

Open on the same scene. Buffy stalks forward angrily, punches Spike in the face. He staggers back but laughs. Buffy hits him again, kicks him, driving him farther down the alley. She goes to punch him but he grabs her arm and punches her with his other hand. Buffy stumbles into a fence, turns around. Spike gets up in her face.

BUFFY
 It's a trick. You did something
 to the chip, it's a trick.

SPIKE
 It's no trick. It's not me, it's
 you. Just you, in fact, that's
 the funny part.
 (punches her in the face)
 'Cause you're the one that's
 changed.
 (punches again)
 That's why this doesn't hurt me.

He swings but Buffy blocks and shoves him back.

SPIKE
 (grins)
 Came back a little less human
 than you were.

BUFFY
 (shakes head)
 You're wrong.

She kicks him hard. He flies back into the opposite wall, but immediately bounces back and comes back over to her.

SPIKE
 Then how come you're so spooked,
 luv? And why can I -
 (punches her)
 do that?

Buffy slowly looks back over at him, panting.

BUFFY

You're wrong.

She hits him again, even harder. He falls down, gets up, grinning. Buffy hits him again and he goes down again, gets up again. She pushes him backward into a doorway, follows him up the stairs, grabs him. They crash through the door into the building.

Cut to the Bronze. The two guys are still almost-naked and dancing against their will in the cages.

MALE SINGER

What is wrong here, what is wrong
here? What is wrong with you?

We see Amy and Willow on the upper level, leaning on the railing looking down, smiling.

What is wrong here? What is wrong here? Where is your head?

WILLOW

You know, this music isn't quite...

Willow gestures. The male singer of Virgil morphs into the female singer of Halo Friendlies. The other members of Virgil morph into members of Halo Friendlies too in background.

FEMALE SINGER

I don't wanna be, I don't wanna
be alone

BACKUP SINGERS

No no no!

FEMALE SINGER

I don't wanna go, I don't wanna
go it alone

Amy and Willow grin happily, look at the dancing boys.

FEMALE SINGER

Every time I see you I can't find
the words to say

Amy looks down at the lower level, makes a gesture. A white-clad demon(?) appears, floating over the dancers' heads.

FEMALE SINGER

I just wanna turn and run away

Willow makes a gesture at two guys standing side-by-side. One guy begins to shrink while the other grows very large, both looking around and yelling in confusion.

Amy makes a gesture and turns a bunch of dancers into sheep.

Willow and Amy grin at each other.

Pan across the room with various bolts of magic swirling around, people floating in the air, etc. Willow makes another gesture, grinning widely.

Cut to the abandoned building. Spike punches Buffy in the face, hard. She punches him twice, then shoves him back. He stumbles back against the refrigerator -- we're in the kitchen of an abandoned house.

Buffy kicks Spike and he flies back into the living room. It's mostly gutted with just one chair, a pile of bricks in the corner, etc.

Buffy strides into the room after Spike, stands watching as he gets up.

SPIKE
(grinning)
Oh, poor little lost girl.

He jumps up, grabs the chandelier. Swings forward on it and kicks Buffy in the face with both his feet. She goes down.

SPIKE
(drops to the floor)
She doesn't fit in anywhere.
She's got no one to love.

He walks over to Buffy, who gets up, grabs him, throws him against the staircase leading upstairs, smashing the banister to bits. Buffy walks toward him.

BUFFY
Me? I'm lost? Look at you, you
idiot!
(Spike getting up)
Poor Spikey. Can't be a human,
can't be a vampire. Where the
hell do you fit in?

Spike swings at her but she ducks, punches him in the stomach, grabs him and throws him across the room again. He smashes into the fireplace. Buffy walks toward him again.

BUFFY
Your job is to kill the slayer.
But all you can do is follow me
around making moon eyes.

SPIKE
I'm in love with you.

BUFFY
(still advancing)
You're in love with pain. Admit
it.
(Spike gets up)
You like me ... because you enjoy
getting beat down. So really,
who's screwed up?

SPIKE
Hello! Vampire!

He swings at her again, but she blocks and punches him.
Spike grabs her, pulls her closer.

SPIKE
I'm supposed to be treading on
the dark side.

He throws her against the wall. A big hole in the plaster
where she hit. Spike goes over to her, throws her across the
room again. She lands on her back. Spike stands over her,
leans down, grabs her by the front lapels of her jacket.

SPIKE
What's your excuse?

Buffy puts her hand over his face, shoves him away. He flies
backward, taking a chunk out of a wall. He staggers to his
feet.

Buffy leaps at him and they fly back toward the staircase.

Cut to the Bronze. Willow and Amy still stand looking down.
The music continues. Various people are floating around,
bolts of magic randomly turning them into various costumes
and such.

FEMALE SINGER
I can't find the time and place
to say what I need to say...

WILLOW
So, we've kinda played this scene.

AMY

Yeah.

WILLOW

(gestures)

Return.

The band turns back into Virgil. Everything else returns to normal too.

MALE SINGER

What is wrong with you?

The two dancing guys reappear, fully clothed, by the pool tables. They stare at each other, then see some cute girls go by, and walk off in pursuit.

WILLOW

I, I just keep thinking ...
there's gotta be someplace, like,
bigger than this.

Overhead shot of the room, now back to normal with people dancing and such.

AMY

Besides, it's way too early to go
home yet.

Willow smiles.

Cut back to the abandoned house. Spike has Buffy pinned against the stairs. He chuckles. Buffy punches him. He punches her back, lifts her up to look in her face.

SPIKE

I wasn't planning on hurting you.
(smirks)
Much.

BUFFY

You haven't even come close to
hurting me.

SPIKE

Afraid to give me the chance?

Buffy breaks his hold, throws him against a wall. Another big hole in the wall where he hits. Shot of cracks appearing in the wall.

Buffy grabs Spike and pushes him up against the wall.

SPIKE
You afraid I'm gonna-

Buffy shuts him up by kissing him. They kiss passionately. Buffy slams her hand into the wall, creating another hole, to get her arm around Spike's neck.

Shot of pieces of the ceiling separating from each other.

Buffy and Spike move away from the wall, still kissing. Spike slams Buffy up against another section of wall. Above their heads, cracks appear and widen, moving up toward the ceiling.

More kissing. Buffy shoves Spike away, follows him as he stumbles backward across the room. She pushes him again and continues following. Behind her, a huge piece of ceiling falls onto the spot where they were just standing.

Buffy shoves Spike up against another wall, resumes kissing him. He lifts her up against him with her legs around his waist.

Buffy reaches her hand down between their bodies. Sound of a zipper. More kissing.

Buffy lifts herself up and thrusts her body against Spike's. Spike looks shocked. They stare at each other for a moment. Then Buffy begins to move up and down, slowly, making an expression of pleasure. [note: if you don't know what's going on here, you're too young to be reading this!]

They resume kissing. Spike turns them around and pushes Buffy up against the wall. She reaches one arm up and grabs the wall behind her to steady herself. Long shot of the two of them. The chandelier falls from the ceiling, smashes on the floor.

Pieces of the house continue to fall down, floorboards breaking apart. Buffy and Spike continue kissing and, you know, moving against each other. More stuff falls from the ceiling, walls disintegrating, etc.

Buffy leans her head back against the wall, gasping and panting. Spike rests his head on her chest.

Buffy leans forward to wrap her arms around Spike and they fall backward. The entire floor gives way and they fall through to the basement level, landing there in a huge cloud of debris and dust and bricks, etc. Spike lands on his back with Buffy on top of him.

They stare into each other's eyes, both panting.

Blackout.

Executive Producers: Joss Whedon and Marti Noxon.