

SARAH MICHELLE GELLAR
Buffy Summers

NICHOLAS BRENDON
Xander Harris

ALYSON HANNIGAN
Willow Rosenberg

EMMA CAULFIELD
Anya Jenkins

MICHELLE TRACHTENBERG
Dawn Summers

JAMES MARSTERS
Spike

ANTHONY STEWART HEAD
Rupert Giles

KALI ROCHA
Halfrek

DB WOODSIDE
Principal Robin Wood

ALEX BRECKENDRIDGE
Kit Holburn

DAVID ZAPEDA
Carlos Trejo

"Title"

by

Your Name

Villains

Open on a close shot of the flashing lights on top of an ambulance. Sound of the ambulance siren.

Pan down to reveal the two male paramedics in the ambulance as it drives down the street. It slows and stops. The horn honks. The paramedics get out, run to the back of the ambulance and begin taking out equipment.

XANDER

(OS)
She's in the back.

STEVEN

(OS)
Please hurry!

Xander comes, **followed by Steven**, running around from behind the house. Xander has the cordless phone in his hand and blood all over his shirt.

XANDER

This way!

He runs back toward the rear again, with the paramedics following **the two**.

PARAMEDIC 1

She was shot?

XANDER

Yeah, in the chest.

PARAMEDIC #2

Accidental?

XANDER

No no, it was a ... He was trying
to kill her.

They reach Buffy who still lies on the grass unmoving, her eyes open. The paramedics kneel on either side of her and go to work.

Xander watches helplessly, **as does Steven**. **He crosses his fingers in a praying manner.**

STEVEN

**Please, God...save her...she
can't die...please...**

Cut to: close shot on Tara still lying in Willow's lap. Sound of Willow crying and breathing heavily. Willow's arms have blood on them, as does her shirt. She gently shakes Tara.

WILLOW
(crying)
Oh god, oh no. Please, please,
come on....
(crying)

She puts her hands on Tara's face.

WILLOW
Come on, Tara! Please, come on,
baby...

Suddenly the lighting in the room goes dark and blue. Willow looks up, her eyes totally black. Dark blue clouds swirl around the ceiling. Lightning flashes (but only inside the room).

WILLOW
By Osiris, I command you, bring
her back!

More lightning.

Cut to close shot on Buffy's face, in profile. She closes her eyes and then slowly opens them again.

PARAMEDIC #2
Pulse is 100 and weak. Lung
sounds are wet.

XANDER
What does that mean? Is she going
to...

PARAMEDIC #1
You need to stand back, okay? If
you want us to help her out, we
need some space.

The paramedics continue working. There's a bandage over Buffy's wound now, soaked with blood. Xander continues watching, putting his bloody hand up to his face. **Steven watches the paramedics work on Buffy, worried and helpless.**

Close on Buffy staring upward with the bloody bandage over her heart. She looks conscious, but just barely.

Cut back to Willow's room. The blue clouds continue to swirl.

WILLOW
Hear me! Keeper of darkness!

Suddenly some of the clouds form into a huge face. It speaks in a deep raspy voice. Lightning flashes around it.

DEMON
Witch! How dare you invoke Osiris in this task!

WILLOW
(crying)
Please. Please, bring her back.

DEMON
You may not violate the laws of natural passing.

WILLOW
How? How is this natural?

DEMON
It is a human death, by human means.

WILLOW
But I--

DEMON
You raised one killed by mystical forces. This is not the same. She is taken by natural order. It is done.

WILLOW
(crying)
No. There has to be a way.

DEMON
It is done!

WILLOW
(screams)
NOOOO!

As she screams, a shimmery column of energy shoots out of her mouth and at the demon. The demon screams and disappears in a final flash of lightning.

Wolf howl, opening credits. Amber Benson (Tara) does not appear in the opening credits; she was there for just one episode ("Seeing Red").

Guest Starring Danny Strong, Adam Busch, Tom Lenk, Jeff Kober, and Amelinda Embry. Written by Marti Noxon, directed by David Solomon.

Act I

Open on the front yard of the house. Buffy is on a gurney being wheeled toward the ambulance.

PARAMEDIC #2
(into walkie-talkie)
Sunnydale Memorial, do you copy?
We have a caucasian female, 21,
GSW to the chest.

XANDER
Come on, Buff, hang on. We're
going to get you to the hospital.

STEVEN
**Buffy, it's okay...you're gonna
be fine...trust us...**

Xander spots Willow coming out the front door, looking blankly at Buffy. Willow and Xander both still have blood all over their shirts.

XANDER
Willow, god, are you okay?

WILLOW
(quietly)
How did this happen?

XANDER
Warren. He had a gun.

WILLOW
(with a brief flash of
anger, then blank again)
Warren.

XANDER
It went down too fast, I couldn't
stop him.

Willow isn't listening any more. She's walking away, fast. Xander stops at the edge of the walk.

XANDER
Hey.

She just keeps walking down the sidewalk. Xander stares after her, confused and shaken.

XANDER

Will!

PARAMEDIC #1

Sir, we have to go, are you coming with us or not?

Xander dithers for a moment, then runs over to the ambulance and climbs in the back. The paramedic closes the doors and heads toward the driver's seat.

PARAMEDIC #2

How about you?

STEVEN

No.

"WOKE UP THIS MORNING" (CHOSEN ONE MIX) by Alabama 3 begins.
(song starts at :28)

STEVEN

There's something I have to do.

Note: There is no sound effects or dialogue as this song is played.

He walks off as the song plays in the background.

CUT TO:

EXT. SUNNYDALE STREETS - DAY

Steven continues walking down the street, however we only see his feet.

MUSIC

You woke up this morning/Got
yourself a gun/Mama always said
you'd be The/Chosen One

He turns down the street and continues to walk.

MUSIC

She said: You're one in a
million/You've got to burn to
shine/But you were/born under a
bad sign/With a blue moon in your
eyes.

He walks down another side street.

MUSIC

You woke up this morning/All the
love has gone, Your Papa never
told you about/Right and wrong.

He walks up to his house, kicks the door in, and walks into
his bedroom.

MUSIC

But you're looking good, baby, I
believe you're feeling fine,
shame about it/Born under a bad
sign/With a blue moon in your eyes.

He desperately searches drawers, throwing things around.

MUSIC

You woke up this morning/The
world turned upside down/

He walks out and walks down the street.

MUSIC

Thing's ain't been the same
since/the Blues walked into
town/But you're one in a million
You've got that shotgun shine/

He walks into a store.

MUSIC

Shame about it/Born under a bad
sign/With a blue moon in your eyes.

We pan up to the store name.

"Guns And Ammo"

MUSIC

When you woke up this morning
everything was gone/By half past
ten your head was going ding-dong/

He continues looking at the display settings.

MUSIC

Ringin like a bell from your
head down to your toes/like a
voice telling you there was
something you should know.

He picks up a shotgun and studies it.

MUSIC

Last night you were flying but
today you're so low/

He puts it back down.

MUSIC

ain't it times like these that
make you wonder if you'll ever know

He picks up a rifle, looking it over.

MUSIC

the meaning of things as they
appear to the others/

He puts it back down.

MUSIC

wives, husbands, mothers, fathers,
sisters and brothers/Don't you
wish you didn't function, don't
you wish you didn't think

He picks up a revolver and looks it over.

MUSIC

beyond the next paycheck and the
next little drink'

He doesn't like it and puts it back down.

MUSIC

Well you do so make up your mind
to go on/'cos when you woke up
this morning/everything you had
was gone

He picks up a 9mm Baretta.

MUSIC

When you woke up this morning/When
you woke up this morning

Smiling, he pays the clerk.

MUSIC

When you woke up this morning/Mama
said you'd be the Chosen One.

He takes the clip and loads the gun.

MUSIC

When you woke up this morning/

He walks out of the store.

MUSIC
When you woke up this morning/

He begins walking to the Magic Box.

MUSIC
When you woke up this morning/

He crosses the street.

MUSIC
You got yourself a gun/

He walks up to the doors.

MUSIC
got yourself a gun/

He exhales, then as he walks through the swinging doors, we

MUSIC
got yourself a gun/

SLOW MOTION as he walks and ZOOM IN and see the gun in the back of his pants.

Cut to: exterior shot of the Sunnydale police station.

Cut to: a holding cell. It's dark despite being daylight outside. Andrew lies on his back on the top bunk.

ANDREW
Think they'll let my aunt bring
me my Discman?

Pan over to Jonathan, hanging his hands through the bars of the cell.

JONATHAN
That's what you're worried about?
In-flight entertainment? We're in
jail!

ANDREW
We're in custody. We haven't been
charged yet.
(rolling over onto his stomach)

JONATHAN

Thank you, Dragnet.

(walks toward Andrew, angry)
It doesn't matter what they call
it, they got us, okay? We're
going down.

Jonathan lowers his voice, nods toward the next cell.

JONATHAN

(quietly)
That guy's been looking at me. I
think he wants to make me his
butt monkey.

Shot of the guy in the next cell, sitting on his bunk. He
glances over.

ANDREW

(rolling his eyes)
Don't flatter yourself. I heard
him talking to the guard. He's in
here for parking tickets.

JONATHAN

That doesn't mean anything! The
joint changes you.
(whispers)
I hear they like the small ones,
with little hands like their
girlfriends.

ANDREW

You have got to chill out. This
isn't Oz, it's like, Mayberry.
Besides, Warren is going to find
a way to get us out of here.

JONATHAN

(sarcastic)
Yeah. I'm sure he'll be busting
us out any minute.

ANDREW

He will. He's coming up with a
plan. Like, "War Games." Remember
that decoder that Matthew
Broderick used?

JONATHAN

(smiling)
Oh, yeah. That was rad. The one
he made from the scissors and the
tape recorder?

ANDREW

I miss "Ferris" Matthew. Broadway
Matthew? I find him cold.

JONATHAN

Really? No, I-
(catches himself, exasperated)
Shut up!

Jonathan goes back to the bars and hangs his arms through
them again.

JONATHAN

(grimly)
This is real life. And nobody's
coming to get us. Not even your
aunt who won't return your one
phone call.

ANDREW

(defensively)
She must be out of town.

JONATHAN

She. Doesn't. Care. And neither
does your partner in crime, Warren.

ANDREW

Don't say that. And what do you
mean, my partner in crime? We're
in this together.

JONATHAN

(turns back toward
Andrew, angry)
What do you mean, what do I mean?
You two were totally going to fly
off and leave me holding the bag.

ANDREW

No we weren't! I was going to -
(lamely)
carry you.
(rolls over onto his
back and stares at the ceiling)

JONATHAN

No, you two were setting me up,
and then Warren was going to
screw you over too.

ANDREW
(rolls over again to
face Jonathan, tearful)
That is so not true!

JONATHAN
Sure.
(sits on the bottom bunk)
He's a nice murderer who keeps
his word.

ANDREW
(softly)
You're wrong. He's coming for us.
He's out there right now,
devising a brilliant way to get
us out of here.

Cut to: interior of an underground bar. Warren comes down
the stairs outside and enters, wearing a slick suit and dark
sunglasses. He strides toward the bar.

WARREN
Whiskey, straight up. And get a
round for the house. I'm feeling
expansive.

We see that the bartender is a demon. He looks unimpressed
by Warren. Warren sits down, removes his shades. A vampire
is on the stool next to him, staring at the TV behind the bar.

WARREN
(friendly greeting)
Hey.

Close on the TV, showing a crocodile in water.

WARREN
(leaning toward the vamp)
Bet you don't get a lot of humans
in-

The vamp, still glued to the TV, grabs Warren's shoulder and
holds him off.

VAMPIRE
I'm watching my program.

Warren shrugs and straightens up as the vamp lets him go.

WARREN

Wouldn't want to interrupt your
'me' time.

(loudly)

Not even to buy the guy who
killed the Slayer a drink.

Shot of the other vamps and demons in the bar, all looking
over. The one next to Warren is also interested.

VAMPIRE

What's that?

WARREN

Took her out myself. I've been
heading an organization. The Trio?
You've heard of us.

VAMPIRE

Uh -

(exchanging a look
with the demon bartender)

...no.

Warren pauses briefly, surprised, but then recovers.

WARREN

Not important. I cut them loose.
I figure, now that Buffy's out of
the picture, some things have got
to change around here.

(to bartender)

I need a real gang, you know, not
a, not a couple of wannabes.

BARTENDER

And you killed the Slayer?

WARREN

With these hands.

BARTENDER

What are you, a warlock?

WARREN

It's funny you mention that. You
know, I've explored all the dark
arts ... witchcraft, demonology.
You name it, I tried it against
the Slayer. But you know what I
found **really** works?

The vampire and bartender lean in close to hear.

WARREN

Gun.

VAMPIRE

(small grin)

You killed the Slayer with a gun.

WARREN

In her own backyard. Don't underestimate science, my friend. Good oldfashioned metal meets propulsion.

The demon and vampire start to laugh. Warren laughs along with them.

BARTENDER

(to vampire)

Man, this is gonna be good.

WARREN

(not getting it)

Oh, the best. This town is ours.

VAMPIRE

Ours, maybe.

(everyone stops laughing)

You are screwed.

They laugh again, but Warren doesn't realize that the others are laughing at him, not with him. Shot of the other demons and vamps at other tables, also laughing menacingly.

BARTENDER

Metal meets propulsion, yeah. But you still better be a good shot!

More laughter. But Warren is finally cluing in.

WARREN

This isn't the evil laugh of victory, is it.

VAMPIRE

More like the evil laugh of "you're a dead man."
(more laughter)

WARREN

(totally rattled)

Okay, uh ... what, what's the joke?

BARTENDER
(laughing)
It was just on the news. Girl was
shot.

VAMPIRE
(grinning)
In her back yard.

BARTENDER
She survived. She's in the hospital
Warren looks surprised and a little alarmed. The others
continue laughing.

BARTENDER
Slayers heal fast. Real fast.

VAMPIRE
Yeah. I was gonna eat you myself
during the commercial, but now I
think it'll be more fun to let
the Slayer de-gut you.

Warren now looks pretty scared.

VAMPIRE
Might want to get a head start,
my friend. 'Cause this girl is
gonna be coming for you, big time.
(chuckling)

Cut to: interior magic shop, day. The door suddenly slams
open and Willow appears in the doorway. She marches inside.
Lamps and light fixtures explode as she walks past them.

Reveal Anya behind the counter, staring.

ANYA
Willow.

WILLOW
Where do you keep the black arts
books?

ANYA
Something terrible has happened,
I know. But you don't have to do-

WILLOW
(staring up at the
loft bookshelves)
I need power.

ANYA
 (coming out from
 behind the counter)
 Not with those books. I can't let
 you. Willow!

Willow puts up a hand. Magic purple bolts of light shoot over to Anya and suddenly she can't move.

Willow gestures with her head. All the books on the loft shelves begin to fly off the shelves and onto the table, landing heaped all over the table. The last book lands opened to a middle page.

Anya stares in alarm.

Willow walks over to the table and looks down. Shot of the open book with the pages covered in tiny writing.

Willow lifts her hands and puts them on the open pages. Her hands sink into the book as if melding with it.

The words of the book start to move off the pages and up her arms, curling and scrolling up under her sleeves. We see the words also coming up her chest, and moving up her shoulders to her face. She lifts her head and her eyes are black again. The words move to the top of her head and into her hair, turning her hair black.

Willow lifts her hands off the book. We see that the pages are now blank.

Anya stares.

Close on Willow's face with eyes completely magic-black and her hair also dark black and moving in a nonexistent wind.

WILLOW
 That's better.

STEVEN
 (from far)
 Willow!

He walks up to her.

Willow doesn't face him.

WILLOW
 What do you want?

STEVEN
 You want to kill Warren, don't you?

WILLOW

Yes.

STEVEN

So do I.

He holds up his gun to show it to her, but out of view of Anya.

STEVEN

I want justice, Willow. He
killed Tara and almost killed
Buffy. Let me help you. Give me
some of your magic.

After a beat, Willow looks at him.

She smiles wickedly.

WILLOW

Deal.

She touches her hands with his and he begins screaming.

Blackout.

Act II

The Summers house, foyer, day. The door is still standing open. Dawn walks up to it and goes inside, looking around a little nervously.

DAWN

(calls)
Buffy?

Silence. She puts down her schoolbag and jacket, starts up the stairs.

Cut to upstairs hallway. Dawn finishes climbing the stairs.

DAWN

Buffy?

She turns toward Willow's bedroom.

DAWN

Hey. Hello? Uh,
(pointing toward downstairs)
the door was...

She pauses. Shot of the bedroom from Dawn's POV. On the other side of the bed we can just barely see something (Tara's foot).

DAWN

Tara?

Pan in closer to reveal Tara's lifeless body lying there with the bullet wound in her chest. Dawn stares in complete horror.

Fade to white.

Fade to a door. It opens, revealing Rack (see episode "Wrecked").

RACK

All right, who's next?

Reveal a couple of magic "junkies" sitting in the waiting room. Also Warren. He leaps up out of his chair.

WARREN

I am.

One of the other junkies looks upset, like Warren is cutting in line. Warren walks quickly over to Rack, who looks him up and down.

JUNKIE

Hey.

RACK

You're new.

WARREN

Yeah.

(holds up a large wad
of cash)

And I come bearing dead presidents,
so you think we can just skip the
small talk?

Rack smiles a little, gestures toward the room behind him. Warren walks in. Rack closes the door behind them with a loud noise that makes Warren jump.

RACK

How'd you find me?

WARREN

I talked to a guy. He's one of
your regulars. Offered to show me
the way for twenty bucks.

RACK

Should have haggled. Most of my
customers'll bring you here for five.

WARREN
(impatiently)
Great, great I'll file that away.
Look, I'm in a bit of a situation
here. I tried to do us all a
favor, and eliminate the Slayer,
but it ... I....

Warren seems a little unnerved by the way Rack is just
staring at him.

WARREN
I guess it didn't take.

RACK
(walking closer)
Killing a Slayer, that's big
business for a kid.

WARREN
I'm not a kid.

RACK
(now in Warren's
personal space)
Okay.

WARREN
I had my own guys. The Trio, yeah,
you've heard of us.

RACK
Right. What were you, a band or
something?

WARREN
I thought word traveled in the
underworld. You know, we were
evil. Robots were my thing.
(Rack looking blank)
You didn't hear about the freeze ray?

RACK
(shakes his head)
Sorry. So why aren't your guys
helping you?

WARREN
Look, I thought this was a cash
for service gig, not an interview
process, all right? I need
protection. I've got the Slayer
after me.

RACK
(moving away)
Slayer is the least of your problems.

WARREN
You're right. Let's talk about my skin troubles. You know, I'd say on the scale of problems, that she ranks!

RACK
If I were you, I'd be worried about the witch.

WARREN
(surprised)
Witch? W-which witch?

RACK
Willow. Slayer's pal?
(walking closer again)
She's the new power, man, anybody with intuition can feel it. She's going to blow this town apart.
(now right in Warren's face)
Starting ... with you.

WARREN
Me? What did I, what did I do to her? O-okay, okay, I, I shot her friend...

Rack isn't totally listening any more, looks like he's in pain, turns away.

RACK
(painfully)
I feel death.

WARREN
But the Slayer's alive. And - and she heals.

RACK
She might, but somebody's stone cold, and that ... is why the witch wants your head. She can sense your essence right now, man. It's just a matter of time before she finds you.

Warren panics, lunges forward and pushes the whole wad of money into Rack's hand.

WARREN

All right. Take it. All right,
there's that, and I can get more.
Just give me something.

Rack looks at the money casually.

RACK

Hide or fight?

WARREN

Both. All of it. I, I still have
a few tricks up my sleeve, but
it's not enough. I need, I need a
cover, and I need lots of fire power.

RACK

I can't guarantee anything. Not
this time.

(softly)

The girl is running on pure fury.
I've never felt anything like it.

(small grin)

WARREN

Thank you for the tip, Nostradamus.
Just load me up, okay?

Cut to: Sunnydale hospital. Xander stands in the hallway looking through a window into another room, anxious. A nurse in full scrubs goes past him, holding a small tray. The camera follows her as she goes around a corner and through a door into the room Xander is watching. We see various medical personnel working on Buffy, talking indistinctly. A machine beeps steadily.

NURSE

...standing by.

A doctor is working on the wound in Buffy's chest.

DOCTOR

We've got to stop that bleeding.

NURSE #1

Where?

DOCTOR

Over by the left ventricle.

NURSE #2

(looking at monitors)

BP is down to 80/palp.

Close on Buffy as the doctor and Nurse #1 work on her.

DOCTOR
We got more bleeding.

NURSE #2
BP is...

Suddenly all the lights flicker and the machines blink off and on again. The steady beeping begins to speed up. The doctor and nurses look up in confusion.

NURSE #1
What's happening?

Angle on the other side of the room as Willow comes into view, **followed by Steven**. We see Xander through the window in background.

WILLOW
Leave.

Xander sees her, hurries toward the side and out of view.

The doctor and nurses turn to look at Willow **and Steven**. She is now wearing all black, her hair and eyes still black too. **Steven is wearing a black jacket, his hair is slicked back, and he is wearing blue jeans.**

The lights in the room continue flashing erratically and the beeping continues to speed up.

Xander rushes in, looks with surprise at Willow with her newly black hair and eyes.

XANDER
Willow. **Steven...**

WILLOW
(ignoring him,
speaking to the
medical staff)
Now.

The doctor and three nurses move toward the door. The beeping gets even faster and becomes a steady whine.

XANDER
Will, what are you doing?! She's
going to die.

WILLOW
No she isn't.

STEVEN
(eerily calm)
She knows what she's doing,
Xander. Relax.

Willow moves over to Buffy, stands beside her and stares down at her. The beep/whine continues. Xander stares.

Close on Buffy. Suddenly the bullet lifts up out of her chest and floats up into the air, hovering at Willow's eye-level. Willow looks at it. The beeping stops.

WILLOW
It's so small.

She puts out her hand and plucks the bullet out of the air, brings her hand back toward her. When she opens her hand, the bullet is gone.

Xander takes a few steps closer, staring in awe.

Buffy slowly comes to, opens her eyes and lifts her head. The lights come back on.

BUFFY
What happened?

XANDER
Buffy!

Xander rushes over to her as she sits up.

XANDER
Oh my god, are you okay?

STEVEN
(smiles)
Welcome back, Buffy. As...as
Xander said...are you okay?

BUFFY
(confused)
Sure. How'd I get here?

Xander hugs her in relief. Willow just watches.

XANDER
You've got to stop doing this.
This dying thing's funny once,
maybe twice.

Buffy looks over at Willow.

BUFFY
Willow?

WILLOW
(very small smile)
Buffy. Hey.

BUFFY
What's wrong?

WILLOW
I'll explain. But we've gotta go.

She starts to move toward the door, **as does Steven**. Xander and Buffy watch her, confused.

BUFFY
Why?

WILLOW
(not turning back)
It's time to find Warren.

Willow walks to the door and exits the room, **as does Steven**. Buffy and Xander exchange a look.

Cut to: a ticket counter somewhere. Indistinct announcements over a loudspeaker. A woman in a uniform hands Warren a ticket folder.

WARREN
This'll get me all the way to the border?

CLERK
You'll have to change to the city bus. It's all in the folder.

She turns back to her work, then gives Warren a look as if wondering why he's still there. Warren suddenly turns quickly away, walks outside.

Cut to the street as Warren exits. A bunch of buses are lined up along the curb. Warren looks around, sees his bus, climbs on.

Cut to: a highway, daylight. It's fairly deserted with mostly desert on each side. A single car speeds along.

Cut to the interior of the car. Xander is driving, Buffy in the passenger seat and Willow in back. Willow's eyes are back to normal but her hair is still black.

WILLOW

Faster.

XANDER

I'm going as fast as I-

WILLOW

Faster!

Close on the gas pedal as it slams down under Xander's foot.
The car speeds up.

XANDER

Will, would you cut that out? If
you wanted to drive...

BUFFY

We need to stop. I don't like this.

STEVEN

You're sure he's close?

WILLOW

We're close. I can feel him.

BUFFY

And we'll catch him, and he'll go
to jail. Look, I'm finding the
whole getting shot very motivating.
But you're using magic.

WILLOW

If I wasn't, you'd be dead.
(Xander looking upset)

STEVEN

She's right.

BUFFY

Maybe. But this isn't right. Okay,
this isn't how I want it.

WILLOW

Sometimes you don't have a choice.

XANDER

I think Buffy gets the tie-
breaker on this one. She was the
one on the ouchy end of the bullet.

STEVEN

You don't know the half of it.

BUFFY

Will, you do have a choice. This isn't good for you.

XANDER

You made the decision to stop for a reason. You promised us. And can I just ask, what's with the make-over of the damned? I mean, the hair...!

Willow isn't really listening; she's looking around. Now she suddenly sits up.

WILLOW

Turn right! Go!

Xander looks in front of him, seeing nothing.

XANDER

Go - where?

WILLOW

Over there! Now!

XANDER

(looking in confusion)
Will.

WILLOW

Turn.

The wheel turns itself under Xander's hands. The car screeches off the road onto dirt, zooming between scraggly bushes and such.

XANDER

(holding up his hands)
Fine, fine! Puppetmaster wants to drive? Go right ahead!

The car continues to bounce along on the uneven surface. Finally it comes to a stop, right before another stretch of paved highway.

Willow jumps out of the car, **as does Steven**, and begins to stride across the highway. Buffy and Xander follow more slowly, confused.

BUFFY

Willow, **Steven**, wait!

WILLOW

Stay back.

Willow gestures at them and more bolts of purple-black energy shoot over to them, immobilizing them like Anya earlier.

Willow keeps walking, **with Steven following close behind.** Now we see the bus coming over a rise toward her. She stops, standing in the middle of the road, and glares at the bus.

Close on the bus driver as the steering wheel suddenly starts doing its own thing. He struggles to control it but can't. The bus speeds toward Willow, who stands there calmly.

Close on the bus driver's foot as the brake pedal pushes down underneath his foot. He continues wrestling with the wheel.

The bus starts to slow down. All the passengers (including Warren) are thrown around in their seats. Screeching of tires. The bus slams to a stop just a foot or so in front of Willow.

Willow walks around to the side. The bus door opens on its own.

WILLOW

Get out.

All the bus passengers are craning their necks, trying to see what's going on. Warren gets up, walks down the aisle and down the steps out of the bus.

Willow grabs him by the neck, lifts him off the ground. Her eyes are black again.

WARREN

Please. I'll-I'll do anything.

Horrible cracking noise as Willow starts to squeeze his neck.

Suddenly one of his eyes pops out, revealing metal and wiring and sparks. Willow lets go and Warren falls over motionless on the ground.

Buffy and Xander come running over. They stop and stare. Shot of the eyeball rolling around on the ground.

WILLOW

(surprised)

It's a robot.

STEVEN

(angry)

That little prick.

They look at her.

WILLOW
(confused)
I, I could feel his essence.

Buffy looks sympathetic. But then Willow turns angry again.

WILLOW
He tricked me.
(starts to walk)
We'll find him another way.

BUFFY
(turning to follow)
And then what?

WILLOW
And then we'll kill him.

STEVEN
(flippant)
Works for me.

Buffy grabs Willow's arm and stops her, turns her around.

BUFFY
Okay, you need to calm down.

WILLOW
Calm down?

STEVEN
You don't know anything about calm!

BUFFY
Look, you're angry. I, I am too.
There's no excuse for what Warren
did, but that-

WILLOW
He shot Tara.

Buffy and Xander stare at her, speechless.

WILLOW
When he shot you, he hit her too.
Upstairs in my room.

BUFFY
Oh my god.

WILLOW
Guess the last shot was the charm.

XANDER
She's dead?

WILLOW
She's dead. Now he's dead too.

BUFFY
(very upset)
Oh my god ...
(whispers)
Tara...

XANDER
Christ, Will, how come you didn't
say anything?

WILLOW
I'm busy.

Willow starts toward the car again. Buffy again grabs her
and stops her.

BUFFY
W-Willow, please, just stop.

STEVEN
Let...her go.

Willow stares at her coldly.

BUFFY
We love you. And Tara. But we
don't kill humans. It's not the way.

WILLOW
How can you say that? Tara is dead.

BUFFY
I know ... I know. And I ...
can't understand ... anything.
Not what happened ... a-and not
what you must be going through.
Willow, if you do this, you let
Warren destroy you too.

XANDER
You said it yourself, Will ...
the magic's too strong, there's
no coming back from it.

WILLOW
I'm not coming back.

Yet again Willow starts to walk off and Buffy grabs her, stops her.

BUFFY
Will, please. Please, we'll get
through this together.

WILLOW
We won't! Not your way.

BUFFY
Please, just-

WILLOW
No! No more talking. It's done!

She turns away again, this time gesturing behind her. Another bolt of purple magic flies backward, knocking Buffy and Xander off their feet. They fall to the ground in a heap. Willow continues walking. **Steven begins to start following her.**

Buffy and Xander sit up, brushing themselves off. They look up toward the car.

Willow is gone, **as is Steven**. Just empty highway and the car.

They look around, look at each other.

Blackout.

Act III

Overhead shot of Sunnydale. The sun is setting and lights are coming on. Fade to exterior of the Summers house. The front door is still open. Buffy and Xander walk up the steps, go cautiously inside.

BUFFY
Steven? Willow? Dawn?

They move off -- Buffy left into the living room, Xander right into the dining room. The camera stays still, looking from the porch in through the door at the stairway and the hallway to the kitchen.

Xander reappears, returning to the foyer.

XANDER
Maybe she went to the hospital to
find you.

Buffy rejoins him.

BUFFY
I left there hours ago. She'd be
back by now.

XANDER
And Steven?

BUFFY
He probably just needed some time
to work things out.

XANDER
Hopefully that's all he's going
to do.

BUFFY
(sighs)
I know what you mean.

They look toward the stairs.

Cut to upstairs. Buffy and Xander are going in and out of
the various doors.

BUFFY
Dawn?

Buffy pauses at the open door to Willow's room open. Looks
inside with an expression of dread. Walks inside.

Reveal Tara's body, still lying there in a pool of blood,
speckled with moonlight and shadows.

BUFFY
(whispers)
Oh god.

DAWN
(O.S., softly)
I didn't ... want to leave her alone.

Buffy turns and finds Dawn huddled in a little ball, in a
corner formed by the wall and a side-table, crying.

BUFFY
Dawn. Sweetheart.
(kneeling beside Dawn)
Come on. Honey, we need to get
out of here, okay?
(stroking Dawn's hair)
Dawn, sweetheart. Be strong for
me, okay?

Xander walks in, looks at Tara in dismay.

BUFFY
Dawn, we need to go downstairs.

DAWN
(crying)
I don't understand.

Buffy pulls Dawn close and hugs her. Dawn continues crying.

BUFFY
I don't understand either.

Long shot on the tableau of Xander standing in the doorway, Buffy and Dawn holding each other, and Tara lying dead on the floor.

Cut to a little later. Two men carry a gurney down the stairs, bearing Tara's body covered with a black sheet. Xander stands at the bottom of the stairs watching. He has changed out of his bloody clothes.

Buffy and Dawn sit in the living room. Buffy has also changed her clothing.

Xander watches in a daze as the men wheel the gurney out the front door. One of them gives him a clipboard.

CORONER
If you could just sign this?

XANDER
Sure.

He signs the clipboard and hands it back.

CORONER
Call this number tomorrow, we'll
have more information.
(giving Xander a piece
of paper)

XANDER
Okay, thanks. Thank you.

CORONER
I'm sorry for your loss.

The coroner picks up a briefcase in one hand, takes the end of the gurney in the other, and he and the other (unseen) coroner exit. Xander closes the door, looking at the piece of paper. Goes into the living room.

XANDER
So that's it.

BUFFY
Are the police gone too?

XANDER
Coming back tomorrow with more of
their pretty yellow tape.

He sits on the coffee table. Both he and Buffy put their
faces in their hands for a moment.

BUFFY
(sighing)
We need to find Willow **and Steven**.

XANDER
Yeah, she's off the wagon big-
time. Warren's a dead man if **they**
find him.

DAWN
(bitterly)
Good.

BUFFY
Dawn, don't say that.

DAWN
Why not?
(the others looking at her)
I'd do it myself if I could.

BUFFY
Because you don't really feel
that way.

DAWN
Yes I do. And you should too. He
killed Tara, and he nearly killed
you. He needs to pay.

XANDER
Out of the mouths of babes.

BUFFY
Xander.

XANDER
I'm just saying he's ... he's
just as bad as any vampire you've
sent to dustville.

BUFFY

Being a Slayer doesn't give me a license to kill. Warren's human.

DAWN

(scoffs)

So?

BUFFY

So the human world has its own rules for dealing with people like him.

XANDER

Yeah, we all know how well those rules work.

BUFFY

Sometimes they do. Sometimes they don't. We can't control the universe. If we were supposed to ... then the magic wouldn't change Willow the way it does. And ... we'd be able to bring Tara back.

DAWN

(very quietly)

And Mom.

BUFFY

There are limits to what we can do. There should be. Willow doesn't want to believe that. **Neither does Steven.** And now she's messing with forces that want to hurt her, **taking him down with her. And eventually it's going to take down** all of us.

XANDER

I just ... I've had blood on my hands all day.

(looks Buffy in the eye)

Blood from people I love.

BUFFY

I know. And now it has to stop. Warren's going to get what he deserves. I promise. But I will **not** let Willow destroy herself.

Beat. Xander nods, sighs.

XANDER

Okay, where do we go? **They** could be anywhere.

BUFFY

(sighs)

I don't know, um ... Maybe the Magic Box for some kind of locating spell.

(quickly, to Xander)

I could go myself.

XANDER

No no. I'm cool. I'll go.

BUFFY

Dawn can't stay here by herself.

DAWN

Let me go with you. I want to.

BUFFY

No, honey, it's too dangerous.

DAWN

But ... it's Willow. She needs us.
And Steven...we have to find him.

BUFFY

She does. **And so does he.** And you'll help **them**. Lots. Okay, but first we have to get her home in one piece.

DAWN

But-

BUFFY

Dawn. I'm serious. You've been through enough for more than one ... ever. You should be someplace where you feel safe.

DAWN

(sullen)

Fine. I want to go to Spike's.

Beat. Buffy sighs heavily.

BUFFY

All right.

XANDER
What?! Not all right. Are you
kidding? After what Spike did-

BUFFY
Xander!

Buffy gives Xander a meaningful look and a very small shake of the head.

BUFFY
I'll get the coats.

She gets up and moves toward the foyer. Xander follows.

XANDER
(quietly)
You're not gonna really leave
Dawn with Mr. Attempted Rape.

BUFFY
(quietly)
He won't hurt Dawn. I, he-he
physically can't. Besides, he
wouldn't.

XANDER
Well, after the other night, I'd
say all bets are off on what he's
capable of.

BUFFY
Dawn feels safe with him. We
don't have a choice. Right now,
he's all we've got.

Xander looks displeased.

Cut to: exterior of a UC Sunnydale dorm building.

Cut to Tara's room. Willow sits on the bed holding her white shirt stained with Tara's blood. She looks at it for a moment, then gets up, kneels on the floor and spreads the shirt out on the floor, bloody side down. We see that Willow's eyes are still black. **Steven is sitting on the bed, gun in hand.**

WILLOW
Blood of the slain, hear me.
Guide me to Tara's killer.

Close on the shirt. The blood rises to the surface and forms a map.

A glowing dot, as if the shirt were on fire just in one little spot, marks a single point on the map, moving slightly. Willow studies it grimly.

STEVEN
(wickedly)
Found him.

Cut to: interior Spike's crypt. The TV is showing an old movie.

MAN ON TV
 John, why don't you forget this foolishness?

MAN #2 ON TV
 Stop right where you are, Mr. Norton.

WOMAN ON TV
 John! John!

Buffy and Dawn enter the crypt, walk over toward the armchair in front of the TV.

BUFFY
 Spike.

The person in the chair gives a yelp of surprise and jumps up in a shower of popcorn/chips/junk-food. It's Clem, who had been asleep.

CLEM
 Suffering cats!

Buffy is startled, stares at him.

CLEM
 (puts hand on his chest)
 Where did you come from?

BUFFY
 Oh. Clem, I - sorry, I didn't mean to startle you.

CLEM
 It's, uh, it's okay, you just
 (chuckles)
 snuck up on me is all.

BUFFY
 (apologetic)
 I made you spill your snacks.

CLEM
Nah, don't worry about it.
(holds up his arm and
indicates loose floppy skin)
Like I need any more of this.
(waves at Dawn)
Oh, hi.

DAWN
Hi.

CLEM
Can I get you ladies something? I
was just about to mix up some
Country Time.

BUFFY
We're looking for Spike, actually.

CLEM
He didn't tell you?

BUFFY
Tell me what?

CLEM
He left. Town.

BUFFY
Oh.

Close on Buffy who looks like she has mixed feelings about
this news.

DAWN
He just took off?

CLEM
That's why I'm staying here for
him. Sweet pad like this goes
empty for a few days, you'll lose
it for sure. Plus, I ...
(indicates the TV)
don't have a TV.

Buffy has a sour expression.

CLEM
I'm surprised he didn't tell you.
He kind of left in a hurry, I
guess.

(MORE)

CLEM (CONT'D)

(awkwardly)

Sure I can't get you something?
I've got Bugles and, uh,
liverwurst...

BUFFY

We're fine, thank you. Um, but
you could do us a favor. Do you
think maybe Dawn could hang out
here with you for a while? I have
some stuff that I need to do and,
uh, I really don't want her to be
alone.

DAWN

I still don't see why I just can't-

BUFFY

Dawn. We've been through this.
(to Clem)
What do you think?

CLEM

No problem. I'd love the company.
(to Dawn)
Do you like Parcheesi?

DAWN

(trying to be nice)
Sure.

CLEM

Or, we could rent videos. I've
been dying to see The Wedding
Planner.

DAWN

Either way. I'm good.

CLEM

Ooh, and here.
(indicates the chair)
You can have the comfy chair.

Dawn smiles despite herself.

BUFFY

I'll be back as soon as I can.
(hugs Dawn)
I promise.

DAWN

Okay.

BUFFY
(to Clem)
Thank you.

Clem nods. Buffy starts for the door, pauses, turns back.

BUFFY
Did he say when he'd be back?

CLEM
Spike? No. Only that he could be
gone a while.

Cut to: a view of the moon through an exotic tree. Sound of drums and African pipe music.

Cut to a desert village made up of grass huts on sand. Some African women are sitting around a fire talking. In the background more people walking around, sitting, etc. Spike, wearing all black, strides between the huts. He passes an African man walking the other way.

Spike continues walking, his face determined. Another villager tries to stop him, saying something in an African language.

VILLAGER
Toyenza coyengara. Erio mtuwana.

SPIKE
Not asking for permission, mate.

Spike never stops walking, strides past the man and onward. The man yells after him but doesn't follow.

VILLAGER
Ymirira! Odja kufa! Ymirira!

Spike enters a dark cave. He slows down. It's almost completely black. He flicks open his lighter, revealing paintings on the cave walls. Images of people's faces in pain, bodies with blood pouring out of them, skulls. Spike looks at them, a little nervous. The music continues.

More paintings. One depicts a black figure holding out an arm toward another figure, which is red and dripping blood.

A breeze blows out the lighter. Spike looks at it, slowly flicks it closed and continues into the cave. Then a deep gravelly voice speaks.

VOICE
You seek me, vampire?

Spike looks nervous, but covers it.

SPIKE
You do the finger paintings? Nice
work.

We see a demon in the darkness, but all we can see is an
indistinct shape and a pair of green glowing eyes.

DEMON
Answer me.

SPIKE
Yeah. I seek you.

DEMON
Something about a woman. The slayer.

SPIKE
(nods, barely
concealed anger)
Thinks she's better than me. Ever
since I got this bleeding chip in
my head, things ain't been right.
Everything's gone to hell.

DEMON
And you want to return to your
former self.

SPIKE
Yeah.

Close on the green glowing eyes as the demon laughs evilly.

SPIKE
What?

DEMON
Look what she's reduced you to.

SPIKE
It's this bloody chip-

DEMON
You were a legendary dark warrior,
and you let yourself be castrated.
(Spike looking angry)
And you have the audacity to
crawl in here and demand restoration?

SPIKE
I'm still a warrior.

DEMON
You're a pathetic excuse for a demon.

SPIKE
(angry)
Yeah? I'll show you pathetic.
Give me your best shot.

DEMON
You'd never endure the trials
required to grant your request.

SPIKE
Do your worst. But when I win ...
I want what I came here for.

The demon watches him, breathes loudly but says nothing.

SPIKE
Bitch is gonna see a change.

Cut to: interior magic shop. Close on the piles of books on the table, their pages all blank from Willow's actions earlier.

Pan over to the counter where Xander is trying to lead Anya toward the table. Anya is still partly frozen from Willow's spell.

XANDER
You feeling any change? Can you talk?

Anya pulls away, not looking at him.

ANYA
It's wearing off.

She sits down on the bench.

ANYA
Willow was here earlier, **same with Steven**. She put the whammy on me and went straight to the dark arts books. Sucked them dry. Then they left together.

XANDER
(worried)
Did he hurt you?

ANYA
No...it was just...sort of...like he was waiting for Willow.

XANDER
(awkwardly)
Look, Anya, something terrible
happened.

ANYA
I know.
(softly)
Tara.

XANDER
(nods)
Willow and Steven are out for
blood, big time. We need to find
them before **they** find Warren. Is
there something you can do, a, a
locator spell?

ANYA
I don't need a spell.
(a bit reluctantly)
I can feel **them**.

XANDER
You can...?

ANYA
Feel **them**. **Their** thirst for
vengeance, it's overwhelming.

XANDER
Is that like, left over from your
vengeance demon days? You just
sense '**em**?

ANYA
No. Not left over.

She gives him a meaningful look. The clue hits.

XANDER
Oh.

ANYA
Yeah.
(sound of the bell
over the door)

XANDER
When?

ANYA
(sourly)
When do you think?

Buffy rushes over.

BUFFY
Is everyone okay? Did Willow -

ANYA
Got her power boost and took off.

XANDER
Anya's ... Anya was saying she
knows where Willow is.

BUFFY
And--and Steven?

XANDER
She says she can find him too.

BUFFY
A spell?

XANDER
(bitterly)
Not exactly. Seems Anya got her
vengeance on again.

BUFFY
(stares at Anya)
Oh.

XANDER
So, Willow's all wrathful ... why
don't you go to her? Isn't that
your gig?

ANYA
(defensively)
Normally, I'd have to ... but she
doesn't want me. **Neither does
Steven.**

BUFFY
She wants to do it herself.

XANDER
Seems like he's the same way.

ANYA
Yeah.

BUFFY
Look, Anya, we don't have much
time. Which side of this are you on?

Anya hesitates.

XANDER
If you know where she is, you can
help us.

ANYA
(stands up, sighs)
I'll help. But I'm helping Willow.

Buffy and Xander accept this.

ANYA
She's close to him. He's in the
woods.

Buffy and Xander exchange a look.

Cut to the woods, night. Willow walks along, holding the
bloody shirt, **followed by Steven**. The bushes bend back out
of her way as **they pass**. **They walk** slowly and calmly.

Cut to another part of the woods. Warren is running along,
shoving branches and bushes out of his way. He's wearing a
backpack.

Willow comes to a small clearing, looks around, smiles a little.

WILLOW
Run all night, Warren. I'll still
find--

Suddenly something hits her. She falls down face-first. We
see Warren standing behind her. A long-handled axe is buried
in Willow's back.

Warren stares down at her, looking nervous.

Steven grabs Warren's throat.

STEVEN
(evilily)
Big mistake.

They struggle, taking them off screen.

We hear a gunshot.

Blackout.

Act IV

Open on the same scene. Warren stands over Willow, still nervous, but starting to smile a little, **since he grabbed the gun from Steven.**

Steven groans in pain and tries to get up, but can't because of a bullet lodged in his leg.

Suddenly Willow rises upward and onto her feet, lifted by magic. She turns to face Warren, reaching her arm behind her to pull the axe out of her back. Warren stares at her fearfully.

WILLOW

Axe, not gonna cut it.

She tosses the axe to the ground. Warren runs off. **Willow walks over to Steven and, using magic, removes the bullet from his leg, and healing his wound. Steven gets up.**

STEVEN

Thank you.

WILLOW

Thank me when we kill him.

Steven follows Warren, as does Willow.

Warren runs through the forest, panting, reaching behind him to pull something out of his backpack.

It's a small metal box. Warren stops running and pulls a pin on the side of the box. Little metal wings appear from holes on two sides of the box. The wings begin to flap.

Warren smiles as the box lifts off his hand and up into the air. It zooms away with quick flitting movements like a bat.

Cut to Willow **and Steven** walking calmly through the woods. The winged box flies up to **them**. She looks at it in surprise. Suddenly the box explodes.

But the explosion, instead of moving continuously outward, only expands to a diameter of about ten feet. It surrounds Willow **and Steven** in a shimmering ball of energy like solidified air and fire, holding her motionless.

But then she steps forward, and the ball shatters into large pieces like glass. Willow resumes walking, **as does Steven.**

Cut to Warren running desperately through the woods, looking back over his shoulder. He turns to face front again and finds Willow **and Steven** directly in front of him. Warren stops short, gasping.

WARREN
(nervous laugh)
Cute. That's a cute trick.

Willow is silent, just walks toward him. He backs away, very nervous.

WARREN
It was an accident, you know.

WILLOW
Oh. You mean, instead of killing
my best friend, you killed my
girlfriend.

WARREN
It ... it wasn't personal, that's
all.

Close on Warren's hand in his pants pocket, grasping for something. He continues moving backward as Willow continues advancing on him.

WILLOW
Well, this is.

Warren turns to run away. Willow holds out both her hands and sends a huge blast of magical energy at Warren, knocking him down. He quickly pulls his arms out of his backpack straps.

WARREN
Capture!

He throws something at Willow, looks like a small ball of blue goo. It hits her in the stomach and begins to expand, first around her body pinning her arms to her sides, then up and down until her whole body and head are surrounded by shimmery transparent blue. Her mouth opens as if trying to speak, but she can't.

Warren jumps up and runs off again, leaving his backpack behind.

Steven rushes after him.

Close on Willow's eyes behind the goo. They begin to glow fiery orange. The goo in front of her eyes melts, and then the entire cocoon melts and slides down off her body.

Cut to Warren still running.

Cut to Willow still standing where she was. Her eyes are black again.

WILLOW

Irretite.

(latin translation: "entangle")

Cut to Warren running. Suddenly vines from several nearby trees whip out and wrap around his legs, then his wrists. He's trapped, spread-eagled between two trees. He looks around, panting.

Steven walks up to the tree, idly playing with the vines with one hand and dangling the gun in front of him with the other hand..

STEVEN

(grinning)

Warren, Warren, Warren...you shoulda learned, pal. Never play with fire. You know why?

WARREN

(nervous)

No--no...why?

STEVEN

(smiles playfully)

C'mon...

(hisses)

guess!

WARREN

'Cause....'Cause you're gonna...

STEVEN

Get burned. That's right. And you should not have done what you did. Because now...you're going to get burned by one very powerful wicca.

WARREN

(nervous)

She--she doesn't have the guts to do that...

WILLOW

(o.s)

Wanna bet?

Willow walks around a tree and approaches him.

WILLOW

Cute tricks.

WARREN
You're really asking for it, you
know that?

WILLOW
(incredulous)
I'm asking for it?

WARREN
I'm gonna walk away from this.
And when I do, you're gonna beg
to go join your little girlfriend.

Willow frowns as if realizing something.

WILLOW
She wasn't your first.

WARREN
(nervous)
Uh, first who?

WILLOW
Tara. She wasn't the first girl
you killed.

WARREN
I don't know what you're talk-

WILLOW
Reveal!

KATRINA
(O.S.)
I should have strangled you in
your sleep.

Warren's ex-girlfriend Katrina, whom he killed in episode
"Dead Things," walks around the same tree that Willow just
came from. She is deathly pale.

KATRINA
Back when we shared a bed. I
should have done the world a favor.

WARREN
(nervous laugh)
It's a trick.

STEVEN
(evilily)
We can show you a trick, Warren.
Trust me. We can certainly do that.

KATRINA
 Why, Warren? You could have just
 let me go.

Warren is pretty freaked and can't look at Katrina, just at Willow and the surroundings. Willow watches him calmly.

WARREN
 (to Willow)
 Make it shut up. Make it go away.

KATRINA
 It didn't have be like that.

WARREN
 (to Willow)
 I'm not kidding!

KATRINA
 How could you say you loved me,
 and do that to me?

WARREN
 (suddenly)
 Because you deserved it, bitch!

Warren finally turns to look at Katrina as he yells at her.
 But now she's gone.

WILLOW
 Because you liked it.

WARREN
 Oh, shut up!

Steven jams the gun barrel into Warren's temple.

STEVEN
 You listen to me, Mears...you
 will never...never...talk that
 way about her again! Or you will
 get a gunshot to the heart. Just
 like you did to Tara.

WARREN
 (nervous)
 (confused)
 What? Who?

Steven cocks the gun.

STEVEN

Tara, you son of a bitch! You killed her! She didn't hurt a fly, and you killed her!

WARREN

I--I didn't mean to...

STEVEN

Oh, just like you didn't mean to kill Katrina?

WARREN

How--how did you know her name?

STEVEN

How I know is none of your business. However, we do have business to deal with. You and I. On charges of murder one. Do you want to know my theory as to why you killed Katrina?

WARREN

(sarcastic)

This should be great.

STEVEN

Power.

WARREN

(incredulous chuckle)

What?! That's ridiculous!

WILLOW

You never felt you had the power with her. Not until you killed her.

WARREN

(nasty laugh)

Women. You know, you're just like the rest of them. Mind games.

Warren talks a good game, but he's trembling in fear.

WILLOW

You get off on it.

(moving closer)

That's why you had a mad-on for the Slayer. She was your big O, wasn't she, Warren?

WARREN
 (still trembling)
 Are you done yet? Or can we talk
 some more about our feelings?

Cut to another part of the forest. Anya walks along, with
 Buffy and Xander following.

BUFFY
 What's happening? What do you feel?

ANYA
 She's stronger now. Close.

XANDER
 And Steven?

ANYA
 Standing next to her.

XANDER
 What about Warren? Has she-

ANYA
 He's still alive. She's not done.
 (beat)
 Neither is he.

Cut back to Warren and Willow. He's getting desperate now.

WARREN
 (yells)
 Help!
 (normal voice)
 Let me go.
 (yells)
 Somebody! Help!!

WILLOW
 What's the matter? Thought you
 wanted to talk.

WARREN
 No.

STEVEN
 Changed your mind, did you?

WARREN
 Yes! Yes I did!

WILLOW
 Okay.

Willow opens her hand, revealing the bullet that she took from Buffy's chest earlier.

WILLOW
I'll talk.

She waves her other hand, and Warren's shirt rips open.

WARREN
What, what are you doing?

WILLOW
Shhh.

WARREN
(seriously freaked)
Hey, hey, I'm sorry, okay? I'm sorry.

Steven stands back, pointing the gun at Warren's head.

STEVEN
(maliciously)
You will be.

Willow holds the bullet about an inch from Warren's chest, right over his heart. She lets go, but the bullet continues to hover in place.

WILLOW
Wanna know what a bullet feels like, Warren? A real one?
(Warren looking nervously down at the bullet, then up at her)
It's not like in the comics.

WARREN
No. No.

WILLOW
I think you need to. Feel it.

The bullet slowly starts to push its way into Warren's chest.

WARREN
Oh god! Stop it!

WILLOW
It's not going to make a neat little hole. First, it'll obliterate your internal organs. Your lung will collapse. Feels like drowning.

WARREN
(strained)
Please! No.

Warren is clearly in a lot of pain as the bullet continues penetrating his body.

WILLOW
When it finally hits your spine,
it'll blow your central nervous
system.

WARREN
Oh please, stop, god! Please-

WILLOW
(angrily)
I'm talking!

Willow lifts a hand and suddenly Warren's lips are sewn shut with large stitches of thread. He can only groan and whimper.

WILLOW
The pain will be unbearable, but
you won't be able to move. Bullet
usually travels faster than this,
of course. But the dying? It'll
seem like it takes forever.

She pauses, as if affected by her own words, looking at the little wound on Warren's chest. Warren just grunts and squeezes his eyes shut in pain.

WILLOW
Something, isn't it?
(pensively)
One tiny piece of metal destroys
everything.
(Warren groaning loudly)
It ripped her insides out ...
took her light away. From me.
From the world.

Now she looks Warren in the eye again, re-focusing. He continues trembling, groaning in pain and fear.

WILLOW
Now the one person who should be
here is gone ... and a waste like
you gets to live.

Another shot of the bullet hole in Warren's chest.

WILLOW
 Tiny piece of metal. Can you feel
 it now?

Warren continues whimpering in pain.

Cut to the others still walking.

They hear a gun being cocked.

ANYA
 Over there.

She leads them off to the left.

Cut back to Warren and Willow. He continues grunting through
 his sewn-shut mouth.

WILLOW
 I said, can you feel it?

She waves her hand and the stitches disappear.

WARREN
 Please! God! I did wrong, I see
 that now. I need, I need jail! I
 need... But you, you don't want
 this. You're, you're not a bad
 person. Not like me.

Willow stares at him.

BUFFY
 (O.S.)
 Willow! **Steven!**

STEVEN
You don't deserve jail, you waste
of skin!

Willow looks over. The others are visible a few hundred feet
 away, rushing toward her.

WARREN
 Oh, and when you get caught,
 you'll lose them too. Your
 friends.
 (panting)
 You don't want that. I know
 you're in pain, but-

WILLOW
 Bored now.

STEVEN
(yells)
Wait!

Willow steps back and moves her hand forward, with a gesture of "go ahead".

STEVEN
This...is for Buffy.

He fires the gun, blowing Warren's head clean off his body.
Steven looks at Willow.

STEVEN
I hope I didn't take away from
your idea of what you were going
to do.

WILLOW
Not at all, Steven. I've been
wanting to do this for a long,
long time.

Willow makes a casual gesture with one hand. A bolt of magic rips through Warren and tears the skin off his body in a single piece.

Anya, Buffy, and Xander arrive just in time to see this.

XANDER
Oh my god.

Warren's skinless body sags against the vines that still hold him. Very icky. Willow stands looking at it.

BUFFY
(shocked)
What did you do?

Willow continues looking at the lifeless body.

BUFFY
Willow, what did you do?

Willow looks over at her friends, then back at the body. Suddenly it bursts into flame and burns to nothing in an instant.

WILLOW
(calmly)
One down.

Smoke begins to curl up around Willow's body as red fire flashes in her eyes again. Lightning flashes as her whole body dissipates into smoke and is gone.

The others stand there staring in horror.

Almost as if he was under a spell before, Steven's eyes go to normal and he drops to the ground.

Buffy runs up to him and helps him up.

BUFFY
(worried)
Steven...Steven??

Steven looks at Buffy, coming out of it.

STEVEN
Buffy...what...what happened?

BUFFY
It was Willow. She...she had you
under some kind of spell.

STEVEN
We...we have to stop her.

BUFFY
We will.

STEVEN
I'm worried, Buffy...the--the
last thing she said...
(sighs)
"One down."...

Blackout.

Executive Producers: Joss Whedon and Marti Noxon.