

(Name of Project)  
by  
(Name of First Writer)

(Based on, If Any)

Revisions by  
(Names of Subsequent Writers,  
in Order of Work Performed)

Current Revisions by  
(Current Writer, date)

Name  
Address  
Phone

BUFFY THE VAMPIRE SLAYER

"Triangle"

by

Jane Espenson

WRITER'S THIRD DRAFT \* Nov. 9, 2000 \*

TEASER

1 XANDER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT (NIGHT 1) 1

XANDER and ANYA in bed. Intimate and affectionate, talking softly together late at night.

ANYA

\*

You know what's weird?

\*

XANDER

\*

Microwave egg cookers? Home  
\* schooling? Reversible wrapping  
paper? \*

Anya giggles.

\*

ANYA

\*

No, no, no!

\*

XANDER

\*

Wait, I know. The local news?

\*

ANYA

\*

Well, I do think there's something  
\* supernatural about that guy's  
hair. \* But I  
meant... about Riley. It's  
\* been, a couple weeks and still  
\* sometimes I forget he's gone.  
It's \* like he's  
away on a trip or  
\* something, and then I remember.  
\*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

XANDER

\*

I know what you mean. It's like,  
 \* where's Riley? Oh right, the  
 Central \* Republic  
 of Where in the Hell.

\*

ANYA

\*

If you ever decide to go, I want a  
 \* warning. Big flashing red lights  
 and \* one of those  
 clocks that counts down  
 \* like on a bomb in a movie. And  
 \* there's this whole bunch of  
 colored \* wires  
 and I'm not sure which is the  
 \* right one to cut, but I guess the  
 \* green one and then at the last  
 \* second... no... the red one and  
 \* click, it stops with three-tenths  
 of \* a second  
 left. No one dies. You  
 \* don't leave. Like that, okay?

\*

XANDER

\*

Check. Big bomb clock.

\*

ANYA

\*

Okay.

\*

XANDER

\*

By the way, I'm not going to want  
 to \* go.

\*

ANYA

\*

Good. Because that would hurt. I  
 \* can't think about how much that  
 would \* hurt.

\*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

XANDER

\*

C'mere.

\*

Xander wraps himself around Anya as if to protect her from  
 \* even the thought of that pain.

\*

ANYA

\*

How's Buffy doing?

\*

XANDER

I haven't talked to her in a while.

\* I wonder how she's dealing with

it.

\*

CUT TO:

2

CLOISTER - NIGHT

2

A YOUNG NUN, in a habit, is angled away from us, a few blond  
 \* hairs escaping from her wimple. She walks in a row with  
 \* OTHER NUNS. A few OLDER NUNS watch the precessional.  
 \* Gregorian music plays -- soft chanting.

\*

Suddenly, a VAMPIRE charges into the area. NUNS SCREAM AND  
 \* SCATTER. The young nun turns to look and we see that SHE  
 IS \* NOT BUFFY. She is grabbed by the vampire. We think  
 he means \* to attack her, but he just throws her to one  
 side... he's not \* attacking, he's running from  
 something... \*

BUFFY

\*

Runs in, pursuing the vamp. She tackles him. There are some  
 \* fancy sweeping kicks and punches. Buffy stakes the vamp.  
 It DUSTS. Buffy picks herself up, dusts herself off.

Buffy sees the young nun, still on the ground. Buffy helps  
 \* her to her feet.

\*

YOUNG NUN

\*

What... what was that? He looked

\* like, like a demon?

\*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BUFFY

\*

Yes, he did. Are you okay?

\*

YOUNG NUN

\*

I think so.

\*

Buffy starts to lead the nun carefully away.

\*

BUFFY

So, um, about being a nun? With  
the \* whole

abjuring the company of men  
\* thing? How's that working for  
you? \* The

abjuring.

\*

YOUNG NUN

\*

Um... good.

\*

BUFFY

And do you have to be, like, super-  
\* religious?

\*

YOUNG NUN

\*

Well, uh...

\*

BUFFY

\*

How's the food?

\*

END OF TEASER

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ACT ONE

A3 INT. TRAINING ROOM - DAY (DAY 2)

A3 \*

Buffy and Giles are in the training room. He is holding up  
\* pads that she hits and kicks as they talk.  
\*

BUFFY

\*

You really think they might be able  
\* to help us?

\*

GILES

\*

Find out something about Glory?

Yes. \* The  
resources that the Watcher's  
\* Council has at its disposal--

\*

BUFFY

\*

Don't talk about their books again.

\* You get all... and sometimes  
there's \* drool.

\*

GILES

\*

Sorry.

\*

BUFFY

\*

Glory's all you're going to talk to

\* them about, isn't it?

\*

GILES

\*

Let's take a break.

\*

They stop training. Giles rubs his sore arms.

\*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BUFFY

\*

Answer me.

\*

GILES

\*

I'm not going to mention Dawn's  
 name. \* I promise I  
 would never do that.

\*

BUFFY

\*

But you're going to tell them  
 there's \* a key.  
 That Glory's looking for  
 \* something called the key.

\*

GILES

\*

Knowing her goal is crucial. If  
 \* anything will help them uncover  
 her \* origins and  
 plans...

\*

BUFFY

\*

I know, it's just that I trust  
 those \* Watchers  
 about as far as...

\*

(noting Giles' arm-  
 \* rubbing)

\*

...you could throw them.

\*

GILES

\*

Thank you very much.

\*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BUFFY

\*

And I gotta say, I'm a little  
 freaked \* out at  
 the idea of them knowing  
 \* anything that could point them to  
 \* Dawn.  
 \*

GILES

\*

Truly, Buffy, if I saw an  
 \* alternative... If the Initiative  
 \* were still around I'd say we  
 consider \* using  
 them. But they're gone. Even  
 \* our last link to the government  
 is \* gone.  
 \* (realizing)  
 \* Sorry. Didn't mean to...  
 \*

BUFFY

\*

It's okay. You can even say his  
 \* name. Riley. See, I'm still  
 \* standing.  
 \*

She gives him a smile, almost convincingly.  
 \*

BUFFY (CONT'D)

\*

I'm doing fine. I mean, these  
 things \* happen.  
 People break up, they move  
 \* on. For a while it feels like  
 the \* end of the  
 world, but in the big  
 \* picture...  
 \*

GILES

\*

It's not so huge.  
 \*

BUFFY

\*

Not so huge? I just said it feels  
 \* like the end of the world!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

BUFFY

\*(CONT'D)

Don't you \* listen?  
 \* (then)  
 \* I'm teasing. Sort of. I'll be  
 okay. \*

GILES

\*  
 I do hate to go away if you're  
 \* feeling badly...  
 \*

BUFFY

\*  
 Hey, a chance you might find out  
 \* something about Glory -- I'm  
 thrilled \* to have  
 you gone.  
 \*

3

MAGIC BOX - DAY - LATER

3

\*3

It's a little later and Giles stands in front of Buffy, Anya,  
 \* Xander, WILLOW and TARA at the table.

ANYA

\*  
 You're going away for a week?  
 That's \* great!  
 \*

GILES

\*  
 Yes, yes. Everyone seems quite  
 \* delighted about it.  
 \*

ANYA

\*  
 Well, I get to run to store, right?  
 \*

GILES

\*  
 Well... there's quite a lot for one  
 \* person to do...  
 \* (consults a list)  
 \* The trashmen, for example.  
 They've \* been  
 making such a mess in the alley  
 \* that the recycling people can't  
 get in there to collect. Someone  
 has to talk to them.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GILES

\*(CONT'D)

Also, there's some  
 \* health inspector who has decided  
 that potions are technically  
 "food," and that we need a full  
 inspection.

ANYA

I can take care of that.  
 \*

XANDER

\*  
 Food? Who's sitting around saying,  
 \* hey, I could go for some tasty  
 potion. \*

TARA

\*  
 I'm envious, Giles. A trip to  
 \* England sounds so exciting and  
 exotic. \*  
 (realizing)  
 \* Unless you're English.  
 \*

BUFFY

Don't worry about the shop. We can  
 \* all help. Open up the shop and  
 close it, deal with everyone...

WILLOW

We can come by between classes.  
 \* Usually I rewrite my class notes  
 with \* different  
 color pens, but it's been  
 \* pointed out to me that that's,  
 you \* know  
 insane.  
 \*

TARA

\*  
 I said "quirky".  
 \*

ANYA

Hello? I work here. I'll take  
 care of everything.

XANDER

Yeah, Anya can do it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ANYA

Thank you, Sweetie. Well said.

GILES

Anya, I trust you completely with the inventory and the money. But dealing with people, a certain finesse may be \* required...

ANYA

I have finesse! I have finesse coming out of my bottom! I can completely lie to a health inspector. I can also distract him with coy smiles and bribe him with money and objects!

TARA

\*

(aside to Willow)

\* Finesse coming out of her bottom?

\*

XANDER

(re: Anya)

\* There, see? She'll be great.

WILLOW

Giles, don't worry. I'll take care of everything. It'll be ship-shape. \* Better.

It'll be shop-shape!

\*

ANYA

Hey! Xander, she's talking to Giles like I'm not here! Make her stop!

GILES

Perhaps I should call the airline...

WILLOW

I'm just trying to help her out!

\* Xander, tell her!

\*

GILES

...schedule an earlier flight back.

\* Excuse me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Giles crosses away.

ANYA  
 (to Xander)  
 Then you can tell her I don't need  
 her help!

Anya and Willow are both looking at Xander. He looks very uncomfortable.

XANDER  
 (to Buffy)  
 \* Hey, how goes the slaying?  
 \*

BUFFY  
 I killed something in a convent  
 last \* night.  
 \*

XANDER  
 In any other room, a frightening  
 \* declaration. Here, a welcome  
 \* distraction. Tell us all about  
 the \* killing,  
 Buff.  
 \*

BUFFY  
 \*  
 Pretty standard. Vampire staking.  
 \* But I met a nun and she let me  
 try on \* her  
 wimple.  
 \*

XANDER  
 \*  
 Okay, now we're back to frightening  
 \* declaration.  
 \*

4 HALLWAY / JOYCE'S ROOM / BUFFY'S ROOM - NIGHT

4 \*4

Buffy is walking past Joyce's room. The door is open. Buffy glances in and sees something strange. Stops and backtracks. Joyce's bathrobe is lying on the bed. Buffy enters. JOYCE \* enters from the bathroom, wearing street clothes. She wears \* a scarf on her head to cover her recent surgery.  
 \*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BUFFY

You, with the actual clothing. Who are you?

(calls out)

Dawn! Come look at this!

JOYCE

Hard to recognize me, huh?

Joyce sits on the bed, leans against the headboard, obviously still weak.

BUFFY

No more bathrobe.

DAWN enters.

DAWN

Whoa.

JOYCE

I looked at it today and there it was, all fuzzy and, and, blue, and... I couldn't stand it anymore.

BUFFY

Well the rest of us aren't gonna miss it much either.

DAWN

It was getting a little ripe, Mom.

BUFFY

Maybe we should burn it.

DAWN

It would keep the bugs away.

JOYCE

It doesn't smell-- Fine, fine, make the funny jokes at the expense of the woman with the hole in her skull.

Joyce leans back, closes her eyes.

BUFFY

(to Dawn)

Come on, she's tired out.

Buffy and Dawn exit into the hallway. Buffy heads into her \* bedroom. She sits on the bed, picks up a magazine.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Dawn           \* follows her.  
\*

                  DAWN  
                  \*  
                  Whatcha doing?  
                  \*

Buffy keeps reading.  
\*

                  BUFFY  
                  \*  
                  Playing soccer.  
                  \*

                  DAWN  
                  Can I hang out in here?  
                  \*

                  BUFFY  
                  \*  
                  Don't touch anything.  
                  \*

Dawn looks around the room, pauses at a bulletin board with  
\* a blank space on it.  
\*

                  DAWN  
                  \*  
                  You took down his pictures.  
                  \*

                  BUFFY  
                  \*  
                  Yeah.  
                  \*

                  DAWN  
                  \*  
                  I think I would've done that  
                  sooner.                   \* Like,  
                  boom, don't want to see that  
                  \* face again.  
                  \*

Buffy puts down the magazine.  
\*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

BUFFY

\*

It didn't feel like that. I was  
 \* never angry with him.  
 \* (then)  
 \* Okay, that's a lie. I was angry  
 with \* him, but...  
 not like I didn't want to  
 \* see his face.  
 \*

DAWN

\*

Huh. I was just starting to kinda  
 \* like the guy and then... gone.  
 So \* fast.  
 \*

BUFFY

It wasn't really so fast. Him  
 \* leaving. I didn't see what was  
 \* happening until it was pretty  
 much over, but I think it was kinda  
 gradual.

DAWN

Oh.  
 (beat)  
 Does that make it better?

BUFFY

No.

Dawn sits on the bed next to Buffy.

\*

DAWN

Because you should have noticed  
 earlier?

BUFFY

Stop being insightful. It's  
 creepy. Look, yeah, it hurts. A  
 lot. In all kinds of horrible  
 ways... the way where I'm furious  
 at him, and the way where I blame  
 myself, and all the little ways  
 where I imagine how I could have  
 fixed things...  
 \*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

DAWN

It'll get better. Won't it?

BUFFY

I hope so. I mean, yeah. It has to. I'll just keep going on like I am, and it'll get better. Every day it'll be a tiny bit better.

DAWN

Really? Every day?

BUFFY

Not really. But it'll be better soon.

Dawn leans against Buffy's shoulder.

DAWN

It still feels all sudden to me.

With him gone where no one can talk to him.

BUFFY

Yeah. I wish I could talk to him one more time. There's stuff I didn't get to say.

5 SPIKE'S CRYPT - NIGHT

5

SPIKE stands in front of his Buffy mannequin, holding a box \* of chocolates. He looks at the mannequin.

\*

SPIKE

Um... there's, there's something I \* got to tell you. About showing you Riley, in that place. I didn't mean \* to... Anyway, I know you're feeling \* all betrayed... I mean, by him, not \* me. I was trying to help, you know. \* Not like I made him be there, after \* all! Actually did it to help you. \* Best intentions.

\*

He starts pacing, now, talking animatedly with the mannequin.

\*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SPIKE (CONT'D)

Pretty state you'd be in, thinking  
 \* things are all right while he's  
 \* toddling halfway 'round the bend.  
 \* Oh, I'll insult him if I want to!  
 \* I'm the one on your side! Me!  
 Doing \* you a  
 favor! And you being dead  
 \* petty about it. Me getting  
 nothing \* but  
 your hatred and venom and...!  
 \*

Having worked himself into a good ol' rage, Spike starts beating the mannequin with the box of chocolate.

SPIKE (CONT'D)

Ungrateful bitch--

Eventually he catches himself, breathes deep, calms himself down. He tries to un-crush the crushed box. He starts over.

SPIKE (CONT'D)

Buffy. Yeah. Something I wanted to tell you...

6

MAGIC BOX - DAY (DAY 3)

6

Anya, Willow and Tara are alone in the shop. Anya is busy at the counter. Tara is pulling vials of powder off shelves over her head, at Willow's direction as she consults a list.  
 \*

WILLOW

Good. And... and the antimony.  
 It's up and to the right.

TARA

\*  
 Antimony. One of my favorites.  
 \*

Tara reaches for it, pulls it off the shelf. Adds it to a  
 \* collection of vials piled on a table.  
 \*

WILLOW

\*  
 Powerful stuff. I did a glamor  
 spell \* with it  
 once, to hide a zit.  
 (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILLOW

\*(CONT'D)

It \* created  
 this whole illusion where I  
 \* didn't have a chin. It wore off,  
 but \* that was an  
 hour of yuck.  
 \*

TARA

I just like the name. Antimony.  
 \* When I first heard of it, from my  
 \* mother, I thought it sounded like  
 it \* must be the  
 opposite of alimony...  
 \* like money that people give each  
 \* other when they still love each  
 \* other. Pretty silly.  
 \*

WILLOW

\*  
 Not silly. Sweet.  
 \*

Anya has noticed them now, and hurries over.  
 \*

ANYA

Hey! What are you two doing?

WILLOW

Oh, we're going to try out a few  
 spells.

TARA

There's this thing you can do,  
 where you create light, and we were  
 thinking, what if you could make,  
 like, simulated sunlight...

WILLOW

So then, you know, there Buffy is,  
 middle of the night, and she finds  
 this whole nest of vamps, and she  
 just goes... Presto--

TARA

Only it wouldn't be "presto"  
 exactly...

WILLOW

And zhoomp... there's this little  
 ball of sunlight floating there.  
 Vamps get dusty.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TARA

\*

You don't want to look right at it,  
 \* of course...  
 \*

ANYA

That sounds swell, but you can't  
 use this stuff. Giles has only  
 been gone \* two  
 days and you're already causing  
 \* trouble. You shouldn't do things  
 \* while he's gone.  
 \*

WILLOW

\*

"He should not be here while your  
 \* mother is out."  
 \*

Tara smiles at this.

\*

ANYA

\*

What? What's that, what are you  
 \* doing?  
 \*

TARA

\*

The Cat in the Hat. The book.  
 This \* cat does  
 all this mischief when these  
 \* children's mother is away...  
 \*

WILLOW

\*

It's so cute. He balances a bunch  
 of \* stuff,  
 including this fish in a bowl.  
 \* But don't try it, 'cuz you end up  
 \* with glass, and fish-bits--  
 \*

ANYA

\*

You're quoting literature I have no  
 \* way to be familiar with. You're  
 \* trying to make me feel left out.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ANYA

\*(CONT'D)

And \* you can't  
take this stuff without  
\* paying for it. It's stealing!  
\*

WILLOW

I'm taking stuff and I'm just not  
\* paying for it. In what twisted  
\* dictionary is that stealing?  
\*

TARA

Willow, maybe we should just pay--  
\*

WILLOW

\*  
Anya, Giles would totally be fine  
\* with this.  
\*

WILLOW (CONT'D)

(to Anya)  
\* Come on. It'll be fun. We'll  
show \* you how to  
do some stuff. You could be  
floating pencils by the end of the  
day.

Anya hesitates...

ANYA

Sometimes I miss having powers--  
(catching herself)  
Oh! Oh! I know what this is.  
This is peer pressure! Any second  
now

you're going to make me smoke tobacco and have drugs!

WILLOW

Look how easy...

Willow raises her hand and a STICK OF INCENSE FLOATS OFF THE  
\* TABLE.

ANYA

Hey! That's our incense! Don't  
float the merchandise!

Anya grabs the incense. Then THE VIAL OF ANTIMONY RISES OFF  
\* THE TABLE. Anya grabs that too. Anya looks around...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

ABOVE \* THE COUNTER, THREE MORE THINGS ARE FLOATING.  
Willow smiles. \*

ANYA (CONT'D)

Stop that!

Xander enters.

XANDER

Hey! Look at this! My two  
favorite girls! (noticing Tara)  
\* Three! Three favorite girls.

ANYA

Xander! Willow is quoting and  
\* floating and, and stealing!  
She's a \* burglar!

Willow lets THE OBJECTS SETTLE.

WILLOW

A burglar?! Right. One of those  
\* cunning broad-daylight burglars!  
\* Xander, I'm just doing a spell to  
\* help Buffy.

ANYA

Xander, Giles left me in charge.  
Tell her that.

Xander tries to joke his way out of it:

XANDER

Hey, hey... Judge Xander requesting  
a recess here.

TARA

You really shouldn't pull him into  
this...

XANDER

Yes! See! Tara's with me.  
Protect me, Tara!

Jokingly, he pulls Tara in front of him as a shield.

XANDER (CONT'D)

(joking)  
Bet you're sorry you said anything,  
huh, Tara?

Tara nods, meaning it.

\*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

Willow starts scattering powder around the counter...

WILLOW

See, Xander, what I'm doing, it's a good thing. And if it doesn't work, then Giles never even has to know -- Oops!

Willow jumps back from a BURST OF RED SMOKE. THE CASH REGISTER IS GONE.

ANYA

The cash register! What did you do the cash register?! Dear God!

WILLOW

I'll fix it! I'll fix it!

She waves her hand, says:

WILLOW (CONT'D)

Recursat!

The CASH REGISTER REAPPEARS, SMOKE STILL CURLING AROUND IT. ITS TOP IS OPEN, RIBBON TORN AND EXPOSED, CASH DRAWER HANGING \* OPEN -- it's been through a horrible experience..  
\*

WILLOW (CONT'D)

Look. All back.  
\* (lying)  
\* Good as new.  
\*

Anya checks the cash drawer. She's so appalled, she's almost \* speechless.

ANYA

Money. Did you hurt the money?  
\* Money okay?  
\*

Both women turn to Xander.

ANYA (CONT'D)

\*

(to Willow)  
\* You endangered the money!  
\*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

WILLOW

\*

Right, of course that's what she  
 \* cares about.  
 \* (imitating Anya)  
 \* I like money better than people.  
 \* People can so rarely be exchanged  
 for \* goods and/or  
 services.  
 \*

ANYA

\*

Xander! She's pretending to talk  
 \* like me!  
 \*

WILLOW

\*

Xander, can you even believe how  
 \* she's acting?  
 \*

XANDER

Okay, you know what? I'm tired of  
 being the one in the middle. I'm  
 not going to let you pull me into  
 this.

WILLOW

I'm not--

XANDER

Whatever the issue is between you  
 two, just figure it out without me.

Xander walks out angrily.

ANYA

Xander! Don't go!

Xander exits, slamming the door.

\*

WILLOW

(to Anya)

You made him mad.

ANYA

Me?!

Tara starts backing up gingerly, heading for the door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (7)

WILLOW

Tara? Who do you think he was more mad at?

TARA

Um, you know? I think maybe, maybe you two have some things to work out. You know, just really talk.

Tara exits. Anya and Willow are left alone.

7

MAGIC BOX - DAY - LATER

7

\*7

A long beat of silence. They're not talking. Not working anything out. But they have reached an uncomfortable compromise. Anya watches grumpily as Willow works on spells at the counter. Anya carefully writes down everything Willow uses and how much it costs. Willow adds things to an ornate \* bowl.

WILLOW

Fleabane.

ANYA

Fifteen cents.

WILLOW

Salamander eyes, slightly sub-standard.

ANYA

Ten bucks for twelve. Bargain.  
\*

WILLOW

Bindweed.

ANYA

Oh, that's a pricey one--

WILLOW

Would you stop that! You're distracting me and you're overcharging like a crazy person!  
A \* crazy overcharging person!  
\*

ANYA

Fine. Make your little ball of sunshine. I'll be quiet.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILLOW

Good, because this spell is very sensitive. Once I begin the spell, any non-ritual word can disrupt it.

ANYA

Fine.

WILLOW

Okay. Here we go.

Long beat. Willow draws a breath...

ANYA

Did you start yet?

WILLOW

No. Shh. This is it. Spirits of  
 \* the light, I invoke thee. Let  
 the gloom of darkness part before  
 you, \* let the  
 moonlight be made pale by  
 your presence. Spirits--  
 \*

A (CGI) green circle of light appears and hovers over the  
 \* bowl like a halo.  
 \*

ANYA

\*

Is it done?

\*

Willow turns to stare at Anya, and she doesn't see that the  
 \* circle of light is wobbling now, and turned white.  
 \*

WILLOW

\*

Shh. Spirits of light, grant my  
 \* wishes--

\*

ANYA

\*

Sorry. Thought it was done.

\*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

WILLOW

\*

Are you trying to screw this up?

\*

The circle grows spiky now, like a staticky noise mapped on  
 \* an oscilloscope. It glows pale red.

\*

ANYA

\*

No, no. I'm sure you can do that  
 all \* on your own.

\*

The spiky circle is deep red now and it grows larger...

\*

WILLOW

\*

Hey, Anya. Whatever really has you  
 \* mad, just say it like you do  
 every \* other  
 thought that stomps through  
 \* your brain.

\*

ANYA

\*

I believe I have said it.

\*

WILLOW

\*

No, you haven't. Come on...

\*

The circle now has grown beyond the margins of the bowl. One  
 \* of its edges is now protruding over A FRAGMENT OF TWISTED  
 \* PURPLE CRYSTAL that was sitting decoratively on the  
 counter. \*

WILLOW (CONT'D)

\*

Let it out!

\*

Light ARCS ELECTRICALLY between the circle and the crystal.

\*

There is a BLINDING FLASH and a SHATTERING NOISE.

\*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Anya and Willow jump back away from the counter. The crystal  
\* lies there in fragments. And in front of the counter  
\* stands...  
\*

OLAF, an enormous hairy Viking-type troll, brandishing a huge  
\* hammer. He turns to the girls...  
\*

OLAF

ARRRRRR!

END OF ACT ONE

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

ACT TWO

8 MAGIC BOX - CONTINUOUS - DAY 8

Where we left off. Olaf ROARS and looks around him. He spots the door and lumbers toward it, smashing things with his stone hammer as he goes. Tables and shelves splinter.

Willow and Anya look at each other, alarmed.

WILLOW  
He's not a ball of sunshine.

9 COLLEGE ATRIUM - DAY 9

Buffy and Tara emerge from a classroom and walk together. Other students also come out of the room and make their way through the hall.

BUFFY  
\*  
New semester. New classes. Whole  
\* new vistas of knowledge to be  
\* confused and intimidated by.  
\*

TARA  
\*  
I don't know. I think this one  
seems \* kind of  
fun.  
\*

BUFFY  
\*  
You're kidding. For one thing,  
that \* professor  
spit so much when he talked  
\* it was like being at Sea World.  
The \* first five  
rows will get wet.  
\*

TARA  
\*  
That was just, you know,  
enthusiasm. \*

BUFFY  
\*  
It seemed very much like saliva.  
\*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TARA

\*

I just mean that he really cares  
 \* about what he's teaching. You  
 know \* how you  
 can tell when someone is  
 \* doing what they're meant to be  
 doing. \*

BUFFY

\*

Huh. You know, I've been thinking  
 \* about that. About Riley.  
 \*

TARA

\*

Oh?  
 \*

BUFFY

\*

About how he's off doing what he's  
 \* supposed to be doing. There  
 wasn't \* anything  
 like that here for him,  
 \* unless you count holding my coat  
 \* during demon-fights. I'm  
 starting to \*  
 think... maybe he had to go where  
 \* they needed him.  
 \*

TARA

\*

That's a nice thought.  
 \*

BUFFY

\*

It's probably all better in the  
 long \* run.  
 \*

TARA

I always like to think that being  
 in \* love can make  
 any situation okay, but  
 \* I know it's not really true. You  
 and \* Riley. Anya  
 and Xander today at the  
 \* magic shop...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TARA(CONT'D)

I never saw him mad  
 \* like that before.  
 \*

Buffy stops, concerned.

BUFFY

\*  
 Anya and Xander are in trouble?  
 \*

TARA

\*  
 Oh! No. I didn't mean... it was  
 \* nothing. Willow and Anya were  
 sort \* of  
 fighting and Xander kind of  
 \* snapped at both of them and he  
 left. \*

BUFFY

He left? He left Anya?

TARA

Um... no. Not left her, left her.  
 He just left. It was only a little  
 thing. I promise.  
 \*

Buffy gets more and more worked up during the following  
 speech:

BUFFY

A little thing. See, thing is, a  
 little thing gets bigger. You  
 don't catch the little thing and  
 then boom, you've got this whole  
 huge thing.

TARA

Buffy? Are you--

BUFFY

\*  
 I'm fine.  
 \*

Buffy bursts into tears.

BUFFY (CONT'D)

Nooo!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

TARA

Oh dear.

Buffy cries harder. Starts hiccuping too.

BUFFY

Not them! With the... the...  
 little \* thing!  
 They can't... can't break up!  
 \*

TARA

I think...  
 \*

BUFFY

\*  
 (almost wailing)  
 \* They have a... a... beautiful  
 love! \*

TARA

I think they'll be fine...  
 \*

Buffy grabs Tara, cries on her shoulder, gasping wetly.  
 \* Other students stare. Tara pats Buffy's back awkwardly.  
 \*

BUFFY

\*  
 Glllmrppprfff.  
 \*

TARA

\*  
 What?  
 \*

Buffy raises her head.  
 \*

BUFFY

\*  
 A glorious lo-- lo-- love!  
 \*

10

GILES' CAR - DAY

10

Anya drives Giles' car, hunched over the wheel, frowning with concentration.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Willow is in the passenger seat, looking through some big books and some sheets of parchment -- her lap is full of \* research material. The pages flutter and whip in the wind.  
\*

ANYA

There! That parked car. We're still \* on his trail.  
\*

WILLOW

I don't even get how we made that guy \* anyway, because wow, advanced.  
\*

ANYA

You didn't make him. He must have \* been trapped in that crystal and you released him.

WILLOW

I released him? This was definitely \* a "we" thing. Or maybe even a "you" \* thing. It feels like a "you" thing.  
\*

ANYA

Just find the reversal spell. Hurry! \* Look what he did to that lamppost!  
\*

WILLOW

I'm trying! Put the top up. The \* pages are all blowy.  
\*

ANYA

I don't know how to put the top up. \* I only just figured out what the left pedal does.  
(proudly)  
It makes us stop.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

WILLOW

You don't know how to drive?! Why  
 didn't you say you don't know how  
 to drive? "I don't know how to  
 drive," \* you  
 might have said.  
 \*

ANYA

Well I couldn't know if I could  
 until I tried, could I?  
 \*

WILLOW

This is very very bad! My first  
 \* clue that it's bad? That would  
 be \* the big  
 ogre--  
 \*

ANYA

Troll.

WILLOW

What?

ANYA

He's a troll. Hang on, I'm going  
 to \* press the  
 right pedal harder. I  
 \* expect us to accelerate.  
 \*

WILLOW

Anya? Are you going to crash  
 Giles' \* car?  
 \*

ANYA

It's likely. We're going very  
 fast. \*  
 (then)  
 You should have listened to me and  
 \* not done a spell. Giles left me  
 in \* charge.  
 \*

WILLOW

Giles can be an idiot. The smart  
 \* kind. But still.  
 \*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ANYA

\*

Xander agreed.

\*

WILLOW

Right, Xander doesn't step out of line.

ANYA

What do you mean by that?

WILLOW

Nothing.

Anya spots a second smashed car.

\*

ANYA

Find that spell. Quickly.

\*

Anya turns fast to avoid the smashed car. A PARCHMENT FLIES  
\* OUT OF WILLOW'S HAND AND OUT OF THE CAR.

WILLOW

Woooo!

(then, softly)

That's gone.

\*

11 BRONZE - DAY

11

Xander enters, grabs a bowl of peanuts off the bar and heads, head down, across the club. He bumps into someone on the way.

GUY

Hey, watch it!

Xander reacts to the voice. Looks up. The guy is Spike.

SPIKE

Oh, it's you.

XANDER

Spike. Don't let me stop you from not being here.

Xander steps around Spike, heads to a table. He sits down.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SPIKE

I was here first, you know.

\*

XANDER

\*

Uh-huh. Go away.

\*

SPIKE

\*

Now why would I do that when it's

\* bugging you so much having me

here?

\*

Xander ignores Spike. Spike watches Xander eat nuts.

\*

SPIKE (CONT'D)

They've got chicken wings too.

Also \* a sort of a

flower-shaped thing they make from

an onion. Brilliant.

XANDER

Are you talking to me hoping I'll

get \* so depressed

I'll impale myself on a

\* fork right in front of you?

\*

SPIKE

Lovely thought. If I don't hurt

you \* myself, the

chip wouldn't zap me. I

\* could eat you that way, beat the

\* onion-thing all to hell.

Spike takes some peanuts.

XANDER

Hey! Those are mine!

Spike slides onto the stool opposite him.

SPIKE

My, my, someone's in a temper.

This \* all

sympathetic misery borrowed from

\* the Slayer?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

XANDER

What? No. Nothing to do with  
Buffy.

SPIKE

So she's fine then. Not... holding  
\* grudges.  
\*

XANDER

What are you talking about? What  
\* does Buffy have to do with  
anything? \* What  
grudges?  
\*

SPIKE

Huh. Yeah. Okay. Don't need to  
\* talk about her. I'm sure she's  
merrily slaying some pals of mine,  
having a grand old time.

And we prelap:

BUFFY (V.O.)

This is not good.

12 MAGIC BOX - DAY - LATE AFTERNOON

12

Buffy is searching the damaged magic shop. The door is open  
\* behind her. She leans over the counter where the remains  
of \* the spell lie scattered...  
\*

BUFFY

\*

Willow! Anya?

\*

Tara enters from the training room.

TARA

They're not back there either.  
They're gone.  
\* (panicky)  
\* Buffy, something's been here and  
\* Willow's gone.  
\*

BUFFY

Don't worry. We'll get her back.  
I \* promise.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BUFFY (CONT'D)

\* (then)  
 \* C'mon, this thing's probably  
 leaving \* a huge  
 trail.  
 \*

Buffy and Tara run for the door.

13

ALLEY - NIGHT

13

Olaf is rampaging through an alley. He SMASHES A DUMPSTER  
 \* with his magic hammer. It is pushed across the alley and  
 \* collides with the opposite wall.  
 \*

OLAF

HA HA! PUNY RECEPTACLE!  
 \*

A few FRIGHTENED PEOPLE run past the opening of the alley.  
 \* Olaf looks after them.  
 \*

OLAF (CONT'D)

\*  
 YOU DO WELL TO FLEE, TOWNSPEOPLE!  
 I \* WILL PILLAGE  
 YOUR LANDS AND  
 \* DWELLINGS. I WILL BURN YOUR  
 CROPS, \* AND MAKE  
 MERRY SPORT WITH YOUR  
 \* DAUGHTERS, MARK MY WORDS--  
 \* (smelling something)  
 \* OOH! ALE! I SMELL DELICIOUS  
 ALE! \*

He rampages off again.

14

BRONZE - NIGHT

14

Night has fallen and Spike and Xander talk and play pool.

XANDER

I don't think they even realize how  
 much it bugs me when they don't get  
 along.

Xander doesn't make his shot. Spike examines the table.

SPIKE

Uh-huh. Shame 'bout the shot.

Thought you had it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

XANDER

They get in these fights and then  
they're both looking to me, like I'm the referee.

SPIKE

They don't get along.

XANDER

Yeah. It's like, sometimes I'll  
say something about Anya, and  
Willow will \* get  
this look. This "what the hell do  
you see in her" look.

Spike lines up his shot.

\*

SPIKE

I know that look. Lot of people  
never really got Dru, you know?

XANDER

Well, she was insane. And then  
it's \* like, I get  
all torn, because  
\* Willow's my best friend, and I  
really value her opinion. But  
Anya's my \*  
girlfriend, you know?  
\*

Spike makes his shot.

SPIKE

What's the Slayer think of all this  
\* friction in the ranks? Can't be  
good \* for morale.  
\*

XANDER

\*

I don't know.

\*

SPIKE

\*

She's a little pre-occupied, maybe.

\*

( CONTINUED )

CONTINUED: (2)

XANDER

\*

I don't really know...

\*

SPIKE

It's understandable. But it'll all

\* blow over, I imagine. All the  
upset, \* all the

blaming of innocent by-

\* standers that got caught up in  
the \* mess.

\*

XANDER

What?

Spike is getting angry, taking it out on Xander without even  
\* thinking, closing in threateningly...

\*

SPIKE

All they were trying to do is rip  
the bloody scales from her eyes! I  
mean, did she want to be made a  
fool of?! And what does someone  
have to do to make it right?

Xander is bending back under the onslaught.

XANDER

I don't have the slightest idea  
what \* you're  
talking about.

Spike realizes what he's doing. He pulls back, goes back to  
lining up a shot.

SPIKE

Nothing. Got off track--

\*

Someone jostles Spike's elbow, causing him to miss his shot.

SPIKE (CONT'D)

Bloody hell! Watch it, mate!

Spike turns and finds himself face-to-chest with Olaf.

SPIKE (CONT'D)

Second thought, do what you like.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

OLAF  
(happily)  
ALE!

Olaf strides to the bar. An employee with a hand-truck is  
\* delivering kegs to the bar.  
\*

OLAF (CONT'D)  
YES! FRAGRANT ALE! I HAVE BEEN  
\*  
TRAPPED FOR MANY CENTURIES AND  
ALONG \* WITH MY  
TASTE OF FREEDOM I WOULD  
\* APPRECIATE THE TASTE OF A FINE  
GRAIN- \*  
BASED BEVERAGE!  
\*

Olaf picks up a (full-sized) keg with one hand, bites through  
\* the metal and drinks heartily. Customers move away from  
the bar, but the whole place does not clear out. Spike and  
Xander watch the obviously supernatural troll.

XANDER  
So, um... think we run get Buffy?

SPIKE  
Dunno. 'S a close call on this  
one. Might just be out for a good  
time.

OLAF  
BARMAID! FETCH ME STRONGER ALE!  
IN A SOFTER CONTAINER! AND SOME  
PLUMP \* SUCCULENT  
BABIES!

SPIKE  
We might want the Slayer.

Spike and Xander try to cross to the exit, but Olaf spots  
\* them.  
\*

OLAF  
\*  
(to Xander)  
\*  
YOU THERE! DO YOU KNOW WHERE THERE  
\* ARE BABIES?  
\*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

Xander and Spike stop and turn to face Olaf.  
\*

SPIKE

\*

(to Xander)

\* What do you think? The hospital,  
\* maybe?

\*

XANDER

\*

(to Spike)

\* What? Shut up!

\* (to Olaf)

\* Um... listen...

\*

OLAF

\*

I FIND MYSELF VERY HUNGRY AND WHEN  
I AM HUNGRY I GET  
SHORT OF PATIENCE!

\*

He raises his hammer, just a little bit.

\*

XANDER

\*

(soothingly)

\* Hey, we can take care of hungry.

How \* 'bout you

just sit down, on one of

\* the sturdier chairs, and we can

just \* talk calmly

and have some food.

\*

OLAF

\*

CAN IT BE BABIES?

\*

XANDER

\*

Well, not so much. But maybe...

\* roast pigs and... stags... and

much \* hearty

grog!

\*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

SPIKE

\*

They have this onion thing--

\*

OLAF

\*

YOU CANNOT APPEASE ME! DO NOT TRY!

\*

Olaf turns back to the bar.

\*

OLAF (CONT'D)

\*

MORE ALE!

\*

He picks up another keg. Spike and Xander back away from the  
 \* distracted Olaf and run into Willow and Anya, who have just  
 \* entered. Willow carries a book.

\*

ANYA

Xander! You shouldn't be here!  
 There's a dangerous troll!

WILLOW

\*

I wish Buffy was here.

\*

Buffy and Tara enter and join them. (Buffy doesn't hear  
 \* Willow's line.)

\*

BUFFY

\*

I'm here.

\*

WILLOW

\*

I wish for a million dollars.

\* (off Xander's look)

\* Someday it'll work.

\*

Tara goes immediately to Willow, hugs her.

\*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

TARA

\*

(to Willow)

\* I'm so glad you're okay.

\*

BUFFY

\*

You guys might want to clear out.

\* There's some kind of monster.

\*

SPIKE

\*

Word on the street is, he's a  
troll. \*

BUFFY

What's going on? Where'd he come  
from?

Spike hasn't been able to take his eyes off Buffy since she came in. He steps toward her tentatively.

SPIKE

Hello, Buffy.

Buffy shoots him an evil look. He steps back, rejected.

ANYA

Willow stole ingredients and  
released him from a purple crystal.

WILLOW

Not me! We! You!

\*

BUFFY

\*

Okay. Stand back and I'll take  
care \* of this.

\*

Buffy heads for Olaf, but Anya stops her.

\*

ANYA

\*

The hammer. You can't fight him.  
\* Not while he's got the hammer.  
It's \* stronger  
than a Slayer.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (7)

ANYA

\*(CONT'D)

We need  
another way.  
\*

\*

Olaf lowers his keg. He bothers to notice the group. Turns  
\* and stares at Anya.

\*

ANYA (cont'd)  
\* Willow! Do the spell!  
\*

Willow opens the book, steps forward.

\*

WILLOW

\*

(reads)  
\* Let the conjuring be--  
\*

OLAF

\*

(bellows even louder)  
\*)

STOP!

\*

Startled, Willow stops.  
\*

WILLOW

\*

No one lets me finish.  
\*

Olaf looks to Anya.

\*

OLAF

YOU TOLD HER TO DO THAT. YOU ARE  
\*  
STOPPING MY FUN. WHY IS IT THAT  
YOU \* DO THAT?  
IT'S JUST LIKE WHEN WE WERE DATING!

Silence.

Everyone looks at Anya. Especially Xander. Anya considers  
her position.

ANYA

Hum.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (8)

XANDER  
You dated him?

BUFFY  
You dated a troll?

WILLOW  
\*  
She dated a troll. Makes perfect  
\* sense.  
\*

ANYA  
He wasn't a troll then. He was  
just \* a big dumb  
guy. Then he cheated on  
\* me and I made him into a troll.  
\* Which, by the way, is how I got  
the job as a vengeance demon--  
\*

She is interrupted by Olaf, who smashes the bar with his  
\* hammer. Debris flies. Everyone jumps.  
\*

TARA  
We're forgetting about the troll.

Let's pay attention to the troll.

OLAF  
I DID NOT CHEAT! NOT IN MY HEART.  
(to Buffy)  
IT WAS ONLY ONE WENCH, YOU SEE, AND  
I HAD HAD A GREAT DEAL OF MEAD THAT  
NIGHT-- THE NEXT THING I KNOW, I'M  
\* A TROLL! A TROLL! CURSE YOU,  
\* ANYANKA! YOU WILL DIE FOR THIS!

XANDER  
\*  
But, but, you seem to enjoy the...  
being a troll...

OLAF  
I ADJUSTED. AND THEN WHAT  
HAPPENED? \*  
WITCHES! DISGUSTING WITCHES! THEY  
\* TRAPPED ME! I WAS IMPRISONED IN  
THAT CRYSTAL FOR CENTURIES!  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (10)

ANYA

\*

I was going to say that.

\*

BUFFY

\*

Well, I guess there's nothing left  
to \* do now except  
me kicking his ass.

\*

ANYA

\*

The hammer! Watch out!

\*

Buffy charges Olaf. SHE LANDS SEVERAL GOOD BLOWS BEFORE OLAF  
\* SWIPES CASUALLY AT HER WITH HIS HAMMER AND SENDS HER  
\* FLYING... FAR ENOUGH SO WE CAN TELL HOW POWERFUL THE HAMMER  
\* IS.

\*

Spike hurries to help Buffy up, but she's already on her  
feet. \*

OLAF

\*

OLAF'S HAMMER IS A HAMMER OF THE

\*

GODS. COME FEEL ITS MYTHIC WRATH!

\* AND MAY DEATH BE HEAPED UPON ALL

YOUR

\*

HEADS!

\*

Olaf ROARS and smites the pillars supporting the loft-level  
\* of the Bronze with his hammer. Xander, Anya, Willow,  
Spike \* and Tara run for safety, but Buffy runs at Olaf,  
trying to \* stop him.

\*

Too late! The LOFT-LEVEL OF THE BRONZE COLLAPSES onto the  
\* people below. Buffy is thrown to the ground, pinned under  
\* the wreckage.

\*

END OF ACT TWO

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (11)

## ACT THREE

15

BRONZE - NIGHT

15

Through the kicked-up dust, we glimpse the chaos of metal, trapped and injured people. There are some people trapped underneath the loft, and others, also injured, who were on the loft itself.

Buffy pushes up the debris that covers her, an impressive \* bench-press display of Slayer-strength and quickly frees \* herself. The others, Spike, Xander, Willow, Anya and Tara \* crowd around her.

\*

BUFFY

\*

Where is he?

\*

WILLOW

Gone.

\*

Buffy and Tara are already lifting more of the debris, trying \* to get at the pinned victims. Willow, Anya, Xander start to \* help too, but Buffy has a plan:

\*

BUFFY

\*

Xander, you follow him. Willow and \* Anya, head back to the store, try to \* come up with a spell that'll actually \* stop him.

\*

Xander, Willow and Anya head off, leaving Buffy and Tara \* struggling alone. Spike steps in to help, lifting alongside \* Buffy. Buffy suddenly notices who is working beside her. \* She opens her mouth to send him away.

SPIKE

I got someone here. Help me get 'er out.

Buffy hesitates, then reaches in, helps Spike free a girl.

BUFFY

I smell smoke.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANOTHER ANGLE

Reveals a growing fire near them.

SPIKE  
Candles went over. We got  
ourselves a fire.

Buffy nods grimly and keeps working.  
\*

16 MAGIC BOX - NIGHT

16

Willow and Anya enter, running in past the debris left by  
Olaf.

WILLOW  
--forget spells to put him back  
into \* the  
crystal. 'Cuz that didn't go too  
\* good. We need another way--  
\*

Willow steps over some debris, really noticing it for the  
first time.

ANYA  
This is a terrible mess.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Reveals that Giles is standing right behind them, holding a  
broken statuette -- body and head.

WILLOW  
Big job.  
\*

ANYA  
Hope I don't have to--

Anya senses Giles and stops talking. The girls turn around  
to face him. Willow gives a little wave.

WILLOW  
You got the earlier flight! Yay.

Giles smiles, kind of a creepy, manic, "I'm not going to let  
this bother me smile."

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANYA

(to Willow)

I don't like the look of that smile.

GILES

There was only one undamaged statue of the Goddess Lithra in the world. This was it!

ANYA

And you've got the wrong head there. That's a head from a dog statue. \*

Giles looks at what he's holding.

GILES

So it is! Funny! The damage. Was it a demon?

ANYA

Troll. Willow released him during \* some thievery.

WILLOW

Anya's fault. He collapsed the loft \* at the Bronze. Buffy's there helping people. We're going to find magicks to stop him. \*

GILES

A troll. Fine. I'm going to... \* going to... do something!

WILLOW

You can yell at us or go help Buffy rescue the innocent.

Giles hesitates.

WILLOW (CONT'D)

\*

I understand it's difficult.

GILES

I shall help rescue the innocent now, \* and yell at you later!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Anya holds out his car keys.

\*

ANYA

\*

Keys of the car.

\*

GILES

You drove my car? How marvelous!  
How perfect!

ANYA

We didn't crash it.

WILLOW

Not at all. And the troll didn't  
hit it with his enormous godly  
hammer or \*  
anything.

GILES

Fabulous!

Giles takes the car keys and exits, still carrying the broken  
statuette.

WILLOW

\*

Oh, he's snapped.

17

BRONZE - NIGHT

17

Still pretty chaos-y, metal and some flames. If possible, it  
\* would be nice to see a few fire-fighters and paramedics  
\* working too, in the b.g. -- they should be there by now.

There is another section of the loft in danger of collapse.  
\* Buffy is on the dangling section of loft, leaning over the  
\* edge. She lowers an injured girl over the edge to Tara.  
\*

TARA

\*

Got her!

\*

Tara leads the girl away. Buffy flips herself gymnastically  
\* to the ground off the edge of the loft. Spike is there,  
\* tending an injured woman.  
\*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BUFFY

\*

What are you doing?

\*

SPIKE

\*

Making this woman more comfortable.

\* I'm not sampling, I'll have you  
note. \* I mean,

look at all these lovely

\* blood-covered people, I could...

but \* not a taste

for Spike. Not a lick.

\* Knew you wouldn't like it.

\*

BUFFY

You want credit for not feeding off

\* bleeding disaster victims?

SPIKE

Well... yeah.

BUFFY

You're disgusting.

She moves away. Spike looks after her disbelievingly.

\*

SPIKE

(to himself)

What does it take?

18 MAGIC BOX - NIGHT

18

Willow is pulling books off the shelf and loading them onto the table. Anya is gathering armloads of magical ingredients and lining them up on the counter.

WILLOW

Hurry up!

\* (re: books)

\* I'm taking everything with  
relocation \*

spells, suspension spells... and,

\* what the heck, spells to make him

\* really sleepy, because, slightly

\* better.

\*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANYA

In case we need 'em, I'm getting  
more \* of all the  
things you stole.

WILLOW

Why do you do that?

ANYA

What?

WILLOW

You're so rude! I mean, sure, at  
first, ex-demon, doesn't know the  
rules. Well, now you've been here  
forever. Learn the rules!

ANYA

The rules are stupid.

WILLOW

Great. Whatever. Just thought you  
might be interested in acting more  
like a human. Some of us enjoy it.  
\*

They're both flipping through the books now.

WILLOW (CONT'D)

Oh, look for spells about  
dimensional \*  
portals, too.  
\*

ANYA

I am a human. And there are many  
humans who are stranger than me.

WILLOW

Uh-huh. But, unless I'm really  
wrong \* about the  
guy that walks in circles  
\* at the bus stop, he probably  
isn't \* going to  
turn Xander into a troll.

ANYA

Well, it's a complicated proced--  
Oh! You think I'm going to hurt  
Xander? I'd never hurt Xander!

Willow shrugs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ANYA (CONT'D)

(realizing)

You really think I would do that!

WILLOW

Anya, it's what you do. You spent,  
 what, a thousand years, hurting  
 men. \* You got  
 your thousand years of  
 \* hurting men gold watch.  
 \*

ANYA

I was a demon then. I don't even  
 \* have any powers now!  
 (re: book)  
 Is this the spell?

WILLOW

Only if we want him to double in  
 size \* and grow  
 extra arms, which, let's  
 \* not. And by the way, you weren't  
 a \* demon when  
 you turned Olaf into lord of the  
 hammers and you managed that. Also,  
 there's other ways to hurt  
 \* Xander.  
 \*

ANYA

And I don't do magic now. You're  
 the \* one with that  
 kind of power. In  
 \* fact, D'Hoffryn offered you my  
 old \* job!  
 You're closer to being a  
 vengeance demon that I am! Maybe  
 Xander should be afraid of you!

WILLOW

Xander's my best friend!

ANYA

And you don't want anyone else to  
 have him. I know what broke up him  
 and Cordelia, you know. It was  
 you. \*

WILLOW

No, it was not! Well, yes it was  
 so!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

WILLOW (CONT'D)

\* But that was a long time ago!  
 You \* think I'd  
 do that again?

ANYA

Why not? You already do everything  
 \* you can to point out how much I'm  
 an \* outsider.  
 \*

WILLOW

Hmm, why wouldn't I steal him away  
 \* from you... well, let's see, how  
 \* about... gay now!

ANYA

But you've known him since you were  
 \* squalling infants together.  
 You'll \* always  
 know him better than I do.  
 \* You could sweep in, poison his  
 mind \* against--  
 \*

WILLOW

You're insane! I'm not going to  
 take \* him away!  
 And I'm not going to hurt  
 \* him!  
 \*

ANYA

\*  
 Well, I'm not either!  
 \*

At the height of their anger, they look at each other,  
 \* realizing they each mean what they just said. This may be  
 \* the beginning of a beautiful uneasy truce when...  
 \*

OLAF SMASHES IN! He crashes through the front door with his  
 hammer.

He towers over them, waving his hammer.

OLAF

YOU TWO! ANYANKA AND THE WITCH!  
 WHY \*  
 DID YOU NOT JUST LEAVE ME ALONE? I  
 \* COULD BE PILLAGING! DEVOURING  
 \* BABIES! MAKING MERRY WITH THE  
 LOCAL \* VIRGINS!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

OLAF (CONT'D)

BUT INSTEAD I HAVE TO COME  
 \* BACK HERE, AND TAKE VALUABLE TIME  
 OUT \* OF MY DAY TO  
 KILL YOU!  
 \*

WILLOW

Anya! Run!

But he sweeps the girls up, one under each arm. They scream.

He THROWS BOTH GIRLS OVER THE COUNTER...

They land there, hurt and semi-conscious and trapped! Olaf  
 \* steps closer to them, honing in to finish them off...  
 reaching over the counter.

Xander bursts in!

XANDER

No! Get away from them!

Olaf straightens up and looks at Xander. He LAUGHS.

OLAF

\*

I WILL GET AWAY FROM THEM AFTER I  
 \*  
 KILL THEM!  
 \*

XANDER

(dangerously)

\* You are not touching these women!  
 \*

Xander charges Olaf, tackling him. Olaf is unmoved. A flick  
 of his hammer slams Xander against the wall.

Xander, on the floor, hangs on to consciousness, just barely.  
 He pulls himself up and charges Olaf again.

OLAF

AH. YOU WISH FOR MORE! ADMIRABLE!  
 \*

Olaf knocks Xander across the room again. And again.

Xander is incredibly over-matched, keeps getting thrown up  
 against the walls over and over, but heroically, he keeps  
 coming back!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

Xander is bruised and battered looking by the time Olaf finally laughs jovially!

                  OLAF (CONT'D)  
HA HA! YOU FIGHT WELL, ALTHOUGH  
YOU  
ARE A TINY MAN!

Olaf claps an arm 'round Xander's shoulder.

                  OLAF (CONT'D)  
I SHALL REWARD YOU! ONLY ONE OF  
YOUR                  \*  
WOMEN SHALL DIE! AND YOU SHALL BE  
THE ONE TO CHOOSE!

END OF ACT THREE

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

ACT FOUR

19 MAGIC BOX - CONTINUOUS

19

Anya and Willow are regaining consciousness and struggling to their feet.

WILLOW  
Did he say...

OLAF  
CHOOSE! ANYANKA OR THE WITCH! ONE  
OF YOUR WOMEN MUST DIE!  
\*

Xander looks at Willow and Anya. They look back at him.  
\* There is a beat where it looks like he will have to choose.  
\*

XANDER  
No! You are one crazy troll! I'm  
\* not choosing between my  
girlfriend and my best friend!  
That's insane \*  
troll-logic!  
\*

ANYA  
Go Xander! I love you!

Olaf laughs jovially.

OLAF  
HA HA! GOOD FOR YOU! YOU ARE A  
LOYAL MAN!

Olaf takes Xander's arm and cheerfully snaps Xander's wrist.  
Xander gasps in pain. Willow and Anya blanch.

WILLOW  
\*  
Xander!

OLAF  
NOW CHOOSE!

ANYA  
Olaf! No!

XANDER  
(through his pain)  
I won't choose!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OLAF  
THEN YOU SHALL BE THE ONE TO DIE!

Olaf moves in close to Xander, his hammer raised for the killing blow.

ANYA  
Choose me! Choose me to die! Just  
don't take him!

Olaf and Xander both pause and look to Anya.

ANYA (CONT'D)  
Don't take Xander!

Willow grabs a vial off the counter, dumps powder into her hand. She throws it.

WILLOW  
(in Latin)  
Let the monster disappear.

The CASH REGISTER DISAPPEARS again as before.

WILLOW (CONT'D)  
Damn!

Buffy bursts in, Giles and Tara right behind her. Olaf turns to face Buffy as Xander collapses against a wall, cradling his broken wrist.

ANYA  
Buffy!

WILLOW  
Tara, stay back!

Buffy charges at Olaf.

ANYA  
Buffy! The hammer! The strength  
is in the hammer!

Buffy fights, dodging the hammer, barely escaping. Anya and  
\* Willow share a look.

WILLOW  
The hammer...

Willow grabs a book.

\*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ANYA

\*

How can I help?

\*

WILLOW

Distract him from Buffy. Piss him

\* off.

\*

ANYA

\*

I don't know how!

\*

WILLOW

\*

Anya, listen. I have faith in you.

\* There is no one you cannot piss

off.

\*

Willow draws runes on the counter.

\*

ANYA

\*

Hey! Olaf! You are as inadequate  
as \* a troll as you  
were as a boyfriend!

\*

Olaf twitches a little, but keeps fighting.

\*

ANYA (CONT'D)

\*

You are hairy and unattractive and

\* even women trolls are put off by

your \* various

odors!

\*

WILLOW

\*

(softly, in Latin)

\* Tool of vengeance, weapon mythic,

\* arise, arise, defy the earth...

\*

The hammer starts to quiver and glow in Olaf's grasp. He

\* doesn't notice, being now all focused on Anya.

\*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ANYA

\*

Your menacing stance is merely  
mildly \* alarming  
and your roar is less than  
\* full-throated!

\*

OLAF

DESIST! MY GOD, WOMAN, IT'S BEEN A

\*

THOUSAND YEARS ARE YOU ARE YET AS  
\* AGGRAVATING AND EMASCULATING AS  
EVER \*

YOU WERE!

\*

He swings the now-glowing hammer at Anya. She ducks it and  
\* Willow keeps reading.

\*

WILLOW

\*

(in Latin)

Fly with force, deny thy master.

Fly!

The hammer glows brighter and FLINGS ITSELF out of Olaf's  
grasp. It hits the wall, then the floor, the glow dying out.

ANYA

Hey! Good job!

\*

WILLOW

You too. Very irritating.

\*

Buffy, encouraged, charges the now-hammerless Olaf! He hits  
\* her bare-handed and she is thrown against the wall. She  
\* throws a quick look at Anya.

\*

ANYA

Oh yeah. He still has all that  
troll- \* strength.

\*

OLAF

YOU WILL ALL DIE! I WILL DISPENSE

NO

\*

MERCY NOW!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

Buffy gets up, charges Olaf, drives him back, but not much. He swipes at her, and she grabs his arm, twists it back, having to use her whole body to grip it. He shakes free of  
\* her.

\*

OLAF (CONT'D)

\*

ANYANKA WAS MY LOVE AND NOW SHE  
\* SHOWERS ME WITH VITRIOL AND  
HATRED! \* LET ME  
KILL HER! I MUST KILL HER AND  
\* ALL WHO CARE FOR HER!

\*

Buffy looks up at him, fire in her eyes. A hero moment.

\*

BUFFY

\*

I think you need to move on.

\*

And now she's in charge. She kicks Olaf against the wall,  
\* hard. He looks at her in surprise. She charges at him and  
\* he flinches.

\*

Xander, cradling his wrist, joins Willow and Anya at the counter.

WILLOW

(to Xander and Anya)

She's got him now.

Anya looks at Xander's wrist.

ANYA

(to Xander)

\* Poor baby.

Buffy definitely has the upper hand now. Olaf sails through  
\* frame in front of the trio. Buffy runs through after him.  
\* Willow, Xander and Anya watch the now off-screen fight,  
their heads following the clearly-violent action.

XANDER

You really dated him?

ANYA

Yes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

XANDER

But you like me better.

ANYA

Yes. Willow likes you too, but not  
in a sexy way 'cuz she's gay, and  
she \* won't break  
us up so it's all okay.  
\*

From off-screen:

OLAF (O.S.)

UNHAND ME! THAT HURTS A GREAT  
DEAL!

20

MAGIC BOX - LATER

20

Buffy stands over the unconscious Olaf. She holds his  
\* hammer. He smiles in his sleep, jovial as ever. Willow is  
\* in the middle of a spell. Anya, Xander, Tara and Giles  
look on. Xander has fashioned a makeshift wrap for his  
wrist.

WILLOW

...and let the transposition be  
complete.

There's a magical poof of some kind, and Olaf is gone.  
\*

GILES

Where did you send him?

ANYA

The Land of the Trolls. He'll like  
it there. Full of trolls.  
\*

WILLOW

It's hard to be precise, though.  
\* Alternate universes don't stay  
put. \* Sending  
him to a specific place is  
\* like, like trying to hit a puppy  
by \* throwing a  
live bee at it. Which is  
\* a weird image and you should all  
just \* forget it.  
\*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANYA

He might be in the Land of the  
Giants \* or Crazy  
Melly Land or the World  
Without Shrimp.

TARA

There's a world without shrimp?  
(to Willow)  
I'm allergic.

BUFFY

I only care that he's not here.

Buffy casually sets the hammer on a glass-topped case. It  
\* smashes through.

\*

BUFFY (CONT'D)

\*

Oops.

\*

Willow and Anya back away from it.

\*

WILLOW

\*

Not our fault.

\*

GILES

Well, yes. I suppose it's minor,  
\* given the other...  
\* (looking around)  
\* Devastation. I'm still not  
certain \* how he  
came to be smashing up my  
shop.

ANYA

An accident.

\*

WILLOW

\*

Not our fault.

\*

Giles gives Anya and Willow a skeptical look.

\*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BUFFY

There, see how nice things worked out? And look at you guys...  
 (looking at Xander and Anya) So good and alive and together.

She starts to cry.

\*

BUFFY (CONT'D)

\*

(looking at Willow  
 \* and Tara)  
 \* So together... and good... and  
 \* alive...  
 \*

Everyone looks uncomfortable as Buffy cries harder.

\*

BUFFY (CONT'D)

\*

I'm just so... happy for you!

\*

GILES

\*

(noticing)  
 \* Where's the cash register?  
 \*

21 BUFFY'S HOUSE, DINING ROOM, STAIRS - NIGHT (NIGHT 4) 21 21

Buffy, Joyce and Giles sit at the dining room table. Coffee  
 \* cups litter the table.

\*

JOYCE

\*

Raccoons? You have raccoon  
 insurance? \*

GILES

\*

Damage caused by wild animals is  
 \* covered. Damage caused by  
 trolls, a \*  
 shocking omission in my policy.  
 \*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BUFFY

\*

Lying to the authorities, go Giles.

\*

GILES

\*

I'm so glad you approve.

\*

JOYCE

\*

Why didn't you just say it was  
 \* vandalism during a robbery?  
 Wouldn't \* that  
 explain the missing cash better?

\*

GILES

\*

Ah! Well, the problem with that  
 is... \* (then)  
 \* I... I can amend the claim  
 tomorrow. \*

A beat of fiddling with the coffee cups as Joyce gets up the  
 \* courage to ask:

\*

JOYCE

\*

Rupert, you're not just here to,  
 you \* know,  
 implicate me in insurance  
 \* fraud, right? I know you went to  
 \* England to see those... the other  
 \* watchers.

\*

GILES

\*

Yes. I did. Not much to report  
 \* actually.

\*

BUFFY

\*

They didn't know anything about  
 Glory? \*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

GILES

\*

That's what they said. They're  
going \* to look  
into it, though. They might  
\* have something soon.

\*

BUFFY

\*

And, you know, the key? I bet they  
\* were all over the key.

\*

GILES

\*

Yes--

\* (to Joyce)

\* You know all of this? About  
Dawn? \*

JOYCE

\*

I got some of it myself. Buffy  
told \* me the  
rest.

\*

Out of sight of Buffy, Joyce and Giles, Dawn starts down the  
\* stairs toward them. She stops and listens.

\*

INTERCUT between the scene and Dawn's reaction to it.

\*

GILES

\*

Well, they were interested,  
\* certainly. And full of theories.  
\* Most of them ludicrous.

\*

BUFFY

\*

But they didn't guess about Dawn.  
\* They don't know.

\*

GILES

\*

No.

\*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JOYCE

\*

I still can't even start to grasp  
 \* this. She's my little girl.

\*

GILES

\*

It is disorienting.

\*

BUFFY

\*

Giles, what happens if they figure  
 it \* out? What  
 would they do? What would  
 \* happen?

\*

GILES

\*

I don't know.

\*

The three of them sit there for a moment, thinking about  
 \* that. Then...

\*

JOYCE

\*

Well, I can't think about this any  
 \* more. It's too--  
 \* (then, re: cups)  
 \* I'll get these.

\*

Joyce picks up the coffee cups, heads into the kitchen.  
 \* Meeting over.

\*

DAWN, on the stairs, stays frozen, trying to absorb what she  
 \* heard.

\*

END OF EPISODE

CONTINUED: (4)

CONTINUED: (5)