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BUFFY THE VAMPIRE SLAYER

"Gingerbread"

story by Thania St. John and Jane Espenson

written by Jane Espenson

WRITER'S SECOND DRAFT

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BUFFY THE VAMPIRE SLAYER

"Gingerbread"

TEASER

1 CEMETERY / PLAYGROUND - NIGHT

1

BUFFY, on patrol in the cemetery, idly tosses a stake from hand to hand. The leaves of a nearby shrub move in the breeze. They keep moving -- it's no breeze. Buffy stops, pivots slightly toward the movement, brings up her stake...

JOYCE (O.S.)

Is it a vampire?

Buffy jumps. JOYCE is standing next to her, holding a brown lunch bag and a thermos.

BUFFY

Mom? What are you doing here?

JOYCE

I brought you a snack. And I thought it was about time I came out to watch, you know, the Slaying.

BUFFY

Well, see, about the Sla

ying, it's kind of an alone thing. Buffy isn't taking her eyes off the potential vampire... starting to circle it. Joyce trails behinds her.

JOYCE

But it's such a big part of your life, and I'd like to understand it. It's something we could share.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BUFFY

Or not, 'cause it's really pretty
dull. Bam boom stick poof. Not
much to--

A VAMPIRE leaps from behind the bush. Buffy pushes Joyce
back while stepping forward to meet the attack. She BLOCKS A
BLOW from the vampire, and counters with a strong KICK.

JOYCE

Good, Honey! Kill it!

The vampire stumbles backwards. Buffy launches herself at
it, but the vampire brings up a foot, which catches her in
the midsection... she is TOSSED over the vampire and ends up
landing behind him on the ground, facing the wrong way.

JOYCE (CONT'D)

Oh my god, Buffy. Turn around!

Buffy shoots Joyce a quick exasperated look even as she
scrambles back to her feet and squares up opposite the vamp.

JOYCE (CONT'D)

Buffy, it's Mr. Sanderson from the
bank! Kill him!

Buffy exchanges blows with the late Mr. Sanderson. It's a
slightly clumsy effort on her part. She finally manages to
sweep his legs out from under him with a kick and he's down
again, this time face down. Joyce CLAPS.

JOYCE (CONT'D)

Get him! Kill! I mean, Slay!

Buffy's had enough. She turns toward Joyce.

BUFFY

Mom!

BOOM! Sanderson just returned her favor, swept her legs out
from under her while she was distracted. Now they're both on
the ground, and the stake has landed at Joyce's feet. Buffy
scrambles awkwardly to pin Sanderson -- sitting straddling
his back. She tries to reach for the stake.

JOYCE

I got it.

Joyce picks up the stake and tosses it to Buffy. But her
throw is bad. The stake sails over Buffy's head.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BUFFY
(through her exertion)
Idea. Why don't you go set up that
snack, Mom? Someplace not here.

Sanderson ROARS and tries to get away, and Buffy CUFFS him.

BUFFY (CONT'D)
I'll be there in a second.

Joyce winces and nods. She walks away, passing a low hedge that separates the cemetery from a small playground. She sits on the edge of sandbox, and starts to unpack sandwiches. But her eye is caught by something on the ground. She picks it up: A CHILD'S SHOE. She glances around her. Something is protruding just slightly above the level of the sand... is it the other shoe? Joyce brushes sand away from the surface.

ANGLE: JOYCE

She gasps and pulls away.

ANGLE: SANDBOX

The hand of a small child sticks out of the sand. And on the tiny palm of the tiny hand is drawn an ARCANESYMBOL.

END OF COLD OPENING

ACT ONE

2

PLAYGROUND / CEMETERY - NIGHT - LATE

2

POLICE AND CORONER'S VEHICLES AND PERSONNEL are on the scene, which is periodically lit by the red sweep of a mars light. Crime tape is up. Police radios send out bursts of static. Buffy is visible in b.g. giving a statement to an officer. More sand has been removed and there are now clearly TWO SMALL BODIES. A POLICE PHOTOGRAPHER SNAPS PICTURES:

FLASH -- two little blonds in play clothes. They could be sleeping.

FLASH -- closer, a darling little blond boy, age 8. In this closer shot we notice the paleness of the skin, the blueness of the lips. Still, cute as a button.

FLASH -- closer, an adorable little blond girl, age 6. Pale, blue-lipped, cute as a whole shirtfull of buttons.

FLASH -- much closer, the SYMBOL on a tiny hand.

Buffy finishes giving her statement and walks over to Joyce, who doesn't react to her presence.

BUFFY

They said we can go home now. No answer. Then...

JOYCE

They were little kids. Did you see them? So tiny.

BUFFY

I saw.

Joyce finally looks at Buffy. She looks devastated.

JOYCE

Who would do something like this? I never-- She chokes a little, has to stop, fight back tears.

BUFFY

I'm so sorry you saw this. But it's going to be okay.

JOYCE

How?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BUFFY
I'll find whatever did it.

JOYCE
I guess. It's just, you can't, you
can't make it right.

Joyce gives in to the tears. Buffy hugs her and speaks with
soothing, measured reason:

BUFFY
It's okay. I'll take care of
everything. Calm down.

3 LIBRARY - DAY (DAY 2)

3

Buffy and GILES are alone in the library before school.

BUFFY
(frantic)
Don't tell me to calm down!

GILES
I only meant--

BUFFY
My mother saw dead children. We've
got to do something. Look. They
had a mark...

She grabs a piece of paper and a marker from the counter and
moves to draw. Giles swiftly takes the paper from her hand.

GILES
(re: paper)
Twelfth century Papal encyclical.
Use the school lunch menu.

He hands her the replacement piece of paper. She draws.

BUFFY
It was on their hands. The cops
are keeping it quiet, but I got a
good look at it.

She finishes and shoves the paper at him. Giles looks at THE
SYMBOL.

BUFFY (CONT'D)
Find the thing that uses this
symbol and point me at it. Then
stand back or get splattered.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GILES

Hmm.

BUFFY

Giles. Speak. What?

GILES

What? Oh. It's just, I rather doubt we're looking for a "thing." The use of a symbol on a victim, it suggests ritual murder, an occult sacrifice by a group.

BUFFY

A group of... human beings. Someone with a soul did this?

GILES

I suspect so. Isn't it peculiar, how that makes it seem worse?

BUFFY

It is worse. It means I can't kill them.

Giles looks at her closely -- she's deadly serious.

GILES

Buffy, is it possible that you may be pushing a little too hard, letting this become personal because your mother is involved?

BUFFY

Oh, this is completely personal. Find the symbol. Please.

She exits. Giles looks after her for a moment, then down at the symbol. He heads for the books.

4

SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

4

OZ is at his locker, putting away his jacket, about to collect his books for his first class. A locker opens near his. It's Xander.

XANDER

Hey.

OZ

Hey.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

XANDER
So... books.

OZ
You also. With the books.

Willow comes over to Oz, and only now sees that Xander is here too.

WILLOW
Hi Oz! Oh, Xander, hi.

OZ
Willow. I haven't seen you around.
Where've you been?

XANDER
Not with me. No sir. Ask anyone.
Nooo.

Oz and Willow stare at Xander. He shuts up. There's a nasty beat of silence, then Oz has a brilliant idea for something to talk about:

OZ
Hey, Buffy's birthday's next week.

XANDER
Oh! Yeah. Good. I've been
pondering the gift options--

WILLOW
Shh.

XANDER
Oh, come on. We just got a topic.

Buffy joins them -- the reason Willow stopped Buffy gift talk.

WILLOW
Hi Buffy.

OZ
Hey.

XANDER
So, Buff, what's up?

BUFFY
You didn't hear about the murder?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

As might be expected, this provokes interest and alarm.

WILLOW

Ooh. Bad sentence.

BUFFY

Here's a worse one. The victims were little kids. Two of 'em, like, maybe six or seven. My mom found the bodies during patrol last night.

WILLOW

Oh my god.

OZ

Kids.

XANDER

Why was your mom there?

BUFFY

Bonding. It didn't go like she planned.

WILLOW

What happened?

BUFFY

I was slaying Mr. Sanderson and she went to set up the snack.

(off their looks)

Don't ask. And I guess she just saw something sticking out of the sandbox, so she starts, you know, brushing off the sand...

JOYCE (O.S.)

...And there's this little, tiny hand. I touched it and it was so cold.

Joyce joined the group without Buffy noticing, and she continues the story.

JOYCE

It was a little girl. The little boy was right next to her. I had bad dreams about it all night.

Xander, Oz and Willow exchange looks. A mom in school. Poor Buffy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

WILLOW
Hi, Mrs. Summers.

Xander and Oz also MUMBLE HELLOS.

JOYCE
Hi. Isn't it awful? Buffy, did you talk to Mr. Giles yet about who could've done this?

STUDENTS are noticing there's a parent in the hallway. They stare with amusement and talk behind their hands.

BUFFY
(uncomfortable)
Uh, yeah. He says it looks like something ritual, occult. He's still looking. We're going to add to my patrols, keep a closer eye on things...

JOYCE
(appalled)
Occult? Like witches? It's witches?

Willow makes an involuntary little gasp/choke noise.

WILLOW
Sorry. Phlegm. Too much dairy.

BUFFY
Well, no, probably not witches. Witches aren't usually bad, you know.

AMY joins the group... walking by, she overheard.

AMY
Witches? Did I hear witches? What're we talking about?

JOYCE
Witches. Can you imagine anything so disgusting?

That's it. Buffy's had enough. She tugs at Joyce's arm.

BUFFY
Mom. I need to talk to you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

JOYCE

(as she's pulled away)
Good to see you Willow, Oz...
you're looking very nice, Xander.

Buffy has pulled Joyce into a quiet branch of the hallway.

BUFFY

Mom, this hall is about school.
You're about home. Mix them and my
world dissolves.

JOYCE

I know. You have no mother, you
hatched full-grown out of a giant
egg. It's just, I keep thinking
about who could have done such a
thing. I want to help.

BUFFY

Oh. Well, Giles can always use--

JOYCE

I called everyone I know in town.
Told them about the little kids.
They're all just as upset as I am.

BUFFY

You called everyone you know?

JOYCE

And they called all their friends.
And guess what? We're setting up a
vigil tonight, at City Hall. The
Mayor's even going to be there.
Now we'll get some action.

BUFFY

Uh-huh. That's great. But, you
know what? A lot of times, when
you're working on something like
this, you try to keep the number of
people who know about it, kind
of... small.

Joyce hadn't thought of that.

JOYCE

Oh. Right. Well, I'm sure it
won't be all that many people.

5 CITY HALL ROTUNDA

5

An impressive crowd fills the rotunda, which is every bit as large and as elegant as we can afford. Many people hold candles or carry signs showing photographs of the two dead children (the photos show them alive), and the slogan "NEVER AGAIN." There are posters, with the same lay-out, on the walls. A podium faces the crowd.

Buffy and Joyce, Willow and her mother, MRS. ROSENBERG, stand together. Mrs. Rosenberg is very sweet and very smart.

MRS. ROSENBERG

You got a good turn-out, Joyce.

JOYCE

I don't think it's too many, do you?

Buffy spots Giles in the crowd nearby.

BUFFY

Giles! Over here!

He spots them, comes over to join them.

GILES

Hello. My goodness, what a crush.

MRS. ROSENBERG

Mr. Giles. How nice to see you. I didn't know you were going to be here.

WILLOW

Hi, Mr. Giles.

Giles glances at her, realizes the "Mister" is because Mom's here.

GILES

Yes, hello. Hello Mrs. Rosenberg, Mrs.-- Joyce.

They look at each other. Awkwardness.

JOYCE

It's been a while.

GILES

Right. Not since, not since, not for a while.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MRS. ROSENBERG

There's a rumor going around, Mr. Giles.

Giles blanches.

GILES

Rumor? About us? About what?

MRS. ROSENBERG

About witches. People calling themselves witches are responsible for this horrible crime.

GILES

Indeed? How strange.

WILLOW

Yes. So strange. Witches!

Willow makes a funny "pfff" noise, meaning "who could imagine such a thing?"

MRS. ROSENBERG

Actually, not all that strange. I coauthored a paper recently about teenagers who identify with things like witches, or superheroes. It's a fairly healthy reaction to a world that seems out of their control.

BUFFY

Healthy. That's good. Health is good.

MRS. ROSENBERG

Absolutely. Unless they begin to believe their powers are real. I mean, that's more than a teen psyche can handle. Inevitably, of course, in that case you end up with tragedy.

As Buffy absorbs that, the crowd, already hushed, falls completely silent. The Mayor is at the podium. Our group turns to look at him.

JOYCE

(to Buffy)

He'll help. You'll see.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MRS. ROSENBERG

(softly to Giles)

I've never seen him in person before. He's very tall and good-looking.

GILES

The qualities we most require in a leader.

Mrs. Rosenberg smiles at Giles, acknowledging his riposte. The Mayor begins his address, his demeanor subdued.

MAYOR

I want to thank you all for coming in the aftermath of such a tragic crime. Seeing you here reminds me what a caring community Sunnydale is. We've had our share of misfortunes, as so often happens these days, when young people are lured from all sides by dark influences. But we're a good town, with good people. I know none of us will rest easy until this horrible murder is solved. And with that in mind...

He holds up one of the posters.

MAYOR (CONT'D)

I hereby take the words on this poster, and make them my pledge to you. Never Again.

There is a murmur of approval from the crowd. A few people get carried away and applaud. Mrs. Rosenberg smiles, reassured that the matter is in competent hands.

MAYOR (CONT'D)

And now, I ask you to give a moment of your attention to the woman who brought us all here tonight, Joyce Summers.

The Mayor gracefully maneuvers Joyce to the podium and steps back.

JOYCE

Mr. Mayor, you're dead wrong.

General surprise. Not the least of it from Buffy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JOYCE (CONT'D)

This is not a good town. Not right now. I was supposed to lead us in a moment of silence. But I'm not going to. Silence is this town's disease. How many of you have lost someone who just... disappeared, or got skinned, or suffered "neck rupture"?! How many times have you reacted with silence? Well, it's time to speak out and admit what we've got: a town with a hell of a lot of problems!

Buffy and Giles exchange a look. Someone's finally saying it.

BUFFY

(softly, surprised)

Go Mom.

GILES

She does rip off the blindfold. This could change everything.

JOYCE

Open your eyes to what goes on around here. Terrible things: Killing. Witchcraft. Creatures Too Horrible to Mention. Slaying. It's more than we should have to take.

That hits Buffy hard, to hear Slaying lumped in with what's wrong with Sunnydale. Giles reaches for her shoulder, but she takes a step away from him, toward her mother, and he doesn't make contact. Joyce is just wrapping up:

JOYCE (CONT'D)

We have to take the first step toward changing Sunnydale. We have to find the people who did this.

DISSOLVE TO:

6 SUNNYDALE - NIGHT

6

Only a few lights glow... the town is asleep.

DISSOLVE TO:

A CLOCK-RADIO

on a desk in a darkened room. The digital display shows the time as 1:00 AM.

PAN off the clock to MICHAEL

a young man we haven't seen before. Gothic Look: pale face, darkened lips, dyed-black hair. He wears black and his eyes have those large, black irises that result from doing magicks.

PAN to reveal AMY sitting next to him. Also in black. Also dark-eyed.

PAN to reveal Willow, completing the triangle. Dark-eyed.

The shot WIDENS. Amy and Willow each pour liquids into a container that Michael holds. Heavy-looking smoke begins to spill over the sides of the container. In addition, two things become visible: that we're in WILLOW'S ROOM, and that chalked on the floor, surrounded by herbs and powders, is THE SYMBOL.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

7 SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY (DAY 3)

7

Michael and Amy at Michael's locker. Pasted inside: pictures of Marilyn Manson and other disturbing things, and a small mirror. Michael is still in Gothic death-on-toast mode. He uses the mirror to check his look. A HERD OF BIG JOCKS thumps down the hallway. One of them, ROY, slams the locker shut in Michael's face.

MICHAEL

Watch it!

ROY

Oh, sorry. Were you checking your make-up? Did I make you smudge your eye-liner?

(then, mean)

Dump the Goth in drag look, jerk-ass, it's not cool.

He pushes Michael against the lockers to punctuate the thought.

AMY

(to Roy)

Hey! Don't you have anyone else to pick on? Somewhere there's a freshman boy who's not getting snapped with a towel right now.

Roy bumps Michael again and laughs... making a cruel game of it. A little crowd of students has gathered to watch. Among them, CORDELIA. Buffy pushes through the group and sizes up the sitch. She steps up next to Amy and Michael, and just lets the jocks see that she's there -- her expression more expectant than fierce -- she knows she doesn't need to do more. Roy's buddies take off. He hesitates another second, then turns and walks away.

BUFFY

(to Amy and Michael)

You guys okay?

MICHAEL

We're fine.

AMY

Thanks, Buffy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The hallway has emptied. Amy and Michael walk away, Michael rubbing his arm where it hit the lockers. Buffy sees that Giles has emerged from the library, drawn by the noise of the confrontation. She takes a step toward him, but is intercepted by Cordelia.

CORDELIA

You're going to be one busy little Slayer, baby-sitting them.

BUFFY

I doubt they'll have more trouble.

CORDELIA

I doubt your doubt. Everyone knows witches killed those kids. Amy is a witch. And Michael is whatever the boy of "witch" is, plus being the poster child for yuck.

BUFFY

Cordelia--

CORDELIA

If you're going to hang with them, expect badness, 'cause that's what you get for hanging with freaks and losers. Believe me, I know.

She takes a step away, then comes back.

CORDELIA (CONT'D)

That was a pointed comment about me hanging with you guys.

Point made, Cordy turns on her heel and stalks off.

BUFFY

(calling after)

I get that. But witches didn't do it!

Giles clears his throat and leans in toward Buffy.

GILES

Actually, I'm afraid they may have done. I found the symbol. I have more research to do, but it seems that it's associated with European Wiccan covens. It's very old and quite powerful.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BUFFY
Can I see it?

GILES
I'm sure you can. Willow has the
book.

8 SCHOOL LOUNGE - LATE

8

Buffy enters. Xander is sitting on one of the couches,
disassembling all his pens for no reason.

XANDER
Buffy. Hi.

BUFFY
Hey. Is Willow around?

XANDER
What do I have to do? How can I
convince you people that it's
over?! You assume because I'm
here, she's here, or that I somehow
mysteriously know where she is.

Buffy sees a stack of books at a nearby study carrel.

BUFFY
Those are hers?

XANDER
Yeah. She's in the bathroom.

Buffy heads for the carrel. Xander trails along.

XANDER (CONT'D)
But the fact that I know that
doesn't change that I have a
genuine complaint here. I mean, I
can accept Cordy not forgiving me,
but you, Buffy? You?!

Buffy is looking at Willow's stuff. She hesitates, then
moves some papers, revealing an old volume. On the cover:
the symbol.

BUFFY
I forgive you. I never didn't
forgive you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

XANDER

Oh. Well then, what about Oz? He hides it under all that Ozness, but he's really steamed.

Buffy picks up the book, flips through it casually.

BUFFY

You had smoochies with his girlfriend.

XANDER

I didn't say it was unexpected. It's just, I can hardly be around him anymore. He was my friend and now it's like there's this huge thing between us that we're pretending isn't there...

She happens to glance at the desk-top and sees what the book had been covering: an open notebook. Writing surrounds a hand-copied version of the symbol. Buffy looks at it as if it were a snake.

XANDER (CONT'D)

...And I can't even talk with anyone about it, since Willow, you know.... And you...
(realizing)
You clearly aren't even listening...

Willow comes over.

WILLOW

Hey, Buff. What're you doing? You want to borrow something?

Buffy picks up the notebook and turns it so Willow can see.

BUFFY

What's this?

WILLOW

(nervous)
A doodle. I do doodle. You too. You do doodle too.

BUFFY

This is the witch symbol.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

WILLOW
(caught)
Okay. Yeah. It is.

BUFFY
(shocked)
Willow!

WILLOW
What?

BUFFY
It was on the murdered kids. Willow
is stunned.

WILLOW
On the kids... Oh no, Buffy. I
didn't know. No one told me about
that. I swear. Please--

A big CLATTER AND COMMOTION interrupts Willow. Xander joins them as they look down the hall toward the noise.

XANDER
What's going on?

THE SCHOOL COUNSELOR walks by, leading Amy by the arm. Amy looks shaken, worried. She pulls away long enough to say:

AMY
(whispered)
They're looking for witch stuff.
They found my spells. Willow...

The counselor starts to walk away, pulling Amy along.

AMY (CONT'D)
(to Willow)
Get rid of everything!

Buffy, Willow and Xander exchange looks.

BUFFY
I don't like this. The NOISE
builds: the clang of lockers,
raised voices...

Buffy hands Willow her notebook. Willow picks up the book from the carrel and the three of them head for the source of the noise.

9

SCHOOL HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

9

Students are gathered, watching with disbelief and indignation as SNYDER walks the row of lockers. One by one they are unlocked by a CUSTODIAN, and the contents are searched. Farther down the hall, a FACULTY MEMBER stops students, looks at their books and has them open their backpacks. Buffy, Willow and Xander join Oz, Cordelia and JONATHAN among the spectators.

XANDER

Oh, man. It's Nazi Germany and I have Playboys in my locker.

Snyder is speaking to the assembled students.

SNYDER

This is a glorious day for principals everywhere. No pathetic whining about "students' rights," just a long row of lockers and a man with a key.

Oz leans over to Buffy and Willow.

OZ

They took away three kids already. Harshness.

BUFFY

We saw Amy.

XANDER

Why are they doing this? I mean, it's not like we're all worshipping Satan or anything.

Jonathan looks embarrassed.

JONATHAN

Yeah. Right. I mean, "worship." That's a strong word. I mean, maybe, "appreciate." The others stare at him. He goes away.

Another locker is opened.

CORDELIA

Get your grubby custodial hands off that! That hair spray cost forty-five dollars and it's imported!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILLOW

The next one's mine. Oh god, I've got spells in there... and...

(realizing, re: the book and notebook she holds)

They'll take me to the office and they'll see these.

(then, frantic)

Buffy, I didn't do anything wrong. The symbol's harmless. I used it to make a protection spell for you, for your birthday. With Michael and Amy. Only, now it's broken, because you know about it. So Happy Birthday, and please, you have to believe me.

SNYDER

(loudly)

Ms. Rosenberg. My office.

Willow looks up. Snyder is standing in front of her open locker. He holds up a handful of vellum pages -- spells. Willow looks at Buffy. Buffy motions at the book and notebook Willow holds. Willow hands them over with a look of infinite gratitude, and heads for the office. Buffy heads for the library.

10 LIBRARY - CONTINUOUS

10

Buffy enters the library just as A MAN exits with a large box full of books. She steps in further to see ANOTHER MAN pulling books from the shelves, filling another box. Giles is watching, looking absolutely miserable.

BUFFY

Giles?

GILES

They're taking them away.

Buffy sets Willow's book and notebook on the counter.

BUFFY

But, they can't.

GILES

Yes, I tried that argument. It didn't prove very effective.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BUFFY

Giles, we need those books. There's something about this symbol that we're missing.

The first man has reentered, and has joined in the pulling of books off the shelves.

GILES

(calling to the men)

Be very careful. Those are rather fragile. Giles has to pull his attention away from the desecration of his books.

GILES (CONT'D)

The symbol. Yes.

BUFFY

Willow says she used it in a protection spell. It's not a big bad scary. So why would the killers use it for some ritual sacrifice?

GILES

I don't know. Ordinarily I'd suggest we widen our research...

BUFFY

Right. Using what? The dictionary and "My Friend Flicka"?

GILES

Damn. We cannot operate this way. Snyder has interfered before, but I will not tolerate this from that twisted little homunculus.

Snyder has entered -- it's unclear if he heard Giles. Buffy sees him and pushes Willow's books off the back edge of the counter onto the floor -- at least they're out of sight.

SNYDER

Ah, don't you just love spring cleaning? Even in winter it gives me a zingy fresh feeling.

GILES

Get out of my library, and take your... marauders with you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SNYDER

Oh my. So fierce. I suppose I should hear you out. Just how is
(picking up a book)
"Blood Rites and Sacrifices"
appropriate material for a public
school library? The Chess Club
branching out?

GILES

They're my personal property and
they're harmless!

Snyder goes into the book cage.

SNYDER

Yes, I believe everything you have
here is harmless.

He throws open a door, revealing a brutal assortment of
weaponry: crossbows, axes, spears...

SNYDER (CONT'D)

Look at this harmless little battle-
ax! Guys, clear this out too.

BUFFY

Why are you doing this, Snyder?

SNYDER

Not out of personal malice. That's
a side benefit. I'm merely
carrying out instructions.

BUFFY

From who?

SNYDER

It's no secret. I get my orders
from SPAM.

BUFFY

You take orders from Spam.

SNYDER

Sunnydale Parents Against Magic.
They're very tight with the Mayor.
Everything's coming from SPAM.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

BUFFY

So who are they? And why are they targeting us? And who came up with that name?

SNYDER

Well, regarding that last question... I believe that would be your lovely mother.

11 BUFFY'S DINING ROOM - NIGHT

11

Buffy enters to find Joyce on the phone in a dining room that has been converted into an office. There are neat stacks of "NEVER AGAIN" posters, phone lists, Joyce's computer.

JOYCE

(into phone)

Thanks Sheila. Talk to you soon. I know, but it's for the best.

She hangs up.

JOYCE (CONT'D)

Buffy. That was Sheila Rosenberg, cancelling your plans with Willow this weekend. She's grounded. Honey, did you know she was getting into this kind of thing? I'm very disappointed in her.

BUFFY

You're in SPAM.

JOYCE

Sure. Lots of people are. We're getting lapel buttons tomorrow.

BUFFY

Oh, terrific. Do you have any idea what your friends did at school today?

JOYCE

Honey, they opened a few lockers.

BUFFY

Lockers. First syllable, lock. They're supposed to be private.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOYCE

I know, but honey, there was a murder. Real murder, with actual humans. It's more important than some bruised feelings.

BUFFY

Mom, I'm not talking about bruised feelings.

JOYCE

And there were some very strange things in those lockers. That boy, Michael Lamb? He had a bag of dried ears.

That almost throws Buffy off track:

BUFFY

Ears... Okay, but they took Giles' books away.

JOYCE

And he'll get them back. SPAM will go through them, and most of them will be returned to Mr. Giles very soon.

BUFFY

But we need them now. To help solve this thing.

JOYCE

Sweetie, those books had no business in a public school library. Especially now. Any student could just waltz in there and get all sorts of ideas. Do you understand how that terrifies me?

BUFFY

Mom, I hate that these people scared you so much. And I know you're trying to help, but you're not.

JOYCE

Well, I think I'm helping. We all are. We've even got the Mayor behind us, who's a very nice man by the way--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BUFFY

Please just let me do this. It's what I do.

JOYCE

But is it really? You patrol. You slay. Evil pops up, you undo it. And that's great. But has Sunnydale gotten any better? Are they running out of vampires?

BUFFY

I don't think they run out--

JOYCE

It's not your fault. You don't have a plan. You just... react to things. It's bound to be kind of fruitless.

Buffy's hurt, but she turns it into anger.

BUFFY

Okay. Maybe I don't have a plan. Lord knows I don't have lapel buttons. And maybe the next time the world is getting sucked into hell, I won't be able to stop it because, guess what, the anti-hell-sucking book isn't on the approved reading list!

JOYCE

Buffy. I'm sorry. I didn't mean to put down--

BUFFY

Yeah. You did. But you know what? I have to go. I have to go out on one of my pointless little patrols now, and "react to" some vampires, if that's all right with SPAM.

Buffy storms out.

ANGLE: JOYCE

She sighs and looks tired.

JOYCE

I hope I did the right thing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

LITTLE BOY (O.S.)
You did.

WIDEN TO REVEAL:

The TWO LITTLE DEAD KIDS are sitting opposite Joyce at the table, right where Buffy had just been standing. They speak sweetly, politely, softly. Possibly even lisping adorably.

LITTLE GIRL
You're going to find our killers.

LITTLE BOY
We were very scared.

LITTLE GIRL
They hurt us.

LITTLE BOY
But you're helping.

Simultaneously, they both turn up the corners of their little mouths in the tiniest of smiles.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

12

PLAYGROUND - NIGHT

12

Buffy is on patrol. She has wandered over to the playground. The crime tape flutters uselessly: it couldn't stand up to the people who felt they needed to be here. The sandbox has been turned into an impromptu shrine, with flowers and photos.

BUFFY

You used to be better at that.

Only after her line does ANGEL step into frame behind her.

ANGEL

At what?

BUFFY

Sneaking up.

Angel nods, taking it seriously. Buffy looks at the shrine.

BUFFY (CONT'D)

You know, people die in Sunnydale all the time. And I've never seen anything like this. I don't know if I should be touched that people care this much, or, I guess, hurt for all the victims who aren't even noticed.

ANGEL

They were children. Innocent. It makes a difference.

BUFFY

Yeah. It does.

ANGEL

This is getting to you.

BUFFY

Only when I'm awake. And asleep.

Angel takes off his jacket, and spreads it on the ground. He takes Buffy's hand and motions for her to sit on the jacket. He sits on the ground and waits for her to tell him the rest.

BUFFY (CONT'D)

My mom... my mom said some stuff to me. About being the Slayer.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BUFFY (CONT'D)

That it's fruitless. No fruit for Buffy.

ANGEL

She's wrong.

BUFFY

Was she? Is Sunnydale better than when I came here? Big fat not so much. I mean, yeah, I save the world, but do I make it better?

Buffy picks up a photograph of the dead kids from the shrine.

ANGEL

Buffy, we don't fight this war to win it. We're never going to win, wipe out all the evil. Someone told me once that there's supposed to be a balance. Us and them. If you ever won, you'd lose.

BUFFY

My mother is terrified, and I'm going for the tie?

ANGEL

Not very inspiring, is it?

BUFFY

Not very.

ANGEL

Okay, you want a reason to keep going? Look at what you're holding. Someone took these kids away from their parents.

Buffy looks at the photo of the kids.

BUFFY

Right. Their parents.

ANGEL

It's not the war, but it's a battle worth fighting. You can win that.

Buffy looks up.

BUFFY

Something is very not right here.

13 LIBRARY - NIGHT

13

The shelves have big ugly gaps where Giles' world should be. The man himself sits alone at the table with a computer.

GILES
Session interrupted? What do you mean "session interrupted," you bleeding stupid box?

Oz enters. Trailed by Xander. Giles acknowledges them, but keeps working at the computer.

OZ
Take heart. We found your books.

Giles looks up as if Oz's voice were a chorus of angels.

XANDER
Put the heart back. We can't get 'em. They're locked in City Hall.

Giles goes back to poking at the computer.

OZ
But they're safe.

XANDER
They don't need food. They're safe anywhere. He wanted us to bring them back.

OZ
That's not what he said.

GILES
Oh, go to hell!
(off their looks)
Not you. The computer.

Buffy strides in. She drops a handful of the kids' photos on the table.

BUFFY
These kids. What do we know about them?

OZ
What do you mean?

BUFFY
Tell me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OZ

They were killed. Buried in a sandbox.

XANDER

They had a creepy mark on their hands.

GILES

What are you getting at Buffy?

BUFFY

What are their names? Where are the parents?

OZ

No one's said. I guess they don't know.

BUFFY

And if no one knows who they are, how did they get these pictures?

OZ

Hmm. Nice point.

GILES

Extraordinary.

BUFFY

And why hasn't anyone else asked these questions?

XANDER

But they must have, right?

GILES

No, I believe Buffy is correct. Strange as it seems, no one has posed these questions.

BUFFY

So let's pose. Who are the kids?

GILES

Yes. All right. Someone help me with this blasted computer.

XANDER

Well, I can get you to fake naked pictures of Bernadette Peters. But that might not be what you want.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

OZ

I could help, but if you want to find everything, you're gonna need Willow.

GILES

(snapping)

Are you insane enough to think I would have touched that thing if we had Willow?

(then)

Sorry. Very bad day.

BUFFY

She's not even allowed to come to the phone. The wrath of SPAM.

OZ

So who needs a phone?

14 WILLOW'S ROOM 14

Willow sits on her bed, idly plucking stuffing from a tattered stuffed animal. Her computer CHIMES. She looks over at it.

DISSOLVE TO:

15 LIBRARY - LATE 15

Giles, Xander and Buffy watch as Oz works the computer.

OZ

Okay. We're linked to Willow. If anyone's ID'd the kids, she'll pull it up.

16 WILLOW'S ROOM 16

Willow's at her computer. Her computer screen fills with data. A newspaper article. She smiles, hits a button...

17 LIBRARY 17

The article appears on the screen of the library computer. Giles hovers over Oz, reading.

GILES

Two children, found dead. Mysterious mark... No. These children were found near Omaha in

1949.

XANDER

They aren't ours. Keep going. Oz is ready to clear the screen...

BUFFY

Wait.

A black and white photograph appears on the screen, gaining resolution slowly as it is downloaded. Two little kids. The picture grows sharper.

18 WILLOW'S ROOM 18

Willow looks at the same photo.

WILLOW

Those are...

19 LIBRARY 19

BUFFY

The same kids.

GILES

Fifty years ago. The screen shifts, a new article.

OZ

1899. Utah... Two children... rural community torn apart by suspicion...

GILES

A hundred years. How is it possible?

XANDER

They must moisturize.

OZ

No mention of who they were.

BUFFY

They've never been seen alive, just dead. A lot.

The screen fills with old-style German type.

GILES

It's German.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

XANDER
Achtung baby.

An Instant-Message box appears in the corner of the box.

OZ
Willow's sending an instant message... There were more articles. Every fifty years, all the same. So she went to a historical site to look farther back.

GILES
I'd say so. This is from 1649...

Giles takes Oz's place at the computer, concentrates on the text.

GILES (CONT'D)
Written by a cleric from a village near the Black Forest. He found the bodies himself. Two children... Greta Strauss, age six. Hans Strauss, eight.

Giles reads on silently.

XANDER
Names. That's new.

Suddenly, the computer screen goes black. It then displays an official-looking message: "ACCESS TO THIS SITE DENIED"

20 WILLOW'S ROOM 20

Willow jumps back from her screen, which shows the same message. Mrs. Rosenberg is standing next to her. She smiles at Willow.

MRS. ROSENBERG
Honey, you don't want to do that. Studies show it gets young people into bad, bad trouble.

21 LIBRARY 21

Buffy, Giles, Oz and Xander, in confusion.

OZ
We lost Willow.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Oz types, tries to get the connection back.

GILES

Greta Strauss. Hans Strauss.

Deep in thought, Giles goes to one of the bookshelves... and remembers the books are gone. He turns away helplessly, pulling the facts from his memory with effort.

GILES (CONT'D)

There's a fringe theory held by a few folklorists that some regional stories have actual, very literal antecedents...

BUFFY

And in some language that's English?

OZ

(still typing)
Fairy tales are real.

BUFFY

Hans and Greta.
(lightbulb)
Hansel and Gretel.

XANDER

We get all kinds here on the Hellmouth.

GILES

The theory goes that the folk tale got it wrong. That Hansel and Gretel were not, in fact, victims. That they burned a guiltless old woman in her own oven.

XANDER

I used to love that story. How sick was I?

OZ

Pretty sick.

BUFFY

And now they're here? Why?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

GILES

Persecution Demons. They must be. They thrive on panic and dissension. They set up the crime scene, plant a suspicious clue...

BUFFY

Add people and watch the fun.

GILES

In Germany the discovery of the bodies led to fantastic accusations. There was a, well, an inquisition. People died. A great many people.

XANDER

But how can they be sure it'll go that far?

GILES

The German cleric wrote that he saw them, after they were found dead. They came to him, demanded he avenge their deaths.

OZ

What did he do?

GILES

He led the inquisition.

BUFFY

He found the bodies. Mom found the bodies. Those kids are out there with my mother. We've got to--

The library doors fly open and Michael runs in. He's bloodied and out of breath. The group goes to him, holds him up.

XANDER

What happened?

MICHAEL

I was attacked--

BUFFY

By who?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MICHAEL

Dad. His friends. SPAM. They're taking people from their homes. Something's happening. Amy's gone.

OZ

Willow.

MICHAEL

Tell her to get out of her house. If she's still there.

BUFFY

Michael, stay here, hide if you need to. Oz, you and Xander go find Willow. Giles, let's go talk to Mom. If anyone can stop this...

22

BUFFY'S HOUSE, ENTRYWAY / LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

22

Buffy and Giles enter through the front door and rush into the living room, surprising Joyce who is entertaining FOUR STRANGERS -- they are sipping drinks, enjoying chips and salsa... Buffy and Giles have apparently interrupted a pleasant chat.

JOYCE

Buffy! Mr. Giles? Has something happened?

BUFFY

Oh. Um. Mom? Can we talk to you?

JOYCE

Of course, Honey.
(to her guests)
This'll just take a moment. Enjoy the salsa.

Joyce follows Buffy and Giles into the entryway.

BUFFY

Mom. This is going to sound really strange, but you haven't been, sort of, visited by any little--

Giles lets out a SHOUT, cut off quickly, as ONE OF THE GUESTS GRABS him from behind and DRAGS him back into the living room. Buffy whirls, ready to fight, when Joyce's hand clamps over her mouth and nose. The hand holds a soaked handkerchief. Buffy sinks to the ground. As she lies there, fighting for consciousness, she blinks up at her mother.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOYCE

You were right. That was easy.

The two blond dead kids step into Buffy's line of sight. The little girl takes a previously-unseen bottle of chloroform from Joyce's hand.

LITTLE GIRL

You did good.

LITTLE BOY

We're almost done.

LITTLE GIRL

Soon it will be all better.

LITTLE BOY

We'll punish the bad girls.

The images of the little kids BLUR and waver. Buffy's eyes close. She's out.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

23 NEAR WILLOW'S HOUSE - NIGHT 23

Xander and Oz sprint through a residential neighborhood. They cut between two houses and arrive at:

24 WILLOW'S HOUSE - NIGHT 24

The sidewalk in front of Willow's house. Ahead of Oz and Xander is A GROUP OF PEOPLE, some with flashlights. They are headed, quietly, for the house.

OZ
I smell SPAM.

XANDER
They're gonna take her. We're too late.

OZ
Maybe not.

Oz walks fast, dragging Xander by the arm until he matches his pace. They catch up, then push to the front. Oz raises his fist like Victory leading troops into battle.

OZ (CONT'D)
(shouting)
Get the witch! Get the witch!

XANDER
You heard him! Let's get this mob in gear!

OZ/XANDER
Get the witch! Get the witch!

25 WILLOW'S HOUSE 25

Mrs. Rosenberg stands near the front door, waiting. She has Willow firmly by the arm. Willow looks terrified.

WILLOW
Mom? What's going on? What are you doing to me?
(calling)
Dad!

MRS. ROSENBERG
Your father's already there waiting for us.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MRS. ROSENBERG (CONT'D)

He wouldn't want to miss this, and
he was worried about parking.

There is POUNDING on the front door. Mrs. Rosenberg flings it open. Oz and Xander burst in at the head of the mob. Oz tackles Willow around the waist, stripping her out of her mother's grasp. Together, Oz and Xander drag/run Willow to her room, SPAM members following angrily on their heels.

26 WILLOW'S ROOM - NIGHT

26

Oz and Xander propel Willow ahead of them into the room.

WILLOW

What? Who?

Xander and Oz drag Willow's dresser in front of the door.

XANDER

SPAMsters.

OZ

It's a witch hunt.

SPAMsters start POUNDING on the door. Now it's a siege.

CLOSE ON BUFFY

She's unconscious. She stirs, and opens her eyes. Instantly alert, she looks around to see she's in:

27 CITY HALL ROTUNDA

27

It's been converted to a witch-burning facility. Buffy and Amy are tied to stakes in the middle of the room. Giles' books are heaped at their feet. A small crowd of people, many with SPAM buttons, ring the room. In front of Buffy and Amy stand the two dead children and Joyce.

AMY

I was afraid you weren't going to
wake up. Stop her, Buffy, please.

BUFFY

Mom? Oh god. Don't do this. Okay?
Think for a second. You don't want
this.

Joyce steps forward and smiles kindly at Buffy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOYCE

You have no idea what I want. You never ask because I'm not really a part of your life. Well, that isn't going to be an issue any more.

Someone hands her a torch.

AMY

Oh, she's not going to--

BUFFY

Mom, no!

Joyce thrusts the torch into the books. They begin to burn.

28

CITY HALL ANTEROOM

28

Giles lies unconscious, on the hard marble floor of this little room off the rotunda. A hand SLAPS him hard. It slaps him again. And again. He grunts with pain. He opens his eyes. The hand slaps one more time anyway.

GILES

Cordelia?

Sure enough, the hand belongs to Cordelia. And it's drawn back for one more swipe. Giles blocks it.

CORDELIA

Took you long enough to wake up. My hand hurts.

Giles rubs his face.

GILES

Oh, that's a shame. Why are you here?

CORDELIA

I was going to Buffy's, to tell her to stop this craziness, because, well, invasion of privacy sounds fine and dandy, until it's mine, you know? Then I saw them drag you guys off and followed you here, which was pretty nice of me.

GILES

Yes. Thank you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Giles looks around him.

GILES (CONT'D)

And where are we?

CORDELIA

City Hall. Where apparently they used an overdecorator. Could it be more Falcon Crest?

GILES

Where's Buffy?

CORDELIA

Haven't seen her. What are you going to do?

GILES

If we can find the demon children, I might know a spell that can help. If I perform it correctly, it should force them to take on their true forms and free the others from their influence.

CORDELIA

Uh-huh. Do you smell barbecue?

29

WILLOW'S ROOM

29

Oz and Xander work together to muscle Willow's bed into place, barricading the door. Outside, there is POUNDING and ANGRY VOICES.

XANDER

That should hold 'em for a while.

WILLOW

Why are they doing this?

OZ

They're being controlled by Hansel and Gretel.

XANDER

The stuff you hear yourself saying in this town.

WILLOW

(hopeful)

Controlled? So, Mom isn't herself.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OZ

Willow, no one in their right mind
would ever want to hurt you.

The pounding and shouting STOPS. It's replaced by:

MRS. ROSENBERG (O.S.)

Willow? Sweetie? Please come out.
Honey, I'm scared. I don't
understand what's happening. Help
me.

Willow looks ill.

OZ

(to Willow)

You know it's a trick.

MRS. ROSENBERG (O.S.)

Why won't you come help me, Willow?

Willow puts her head on Oz's shoulder. Now there is NO NOISE
from outside.

XANDER

You suppose they went away?

Willow lifts her head hopefully and Oz is just about to
answer Xander, when BOOM, SPAMsters burst in through the
French doors. Oz and Xander grab Willow and put her behind
them. They face the mob.

30

CITY HALL ROTUNDA

30

The books are burning nicely at Buffy and Willow's feet --
the fire not yet touching them, but getting close.

AMY

Oh my god, Buffy.

BUFFY

Mom! Don't do this!

JOYCE

I'm not doing it. You're doing it.
You've earned this with your
wickedness. Both of you.

BUFFY

I'm not wicked! I'm on your side!
The not-wicked side! Believe me!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOYCE

You call on dark forces, you go
where humans should not go. What
kind of mother would I be if I
didn't punish you?

The flames burn higher. Buffy struggles at her bonds. The little dead children press in closer, firelight reflecting off their faces. They speak in voices soft and clear:

LITTLE BOY

They killed us.

LITTLE GIRL

They're bad girls.

LITTLE BOY

Avenge us.

LITTLE GIRL

Kill the bad girls.

Buffy sees Giles and Cordy sneak into the room behind Joyce. No one else notices them. They make their way along the wall to a coiled fire-hose behind a glass hinged door. Giles motions silently to Cordy to open the glass door. Cordy nods. But instead of opening the door, she SMASHES it. Huge noise. Everything stops except the fire. Joyce and her friends turn to face Giles and Cordelia. Cordy starts tugging at the water valve attached to the hose as Giles begins his spell, which he continues under the subsequent dialogue and action.

GILES

(shouting in German)

Demons show yourselves. Lift the
veil. I call on the powers of
Hecate, queen and protectress of
witches, to strip away the masks.
Let evil wear an evil face...

JOYCE

Stop them!

SPAM members converge, but Cordelia is armed. The hose comes on full force, with a tremendous recoil. Cordelia only barely manages to keep hold of it. SPAM members are swept off their feet by the water. Cordelia keeps them at bay.

AMY

I'm burning! I'm burning!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BUFFY
Cordelia, put out the fire!

Realizing that sounds good too, Cordelia wrestles the hose into place, and douses the fire while not soaking Buffy or Amy. Giles is still chanting:

GILES
(in German)
Hecate implores you. Lift the
veil. Hide not behind false
faces...

The little dead kids are frowning. They start HOWLING. Buffy is still struggling to free herself... no luck. The dead kids MORPH together. They flow into a liquid shape that coalesces into ONE BIG NASTY DEMON. Their HIGH-PITCHED VOICES DROP, deepen alarmingly.

CORDELIA
Giles, are you sure that's what you
wanted to do?

SPAM members fall back, confused, as they are freed from the hold the kids had on them. They see the demon, SCREAM AND SCATTER, except for Joyce who watches helplessly as the demon heads for Buffy and Amy.

31 WILLOW'S ROOM

31

Oz and Xander stand between Willow and the witch hunters, led by Mrs. Rosenberg. Oz and Xander pick up the nearest almost-weapons: a lamp and the computer keyboard. They hold them ready to strike.

WILLOW
Don't hurt my mother!

Just as the battle is about to be joined, the witch hunters return to their normal selves and look around, confused.

WILLOW (CONT'D)
Wait! No hitting! They're okay!

MRS. ROSENBERG
What's going on?

WILLOW
(to Oz and Xander)
Buffy must have everything under
control.

Giles, Cordelia and Joyce watch as the Demon bears down on Buffy.

DEMON

You hurt us. You have to die.

BUFFY

I didn't hurt you. But it's early.

Buffy gives one last wrenching pull on the ropes that tie her hands and ends up RIPPING THE STAKE FROM THE FLOOR. She's more mobile, but her hands are still tied behind her. She struggles to get free. The Demon sees that his time is limited. He ROARS and CHARGES at her... a flying tackle that will surely slam her to ground. Buffy bends forward, and the stake, still tied to her, angles out in front of her like a wooden sword-point. It CATCHES THE DEMON IN THE THROAT, piercing it -- a mortal wound. The stake snaps, and nothing blocks the momentum of the hurtling, dying demon. Buffy is caught under its dead body. Joyce rushes over and unties Buffy's hands as Buffy struggles out from under.

BUFFY (CONT'D)

Bad place to be. Bad place to be.

Buffy stands.

JOYCE

Buffy, I'm so sorry! I don't know... I don't...

She trails off, there are no words for this.

BUFFY

It's okay, Mom. I know.

AMY

Thank you Buffy. I owe you, again.

GILES

I must say, very impressive.

CORDELIA

I put out the fire.

Buffy looks down at the dead demon.

BUFFY

Aw. They always look so innocent when they're dead.

33 WILLOW'S ROOM

33

In the aftermath of the siege, the parents mill around, dazed. Mrs. Rosenberg starts shooing them out the door.

MRS. ROSENBERG
(confused)
Okay. Everyone out. Willow needs to study or something.

Xander turns, full of triumph, to Willow and Oz. But they're in their own world, forehead-to-forehead.

WILLOW
Oz--

OZ
I know.

Xander turns away, letting them have their privacy.

XANDER
Come on, Mrs. Rosenberg, let's go downstairs. Maybe have some graham crackers.

As they exit:

MRS. ROSENBERG
(even more confused)
I have ginger ale.

XANDER
Yum.

They're in the hall now:

MRS. ROSENBERG (O.S.)
So, were we trying to kill you just now?

34 LIBRARY - DAY (DAY 4)

34

Joyce is reshelving books on the upper level while Giles and Buffy sort through more books at the table. Some of the books are black with soot. Others are fat and waterlogged. Many are both. Giles sighs and rubs his eyes a lot.

GILES
Oh dear. Oh dear.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BUFFY

Hey, this one's hardly damaged at all.

(she looks closer)

Oh, it's "The Hobbit." Probably shouldn't even have been there.

GILES

I suppose I should be thankful. When I think that all my books could have gone up in smoke.

BUFFY

And me.

GILES

Yes, that too.

Joyce comes down the stairs, joins them at the table.

JOYCE

Okay, that's it for me, I have to go. I've been neglecting the gallery for too long.

Joyce starts to go. Buffy takes a few steps after her.

BUFFY

Mom, thanks for helping with the books.

JOYCE

Yeah, well, I think that's about the level of help you can expect from me. I'll leave the rest to you. It's your job and you're good at it.

BUFFY

I don't know. I mean, you were right, what you said. Sunnydale's no better off than when we got here.

JOYCE

Oh, Buffy. That was garbage. I didn't mean any of that stuff. You face things I can't imagine facing, and when I see you do it, I'm proud.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BUFFY

Really?

JOYCE

Yes. I mean, I hate that you're the Slayer, but for completely different reasons.

BUFFY

Thanks.

JOYCE

I have a list in my purse.

BUFFY

Good-bye Mom.

Joyce exits. Buffy and Giles go back to sorting. The CAMERA PULLS BACK, and their words gradually FADE...

GILES

They took everything. We're going to need new weapons.

BUFFY

Shopping! And after we're done at Crossbows 'N' Things, we can hit the mall.

GILES

Unlikely. You know, we may want to move you up to a larger bow. It takes more muscle, of course, but I think you'll like the results.

BUFFY

Great. Now I'm gonna get Angela Bassett arms. Hey, what about another rocket launcher? That was fun.

And on this slice of Slayer/Watcher life, we...

FADE OUT.

END OF SHOW

CONTINUED: