

BUFFY THE VAMPIRE SLAYER

"Pompeii"

Written by

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"Pompeii"

TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. DRIVE IN THEATER - NIGHT

The place is pretty run down, less than half full. The 1958 "Blob" unspools on the screen, but nobody's really watching it.

IN A TREE

outside the fence, higher than normal humans could climb, BUFFY and ANGEL sit on a branch. Sharing a bag of popcorn.

BUFFY

Next time I pick the movie.

ANGEL

No Cynthia Rothrock.

BUFFY

Why, because she kicks butt?

ANGEL

Suppose I told you she was a vampire passing for human?

BUFFY

Guys are so cute when their manhood is threatened.

A SCREAM interrupts them, Buffy goes on the alert, then realizes it's just the audience reacting to the movie.

BUFFY

(back to business)

See any of your pals?

ANGEL

They'll be here. With all the hormones pumping through the couples down there, this place is like box lunch.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BUFFY
(deadpan)
The hormones.

ANGEL
Kinda that pinch of tabasco, ya know what
I mean?

BUFFY
The spice of life?

ANGEL
Brings everything right to the surface.

They're moving together as they speak, breathing together,
until finally their lips meet softly, tentatively.

BELOW

A couple in a convertible look up in annoyance as popcorn
spills on them from above.

IN THE TREE

You can see the heat as their hands find one another's
waists, as they meld together.

And then Angel's eyes fly open, they're bright yellow, his
face is changing, the vampire coming to the surface, and
Buffy's neck is right there. Angel's mouth parts, his
fangs poised over her succulent neck, the sound of her
HEARTBEAT pulsing in his ears.

Buffy senses the difference.

BUFFY
Angel? Are you okay?

With a supreme effort of will, he pulls out of her embrace
and DROPS to the ground.

Buffy rushes after him, flipping gymnastically from limb to
limb.

BELOW

The couple in the convertible are hard at play and don't
even take notice as Buffy lands next to Angel in front of
their car. He's taking deep breaths, trying to put the
monster back in the box.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGEL

(trying to laugh it off)

Guess you kinda get to me.

Before Buffy has a chance to pursue the issue, she suddenly realizes that the distant SCREAMS aren't coming from the screen, but from actual people.

BUFFY

Hold that thought.

A VAMPIRE

is tearing the top off a car nearby.

BUFFY

Hey, sunshine.

She jumps up on the hood of the car next to him. He looks at her, almost quizzical.

BUFFY

You've got something on your tie.

The guy looks down at his decaying neckwear. Buffy's kick connects with his chin. His head snaps back, he flies off the car and skids into the dirt under the trees.

BUFFY

Gets 'em every time.

The vampire comes at her with a cry of rage. Buffy's ready for him. In a ballet of fluid movement, she dodges out of the way, kicks him in the kidneys as he passes, and tears a branch off the nearest tree as an improvised stake.

The same spin that began with her kick ends with her burying the stake into his chest, behind her back, without even looking.

The vampire gives an Urgh of surprise that sounds like the Undead Tim Taylor, and disintegrates.

BUFFY

Newbie.

And off her shrug, all in a night's work, we --

FADE OUT.

END TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. SUNNYDALE HIGH - MAIN STAIRS - DAY

Willow and Buffy walk together.

BUFFY

I mean, who are we kidding, right?
Trying to act like we're two normal kids
on a normal date. We're not normal.

WILLOW

And Angel's not a kid.

BUFFY

He kissed me.

WILLOW

Yeah? Sitting in a tree? For real? Can
I start singing that song now? "Buffy
and Angel...."

(trails off)

So, what happened?

BUFFY

He... changed. A lot.

WILLOW

(gets it)

Whoa. From hormones? Adrenalin rush?

(off Buffy's look)

Not a science moment. Gotcha.

BUFFY

What the hell, I'm in High School, I'm
supposed to be saying no anyway, so we
stick with the abstinence thing, I can
get with that.

WILLOW

For the rest of your life?

BUFFY

Okay, I'm ready for a subject change.
You get the tickets?

Willow pats her knapsack happily.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILLOW

Three-thirty today.

(hesitant)

But, well, you could only get two per person, and I...

Her glance gives her away -- Xander is angling toward them.

BUFFY

You want to take Xander. Sure. I'm okay with that.

WILLOW

You sure?

BUFFY

Sure I'm sure. You two kids have fun.

XANDER

We have plans?

Willow brandishes her tickets happily.

WILLOW

We're going to the VIP Preview of the Rick Droney exhibit at the museum. Right after school.

XANDER

A museum. On our own time. Gee, how can I put this? Do you really want to win Geekiest Girl in School for the 8th straight year?

WILLOW

But I waited in line all night for these. They gave out wristbands and everything.

XANDER

Then why aren't those Jane's Addiction tickets?

WILLOW

Fine. I'll give your ticket to Buffy. Buffy's dying to go.

Not really, but out of sympathy for Willow:

BUFFY

Sure am. Can't wait.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She snatches the second ticket from Willow with a big fakey smile and peels off down the corridor.

In the background, Cordelia has been talking to a group of her Cool Friends. They all shake their heads, "no thanks." She spots Willow and Xander.

CORDELIA

Hey, you guys are total geeks, maybe this'll interest you.

XANDER

I prefer to think of myself as a partial geek.

(re Willow)

She's the total geek. Show her your wristband.

Willow covers her wrist hastily.

CORDELIA

I have this invitation to some Preview thing at the Museum after school.

XANDER

You waited in line for that?

CORDELIA

Of course not. Daddy's a Patron. He has some crazy idea that he can lure me into the museum with fancy parties. As if anyone with half a brain would be caught dead in a museum.

Willow opens her mouth, closes it.

WILLOW

Too easy.

CORDELIA

Anyway I have to go to this thing. At least the food is usually pretty decent.

XANDER

Food?

(to Willow)

You didn't mention food.

WILLOW

Where was my head?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CORDELIA
(to Xander)
Then you'll come?

WILLOW
(can't bear it)
You kids have fun.

INT. SUNNYDALE MUSEUM OF ANTIQUITIES - DAY

We start CLOSE on a poster-sized blow-up of a magazine cover. The headline, "RICK DRONEY BRINGS POMPEII TO LIFE." And the subhead, "British Museum sends breakthrough exhibit on tour." The photo is of Archeologist Rick Droney looking as dashing as a movie star in bush vest and fedora.

The room is dim. Display cases filled with artifacts are ominous shadows, half-revealed. A mosaic displayed on one wall shows a bull in its death throes, being ridden by a man with a spear.

RICK
We are standing in an ancient temple that's been buried under 30 feet of mud and volcanic ash for nearly two thousand years.

As Rick continues speaking, we TRACK through the rapt audience. Largely female, ranging from students to matrons of the arts. All eyes are glued to the dashing Professor Droney -- young, lean, plum BBC accent.

GILES and MISS CALENDAR are among the listeners.

MISS CALENDAR
Thank you so much for the invitation, Rupert. I remember when I used to be able to stay up all night just to get tickets to a show like this. King Tut in '79, Picasso in '83...

GILES
My pleasure.

RICK
The inhabitants, it seems, didn't quite take the intermittent earthquakes and showers of ash seriously. Pliny the Elder stopped to have lunch with a female friend on his way out of town.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He knows he's got the audience eating out of his hand. He pushes a button, activating a slide projector. An artist's conception of people fleeing the erupting volcano is projected on the wall behind him.

RICK
(playing the moment)
Which is why it's Pliny the Younger who
got to write the history.

There's the expected burst of giggles and applause from the appreciative crowd of women.

OVER BY THE BUFFET

Xander rolls his eyes as he loads up on shrimp and baby quiches. He moves to where the others are standing.

XANDER
(to Willow)
Well, at least I'm starting to see why
you were so hot to come here.

WILLOW
It's the chance of a lifetime. How often
does an important museum tour come
through Sunnydale?

XANDER
I really wouldn't know. Spring roll?

Willow takes one without looking, eyes still glued to Rick.

XANDER
And the fact that this Archeologist guy
thinks he's the next Harrison Ford has
got nothing to do with it?

CORDELIA
(her gaze locked on Rick)
Would you shut up? We're listening.

RICK
(continuing, under)
Guiseppe Fiorelli is considered the
father of modern archeology at Pompeii.

XANDER
It's his accent, right? Gotta be the
accent.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GILES

What accent?

SIX WOMEN

Shhhh!

Xander and Giles exchange a look. Whatever.

RICK

It was Fiorelli who thought of pouring plaster into every crevice he unearthed, filling the holes in the compacted ash and creating exact replicas of everything that had been buried back in 69 A.D. Wooden doors, wooden tables...

The consummate showman, Rick drops his voice dramatically for:

RICK

People in their final moments.

The slide show clicks to a photograph of one of Fiorelli's famous plaster casts. A female form, not detailed but unmistakable in its humanity -- and the agony of its death throes.

RICK

A woman shielding her child from the falling ash.

(the next slide)

A dog, chained in a doorway.

Willow gulps, her sympathy engaged. Stops eating.

RICK

Famous images of the dead of the ancient city. Dramatic. Disturbing.

(dismissive)

Scientifically useless.

He points at the slide of one of the plaster casts, almost angrily:

RICK

Within this crude plaster lie priceless artifacts, valuable information, lost to science. But no more.

He brings up the room lights, illuminating a half-dozen "statues" that ring the room.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

These casts, like Fiorelli's plaster people in the slides, are made by filling the holes left by bodies in the ancient ground at Pompeii -- in this case with transparent resin. Within the pale yellow plastic, the skeletal remains are clearly visible, some draped with a bit of cloth or jewelry. It's as though the flesh of the corpses buried in the ash at Pompeii has been replaced by amber. (Archaeologists refer to these castings as "the snot people.")

GILES

My God.

MISS CALENDER

Are those.... bones?

Rick pats the nearest "statue" fondly. It's in the shape of a man, his hands over his head, splayed to create almost a cockscomb shape.

RICK

"Rooster" here is a hundred times more durable than plaster, but more importantly, he's transparent. Bones, jewelery, even shards of clothing, all trapped in suspension, nothing hidden from the eyes of science. Ladies and Gentlemen, I give you the future of archeology.

There's enthusiastic applause as Rick quits the podium.

WILLOW

Cool.

BUFFY

They give me the creeps.

She moves away.

CORDELIA

Since when does Buff have a delicate stomach?

(not:)

"Eew, dead things, gross."

WILLOW

She's not having a good day.

XANDER

That not-so-fresh feeling?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILLOW

Angel problems.

XANDER

Speaking of the creeps. Don't hit.

ON BUFFY

Who's wandered away a bit and is looking absently at an artifact in a glass case.

ON THE ORB

A sphere of blown glass, filled with a dark liquid, with engraving on the side. Buffy's eye is caught by the LABEL mounted on the case:

"Religious artifact, possibly a reliquary
First century A.D.
The inscription reads: "THROUGH BLOOD SHALL
THE DEAD WALK THE EARTH. BY THE BLOOD OF
MITHRAS HEREIN SHALL THEY BE FREED FROM THEIR
ETERNAL PRISON AND PEACE RESTORED."

BUFFY

stares at the orb. Dark liquid in thick blue glass. An idea is forming in her mind.

INT. RICK'S LAB - DAY

An old-fashioned lab with stone workbench that's being used as the staging area for the exhibit. Rick is deep in debate with EUGENE, a lab technician.

RICK

You promised me this stuff was stable.

EUGENE

We haven't had this problem at any of the other installations.

RICK

We open tomorrow, Eugene. Get them stable before then -- I don't care if you have to stay here all night.

Rick turns as he spots Giles and the gang in the doorway. He comes forward with a big smile, hand out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RICK

Professor Giles! You made it.

GILES

Quite a presentation. Miss Calender, Dr. Droney.

RICK

Please. It's Rick. Call me Dr. Droney and I look around for my father.

MISS CALENDER

Jenny.

Giles becomes aware of Willow and Cordelia staring at him in anticipation.

GILES

And these are some of my current students. Buffy Summers, Willow Rosenberg, Cordelia Chase --

BUFFY

Hi.

The other two girls are reduced to happy giggles as the Presence That Is Rick Droney smiles at each in turn.

XANDER

(lowering his voice to
baritone)

Xander Harris.

He offers his hand in as manly a fashion as possible. Of course it backfires, as --

RICK

They just get younger every year, don't they?

GILES

I'm sorry?

RICK

Undergraduates.

(a smile at Cordy)

You don't look a day over 18.

She melts.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GILES

Oh, I'm not teaching at the University just now.

RICK

You're running a field school, is it? I hear there are some great Chumash sites in this area --

GILES

Actually, no. I'm, er, I'm at the High School here.

WILLOW

He's our school librarian.

RICK

Really. Well, I suppose we all reach a point where the stress of the fast track gets to be a bit much.

Ouch. Right in the manhood. And in front of Miss Calender. Buffy hastens to Giles' rescue:

BUFFY

Actually, you'd be surprised. There's been some pretty high-pressure stuff in that library.

RICK

Tight deadlines?

BUFFY

Sometimes it seems like the whole fate of the world hinges on this man's research skills.

Giles is secretly pleased by her support, but --

GILES

Please, Buffy, it's not necessary.

(to Rick)

Tell us about this excavation of yours. A Temple of Mithras? In Pompeii?

RICK

You noticed the mosaic, huh?

GILES

The bull and rider are fairly distinctive.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RICK

More of a private shrine, really, in the back of a villa. I think these people were worshipping in secret.

WILLOW

And when the volcano went off, that's where they ran?

RICK

Praying to their god to save them.

MISS CALENDER

That's so moving.

RICK

Did you know Vesuvius is overdue for its next eruption? The volcano's gone off every 300 years for as long as history records. The last Big One was due about 75 years ago.

It's subtle, but he moves Miss Calender away from the group, walking her around the lab.

RICK

Working in Pompeii is a bit like working in a war zone -- every time there's a tremor, I wonder if this is the one with my name on it. If a thousand years from now some guy with a Ph.D. to finish won't be chipping away the ash around my bones.

XANDER

(to Giles)

Wow. The full court press. Very smooth.

GILES

Xander... Just shut up.

Xander does. And off Giles' look at Rick and Jenny --

INT. SUNNYDALE HIGH - LIBRARY - NIGHT

Buffy is in the stacks, a pile of discarded books around her. She reaches for another one, leafs through it to the index, finds nothing, drops it with the discards.

Suddenly, a NOISE from the corridor outside. Buffy goes into a fighting stance, conceals herself behind a bookshelf. The doorknob turns ominously.

INT. SUNNYDALE HIGH - CORRIDOR OUTSIDE LIBRARY - NIGHT

Giles reacts in mild surprise as the doorknob turns under his hand. He looks at the key in his other hand. Hesitates.

INT. LIBRARY - ON BUFFY

Taking deep, calming breaths, preparing herself for whatever's coming through that door. The door flings open. Buffy launches herself through the air in a tumbling run that would make Dominique Dawes proud.

Giles is sprinting for the weapons locker. He dives for it as he sees Buffy's blurred figure coming for him, slides along the waxed floor, rolling onto his back, raising a cross to fend off --

BUFFY

who stands panting over him.

BUFFY

Giles! What are you doing here?

GILES

Nice to see you haven't lost your reflexes, at least.

He holds out a hand to be helped up. Buffy obliges.

BUFFY

I think we need to get you into a 12-step program. This addiction to the old and musty, not healthy.

Giles doesn't rise to the bait.

GILES

I find that work can have a tranquilizing affect. Take one's mind off... whatever.

She perches on the table, pats the wood surface beside her.

BUFFY

Sit right down and tell the Slayer all about it.

GILES

If you must know, Jenny -- Miss Calender -- is having dinner with Rick Droney.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BUFFY

Whoa. There's one right in the kisser.
(gentler)
Sorry. You want to talk about it?

GILES

I think perhaps not. Anyway, what are you doing here this time of night?

BUFFY

A little research. You know, on that Pompeii thing we did today.

GILES

Research. You don't say.

Giles beams with pride. Then his eyes fall on the haphazard pile of books Buffy has left strewn on the floor.

GILES

Oh. I see.

BUFFY

I'll put them away.

She hurries to the pile and hastily starts shoving them back on the shelves without regard to order.

BUFFY

I was looking for stuff on this Mithras guy you were talking about, but none of the books about Roman gods mention him.

GILES

(re: her shelving technique)

Please, I'll do it. Please.

(meanwhile)

Mithras is a Persian figure of death and resurrection. He predates the Roman empire by centuries, at least.

BUFFY

So how come Rick Droney found his temple at Pompeii?

GILES

Well, that's a rather significant find, actually, but not without precedent.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GILES (cont'd)

The conquering Roman armies had a tendency to assimilate local culture into their own Pantheon. There's evidence of a Roman cult of Mithras as far North as Hadrian's wall in England.

He reaches down a massive old volume.

GILES

There's some information on the Mithras legend in the third volume of Hazelgrove's Comparative Religion. You may find it helpful.

BUFFY

Great. Thanks.

They stare at each other a minute.

BUFFY

I guess I'll be going, then. You gonna be okay?

GILES

Yes. Yes, I'm sure.

She heads out, the massive book in her arms. As she reaches the door --

GILES

Buffy!

She turns back, startled, a bit guilty.

GILES

I'm glad to see you finally taking the initiative in your studies.

Buffy doesn't answer. Ducks her head to hide a sudden flush of shame.

INT. MUSEUM - NIGHT

Rick Droney and Miss Calender move through the closed, dark exhibit hall.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RICK

Let me just check on Eugene, then we can stop by the hotel and I'll show you those field notes from Firenze.

MISS CALENDER

I've never been to Italy. It must be amazing.

RICK

Actually, it's pretty tame after some of the places I've been. I was with a crew in Belize once that was under attack by both government soldiers and renegade pothunters.

MISS CALENDER

What did you do?

RICK

I escaped downriver with a flashlight, a swiss army knife, and a log canoe.

(with charming modesty)

Of course I was younger then. These days I spend more time in the lab with my plastic pals.

He indicates the molded resin people.

MISS CALENDER

These are truly amazing.

RICK

They're changing the face of Archeology. Dry bones and pot sherds, that's fine for Giles. I want to bring history to life.

INT. MUSEUM - RICK'S LAB - NIGHT

The lab is unlocked and lit as Rick and Miss Calender come through the door.

RICK

Eugene?

(to Miss Calender)

It's not like him not to lock up.

They move toward the workbench where a bunsen burner is lit. A large glass beaker is overturned beside it, a bit of resin dribbling out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RICK

Looks like he had a minor accident.
(calling out)

Eugene?

MISS CALENDER

I don't think it was minor.

She points behind the bench. Eugene is crouched under the spilled beaker, completely encased in resin, his face contorted in his final scream.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. BUFFY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Buffy's in bed with the massive book open on her knees, reading intently. She hunkers in closer as she finds what she's looking for.

CLOSE ON THE BOOK

A rough sketch of the ORB Buffy saw in Rick Droney's exhibit.

BUFFY

(reading aloud)

"Lost to history over a thousand years ago, the famed Orb of Mithras is said to contain the blood of the bull slain by the young God. According to legend, the blood of the bull has the power to restore life, and has been rumored since the Victorian Era to be the cure for what the dramatists call vampirism."

ON BUFFY

Her face lighting with expectations.

BUFFY

The cure for vampires.

INT. SUNNYDALE HIGH - LIBRARY - DAY

Giles is making coffee at his desk with one of those European coffee presses, pouring water from an electric kettle.

MISS CALENDER

Rupert?

That's it. Coffee everywhere.

MISS CALENDER

Oh, God, I'm sorry!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GILES

No, no, not at all. You just, well,
startled me.

He grabs some napkins and starts dabbing at the papers on the desk, while she starts dabbing at him. Then they stop, awkward, both suddenly hyper-aware of her touch. They spring apart. He continues dabbing at his jacket.

GILES

You wanted to see me about something?

MISS CALENDER

If you have a minute?

(off his hasty nod)

Rick and I went back to the museum last
night around midnight --

With an uncomfortable cough, Giles turns his attention to his stained papers, concealing his face.

MISS CALENDER

(with emphasis)

To check on the exhibit.

(unsure)

It was awful. Really gruesome.

GILES

Surely not. A bit crass and
commercialized, perhaps, but not
without some scholarly merit.

MISS CALENDER

I mean the --

(a whisper)

The body we found.

GILES

You found a body?!

MISS CALENDER

Trapped in that resin stuff. Really
horrible.

GILES

So naturally you thought of me.

MISS CALENDER

Well, it is sort of your field, isn't it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GILES

Rupert Giles, Tenured Fellow, Gruesome
Death and Dismemberment. Yes,
apparently.

Seeing her distress, he immediately regrets the flippancy.

GILES

Sorry. Why don't you tell me what
happened?

INT. SUNNYDALE HIGH - LOUNGE - DAY

Willow and Xander are pulling lunch out of sacks. Willow has a forest of little tupperware containers, each containing a sandwich ingredient packed separately. She eats from each container in turn -- a slice of cheese, a slice of pickle, a bite of bread:

XANDER

I can't believe your Mom is still putting
up with that.

WILLOW

It's better like this. I don't like the
flavors all mixed up.

She continues eating methodically, one item at a time.

XANDER

You skipped the lettuce.

WILLOW

I'm saving it for last.

With a final shake of his head, Xander bites into his overstuffed sandwich.

XANDER

Mmmm, all mixed up, delicious.

WILLOW

Do you smell coffee?

Giles approaches, bringing Miss Calender and the overwhelming the smell of coffee with him.

XANDER

Apparently Giles has just come back from
Colombia. How's Juan Valdez?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GILES

Have you seen Buffy?

XANDER

Isn't that always the way. No "Hello Xander, boss shirt." No "Greetings Willow, why can't you eat like a normal person?" Just Buffy, Buffy, Buffy.

GILES

Miss Calender had a bit of an odd experience last night.

XANDER

Wow, that never happens.

MISS CALENDER

Rick and I found his technician. Dead.

WILLOW

You were with Rick Droney last night?!

(oops)

That's not what I was supposed to say, is it?

XANDER

Let me count the ways.

GILES

The technician was found sealed in that same resin Rick is using for his castings.

WILLOW

Ow.

MISS CALENDER

The police think it was an accident -- he was working on the resin formula. If it got overheated, it could have erupted out of the beaker.

(with a shudder)

We've seen some things, things straight from Hell... and I've never seen anything worse than the expression on that man's face.

It's not an image that bears much thinking about, for any of them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

XANDER

Well, I'm done eating. For the year.

WILLOW

Buffy's not in today.

GILES

(surprised)

Do you know why?

XANDER

We haven't seen her since yesterday at the museum.

GILES

She was here last night. In the Library.

WILLOW

Training?

GILES

Reading. She was doing some research.

XANDER

(ahead of Giles)

Three, two, one.

Right on schedule, Giles reacts to his own statement. This may be the longest-delayed double-take in history.

GILES

Why on earth would Buffy be in the library at ten o'clock at night?

WILLOW

(to Xander)

You're spooky.

INT. ANGEL'S PAD - DAY

Angel's looking a bit tousled, woken from his day's sleep by Buffy. He struggles to focus on the book she has open in front of him.

BUFFY

You see what I'm saying? This could be the answer to all our problems!

Angel doesn't share her uncontained enthusiasm.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGEL

Buffy, no. It can't.

BUFFY

What are you saying? You want to stay a vampire?

ANGEL

It doesn't matter what I want. I am a vampire. That choice was made more than two centuries ago.

BUFFY

This could be your second chance. You could have a normal life.

ANGEL

It's an old bottle of cow blood that got buried by a volcano. It's not going to change anything.

Seeing her disappointed face, his tone softens somewhat.

ANGEL

I've been through the searching for a cure phase, Buffy. I went to acupunturists and exorcists and herbalists who put me on a diet of garlic and drops of mercury.

(wry)

I nearly got killed a couple of times. I never got human.

(beat)

Second chances are a myth.

BUFFY

How can you say that? How can you believe that?

ANGEL

Because it's true.

INT. SUNNYDALE HIGH - LIBRARY - EVENING

Giles and Willow are poring over tomes.

WILLOW

There must be a week's worth of reading on this Mithras guy.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILLOW (cont'd)

How are we supposed to figure out what Buffy was looking for? Especially since she took the best reference home with her.

GILES

You're her friend. Try and think like her. What would she be looking for?

Willow screws up her face, trying to get into "Buffy headspace." She flips back her hair, pushes out her chest, trying to "Be Buffy." Xander comes through the door.

XANDER

(to Willow)

You okay?

WILLOW

It's no use.

GILES

Any luck at Buffy's house?

XANDER

She's still not home. This time I got her mom.

(to Willow)

Apparently Buffy's at the Bronze with you.

WILLOW

She could be there with Angel. Maybe we should check.

XANDER

Way ahead of you. Been there. No slayer, no undead guy.

GILES

My God. Angel. That's it.

WILLOW

What's it?

GILES

There's a legend associated with Mithras -- Hang on.

He scrambles through the pile of books, looking for something. Finds it, hands it to Willow.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GILES

There. Read that.

WILLOW

(reading)

"One all-but-forgotten legend tells of a talisman with the power to reverse death and ward off demonic possession, which was lost in a city buried by fire, a possible reference to the volcanic destruction of Pompeii and Herculaneum."

XANDER

(over her shoulder)

"Victorian revivalists believed the lost orb contained the cure for typhoid, syphilitic madness, and vampirism."

His voice rises in the last word, reacting to the implications.

WILLOW

I don't have to be thinking like Buffy to be thinking this orb could cure Angel.

(beat)

Could it cure Angel?

Giles returns her startled gaze -- doesn't know, either.

INT. SUNNYDALE MUSEUM OF ANTIQUITIES - NIGHT

In the darkened museum, the resin people are mysterious shapes.

ANGEL

I can't believe I let you talk me into this.

BUFFY

Aren't you the least bit curious to try it?

ANGEL

And when it doesn't change anythnig? Then what?

BUFFY

Then we keep looking.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

As the light of Buffy's flashlight flickers over the amber-colored "statues," they almost seem to move. Angel moves closer to look at one.

ANGEL

Are these what I think they are?

BUFFY

(pokes one)

Bones and stuff. Yeah.

It gives a little under her finger and she reacts in surprise. It's not liquid but just slightly squishy.

ANGEL

People. Trapped at the moment of death.

He gives a slight shudder. Buffy looks at him in surprise.

BUFFY

You're saying they creep you out?

ANGEL

The dead should be left in their graves.

BUFFY

Funny thing for you to say.

ANGEL

Is it?

BUFFY

Angel, you see stuff weirder than this every day. You are stuff weirder than this.

She moves into the next room, heading for the orb case. Angel bites back his answer and follows her.

ANGLE ON "ROOSTER"

The resin statue with its hands raised over its head. The resin seems to be melting, the statue drooping in place.

ON THE ORB CASE

Angel approaches it carefully. He starts pulling equipment out of a duffel bag: suction cups, a rope and pulley. Buffy stands beside him. The orb seems to glow gently in the dim light.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BUFFY
(in rapture)
This is it. Our whole lives are about to
change.

ANGEL
Damn it, Buffy, the only reason I
agreed to do this is because you'd get
caught without me.

BUFFY
You have to believe.

ANGEL
This is not Never-Never Land, and
clapping for Tinkerbell is not going to
solve our problems.
(beat)
Redemption doesn't come in the bottom of
a jar.

BEHIND THEM

something is moving. Coming to life. The SHADOWS of the
statues shift, move, begin to loom over

BUFFY

She lets out a yell and spins, coming into fighting stance.
Facing nothing but a room full of seemingly-motionless
statues.

Angel starts at her shout, whirling, and they crash into
each other. Angel jumps back, into the ALARMED museum case.

ANGEL
Buffy!

The LIGHTS come on and the ALARM STARTS CLANGING.

BUFFY
He... it ...

But the resin statues aren't moving now.

Angel stuffs his burglary tools back in his bag and takes
off at a run, not stopping to discuss.

With inhuman strength, Angel LEAPS up to a skylight and
disappears into the night just as

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TWO SECURITY GUARDS

get the drop on Buffy.

GUARD #1

Stop where you are!

They've got guns. Buffy's got bupkus. She stops. Raises her hands slowly.

BUFFY

Oops.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

EXT. SUNNYDALE MUSEUM OF ANTIQUITIES - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

GILES (O.S.)

"Oops?"

INT. SUNNYDALE MUSEUM OF ANTIQUITIES - NIGHT

Giles rips Buffy a new one. In the background, the two Security Guards hover while plainclothes Detective HOOPER talks to a tousled Rick Droney.

GILES

Is that really the best you can come up with, Buffy?

He's got her backed up to one of the resin statues. She gives it a nervous glance.

BUFFY

Yeah. Listen, can we get out of here? I need to tell you about something.

GILES

Don't try to deflect the issue. Do you have any idea how lucky you are that I got here when I did?

BUFFY

Yeah, thanks for talking to the cops for me.

GILES

Thanks for lying for you, you mean.

BUFFY

What? Like that's never come up before? I'm the Slayer, I've got secrets. You're my Watcher, you keep them.

GILES

And what were you slaying tonight?

(off her silence)

I know about the orb of Mithras, Buffy. Did you come here to take it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BUFFY

Do you think it could work? Cure Angel?

GILES

Did you come here to steal the orb?

BUFFY

What?

She genuinely doesn't get what he's so exercised about.

GILES

You don't even know what I'm asking, do you?

(beat)

It's my fault. I've emphasized your physical training, taught you survival above all else.

(with emphasis)

You don't have the right to take whatever you want. Being the Slayer is a responsibility, not a Get Out Of Jail Free card.

BUFFY

What's the big deal? We break into places, we dig up graves all the time.

GILES

Not for personal reasons!

His voice has risen slightly and he catches himself as Hooper approaches, Rick trailing behind him.

HOOPER

Professor Droney has confirmed your identity, Mr. Giles, and confirmed that there's nothing missing.

(beat)

But if you could just clarify why you sent Miss Summers over here at this hour? To find Professor Droney? What was so urgent?

Before Giles can formulate his answer, Buffy jumps in:

BUFFY

Giles was worried about the statues. He noticed something weird.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GILES
(to Buffy; low)

Stop it.

BUFFY
(to Rick, a touch of
challenge)
What happened to that one?

She indicates "Rooster." It's refrozen in its new position. Its distinctive posture, hands over its head in a cockscomb, is gone. Now the hands pull away from its cheeks, face distorted, mouth gaping.

Rick reacts, but not quite as Buffy expects:

RICK
(to Giles)
You're right. There is a problem with the resin. How did you know?

GILES
Well, I....

BUFFY
He's the expert, remember? Taught you everything you know.

RICK
Something about the local climate. We haven't had the problem anywhere else.
(to Hooper)
Look, can we keep that quiet? I don't want anything to delay the opening.

HOOPER
(couldn't care less)
Not a problem.
(to Giles)
We're done here for tonight. Thanks for your help.

He moves off.

RICK
I'm going to go lock up.

BUFFY
Wait --

He's moving away, ignoring her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GILES
(to Buffy, tired)
I'll drive you home.

BUFFY
What about the gooey guys? There's
something weird going on with them,
Giles. Hellmouth weird.

Giles just looks at her.

GILES
I'm very disappointed in you, Buffy.

BUFFY
I saw that one move!

He doesn't answer her. Moves toward the exit. She follows:

BUFFY
Giles? Giles!

No satisfaction.

INT. BUFFY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Buffy crawls in through the window. Tired and frustrated,
she's clumsy, catches her ankle and tumbles in.

Angel catches her arm and helps her up.

ANGEL
You okay?

As soon as she's on her feet, she jerks her arm away.

BUFFY
What do you care?
(turning on him)
You were out of there like The Flash on
speed.

ANGEL
Who?

BUFFY
Pop culture reference. Try to keep up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGEL

Hey. What was I supposed to do? You want me to protect you like some knight in shining armor?

BUFFY

(yes)

No.

(beat)

I could have been arrested!

ANGEL

We didn't take anything.

BUFFY

So that makes it okay to leave me hanging while you disappear.

ANGEL

What'd you get? Slap on the wrist? Mark on your permanent record?

(oo, scary:)

Lecture from Professor Giles?

BUFFY

He was really mad.

ANGEL

And he'll get over it.

(beat)

This is what I've been talking about all along. If I get picked up by the cops, it's not exactly points on my license. I get put in jail, I see the sunlight, and I die.

(dark)

Angel's not like other boys.

BUFFY

Angel, I know. That's why I want to do this so much.

(beat)

You can't tell me you don't want it. A normal life. A human life.

ANGEL

I can't. It hurts too much to want what I'll never have.

BUFFY

Tell me about it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGEL

Then stop wanting me to change into something I'm not, something that would be easier to live with. You want to be with me, it's gonna be this me. Don't keep looking for some other Angel that doesn't exist. You'd be better off without me.

BUFFY

You say that like I have a choice.

EXT. SUNNYDALE HIGH - NEXT DAY

The courtyard is busy with students.

BUFFY (O.S.)

"Don't deflect the issue." Give me a break.

Buffy, Willow and Xander round the corner.

BUFFY

Giles can be so rigid.

XANDER

Stop the presses. Giles?. Rigid?

WILLOW

Really. It's not like you were really there to break into the exhibit and steal the orb.

(off Buffy's look)

It isn't, is it?

BUFFY

You read about the orb, Willow. If the legends are right, it could cure Angel. Make him human.

WILLOW

Buffy --

BUFFY

Anyway it's worth trying. I know it's a long shot. The problem is Angel is in some weird denial. I guess he's afraid to get his hopes up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILLOW

Stop deflecting the issue!

Buffy and Xander both stop and stare at her.

BUFFY

Wow. Mini librarian.

XANDER

That's it, young lady, no books for you for a week.

Willow's in no mood to be put off by joking.

WILLOW

Is that really why you went there? You were going to just take it?

BUFFY

It could cure Angel.

WILLOW

It's not yours. It's two thousand years old! People have spent hundreds of years excavating Pompeii, people like Rick Droney can spend their whole life trying to put together the things they find and figure out what the world was like before any of us were born, like a puzzle where you only have half the pieces and there's no picture on the box.

She runs out of steam, finishes up lamely:

WILLOW

You, you... you were gonna take all the edge bits.

BUFFY

Willow --

WILLOW

I'm very disappointed in you, Buffy.

She walks off, leaving Buffy staring after her.

INT. SCHOOL LIBRARY - DAY

Giles is on a library ladder in the stacks, reaching a volume on a high shelf.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Buffy comes in the door, hesitates, tries to steel her nerve... with a shake of her head, she walks back out before Giles sees her...

And bangs back through the door before it finishes swinging, already talking before she can get cold feet:

BUFFY

Look, Giles, before you start in with the lecturing again, let me just say this. You were right, I was wrong.

GILES

Buffy --

BUFFY

Shut up, I'm apologizing.

(without stopping)

I got carried away with what I wanted and didn't think about whether I had the right or not. Maybe I've gotten a little too used to kicking ass first and fudging the paperwork afterwards, but that doesn't mean it's okay.

He comes down off his ladder.

GILES

It's all right.

(off her look)

I mean, it's not all right for you to go breaking into museums, of course that's not all right, unless there are Vampires involved --

BUFFY

Or mummies.

GILES

Or mummies. Yes.

(beat)

My point is, I know you would never intentionally abuse your powers. As long as you stop to think about what you're doing, I trust you to make good decisions.

BUFFY

Thank you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GILES

And if you really want to try giving Angel whatever's in that orb, I'll see if I can get a sample from Rick.

BUFFY

Do you mean it?

GILES

I'll try.

(beat)

Now, tell me more about what you saw last night?

BUFFY

The gooey guys?

GILES

The resin casts, yes.

(beat)

One of them... moved?

BUFFY

You believe me now?

GILES

I told you, I trust your judgment.

(awkward)

Perhaps you're not the only one who got carried away last night. I was so angry about what happened, perhaps I was too hasty to dismiss what you saw.

(beat)

There is that dead lab technician. And this is the edge of the hellmouth, after all.

He conceals a miniscule shudder as:

GILES

And I must say that, even when they're not moving, the appearance of those resin casts... two thousand year old skeletons trapped as bees in amber...

BUFFY

(a nod)

Willies-ville.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GILES

Precisely.

(that's settled:)

Meet me back here after school, we'll pay a visit on Dr. Droney, ask him about his resin project.

Buffy looks at him innocently.

GILES

(resigned)

And about the orb.

INT. SUNNYDALE ANTIQUITIES MUSEUM - RICK'S LAB - NIGHT

Giles and Buffy, with Willow and Xander in tow, confront Rick Droney. Miss Calendar is at Rick's side. The drooping statue of "Rooster" has been wheeled into the lab and is surrounded by instruments and equipment.

RICK

You're having me on.

GILES

I wish I were.

RICK

Vampires in Riverdale High?

BUFFY

Sunnyvale.

RICK

Right. A few too many midnight movies?

Buffy's seeing red at his dismissive tone.

BUFFY

Trust me, Professor, I'm not in the habit of imagining this kind of thing.

XANDER

You don't exactly have to watch Thomas the Tank Engine when you're living in the depot, if you know what I mean.

RICK

Not even remotely. Look, if you kids don't mind, I've got better things to do.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GILES

Listen, Rick, you don't have to believe this. Quite understandable, really. I'm asking you as a friend, as a colleague, to give us access to that Orb.

(beat)

Call it scientific curiosity.

RICK

I don't call that science of any kind.

GILES

Even the supernatural is subject to the scientific method. Observational evidence can be invaluable in assessing the strengths and weaknesses of whatever one is facing.

XANDER

In English, that would be "open your eyes and look around you, nimrod."

(beat)

Okay, the nimrod part was me.

GILES

There are forces at work here you don't understand.

RICK

Oh, I think I understand the forces at work here quite well, thank you. You resent my success, you resent my fame, you resent the fact that I'm still working in my field while you're halfway to your pension in a school library. So you're trying to come in here with some bizarre theory and delay my opening.

MISS CALENDER

That's unfair. You know, we have seen some phenomena here --

RICK

I've run across a thing or two in my day, too, Jenny, but two thousand year old skeletons that start walking is not one of them. Unfortunately, frustrated ex-professors pursuing outlandish theories in a desperate bid for attention is.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RICK (cont'd)
(to Giles)
I think it's time for you and your little
book club to leave.

BEHIND RICK

"Rooster" is moving. This is no trick of the light. The raised hands stretch away from the head, tendrils of resin stretching between them. The face distorts as though a screaming mouth were opening.

RICK'S FACE echoes the same open-mouthed, silent scream.

If one were a suspicious type, one might suspect Giles of a moment's satisfaction at being proved so incontrovertibly right.

Rick bolts for the door.

THE RESIN PEOPLE

are waiting outside the door. There's no debating it -- they are alive, and they're pissed.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. RICK'S LAB - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Gelatinous arms grab Rick and try to drag him through the door into the exhibit hall. The resin people gleam like the liquid silver Terminator, but with visible bones.

Buffy comes to the rescue, diving forward to take out the nearest living statue with a roundhouse kick. The gelatinous creature absorbs the blow, its "stomach" flowing over her leg, and releases Rick.

Buffy struggles to balance on one leg, the other visible inside the statue's belly.

Giles and Xander grab Buffy's arms and haul her backwards, free of the goo, with a horrible sucking sound. Buffy collapses, the slime-covered leg buckling under her.

Rick is scrubbing at his arm where the resin people grabbed him.

RICK

My arm! I can't feel it!

WILLOW

Don't touch it!

She grabs the handle of the cart "Rooster" is standing on, uses it as a ram to shove the rest of the resin people through the door. She and Xander slam the big double doors closed and lock them.

Rick runs to the sink and desperately runs water over his arm.

RICK

My arm! Help me!

Miss Calender rushes to help him and reacts in horror as the gel HARDENS in place. Rick's arm is encased in hard plastic. Preserved for science.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MISS CALENDER

Oh my God!

(re Buffy)

Quick, get that stuff off her! Don't use water.

Willow grabs a lab coat off a hook and uses it to wipe the goo off Buffy's leg as best she can. Giles rips off his jacket.

GILES

Here, use this, the rough surface will work better.

BUFFY

I never thought I'd say this, but thank God for tweed.

WILLOW

Am I asleep, or are we basically in a life and death struggle with my Aunt Ida's cherry-banana salad surprise? Which is about as scary as --

XANDER

The Sta-Puft marshmallow man?

WILLOW

Good point.

XANDER

It's all about context.

BUFFY

So, am I the only one here who saw The Blob?

XANDER

That would be yes.

MISS CALENDER

Uh, guys...

She points at the gap under the door where a viscous puddle of amber resin, with bones and other relics encased in it, is seeping in.

BUFFY

Get out of the way, Xander. Don't let it touch you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Before their eyes, the slow moving pseudopod forms back into an ARM on this side of the door and reaches up for the door handle.

WILLOW

How did they kill the blob?

BUFFY

I kinda missed that part.

Buffy grabs a bunsen burner off the lab bench and lights it. She aims the blue flame at the "wrist" of the resin arm. It has no effect.

BUFFY

Get me a shovel or something!

The others (except Rick, who just stands staring, holding his encased arm) rush around grabbing anything to try and fend off the resin people. Xander tries to rip a cabinet door free from its hinges. Giles paws through a drawer pulling out forceps, a protractor, a spoon, nothing helpful.

Willow hands Buffy a broom. She bats at the arm, trying to keep it from reaching the door handle while staying out of range. The disembodied arm grabs onto the broom and twists, yanks it out of Buffy's grasp, and turns the tables. Buffy jumps back as the thing swats at her with the broom.

GILES

Try this.

He hands her a canister that looks something like a fire extinguisher.

GILES

Liquid nitrogen.

WILLOW

Cool!

Buffy turns the stream on the invading arm and it hardens in place.

BUFFY

Excellent!

She grabs the end of the broom, and the arm cracks off at the wrist, the hardened hand still gripping the handle. Buffy whacks at the rest of the arm and it shatters.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

XANDER

Very excellent.

Buffy nods at him and he throws open the door.

INT. EXHIBIT HALL - NIGHT

She directs the liquid nitrogen at the nearest resin creature; it frosts over in moments and breaks into a thousand pieces when she butts it with the canister.

The rest of the resin creatures turn and flee into the museum. Buffy turns to Giles.

BUFFY

You got any more of that stuff?

GILES

That's all I found. Rick? Where's materials storage?

RICK

Forget that, where's the door?

BUFFY

You'd just leave those jello molds wandering around the museum? Around Sunnydale?

XANDER

Well, there's always room for --
(off Buffy's death look)
Okay, I'm done.

RICK

They tried to kill me! Look at my arm!

BUFFY

They do seem pretty pissed. For jello.

MISS CALENDER

And they did kill Eugene.

GILES

It could be as simple as funerary violation.

BUFFY

Enlighten me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GILES

It's not unusual for the dead to become revenant when their remains have been disturbed.

RICK

Not unusual?!

XANDER

So, you're from out of town, then?

BUFFY

Then we just have to figure out a way to get them to calm down till we can send them home. That nitrogen stuff.

(to Rick)

Show me.

INT. MUSEUM CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Buffy and Rick move through the dim corridor. The hallway is lined with old glass-fronted cases filled with lesser artifacts.

RICK

(false bravado)

Actually, this isn't that different from when I ran a field school in the Valley of Kings, we came up against a lot of curses, got so we were kind of used to it really.

BUFFY

So, you had Mummies coming back to life, trying to kill you, that kind of stuff.

RICK

Well, no, not actually.

BUFFY

Oh.

(beat)

We get a lot of that around here.

INT. EXHIBIT HALL - NIGHT

Giles is standing by the case holding the Orb of Mithras.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GILES

Wait a minute.

WILLOW

Oooh. Idea voice. I love it when he gets that.

GILES

People have been disturbing the dead of Pompeii for a hundred years. Why are these coming to life? Why now?

XANDER

The hellmouth thing?

GILES

Perhaps. But look at this. "Through Blood shall the dead walk -- " No, this translation is completely wrong. This isn't blood, this is 'essence.' Distillation. Oh my God. Distillation of the Bull of Mithras?

MISS CALENDER

Gelatin?

GILES

"By the essence herein shall they be freed from eternal life and returned to peace."

WILLOW

We have to tell Buffy.

INT. MUSEUM CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Buffy and Rick are on the run from a couple of resin people.

BUFFY

Split up! Get back to the others! I'll try and hold them off.

She kicks one of the cabinets lining the hall, shattering the glass, and grabs out a wooden SPEAR and SHIELD.

But the resin people break off and follow Rick.

INT. MUSEUM - ANOTHER CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Rick, running hell for leather with the resin people on his heels, runs into Willow and Xander coming the other way.

XANDER

Aah!

RICK

Help!

WILLOW

In here!

INT. MUSEUM - COMPACT STORAGE - NIGHT

The room is filled with sliding bookshelves that form a solid wall when "compacted;" rather than passageways between each, they are on rails, and slide apart for access to one at a time.

The two resin people follow Rick into one of the narrow aisles. Willow gets an idea and hastily grabs Xander's hand and runs to the end of the row of bookshelves.

WILLOW

Rick! Get out of there now!

As Rick scrambles from between the shelves, Willow and Xander SHOVE the last bay of shelves, rolling the whole bank forward.

The two living statues are SQUISHED decisively between the shelves.

Buffy, carrying her spear and shield, comes through the doorway.

BUFFY

Did you see that? They're following Dr. Droney.

XANDER

Maybe they're female jello molds.

WILLOW

Or maybe they blame him for digging them up. Come on, we have to get back, Giles found a way to stop them. The orb.

BUFFY

You're kidding.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILLOW

The inscription was translated badly.
It's not the cure for vampires.

XANDER

It's the cure for night of the living
aspic.

BUFFY

Then let's go.

As they exit, the two squished resin creatures are oozing
out from under the shelf and reforming.

INT. MUSEUM CORRIDOR - NIGHT

More shiny unhappy gelatin people are gathering, moving
toward Rick with outstretched arms and wide-open mouths.

Rick does what any archeologist outside the movies would do.
He faints.

BUFFY

Grab his legs.

Willow and Xander drag Rick through the corridor, Buffy
bringing up the rear, fending off the resin people with
spear and shield.

INT. EXHIBIT HALL - NIGHT

Giles is fighting off the statue that was "Rooster," using
his jacket as a Toreador's cape, trying to keep away from
its touch. Miss Calendar has the orb in her hand, ready to
throw.

GILES

Not yet! We have to get them all!

The sound of running feet, and muffled footsteps following,
saves the day. Willow and Xander drag Rick's unconscious
body into the room.

Buffy is behind them, the mass of resin people behind her.

BUFFY

Over here!

Miss Calendar lobs the orb to Buffy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Buffy chucks the ancient glass bottle into the center of the mass of resin statues and it shatters, splashing red liquid everywhere.

The resin people slow, then stop, freezing in their new positions.

GILES

Buffy!

The statue attacking him hasn't stopped.

Buffy grabs up her discarded shield and runs at Rooster full tilt. The shield splats against its viscous midsection and resin starts to slop over the sides. Buffy shoves it hard into the other statues, into the puddle of ancient liquid from the Orb, and it resolidifies, the African shield now an integral part.

GILES

Now there's a unique archeological find.
A ninth century Masai war shield at
Pompeii.

BUFFY

How about we let Dr. Droney explain it.
I'm ready to go now.

GILES

Wait.

He picks up a concave bit of glass -- a part of the smashed orb -- with a teaspoonful of the precious liquid captured in its curve. He hands it to Buffy. Nothing needs to be said.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE DRIVE IN - ANOTHER NIGHT

Buffy and Angel walk together. He holds a little vial of the "Blood of Mithras" Buffy recovered from the broken orb.

ANGEL

You really think this has a chance of
working?

BUFFY

Not really. Turns out the whole vampire
connection was a victorian myth.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGEL

If you want me to try it.... I'll try it.

She doesn't answer directly.

BUFFY

Do you have any idea what it feels like when I'm with you? It's like someone turned on a light inside me. You think I wouldn't rather have a boyfriend who can go out in the daylight, maybe get a job, have kids, meet my mother?

(beat)

But none of those guys are you. As long as I have you in my life, no one else has a chance.

ANGEL

Maybe you'd be better off --

BUFFY

I'd be better off not wanting what I'm never going to get. I know.

She tucks her arm around his waist, leaning into him, and gently takes the vial from his hand.

BUFFY

If this is all we can ever have, I'll take it.

(beat)

I'm not giving up the way you make me feel, just because you aren't exactly what I had in mind.

She pours out the vial in the dirt by the road. They continue walking, her head resting on his shoulder.

We PUSH IN on the spot in the road where Buffy poured out the last of the Blood of Mithras. In the barren dirt, a single flower is growing at time-lapse speed. Life goes on.

FADE OUT.

THE END