

BUFFY THE VAMPIRE SLAYER

"The Sound of the Furies"

by

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TEASER

INT. MAGIC BOX - NIGHT

A crinkled bag of chips. The remains of a pizza. Napkins with the telltale smear of tomato sauce.

VOICE (V.O.)

Tengo un hermano muy guapo.

At the pinnacle of this sea of food wrappers, BUFFY hunches over her books. The voice emanates from the tape player that monopolizes her interest.

ANYA is restocking the shop. She purposefully moves back and forth, hitting Buffy's chair as she goes.

BUFFY

Tengo un hermano muy guapo. Could you stop bumping my chair?

ANYA

I hear there are places called restaurants where people go to eat.

BUFFY

I'm studying. It's brain food.

Anya displays a candy wrapper from Buffy's stash.

BUFFY (CONT'D)

My brain happens to like sugar.

Buffy executes a slayeresque toss of the wrapper into the garbage, while Anya pulls out a vial from under Buffy's mess.

ANYA

I hope your brain doesn't also like stewed wart of stygian crow.

BUFFY

I don't think there's much danger of that.

Buffy replays her tape as WILLOW appears on the scene.

VOICE

Tengo una hermana muy guapa.

BUFFY

Tengo un hermano muy guapo.

WILLOW

Hermana.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BUFFY
Hermana. That's what I said.

ANYA
(helpful)
No it wasn't.

VOICE
Donde esta mi hermano?

Buffy turns the tape player off for good.

BUFFY
That's enough out of you, Mr. Cheerful.

WILLOW
Studying not going well?

BUFFY
I have to learn Spanish by tomorrow, but other than that... You?

WILLOW
The review session was really helpful, but it was strange because there were a whole lot of them and only one of me.

BUFFY
That's what you get when you take a senior-level class.

WILLOW
But you would have thought the seniors would show up. As it was, it was just me and the teaching staff. I felt really bad when I ran out of questions. At least I got off campus before the Scream.

ANYA
The Scream?

BUFFY
The night before exams, every idiot on campus runs around and screams.

ANYA
Does this help students on their exams?

BUFFY
If it did, I'd be right out there with them. I suspect it's some sort of jock mating ritual.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Willow pulls out her massive psychology textbook, complete with colored post-its forming an index along the side.

WILLOW

Are you still up for studying together for the psych exam and why is there all this food here?

ANYA

I wouldn't ask that question. She gets snitty when you threaten her food.

WILLOW

How much more Spanish do you need to cover?

BUFFY

Ideally the entire language.

WILLOW

Look at the bright side. At least there's no distraction on the Slayage end.

EXT. UC SUNNYDALE CAMPUS - NIGHT

An open mouth SCREAMS.

And a group of other mouths scream in response, dissolving into laughter. A college BOY waves goodbye to his laughing buddies as they drive off in their car.

BOY

The Scream rules!

As the sound of the others recedes, the boy hears another sound, one of a female voice, SINGING.

The boy's face falls as he looks up to see a FIGURE on the roof of a building. The sign in front reads UC SUNNYDALE RECORDING STUDIO.

BOY (CONT'D)

Hey. You up there for the Scream? That rules.

The boy climbs up the side of the building. His mouth twitches, reacting to the music he hears.

EXT. RECORDING STUDIO - ROOFTOP - NIGHT

The boy's hands are shaking as he approaches the singer on the roof.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOY

Hey, baby.

Her beautiful face turns to him, the rest of her still hidden in shadows. He reaches out to touch her shoulder and promptly loses his balance. He grabs for her -- wing?

Real fear floods his being as he gets a good look at LUCY, her features suddenly betraying her demon nature. She stretches her two yellow wings and pushes him off the roof. His scream mingles with the SCREAM that grows from all over campus.

Lucy looks down at his body, burps and then giggles.

BLACKOUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

INT. BUFFY'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Buffy lies in a jumble amidst the covers and her Spanish textbooks.

A CACOPHONY of music jerks Buffy awake. Yeah, we've heard it before, but this time Lucy is accompanied by guitar and a funky beat.

BUFFY
Yo quiero -- ?

As the music continues, Buffy furrows her brow as a shadow crosses her face. DAWN boogies past Buffy's open door.

BUFFY (CONT'D)
What is that noise?

Dawn slowly backtracks and looks in fear at Buffy. She turns the music off by remote. Buffy recovers.

DAWN
It's my new CD. I woke you up on time, I swear I did.

Buffy reaches for the alarm clock.

BUFFY
Dawn...

DAWN
You rolled over and said "I'm awake! I'm awake!"

BUFFY
Yo tengo una hermana.

Buffy grabs a book, and races to the door.

DAWN
Wait. You wore those clothes yesterday.

Buffy looks down at her clothes.

BUFFY
Now is not the time to become the fashion police.

She's out the door.

INT. UNIVERSITY HALLWAY - MORNING

Buffy arrives outside the testing room. Another student, JASON, is seated against the wall with a book in his lap.

JASON

Don't worry. They're running behind.

BUFFY

Great. Now I have time to take a quick glance through --

Buffy snatches a book out of her bag and opens it eagerly.

BUFFY (CONT'D)

My psych textbook.

She despondently closes it.

JASON

You can look on mine.

BUFFY

Thanks.

(reading)

Perche non me lo presenti? Oh no. I knew I didn't know Spanish, but this is--

JASON

Italian. Spanish is across the hall.

BUFFY

Oh. Right. And the fact that it says "Spanish" in big letters would have been my first clue.

JASON

But you speak Italian very well.

The door to the Spanish room opens. The Professor looks out.

PROFESSOR

Buffy Summers?

The professor ushers out a frazzled Spanish STUDENT, who suddenly bursts into tears and runs down the hall.

JASON

Good luck.

BUFFY

Thanks. I think I'll need it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Buffy enters the room of doom.

INT. UNIVERSITY LOBBY - DAY

Willow and TARA walk through the lobby. A particularly frazzled PSYCH STUDENT with coffee in hand runs up to Willow.

PSYCH STUDENT

I need help with psych. Especially the part with the brain. Will you help me?

WILLOW

Sure. How about after lunch?

PSYCH STUDENT

Okay, good. Did I tell you that I failed this class before? Okay, thank you. Okay.

WILLOW

Maybe you should cool it on the caffeine.

PSYCH STUDENT

(taking a note)

Cool it on the caffeine. Okay. Okay.

The student walks off, mumbling about caffeine.

TARA

Let's hope she's not a future psych major.

Willow and Tara head for a couch, as Willow plops down her books. Tara's eye falls on a tome.

WILLOW

I'm just catching up on some light reading.

TARA

Toban's Encyclopedia of Magic?

WILLOW

It's really much, much more interesting than it sounds. I read it during study breaks to, you know, lighten the mood. I wonder how Buffy's doing.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Buffy has trepidation written all over her face.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BUFFY

Y... y tengo una hermana.

PROFESSOR

You're done.

BUFFY

That's it?

PROFESSOR

It doesn't take long to see what a student's got.

BUFFY

What have I got?

PROFESSOR

Miss Summers, you're clearly an intelligent young woman.

BUFFY

Thank you. I thought I --

PROFESSOR

I wasn't finished.

BUFFY

Oh. Sorry.

PROFESSOR

You need to apply yourself more. You attend class but I suspect you're not all there. Your work is adequate, but... Do you participate in a lot of extra-curricular activities?

BUFFY

I'm involved in many important things that are... important.

PROFESSOR

I suggest you re-examine your priorities. You may have to come to terms with the fact you can't handle doing it all.

INT. UNIVERSITY LOBBY - DAY

Buffy approaches Willow and Tara, her forlorn expression speaking volumes.

BUFFY

Make it all end.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILLOW

One down. And we have two whole nights till the psych exam. Yay.

BUFFY

(false enthusiasm)

Yay.

Jason jogs up to Buffy.

JASON

Buffy. How did your oral go?

BUFFY

I think I did better than the person who went before me.

WILLOW

That's good.

BUFFY

That would be the guy who fled the room in tears.

WILLOW

That's not so good.

JASON

I was wondering if you and your friends were free tomorrow night. I'm in a band that's opening for Your Mom.

BUFFY

My mom?

TARA

Your Mom. I hear their music is unforgettable. If you like girl groups.

Jason hands Buffy a florescent green flyer which she sticks in her psych textbook.

JASON

Their first CD is in limited release. If all goes well at this concert, my band may be touring with them. Give me a call if you want tickets.

BUFFY

Thanks. Good luck on the rest of your exams.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JASON

I'm done. As long as my fingers can still pluck a guitar, it's smooth sailing. Hopefully I'll see you later.

Jason takes leave of the group, and Buffy turns to Willow who is giving her the eye.

BUFFY

What? He just wants more people to show up at his concert. Who goes to a concert during exam period anyway?

WILLOW

Someone with nothing else to do with their lives.

INT. DAWN'S SCHOOL - RESTROOM - AFTERNOON

KIRSTIE brushes her hair while her entourage of hangers-on primp and preen in front of the mirrors.

KIRSTIE

I think I like my hair better down.

GIRL

Who's going sale shopping tomorrow?

KIRSTIE

Get to know reality. It's only the first concert of Your Mom's tour.

GIRL #2

They're even better than Destiny's Child. Only the coolest will be there.

A toilet flushes and Kirstie smiles conspiratorially.

KIRSTIE

I guess that means we can rule out Dawn.

Dawn exits from one of the stalls, all eyes on her.

KIRSTIE (CONT'D)

(false surprise)

Dawn, I didn't know you were here. I guess you're not going to the concert tomorrow?

DAWN

As a matter of fact I am. I was listening to Your Mom this morning.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KIRSTIE

Then I guess we'll see you there.

Dawn opens the door to leave. Kirstie turns back to her groupies.

KIRSTIE (CONT'D)

What kind of person is she? Shouldn't she be in mourning or something?

Dawn flinches at the slight. She turns back to Kirstie.

DAWN

By the way, Kirstie, your hair does look better down.

Dawn, smiling to herself, walks out the door as Kirstie ties up her hair, frowning at her image in the mirror.

INT. MAGIC BOX - AFTERNOON

GILES sits at his desk, leaning back as he nurses a cup of tea. XANDER watches Anya pointedly throw away some Buffy trash.

ANYA

Did you see the mess Buffy left last night?

Anya displays a candy wrapper, which Xander takes from her.

XANDER

Ah, the famous Summers study technique.

ANYA

Customers could be scared away by unsightly clutter.

Xander holds up a jar that either contains a shrunken head or a remarkably ugly golf ball.

XANDER

I don't think the people who come here scare too easily.

GILES

Anya does have a point. Not the scared customers part. The shop could use a cleaning. I know I have been somewhat remiss in returning books to their proper place.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

XANDER

Giles, you were a librarian.

GILES

Yes. Then I took some time off, opened up this shop, had this shop attacked and nearly destroyed by a troll...

XANDER

You sold out and got lazy.

GILES

Lazy is perhaps too strong a word. No, that's it.

A pensive Buffy enters followed by Willow and Tara.

GILES (CONT'D)

Good afternoon. How are exams?

WILLOW

A lot of fun.

Everyone looks at her oddly.

WILLOW (CONT'D)

I meant fun in the most unhappy, non-fun way.

TARA

I think it's cute how excited you are about exams.

XANDER

Ah yes. I remember exams... the pain, the torment. Muffin?

BUFFY

Passage. While I appreciate baked goods as much as the next girl, the utter failure of my Spanish oral inspires me to assault a defenseless, inanimate object for a while.

Buffy throws her books down and disappears into the back. The others share a concerned look.

TARA

I don't know but does Buffy always get that dark and serious during exams?

WILLOW

She didn't even want a muffin.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

XANDER

I'm sure we'll get happy Buffy back as soon as exams are over.

ANYA

It's probably not exams that's bugging her. There's also the certainty that a God is coming for her sister and she has no idea how to stop her.

Dawn enters the shop, looking a bit nervous. She may have heard what Anya just said.

GILES

Dawn, why aren't you in school?

DAWN

I was at school. Now I'm here. Nothing happened to the Key, if that's what you're worried about.

GILES

We're concerned for you, Dawn.

ANYA

But I wouldn't go around announcing Keyhood if I were you. You never know when Glory might show up.

Anya disappears with a trash can into the back, leaving an uncomfortable silence that Xander valiantly fills.

XANDER

It's your lucky day, Dawn. You get to keep Xander entertained while he's roped into book duty.

DAWN

It looks like you're making a mess.

XANDER

That's one interpretation.

WILLOW

Be careful with that one with the floppy edges. Ever since I spilled milk on it, it falls apart as soon as you look at it. You know what? I better take it.

GILES

Let's not have a repeat of the milk incident. I do like to keep your book-borrowing to a minimum.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

XANDER

Willow, put down the book. We know how to take care of them.

Willow reluctantly relinquishes a book to Xander. He puts it on a pile behind him, and Willow quickly picks it up again and puts it in her bag.

DAWN

(picking up a book)

What does this one mean? Biblum Magnum de Malu MCCCLXXIX.

GILES

That is the Big Book of Evil 1379. Unfortunately informative content and creative names do not usually mix.

DAWN

Am I in this book? I mean is the Key?

The crew look at each other uncomfortably.

GILES

No. Most books don't even mention the Key.

DAWN

Maybe my entry missed the publication deadline. Where's Buffy?

XANDER

In back. Just follow the sounds of aggression.

INT. TRAINING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Buffy is beating the stuffing out of a punching bag, emphasizing each thought with a serious kick.

BUFFY

Re-examine your priorities. You can't handle it. Handle this.

DAWN (O.S.)

Buffy?

Dawn enters.

BUFFY

Dawn?
(realizing)
Dawn.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BUFFY (CONT'D)

I forgot to pick you up from school.
While I was playing beat up my professor,
something could have happened to you.

DAWN

You beat up your professor?

BUFFY

No, I was... never mind. The point is I
can't forget to pick you up.

Willow enters as Buffy takes another swing at the bag. This
time she hurts her hand, surprised.

WILLOW

It's time to tackle the collective
unconscious.

BUFFY

Oh boy. Another review session.

WILLOW

It'll be fun to study together. We can
order pizza and psychoanalyze Giles.

BUFFY

Right. All I need to do is relax and
stay focused.

Buffy picks up her psych textbook and opens it.

BUFFY (CONT'D)

And go on patrol tonight. I should
definitely do that, just to be safe.

EXT. CAMPUS PATHS - NIGHT

Buffy moves along the paths, distracted. Bits and pieces of
what she mumbles reach the ears of someone - or something -
that is stalking her under the cover of nearby trees.

BUFFY

Jung believes symbols are a manifestation
of the collective unconscious and Freud
finds dreams to be symbolic--

SPIKE (O.S.)

Of his mother.

Buffy spins, stake in hand, and nearly ends her troubles.
Instead, she lets SPIKE live.

BUFFY

Go away.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SPIKE

I find Freud to be a load of bullocks.
Dreams don't mean anything. I had a
dream with you in it--

BUFFY

You're dreaming about me?

Buffy shudders.

BUFFY (CONT'D)

File that under "things you can keep to
yourself."

SPIKE

Then I guess you're not interested in
what I have for you.

BUFFY

That you can definitely keep to yourself.

SPIKE

You'll like it. It could be important.

Spike leads the reluctant Buffy toward --

EXT. RECORDING STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

Where now defunct Boy from the teaser falls from one of the
branches right at her feet. His body has shriveled to a mere
husk.

BUFFY

A dead guy?

Buffy notices a bright yellow feather clutched in the boy's
hand. She testily removes it and turns on Spike.

BUFFY (CONT'D)

You thought I'd like a dead guy?

SPIKE

Mysterious death, a strange feather. You
go for this sort of stuff.

Buffy closes her eyes as Lucy's music drifts over from the
recording studio. The sound is abruptly cut off as a door
slams shut and Jason emerges, a complete and utter mess.

BUFFY

Jason?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SPIKE

Who's Jason?

Buffy shoves Spike out of the picture with one subtle move. A muffled cry is cut short by a severe glance from Buffy.

Jason walks past Buffy, his red-rimmed eyes distant.

JASON

It's over.

BUFFY

What's wrong? What happened to smooth sailing?

Jason waves Buffy away with a gnarled, useless hand.

JASON

I can't play. It's over.

BUFFY

Your hand. Listen, let me help you.

But Jason retreats from her, out into the street. A distant engine CHUGS ever closer.

JASON

You can't help.

Lights flash across Buffy's face, but she stands stock still.

BUFFY

(softly)

Jason--

JASON

Don't you get it? It's over --

The car SCREECHES, as Buffy flinches at the telltale sound of IMPACT. It's over for Jason.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. CAMPUS ROAD - NIGHT

Buffy finally finds her speed and dashes over to Jason, who lies under the wheels of the car.

The driver scrambles out of the car.

DRIVER

I didn't see him. I swear. Why didn't you tell him to get out of the way?

Buffy appears at a loss.

BUFFY

I-- I--

DRIVER

I know I didn't do that to him.

As Spike jogs up, Buffy and the Driver get a good look at Jason. His body has shriveled into a now familiar husk.

DRIVER (CONT'D)

You'll tell the police when they come?

SPIKE

No. Why would I help?

DRIVER

(intimidated)

Okay. I'll just wait over here. Far over here.

SPIKE

(to Buffy)

I want to help.

BUFFY

You are the last person I want help from. Go away.

SPIKE

What do you say? You hit the books and I'll do a little reconnaissance of my own.

BUFFY

I'm leaving.

SPIKE

That could help, right?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Buffy, feather in hand, departs as Spike calls after her.

EXT. RECORDING STUDIO - ROOF - NIGHT

Three winged ones watch as Buffy and Spike move on. It's Lucy the singer, AGGIE, and PILAR, and they appear to be doing their nails.

PILAR

Is it a bad idea that we just killed our opening band?

LUCY

It's not my fault he wanted to sit through our entire rehearsal. I did enjoy his complex about the guitar, though.

AGGIE

We have bigger problems. Look who was looking at
(pointedly to Lucy)
someone's lunch.

PILAR

So? He's just a vampire. Cute, though.

AGGIE

A girl with a vampire. Hello? The Slayer.

PILAR

Oh. We're supposed to get her, aren't we? Come back, Slayer! Come back so we can kill you.

LUCY

Pilar, that's not going to work. She can't hear you.

AGGIE

Everyone said: Don't go to Sunnydale unless you've taken care of the Slayer.

LUCY

Relax. She's a vampire slayer. And not a very good one if that vampire is any indication. I've taken care of her.

AGGIE

She looks perfectly peachy to me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LUCY

Trust me. I can already taste her.

INT. TRAINING ROOM - NIGHT

Giles listens to the latest Slayer news as Buffy resolves her feelings on a punching bag.

BUFFY

It was disgusting.

GILES

You have seen more than your fair share of bodies in your lifetime.

BUFFY

It wasn't that. Spike actually touched me.

GILES

If your friend Jason was hit by a car, what makes you think that this event is demon-related?

BUFFY

He was just like the dead guy. He was all shriveled and husky. So far I suspect a very large, yellow bird.

Buffy displays the feather she retrieved from the scene.

GILES

A feathered demon?

BUFFY

Point me to the books and I'll point you to the demon.

GILES

I'll get on it. I do believe you have a different sort of studying to attend to.

BUFFY

(defensive)

I can multi-task.

GILES

But there's no need to.

Buffy returns to her punching bag, ignoring Giles.

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CONTINUED:

BUFFY

Just because I froze and didn't save Jason, doesn't mean I'm not perfectly capable of -- aagh.

Buffy shakes out her pained hand yet again. She looks concerned.

GILES

You froze, you say?

BUFFY

It was shades of my Spanish professor's lecture, when all I could do was stand there and watch in horror. I don't know what's wrong. I don't hurt my hand training. I don't freeze. I'm antifreeze.

GILES

Perhaps it was simply a brief moment of non-movement. You have been under a certain amount of stress lately what with exams and your mother.

BUFFY

When has that stopped me before?

Giles' silence answers her question. She marches toward the front.

BUFFY (CONT'D)

No time like the present to research --

INT. MAGIC BOX - CONTINUOUS

Buffy halts abruptly.

BUFFY

What happened to all our books?

WIDEN to reveal that the library is strewn all over the shop. Books are everywhere. Giles appears behind her.

GILES

It's not as bad as it looks. We know where everything is. I think.

BUFFY

This isn't going to be easy, is it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GILES

I'm sure between everyone, we will have
all the help we need.

INT. WILLY'S BAR - NIGHT

Spike leans against the bar, dressed in "disguise." His
effort simply involves wearing a hat and a little less
leather than usual.

SPIKE

I'm looking for someone new in town.

BARTENDER

I see. So, who's the woman?

SPIKE

What makes you think there's a woman?

BARTENDER

There's always a woman. What did she do
to send you here?

SPIKE

For your information, no woman controls
where I go, what I do...

BARTENDER

She's got you wrapped around her finger,
doesn't she?

SPIKE

Not completely. Part of her finger. A
little part.

BARTENDER

It's hard when you're both in love.

SPIKE

We haven't quite gotten past the hating
my guts stage. Whenever I see her she
hits me.

BARTENDER

Hurts the heart more than the body.

SPIKE

Tell me about it.

BARTENDER

I think a new girl is your answer.

The Bartender puts a drink in front of Spike.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BARTENDER (CONT'D)

That'll be forty.

SPIKE

Forty? You think money grows on crypts?

BARTENDER

You have that whipped look down good, but I don't dispense free dating advice. Pay up.

SPIKE

And they call me a bloodsucker. Ten.

BARTENDER

Thirty.

SPIKE

Twenty. It's all I got.

BARTENDER

Done.

Spike pulls out a twenty and forlornly throws it on the bar.

BARTENDER (CONT'D)

Behind you's the new succubus in town.

The Bartender points to a stunningly beautiful woman with a disturbing number of eyes. Spike grimaces.

BARTENDER (CONT'D)

Not your type, eh? I don't blame you. I won't tell you what she did to the last guy who hit on her. Hmmm... there's those three winged chicks. They're hot, but...

SPIKE

But not hot enough for me, eh?

BARTENDER

You know the type. "We're going to destroy humanity and bring a reign of despair upon the earth." When haven't I heard that?

SPIKE

You think they have a shot?

BARTENDER

I do hear they're getting quite a following.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BARTENDER(CONT'D)

Bunch of losers walking around off in la la land, hanging on these ladies every word. Who knows?

SPIKE

Where can I find these chippees?

BARTENDER

They'll be making a go at the Slayer. Find her and you'll find your ladies.

SPIKE

That's your advice? Find the Slayer?

BARTENDER

You get what you pay for.

SPIKE

I have a mind to --

As Spike leans in to the Bartender, the bar silences as all demon eyes fall on Spike. Spike takes a step back.

SPIKE (CONT'D)

Not ever come here again.

BARTENDER

Fine with me.

SPIKE

Don't even have decent wings here. And one more thing. I'm not whipped.

INT. DAWN'S SCHOOL - AFTERNOON

In between classes, the hall jams with students trying to get in a little social time. Amidst the hubbub, a STUDENT places a bright red CD into a CD player. He joins a group already wearing headphones, eyes red.

Dawn and LISA, backpacks in hand, weave their way around the group.

LISA

I know they're really into the music, but they could blink once in awhile.

DAWN

Maybe if you heard it, you'd feel the same.

LISA

I don't know. I'm rather a fan of, you know, watching where I'm going.

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CONTINUED:

As the hall begins to empty, Dawn and Lisa pass by Kirstie, who is checking herself out in her locker mirror. They notice her hair is matted in clumps. She frantically tries to hide it behind a hat.

KIRSTIE

What are you looking at?

DAWN

Nothing.

KIRSTIE

Stop looking at my hair.

DAWN

I'm sorry. I didn't mean --

KIRSTIE

I know what you're thinking. "I never liked Kirstie much and now look, ha, ha, her hair has evolved into its own life form." Well, I'll tell you, Dawn. You're not a good person for thinking that. You're not a good person at all.

Kirstie puts on headphones and rushes out of the hall, head down. Dawn backs away.

LISA

Don't listen to her. It's just Kirstie.

DAWN

No, it's not just her.

Pulling out a red CD of her own, Dawn jogs down the empty hall.

INT. MAGIC BOX - AFTERNOON

Giles sorts books and tends the store. Willow studies beside Tara and Xander, who are doing a little research at the table.

GILES

Xander, have you seen my Guide to All Things Odd?

XANDER

An oldie but goodie. It's on the bottom shelf.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GILES

Not any more. I've actually noticed that several books are not where they should be. In the sense that where they should be is here, and they're not.

Willow looks guilty. She pulls her bookbag off the table.

XANDER

Wait, was that the one with the floppy edges? Willow, didn't you --?

WILLOW

Find it on the floor? Yes I did. Right here. How lucky. Lucky, lucky.

Willow pulls it surreptitiously out of her bookbag. Giles takes it from her.

GILES

There's one, at least. Willow, is there anything you have at home?

WILLOW

Just that one encyclopedia you said was okay.

GILES

If everyone could check at home--

TARA

We'll look.

Xander looks at Willow suspiciously as Buffy rushes in, psychology textbook in hand.

BUFFY

What's the news on our fine feathered friend?

ANYA

A feathered demon. That takes me back. I knew one demon who was covered in feathers and he loved it when I --
(glancing at Xander)
never mind. He's dead.

BUFFY

Toss me a book and I will --

Buffy tosses her book from one hand to the other, or tries to. Instead it misses by a mile and it lands open on the floor.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BUFFY (CONT'D)

Drop it on the floor.

Buffy discovers the florescent green flyer inside the book.

ANGLE: THE FLYER

Underneath the "Your Mom" banner, Lucy, Aggie, and Pilar strike a surly pose. They could pass for angels.

BUFFY (CONT'D)

Giles, the demons are in Your Mom.

GILES

I beg your pardon.

Buffy hands the flyer to Giles, while Tara takes a peek over his shoulder.

BUFFY

Jason is -- or was -- opening for them.
See? Big wings with feathers.

Tara begins flipping through some tomes.

GILES

I believe the Arnek demons have wings,
but I thought they entirely consumed
their prey. There's also the Choff, but
they only devour wayward women.

ANYA

Don't I know it.

Everyone looks at Anya.

ANYA (CONT'D)

I worked with one a long, long time ago.
I'm not wayward, Xander. I'm very ward.

XANDER

I'm still on the demon covered in
feathers.

BUFFY

What are we dealing with? Demons who
want to get on the pop charts or are they
trying to raise the big, bad ugly?

Tara opens her mouth as if to speak, but Giles beats her to it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

GILES

We will continue to research while you focus on school.

BUFFY

I am focused. It's my duty as the Slayer to make sure no evil gains a foothold in Sunnydale while I'm at the helm.

GILES

In light of recent non-moving events, perhaps you shouldn't try to handle everything.

Buffy sags as she hears an echo of her Spanish professor. But she's not down for the count yet.

BUFFY

I can handle it. I know I can. You don't think I can?

Tara opens her mouth as if to speak, but --

GILES

Charging in, guns blazing, is not the answer.

BUFFY

Then what is?

TARA

(loudly)

I know.

(softer)

I think. When Buffy mentioned the band with the wings... it reminded me of this.

Tara hands Buffy a piece of paper.

BUFFY

(reading)

"Zoloft and prozac, although useful in some cases..." Is this a suggestion?

WILLOW

Oops. That's mine.

Tara hands Buffy a book, indicating where she should begin.

BUFFY

"The winged Sirens of myth lured sailors to their destruction on the shores of an isolated isle.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

BUFFY(CONT'D)

In reality, any mortal who listens to their deceitful songs destroys himself with his own insecurities. The Sirens draw their listener to them, feeding off the loss of hope and leaving a shell of the soul that once was. See also: Chinese opera."

XANDER

I'm sold.

WILLOW

If they're having a concert tonight, they could be planning a big buffet of souls.

BUFFY

Last night the buffet was outside the campus recording studio. Xander, I elect you to come with me to check it out.

GILES

This is premature. We don't know enough about them, how to defeat them...

BUFFY

I'll try the good old standby of hurting them a lot. There's a reason why it's still a classic.

INT. RECORDING STUDIO - HALLWAY - AFTERNOON

Darkness. A crack of light pierces the interior as Buffy and Xander cautiously step inside.

XANDER

Looks like nobody's home.

Xander switches on the light, illuminating the hallway with an eerie light. A low, persistent HUM completes the mood.

XANDER (CONT'D)

I have to admit, Buffy, right about now a little more research and a lot more weapons would make me feel better.

BUFFY

I can handle it.

The noise of the door swinging closed behind them makes Buffy jump.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

XANDER

Are you sure nothing's wrong? You've been exploring the world of dour and bitter lately.

BUFFY

I'm fine. Really.

But neither Buffy or Xander is convinced. They glance inside the empty recording room and continue to the technician's room.

INT. RECORDING STUDIO - TECH ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The room is empty except for the recording panel with the requisite switches and dimmers. A glowing emergency exit sign rests prominently over a door opposite the entrance.

XANDER

What exactly are we looking for?

BUFFY

Ideally the entrance to a secret lair. Or a tome describing their plans would be nice. Or--

XANDER

(on mic, mellow)

Welcome to Sunnydale FM. This is DJ Xannie H and I'll be with you all night.

Xander sits at the console, speaking into the mic. He begins to flip switches randomly along the console.

BUFFY

Are you sure that's a good idea?

XANDER

I think Axe-man Harris would have been a bit over the top.

(realizing)

And you weren't talking about that. It's not just in the movies that there's a secret switch.

Xander throws on a set of headphones. And with one flick of a switch, Your Mom's latest hit PULSES out of the speakers. Different song, same effect.

BUFFY

Turn that off. Someone might...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Buffy's thought trails off. She gazes at the console. A red-eyed fan appears in the doorway.

XANDER
(re: Fan)
Uh Buffy?

Several red-eyed fans begin to crowd into the room. Buffy is beginning to sway unsteadily behind him.

FAN
You're not supposed to be here. At all
at all.

XANDER
And again I say Buffy.

BUFFY
Who left the lights on...?

Xander turns to her, just in time to see her plummet to the floor.

XANDER
Buffy?

Off Xander, surrounded, and the prone Buffy...

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

Xander grabs Buffy and shakes her as the fans close in.

XANDER
Come on Buffster, don't fail me now.

FAN
You shouldn't be here. You're not a true fan.

The fan steps forward and offhandedly throws the chair Xander was sitting in against the wall.

XANDER
Yes I am. Big, big fan. Hey, look!
It's William Shatner!

They all crowd over themselves to see where he's pointing. Xander seizes the opportunity and half drags, half carries Buffy out the emergency door.

INT. RECORDING STUDIO - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

XANDER
Moving now.

The door slams shut behind him, cutting the music off. Buffy opens her eyes, looks around. Several people are starting to follow them from a different hall.

BUFFY
Xander?

XANDER
Moving away very fast.

Buffy takes the headphones off of him.

BUFFY
Xander. Down that way.

They duck down a different hall, Buffy moving her feet but leaning against Xander for support. They reach an emergency exit, but are confronted by a TECHNICIAN, some overimportant guy without red eyes.

TECHNICIAN
Who are you?

XANDER
I'm... the new distributor.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TECHNICIAN

You're not supposed to be here until tomorrow.

XANDER

I always like to show up early for work.

TECHNICIAN

Then who is this?

XANDER

Buffy. This is... she's my groupie.

The Technician raises an eyebrow. Buffy raises an eyebrow, but decides to play along.

BUFFY

I just love music and bands and ooo it just gives me shivers to be here. What do you do here?

Buffy wraps herself around him, giving a good impression of the moron from hell.

BUFFY (CONT'D)

Are you a producer, hmm?

The technician disentangles himself and pushes her away firmly.

TECHNICIAN

I make sure no one is here who shouldn't be. Out.

The technician escorts Xander and the sagging Buffy out.

And out of the shadows emerge the three Sirens.

AGGIE

Let's get her. She doesn't look so tough now.

PILAR

Oo, icky. Are we going to fight her now? Because, you know, I just preened my feathers.

LUCY

No fighting.

AGGIE

No fighting? But what about tonight?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LUCY

She'll be long gone by tonight.

Lucy moves into an adjacent room where several red-eyed FANS are waiting, including Kirstie. Upon seeing the group, they hop up, screaming with excitement -- and desperation.

KIRSTIE

Oh my god, oh my god! It's them!

LUCY

I could use a Slayer as a fan.

The three smile at their die-hard fans.

INT. BUFFY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Buffy reclines on a couch, while Willow puts a wet towel on her forehead and Tara fluffs a pillow under her feet. Xander, Giles, and Anya hover. Dawn, however, just stares.

DAWN

Are you hurt?

BUFFY

I'm fine.
(to Willow and Tara)
I'm really fine.

DAWN

(disappointed)
Oh.

Dawn picks up her CD walkman. She squints and rubs her eyes.

DAWN (CONT'D)

Some friends are going to meet up by the park tonight. Can I go?

BUFFY

No, Dawn. Official Slayer business may come complete with nasty consequences for little sisters.

DAWN

Fine. Go have fun with your friends. Me and myself will be up in my room. Again.

Buffy watches unhappily as Dawn exits.

INT. BUFFY'S HOUSE - STAIRS - CONTINUOUS

Dawn slowly climbs the stairs as their conversation continues.

WILLOW (O.S.)
Buffy, you fainted for no reason.

BUFFY (O.S.)
I did not faint. I'm the Slayer. It's not in the job description. Tell them, Xander.

XANDER (O.S.)
You were a bit prone there.

BUFFY (O.S.)
Et tu, Xander?

At the top of the stairs, Dawn smiles coldly, eyes red.

INT. BUFFY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

XANDER
It was when I turned on the music that Buffy fainted--

BUFFY
Uh uh. I did not faint.

XANDER
Say what you will, couch girl.

BUFFY
If I fainted because of the song, why would it have affected me and not Xander?

XANDER
Let's see. I'm dating an ex-vengeance demon, I fight vampires and minions from hell in my spare time, and I'm a construction worker. Chances are if I'm not already living my worst fears, I've visited there on several occasions.

BUFFY
I don't know what's scarier, a demon trying to consume me or the idea that Xander is more well-adjusted than I am.

ANYA
That's my Xander.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

XANDER

Then there's that little issue of my not actually hearing the music. I had headphones on. Their, uh, minions seemed pretty affected, though.

TARA

I read about a spell that might work.

GILES

Excellent.

TARA

But I couldn't find the book.

GILES

This is alarming news. Who knows what these books could do in the wrong hands-- What?

Xander is looking at Willow.

WILLOW

It's okay. No alarm. I have them.

GILES

Willow...

WILLOW

You know how I like to borrow the books. Well, sometimes I forget to ask if it's okay. You're not mad are you?

BUFFY

There could be hundreds of people planning on listening to Your Mom tonight. Xander, Anya, go to the Bronze and see if you can stall the concert.

XANDER

One bust of a concert, coming up.

BUFFY

Tara, you seem to be our resident expert. Figure out how I kill these guys. Get Willow's books and do the research thing.

TARA

I'll find them.
(to Willow)
I'm an expert.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

WILLOW
Congratulations.

BUFFY
Willow, you come with me. I'll try to
keep the Sirens away from the concert.

Buffy slowly rises to her feet. Willow anxiously turns to a
silent, stern Giles.

WILLOW
I only wanted to learn more so I could...
help. You know, "know thy enemy." I
didn't mean...

BUFFY
Let's hope Tara can make up for lost
time.

They hustle out the door, Willow looking upset back at Giles.

EXT. PARK - EVENING

Willow and Buffy move briskly through the park.

WILLOW
How are we going to find them?

BUFFY
Three chicks with wings. I figure
they're hard to miss.

WILLOW
Unless they can fly.

BUFFY
Positive thinking, Will.

Buffy stumbles, and Willow moves to help her. A withering
look from Buffy stays her hand.

WILLOW
If I hadn't taken those books, we'd be
fine. Well, okay, we'd still have evil
sirens to deal with, but we'd be fine,
right?

BUFFY
It's okay. You were just trying to help.
In the meantime, I'm going up against the
Sirens armed with a mean impression of
Raggedy Ann.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILLOW

You've gone up against worse, I think,
and we're still here to tell the tale.
Most of us.

BUFFY

Gee, after that rousing pep talk, I'm
ready to take on the world.

WILLOW

You know what I mean. You're the Slayer.

BUFFY

What good does that do? Mom's still
gone. I fight, I study, I try to relate
to a 14-year-old who's the key to who
knows, and then what? It's never enough.
I'm always ten steps behind in something.
Maybe I should face facts and realize I
can't do it all.

WILLOW

You don't have to be Super Buffy. Okay,
you don't have to be Super Super Buffy.
Do your best and we'll be there to cover
your back and take all the credit.
That's what friends are for.

SPIKE (O.S.)

Then you best get your skates on.

Spike appears behind Willow. He furtively looks down the
path, where some FANS are making their way towards him.

BUFFY

Spike. What are you doing here?

SPIKE

I was out for a stroll and -- bugger it,
you need my help.

BUFFY

Divine is the kind I need right now and
you definitely don't qualify.

More FANS appear down the other end of the path.

SPIKE

I've got the skinny on the husk people.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BUFFY

Let me guess. The Sirens are going to lead humans to their destruction. Old news.

SPIKE

Okay, you know about the destruction bit. But did you know they've got a following?

BUFFY

Stick to skulking around graveyards. You're good at that.

The fans, all wearing headphones, virtually surround the group. Their vacant eyes fall upon Buffy.

WILLOW

Why are we suddenly very popular?

SPIKE

That's what I've been trying to tell you.

One girl reaches out for Buffy. Spike grabs for her hand, but immediately cups his head in pain.

SPIKE (CONT'D)

No fair.

BUFFY

They're human?

WILLOW

If they're only human, I'll --

A BIG BURLY GUY, headphones on, steps forward and pushes Willow into Spike.

WILLOW (CONT'D)

-- take a step back and let Buffy handle it.

Buffy swings at the Big Burly Guy. He catches her fist and throws her on the ground. Hard.

BUFFY

Let me know when that Buffy girl gets here.

Back to back (to back), Spike, Willow, and Buffy face their encroaching opponents.

INT. THE BRONZE - NIGHT

A sign advertises the Sirens' concert. Already people are beginning to fill the hall. Anya approaches Xander.

ANYA

The man said Your Mom goes on in half an hour.

XANDER

In half an hour? What about the opening band?

ANYA

The lead singer got hit by a car. There is no opening band.

XANDER

Not good. I'm thinking how to stall. We could wrestle the promoters to the ground or call in a bomb threat, but I think all of those are major felonies.

They spy a MAN by the sound booth who is setting up equipment.

ANYA

What is that man doing?

XANDER

It looks like he's plugging in the sound system.

They look at each other and head on over.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE BRONZE - NIGHT

Xander and Anya are unceremoniously shoved out the backdoor by TWO SECURITY GUARDS and the technician from the recording studio.

XANDER

But I'm the distributor.

TECHNICIAN

Consider yourself demoted.

The door shuts.

XANDER

That was uniformly unsuccessful.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

As they stand there, a number of red-eyed FANS surround them, looking for all the world like they intend some evilness.

ANYA

Hello. We're big fans of Your Mom.

The fans continue to stare and intimidate.

ANYA (CONT'D)

Xander, I don't like these people.

XANDER

I hope Buffy's having better luck.

EXT. UC SUNNYDALE CAMPUS - EVENING

Buffy receives a serious blow to the head. Big Burly Guy throws another which she manages to block.

Willow drops to avoid a fist from a fan. The fan follows through and hits Spike square in the gut. Willow waves her hand and a branch falls on one girl, but another one just takes her place.

SPIKE

Okay, your point is made. You can start wailing on these guys at any time, Buffy.

WILLOW

They're just teenagers!

SPIKE

Yes, but they're obviously considering a career change to zombie.

Buffy takes another swing at Big Burly Guy which meets with little response.

BUFFY

I'm not strong enough.

SPIKE

Yes you are. Who ever said you weren't?

BUFFY

My Spanish professor for one. And then Giles said --

SPIKE

Here's a thought. Don't listen.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Buffy ponders that idea for a second, ducks another blow, then jumps up and knocks the headphones off of Big Burly Guy's head. He stops as the CD Player breaks at his feet.

BUFFY

Never thought I'd say it, but good advice, Spike.

The three knock the headphones off of the other teens, who look suddenly lost without the music.

Willow picks up a broken red CD.

WILLOW

They were listening to Your Mom.

BUFFY

It doesn't start with the concert tonight. It started with their CD.

WILLOW

Didn't Dawn say she was meeting her friends in this park?

BUFFY

Oh, no. Dawn.

Buffy grabs Willow and the two begin to backtrack.

SPIKE

Buffy--

BUFFY

You're not invited.

As Buffy and Willow run off, Spike throws up his hands.

INT. BUFFY'S HOUSE - EVENING

Giles sits in the living room with a book. Buffy runs in and yells upstairs.

BUFFY

Dawn. I need to talk to you.

Upstairs is eerily quiet and the lights are off. Buffy turns as Willow enters.

GILES

Buffy, what's wrong?

BUFFY

She's not answering.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILLOW

Maybe it's not so bad. She could have snuck out. That's worse. Forget I said that.

BUFFY

No. She doesn't go out at night without "borrowing" my black jacket.

Buffy points to a black jacket with a fur trim.

BUFFY (CONT'D)

She likes the faux fur.

GILES

She's probably taking a nap.

BUFFY

Giles, she's been listening to Your Mom on CD. That's where I first heard them. And she's my sister and I don't know if she's okay.

Buffy moves up the stairs, leaning on the railing.

INT. DAWN'S ROOM - NIGHT

The room is dark. Maybe Dawn is sleeping.

BUFFY

Dawn?

Buffy turns on the light. Dawn's bed is empty.

BUFFY (CONT'D)

If you're here, come out. Please? I'll let you rent Titanic next time.

The stereo turns on and Your Mom's music envelops the room.

Buffy spins around to see if Dawn's behind her and instead becomes close personal friends with the door frame.

BUFFY (CONT'D)

Fast spinning bad idea.

Buffy doesn't notice Dawn emerge from behind the door. This isn't happy, fluffy Dawn either, but evil Dawn and she's got the crossbow to prove it.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. DAWN'S ROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUED

Dawn trains the crossbow on Buffy.

BUFFY

Dawn?

DAWN

Dawn's not here anymore.

As Dawn goes for the kill, Buffy spins out of the way of the bolt, barely.

Buffy moves behind Dawn's bed.

BUFFY

Dawn, I told you not to play with that.

DAWN

Who's playing?

Dawn reloads.

BUFFY

It's the music. It's the music that's making you this way.

DAWN

This is the way I am. I'm the Key, remember? This is what Glory is after.

As Dawn aims, the music surges into the chorus. Buffy sits down, hard, in time to miss another bolt over her head.

BUFFY

She doesn't want you, Dawn. Not the girl who eats cookie dough and talks about boys. Not the girl who--

Another bolt flies over her head.

BUFFY (CONT'D)

-- at least at one time, wouldn't pick up a crossbow.

While Dawn reloads, Buffy dashes for the CD player, but Dawn matches her move.

Dawn throws the crossbow at the weakened Buffy, dropping her to the ground. Buffy kicks her feet under Dawn, returning the favor.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Buffy reaches up, turns off the music, and pulls out the CD. Dawn grabs at her from behind.

BUFFY (CONT'D)

Dawn, let go.

DAWN

I told you Dawn's not here. She's not real.

The two play tug-of-war over the CD like children.

DAWN (CONT'D)

It's mine.

BUFFY

Give. It. To. Me.

CRACK. They finally wrest the CD from each other, one half for Buffy, one half for Dawn.

DAWN/BUFFY

Oops.

BUFFY

Dawn...

Dawn drops her half and throws her fists at Buffy. At first she's hit, but Buffy soon manages to figure out the pattern and defend herself from the onslaught of a 14-year-old.

DAWN

I'm not Dawn. I'm the Key and I'm evil. I'm evil.

Finally, Buffy takes hold of her hands, and Dawn collapses into tears.

BUFFY

No, you're not. And don't listen to anyone or anything that tells you otherwise.

DAWN

I'm so scared.

BUFFY

I know. All of this is unfair. I'm sorry. I'm so sorry.

Buffy hugs Dawn as she continues to cry.

INT. BUFFY'S HOUSE - EVENING

Willow puts a pillow under Dawn's head while Tara does likewise under her feet. Giles tries to do the same with Buffy, who looks increasingly tired.

DAWN/BUFFY

I'm all right.

WILLOW

At this rate we'll run out of pillows.

TARA

I found the spell that can counteract the Sirens' song. All we have to do is cast it on the source.

WILLOW

That's good. Isn't it? We have the CD - that's a source.

Buffy pulls out one half of the CD, then the other.

BUFFY

Yep. Here's the source. And look, here's the other half.

WILLOW

Maybe we can glue it back together.

BUFFY

You and Tara find a way to make it work. I have a concert I need to spoil.

TARA

Watch out for anyone with red eyes. They've stopped fighting the sirens song and could go all crazy on you.

BUFFY

I believe I've already had the pleasure.

DAWN

Can I come with?

BUFFY

No. You're obviously not over Your Mom.

DAWN

Neither are you.

BUFFY

Yes, but I will be armed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She arms herself with a pole arm from her trunk of tricks.
She leans on it, point down, for support.

BUFFY (CONT'D)
Or caned, as the case may be.
(to Giles)
But Dawn's right. I could use some
company.

GILES
You want me to go to a rock concert.

WILLOW
We can watch Dawn.

GILES
I'll draw unneeded attention to us.

BUFFY
We can take care of that. It'll give you
a chance to relive your wild days.

GILES
That's what I'm afraid of.

EXT. THE BRONZE - NIGHT

Standing by Buffy, Giles shifts uncomfortably. A bit of
hairstyling and losing the jacket has made him almost --
almost -- look hip. Amidst the crowd of red-eyed fans,
Xander and Anya regard him in awe.

XANDER
Check out Giles. The new name in Watcher
fashion.

GILES
Yes, thank you, Xander. Can we go inside
and defeat the demons now?

XANDER
(indicating fans)
Giles, notice we are not alone.

ANYA
We got in. But then we got kicked out.

BUFFY
Now what?

Behind them, the door that Xander and Anya so recently exited
opens. Spike leans out, trying not to alert the FANS.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SPIKE

Psst!

GILES

Go away, Spike.

SPIKE

Everyone keeps saying that. Look, do you want in, or not?

BUFFY

This doesn't mean anything.

They file inside --

INT. THE BRONZE - NIGHT

Behind a group of FANS already inside.

BUFFY

Here's the plan. I'm going to head backstage and --

The fans turn around and face the gang, all red eyes and sinister presences. Kirstie stands beside Big Burly Guy.

BUFFY (CONT'D)

...hurt them.

SPIKE

Not these guys again.

KIRSTIE

You can't go back stage. You're not a true fan.

XANDER

(to Big Burly Guy)

Are girl groups really your type of music?

The Big Burly Guy moves forward, but Giles intercepts him, intimidation coming out of every pore.

GILES

You're going to let us pass and you're going to do it now. Otherwise you will regret it for a very long time.

The fans let Buffy, Giles, and Xander pass, but not Spike.

SPIKE

I'm with them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BUFFY
No, he's not.

SPIKE
Come on, Buffy. Not even a thanks?

The fans push Spike into a corner.

GILES
Perhaps you should wait for the effects
of Willow and Tara's spell.

BUFFY
By the looks of this crowd, we don't have
time.

XANDER
Willow's an old pro. She's probably
finishing up now.

INT. BUFFY'S KITCHEN - EVENING

Willow applies more crazy glue to the CD. Pleased with her handiwork, she places the reunified CD within the ritual circle. Or tries to. Willow wiggles her hand, flaps it, waves her hand around, but to no avail. The CD is glued to her hand.

TARA
Here, let me help.

Tara slowly tries to pry it off, but a CREAK warns her to stop.

WILLOW
Ok. Maybe I will only need one hand for
this.

After an aborted effort, Willow manages to open her spellbook, which has the yellow feather as a bookmark.

INT. THE BRONZE - GREEN ROOM - NIGHT

Pilar enters the green room, where Lucy and Aggie are finishing off the last of their pre-concert preparations.

LUCY
Are we ready?

PILAR
The Slayer is here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LUCY

Useless. What's the point of having fans if they won't kill people for you? How did she look?

PILAR

Nice outfit.

LUCY

I am not asking for a fashion report.

PILAR

She looked tired. I'd say easy pickings.

LUCY

Good. She'll be gone by the first chorus.

AGGIE

How can you be sure?

LUCY

Because I'm going to sing, which has been more than enough to make all of us lunch for centuries.

AGGIE

She's not just lunch; she's the Slayer. If you're not going to do something about her, we will.

LUCY

Do what you want. But if you're not back, I'm going on without you.

AGGIE

You can't do that.

LUCY

Yes, I can. I'm the lead singer. You're nothing without me.

Lucy begins to touch up her hair in a very affected manner.

INT. THE BRONZE - BACKSTAGE - CONTINUOUS

Pilar and Aggie file out of the room.

PILAR

She's such a diva.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

As Pilar and Aggie disappear down one hall, Buffy, poker in hand, appears from another. Hearing some men's VOICES, she quickly ducks into a room to let them pass.

INT. THE BRONZE - GREEN ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Buffy slips in, peering out into the hall.

LUCY (O.S.)
Back so soon?

BUFFY
I'm sorry, I must have the wrong --

Buffy turns around to find Lucy waiting for her.

LUCY
No, Slayer, you've come to the right room.

Buffy launches at her, her weapon open for business. Lucy handily sidesteps her thrust and sends her to the ground.

LUCY (CONT'D)
Feeling a little fatigued? Feeling like poor you just can't take it?

Buffy rolls out of the way of her onslaught and drags herself up with a desk.

LUCY (CONT'D)
My sisters are afraid of you, but all I see is a weak, scared little girl who can't help anyone. Not her mother, or her sister, not even herself.

Buffy glares at Lucy, hearing what she fears to be true. Lucy seizes the opportunity and throws her against the wall.

LUCY (CONT'D)
Why bother fighting when you've clearly already lost?

BUFFY
Come on, Willow.

INT. BUFFY'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Willow surveys a bunch of ingredients that lie on the reunified CD.

TARA
One CD pizza coming up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILLOW

(chanting)

Meh feesh ay hegga b'bilesh... and poof.

Tara places one last ingredient on the CD. A sizzle. A pop. Then nothing.

WILLOW (CONT'D)

Come on, poof. Meh feesh ay hegga b'bilesh...

Again nothing. Willow drops her hand and the CD falls on the ground, where it breaks again.

TARA

We need a better source.

Willow buries her head in her hands, but not before her eyes fall upon the yellow feather, resting on the book.

As she eyes the feather, a smile spreads across her face...

INT. CONCERT HALL - NIGHT

Aggie and Pilar enter the hall, wearing coats to disguise their wings. Spike immediately intercepts them. His face is beat up, but none the worse for wear.

SPIKE

Ladies. Can I interest you in --

PILAR

I know you. You go ahead, Aggie. This one's mine.

Pilar picks up Spike and manhandles him into a side corridor.

PILAR (CONT'D)

You've been a naughty vampire. Tell us where the Slayer is and we can go out later for some fun.

SPIKE

Or we can start right now.

Spike kicks himself free of Pilar. She lunges at him, but he grabs her head. With a quick turn of the head, Spike breaks her neck and down she goes.

SPIKE (CONT'D)

That was easy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

And up she comes, with a kick that sends him nose-first into the wall.

He turns around to view Pilar, coat off, wings out, and a broken feather in her hand.

PILAR

You broke a feather. In some cultures my feathers are considered a treasure and you carelessly broke one. That's it.

She grabs him and the real fight is on.

ON XANDER AND ANYA

who are obliviously making a mess of the sound equipment when Aggie sidles up.

AGGIE

You're with the Slayer. Where is she?

XANDER

What do you mean? I'm the distributor.

ANYA

Right. We don't know anything about Buffy.

Aggie clamps her hand around his neck.

AGGIE

Tell me or I'll have to kill you instead of eating you. Neither of us want that, do we?

Giles tries to ease his way between them.

GILES

Hey man, when's the show going on? Look, it's Your Mom.

(chanting)

Your Mom! Your Mom!

CROWD

Your Mom!

The crowd, including Kirstie and the Big Burly Guy, pushes forward to envelop Aggie. Xander, Giles, and Anya close in to try to keep Aggie's homicidal hands away from anyone else.

XANDER

This is some way to delay a concert.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GILES

Would you have preferred death?

XANDER

Don't count it out yet.

Aggie takes another swing at Xander, as the crowd chants on.

INT. THE BRONZE - GREEN ROOM - NIGHT

Lucy grabs Buffy's hair and bends her in what would normally be an impossible position.

LUCY

You can't even do your duty as the Slayer. How pathetic.

BUFFY

I'm not the one who looks like Big Bird.

Lucy tightens her grip on Buffy and reaches in for the kill.

LUCY

I guess I'll just have to have a little snack before my big night.

Feathers fill Buffy's view.

INT. BUFFY'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

ON THE YELLOW FEATHER

A hand places the last ingredient. A sizzle and pop give way to a green light that plays across the smiling face of

WILLOW

WILLOW

Poof.

INT. THE BRONZE - GREEN ROOM - NIGHT

Buffy lifts her head up, grabs Lucy's hand, and begins a volley of punches and kicks that would give the devil pause.

BUFFY

You're suddenly quiet.

LUCY

It's not over till I sing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She scampers behind the desk and lets out a piercing cry, a siren. Buffy flinches and falters in her attack, while behind her back she prepares her weapon.

Lucy, humming cockily, steps from behind the desk and with one hand grabs hold of Buffy's neck.

LUCY (CONT'D)

You're mine now.

BUFFY

I have bad news for you. Your song is over, nobody likes your voice...

Buffy handily turns the tables with sudden strength-- she's gotten hold of Lucy and the business end of her poker is inches from her neck.

BUFFY (CONT'D)

And you're wrong. I'm a damn good slayer.

With a flick of the wrist, Lucy is over.

INT. THE BRONZE - NIGHT

Spike charges Pilar and finds himself flat against a wall as she goes up in smoke.

ON ANYA, GILES, AND XANDER

They slam into each other as Aggie disappears in a puff of smoke.

The crowd quiets. Kirstie looks around her, her eyes at long last clear. The Big Burly Guy has his arm around her.

KIRSTIE

Get a clue. That is so not happening.

The technician gets up on stage to announce to the crowd:

TECHNICIAN

Due to, uh, technical difficulties, tonight's concert has been cancelled.

A yellow feather floats by.

TECHNICIAN (CONT'D)

Indefinitely.

INT. MAGIC BOX - DAY

Xander, Anya, Tara and Dawn await their friends' return. Buffy enters and spins around, carefree for once. Willow and Giles follow, he a bit more reserved than usual.

XANDER

How'd it go?

BUFFY

Great. Courtesy of my "advisor," I'm taking the exam next week. So, barring any other evil demons...

GILES

I don't believe you got me to do this.

BUFFY

We have your concert photographs and we are not afraid to use them.

TARA

Oh, and we have a surprise. Okay, not so much a surprise. Everyone close your eyes.

Everyone follows her direction.

TARA (CONT'D)

Not you Xander.

XANDER

I knew that.

Xander pulls back a door to reveal a beautiful set of shelves with the occult library lined up perfectly inside.

ANYA

Can we open our eyes yet?

TARA

Oh, yes. Open your eyes.

Everyone takes a moment to bask in its perfection.

GILES

It's beautiful, Xander.

XANDER

I had a little free time and I figured, what makes a library better than a bookshelf?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILLOW

And see, it even has the Guide to All Things Odd. Everything's back. No spilled milk.

GILES

I'm not upset that you take books home with you.

WILLOW

Oh, good, because there was this one-- and I realize you're not done.

GILES

You "borrowed" books that I expressly told you not to take. You need to listen to me. Some of these books can cause a great deal of harm.

WILLOW

I'm careful. I know what I'm doing.

GILES

No, you don't. It's not the enemy that's dangerous; it's the knowledge itself. Stay away from those books.

Buffy pulls down a book and plops it down in front of Dawn, while the rest go gaga over the library's transformation.

DAWN

What's this?

BUFFY

I think it's about time you learn to help out in the research department.

DAWN

Aren't there child labor laws against this?

BUFFY

Your first assignment, should you choose to accept it, is to familiarize yourself with these books. This one has a lot of info about charms and... keys.

DAWN

Keys?

BUFFY

Learn about whatever you want,
(pointedly)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BUFFY(CONT'D)

whatever you feel you should know and
don't.

DAWN

About charms and keys.

BUFFY

Exactly. Your first test will be next
week.

DAWN

You are evil.

Dawn pulls the book toward her, a smile growing.

END OF SHOW