



Title: Followed Footsteps

Writer: Emma Rawlin

Characters:

Xander

Tara

Willow

Anya

Javert

Caroline-vamp minion

Marc-vamp minion

Angel

Lawson-sub turned-vamp from Ats

Spike

Giles

Tim

Clem

Demon

French Bartender

Mrs. Carter psychologist

Candyce

Andrew

Cute Coffee guy-English accent

Dawn

Horse

Fire

Air

Mystic
Buffybot
Sleepy Girl
Nicola
Jinx
Madeline
Tucker

001_006 Setting: MAGIC BOX

	(SFX: XANDER PUTS A HEAVY OBJECT ONTO THE TABLE)
XANDER	Whatcha think ladies? I made it with my bare hands... and the help of some power tools.
TARA:	It's really wonderful Xander.
WILLOW:	You must have spent hours on it... it's so... shiny.
ANYA:	The glitter and ribbons were Xander's idea. I helped with the lettering, despite being opposed to its "Boss of Us," slogan. But Xander explained to me that it would help to boost Willow's ego - like how small children are awarded gold stars for their work only fit to be displayed on refrigerators.
WILLOW:	Hey, I didn't ask for any of this. And, my mom never did the gold star thing, she used to say that education was its own reward.
XANDER:	Anya, I thought you were on board with the Willow is boss thing. You did vote for her.
ANYA:	She was the only candidate, which invalidates the whole idea of the voting process. And, It's not like you can replace Buffy.
WILLOW:	(HURT) I'm not trying to replace her, I never could.

	(SFX: THE PHONE RINGS)
ANYA:	(ANNOYED) That'll probably be the guy that keeps phoning about some magic books. (WALKS AWAY) I'm having to take care of everything while Giles falls to pieces in his quiet British way, and you don't see me being handed a plaque.
	(SFX: ANYA ANSWERS THE PHONE. THE OTHERS CARRY ON TALKING)
XANDER:	(EXCUSES) She's swamped with everything, don't take it personally.
WILLOW:	Right, because she's normally so accommodating.
TARA:	We're all just adjusting to the situation. It's going to take time.
WILLOW:	No one, besides Anya thinks I'm trying to take over, do they?
TARA:	Of course we don't.
XANDER:	Hey, I was the one that said let's make Willow boss. (SERIOUS) You've done a lot for us, you've earned this.

002_006 Setting: JAVERT'S LAIR

	(SFX: PAGES BEING TURNED)
JAVERT:	(READY TO GIVE UP) I've read this more times than I care to admit. It's just not making sense. I feel like I'm missing something.
CAROLINE:	(HELPFUL) Maybe if you tried reading it out loud.
JAVERT:	Alright. (SIGHS) 11 across, 8 letters: a type of monument. (PAUSE) I give up.

	(SFX: TURNS PAGES)
JAVERT: (CONT'D)	Oh, Caroline you're in the obituaries. There's a very pretty picture of you. Really, those cheek bones were what made you more than just another dinner date.
CAROLINE:	Does it say anything else about me?
JAVERT:	Lets see. In loving memory... blah, blah, blah. (REALLY?) Killed by rabid dogs!
CAROLINE:	(GRABS THE NEWSPAPER) Well, that's not very creative. Marc got ritualistic murder with an ice pick.
	(SFX: JAVERT HANDS THE NEWSPAPER BACK)
MARC:	Well, at least this time a barbecue fork didn't take your credit, Javert.
JAVERT:	Oh, there's an art exposition at a local art gallery this weekend! (GRUMBLES) Invite only. (THOUGHTFUL) I guess I could wait in the parking lot, grab a meal and snag some tickets that way.
CAROLINE:	Sounds kind of dull. Can't we just go clubbing in LA? Maybe we'll spot someone famous, oh and then we can eat them.
JAVERT:	We're not going to LA! It's a vacuous hell. Do I have to explain the plan to you, again? (MOODY) I'll go on my own. (ALL BUSINESS) Marc, it's almost time to go.
MARC:	I'll go get Tim.

003_006 Setting: SUBMARINE (1943)

	(SFX: ESTABLISH SUBMARINE: SONAR BEEPS, ETC.)
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LAWSON:	They look smaller.
ANGEL:	8 hours to sunrise. 20 miles from land.
LAWSON:	I just might make it.
ANGEL:	Hey. I'm sorry for what happened. But if I ever see you again... I'm gonna have to kill you.
LAWSON:	Aye, aye, chief. (TO THE CREW) Take good care of her. She's a good boat.
	(SFX: LAWSON CLIMBS THE LADDER AND EXITS THE SUB)
SPIKE:	Bloody brilliant. Turn the poor sod to save the ship. Then make him dash for dry land before Mr. Sunshine scorches him a new one. You're still a dick.
ANGEL:	Yeah. I am.
SPIKE:	Bollocks.
	(SFX: SPIKE STARTS TO CLIMB THE LADDER)
SPIKE:	(MOCKING) I'll make sure to give Dru your regards.
ANGEL:	(SUGGESTIVE) Knowing Dru someone else is already giving her my regards.
SPIKE:	She wouldn't... (PAUSE) Bugger.
ANGEL:	I'd hurry if I were you Spike.
	(SFX: SPIKE QUICKLY LIFTS THE HATCH AND EXITS)

006_004 Setting #4: SEWERS

	(SFX: DRIPPING PIPES. SPIKE TRUDGING THROUGH A SEWER. A RAT SQUEAKS AS IT SCURRIES ACROSS HIS BOOTS)
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SPIKE:	Gahhh! (GRUMBLES) Sodding rats. Don't see why the Initiative blokes didn't make it so I could kill the flaming lot of you.
	(SFX: SPIKE CLIMBING UP A LADDER)

006_005 Setting: MAGIC BOX BASEMENT

	(SFX: HEAVY GRATE LIFTED UP. SPIKE CLIMBS THROUGH. GRATE DROPPED BACK INTO PLACE)
SPIKE:	Time to get some late night shopping done. It's a wonder this place hasn't been stolen right from under old Rupert.
	(SFX: SPIKE SEARCHING, CLATTER OF JARS, BOXES BEING SHIFTED ETC.)
SPIKE: (CONT'D)	I'm fixed for burba weed, but running low on candles. (SEARCHING) Candles...candles... (READING LABELS, CONFUSED) Lemon Seduction? Raspberry Smoothie? Cinnamon Bun? Essence of Slug...? (GIVES UP) Victorians might have been a bunch of sexually repressed wankers, but at least they made wax that smelt like bloody wax. Got to be demon girls' doing.
	(SFX: SPIKE PICKS UP A SWORD, TAKES IT OUT ITS SHEATH)
SPIKE: (CONT'D)	(SWINGS BLADE) Nice lacerated blade. Good for beheading.
	(SFX: SMASHING OF GLASS FROM ABOVE. MUFFLED SOUNDS OF A SCUFFLE.)

SPIKE: (CONT'D)	Better be the forces of darkness making that racket, not Xander coping off with Anya, again.
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006_006 Setting: MAGIC BOX

GILES:	(MID-CONVERSATION) I've already told you, I don't have the slightest idea what you're tal--.
	(SFX: MARC GROWLS. GRABS GILES BY THE THROAT. THROWS GILES UP AGAINST WALL, WHO BEGINS CHOKING FOR AIR)
TIM:	Marc, you're not going to get anything out of him if you crush his windpipe.
MARC:	He's doesn't know anything, maybe we've got the wrong place. Lets just trash the shop and be done with it.
	(SFX: TIM THROWING BOOKS FRANTICALLY ONTO THE FLOOR)
TIM:	I wish you'd learn to focus. The book Javert wants is here somewhere.
	(SFX: MARC DROPS GILES ONTO THE FLOOR. GILES GASPS FOR AIR)
MARC:	Can't I just drain this guy, I've got a sudden craving for shopkeeper.

GILES:	I don't think I'm your type, I'm an O-positive, and you strike me more as an AB man.
TIM:	(AMUSED) Well, you really can't kill him now. (TO GILES) Mr Giles isn't it? I phoned this morning, I spoke to a woman in your employee, who assured me you had--.
	(SFX: THE BASEMENT DOOR IS FLUNG OPEN)
SPIKE:	Looks like you've got yourself a spot of bother, Giles. Lucky for you, I'm a right terror when I've got a new weapon to test.
GILES:	Spike, I'm almost, certainly, glad to see you. Now if you could stop with the bravado.
SPIKE:	Fighting and snarking are mine, don't see me trying to interfere when you're boring me more to death with your books and dry exposition. Now let me deal with these halfwit lackeys.
TIM:	(INSULTED) We're not lackeys... or halfwits... we're a unit, working together towards a common goal.
MARC:	Tim's right, we're like... a family. Javert sired most of us and he's gonna--.
TIM:	Marc, shut up.

SPIKE:	Hey, don't I know you? (RECALLS) Yeah, killed a few of your mates, about a week back, while you ran pissing yourself. Smart move.
TIM:	I didn't. (PAUSE) What are you doing here anyway?
SPIKE:	Nicking stuff same as you. Except I'm doing a better job of it.
GILES:	(NOTICES FOR THE FIRST TIME) Spike were you stealing a vinji sacrificial dagger? I had to get it on special order. How could you?
SPIKE:	Wanna hold off on the lecture? It's not like the first time I've robbed you.
	(SFX: MARC GROWLS, AND HURLS HIMSELF AT SPIKE)
GILES:	Spike—
	(SFX: SPIKE GETS PUNCHED IN THE FACE)
GILES: (CONT'D)	--for heavens sake duck.
SPIKE:	A little late for that.

	(SFX: SPIKE AND MARC FIGHT. SPIKE SLICES CLEAN THROUGH MARC'S NECK AND INTO THE WALL. VAMP DUSTS. SPIKE STRUGGLES TRYING TO PULL THE BLADE FREE)
SPIKE:	Blade's got stuck in the wall.
	(SFX: TIM MAKES A RUN TOWARDS THE DOOR, HURLING GILES TO THE GROUND. THE BELL ABOVE THE DOOR RINGS)
SPIKE: (CONT'D)	The sod ran off. Again!(PFFT!) Cowardly's the last thing you want in a minion. Chucked mine years ago. Would never had any, if it wasn't for Dru insisting. I like fighting my own battles. Though, I suppose you being a watcher would have a different view point. (SLIGHTLY GOADING) Got Slayers to go out doing you're grunt work.
GILES:	That's not... (DROPS THE SUBJECT) Could you possible help me up, and into the training room? I think I need to sit down.
	(SFX: SPIKE HELPS GILES UP, OPENS THE DOOR TO THE BACK ROOM)
SPIKE:	Took a nasty bump to the head back there. Well, at least you're still conscious.

GILES:	It's only since coming to Sunnydale, that I've gained the predisposition for being knocked unconscious. Perhaps, I'm getting to old for all of this, my being here seems rather redundant.
SPIKE:	It's true then, about you wanting to leave?
GILES:	I'm still undecided. But, I'm sure in my absence Willow could take over. The others listen to her, and she's come on quite a lot over the last few years.
SPIKE:	Oh, yeah she'd love that. Girls getting a taste for power as it is.
GILES:	(IGNORING SPIKE'S COMMENT) I appreciate it if you kept all this to yourself.
SPIKE:	I'm not going to say a word, it only upset Dawn. (BRIGHTENS) Well, I think you owe me a drink. I did save your life after all.
GILES:	The only reason you were here in the first place was to steal from me.
SPIKE:	Knew you weren't gonna let that drop. Fine, I'll go get my own booze. There's a liquor store not far off, lacks security, my coats got big pockets and they never check'em.

	(SFX: TRASH CAN IS PUT IN FRONT OF GILES)
SPIKE: (CONT'D)	I'm putting this by your head, in case you puke. Concussions make you do that, as well as being blind drunk. You're probably familiar with both.
GILES:	Noted. (PAUSE) Why are you helping me?
SPIKE:	Obvious i'n't? (WALKS OFF) I'm gonna go see what I can find on those vampires.

007_006 Setting: DEMON BAR

	(SFX: CARDS BEING SHUFFLED, BEER BOTTLE SLAMMED TO THE TABLE, CAT MEWS)
CLEM:	Spike, come on let's go. You need to quit, while you're not completely losing.
DEMON:	You want to be dealt in Spike? Chance to win it all back.
CLEM:	You're not that good at poker even when you're sober. And you told me you promised that sweet girl Dawn you weren't going to drink anymore.

	(SFX: DOOR SWINGS OPEN, BACKGROUND BAR NOISES BECOME CLEARER, LOUD MUSIC COMING THROUGH)
SPIKE:	(DRAGGED FROM THE ROOM) Hey, leave off the coat, will you? (CALMS DOWN) Clem, when'd you get to be so strong?
CLEM:	I'm not, you're just that drunk.
SPIKE:	I'm not that drunk. It was mostly an act, to get info' out of those demons, about the vamps I had a run in with tonight.
CLEM:	No offense Spike, but those guys don't exactly keep track on vampire current affairs. Honestly, they only let you in the game because they're afraid of you. Vampires are only just above humans. (WORRIED) I mean, not to me. I think vampires, rock.
SPIKE:	No we don't, we're a sorry lot. Can't say that they're many vampires that I actually like. (THINKS) You know what the real problem with vampires is?
CLEM:	Ummm, they're sarcastic, drink too much, threaten you with violence and get obsessed with cute blonde Slayers?

SPIKE:	Am I the only vampire you know? And, hey I'm not obsessed, <i>in love's</i> the term you're looking for. (DEPRESSED, SHAKES IT OFF) You know who the real problem is? Angel. Everything wrong with my unlife can be traced back to that git. Even when we were both evil--.
CLEM:	(SUPPORTIVE) Hey, don't go saying that pal. I still think you're evil.
SPIKE:	(IGNORING CLEM'S COMMENT) He wanted me to be just like him. Go for easy pray, draw out the kill. Where's the challenge in that? And he was always trying to take Dru away from me. And even with a soul he got in my way. I might have killed the Slayer if it weren't for him. And then I wouldn't have kept coming back here, wouldn't have got a chip in my head or have fallen for Buffy. I wouldn't be going through this.
CLEM:	Vampire families sound dysfunctional, and not in a fixable “after school special” way. (IDEA) You know what will cheer you up? The Lahn demon I've been dating just got a new flat screen TV. We could go over and watch some old movies. Casablanca? I love that movie. (IN BEST HUMPREY BOGART VOICE) Of all the gin joints...

	(SFX: DOOR SWINGS OPEN WITH A CREEK. BAR STOOLS MOVING AROUND TO SEE)
JAVERT:	Hello, (PAUSE) dad.
SPIKE:	(SHIT) Bloody, hell... whose that?

008_006 Setting: FRENCH BAR (1943)

	(MUSIC: TO ESTABLISH LOCATION AND TIME PERIOD)
	(SFX: PEOPLE CHATTING IN FRENCH, GENERAL SOUNDS OF A BAR. MAYBE A RADIO PLAYING NEWS ABOUT THE WAR OR SOMETHING)

SPIKE: (BECOMES INCREASING -LY DRUNK THOUGHT OUT THE FLASH BACKS)	You know what the real problem with Nazis is? Their coats aren't bloody water proof. Take a swim in the Channel, and they come apart at the seams. (REGRETFUL) And, I looked really dashing in that coat. Not that that's my only gripe with them, not even close. The whole wanting to turn me into a lab rat and trapping me on a sub with Angelus - now that I take issue with. Not seen Angelus in more than forty years and you know what? He's still the same arrogant tosser. Surprised, he didn't swan back over here for Dru . Not that the heartless bitch hasn't been going off with whoever takes her fancy, while I've been gone.
BARTENDER : (IN FRENCH)	Englishmen, you are all bastards. You have unseemly appetites and can not keep your lovers satisfied.
SPIKE:	Don't speak French, love. Comprendre?
JAVERT:	She thinks you can't keep your woman satisfied between the sheets.
SPIKE:	(ANNOYED, HOPING SHE'LL PICK IT UP FROM HIS TONE) Miserable cow, doesn't know what she blathering on about. (PAUSE) Women.
JAVERT:	Why must they be so complicated?

SPIKE:	To make us as crazy as they are, I suspect. Not that I'd have it any other way. Keeps things interesting. Be nice though if I could be out of her sights more than a day without her straying. (PAUSE) So, what's your bird done to drive you to this piss hole?
JAVERT:	(RELUCTANT) We had a disagreement. Lately, she picks fights with me. Blames me that I can't find work. It wasn't even my idea to runaway here, she thought I could make a living as an artist. But, I'm ten a penny out here. But that was all right to begin with, we had each other, but that's no longer enough for her.
SPIKE:	I was gonna be a poet, wrote a bunch of sentimental drivel. Don't know, maybe that's why she choose me. A stupid ponce she could wrap around her little finger. (DRINKS) Great romance isn't what it's cracked up to be. Take my advice, once you let your girl stomp on your heart, she's gonna make sport of it.
JAVERT:	A toast, to the cruel, vindictive women we love.
	(SFX: GLASS CLINK)

009_006 Setting: DEMON BAR

JAVERT:	What do you mean you don't remember me? (GROWING ANGER) You sired me.
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SPIKE:	I don't know you from Adam, mate. And yeah, I've killed a lot of people, but I don't make a habit of siring them. Only did it the once, and trust me I wouldn't repeat that mistake. (TO CLEM) Clem, you pulled me out of a poker game for this?
JAVERT:	(UNBELIEVING) You're my damned sire, you changed my... destiny. (REALISES) You really don't remember me, do you? It was 1943, in Paris and --
SPIKE:	Look, I've been polite up until now, but you're beginning to bore me, an a bar fight's sounding appealing, so I wouldn't test my patience.
CLEM:	(ASIDE) Spike, I think you're hurting his feelings.
JAVERT:	(VAMPS) You don't have the slightest clue, do you? You abandoned me. And, it wasn't like I could find any helpful literature on the subject of becoming a vampire. All I could find was a copy of Dracula - I slept in a coffin, and do you know how pricey a decent casket is? Was years before I meet another vampire who put me right.

SPIKE:	No fruit of my loins would ever read that crap. Dracula's a bloody glory hound. He goes around biting Slayers when he's got no right to, and he can only do it when he's using his thrall, some of us have to work a lot harder than that. (PAUSE) Wait a minute, you're the vampire that's been asking around after me. Those vampires back at the shop, yours I take it? (SNICKERS, CAN'T STOP) Hey, Clem I've got me a stalker.
CLEM:	Do you think he'll want a signed picture? (OVERLAPPING WHAT JAVERT SAYS) How do vampire photograph anyway, without a reflection?
JAVERT:	Laugh now, but you're gonna pay. (LEAVES)
SPIKE:	Right, bye then son. Study hard on those death threats, someday you might be as good your old man.
CLEM:	Man, he left in a huff.
SPIKE:	Teenage snit. I hope he grows out of it.

010_006 Setting: OFFICE

	(SFX: KNOCK AT THE DOOR)
MRS. CARTER:	Please, come in.

	(SFX: DOOR OPENS)
MRS. CARTER: (CONT'D)	Hello, you must be Candyce Wells? (PAUSE) That name sounds oddly familiar.
CANDYCE:	I have a younger brother called Andrew. He comes here a lot. I mean who else is he going to get to talk to him, for anything less than \$150 an hour?
MRS. CARTER:	Is that why you're here, to talk about your family?
CANDYCE:	No, I'm here to talk about my dead choir friends. Not that I haven't been through this kind of thing before. You know, by second grade one-third of my class were missing or dead. Our baseball team really sucked. Then my first boyfriend died at his graduation, and the last boyfriend I had is now in the Sunnydale psyche ward, it was really sudden.
MRS. CARTER:	That's awful thing for you to have been through.
CANDYCE:	I guess. (SIGH) You wouldn't believe how hard it is dating in a place like Sunnydale. Small town, high mortality rate - not exactly a big dating pool. So, you know, dead acquaintances, not that new. (IRONIC) And, I'm the well adjusted one in my family.

011_006 Setting: OUTSIDE THE MAGIC BOX

ANYA:	(ANNOYED) I wish you'd stop telling me what to do all the time, Willow. It's irritating, you've become even more controlling since you got a plaque.
WILLOW:	I only said you probably shouldn't rely on the Buffybot, to do your chores around the shop.
ANYA:	Chores? They're not chores! That's like suggesting Xander's job is merely a hobby. (ACCUSING) I know what's happening here. You're trying to make me feel inferior. To diminish me in front of everyone else, because I dared to question your authority.
TARA:	Anya, Willow didn't mean anything. We're just worried about Buffybot in public. I know she did well with the social worker, but maybe we should limit her contact with people. Just to be safe.
WILLOW:	I'm certain that the social worker couldn't have been paying much attention, or otherwise she'd have figured something was up.
XANDER:	They're very busy people. The one that used to check in on my parents... (AWKWARD) You know forget that train of thought, it only ends with drunken neglect.

ANYA:	See what you've done Willow? You've brought into light Xander's terrible parents.
WILLOW:	I know you're--.
TARA:	Ummm, guys. I think the Magic Box might have been broken into.

012_006 Setting: MAGIC BOX

	(SFX: BELL RINGS AS XANDER, WILLOW, ANYA AND TARA ENTER)
XANDER:	(CALLS OUT) Hello! (TO OTHERS) I don't like this. I know my day's going to be ruined when it starts off with the key words: Sunnydale, unlocked door, and shady store.
WILLOW:	Anya, when you shut up the shop last night, you did remember to lock the door?
ANYA:	Of course I did. Oh, my god the place is trashed. Oh my god, the money!
	(SFX: ANYA RUNS BEHIND THE COUNTER AND OPENS THE CASH REGISTER)
TARA:	Mr. Giles!

ANYA:	(PHEW) It looks okay, it's all still green and spendy.
	(SFX: GILES OPENS THE BASEMENT DOOR)
GILES:	Watch your step, there's glass everywhere.
	(SFX: GILES DROPPING SOME BOOKS ON THE TABLE)
TARA:	Mr. Giles, are you okay?
GILES:	(REASSURING) I'm fine Tara.
WILLOW:	What happened?
GILES:	Some vampires broke in last night. Fortunately Spike was here to chase them off. They seemed to be focused on these books, I've been going through them since.
XANDER:	Well that explains the creased clothes, I was worried for a minute that we were witnessing your walk of shame ensemble.
GILES:	Anya, could you get the broom from the back room and clean up a little before we open for the day?
ANYA:	Me? (SIGH, TO WILLOW) I told you we should have brought the Bot.

WILLOW:	She's helping with Dawn. And, she's not your slave.
ANYA:	No, just yours. (MUMBLES AS SHE WALKS OFF TO FIND A BROOM) I just don't see why it's immoral when I want to use her around the store, when Spike got away with using her for his sexual gratification.
GILES:	I'm troubled by these vampires' choice in reading material. I'm trying to work out which book that they might have been after.
TARA:	That section is kind of dark arts-y.
GILES:	Yes. And, I'm sadly, far from done with my work here.
WILLOW:	That's great. I mean, Giles you were up all night with the researching and pondering over books. You've not done that... in a really long time. Ohhh, I think this calls for coffee and doughnuts for everyone.

013_006 Setting: ESPRESSO PUMP

	(SFX: BUSY MORNING. RADIO PLAYING. CUSTOMERS CHATTING.)
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CANDYCE:	(WALKING IN, RECALLING ORDER) Okay. Blueberry muffin for Jeb. Cruller for mom. Apple fritter for Tucker and --.
ANDREW:	(CATCHING HIS BREATH) Candyce, I told you to wait up.
CANDYCE:	I got tired of waiting, while you pretended to tie your shoelaces, when I know you were really ogling the display at Metro Comics.
ANDREW:	They had the new Astonishing X-men in. And, you're not supposed to ditch me, because mom said so.
CANDYCE:	I wasn't trying to get rid of you. And like Mom would care anyway, she's too busy with Jeb to give a damn about any of us.
CUTE COFFEE GUY:	(SLIGHTLY OFF MIC) I'm ready to take the next order.
ANDREW:	Isn't that the guy you have a crush on? He's really cute, nice smile, the bluest eyes and the body of an athlete. I bet he has really nice abs...
CANDYCE:	Yeah... now, go away. (MOVES TOWARDS THE COUNTER)
ANDREW:	Fine.
CANDYCE:	Um, hi.

CUTE COFFEE GUY:	Oh, hey there. The usual? Do you want me to bring it over?
CANDYCE:	No. I mean, it's an order to go. So, I won't be taking up space at my usual table as strong-coffee novel reading girl – (SHEEPISH) okay, so magazine and hot-chocolate girl. Anyway, that's just a cover story for why I real come in here, I have a secret pastry addiction.
CUTE COFFEE GUY:	Enough said. I totally understand, it's why I took this job. That, and I get to talk to really pretty girls.
ANDREW:	(LOUD, WHINY) Candyce! I know you said I could only have decaf and a plain bagel, because the sugar makes me hyper, but can I please have a doughnut with sprinkles on it? Oh, are you asking my sister out? It's been ages since she went on a date, after what happened to her other boyfriends.
CUTE COFFEE GUY:	Boyfriends?
ANDREW:	Don't worry, they're out of the picture. One's in the psyche ward, kinda went crazy over night, the other two died, one at graduation and the other one was mauled by —
CUTE COFFEE GUY:	Um, I'm on my break. Vanessa can you take over for me?

	(PAUSE)
CANDYCE:	Andrew! Do you even know what you just did?
ANDREW:	Uh, yeah, asked for some sprinkles.
CANDYCE:	Well, now you get nothing. The only reason I even asked you here was because mom wanted you gone so she and Jeb could have some alone time. You mess up everything, even my pathetic attempts at having an actual love life. Hasn't it sunk in yet? Nobody likes you.
ANDREW:	For your information sister, I have friends, lots. Warren and Jonathan like me. So, I don't need you or mom or lame old Tucker anymore.
	(SFX: ANDREW STORMS OFF)
CANDYCE:	(SIGH) Crap! (DROPS HER HEAD DOWN ON A TABLE)
TARA & WILLOW:	Hi, Candyce. / It's great to see you again Candyce.
CANDYCE:	Hi, guys.
TARA:	Is everything okay?
CANDYCE:	Yeah, everything's fine with my train wreck of a life. My family, is always messing everything up for me. I bet you guys both have wonderful families.

	(SFX: AWKWARD LAUGH – INTO AWKWARD SILENCE)
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014_006 Setting: FRENCH STREET (1943)

	(SFX: A VERY LOUD DRUNK SPIKE AND JAVERT BEING THROWN OUT OF THE BAR)
BARTENDER : (IN FRENCH)	We're closed. Go home you drunken fools.
	(SFX: DOOR SLAMS SHUT AND IS BOLTED)
SPIKE:	Don't know what she said but I'm thinking it was bloody insulting. She better hope I don't run into her again. Got to be another pub around here somewhere.
JAVERT:	I think you've had enough. I've never seen anyone put drink away like you, it's a wonder you're still alive.
SPIKE:	That's because I'm not, been dead since I meet Dru. You know what, I'm done with her. I'm gonna tell her to sod off next time she comes crawling back to me. See how she likes that.
JAVERT:	Yes, you should do that, my friend.

SPIKE:	Yeah, damn right I should. I'm done being her doormat. She's on her final notice.
JAVERT:	And, I'll tell Nicole things must change or we're done.
SPIKE:	Yeah, you do that, mate, neither of us is gonna take it anymore.
JAVERT:	Precisely, we love them but there's only so much abuse we can take.
SPIKE:	Yeah, though some abuse isn't bad.
JAVERT:	What? Yes, we are lovers not fighters.
SPIKE:	Well, you would say that... you're French. Me I'm both a lover and a fighter. But we understand one another now, got similar problems.
JAVERT:	Like where to find the next pub.
SPIKE:	Now, you're finally getting it.

015_006 Setting: MAGIC BOX

	(SFX: BELL RINGS)
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WILLOW:	Hey, guys. I'm back from shopping. I officially hate the grocery store. Shoppers are insane and grabby. I feel violated-- (KNOCKED INTO) Ofph! Hey, watch it Spike.
SPIKE:	It's not like I hurt you. Chip didn't fire.
WILLOW:	Well for future reference you might want to watch where you're going. Unless you want me to end up as Rat Amy's new playmate.
SPIKE:	You might want to take your own advice, stop you from getting into stuff you're not ready to handle.
GILES:	I hope you two are quite done with your snipping at one another. I think we've waited long enough.
WILLOW:	I'm sorry Giles. I just lost track of time.
SPIKE:	Willow's tardy... that's a touch out of character.
WILLOW:	What? You were late too Spike.
SPIKE:	I was outside having a smoke waiting for your precious self to arrive.
DAWN:	Spike, what's up with the moodiness of you tonight? Do you just have to pick on somebody else when Xander's not around?

SPIKE:	Not been sleeping well.
TARA:	That's understandable. Are you still having nightmares?
SPIKE:	(SNAPPING) What do you think?
GILES:	Spike, did you find out anything on those vampires from last night?
SPIKE:	(GUARDED) Didn't learn a thing.
GILES:	Well thank you for making an effort.
WILLOW:	Giles, did you find out anything?
GILES:	Yes, actually. I noticed that a rare talisman we had in stock matched the description in this books: “a box made of the bones of a warriors horse,”
ANYA:	We had one of those? I didn't see it, maybe you hallucinated it, have you recently been stung by a Glargabullgashmanick demon?
GILES:	(IGNORES WHAT ANYA SAID) It appears that it's gone missing.
ANYA:	Well those vampires must have stolen it. Certainly, I didn't give it away to one of my ex-demon colleagues.

DAWN:	What? Anya did you have something--?
ANYA:	Shhh, Giles is talking.
GILES:	There's also mention of two other talismans that are needed in order to harness the power of this first one. They all should be located in the vicinity of Sunnydale.
SPIKE:	Well, that's bloody convenient distance, if you ask me.
GILES:	They're connected to a local legend related to Sunnydale. They all contain sacred animal spirits, that the Cherokee would call upon to protect them from the Hellmouth.
WILLOW:	Oh, maybe we could harness their power to do the same thing.
TARA:	If these vampires are trying to use them, I don't think they can be good.
SPIKE:	Best off finding off finding these trinkets and destroying them.
ANYA:	Yes, we certainly wouldn't want to give away to any other demons.
DAWN:	Anya, again with the huh?

WILLOW:	So, what kinda animal thingie are we looking for right now?
GILES:	Um, the coyote.
DAWN:	Lets hope nobody gets possessed by a coyote and starts going through trash cans and howling at the moon.
GILES:	It's more an embodiment of the animal. Nothing like what happened to Xander. The spirit only symbolises the strengths of the animal. Ma'ii the coyote controls the spirit world. It ushers people into the afterlife and guards the living and the dead. It's been fashioned into a string of beads. The circle represents life and death.
SPIKE:	Maybe it's worth something after all.
GILES:	I believe you're interrupting my exposition Spike.
TARA:	Where do we find it?
GILES:	It translation says it will be in 'His den, that springs from earth to sky.'
WILLOW:	Cryptic. Why is it always with the cryptic? Why couldn't they just draw a map with a giant x on it? You know ancient mystics could learn a lot from pirates.

ANYA:	I dated a pirate once. I got called to curse his captain, I think his name was Swallow? Robin? Sparrow... Sparrow something or other.
DAWN:	Oh, I know it might be in one of the caves! They're underground, and they touch the sky, not literally, but it sounds like a place to hide stuff.
SPIKE:	To the top of the class with you, nibblet.
GILES:	It's probably in one of the larger caves. Those have been blocked off from the public. Where we thought that dragon was a month ago.
WILLOW:	Let's go then.

016_006 Setting: PAST

	(SFX: BATTLE SOUNDS)
HORSE:	Born of earth, heart, and speed, the spirit of the horse protects the Navajo people.
FIRE:	Horse! This war is not going as those of the sky would plan...
AIR:	Fire, hush and focus, we need to band together... together we are powerful, powerful enough to stop the darkness coming from the mouth of hell.

MYSTIC:	Not if we have anything to say about it... <i>Ingrantay, imbolia, infacto perspecto, inanime mystolia!</i>
	(SFX: HORSE SQUEAL)

017_006 Setting: CAVE

	(SFX: SCUFF OF ROCKS UNDER FOOT)
XANDER:	Again, why did you get me out of work, to search some caves for beads?
WILLOW:	(APOLOGETIC) They're magic beads, if that helps at all. And, in no way to be confused with magic beans , that way lays beanstalks and giants.
GILES:	It's a good job then that giants don't exist.
SPIKE:	(SCOOFs) Tell that to some poor sod that's just shagged a thricewise.
XANDER:	A thrice what now?
SPIKE:	Surprised you've not been with one. With your ability to attract demon kind...
	(SFX: SPIKE PUSHES XANDER BACK)
XANDER:	Female demons, so keep your hands to yourself.

SPIKE:	(YOU'RE AN IDIOT) I was stopping you falling to your death you burk.
XANDER:	Right... Woh that's a long drop. Fall down there, might as well make it your retirement spot.
BUFFYBOT:	Xander don't be silly! You would certainly be killed on impact on the rocks bellow.
SPIKE:	(SARCASTIC) And that would be a crying shame.
WILLOW:	I'm getting magic-y vibes coming from in that recess over there. Might be worth a look.
GILES:	Spike, if you could do the honours.
SPIKE:	Great. I don't see why you can't send the Bot.
XANDER:	Because you're expendable, she's not.
SPIKE:	I'm more use than you are. Alright, fine.
WILLOW:	Don't worry Buffybot, Spike's going to be okay. He's got that vamp night-vision, and he probably won't get stuck in there.
BUFFYBOT:	Oh, I'm not worried, he is very flexible.

SPIKE:	(ECHOY) I thought you'd stopped her doing that Red, probably just put that programming back to piss me off. I've made my way into a small chamber, there's tribal paintings, a coyote attacking a demon. Looks like our place.
XANDER:	Hurry it along Mr. art critic, some of us have actual lives to get back to.
SPIKE:	Gonna give you a good old fashioned lynching if you don't shut up.
WILLOW:	At least you made him mad at someone else besides me, Xander.
XANDER:	We should really get around to killing him. I'll put it on my to-do list.
BUFFYBOT:	Xander!
SPIKE:	I can still hear you. Beginning to understand why Giles wants to get away from you all. You're bleeding tragic without the Slayer. And if you're looking to put the Witch in charge, better start to arrange your funerals.
GILES:	(ANGRY) You manipulative <i>bastard</i> , I told you that in confidence. You better have that talisman when you get back out or you're not leaving these caves.

WILLOW:	(GASP) Giles, you're really leaving... after everything?
GILES:	I never said that, exactly. And, I'd only leave once I was sure things had been straightened out here.
SPIKE:	Found it. Bet it'd make tidy sum on the black-magic market.

018_006 Setting: WOODS OUTSIDE THE CAVE

XANDER:	It's wonderful to breathe in that fresh, slightly polluted California air. I'm glad to be out of that cave, talk about cold.
BUFFYBOT:	Xander my warm blooded friend, I'm not programmed to notice thermal heat changes.
	(SFX: SPIKE, GILES AND WILLOW COME FROM OUT OF THE CAVE, ARGUING.)
GILES:	Spike, it's become quite clear that you cannot be trusted.
SPIKE:	I'm sick of you all running around pretending everything is fine. And Buffy wouldn't want you abandoning the people she loved.

WILLOW:	You weren't concerned with Buffy's wishes before. You might recall an uninvited spell she made me cast when you wouldn't leave her alone.
JAVERT:	I'm sorry to interrupt your spat, but you've got something we want. <i>Oh, hello Slayer we meet again, you're as gorgeous as ever.</i> I can understand what you see in her Spike.
TIM:	Oh, hello again.. Mr. Giles, (SPITS THIS WORD OUT) Spike.
BUFFYBOT:	I'm sorry, but I do not recall any of you vampires. We weren't properly introduced. I'm Buffy!
JAVERT:	I bested you in a fight. Why is it nobody can remember me – the residents of this area are completely DENSE. Is it something in the water supply?
XANDER:	Spike, you know this guy?
SPIKE:	You see... he is... well he reckons...
JAVERT:	He's my sire.
WILLOW:	What? Spike sired you. Is his chip still working?
JAVERT:	It was back in the 1940's. I'm older than I look.

SPIKE:	I bloody well told you last night I didn't sire you.
GILES:	I believe you told me you hadn't learnt anything about these vampires Spike.
JAVERT:	Yes, he let you down didn't he? In fact I tracked him here. You'll have to thank him for my killing of you all.
WILLOW:	Enemies, fly and fall. Circling arms, raise a wall.
	(SFX: MAGICAL BARRIER GOING UP)
JAVERT:	You can't hide behind your magic fence forever. Certainly not when my plan comes together and I use these spirits to start an earthquake on the San Andres fault line. (DRAMATIC PAUSE)
XANDER:	Oh, my god that's you big plan... that's so lame...
	(SFX: THE SCOOBIES START LAUGHING, AND CAN'T STOP)

019_006 Setting: WOODS OUTSIDE THE CAVE (CONT'D)

	(SFX: AND... THEY'RE STILL LAUGHING)
JAVERT:	Stop laughing. In what way is this funny?
BUFFYBOT:	I do not know. Perhaps it's your amusing haircut?
JAVERT:	Hey... don't start slayer or I'll give you another go round next time I see you in the cemetery...
	(SFX: THEY STOP LAUGHING AS HARD)
JAVERT: (CONT'D)	You're all going to die with immense suffering.
	(SFX: GILES LAUGHING, WHICH STARTS EVERYONE OFF AGAIN)
WILLOW:	I, I can't breathe - I think I'm gonna die from laughing.
SPIKE:	As evil plans go it's really not up to scratch.
GILES:	You do understand that earthquakes are common a occurrence in California?
JAVERT:	Of course I know that. How stupid do you think I am?

XANDER:	Very, seeing as you evil plans based on that of a Bond villain. (LAUGHS, NOBODY ELSE DOES) Anybody? (PAUSE) 'A View to Kill' ... come on Max Zorin, evil French businessman, product of a Nazi experiment. He tries to start an earthquake on the San Andres fault line. Did nobody else see the movie?
SPIKE:	Can't say I have
JAVERT:	Nor me.
	(SFX: NOS FROM OTHER SCOOBIES AND ALL JAVERT'S MINIONS)
XANDER:	Really, nobody! Buffy would have gotten it. (MUMBLES) It might have been Lex Luther's idea first.
CAROLINE:	Come on Javert, were not going to get through this spell.
JAVERT:	I'll see you all later.

#020_006 Setting: MAGIC BOX

ANYA:	This Javert guy sounds very amusing, honey. But I haven't seen 'A View to Kill' Besides, I don't like James Bond, he's sexist, and clearly over-compensating with all his gadgets, which aren't even economically viable.
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WILLOW:	Guys, if you're done. Would you mind helping us find a disenchantment spell for the amulet.
XANDER:	Yeah, okay Will.
SPIKE:	Best off hurrying it along, no telling when those vamps might decide to turn up.
GILES:	Yes, I'd prefer the store not to be looted again.
ANYA:	The insurance keeps going up, but the rents gone down.
WILLOW:	There's always Bu- , the Summers' house. The vampires haven't been invited in.
XANDER:	Great idea Wills, but you probably shouldn't have said it when Spike's around, he'll probably run off to go tell his hell spawn where to find us.
SPIKE:	For the last bleeding time, I didn't sire him.
GILES:	I can't understand why a vampire would lie about something like this.
SPIKE:	I don't get it either, alright. But, you're just gonna believe him aren't you – you forgetting he's evil?
XANDER	So are you.

SPIKE:	And do you ever believe me?
WILLOW:	I think I know away that will solve this. There a spell that can track vampire blood lines. There's a mystically blood link between vampires. A drop of Spike's blood and--.
SPIKE:	No.
WILLOW:	What do you mean no?
SPIKE:	The first few things I learnt becoming a vampire, the siring thing wasn't for me and second never trust a witch with your blood. Don't want a bloodstone vengeance spell casted on me, when I do something you don't like or you do something I don't like.
XANDER:	And the excuses are piling up.
GILES:	What about all the minions you used to have didn't you sire them?
SPIKE:	Dru did the turning, the rest were what was left from the Master's brood. I scared them into working for me.
WILLOW:	Spike maybe you should leave. Go on a patrol, while we work here.
SPIKE:	(HURT) Fine, it's not like I'm one for research.

	(SFX: SPIKE LEAVES THE BELL ABOVE THE DOOR RINGS)
BUFFYBOT:	Willow, why did you send Spike away?
WILLOW:	He's a vampire Buffybot. We shouldn't forget that.

021_006 Setting: JAVERT'S APARTMENT (1943)

SPIKE: (SINGING)	What shall we do with a drunken sailor, What shall we do with a drunken sailor--.
JAVERT:	(TRYING NOT TO LAUGH) Shhh, Spike you'll wake the whole neighbourhood.
SPIKE: (SINGING)	What shall we do with a drunken sailor, Early in the morning? (YAWNS) Put him in the longboat till he's sober.
SLEEPY GIRL (IN FRENCH)	Shut up. I have to be up in a few hours.
SPIKE:	I'm bloody tired, swimming in the sea took it outta me.
JAVERT:	I think it's all you've had to drink on an empty stomach.
	(SFX: SPIKE DROPS TO THE PAVEMENT)

JAVERT: (CONT'D)	Spike, you can't sleep in the streets. You can come stay with me.
SPIKE:	You're a nice lad but I don't lean that way.
JAVERT:	I was offering you the floor my friend. Come on before we get arrested.
	(SFX: DOOR UNLOCKED. THEY WALK UP SOME STAIRS)
JAVERT (CONT'D)	You're gonna have to be quiet. Madeline, the landlady, has hearing like a bat.
SPIKE:	She's not human then.
JAVERT	What? (PAUSE) No, not in the strictest sense, but she's okay enough.
	(SFX: DOOR IS OPENED)
JAVERT:	Nothing special, but it's better than some places I've been.
SPIKE:	It's alright. I'm just gonna take a little rest over here.
	(SFX: SPIKE FALLS ON THE BED)
JAVERT:	Well, floor it is then.

	(SFX: ANOTHER DOOR IN THE APARTMENT OPENS)
NICOLA:	What's going on? Why is there a drunk man in our bed? And, was he the one singing sea shanties in the street?
JAVERT:	He's a friend. He needs somewhere to stay. And I don't know why he keeps singing. (PAUSE) And how long was it since it was 'our' bed?
NICOLA:	I don't want to talk about this now. I'm going to stay with Madeline, down the hall.
JAVERT:	You'll come back though, right?
NICOLA:	Maybe, I'm not sure. Well talk about it tomorrow.
	(SFX: DOOR CLOSES SHUT. JAVERT KICKS THE WALL IN FRUSTRATION)
SPIKE:	That wasn't pretty.

022_006 Setting: SUMMERS' HOUSE

CANDYCE:	I hope you don't mind me just dropping in Tara, but I had to get out of there.
TARA:	Really, it's fine Candyce. Right, Dawn?

DAWN:	Yeah, come around any time.
CANDYCE:	You've been really sweet to me. Though, I was kinda worried that it was an act and that you might have been the one killing the choir, Tara. You know, look out for the quiet ones.
DAWN:	Well, Tara's the best. I'm really glad she lives here with me and Willow (REMEMBERS) and my sister.
CANDYCE:	I'm missing my dorm room. I've had to move back home for the summer and my family is just creepy. Dad left to do a cheesy magic show in Las Vegas, my mom is shacking up with random guys, and my brothers are total freaks.
DAWN:	(SAD) Yeah, families are complicated.
CANDYCE:	I'm sorry, Tara told me about your mom. I know it must be tough for you and your sister.
	(SFX: FRONT DOOR OPENS)
WILLOW:	Tara? Dawn?
DAWN:	We're in here, with Candyce.
WILLOW:	Oh, hi again. Tara, We got that bead thing, we were looking for all day, we were going to do more. I wanted to keep it here. Candyce do you mind staying with Dawn for a few hours?

CANDYCE:	No, problem. We'll be fine
DAWN:	We have the numbers for the pizza place at hand, in case of a hunger related emergency.
TARA:	There's twenty dollars on my night stand. Just try not to make a mess.
	(SFX: OPEN THE FRONT DOOR TO--)

023_006 Setting: SUMMER'S FRONT YARD

WILLOW:	I'm glad we've got the Buffybot, but it's nice having a babysitter who doesn't need a babysitter herself.
TARA:	I wouldn't go that far. You really think we should have left them?
WILLOW:	Sure, she'll be fine, as long as she keeps Dawn away from the cookies.
TARA:	Awww, I think Dawn's cute hyped up on sugar.
	(SFX: RUSTLE FROM BEHIND A BUSH)
JAVERT:	You were right Jinx, so predictable. I'll go around the back of the house and distract the other girl, and you can get the talisman.
JINX:	Of course your Magnificent vampireness...
JAVERT:	Time to put on the charm.

024_006 Setting: SUMMERS' HOUSE

	(SFX: KNOCK ON THE BACK DOOR)
CANDYCE:	(SHOUTS UP TO DAWN) Don't worry Dawn, I'll get it. Stay on the phone with your friend.
	(SFX: OPENS THE BACK DOOR)
JAVERT:	Oh hi, I was looking for Willow.
CANDYCE:	She's out at the minute, How do you know her?
JAVERT:	She's a friend, of a friend.
CANDYCE:	Did you want me to pass on a message or something?
JAVERT:	She's got something of mine, actually if I could come in and get it...
CANDYCE:	Well, I don't live here and I don't know you. You could be a total serial killer or... something, so no, sorry and all.
JAVERT:	I look like a serial killer? No wonder it's been a long time since I went on a date.
CANDYCE:	Cute. But, I'm not buying the doe eyed innocent guy thing.

JAVERT:	You got me, I'm conceited. Do you go to Sunnydale University? I think I might have seen you there.
CANDYCE:	Yes, but it's probably my local celebrity you recognize me for. I was on TV about a month ago, some girls in my choir died, and there was a news crew. It was all stupid questions and being attacked by the make-up lady with mass amounts of blush. Celebrity is overrated, Hollywood will just have to suffer without me.
JAVERT:	That they will.

025_006 Setting: SUMMERS' LIVING ROOM

JINX:	If I were a sacred magical talisman were would I... oh, behind the sofa.
	(SFX: DAWN WALKING DOWN THE STAIRS)
DAWN:	Candyce! Who was at the door...
JINX:	The key, it's still in this weak fleshy form.
DAWN:	I have a name scabby, it's Dawn.
JINX:	You are not real. Glory should have been sent home, and you should have ceased to be.

SPIKE:	Sticks and stones, you snivelling wanker. You're gonna cease to be anything but a bloodstain on the floor.
	(SFX: CANDYCE SCREAMS FROM THE BACK PORCH)
DAWN:	Spike, Candyce's is in trouble.
SPIKE:	Who?
DAWN:	Tucker's sister!

026_006 Setting: JAVERT'S APARTMENT (1943)

	(SFX: DOOR OPENS)
NICOLE:	Javert wake up. Have you slept the day away?
	(SFX: OPENS CURTAINS)
NICOLE: (CONT'D)	Wake up sleepy head. (PAUSE) (PURRS) Javert... wakey wakey... (SOFT AND WARM) Look, I know you're probably still angry with me, but there's a reason I've been acting funny. You see I'm pregnant, and I know you always wanted children, because you never had a family of your own. But, I was still worried, about what you'd think. I mean we're not even married, and we have nothing.

	(SFX: CREAKING OF THE BED AS SHE SITS DOWN)
NICOLE:	Please look at me Javert. (PULLS BACK COVER) Oh, my God – so much blood.
	(SFX: JAVERT GASPS FOR AN UNEEDED BREATH)
NICOLE: (CONT'D)	Oh, thank god you're alive. I'll get Madeline to send for the doctor.
	(SFX: JAVERT VAMPS, AND DRAINS NICOLE)
NICOLE:	Oh my god... your face... (SCREAM)

027_006 Setting: SUMMERS' BACK YARD

SPIKE:	Put the girl down....
JAVERT:	(FRIENDLY) Spike, glad you could make it. Want a drink? You shared one with me once.
DAWN:	Spike, you...
SPIKE:	(SHARPLY) Dawn, get inside now!
JAVERT:	Not willing to share the tasty treat.
SPIKE:	She's...

JAVERT:	Like the child you never left.
SPIKE:	(SNORTS) I don't care what issues you've got with me.
JAVERT:	No, you're going to admit what you did.
SPIKE:	You're turning into a bleeding broken record.
JAVERT:	You were drunk, got hungry in the night, but I fought you back - kicking, scratching, biting to live. I died with the coppery taste of blood in my mouth, yours. I didn't realize that was what brought me back, but then, she didn't come back like me. If you'd been there like a sire is supposed to be I'd have known that.
SPIKE:	Know the feeling, hurting the ones you love. But I did you a blessing not letting you turn her.
JAVERT:	You don't understand.
SPIKE:	I do, all too well.
JAVERT:	This girl's gonna die, unless you release the demon.
DAWN:	Spike he's got the tali—
SPIKE:	Dawn! Inside.
	(SFX: PUSHES JINX TO THE FLOOR)

SPIKE:	Got your demon, now give me the girl.
JAVERT:	Okay, here you go. Come on Jinx.
	(SFX: DAWN RUNS TO CANDYCE)
DAWN:	Candyce... Candyce please...
SPIKE:	(GRABS DAWN) I thought I told you to stay indoors.
DAWN:	(FREAKING OUT) Spike, she's dead.

028_006 Setting: JAVERT'S BEDSIDE (1943)

JAVERT:	(CRYING) Wake up, please wake up. Nicola my sweetheart please. I need you. Don't leave me, I lost us our child – can't lose you too. You were supposed to come back, like me. Us together like always. I don't know what I did wrong, what Spike did that I didn't.
	(SFX: KNOCK AT THE DOOR)
MADELINE:	Nicole?(PAUSE) Javert? It's Madeline, the rent's overdue. Hello. (KNOCK) I'm worried, nobody's seen either of you in days. Is everything alright?
JAVERT:	Go away, I want to be left alone.

MADELINE:	That's not happening. I'm coming in.
	(SFX: JANGLE OF KEYS. DOOR OPENS, CLOSES)
MADELINE:	What's that smell? (WORRIED) Where's Nicola?
JAVERT:	She's sleeping.
MADELINE:	(I'M GETTING OUTTA HERE) Okay, I'm... I'll come back later. When--.
	(SFX: DOOR OPENS. SLAMMED INTO PLACE)
JAVERT:	(CRAZED) You're gonna try and take her away from me. Like they did at the orphanage...
	(SFX: JAVERT VAMPS)
MADELINE:	Your face. What the hell are you?
JAVERT:	(CLEAR) I'm a vampire.

029_006 Setting: MAGIC BOX

	(SFX: DAWN AND TARA CRYING)
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WILLOW:	I've been checking police reports, missing people is up by about 70%. I think Javert's making himself a vampire army. And now he's got the talisman too.
ANYA:	Spike there's no smoking in here.
GILES:	I think we'll let it slide, just this once Anya.
SPIKE:	Thanks watcher. (PAUSE) This Javert's dangerous, and it's my fault he's here. It's all my fault.
TARA:	Did you turn him into a vampire, Spike?
SPIKE:	I still don't remember. I believe him though, way he was talking... no self respecting vampire's gonna want to show that kinda weakness if it's not true.
DAWN:	(UPSET) So it's your fault Candyce is dead?
WILLOW:	No Dawn, I was the one that pushed Candyce into staying, and I should have warned her.
XANDER:	I can't believe we didn't take this guy seriously.
WILLOW:	We thought we could handle it, and maybe we could if Buffy were here. But we were only ever sidekicks, we let what we could do with Buffy go to our heads.

GILES:	Buffy's gone! There's no use wishing her here. I've researched this ritual more and we're not dealing with any run of the mill earthquake. It has the potential to destroy the whole of California.
ANYA:	That's simple then, we move states. Ohio anyone? There's even a hellmouth there.
XANDER:	Anya honey, not helping.
GILES:	If we're to survive this, we're going to have to stick together. No more petty arguments. And I have no plans to leave Sunnydale. We've got to put this failure behind us and get on with things.

030_006 Setting: WELL'S HOUSE

OFFICER ADAM:	I'm... I'm sorry to bring this news, please let me know when your parents come home. We can't give them all the information they need.
TUCKER:	(SHOCKED) We.. we will.
	(SFX: DOOR CLOSE)
ANDREW:	Tucker?

TUCKER:	Don't say it Andrew... just. Just don't say anything.
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