



Title: Fractures, Fuzzy Sweaters and Frogs (Oh My!)
By Ryan Bovay

Character List

Warren Meers
Jonathan Levinson
Andrew Wells
Tara Maclay
Willow Rosenberg
Rupert Giles
The BuffyBot
Alexander 'Xander' Harris
Dawn Summers
Anya
Javert
Jinx
Caroline (Ep 006)
Customer
Spike

007_000

ANNCR:

Previously on Buffy Between the
Lines...

(001) WILLOW:	∴I know, I just.. I mean... Giles, Buffy's gone. Sunnydale is on a Hellmouth and they'll take Dawn away. And everyone keeps asking me questions and...
(001) GILES:	And you're not sure what to do.
(002) WESLEY:	It's gone. We did it... well Willow did it.
CORDELIA:	Willow, are you okay? Black is so not your color.
WILLOW:	I'm fine, really. Just a head rush. Wow.
(005) XANDER:	Not to be mister puts-his-foot-downer, Willow. But do you really think she should be spending so much time with Spike? I mean the other night's public drunkenness... It just put the nail in the coffin.
ANYA:	(THIS AGAIN) Dawn's a teenager, she's going to see whoever she wants, no matter what you say, she's going disobey you. You might as well ask her to not have mood swings, and while you're at it, to not to grow any taller. Does anyone else feel like she's becoming too tall? I feel really short next to her. I bet there's a spell for that, maybe it's actually a curse...

(006)

(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... she's dead.

ANNCR:

And now for Episode Seven of Buffy Between the Lines – Fractures, Fuzzy Sweaters and Frogs (Oh My!)

007_001 **Setting:** INT. WARREN'S BASEMENT

WARREN:

Moving down a corridor, you walk into a large meadow containing a gazebo. You're up, Andrew.

ANDREW:

Does it have it's weapons drawn?

JONATHAN:

Wait, before we start another combat, I want to show you guys something!

(SFX: FUMBLING THROUGH ITEMS.)

ANDREW:

Is it gonna help me fight this gazebo?

(SFX: CLUMP AS JONATHAN
SETS A LARGE BONE ON THE
TABLE.)

JONATHAN:

What do you think?

WARREN:

I think it looks like you went on an archaeological dig with Bill Nye the science guy. Look at thing. It's huge.

JONATHAN:

(DEFENSIVE) It's the ancient conjuring fossil of Stulta, Warren. Hey, I saw that look Andrew!

ANDREW:

What? That had nothing to do with your mystical whaterverthing. Bones just creep me out.

JONATHAN:

Bones creep you out?

ANDREW:

Ever since... Since Candyce died. (breaks into dramatic sobs) I mean, it's like Luke was abandoned by his Leia! I'm like a Mulder with no Skully! JD without a Dr. Cox! I'm a broken man, aimless and without...aim...

(AKWKARD PAUSE)

WARREN:

(CLEARs HIS THROAT) so.. uh... can we get back to the game?

JONATHAN: (APOLOGETICALLY) Sorry Andrew, I just thought I'd show you guys. You two never believe I can do magic.

WARREN: (chagrined) Yeah, sorry Andrew. So... Are you done with your turn? I'd like to get a little further before my mom tells you guys to go home, okay? And Jonathan, now I just believe you're a bigus dorkum.

JONATHAN: Oh yeah? You know all I'd have to do is say 'Voco amphiba' and you'd be overrun by –

SFX: A GIANT 'WOOSH!' ERUPTS FROM THE FOSSIL – POWERFUL BLAST)

ANDREW: Dude, did your bone just go 'wwooooshhhh?'

JONATHAN: I think it did. (A BEAT) That can't be good.

(MUSIC: BBTL THEME)

007_002: INT. SUMMERS HOUSE - KITCHEN -- MORNING

SFX: BIRDS CHIRPING FAINTLY. FOOTSTEPS ENTER.

TARA: Willow?

WILLOW: (TIRED, DISTANT) Oh, Tara.
Hey. Morning.

TARA: You look beat, sweetie. Want
some breakfast? I'll serve you
right here in the kitchen.

WILLOW: No thanks. My head's digested
enough for my whole body. Lots
of...notes and stuff.

TARA: I can't believe it's August already,
seems like classes just ended.
That's probably just because choir
was so crazy this year. (SADLY)
I'm not taking choir anymore.
(PAUSE) (TRYING TO BE
UPBEAT) Still, it's only the first
week, why are you working so
hard?

WILLOW: Well, all my basic requirements
are out of the way and this term I
start classes for a double major.
Gotta stay on top. Like a cat.
Sitting on a table. (SHE SIGHS)
Piled with books.

TARA: That sounds like a heavy table.
Poor baby.

SFX: A KISS ON THE CHEEK.

TARA: Don't make this a habit, okay? I
heard you up and about pretty
late.

WILLOW: It's hard to sleep. Much easier to keep busy.

TARA: (PERKING UP) Well then, I know just what to do. For starters I think we need to get Dawn out of the house today. Why don't you go wake her up and I'll make pancakes? Food that even full people can't resist.

WILLOW: I like any plan with pancakes! But...Dawn stayed with Xander and Anya last night.

TARA: She went to bed here.

WILLOW: Xander came and got her around twelve last night. (QUIETLY) She hasn't been sleeping much either.

NO SOUND FOR A MOMENT.
THEY SIT QUIETLY.

TARA: You know, you should get out of the house for awhile. I'll get Dawn from Xander's. You just go get whatever you need to done and I'll take care of everything else, okay?

WILLOW: Yeah. Okay.

007_003: INT. MAGIC BOX

GILES: Now then, uh, BuffyBot, with that in mind I feel we're done. I should get back to minding the shop.

BUFFYBOT: I understand. It's just so confusing. I don't quite understand why it matters. They are both roots, why can't the mandrake be in the same jar as the mangrove root? Everything else in the shop is classified by name.

GILES: Well Buffy, mandrake root is very unstable. In fact too many of them in one jar can be very dangerous. Mangrove root on the other hand is very stable but susceptible to -

BUFFYBOT: I don't know why Anya would be so angry with me for making an error like this. The customer simply wanted their money back for the damaged product. It is only logical that I return the funds when it was a mistake.

GILES: Well Anya's new policy of store credit is... Never mind. Just try to keep things in their proper place from now on. Now I really must get back to-

SFX: THE DOOR OPENS. THE LITTLE BELL RINGS.

GILES: (UPBEAT) Uh, welcome to the Magic Box, if there's anything you need assistance..(HIS TONE FLATTENS) Oh, it's you Willow.

WILLOW: Yep. Me Willow.

BUFFYBOT: Hi, Willow!

WILLOW: Hi. Uh, Buffy...

BUFFYBOT: Knock Knock!

GILES: Oh, hell.

WILLOW: She still hasn't gotten past that?

SFX: BUFFYBOT TAPS THE COUNTER'S GLASS: 'KNOCK KNOCK.'

WILLOW: Guess not. Who's there?

BUFFYBOT: A frog!

WILLOW: A frog who? -

SFX: THE DOOR OPENS AND CUSTOMERS ENTER.

BUFFYBOT: Oh, people! My favorite!

SFX: BUFFYBOT SKITTERS OFF TOWARDS THEM.

GILES: I know you and Anya have been fighting over the Bot working here, but (FONDLY) would you believe me if I told you she's perfect for retail? So, how are you today?

WILLOW: I'm still here. You?

GILES: As well as can be. With Anya and the BuffyBot competing to sell things it's like being in the middle of a free-for-all jousting event, except they fight with loud, falsely enthusiastic colloquialisms and no one ever dies.

WILLOW: Uhh, peachy. Wanna speak a spell?

GILES: (SIGHS) Yes, uhm - if you like. I'd like to promptly get back to cataloguing though, if you don't mind.

WILLOW: Lots to do for the big move, huh?

GILES: If I go, that is. I haven't yet decided. But, the work's distracting. That's good enough these days. What is the problem?

SFX: A LARGE BOOK IS THUNKED DOWN ON THE COUNTER.

WILLOW: It's not much to go on, but I've been following an old lead in this book I found lying around yesterday. I've been using it to try and pull off a 'ritual luxorum.'

GILES: A spell of light?

WILLOW: Uh huh. It's an idea that's been floating around in my head for awhile. A pure ball of real sunlight that can just 'poof!' any vampire upon being conjured solely by one's will. But the trick is that, mystically, plain UV light doesn't do it. It has to be real. So, gettin' real sunlight is tough in the dark.

GILES: I don't mean to dampen your enthusiasm for solutions, Willow, but these are incredibly powerful magicks. It can take years or the combined efforts of entire covens to so tightly harness natural and elemental forces.

WILLOW: Yeah. That's been the roadblock so far. Was wondering if you could help.

GILES: I'd love to but -

WILLOW:

Giles, I don't want to hear it. Candyce died because we didn't have anything at the house for protection. I'm doing this. Last night I tapped into a gateway to channel the energy. It took me all night but I did it. I just need to know how to trap it.

GILES:

(SURPRISED) You -- how?
(SIGH) I don't think that's a wise idea Willow, you have no idea how volatile these things can get, like the mandrake root-

WILLOW:

And I don't want to hear it. (HE STARTS UP AGAIN) It could've been Dawn. She was upstairs when Javert came. It coulda been her.

GILES:

Yes. (TRAILS OFF) Al right, I'll look into what I have on trapping mystical energy. We do have Spike seeking Javert's lair...

WILLOW:

Sounds good. But is the Spike thing really a good idea? I mean, Spike sired him -

GILES:

I realize that. But as you illustrated, the situation is dire. I can hardly believe it myself. We beat a Hell God but we can't even find one miserable vampire.

WILLOW: (MATTER OF FACTLY, QUIETLY)
We never beat any one. (PAUSE)
I'll find Spike tonight and keep
working on this. Just look through
this new book and call me if you
find anything.

GILES: I will.

SFX: WILLOW WALKS OFF OUT THE
DOOR, THE BELL RINGS.

BUFFYBOT: Please come again soon!
(REMEMBERS) Oh! Frog is in the
blender!

WILLOW: (DISGUSTED) Eugh!

007_004: INT. XANDER'S APARTMENT

XANDER: Okay, Dawnster. Make your
move. It'll be your last.

DAWN: You're deader than dead.

SFX: WHAT SOUNDS LIKE PEBBLES
CLICKING. FURIOUSLY.

XANDER: Aha! Xander, man of Chinese
Checkerdom, wins again.

DAWN: Every time.

XANDER: You can't beat me. I know all your moves. I am a master of human pre-destination. Na nuh na nah nuh.

ANYA: (ANNOYED) Masters say 'na nuh na nah nuh?'

XANDER: We masters often say such things.

DAWN: Yeah, okay but, you beat a fifteen year old at a board game.

SFX: 'KNOCK KNOCK' AT THE DOOR

XANDER: I beat a fifteen year old at an exceptionally strategical board game. Context.

SFX: ANYA OPENS THE DOOR

ANYA: Oh good, it's Tara. Maybe a lesbian can help Xander notice women if I can't.

SFX: XANDER CLEARLY SIGHS.

TARA: ('DON'T ANGER THE CRAZY PERSON') I uhm..hi, guys.

SFX: TARA ENTERS. THE DOOR CLOSES.

XANDER: Hey, Tara. Welcome to our wonderful home. You'll have to forgive Anya, she took a couple of aceta-maniac pills with her crazy flakes this morning.

ANYA: I'll have you know I haven't even had time to eat. Too busy cleaning up after your mess from last night.

DAWN: I'll go get my stuff.

SFX: DAWN WALKS OFF INTO THE OTHER ROOM.

XANDER: We had a fun night. What can I say? Dawn's a hearty partier.

ANYA: A bit too hearty. Both of you. You skip out on our one free night together this week to watch a cartoon dog be sardonic for three hours?

XANDER: First off, 'Rocko's Modern Life' is an animated television masterpiece. Our fine local affiliate chose to recognize that with a marathon. Secondly, Rocko is a wallaby. Note the hoppity legs.

ANYA: Wallaby, dog, whatever the thing was it wasn't you and me using our interlocking bodies to make sweaty grunting noises of pleasure. It's been over two -

XANDER: (IGNORING HER) Thirdly, well... Dawn's been kinda needy lately, she was *there* when Javert—
(CUTS OFF AT FOOTSTEPS)

SFX: DAWN COMES BACK

DAWN: Here's my stuff, Tara.

TARA: Ah, Dawnie, you're not coming home?

DAWN: I kinda wanted to stay here today.

XANDER: Sorry, lil'est Summers. I've got work.

ANYA: (MUTTERING) Big surprise.
(LOUDER) We can't leave her here all alone in the house all day, you know.

XANDER: So why don't you take her to work?

DAWN: Yeah! I bet I can totally sell more than the bot.

TARA: (DISAPPOINTED BUT TRYING TO HIDE IT) Yeah. Okay. That sounds good. I can walk over with you and see if Willow's there.

XANDER: Speaking of, how is Willow doin?

TARA: Uh, just weighed down, you know? I think she could use some help. She's still herself, but she's been staying up and working so much more than usual. What with starting cases and keeping tabs on the Hellmouth...

XANDER: Really uh, hittin' a lotta books huh? Anything new on her reading list?

TARA: It seems like she has a new one every day. I can't really keep up. I just hope I don't wake up and find her under them all.

MUSIC: TRANSITIONAL, DRAMATIC.

007_005: INT. SUMMERS HOUSE

MUSIC: CONTINUES OVER TOP
SOUND AND DIALOGUE
DRAMATIC.

SFX: DOOR OPENS AND THEN
CLOSES AS WILLOW COMES
IN.

WILLOW: Empty house.

SFX: SHE WALKS OVER TO THE
LIVING ROOM COUCH AND
LAYS BACK ON IT. IT CREAKS.

WILLOW: Empty couch. (SHE SIGHS)

SFX: SHE MUTTERS TO HERSELF,
GOING OVER LISTS IN HER
HEAD. ***See Appendix A***

MUSIC: BEGINS FADING OUT.

SFX: WE LISTEN TO WILLOW
BREATHE FOR A MOMENT AS
SHE TRIES TO RELAX AND
ONLY GETS SO FAR.

MUSIC: ALMOST GONE BY NOW.

WILLOW: (QUIETLY) So this is it.

MUSIC: COMPLETELY GONE.

NO SOUND FOR A MOMENT.
HOLD IT..AND HOLD IT..AND..

SFX: 'RIBBIT!'

WILLOW: AH!

SFX: THUD! (SHE FELL OFF THE
COUCH, GET IT?)

007_006: EXT. SUMMERS HOUSE

IT'S QUIET FOR A MOMENT.

SFX: A MUFFLED WILLOW
SCREAMING SLOWLY
INTENSIFYING UNTIL..

SFX: A DOOR SWINGS OPEN AND PROMPTLY SLAMS SHUT, THE SCREAMING RIGHT WITH US NOW.

SFX: WILLOW LETS OUT ONE LAST, GOOD 'AGH!' SHE STOPS, AND THEN HYPERVENTILATES.

WILLOW: Big - DARNED - FROG! What the - oh, Anya? Hi. Didn't see ya there. I was just -

ANYA: Screaming like Beelzebub's yorkie?

WILLOW: Uh, sure. (STILL CATCHING HER BREATH) What are you... doing on the porch?

ANYA: Tara sent me over with Dawn's things. I went to work at the magic shop and you weren't there like Tara said you'd be so I'm giving them to you now for her. Tara went out for some things, Dawn's helping catalogue for Giles' not-moving, Xander's on another fourteen hour shift, and here I am with the job of an adorable yet morally contemptible street urchin. Fitting for the way I've been treated lately. That miniature refrigerator is treated better!

So, what's the screaming about? Another family acquaintance die?

WILLOW: (TRYING TO INTERRUPT ANYA'S RANT) Anya... Anya... that's great but... Ahn...

Thanks a bunch, Anya. No, I uh - frog. Big - jumping frog. Really big. Like, feet the size of -

SFX: ANYA SNIGGERS, DESPERATELY TRYING TO HOLD BACK.

WILLOW: What? What?!

ANYA: Nothing. It's just, (GIGGLES) frogs?

WILLOW: (DISGUSTED) I just can't stand them. Little jumpy legs, beady little eyes and..(ANYA OUTRIGHT LAUGHS)..oh, God.

ANYA: No, no no. It's fine. Frogs. Perfectly legitimate phobia. I mean, for an American. Who hates Time-Warner.

WILLOW: Better than your rabbit phobia.

ANYA: Better watch the tone there, Willow. You're in the boat now (PLEASANTLY HUMS (you know what song), TOTALLY LOVING THIS). And it's slowly filling with (CRACKING UP) jumpy, beady eyed little frogs! (SHE LAUGHS UNCONTROLLABLY)

WILLOW: Thanks. Go ahead and put Dawn's stuff in her room, I'm gonna go back to the shop.

SFX: WILLOW GIVES ANOTHER 'NNNUUAAHHH.'

SFX: WILLOW WALKS AWAY FROM THE HOUSE.

ANYA: (SHOUTING AFTER HER) This is Captain Kermit to all passengers! Your fears are irrational! You are strange! (TO HERSELF) I suddenly feel much better.

007_007: INT. JAVERT'S LAIR

JAVERT: (SEETHING) I just feel terrible.

JINX: Why is that, oh master seducer Javert? Is your flowing, wool night coat too hot? Are your stylish, yet rugged black dress pants too tight? Your..

JAVERT: (CUTTING HIM OFF) Jeeves!

JINX: Jinx, most vampiric one.

JAVERT: I remember your name!
Condescension is a sign of anger.
I know you worked for a hell god previously, but I'm sure even she showed some emotional expression while she was here.

JINX: Yes, her form often left her prone to human emotions –

JAVERT: (GROWLING) There's nothing human about them! Like only humans can...

SFX: JAVERT STOPS, CALMS, TAKES A DEEP BREATH.

JAVERT: (SINISTER) At least that girl tasted good. The rest of this situation is just leaving filth in my mouth.

JINX: Then you are sensing the disturbance as well?

JAVERT: There's plenty disturbing about a vampire working against his own. Defending humans.

JINX: Oh. You are referring to William the Bloody, uh Spike. That vampire who sired you.

JAVERT: Yeah. (REALIZING) What disturbance?

SFX: SOMEONE ENTERS.

CAROLINE: Javert! Something's wrong.

JAVERT: Great. Now that we've verified this, someone can catch me up on it.

CAROLINE: We've been working with the unholy book like you said -

JAVERT: If there's a 'but' coming, I'm using yours as a mast.

CAROLINE: It's not my fault something's messing with the mystical equilibrium.

JINX: She's right sir. If my senses are correct, there's been a major upset. Something has expended a tremendous amount of energy. The rituals cannot proceed until it is balanced.

JAVERT: And you didn't tell me this until now because...?

JINX: I was admiring your night coat at the time it came to my attention? For entirely practical purposes, I assure you.

JAVERT: Then enjoy them privately later on when I won't care. Or on second thought, don't. The word privately in the context of you doesn't really appeal.

CAROLINE: I hear that.

JAVERT: This is a sound check now? Get back to work. (TO HIMSELF) Again, master vampire must cope with imbeciles. I wonder if Dracula has ever had these kinds of problems? I must remember to post something about this on my blog...

007_008: INT. WARREN'S BASEMENT

ANDREW: (YELLING) I - SAID - NO! YOU BIG UGLY TOAD!

SFX: A BLUNT OBJECT SMACKING THE GROUND.

SFX: SEVERAL FROGS 'RIBITTING' AND HOPPING.

ANDREW: Die, spawn of villainy!

WARREN: Over here, over here! Drive them out the window!

SFX: THE 'RIBITTING' FADES AWAY.

ANDREW: Punch that stuff, hermano!

SFX: THE WINDOW SLAMS SHUT.

ANDREW: And don't come back or I'll go all Storm on your warty little rear ends! Yeah, that's right! You weren't good enough for Magneto and you can't handle this either!

SFX: A SILENT BEAT. FOOTSTEPS AND DOOR OPENS.

JONATHAN: Okay, what did I just walk in on? Don't tell me -

WARREN: (SNARKY) It was frogs, alright. Congratulations sparky, we believe you can do magic now. You have the Force in you, young dipskit, and it's running all over town. Those ones got in when I went for the morning paper.

ANDREW: But think about what this means. We have real power now. And if we have real power we need to keep track of it. Like with a board. A really big board.

007_009: EXT. SUNNYDALE STREETS

MUSIC: TENSE, HURRIED.

SFX: WILLOW WALKING BRISKLY.

WILLOW: (A BIT CALMER) Three blocks and - four blocks. Four blocks away now. Shake off the wussies, Wil, you're almost - AGH!

SFX: A FROG 'RIBBITS.' WILLOW GOES FASTER.

WILLOW: Mitte ab me!

SFX: A ZAPPING NOISE. THE FROG 'RIBBITS' AS IT FLIES AWAY

SFX: SHE LETS OUT ANOTHER, MORE PRONOUNCED 'NNNUUAAHHH.'

WILLOW: Okay, that's two. Skin's crawling again. But there's probably a perfectly good explanation for two big frogs like that. I can zap em away one by one anyway. Just keep walking. Two frogs is hardly any -

SFX: MASS OF RIBBITING IN THE B.G. SWELLS UP

WILLOW: (FREAKING OUT) I uh, oh, wow, lots of - dozens - hundreds. On one street! Frogs. No no no NO!

SFX: SHE RUNS OFF FRANTICALLY.

007_010: INT. MAGIC BOX -- CONTINUOUS

SFX: DOOR OPENS, LITTLE BELL RINGS.

GILES: Welcome to the Magic Box, if..

WILLOW: Flamethrowers. We need flamethrowers. And water. Do you have water?

GILES: I - what?

DAWN: Willow, are you okay?

WILLOW: I'll be fine once I have a long, warm bath to wash the 'eek' out of my skin.

DAWN: Is that what you want water for?

GILES: I imagine it's not for the flamethrowers.

WILLOW: Water's for eeky feeling. Flamethrowers are for frogs.

GILES: (DRYLY) I should hope not. Real sociological pandemic these days. Amphibians with kerosene-powered weapons.

DAWN: Ha. I can just imagine Kerm-

WILLOW: First person to say Kermit gets turned into a giant bunny rabbit and sic'ed on Anya! I'm a witch, okay. I have huge - huge power and I can turn anyone into anything.

DAWN: Except for frogs, cause they'd freak you.

WILLOW: Well. Yeah. Okay. Except for frogs. It's probably some big childhood thing.

GILES: That's all very good and well, but I'm still stuck at chapter one where there are frogs in need of flamethrowers leaping off of the proverbial page.

WILLOW: (TAKES A BREATH) I just went back to the house and all of a sudden: big frog jumps right onto me. Then started walking back and it was like frogs in Hitchcockian proportions.

GILES: You didn't -

WILLOW: I didn't do any spells. No rituals or incantations. I didn't mess with anything scary, Giles. This just happened.

SFX: THE DOOR BURSTS OPEN, THE BELL RINGS.

ANYA: (JUBILANT) Hey, everyone! Gather round. And listen to Anya's wonderful news... (PAUSES FOR SUSPENSE) Willow is afraid of frogs! Isn't that hilarious?

GILES: (CONSIDERS) It is a little odd.

DAWN: Sure. But hey, frogs are frogs.

ANYA: (HAPPINESS FADING) But - frogs. Frogs are funny, entertaining little creatures that sing and twirl canes. It's very strange to be afraid of them.

GILES: Well, not entirely. They have those jumpy little legs.

DAWN: And beady little eyes.

ANYA: (COMPLETELY CRUSHED) I. But. (SIGHS) I'm just going to go and price things. (WALKING AWAY, UNDER HER BREATH) Anya's never right, or sane, because everyone is busy doing something or being normal or -

GILES: (AS ANYA RATTLES OFF) Frogs. Hm. Not too long ago you and I spoke and you seemed insistent that we concentrate mainly on this Javert fellow.

WILLOW:

I know. And we should but – (GRUMBLE). I know I don't have the best justification for it. You're right. But that many frogs just don't come out of nowhere. Something must've made them, right? If enough energy was expended to create that many new living beings, then it's worth attention.

GILES:

You're trying to give reason to a thing which has no reason just to allay your anxieties, Willow. This isn't the Dresden Files, it's the Hellmouth. Frogs can appear without logic.

DAWN:

Psh. So what? People do crazy stuff all the time and they don't have a good reason for it. I mean, you don't think about a lot of stuff, you just do it. If you ask too many scary questions about why everything is like this or that, you get freaked or go nuts. Sometimes you just have to do things.

WILLOW:

From the mouths of babes. And, come on Giles, think: Javert's doing something big and mystical and suddenly: plague? There's probably some reason in that. I'm freaked enough by the frogs, yeah, but there's an upset here that's probably throwing off the mystical equilibrium in this area by a hugely amount. Maybe there's no good reason for a horde of giant frogs, but something had to have made it that way.

SFX:

THE DOOR OPENS, LITTLE BELL RINGS, CUSTOMER COMES IN

CUSTOMER:

(IN THE BACKGROUND) Biggest frogs I've ever seen..

GILES:

I do imagine they'd wreak havoc on the ecosystem in this area. Very well. It's interesting timing though. I saw something in your new book that may aid us.

SFX:

GILES OPENS THE LARGE BOOK, FLIPS THROUGH PAGES

GILES: 'Res expellere.' Meant to forcefully drive out imbalances that have manifested. It'll work if the frogs are natural and not made of mystical energy. We'll need to use a potent version of the spell to correct the entirety of the problem all at once. Dawn, could you please fetch these supplies.

SFX: A PEN SCRIBBLING ON PAPER.
SHE TAKES THE PAGE.

DAWN: Frog huntin' Summers at your service. (SHE WALKS OFF)

GILES: (TO WILLOW, QUIETER VOICE)
Willow, most texts would call for a dispersion of energy, not a forceful expulsion. I read through this book and it flirts with dark ideas in some places. This spell is not dangerous but, please, if you consider using more from this volume for the luxorum, consult with me first.

DAWN: (COMES BACK) Armed and ready to spell cast.

GILES: Good. The spell won't take very long to cast, but perhaps include Tara? The more energy focused into the spell the better your chances of success.

WILLOW: Sounds like a plan. Come on, frog hunter.

007_011: INT. SUMMERS HOUSE - LIVING ROOM -- EVENING

MUSIC: ATMOSPHERIC

SFX: SAND BEING POURED.

DAWN: *Dare, vitare, accipe hoc donum.*
Ick. Conjuring sand. I hope it'll wash out of the living room carpet.

WILLOW: Another hour and it'll be dark. I've re-read the preparations a million times. You'd think Tara would have called here by now if she spent the day somewhere.

DAWN: I'm sure we can pull this off without her. Dynamic two-oh. (A PAUSE) Hey Willow? Can I ask you something?

WILLOW: Yeah, but quick.

DAWN: Okay: Why frogs?

WILLOW: Why not frogs? Anya's afraid of rabbits and Xander talks about Spike more than all of us combined.

DAWN: Hah. It's like: 'kiss already.' Or - ew.

WILLOW: Uh yeah, big ew. Now let's get started. Gotta nip this right in the wart.

SFX: LIGHT SWITCH FLICKING OFF

DAWN: Lights off. I just hold this crystal thing up?

WILLOW: Yeah. Just be completely quiet. Driving out this amount of energy takes concentration.

SFX: A MATCH IS LIT.

MUSIC: A LOW, AMBIENT TUNE SLOWLY CREEPS UP.

WILLOW: *Mali res, mali dies. Audi me vocare et ire.*

SFX: A LOW, BASS-LIKE THUMP IN THE DISTANCE

DAWN: (QUIETLY) You hear that?

WILLOW: *Mali res, mali dies. Audi me vocare et ire.*

SFX: A SLIGHTLY LOUDER THUMP.

MUSIC: CONTINUOUSLY LOUDER, MORE INTENSE.

WILLOW: *Ire celeriter nunc. Ire in pace, et abi nullum signum.*

DAWN: (WORRIED) Willow, this crystal is really hot.

WILLOW: (MORE FORCEFULLY) Ire celeriter nunc. Ire in pace, et abi nullum signum. (TO DAWN, NORMALLY) Don't worry, just hold it up and -

SFX: AN EARSHATTERING ELECTRIC CLAP BURSTS OUT.

SFX: SOMETHING HEAVY, PRESUMABLY WILLOW, IS BLASTED BACK AND SLAMS LOUDLY INTO THE WALL.

MUSIC: CEASES. THERE IS ONLY DEAD SILENCE.

007_012: INT. SUMMERS HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

DAWN: Willow? (PANICKING) Willow?!

DAWN: (YELLING) WILLOW! WAKE UP!

Ow! Stupid crystal shattered right in my hand.

(MUMBLING) I should call the ambulance. No, they didn't help Giles... Giles! I have to call Giles I

-

SFX: DAWN CONTINUES
NERVOUSLY RAMBLING, HER
VOICE FADING AWAY AS SHE
EXITS INTO THE KITCHEN.

Appendix B

SFX: WILLOW SHARPLY GASPS,
AWAKENING.

WILLOW: (WITH A DEEP BREATH) Wow.
That was something.

SFX: DAWN COMES RUNNING BACK
FROM THE OTHER ROOM.

DAWN: Ohmygod Willow! Are - are you
okay?

WILLOW: Yeah I'm fine. What are you so
freaked out about?

DAWN: There was this big bolt of
lightning or something and it threw
you across the room.
(WHIMPERING) I thought you
were dead.

WILLOW: I'm fine, Dawnie. I'm fine. It felt
like, like I was asleep. Did it work?

DAWN: The spell? I don't know.

WILLOW: Check out the window.

SFX: SHE WALKS OVER TO THE
WINDOW AND DRAWS THE
CURTAINS.

DAWN:

There's still a bunch out there. But it's fine though. As long as you're okay.

WILLOW:

No, it's not. I screwed it up. And now I need to get up...

SFX:

SHE GETS UP, STAMPING HER FEET AWAKE

WILLOW:

...and fix it. The shop'll be closed by now, so where to go for new supplies? I must've been missing something. Maybe acerbus root? Usually used in relation to energy...

DAWN:

Willow - no. You just about, I mean, you almost died or something. You could've.

WILLOW:

Dawn, calm down. Everything's okay. But I need to finish this. Just stay here and I'll be back soon.

DAWN:

Alone? What if Javert comes to the house again? What if this is a distraction and you do what he wants you to? Willow, don't do this.

WILLOW:

Dawnie, I have to.

DAWN: That's exactly what Buffy said to me. (THEY BOTH FALL DEATHLY SILENT FOR A BEAT) Please, just don't leave me alone.

007_013: EXT. GRAVEYARD -- NIGHT

SPIKE: (A LITTLE DRUNK) You lookin' at me? You lookin' at old Spike? Or you lookin at old Spike's beer? Tryin to loot his wide open graveyard this darkly night?

SFX: 'RIBBIT!'

SPIKE: Bloody smartass. If the cheech-and-chong people didn't enjoy lickin' you wankers so much for their swirly jollies, even the enviro hippies wouldn't do a damn thing to save your warty little hides. Where did you lot come from anyway? And why'd bring your friends?

SFX: DAWN AND WILLOW APPROACHING.

WILLOW: We're not sure. I'm trying to fix it.

SPIKE: Yeah, well you better (TAKES A WHIFF) Whoo. Who took a trip to sulferland and didn't tell me?

WILLOW: I don't - ew. These frogs are everywhere. Neeaaugh. I don't know what you're talking about, Spike.

SPIKE: You smell like a burnt match is what.

DAWN: A spell backfired. We were trying to get rid of them.

SPIKE: All by yourself Nibblet? Not too bright of an idea, why don't you go make sure I turned the telly off right? Lemme talk to Red here.

DAWN: (SIGH) Fine. I'm getting used to being all sequestery from anything other than Chinese checkers and lectures about boys...

(SFX: DAWN LEAVES)

SPIKE: Red, what in the name of Tomas de Torquemada were you doing?

WILLOW: I was just -

SPIKE: This is dark stuff you're doing and she shouldn't be around it. You want to smell like a volcano that's your own damn business, but rushing in -

WILLOW: (ANGRY, THREATENING) I was not – I love Dawn more than...

SPIKE: (LOW, ANGRY) Say it witch. Tell me that you love Bitty Buffy more than a soulless, toothless vampire. Tell me how I could never love. You think just because they gave you a plaque and made you ruler of the bad news bears that you can do whatever you bloody damn please --

WILLOW: (FRUSTRATED, ANGRY GRR) I don't have time for this – I am fine and I'm helping, what are you doing? Sitting in an empty graveyard getting drunk. You really think that's what Buffy would have wanted? You were never good enough for her and now you're proving it.

SPIKE: Sticks and stones love, sticks and stones. Do whatever you bloody damn please, open a portal to another dimension and get lost in it for all I care, but leave Dawn out of it.

WILLOW: (ANGRY) I seem to remember that magic saving your undead life more than once Spike.

SPIKE: So what? I don't care a jot what happens to you and the rest of your little friends. Get bent and stay bent. All I care about is keeping Dawn safe. I'm not sticking around for you and yours.

WILLOW: (HURT, BUT STILL ANGRY) Buffy did.

SPIKE: Did she? Or was she just taking care of the world that included you? At the end all she cared about was doing her job and keeping Dawn safe – THAT's what she would have wanted.

WILLOW: That's why we're still here Spike. Otherwise...

SPIKE: Don't flatter yourself by making out that you've been sacrificing yourself for the sake of the little niblet. You tasted the power, you want it and pretty soon it's gonna destroy everything good in you. And I hope for Dawn's sake she's far away from you when that happens.

007_014: INT. MAGIC BOX -- CONTINUOUS

SFX: DOOR OPENS, LITTLE BELL RINGS

BUFFYBOT: Halt, intruder! It's dark out, all the lights are off and the shop is closed. You shouldn't be here!

WILLOW: BuffyBot, it's me Willow. I need some things.

BUFFYBOT: Oh, well - wait, didn't Anya lock the shop up?

WILLOW: (CLEARLY LYING) I uh, have a spare key. (GETTING AN IDEA) Say bot, want to help me with something? I'm sure Anya wouldn't mind.

BUFFYBOT: Sure. I love to help! Anya says that I'm the only useful appliance she ever owned.

WILLOW: There she goes with the owning again....

BUFFYBOT: Giles has been very helpful as well. He's my watcher and I find him to be very helpful in learning magical items such as different roots. Did you know that you can't keep mandrake root and --

WILLOW: Mandrake root! Of course, I'll need some of that too. And I have a list...

BUFFYBOT: Oh! Great! I know where everything is. Giles has been cataloguing the entire store in case he moves to --

WILLOW: Okay, I need an aquarian focusing crystal, four enchanted candles, and some conjuring - no. Quickening sand.

BUFFYBOT: Those are all very rare items according to the store's item books. Especially the quickening sand. What are they for?

WILLOW: The aquarian crystal focuses more power than the regular kind, and the quickening sand is a good way to circumvent preparation rituals. They make spells work.

MUSIC: TENSE, QUICK.

LONG SFX ARRANGEMENT:
ITEMS BEING PICKED UP AND
PLACED DOWN, WILLOW AND
THE BOT WALKING BACK AND
FORTH, ET CETERA.

WILLOW: There. That's everything. Now, I just need you to hold this crystal up here with your right arm like this.

BUFFYBOT: That's everything?

WILLOW: That's it. 'Non vitare.'

SFX: A MYSTICAL NOISE.

BUFFYBOT: Magic? Oh.. I feel... stran(ge)

SFX: THE ELECTRONIC
COMPONENTS OF THE
BUFFYBOT POWER DOWN.
'WHIRRR' OR SOMETHING.

WILLOW: Now, now I'm going to do this.

SFX: A MATCH IS LIT.

WILLOW : (REPEAT ONCE) Mali res, mali
dies. Audi me vocare et ire.

SFX: A BASS LIKE THUMP, LOUDER
THAN LAST TIME.

WILLOW: Ire celeriter nunc. Ire in pace, et
abi nullum signum.

SFX: AN ELECTRIC CLAP LIKE
BEFORE.

WILLOW: (MORE FORCEFULLY)
Respondeo cum vis! Ire celeriter
nunc. Ire in pace, et abi nullum
signum.

SFX: THE SURGING ELECTRICITY
GROWS STRONGER.

WILLOW: Oh no you don't! Respondeo cum vis! Be gone! Ire celeriter nunc. Ire in pace, et abi nullum signum. Expello amphiba. Expello!

SFX: THE ELECTRICITY SURGES OUT AND DISPERSES.

SFX: THE CRYSTAL SHATTERS

SFX: AND WILLOW IS THROWN BACK ONTO THE FLOOR WITH A THUD, AND IT'S QUIET AGAIN.

SFX: WILLOW HYPERVENTILATES, HER BREATH GRADUALLY SLOWING.

WILLOW: (QUIETLY) Tara?

007_015

Summers' house

WILLOW:

(GROANS) (GROGGILY) Head feels like flu. Did all the frogs lick me?

TARA:

No, they're gone. Your spell worked.

WILLOW:

(BRIGHTLY) Tara?

TARA:

Stay lying down, sweetie. Keep your eyes closed too if you want. You've had a rough time.

WILLOW:

I didn't dream it. You found me when I was going out, didn't you?

TARA:

Always do. And I'll be right here by your bed.

WILLOW:

(SLEEPILY) Could always be right here **in** my bed.

TARA:

Probably not for a couple of days. You're on somnus extract, to balance your body's energy flow. It'll keep you down in recovery for awhile.

WILLOW:

Energy. Psh. How does that work anyway? Do spells use up glucose or protein or something because -

TARA:

(WARMLY) You just need to relax, okay?

WILLOW: (SUDDENLY) Dawn. Dawn, you know she's -

TARA: With Spike, he let me know already. It's morning

WILLOW: Oh. I had - I was supposed to do more today, wasn't I? I was supposed to drop off -

TARA: Don't worry, I took care of it. She's at school and then she has ballet practice. Something Giles suggested to keep her occupied ..

WILLOW: Where were you all day? Well.. yesterdays.

TARA: I went and got groceries, and I went to the bank and spent some time organizing the rest of Mrs. Summers' assets, so we're safe on bills for at least a couple more months. And we're paid up on everything for the rest of this month so you won't have to worry about sorting the bill pile.

WILLOW: You did? Tara, that's - and I've been..

TARA: You've been stressed. It's ok. No one expects you to do everything, Wil. You're just you, and that's more important than anything.

WILLOW: And what do 'just-Willows' do so great?

TARA: Well, they make little Dawns happy, they puzzle Xanders' brains, and annoy Anyas. And they make me smile.

WILLOW: That's what Willows do best.

SFX: TARA KISSES HER ON THE CHEEK.

WILLOW: I love you.

TARA: And I love you.

XANDER: (FROM DOWN THE STAIRS)
Hey, Tara!

WILLOW: Is that Xander?

TARA: It is. Should I send him up?

WILLOW: Yeah.

007_016: INT. MAGIC BOX.

SFX: DOOR OPENS, LITTLE BELL RINGS.

GILES: Good morning, Anya. You're here early.

ANYA: (BLANDLY) Yes, I am. Someone had to clean up shattered crystal bits for their betrothed's friends.

GILES: (NOT REALLY LISTENING) Yes, yes, very good.

SFX: HE WALKS OVER.

GILES: Now hold on a moment. You said shattered crystal and - are these scorch marks on the floor?

ANYA: Read the note on the counter.

SFX: GILES PICKS UP A PIECE OF PAPER.

GILES: (READING) 'Dear Giles: Willow needed frog supplies. Me and Tara needed to get Willow. Anya will clean things up. Sorry that your floor asploded. - Xander.'

ANYA: I keep telling him that 'asploded' isn't an intrinsically funny word. That kind of mispronunciation is only amusing when toddlers say it in regards to pasta. 'Psketti.' Now that's funny.

GILES: (DEEPLY UNIMPRESSED) More than my floor asploding.

ANYA: You're going to clean your glasses now, aren't you?

007_017: INT. SUMMERS HOUSE - FRONT DOOR LANDING

SFX: TARA COMING DOWN THE STAIRS

TARA: Hey, Xander.

XANDER: How's she doin'?

TARA: Good. She just needs some rest. She'll be fine in no time. Thanks again for helping out.

XANDER: That's what I usually do isn't it? I run around, I help my friends. Any mission where I don't get pummeled or cloned is a success by my standards. Although it was kind of freaky to have you show up late at night asking for Dawn. We thought Willow would've told you.

TARA: I was out all day. I wanted to surprise her.

XANDER: Well, Willow's full of many of her own surprises. You mind if I go on up?

TARA: No, not at all. She asked for you actually. Did you bring her things from the shop?

XANDER: Everything that didn't get 'psshkewed' during the witching hour.

TARA: Good. Well, you two talk. I'll go put on some tea.

007_018: INT. SUMMERS HOUSE - BEDROOM

SFX: XANDER OPENS THE DOOR AND ENTERS THE ROOM.

XANDER: Frogs, huh? Hey, I never did ask, why didn't we see them when we had all those nightmares? I mean you got to see me naked and..

WILLOW: Well. Never had nightmares about frogs I guess. Just highly irrational fears. But Hey Xan-man. Pretty early time to be seein' you.

XANDER: Never went to bed. Got off work, wackiness ensued and we ended up looking for you at the shop. I brought your stuff.

SFX: PAGES OF A BOOK BEING FLIPPED THROUGH.

XANDER: Big book. Where should I put it?

WILLOW: Just let me sit up a bit here. (THE BED COVERS RUSSELL) On top of the dresser there is good.

SFX: XANDER SETS THE BOOK DOWN.

XANDER: Man, frogs! Given this town you'd think you we'd have taken on such a lame monster plague in high school. I saw a couple big ones hopping around the site today but jeez.

WILLOW: Well, Tara says I got rid of em. Whatever that's worth.

XANDER: Plenty. I bet Disney animation development is celebrating right this minute. Imagine the publicity giant frogs would've gotten Time-Warner.

WILLOW: (LAUGHS A LITTLE) I know you and Anya share an apartment, but I didn't know that deal included a brain share too.

XANDER: Mm. I guess it did. So, how'd you do it? Clear em all, I mean?

WILLOW: With that book you just brought. I've been leafing through it the past few days. There's some big stuff in there. Giles said to be careful about it.

XANDER: I guess G-man would know all about the dark magic.

WILLOW: What do you mean?

XANDER: Well, the book's pretty rare. Anya's been on an E-bay spree lately and she just ran into it. The seller thought it was some Wicca-Gaia-Muppet of the Earth mumbo jumbo and we got it for fifty bucks.

WILLOW: Wait, what? What? I just found it lying around the house the other day. You -

XANDER: Come on, Wil. A big, scary lookin' book like that just randomly appears and you of all people don't wonder where it came from?

WILLOW: (GETTING DISTURBED) I've been busy. Real busy. The house, Dawn, school and notes -

XANDER: I can tell when you're lying, Willow. You haven't even had time to start your notes, have you? You've just been more and more into these kinda books. Especially since Candyce got bit by that Javert creep. And maybe even before that.

WILLOW: (DEFENSIVELY) Now what could you possibly mean by that?

XANDER: You know what I mean. Everyone's on edge. Things at the apartment have been getting rough.

WILLOW: Well dealing with death is rough, Xander. That's what it is. You think it's only that way for you?

XANDER: Not by a long shot. Because here you are in a bed, too tired to get up because you took on a swarm of frogs.

WILLOW: Yeah. I know that.

XANDER: I just can't ignore it anymore. I'm tired of putting up with all of this and wondering 'why bother,' you know?

WILLOW: I'm sorry, but I don't know how to fix that for you, or for anyone else.

XANDER: I do.

SFX: THERE IS TENSE SILENCE FOR A BEAT.

WILLOW: What are you trying to say?

XANDER: I'm saying Buffy fought a Hellgod, keyword: Hell. That's where she could be right now because of that portal she jumped into. And if we -

WILLOW: No. No no no.. Xander, you're talking violating every creed and... well everything of Wiccan belief. I thought you learned your lesson about using magic for personal gain when I went all Villisca on you and Cordelia.

XANDER: I'm I talking to the Willow who was here for everyone's favorite homicidal vampire's return from being sucked into a portal? I can't sleep imagining that is where Buffy is right now.

WILLOW: Then don't imagine it, that's the only way to deal with it. Maybe spend more time with Anya. You have someone who loves you and you shouldn't risk that over -

XANDER: Keeping the Summers house from going into bankruptcy? I know that I'm lucky to have what I have, I really do. But it just isn't enough.

WILLOW: I'm not weak.

XANDER: I know you're not.

WILLOW: (AFTER A PAUSE) What could we possibly do?

XANDER: Chapter sixty onwards. Think about it.

SFX:

XANDER LEAVES THE ROOM,
SHUTTING THE DOOR.

Appendix A (from Scene 5):
WILLOW:

Ok let's see... Sociology...one
paper, two journals to read...
check...History...chapter 2 and
handout plus notes...check...
Sisters...get Cheryl that recipe for
the bake sale...check...Robot...
work on puns, kill knock knock
jokes...check...Bills... organize
and look in couch cushions for
change...Hellmouth...beat Javert
with a giant stick...check...(sigh)

Appendix B (from Scene 12)
DAWN:

I know he's gonna totally freak.
I'm totally freaking! Maybe I
should find the bot and make her
call... Oh where is Tara?!?!? You'd
think one witch was enough...
Maybe Xander is around
somewhere, I'd better try the
magic shop. I don't know if I
should just leave her here
though.. Let me see starve a
cold... wait, no for shock you...
That's not right either...