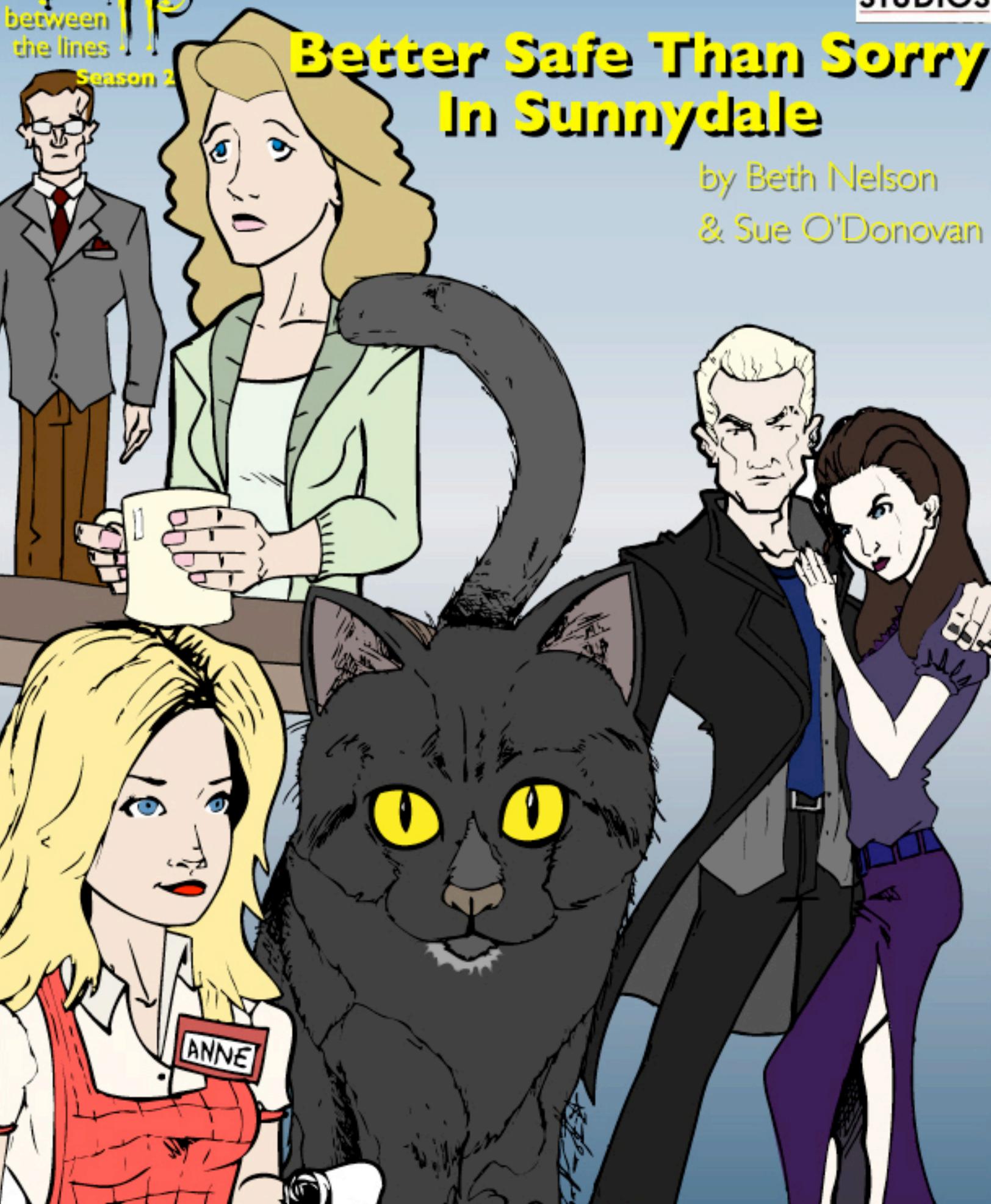


Better Safe Than Sorry In Sunnydale

by Beth Nelson
& Sue O'Donovan



Buffy Between the Lines Season 2



Ep #006 - Better Safe Than Sorry In Sunnydale

by Beth Nelson & Sue O'Donovan

Artwork by Scott Tofte

Coloring by Nuchtchas

Characters:

Joyce

Giles

Pat – Joyce's neighbor and new friend; annoyingly perky and vapid at times

Spike

Drusilla

Wekufe – harmful spirit-demon of mapuche mythology that catch and enslave souls of the dead, can be used to sicken or kill – mostly a moaning sound effect

American Tourist Family – Father (late 30s)

American Tourist Family - Mother (late 30s)

American Tourist Family - Daughter (aged 10)

Doctor Rabadi - Mrs. MacClay's Neurologist

Mrs. Maclay - Tara's Mom

Tara

Mr. Maclay - Tara's Dad

Kelly - Book club member; mid- to late 30s, very sharp and down to earth.

Sheena - Book club member; late 40s; sarcastic, hard and kind of bitchy.

Betty Draper - Book club member, late 30s; very naive, but generally sweet

Buffy

Rude Kid - Teenager - can be male or female, street wise and well rude.

Stranger - adult - can be male or female

Suzie - adult - comes across as vapid blonde in the one line she has

Kitty – a kitten

Donny Maclay – Teenaged Boy - Tara's older brother

Bartender - adult - male or female

Xander

Aunt Ruby Maclay - late 40s - Tara's aunt on her father's side.

Leslie - 17- year old girl; Tara's best friend, only wants what's best for Tara

Oz

006_001 Setting: Living Room Revello Drive

JOYCE: (ANGRY) Well, perhaps if you didn't have her out all night fighting god knows what, she'd still be here. You wouldn't have to go looking for her. And what do you mean you haven't found her yet?

GILES: (STAYING COOL & COLLECTED; UNDERSTANDS WHAT JOYCE IS GOING THROUGH) I'm doing everything in my power, Joyce. Buffy is a (PAUSE) special girl and if she doesn't want to be found...(TRAILS OFF)

JOYCE: (ANGRY) What on earth have you been doing? Aren't you her...what do you call it? Watcher? Shouldn't you be... be ...*watching*?

GILES: (CALM) The nature of my relationship with Buffy is more than just watching. The Watcher-Slayer relationship is more that of a ... a... guide... a mentor... a teacher-student...

JOYCE: (PISSSED OFF) Well, as the parent in this scenario, consider yourself fired, Mr. Giles.

GILES: (CONFUSED, HURT, CONCILIATORY) I-I'm sorry? Joyce, it doesn't work like that. Buffy is my...

JOYCE: (ANGRY) Don't you tell me what I can and can't do when it comes to Buffy, Mister. I don't care about all this... this... slaying. I want my daughter back!

GILES: (LOSES HIS TEMPER; RAISING HIS VOICE) I am bloody well trying, woman! (REGAINING COMPOSURE) Because you are her mother, I thought it would be best to inform you of where this latest lead was taking me.

(SFX: KNOCK ON THE DOOR AND DOOR OPENS; ENTER PAT)

PAT: (CHEERY & CHIPPER) Hi, Joyce! It's me, Pat. I was just wondering if... oh... you have company...

JOYCE: (ICILY) No, Mr. Giles was just leaving.

PAT: (FLIRTING WITH GILES) Oh, hello. Nice to meet you.

GILES: (AWKWARD) Yes... Well...

JOYCE: (EQUALLY AWKWARD) Yeah... so... shouldn't you be going, (ICILY) Rupert?

(MUSIC: BBTL THEME)

006_002 Setting: Spike's car on the road to Chile from Lima

(MUSIC: SOMETHING CHILEAN TO INDICATE SCENE CHANGE; ALSO SOMETHING ON THE CAR RADIO - CHILEAN PUNK OR SOMETHING TO FIT SPIKE'S MUSICAL TASTES)

SPIKE: How did you like Peru, luv? Was it everything you hoped for?

DRUSILLA: Oooh, I did! There were so many yummy treats to eat, Spike. Remember that little girl wearing the pretty dress? She cried and cried for Mummy.

SPIKE: Too bad Mummy wasn't there, wasn't it, pet?

DRUSILLA: (EXCITED) I want another one, Spike! I want to make her dance and sing!

SPIKE: And so you shall have one, my sweet. Just as soon as we figure out where we are...

DRUSILLA: We're in Chile. It's ever such a long country. It starts all the way up here on this page... (SFX: FLAPPING SOUND OF A MAP BEING UNFOLDED AND TURNED) and finishes all the way over here on *this* page. How funny it is! (EXCITED) Oh, Spike! I want to go to Easter Island! Can we go? The Giant Ones rumble so deep. I can feel them in my bones.

SPIKE: Well, Dru, (SFX: OF MAP AGAIN) it's a long way from where we are to all the way in the middle of the ocean. I don't think we...

DRUSILLA: (UPSET, BEGINNING OF A TANTRUM) But, Spike! I want to go! I'm ever so hungry and I need a new bonnet.

SPIKE: (EXASPERATED) Here, take this bonnet we got from that woman on the beach. (SFX: RUSTLING THROUGH THINGS) We have all of these pretty things you can wear. You don't need a bonnet all the way from bleedin' Easter Island.

DRUSILLA: (SIGNATURE RESTLESS MOANING INDICATING THE START OF A REALLY GOOD TANTRUM)

SPIKE: (APOLOGETICALLY, SOOTHINGLY) I'm sorry, pet. I'm a bad, bad man. (IN AN OBVIOUS BID TO DISTRACT HER) Oh my! Look at that family over there getting into their car. Maybe they want to dance for you?

DRUSILLA: (BARK-LIKE NOISES OF EXCITEMENT TURNING INTO PURE EVIL) I want to wear their skins.

SPIKE: (CONDESCENDINGLY) And so you sha...

WEKUFU: (LOW SORT OF MOANING AND WAILING AND RUSHING WIND – THESE SOUNDS CONTINUE THROUGH THE SCENE)

(SFX: BRAKES SCREECHING; TIRES SQUEALING AS HE BRINGS THE CAR TO A COMPLETE HALT)

SPIKE: (SURPRISED) Bloody hell! What the...?

DRUSILLA: Who are you, you cute little play thing?

SPIKE: Who are you talking to, pet?

DRUSILLA: A little doll. It's a little doll that wants to sing. Like a bird.

SPIKE: (CONFUSED) A doll? Dru, there's no one there, luv...

DRUSILLA: He makes my skin all... tingly, Spike. (MAKES EXCITED YIPPING NOISES)

WEKUFÉ: (INDISTINCT MOANING AND WAILING NOISES)

DRUSILLA: (DISAPPOINTED) Oh, but neither of us has a soul. Poor little dollie.

WEKUFÉ: (MORE MOANING & WAILING)

DRUSILLA: (POUTING) The dolly wants a soul to play with, Spike. It doesn't want to play with me.

SPIKE: (CAUTIOUSLY) This is about Angelus, isn't it?

DRUSILLA: Daddy was a bad man. Like you. But (GIGGLES) ... this doll just wants a snack. Like me. (GIGGLES)

WEKUFÉ: (MORE MOANING & WAILING)

(SFX: KNOCK ON CAR DOOR)

TOURIST FATHER: (IN HALTING, SHAKY SPANISH; THROUGH THE WINDOW)
Hola Señor. ¿usted necesitan ayuda?

SPIKE: (UNDER HIS BREATH) Bloody hell...

(SFX: ELECTRIC CAR WINDOW ROLLING DOWN)

SPIKE: (BORED) Yeah...?

MOTHER: Oh! You speak English! We're so happy to hear a familiar language!

DRUSILLA: (RANDOM DRU NOISES) The doll wants to get to know you, sweet little girl.

DAUGHTER: (WARILY) Mom, what's the lady talking about?

FATHER: (UNNERVED) Well, it seems you're fine. We'll let you get on your way.

SPIKE: (TO DRU) I don't know about your doll, love, but I definitely am ready for a bite to eat. Shall we stop for a little bit?

DRUSILLA: (EXCITED DRU NOISES)

(SFX: CAR DOORS OPENING AND SOUND OF VAMPING OUT AND GORGING THEMSELVES ON THE FAMILY)

TOURIST
FAMILY (ALL): SCREAMING, WAILING

006_003 Setting: Local Sunnydale Lounge (NOT The Bronze)

MUSIC: SOME SORT OF LOUNGE MUSIC - DEFINITELY NOT THE BRONZE

(SFX: BACKGROUND RESTAURANT/BAR NOISE;
SUBDUED CONVERSATIONS)

PAT: Who was that gentleman that I met at your house? What was his name? Ruprecht? He looks like the guy from the coffee commercials.

JOYCE: You mean Rupert? (EMBARRASSED) Mr. Giles?

PAT: Yes! So, tell me about him. (LOWERS HER VOICE) He is quite the catch.

JOYCE: (FLUSTERED) Wha... ? Oh! No... no... he's the... the... librarian at my daughter's school...

PAT: (SMUG; SELF-SATISFIED) A librarian who makes house calls? Joyce, you shouldn't be so hard on yourself. I think it's great that you're seeing someone! Buffy would think so, too.

JOYCE: (STILL FLUSTERED) Oh, no! No... it's not like that. No... no... not at all.

PAT: Well, maybe you should start thinking about yourself more. Distract yourself... Like our invitation to join the book club! You know, the new members always pick the next book. You could pick something uplifting!

JOYCE: Oh, I don't know, Pat. Life is just so...complicated right now. All of my energy is going towards finding Buffy. Maybe I shouldn't get too involved in a book club.

PAT: (ANNOYINGLY PERKY) You know what you need? You need to read Jane Austen's "Sense and Sensibility." It'll put things into perspective. Nothing a little Austen can't fix, I always say!

JOYCE: (CONSIDERING) Hmmmm... I don't know...

PAT: Well, we'll let the group take a vote. Sheena Sanders has been wanting to read "Deep End of The Ocean", but I told her...well, with your...situation...

JOYCE: Pat...

PAT: (WHEELING) It would be good for you, Joyce. And the girls are great! Betty Draper is part of the club. And Sheena Sanders - you know her right? They're so sweet. You'll love them. You need to get out of that house, it's not good for you to sit around and mope!

JOYCE: (ALMOST CONVINCED) Mmmmm... When is it again?

PAT: (PLEASED AS PUNCH) Silly, Joyce! You know when we meet! Every Monday, Wednesday and Friday for books and coffee at The Espresso Pump! We just discuss a few chapters at a time, so you don't have to feel pressure to get it read all at once. And everyone knows that nothing chases those blues away like good books and a tall Mocha Latte with extra foam and sprinkles!

JOYCE: The Espresso Pump? Isn't that where the kids hang out? I'm surprised the book club doesn't meet at Lattéda -- they don't have that terrible live music.

PAT: (EMBARRASSED) Well, we kind of... got kicked out of there... we were too... rowdy.

JOYCE: Rowdy? The book club? This I have to hear.

PAT: (FLUSTERED) Well... you see... we were discussing the "Song of Solomon" - you know... the part about "My love comes leaping to me like a gazelle..." and how long is too long to breastfeed and other... things... The management felt we were too provocative. So we felt a ... younger venue was more appropriate.

JOYCE: (MAKING UP HER MIND) You know what, Pat? Count me in. I think a... (UNSURE OF THE COFFEE LINGO) double mocha... sprinkles latte is just what the doctor ordered.

PAT: See you're picking up on Fritalian! (http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=r2y_GwKzxck), Joyce! You won't regret it! We're a (CREEPY GIGGLE) wild bunch! We have our monthly Meet & Greet tomorrow night, so you can come then and meet everyone before we dive into the next book. It's my turn to host, so it will be at my house. Then the regular club meeting would be the next day... Wednesday.

006_004 SETTING: NEUROLOGIST'S OFFICE

DOCTOR RABADI: Ms. Maclay, your doctor said you've been having a number of symptoms recently – tell me about them.

MRS. MACLAY: (IRRITATED) You're the specialist! I got referred here didn't I? I already told my doctor, you should know what symptoms I'm having. Don't you people keep records?

TARA: (SOOTHINGLY) Mom, the doctor just wants (STUTTERING) to hear about your symptoms from you...you know? Ok...?

MRS. MACLAY: (SUDDENLY CALM) I'm having trouble...with... swallowing, and my throat has been hurting for a couple months now.

DOCTOR RABADI: Throat? What else? Have you been having headaches? Nausea?

MRS. MACLAY: Yes... and... and... sometimes I... just don't seem to be able to focus.

TARA: (CONCERNED) She's been really tired lately, Doctor Rabadi. And bruising very easily.

MRS. MACLAY: (LOVINGLY) Tara, sweetheart, you don't need to take care of me.

TARA: It's okay mom. I'm here to help while Dad parks the car.

MRS. MACLAY: She's always been grown up. My Tara is very responsible.

DOCTOR RABADI: That she is (SMILING). You and your husband must be very proud.

(SFX: DOOR OPEN)

DOCTOR RABADI: Mrs. Maclay, why don't you go with Nurse Greenley. She is going to take you down to the lab for some routine tests. (QUIETLY) Tara, may I speak with you over here?

TARA: What's wrong? This is just...I mean, this is not serious right? ...she's just...it's going to be all right, right?

DOCTOR RABADI: It's too early to be certain right now...but I just want you to be prepared. Her symptoms, well, they are definitely something we need to take seriously. Once we get the results from the tests, we'll have more information.

TARA: (OBVIOUSLY UPSET) Ok...well...when will we know...?

DOCTOR RABADI: We'll get the results by Friday. We are going to do everything we can to help your mother. She needs you to be strong right now. Make sure she gets plenty of rest.

TARA: Ok...I will... thank you Doctor Rabadi, I'll just find my dad.

(SFX: DOOR CLOSE, HOSPITAL NOISES AS SHE GOES INTO THE HALL TO THE WAITING ROOM, WALKING)

TARA: Dad? Sir...?

MR. MACLAY: This is your fault, child.

TARA: (AGHAST) My... ?

MR. MACLAY: I know why God is punishing your mother, but don't you see your behavior is at fault, too? We told you that sneaking out late at night would do nothing but cause evil to invade our house. Evil!

TARA: That wasn't me, sir...that was...D-donny... He ...snuck in-n-n....

MR. MACLAY: Now you add lies to your other sins? You're turning into your mother more and more. You know what your mother is, Tara. Is that was you want to become? Is this what you want?

TARA: Dad...I'm...Sir...I swear...

MR. MACLAY: (NEARLY YELLING) Look! Look at what it's doing to your mother! That evil. That witchcraft! The two of you sneaking around with those crystals in my home. (RAISING HIS VOICE) That (SEETHING WHISPER) witchcraft is what is killing your mother. (PAUSE - TARA CRYING IN BACKGROUND) You are killing your mother.

TARA: (STARTING TO CRY - THEN CRYING) (SOBBING)
N..no...no...

MR. MACLAY: Get to your mother's side and pray – pray that God will forgive your heathen trespasses. Pray that He will forgive you. I fear it is too late for your mother.

TARA: Yes...sir. I'll go r-right away.

006_005 SETTING: PAT'S LIVING ROOM

(SFX: china clanking, people sitting down)

WOMEN (ALL): ADLIB SMALL TALK AND GENERAL CHIT-CHAT

PAT: Okay, ladies! Settle down. (CLEARS THROAT) First, I'd like to thank everyone for coming tonight. Everyone, I'd like to introduce you to Joyce Summers, the newest member or our little club.

WOMEN (ALL): (WELCOMING JOYCE)

JOYCE: Thanks, Pat. Everyone.

SHEENA: (BRASH; NO TACT AT ALL) Oh, you're the woman whose daughter ran off with the gangs, right?

PAT: (EMBARRASSED) Sheena! My word!

SHEENA: What? What did I say?

JOYCE: No, Pat, it's all right. My daughter did run away... not with a gang... but... well... It's something I've been dealing with. I want to thank everyone here, especially Pat, for inviting me into your book club. I really need the support right now. And, well...the distraction.

PAT: Of course! Of course! Well, what book shall we read next? New member chooses!

BETTY: (EXCITED LIKE A LITTLE GIRL AT CHRISTMAS) Oh! I can't wait for a new book!

SHEENA: I still think we should read, "The Deep End of the Ocean."

PAT: Really, Sheena!

SHEENA: What? We shouldn't? Just because Joyce's girl...?

BETTY: (HUSHED) You shouldn't be so insensitive, Sheena.

JOYCE: (HESITANT) I've heard good things about that book, Pat. I don't mind...

PAT: Well, all in favor, say Oprah!

GROUP: OPRAH!

PAT: Well, then, the Oprah's have it! "Deep End of the Ocean" it is.

SHEENA: I had a feeling you'd all finally come to your senses, so...
(DRAMATIC PAUSE) SURPRISE! One for everybody!

(SFX: LARGE BAG FILLED WITH BOOKS CLUNKING TO THE FLOOR)

PAT: Oh my word! Sheena, you didn't!

SHEENA: (GLEEFULLY) I did! A copy for everyone!

BETTY: Sheena, you are so lucky your husband got involved in that shoe shining business when he did!

JOYCE: Shoe shining?

SHEENA: Well, I don't want to brag...(PAUSE)

KELLY: (ANNOYED) Then don't, Sheena.

BETTY: (INNOCENTLY) What does your husband do, Joyce?

JOYCE: Well, I'm divor... (GETS CUT OFF BY SHEENA)

SHEENA: See, my husband was traveling in (EXCITED) Europe when ...

KELLY: (REALLY ANNOYED) Seriously, Sheena, let the poor woman speak!

JOYCE: (NERVOUS LAUGH) I'm...(INTERRUPTING BY PAT)

PAT: (INTERRUPTING JOYCE AND SAID WITH KNOWING AND CONCERNED TONE) She's (ALMOST WHISPERED) divorced.

BETTY AND SHEENA: GASPS OF SHOCK

BETTY: Oh! I had no idea! I'm so sorry, Joyce.

JOYCE: Really, there's no reason to be sorr...

PAT: (INTERRUPTING) Joyce, you are so lucky you found us when you did. No husband and a runaway daughter...

KELLY: (DISGUSTED) Oh for heaven's sake!

SHEENA: Kelly, in a place like Sunnydale, it's so rare for people to get divorced. Or have runaway daughters. It's just natural that we're a little shocked...

JOYCE: Well, it was the best option for me and my dau...well, it just seemed to be the best for everyone involved.

SHEENA/KELLY/
PAT AWKWARD COUGHING, TEA SLURPING, WITH
CLANKING CHINA

PAT: (RUSHING TO FILL THE SILENCE) Who would like a cheddar scone! I have clotted cream!

KELLY: Joyce, want to help me get the scones?

JOYCE: (RELIEVED) Sure... thanks, Kelly.

(SFX: WALKING; TALKING GOES TO A LOW MURMUR)

KELLY: They're really good women. Just a little...sheltered.

JOYCE: Oh, it's all right. I'm just surprised that they're so...

KELLY: Naive?

JOYCE: (SELF-CONSCIOUS LAUGH) I suppose so.

KELLY: Well, they can be naive. But, they are also extremely influential women in this community. It's better to be friends than to get on their bad side.

(SFX: DOOR OPENING AS ONE SET OF FOOTSTEPS COME INTO THE ROOM)

PAT: (KNOWINGLY) Kelly, what's taking so long in here?

JOYCE: Sorry, Pat. I was just chattering away about how glad I am to be a part of this group! (SFX: RETURNING TO ORIGINAL ROOM; LOUDER AND AWKWARDLY) Who's ready for a scone!

BETTY: (SOTTO VOCE) That Kelly – I'm surprised she's lasted this long.

SHEENA: (ALSO SOTTO VOCE) I'm surprised Pat hasn't gotten rid of her. (SURPRISED) Oh, hi, Joyce! My, oh my, these scones look delicious.

JOYCE: (WORRIED) Yes...delicious.

006_006 SETTING: THE ESPRESSO PUMP

(SFX: BACKGROUND CAFÉ NOISES – LOW CONVERSATIONAL HUM, FOLKSIE MUSIC, OCCASIONAL CAPPUCCINO MACHINE NOISES, ETC.)

PAT: (BRIGHTLY) Happy Wednesday Everyone! You know what that means!

GROUP: (IN CHORUS) White Raspberry Mochas!

JOYCE: (UNSURE AND OFF BEAT) White Raspberry Mochas...

PAT: Kelly, go show Joyce our table. Sheena, Betty and I will get the Mochas!

SHEENA: (WALKING AWAY, SNIDE) Maybe we should have them add an extra shot of sunshine into Kelly's Mocha. (GIGGLES)

SFX: GROUP OF FOOTSTEPS WALKING AWAY

KELLY: (FRIENDLY AND VERY "NORMAL") Here's our usual table, Joyce. Let's sit and chat while we wait.

JOYCE: Is Sheena always so...?

KELLY: So caustic? Yeah... she thinks she's witty, but... eh...

JOYCE: The others seem to go along with her though.

KELLY: (nervous laugh - but not really nervous - it's the way Kelly laughs) Yeah... I guess they do.

JOYCE: They seem nice enough, though. It's really good to get out of the house...Take my mind off of...

KELLY: (COMFORTINGLY) She'll be fine. I know it doesn't seem that way right now, but I just have a feeling. If she's anything like you...

JOYCE: (DRY LAUGH) Then she's terrified. Luckily, she's not like me. She's capable. She's strong. I just...I miss her.

(SFX: THE OTHERS RETURNING WITH WHITE RASPBERRY MOCHAS; CLINKING OF MUGS BEING PLACED ON THE TABLE; SHUFFLING OF CUTLERY AND BOOKS)

SHEENA: Kelly, are you bothering poor Joyce about her runaway daughter?

JOYCE: Oh... no... I...

PAT: (ANNOYINGLY CHEERFUL) I have Mochas!

KELLY: (INDIGNANT) I'm not bothering her at all!

BETTY: (FORELORN) It must be so hard... I can't even imagine...

JOYCE: (trying to get a word in edgewise) We were just talking. It's good to talk.

PAT: I know, our Joyce is a survivor!

SHEENA: Psht! She's no Beyonce. Joyce is wallowing and that's no way to catch a man!

BETTY: (SADLY) All this talk about runaway children and divorcees ... makes this Mocha seem less sweet.

PAT: (BRIGHTLY) I have just the thing to fix that - I made cupcakes!

SHEENA & BETTY: Oooh! Yum!

KELLY: I don't understand why you guys are so against talking about anything negative in real life.

JOYCE: It's okay, Kelly. I...

KELLY: (NOT LISTENING TO JOYCE) I mean it's not like your lives are totally perfect, right?

BETTY: (DISTRESSED NOISE)

PAT: (ADMONISHINGLY TO KELLY) Kelly, dear, if you talk about the negative, all you see is negativity. Keep positive. Turn lemons into lemonade!

SHEENA: (DARKLY, AS THOUGH THREATENING) You really need a vacation.

SHEENA/BETTY/
PAT/JOYCE/
KELLEY **SEE APPENDIX A**

(SFX: PAUSE, THEN SOUND OF WOMEN'S VOICES (the dialog from appendix A) AWKWARDLY STARTING TO DISCUSS THE BOOK AND FADING OUT FOR SCENE TRANSITION)

006_007 SETTING: MRS. MACLAY'S BEDROOM

(SFX: SOUND OF SUMMER BIRDS FILTERING THROUGH AN OPEN WINDOW AND LEAVES RUSTLING IN A SLIGHT BREEZE; THIS IS A VERY QUIET SCENE)

TARA: (CAUTIOUSLY) Mom, can we come in?

MRS. MACLAY: Tara, Leslie? Of course. Come in. What's on your mind, sweetie?

LESLIE: (HAPPY) You're looking good Mrs. Maclay!

MRS. MACLAY: Darling, I feel good today.

TARA: Mom, you...you have cancer, remember? Dr. Rabadi said...

MRS. MACLAY: I know sweetheart, but it's okay.

TARA: It's not "okay," Mom. They were talking about bringing in hospice.

LESLIE: I think your mom means that it's okay, lets just enjoy right now instead of worrying.

MRS. MACLAY: Exactly Leslie, let's not worry about me, okay? (PAUSE, THEN SOFTLY) There is something I need to tell -- show you both. Tara, dear, look in the top drawer of my dresser. There's something in there that I want you to have when I... when...

TARA: (RUSHED, BUT QUIET – SHE DOESN'T WANT TO HEAR HER MOM SAY "WHEN I DIE") I...I'll get it, Mom.

(SFX: FOOTSTEPS AS SHE MOVES A FEW FEET TO THE DRESSER)

MRS. MACLAY: (STRUGGLING TO SIT UP IN BED) Yes, there, in the top drawer, Tara. In the back, Tara. There's a ... a silver box. Bring it to me.

(SFX: OLD DRAWER CREAKING OPEN, RIFLING THROUGH THE DRAWER)

TARA: I found it.

(SFX: FOOTSTEPS BACK TO THE BED)

LESLIE: How pretty, it looks so old, and fancy...

MRS. MACLAY: Sit next to me, my dear. (WITH A SMILE IN HER VOICE) Oh, this box brings back memories. My mother gave it to me when I was your age. And her mother, your great-grandmother, gave it to her... it's very old.

(SFX: BOX BEING OPENED)

TARA: (GASP) Oh, it's beautiful, Mom!

LESLIE: (EXCITED) Turn it this way Tara, oh wow. Look at those gorgeous jewels. And the markings! I've never seen anything like it.

MRS. MACLAY: (SMILE IN HER VOICE) It's more than just a beautiful bracelet, Tara. It has magic.

TARA: (SURPRISED) Magic? B-but Dad...he said that magic is what...is ...killing you.

MRS. MACLAY: I should have told you sooner... taught you... I thought I had time... but now... (BRIGHTENING UP) That's all right. I'll tell you now. There is a power, a magic, in our family. It's passed from mother to daughter, just like the bracelet. Our magic, this magic, can help you tell truth from lies. It couldn't cause cancer, Tara. This bracelet... the bracelet can protect you from (BREAKS OFF WITH COUGHING)

TARA: (SOOTHING) Shhh... shhh... don't talk any more, Mom. Save your strength...

MRS. MACLAY: No... no time. You have to know... I must tell you. Love is the strongest magic of them all and I know how much Leslie -- (COUGH)

LESLIE: (KIND OF SHOCKED, COVERING) Let me get you some water Mrs. Maclay.

(SFX: FOOTSTEPS AND DOOR CLOSE)

TARA: (SOFTLY) Mom...Dad doesn't like us talking about...magic. He says it's... evil...

MRS. MACLAY: (SCOFFS) Your father thinks the mailman is evil.

TARA: (SHOCKED) Mom!

MRS. MACLAY: Hush now. You know it's true. Now listen to me... (coughs) this is important... Magic is all around you, Tara. Don't let people like your father tell you it's all evil. Some of it is, but this bracelet will protect you from harm willed onto you from others.

TARA: But, if this will protect us from evil, then why does Dad think it's killing you?

MRS. MACLAY: Tara, believe me. Remember the story I would tell you when you were little?

TARA: About the faerie princess?

MRS. MACLAY: Yes, that's the one. Once upon a time, there was a beautiful faerie princess living in the tallest tree in the forest. Her mother would collect treasures for her from around the world. She once brought her a beautiful bracelet and told her that as long as she wore it ...(cough, cough, hack)

Tara: (alarmed) Mom!

MRS. MACLAY: (coughing) No, Tara... let me... (cough) it's important... you must... (cough) remember...

Tara: I remember, Mom... Please...

MRS. MACLAY: (coughing) Tell me the rest, Tara. (more coughing)

Tara: She'll always be protected by her mother's love and by the love of those around her. (PAUSE) Mom...is that what this bracelet means?

MRS. MACLAY: (weakly) That's right. As long as you wear this bracelet, I'll always be there to protect you. No matter what happens.

Tara: But...of course...I mean, Mom. You'll be here...to protect me.

MRS. MACLAY: Tara, my heart, I love you so much.

Tara: I love you too, Mom.

006_008 Setting: Street in LA

(SFX: LA Street Sounds. A bicycle wooshing by)

RUDE KID: Hey, watch it, lady.

BUFFY: (apologetic, mumbling) Sorry... I didn't... sorry...

STRANGER: Damn kids riding their bikes on the sidewalk! Are you okay, miss?

BUFFY: I'm fine. Thanks. I... I need to get to work.

STRANGER: Are you sure? You look a bit shaken.

BUFFY: I...I have to go.

STRANGER: Okay... if you think...

(SFX: SLOW FOOTSTEPS GOING AWAY)

STRANGER: Strange girl.

(SFX: footsteps walking away in other direction)

BUFFY: (talking to herself in different tones, practicing introducing herself to people) My name is Anne. Hi. My name is Anne. Hey, how are you? I'm Anne.

SUZIE: My name is Suzie. Nice to meet you.

BUFFY: Ooh...hi. (SFX: fast paced footsteps walking away)

(SFX: More LA street sounds, crowd noises, cars, etc.)

BUFFY: I just need to get home. No more strangers, no more kids on bikes, no more...

KITTY: Meeeeow

BUFFY: Kitty? Oh! Hello, kitty.

KITTY: Meeeow

BUFFY: Don't you have a home to go to, kitty cat?

KITTY: Meeeow

BUFFY: You're awfully little. Where's your mama?

BUFFY: I know it's not much to look at...I used to have the whole house, full bath kind of life...but, it's my home... for now.

KITTY: Meeeeeeow

BUFFY: I know what you're thinking. Why would I leave a nice house...

KITTY: Purrrr

BUFFY: It's a long story...

KITTY: Mrwor

BUFFY: Not a simple one, either.

KITTY: Meeeeeeeeeeow

BUFFY: Don't judge me like that. I had to leave.

KITTY: Purrrrrrip?

BUFFY: You see, I loved this guy. And...and...he turned out to be a vampire. And then, well, he sorta went all evil... –which he wasn't before... I know that's strange... I mean Vampires equals evil, right? Well not really. Until it did... So, I had to kill him. But...then he wasn't evil again and it was too late to stop. It's all very complicated. And, well, Anne is not a complicated girl.

DAD:	(WITH NO EXPRESSION) We got here as fast as we could.
TARA:	Is she going to be okay? I mean, they're doing whatever they can, right?
DAD:	She couldn't catch her breath... and she...collapsed. We called an ambulance and they rushed her...
TARA:	Where is she? Dad, where is Mom?
DONNY:	She's dead, Tara. She's...gone.
TARA:	(crying, almost screaming) She can't be. She felt better. The doctors said the treatments were working -- they could fight the cancer.
DAD:	Tara, please. (SFX: Rumbling sounds in the Background - a low shaking, LIKE AN EARTHQUAKE or thunder)
TARA:	She...she... said she was going to be fine. She said she would always be here to take care of me.
DONNY:	(shocked) Please Tara, calm down. You're...you're scaring me.

(SFX: More shaking, items dropping builds up and suddenly... everything calms down, no more shaking)

TARA: (crying and whispering) Mom, please, don't leave me.

006_010 Setting: The Espresso Pump

(SFX: Background Cafe Noises - Low Conversational Hum, Folksie Music, Occasional Cappuccino Machine Noises, etc.)

JOYCE: (HESITANTLY) Happy Friday!

PAT: You know what that means!

JOYCE: White Raspberry Mochas?

BETTY: Hee! You're so funny, Joyce.

SHEENA: Those are Wednesday's drink of choice.

JOYCE: Oh... I see and Friday?

PAT: Green Tea Chai Lattes, of course!

JOYCE: (TRYING TO SOUND CHEERFUL) Of course. Hmm, where is Kelly?

SHEENA: (SERIOUSLY) Gone.

JOYCE: (ALARMED) Gone?

PAT: Sheena's just kidding. Kelly, uhm, well, Kelly had some personal business to attend to...so, she's... going to miss some meetings.

SHEENA: (I-TOLD-YOU-SO-SNOTTY) Told her she needed an extra shot of sunshine.

PAT: (SCOLDING) Sheena, Kelly's just on another... vacation. (THE WAY SHE SAYS IT, YOU GET THE IDEA THAT "VACATION" DOESN'T REALLY MEAN "VACATION.")

JOYCE: Does...uhm, does Kelly take a lot of vacations?

SHEENA: (SCOFFS)

PAT: Joyce, you sound so worried. You have other things to worry about, don't you? Don't worry about Kelly.

006_011 SETTING: BACK PORCH REVELLO DRIVE

(SFX: Car being turned off, door opening and closing. Walking.)

JOYCE: Oh, hello, Willow. Are you all right?

WILLOW: Uhm... hey.

JOYCE: Have you...(hopeful)...Have you heard from Buffy? Or...Mr. Giles? Has he...?

WILLOW: Oh, No. Nothing yet. I mean, he's been traveling a lot...trying to find clues.

JOYCE: Oh, I see. (drifting off) Clues.

WILLOW: I just...I don't know. Buffy is the person I talk to about...all the things I can't talk to anyone else about...

JOYCE: (SIGH) I know what you mean. I find myself just...talking to her as if she's still here. I'll call to her when breakfast is ready. (LITTLE LAUGH) I still make enough pancakes for two.

WILLOW: She'll come home soon. I know Buffy...I mean, not better than you know Buffy...it's just...

JOYCE: I just miss her so much.

WILLOW: Me, too.

(PAUSE)

JOYCE:	Let's talk about something else. Maybe you can talk to me?
WILLOW:	Hmm, well, I have this new boyfriend, sort of. And he's, well, he's different. And... (AWKWARDLY) well, what about you? Anything you'd like to talk about?
JOYCE:	(MATTER OF FACTLY) I think my book club is evil.
WILLOW:	Oh, that's never a good thing.
JOYCE:	They are so...well, there was this one woman and, well, she's just so different. And today, she wasn't at the meeting. I got the distinct impression that she wasn't missed. I don't know. Maybe they're right. Maybe I have other things I should be worrying about.
WILLOW:	No, no. This is good. Distractions are good. Hmm, maybe we could...search for clues?
JOYCE:	Perhaps. I'm just worried about her. Maybe this is... (AWKWARD) supernatural?
WILLOW:	I can look into it, maybe? When Giles gets back into town. We can get all researchy about cult book clubs?
JOYCE:	Oh thank you, Willow. Well, I think I'm going to make some tea. Want some?
WILLOW:	No thanks. I'm gonna get on home. G'night.

006_012 SETTING: NIGHT CLUB

	(SFX: Loud club, lots of goth-like dance music and people talking)
GILES:	(talking to himself) Seriously, do people not understand the difference between vampires and kids on PCP listening to The Cure?
BARTENDER:	What, dude? What did you say? You want another ...what were you drinking?
GILES:	(DISTRACTEDLY) Oh, no thank you. One is my limit, I'm afraid. Thank you, yes...
XANDER:	(yelling over noise) HEY GILES. NO VAMPIRES, HUH?
GILES:	(annoyed & TRYING TO BE DISCRETE) Xander, please try to keep your voice down when talking about the...
XANDER:	(still yelling) VAMPIRES?
GILES:	(exasperated) Yes, them. We should head over to the other club across town. I've heard of another incident with a girl and a group of vampires there.

XANDER:	So, it's a group of vampires? Not a pack...or a gaggle?
GILES:	Xander, this really isn't the time.
XANDER:	Ah, yes. Because Buffy left and so this is not the time for proper grammar- does that mean we should start saying ain't and learn Ebonics, Giles?
GILES:	Xander, that kind of attitude is really counterproductive to what we're trying to do. Buffy has gone through some...
XANDER:	Tough times, yeah. We all know, Giles. But...if Buffy doesn't want to be found...I mean, she's the slayer, right? She has, like, super ninja stealth.
GILES:	We'll find her. I promise... (SIGH), let's move on to the next location.
XANDER:	Roger that.

006_013 SETTING: Spike's Car - Somewhere in Chile

Spike: Oh, bollocks, Dru. Where are we? If you'd hold that map steady, maybe...

Dru: (CRAZED IN HER DRU-LIKE WAY) Your screams are deafening to me. Hold the map! Hold it! Upside down! This way! That way!

Spike: (GRATINGLY PATIENT) I'm speakin' in a normal voice my sweet. I just need to look at the map to try and find out where in the bloody hell we are.

Dru: Your mind is full of voices. (ACCUSINGLY) You're worried about her, aren't you?

Spike: Have you lost your...well. (Stops to think) The only people I'm worried about are me and you, pet. We've been driving for hours, and I haven't seen a bite to eat in a long while.

Dru: (LOST IN HER SIGHT) It swirls and screams to me. She cries out to you.

Spike: She who? (EXASPERATED) Dru, the sun is beating down on us, we're racing down this bloody continent to find who knows what, this is not the time for one of your little tantrums.

Dru: (SHRILLY; ACCUSINGLY; CONTINUES ON WITHOUT HEARING HIM) Is that why she's invaded your mind? From heaven, maybe from hell? She's in your thoughts, screaming at you.

Spike: The only person screaming right now is you, pet. (EXASPERATED) Now, hand over the bloody map.

Dru: (SUDDENLY CALM) Ssshh, darling. Have your map. I spy a family broken down on the road. Fancy a treat? Meow.

Spike: (TOTALLY "WHATEVER" IN HIS VOICE) Sure, get yourself a treat, pet. I need to find a phone.

Dru: (EAGERLY) Rawr!

006_014 SETTING: Maclay Home

MR. MACLAY: Tara, sit down.

Tara: (HESITANTLY) Ok, Dad.

MR. MACLAY: Daughter, I'm proud of you.

Tara: Oh. Ok.

MR. MACLAY: This is the first moment since you were born that I feel proud of you. Knowing that your mother was nothing but an evil witch. She didn't deserve the love that we gave her, but everything is God's will. And that is why he took her from us and sent her to hell.

Tara: Dad...God...wouldn't...I mean, Mom...she wasn't.

MR. MACLAY: Tara, listen to me. Your Mother was not a righteous woman. She had powers... unholy powers. She could have turned her back on them, followed the path of God. Like I do. Like your brother does. But she didn't. She chose the unholy, the sinful.

Tara: But, Dad...she...she loved us.

MR. MACLAY: How many times do I have to tell you – she used us! She used us and tried to turn us against God. She almost got to you... but, (sigh of relief) luckily, God made her pay. And he made you see the light.

Tara: (Loudly) No!

MR. MACLAY: Excuse me, Tara?

Tara: (breathing quickly) NO! I won't hear this...any...any more. Mom was...she was good. And she loved us. And she ...she was the most beautiful person in the world. She had so much light ins...

MR. MACLAY: Enough! I will not hear an – Where did you get that bracelet?

Tara: (IGNORING THE QUESTION, FIRMLY) No, Dad. I will not hear anymore of your lies. I...am...I'm tired of you telling me... everything...how to live my life...who to trust. I need to...to decide this one on my own.

MR. MACLAY: I was hoping we'd never need to have this talk, Tara, but you leave me with no choice.

Tara: Tell me...? Tell me what?

MR. MACLAY: This is exactly what happened with your mother.

Tara: (Confused) What...? I don't understand...

MR. MACLAY: I was hoping it would skip your generation, since my blood is so righteous. I walk the path of God...

Tara: Dad, you're scaring...me. What...?

MR. MACLAY: You're part-demon, Tara. The devil's spawn.

Tara: The Devil's...

MR. MACLAY: Yes, a demon. Your mother's family... they could... do things. Things no god-fearing human being can do. They could make things happen.

Tara: Things... (confused) what ...what kind of things?

MR. MACLAY: They could make things move. Your mother would move things I was looking for. She made me think I was going crazy. But I caught her at it one day. I made her pay for it.

Tara: But, but...how do you know that ...I mean, I'm not a...demon. I... I can't...move things.

MR. MACLAY: No, not yet... but I think if your mother had lived longer she would have taught you her evil ways. Now, without her influence, we have a better chance at controlling your demon nature.

Tara: I just...I don't know what ...to think. I don't want to be...I don't want to be evil. How can there be...demons? How can I be...

MR. MACLAY: (SOOTHINGLY) We can't stop you from becoming a demon, but we - your family - can help you control it.

Tara: OK...

MR. MACLAY: Tara, look at me. You believe me, right? We are your family, and we love you, Tara.

Tara: (NOT ENTIRELY CONVINCED) Yeah...I...I believe you.

MR. MACLAY: There's my good girl.

006_015 SETTING: PHONE BOOTH SOMEWHERE IN CHILE

(SFX: SOUND OF U.S. PHONE RINGING AND BEING PICKED UP)

JOYCE
(PHONE): Hello?

Spike: Joyce? Listen... is the Slayer, erm, Buffy, there? Last time I saw her, Angelus was...well...

JOYCE
(PHONE): Who is this? Is this a prank?

Spike: Oh! No... Spike here. You beat me with an axe. "Get the hell away from my daughter" and all. Haven't we had this conversation before?

[SFX: PUPPY PARKING IN THE DISTANCE (this continues until the end of Spike's next line)]

DRU (FAR AWAY): [barks back at the puppy (this continues until the end of Spike's next line)]

JOYCE
(PHONE): Ah, yes. Spike. (panicked) Do you know where Buffy is? Is she with you?

Spike: Uh, no. I was calling to find... (BREAKING OFF TO YELL AT DRU) Dru...DRU! Kill the puppy, Dru. It keeps yelping. (SORT OF TO HIMSELF) Bloody annoying, it is. (BACK TO JOYCE) Sorry, Joyce?

JOYCE
(PHONE): (CAUTIOUSLY) Yes...?

Spike: Well, I'm guessing Buffy isn't there.

JOYCE
(PHONE): (HESITANTLY, SHE'S NOT SURE HOW SPIKE KNOWS THINGS ARE WRONG WITH BUFFY, BUT WANTS TO SPEAK ABOUT IT WITH SOMEONE NOT IN SUNNYDALE) She, well, she ran away. We think. Mr. Giles and her friends have been searching for her. I try...and, well, stay home as much as I can...you know, don't want her to call here or come back to... (PAUSE) an...(TEARING UP) empty home.

Spike: (CONCERNED; RUSHING TO REASSURE) Oh, oh... I'm sure she's okay. She's the slayer, right? No other slayer I've met was like her. Hell, no other slayer I've met has survived fighting with me. But, your daughter...I tried t'kill her... I did... but she just wouldn't die, see? She's a survivor she is. Nothin' to fuss about.

JOYCE
(PHONE): (choking up still) I know. I know. That's what everyone keeps telling me: she's a survivor. I know she is. But that doesn't mean I don't miss her, worry about her. For all of this ... slayer business... she's just a girl... and my daughter...

Spike: Joyce, remember when you attacked me with that axe? That took guts. I coulda killed you, but you didn't worry about that... you just protected your girl. You have style.

JOYCE
(PHONE): (calming down) Th...thanks. I think.

Spike: So, that Scooby gang of hers are chasing Buffy down? They'll find her...(UNDER HIS BREATH) if she wants to be found.

JOYCE
(PHONE): Mr. ... I mean, er, Spike...you happen to know a lot about all this...magic stuff, right?

Spike: I'm a vampire, Joyce. Sorta comes with the face and fangs package.

JOYCE
(PHONE): Right...anyway, have you ever heard of...people that get together over a common interest that are actually there just to hurt one another?

Spike: (KNOWINGLY) So you joined a book club, eh?

JOYCE
(PHONE): (surprised) Wha...huh? How did you...?

Spike: Dru... she got involved in one a while back. There were these demons, inferiority complexes up to ... well... they were a right mess. Anyway, they organized a book club... would blather on and on about Tolstoy or some other right mess of a demon author and...

JOYCE
(PHONE): (interrupting) Tolstoy was a ... demon?!?

Spike: C'mon now, did ya really have any doubt?

JOYCE
(PHONE): (FLUSTERED) I suppose... I mean... I had my suspicions...

Spike: War and Peace? (incredulously) I don't know who else would write something like that without being pure evil.

JOYCE
(PHONE): (understanding) True...

Spike: Where was I? Oh, yeah, they organized this club and ...
(PAUSE; THEN TO DRU) Dru, love, almost done. Just checkin' in with...Clem. Had a go with a (MUMBLES SOMETHING) demon. (BACK ON TRACK WITH JOYCE BUT IN A HURRY NOW) Yeah... then every so often, they'd look for a human, to suck their brains and what not. Something about the literary intellect being in the brain, but they couldn't figure out where in the brain. First, they'd take human form and lure a regular person into the club. Then, once they'd gotten the human all nice and comfy like, they'd suck out their brains, dispose of the corpse, and nobody'd ever hear from them again.

JOYCE
(PHONE): (UNNERVED) Brain... sucking? Oh my...I really just wanted to read some books to get my mind off of Buffy....Oh, dear.

Spike: Well Dru likes to play with her vic- erm. Dru likes to be open and honest about these things so she came up with some kinda spell to leak out what was going on. Makes the demon fess up and get the hell out. Sorta a truth-cleansing-banishing spell. You could find out what they have planned at least... Got a pen?

JOYCE
(PHONE): You memorized it? How many book clubs does your Dru belong to?

SPIKE: Nah, but I remember a good bit of it. Got that pen?

JOYCE
(PHONE): (fumbling) Yeah...

Spike: First, you need to crush a bunch of lavender flowers, chamomile flowers, and dried crushed rosemary. Put it in a bowl.

JOYCE
(PHONE):

Like a soup bowl?

Spike: (offside) Dru, love, almost done. Eat...the...well, just eat something. (Returning his attention to Joyce) Joyce, something bigger, more...serious.

JOYCE
(PHONE):

A more ... serious bowl?

Spike: Yeah. A...large salad bowl.

JOYCE
(PHONE):

...okay.

Spike: Take some sandalwood oil and sea salt and mix it in there, too. These book club demons just need a little sweet cleansing and that'll do it.

JOYCE
(PHONE):

What do I do with all these?

Spike: They need to eat it. You can tie 'em down. Mix it in their tea or something. Should do it. Dru usually shoved it down their throats. That'll do the trick, too.

JOYCE
(PHONE):

Oh...OK. I see.

Spike: Well, I'll be going now.

JOYCE
(PHONE):

Thank you... Spike.

Spike: Anytime, Joyce. And Buffy, she'll be okay. She's a tough broad. Bye now. (SFX: PHONE HANGING UP) Okay, Dru...

Dru: (ENRAGED) You nasty little worm! (GRUNTING AND OOH!)

(SFX: DRU ATTACKING SPIKE AND HIM FENDING HER OFF)

006_016 SETTING: MACLAY HOUSE (WAKE)

(SFX: Lots of innocent background chatter, walking)

Aunt Ruby: Tara, dear, go get more ice from the back freezer.

Tara: (confused) Oh... sure...Aunt Ruby. Ice...

MR. MACLAY: Tara, what are you doing? You're supposed to be making more sandwiches for our guests.

Tara: Oh...OK. Sandwiches...

Aunt Ruby: (yelling over the chatter) Tara, the ice!

Tara: OK. Ice... Sandwiches.

Donny: Hey! Hey! Tara, someone spilled tea on the floor in the living room. It needs to be cleaned up. Tara! Are you listening to me? It needs to be cleaned up – get on it!

Tara: (CRYING) Ice... Sandwiches... Tea.

Aunt Ruby: (ANNOYED) Tara, seriously, can't you do anything right? Bring out some ice!

Tara: (crying) OK, Aunt Ruby...I'm coming.

Leslie: (WHISPERING) Tara, up here.

Tara: (sniffing) Leslie? What are you...?

Leslie: Sneaked in through the window, of course. (giggles)

Tara: (sniffle) Leslie, I can't. They...they need me here.

Leslie: (YOU CAN HEAR HER EYE-ROLL) Yeah, yeah. Get the ice, wash the floor, make me a sandwich. They treat you like Cinderella.

Tara: C'mon. This is so...hard.

Leslie: (SINCERE) I loved your mom. She was the most amazing person...well, ever. Tara, they aren't treating you like this because they're upset. They're treating you like this because they always treat you like this. C'mon on. Let's go!

Dad: (from far away) Tara, you get into this kitchen! (exasperated) This is not the time for your laziness, girl.

Leslie: (SOFTLY) Is this what your mom would have wanted? You to be the housekeeper for the rest of your life?

Tara: Uhm...oh...OK. Let me...I need to get...

(SFX: STUFF SHUFFLING)

Tara: ...her picture.

006_017 SETTING: MAGIC SHOP

(SFX: THE MAGIC BOX DOOR)

STORE CLERK: Hello! Welcome to Mayfair's Magic Shop. Can I help you find something?

Joyce: Oh... yes... I need (rustling of a paper) lavender flowers, chamomile flowers, dried rosemary...and sandalwood oil...and a little sea salt..

Store Clerk: Making a centerpiece, huh?.

Joyce: A, uhm... salad, actually...

Store Clerk: Ah, sounds delightful. (sfx: rustling goods, as S/he puts them in a bag)

(SFX: SHOP DOOR OPENING – SAME AS ABOVE)

Willow: Mrs. Summers?

Joyce: (VAGUELY EMBARRASSED) Oh, hello Willow.

Store Clerk: (KNOWINGLY) You two know each other, hmm?

Joyce: Oh, yes...she's a friend of my daughter's. How much do I owe you?

Store Clerk: That'll be... (PAUSE FOR OVER CALCULATION OF PRICE)
\$60.

Willow: (WARNINGLY because she knows this guy is ripping off Joyce)
Sixty dollars?

Joyce: (TAKEN ABACK AT THE PRICE) Oh... my... I didn't think that it would be that...

Store Clerk: I was...just joking, of course. It's only ... forty...

Joyce: (SUSPICIOUS) Hmm, thanks.

(SFX: Door opening again, bells, chimes as Willow & Joyce leave the store)

Willow: Mrs. Summers?

Joyce: Yes, Willow?

Willow: What kind of spell is this?

Joyce: (KNOWING SHE NEEDS TO COME CLEAN) Well... for my book club... I need to really find out if they're evil or just... So, I'm doing a (whispers) demon cleansing. (Back to normal tone) But I'm not sure how to mix these properly...or how to get them to eat it. I mean, I could tie them down and shove it down their throats, but...that would be a lot of rope...

Willow: With the items you have now, all you'll be able to do is make them smell nice. That's pretty much just a potpourri. It's missing some key ingredients. It needs juniper berries and ...hmm, a little myrrh should do the trick. And...you could bake these ingredients into a cookie recipe...like...Cleansing Oatmeal... (LAUGHS) or... Demon-Be-Gone Snickerdoodles.

Joyce: (sighs) Thanks Willow. I'm not cut out for all of this magic stuff. So, what'll happen once they eat the cookies?

Willow: Well, it could get a little crazy at first...

JOYCE: (ALARMED) Crazy? It won't hurt them will it?

willow: (UNSURE) I don't think so... I think it just makes 'em tell the truth and then have a very strong desire to be... somewhere else... Hmm, I can't be there. Giles needs me to...well... I have...let me see... I'll send the guys over to help you with the recipe and the spell... It's really simple, so...

Joyce: (calm and admiring) Thank you, Willow. You've always been such a comfort.

Willow: (PLEASED) Oh...well, you, too.

006_018 SETTING: REVELLO DRIVE KITCHEN

(SFX: BACK DOOR OPENS)

XANDER: (calling out) The cavalry has arrived, Mrs. Summers!

Joyce: Oh, hi, Xander... Oz...

OZ: Hello, Mrs. Summers.

XANDER: Willow sent us over. Ya got some dirty demons to cleanse, huh?

Joyce: Oh...yes... yes... my book club... I think they're... or at least some of them... are evil. We're meeting today.

(SFX: XANDER AND OZ WALKING IN)

Joyce: (NERVOUS) The others will be here soon. Where do you want to set up? The group will be meeting in the living room.

XANDER: Probably not a good idea to conjure in the open... Kitchen?

oz: Kitchen for conjuring... I like it.

joyce: (CONTINUES NERVOUSLY) So here are all of the ingredients. Did Willow tell you what to do?

XANDER: In great, mind-numbingly complex detail.

oz: Not to worry, she gave us a flow chart.

XANDER: And copious notes. Don't forget the copious notes.

(SFX: PAPERS SHUFFLING)

OZ: She's a great note taker.

XANDER: The best there is.

joyce: (LAUGHS NERVOUSLY) Then we're all set, huh?

XANDER: (CONFIDENTLY) As set as... as... well... I don't have an appropriate metaphor, but we're set.

oz: Yeah... all I'm comin' up with is Jell-O and custards...

JOYCE: (CONSIDERINGLY) The ingredients don't look very... well, they're quite large... should they be ... I don't know... chopped up?

xander: Hmm... I guess you're right...

oz: I don't know... Willow didn't say anything about chopping...

XANDER: Well, if someone comes in, we don't want them to think we're up to anything. Besides... what's the worst that could happen? As long as they all get in the mix, right?

joyce: (CONCERNED) Do you boys do these sort of things often?

XANDER: (LESS CONFIDENT) Define "often."

(SFX: DOOR BELL; THE BOOK CLUB MEMBERS ARE STARTING TO ARRIVE)

JOYCE: (NERVOUSLY) That's them! Okay... I'll go let them in and you do... your... um... conjuring?

(SFX: HURRIED FOOTSTEPS EXITING TO THE FRONT HALL; DOOR OPENING)

JOYCE/PAT/Betty/ (in the distance) SOUNDS OF WOMEN GREETING EACH
SHELLY: OTHER/SMALL TALK

Joyce: (in the distance) Oh no... not in the kitchen. Let's set up the food in the living room ...

XANDER: So Oz... you ready to do this thing?

Oz: Let's do it.

006_019 SETTING: PARK NEAR TARA'S HOME

(SFX: night sounds in a semi-rural town)

Tara: (SNIFFLING) I don't know what I'm g-g-going to do, Leslie. My mom is... (voice breaks on the last word) (SOB)

Leslie: (COMFORTING) We'll figure something out, Tara. You're not alone.

Tara: It's just...everyone...they think it's my fault. They think...I...they think I killed her.

Leslie: Tara, you realize how crazy that sounds right?

Tara: (HESITANTLY) I guess so. (SOFTLY HICCUPS) But it's tr-true. They th-think... and I don't know why...

Leslie: I told you why. Because they can. They always have, they always will. And... well... tonight isn't about figurin' out why your family is so weird. It's about rememberin' your mom and ... and... all that.

Tara: Leslie, you're...well, you're always so...you know...great (HICCUP), at making me feel better.

Leslie: I think we should cut you off. That beer is getting to your head.

Tara: I'm glad it is. I don't want to feel like this anymore.

Leslie: Like what?

Tara: (FORLORNLY) Lost... empty...

Leslie: Why do you feel lost? (STOMPS ON THE GROUND) You are right here. We are right here. You aren't lost. You're where you belong.

Tara: I'm just a big problem, but there isn't...there is never an answer.

Leslie: I'm confused... what's the question? You're not a problem. Not to me. Not to your mom. You're ... Tara.

Tara: I'm ...they think... (HICCUP) ...I'm a monster.

Leslie: A mon...? You're kidding me right? You're not a monster. You're a normal, average American teen-aged girl. Just like me. And if that makes you a monster, then I'm one too.

Tara: I just don't know...who...who I am...without her. I mean...I don't know.

Leslie: (SERIOUSLY) I don't think we're meant to know who we are yet, Tara. We're only 17, remember?

Tara: When does this get easier? (CRYING) I just...I want her back.

Leslie: (SOUNDING A LITTLE LOST HERSELF) I don't know, Tara. I don't... know.

Tara: (CRYING) I....I...

Leslie: (softly) I know.

(SFX: LESLIE FOOTSTEPS CLOSER TO TARA)

Leslie: (gentle, STUMBLE) I mean, well, come here.

Tara: (CRYING, SNIFFLING) I just want her to hug me again and tell me everything is going to be ok...you know?

Leslie: Yeah... shhhh... it's okay...

Tara: Being with you...it...it helps make things... make more sense.
(SNIFFLING, SOME CRYING)

Leslie: Let me see your face. We're going to wipe away these tears, OK? I'm right here, always.

(PREGNANT PAUSE)

Tara: Leslie... (GETTING A LITTLE BREATHY)...I...this isn't... (PAUSE)
(SOFT MURMERS, KISSING)

Leslie: Tara, shh. Don't worry. (SOFT MURMERS, KISSING)

(SFX: DONNY running up)

DONNY: Tara?! What in the name of all that's holy?

Tara and Leslie: (gaspS as they spring apart)

Tara: Don-Donny... we... um...

Leslie: (proudly, stiffly) I was just comforting your sister, Donny.

DONNY: (DISGUSTED) I know what you were doing. I don't care. Tara, Dad is pissed that you ran off without cleaning up.

Tara: (stricken) Oh, no...

DONNY: (meanly) Oh, yes. If you don't get home right away, you're gonna catch holy hell.

Leslie: (angrily) Donny, you don't have to be so mean! Can't you see that she's upset?

DONNY: Stay out of this...tramp. This is family business.

Leslie: Why you...!

Tara: Leslie...I've...got to...go. I'm...so sorry.

Leslie: Tara, you don't have to. You can come stay with my family...

DONNY: (IGNORING LESLIE) That's right, you're sorry.

Leslie: Shut up, Donny.

Tara: I can't...my family...they need me. Thanks...for...you know, everything.

Leslie: They're using you...

DONNY: HA! Like you aren't? I see the way you look at her...

Tara: Donny, that's enough. I'm coming home. Just... give me a minute, okay?

DONNY: 30 seconds. And then I bring dad here and tell him that I saw Tara playing doctor with the neighborhood tramp.

Tara: I'll be there.

DONNY: Fine. (HUFFY LEAVING.... ADLIB ANGRY MUTTERING)

(SFX: DONNY'S FOOTSTEPS WALK AWAY)

Leslie: Tara, please think...

Tara: I can't, Leslie... I can't. They're my family...

Leslie: They're your slavers...

Tara: (warningly) Leslie...

Leslie: (ANGRILY) Fine. Choose them. But they don't love you...

Tara: Don't be mad, Leslie... I...I have...to go. G'night...thank you...for ...well, for everything.

006_020 Setting: REVELLO DRIVE LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN

(SFX NOTE: XANDER AND OZ ARE OFF MIKE AS THEY ARE IN THE KITCHEN AND THE SCENE ACTUALLY TAKES PLACE IN THE LIVING ROOM)

Pat: Joyce, something smells divine in the kitchen. What is that you're making in there?

Joyce: That? Oh... umm... Oatmeal Raisin... um... the boys are...

Sheena: (snarky) Boys? You have boys back there?

Joyce: Buffy's friends... they come and check on me...

Sheena: And bake?

Xander and Oz (off-mike): We hear arguing (**SEE APPENDIX B FOR ARGUMENT LINES** - continues until Xander's next line)

Joyce: Yes... they know how much I loved baking with Buffy...

(SFX: a small muffled explosion during argument between Oz and Xander)

Betty: What was that?

Xander: (STILL IN THE KITCHEN, BUT CALLING OUT AND pretending to be a girl) It was ...nothing.

Sheena: Who was that?

Oz : (OVERHEARING THE CONVERSATION IN THE LIVING ROOM; WHISPERS TO XANDER) We're supposed to be boys.

Xander: (MORE MANLY) Nothing! (CLEARS HIS THROAT) That was me... uh... Xander. Baking gets me in touch with my feminine side.

Sheena: Hmm, well, do you need any help in there?

(SFX: SHEENA'S FOOTSTEPS TOWARDS KITCHEN)

Oz, Joyce,
Xander:

No!

(SFX: SHEENA'S FOOTSTEPS GOING BACK INTO THE
LIVING ROOM)

Sheena:

(huffy) Well, okay then.

Joyce:

They're a surprise recipe...and the boys really made the kitchen
a disaster area.

SFX:

Another explosion

Pat:

My word! I hope they're going to clean up after themselves.

Betty:

Are you sure they don't need help?

Xander:

(mumbling in latin; repeat under other dialogue until xander's
next line or an explosion WITH XANDER RANDOMLY
THROWING IN "VERO" RATHER DRAMATICALLY
THROUGHOUT) *Terra quod aer , defaeco ut bonus , pulsus
absentis malum. Aer quod incendia , pulsus absentis malum ,
exuro absentis poena. Incendia quod unda , exuro absentis
poena , lavo vereor. Unda quod terra , abstergo vereor.* (See
appendix for translation)

Joyce: (falsely enthusiastic) Oh, quite sure... Didn't you just love this book?

Pat: Well, ye... (DISTRACTED) Is that Latin he's speaking?

Joyce: (PRETENDING SHE DOESN'T KNOW WHAT SHE'S TALKING ABOUT) Latin?

Betty: (clueless) Oh, it's so nice that they're still teaching Latin in the schools.

Sheena: They don't.

Betty: (CONFUSED) Oh.

Joyce: So the book...

Pat: Yes, the book...

Oz: (FROM THE KITCHEN) It's a great book.

Betty: (calling into the kitchen) Oh, you've read it?

(SFX: Explosion)

Xander: (Whimpering) Damnit.

Oz: (WHISPERING TO XANDER) I don't think it's supposed to look like that...

Betty: Is that smoke? Do I smell smoke?

Pat: Smells like they're burning whatever it is they're baking...

Xander: (WHISPERING BACK TO OZ) I think I mixed in a few too many "veros."

Joyce: (ALARMED) Oh gosh! It's on fire!

Pat: I'll call 9-1-1!

Sheena: Everyone evacuate!

Betty: Stop, drop and roll!

Oz: Well Xander, this is another fine mess you've gotten me into.

006_021 Setting: The MacClay Home

(SFX: Sounds of things being thrown and landing on the floor or into a garbage bag thrown out)

MR. MACLAY: That ungrateful little... (bitterly) witch.

(SFX: TARA RUNNING IN)

Tara: (panting) Dad! Dad! What are you doing?

MR. MACLAY: What does it *look* like I'm doing? See all of this? It's trash. It doesn't belong in my home.

Tara: (upset) But it's Mom's... They're Mom's things!

MR. MACLAY: Your mother is gone, Tara. And now things are going to be very different around here.

Tara: (frightened) Different? How? What do you mean?

MR. MACLAY: All this...this junk. This magic junk. It wasn't right. But God watches everything, Tara.

Tara: But Mom said that... it was a g-gift... it was...

MR. MACLAY: (SHOUTING) I don't care what your mother said. She was a witch, and damned to hell for it!

Tara: (gasps) I...I...you are supposed to ...to, love her. And...and...

MR. MACLAY: (quietly) I did... God help me I did. And I'll likely pay for it until the end of my days, but I have seen the truth. (Loudly; proselytizing) Your mother didn't love this family. She used us. She used our feelings against us, to protect herself. And she will burn because of it. And you will burn, Tara, if you don't forget about all this...magic nonsense.

Tara: (whimpering) Sir?...I... she told me...I was special. (sounding defeated) That...we...we were special.

MR. MACLAY: (bitterly) Don't you understand, (spitting out her name) Tara? Don't you understand anything? You're not special. Your mother wasn't special either. She was just using you. Using us all. (PAUSE; TARA CRYING) What is that?

TARA: (CRYING; CONFUSED) What?

MR. MACLAY: That... bracelet... on your wrist. Where did you get it? That was hers wasn't it?

tara: (CRYING) She gave it to me just before... before...

MR. MACLAY: Tara, you listen here. Nothing good will come of these things. Put it in the bag. I want it out of my house.

tara: Dad....dad...I can't. Mom said it would protect me...

MR. MACLAY: I will protect you. Like I always have. But, you have to do the right thing.

TARA: (CONFUSED) I...I'm...I'm sorry. I'll do what you say, Dad.

(SFX: Bracelet thrown into the garbage)

MR. MACLAY: (CALMLY; APPROVINGLY) That's a good girl. Now, help me throw away the rest of this stuff.

DONNY: (COMING INTO THE ROOM) Dad, do you need help with this junk?

MR. MACLAY: (FADE OUT AT END) Yes, thank you Donny.. lets go through the attic next, can you get me some plastic bags?

(SFX: DONNY/MR. MACLAY WALK OUT)

TARA: (whispers) Goodbye Mom...

006_022 Setting: Giles' Living Room

Giles: So, hmm, you said that it...exploded?

Xander: (KIND OF PUNCH DRUNK) 'Splodey, go boom!

Oz: Yeah... lots of smoke, too.

Giles: Interesting...but...you followed the directions carefully?

Willow: Did you pronounce everything right? You know how tricky Latin can be. One “veritas” too many and ... well... truth spells can backfire.

Xander: Willow, you spelled out everything for us. Phonetically.

Oz: It's true. You did.

Giles: And the ingredients?

Xander: They were chopped and diced and ready to be made all oatmeal.

Giles: (WEAKLY) Chopped?

Oz: Yup. Into little bitty chopped bits.

Willow: (sound of her hitting a chair hard) Oh, no.

Xander: Why doesn't “Oh, no” ever mean anything good?

GILES: (BITINGLY) “Oh, yes, we're all going to die.” Has a nice ring to it.

Willow: (CONFUSED, LIKE A PARENT WONDERING WHY THEIR SIX-YEAR-OLD HIT THE THREE-YEAR-OLD OVER THE HEAD WITH A TOY) Why did you chop up the ingredients? I prepared them for you. All you have to do was add them!

Xander: They were too big...and we thought people would notice that they weren't all raisins...

Giles: (incredulous) Raisins?

Xander: You know... for the cookies...

Oz: Oatmeal Raisin.

Giles: (faintly) Oatmeal... Rai...sin..

Xander: We needed something inconspicuous... and we... Joyce and us... well, we thought cookies would do the trick. And they're so tasty.

Willow: Cookies would have worked just fine, if you hadn't messed with the ingredients. Now that's all of those ingredients down the drain. They don't just grow on trees, you know. Well... some of them do, but that's not the point!

Oz: Up in smoke actually. (pause; clears his throat) Right... don't piss off the girlfriend with a nasty glare.

Giles: Potency...it plays an important role when making a potion of any sort. The components need to blend in a very specific manner in order... to, well, get the desired effect.

Xander: Riiiiiiiiiiight.

Oz: Sort of like peeling the skin off an apple.

Willow: (PROUD THAT OZ GOT IT RIGHT AWAY, HE'S SO SMART AND DREAMY) Right! Most of the nutritional punch of the apple is in the skin. Same thing with these ingredients.

Xander: So...we messed up the nutritional punch of the cookies...?

Oz: Punch and cookies... got it.

Giles: (AT THE END OF HIS ROPE) People...enough. We need to get this right for Joyce's next meeting. And I suggest that we all show up for this one.

Willow: I'll bring all the magical stuff. Hmm, maybe brownies this time?

Giles: (SIGH) Magical brownies?

Oz: That reminds me of this... (PAUSE) Right, brownies.

Xander: Mmmmm... fudgey, gooey brownie goodness...

Giles: (SIGHS AGAIN) Now if you don't mind...

Willow: Oh yeah, you need to get with the sleeping, huh? Well, see you tomorrow...Night.

Oz: Night.

Xander: Man, I'm hungry. Giles, do you... yeah. Good night.

Giles: Good night...

(SFX: door opening and closing)

Xander: (FROM OUTSIDE) Anyone want to get an ice cream or something?

006_023 SETTING: LIVING ROOM & KITCHEN IN REVELLO DRIVE

(THIS TIME THE ACTION HAPPENS IN THE KITCHEN AND EVERYONE IN THE LIVING ROOM IS "OFF MIKE")

Oz: I think I've been here before.

Xander: We have definitely deja'd this vu.

Giles: Will you two be quiet?

Willow: Yeah... I want to hear what's going on in the living room...

Joyce (OFF MIC): (FROM LIVING ROOM) Welcome! So glad you could make it!

Sheena (OFF MIC): Nothing is burning this time, right?

Pat (OFF MIC): As long as those boys don't try to make any more cookies...

PAT/SHEENA/
BETTY: ((LAUGH))

Joyce (OFF MIC): (nervous laugh) No, no more cookies. So, Kelly is still ... on vacation?

Xander: (whispering, mildly affronted) Hey... I bet our cookies would have been tasty...

Oz: Because charcoal is so tasty.

Sheena (OFF MIC): Kelly?

Pat (OFF MIC): Oh, yes. Kelly. I suppose she is.

Betty (OFF MIC): I wouldn't be surprised if she never comes back. They say it's beautiful where she went.

Pat (OFF MIC): Betty, now hush! (laughter)

Joyce (OFF MIC): (in the living room; nervous laugh) You know, let me go get that plate of brownies I promised you.

(SFX: Joyce walking from the living room to the kitchen)

Joyce: (whispering) Willow, how are those brownies coming along?

Willow: Almost done. Xander, give me an oven mitt.

Xander: Sure thing.

Oz: Why do they call it a mitt? Why not a glove?

Giles: Mitts do not have separate holes for fingers. Gloves...Oh, why do I even bother?

(SFX: Oven opening)

Willow: Ooooh... they look good. I think they're ready.

Pat: (FROM THE OTHER ROOM) Something smells delicious!

(SFX: bringing a pan out of the oven and being placed on the counter)

Sheena: (in the living room) Let's just hope it doesn't kill us this time.

Joyce: (calls out) Brownies! Just out of the oven.

Betty: Sheena, you say the strangest things.

Xander: This gives death by chocolate a whole new meaning.

Joyce: (alarmed) It's not really going to kill them is it?

Oz: Nah. Loss of limbs, maybe.

Giles: (rushing to reassure her) No, not really. It will just... render them powerless while on this plane.

Xander: Exactly. Powerless and limbless.

Willow: (hitting Xander with the Mitt) Xander!

Xander: I kid, I kid.

Joyce: (uncertain but committed) Okay... I trust you. Well... here goes... (takes plate into the living room; cheerful) Who wants some brownies?

(SFX: knock on the door)

Joyce: Oh, I'll get it... (to herself) I wonder who would be stopping by at this time of night. Everyone is here.

(SFX: DOOR OPENING)

Joyce: (SURPRISED) Kelly?

Kelly: Sorry I'm late. Didn't the girls tell you I was going to be late?

Joyce: Kelly...but, I...I thought you were...

Kelly: (ANNOYED) Typical. They didn't tell you, huh? I told them to tell you, because I didn't have your number.

Joyce: Tell me what?

Kelly: I have...an addiction and had a relapse, so, I had to go back to rehab. These witches are too embarrassed to let anyone know, so...they call it "vacation."

Pat: (EMBARRASSED) Oh, Kelly, you joker.

Betty: I knew I forgot something! My bad!

Sheena: (snide) You're such an airhead.

Joyce: I'm...so...relieved. (remembers the plate of brownies in her hand) I'll...I'll be right back. Have to get...something. Go on into the living room and make yourself at home.

(SFX: JOYCE RETURNS TO THE KITCHEN; DOOR OPEN/
CLOSE)

Giles: (WHISPERING) They don't like brownies?

Joyce: (WHISPERING) No! Kelly's back! I don't want to give them the brownies if they're not demons....

Willow: If they aren't demons, it won't hurt them. They'll just taste...rosemary-ish.

Giles: Ah! Well... let me... (SFX: pages flipping) Ah yes... humans and non-magical beings can safely eat the brownies with no ill-effects.

Joyce: Are you sure?

Xander: Of course, he's sure!

Giles: Absolutely, but, Joyce, in Sunnydale, you're better safe than sorry..

Joyce: True...well, I'll start the meeting, I guess.

(SFX: Joyce walks back into the living room - ACTION OF THE SCENE NOW TRANSFERS TO THE LIVING ROOM – ALL ACTION IN THE KITCHEN IS “OFF MIKE”)

Kelly: Mmm. Brownies. I'd love one!

Sheena & Betty: Me too!

Pat: (with mouth slightly full) Oh, these are amazing, Joyce! They taste so good!

Joyce: Here you go, Kelly. And for you, Sheena. And here is one for you, Betty.

Betty: Thank you! (takes a bite) Oh very good... what a different flavoring, though... what did you use?

Joyce: Just my grandmother's recipe...a little of this.
(UNCOMFORTABLE) A little of that.

Betty: Oh...well, ugh...(choking)

Pat: (alarmed) Oh no! Betty, are you okay?

Joyce: Betty!!! Oh no!

Xander: (FROM THE KITCHEN) I knew she was evil!

SFX: Giles, Willow, Oz and Xander run into the living room

Giles: Everyone get back!

Pat: My word. Where did you all come from?

Sheena: She's choking! Do you know the heimlich maneuver?

Kelly: I know...

Xander: (forcefully) No, stand back. We don't know what's going to...

Pat: What's going on? She's choking!

Willow: Guys, she's turning blue.

Kelly: Oh for heaven's sake... stand up Betty! (DOING THE HEIMLICH MANEUVER) OOF! OOoF!

Betty: (spits up the brownie; breathes harshly) Ughhh. Bleh!

Xander: Is she rendered powerless yet?

Oz: She still has her limbs.

Giles: I'm not certain...that she was... well...

Xander: (whispers) Evil?

Giles: Well, yes.

Kelly: (CONCERNED) Betty, are you ok?

Betty: (breathing heavily) Joyce...was there...rosemary...in those brownies? (choking some more)

Joyce: (sounding very guilty) There was.

Pat: Oh, my, Joyce. Betty is allergic to rosemary.

Sheena: Rosemary? Who puts that in brownies?

Pat: Apparently Joyce's grandmother?

Joyce: (APOLOGETIC) I'm so sorry, Betty. I didn't... can I get you anything?

Betty: (BREATHLESS) Oh, no. I'm fine. I should've asked. Always better to be safe than sorry.

Joyce: (LITTLE LAUGH) Especially in Sunnydale.

006_024 Setting: Tara's Room

(SFX: ROCKS ON A WINDOW)

(SFX: BED RUSTLING)

TARA: (SLEEPY) Um. What's that?

(SFX: ROCKS ON A WINDOW)

(SFX: BED RUSTLING)

(SFX: WALKING OVER TO THE WINDOW)

(SFX: WINDOW OPEN)

TARA: Leslie?

LESLIE: Tara? Come on down.

TARA: I - I can't.

LESLIE: Can't or won't? Come on Tara.

TARA: I, I just can't Leslie. I'm sorry.

(SFX: WINDOW CLOSE)

Appendix

Appendix A (Scene 6):

Betty:	I can't believe that woman would leave her littlest boy with her 7 year old boy! I mean, that's just crazy!
Kelly:	Well Betty, I guess you are just a better mother than Beth was. What do people think about the cultural focus in the book?
Joyce:	I thought the difficulties that Pat had dealing with his son's new heritage were fascinating...

Appendix B (Scene 19):

OZ:	Wait, didn't the flour need to be added to the sugar already?
XANDER:	I was looking for the sifter, do you have any idea what a sifter looks like? Don't put the sandalwood oil in with the eggs! It says right here, the oil goes last!

OZ:	Oh is that what that word is? Wait, according to the chart, the salt goes last. Does she mean the sea salt, or the table salt?
XANDER:	Do you think the flour REALLY needs to be sifted? Maybe I could just shake it a little in the bowl. You think it'll matter?
OZ:	I'm not sure flour likes to be treated that way, I think it gets resentful when not properly sifted. I'll bet it'll forgive you if you send flowers tomorrow.

Scene 18:

Translation of the spell Xander is chanting:

<i>Terra quod aer , defaeco ut bonus , pulsus absentis malum.</i>	Earth and air, purify to good, blow away evil.
<i>Aer quod incendia , pulsus absentis malum , exuro absentis poena.</i>	Air and fire, blow away evil, burn away pain.
<i>Incendia quod unda , exuro absentis poena , lavo vereor.</i>	Fire and water, burn away pain, wash away fear.
<i>Unda quod terra , abstergo vereor.</i>	Water and earth, clean away fear.

This episode is a production of Between the Lines Studios and was produced by Tabitha Grace Smith and Kim Butler.

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Tourist Mother-	Rae Crownover
Tourist Daughter-	Wondergirl
Dr. Rabaldi-	Scarlett
Mrs. Maclay-	Trish
Tara-	Cliss
Mr. Maclay-	Nathaniel Hutchinson
Sheena-	Rachel
Betty-	Julia Hutchings
Kelly-	Jachelle
Leslie-	Michelle Turner

Rude Kid- Tasha
Buffy- Kim Butler
Stranger- Edwyn Tiong
Suzi- Vivichick
Kitty- Myboyfriend
Donny- Jimmy Anderson
Willow- Mad Scientist
Bartender- Henry
Xander- Chris O.
Aunt Ruby- Laieanna
Store Clerk- Carrie P.
Oz- Sam Luddy

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