

Buffy
between
the lines!
season 2

A Different View

Episode 5



Buffy Between the Lines



Ep #005 - A Different View

by Tabitha Grace Smith and Liane Uehara

Artwork by Irrel -

Characters (in order of appearance):

Willow

Mr. Gordo - Buffy's stuffed pig

Joyce

Young Wesley – about 7 years old

Roger Wyndam-Pryce – Wesley's father, mid-thirties to forties, British

Julia Wyndam-Pryce – OC, Wesley's mother, mid-thirties to forties, British

Cafe Mom - Dead Like Me "Joy", but that'd get confusing with the other

Joy in the cast.

Reggie - *Dead Like Me* reference, teenage, obnoxious girl.

Buffy "Anne"

Intercom Person - Airport intercom gal

Giles

Flight Attendant - Female.

NotBuffy - A girl in the airport that looks like Buffy, but isn't. Should sound totally different. Also, pretty rude.

Quentin Travers – Watcher's Council, fifties

Wesley Wyndam-Pryce – about 24 at the time of the story

Xander

Inga - *Veronica Mars* - needs very Swedish accent.

Keith Mars - *Veronica Mars* - Sheriff.

Edmund Blair – Potential Watcher, early twenties, from the Buffy episode "Helpless"

Gwendolyn Post – Potential Watcher, early twenties, from the Buffy episode "Revelations"

Rufus Harcourt – OC, Potential Watcher

Vivian – OC, Vampire, turned in her twenties

Secretary - W&H Secretary (Holland Manners')

Lindsey

005_000 Previously On Buffy Between the Lines...

005_001 **Setting:** BUFFY'S HOUSE

	<i>(SFX: MAGIC ZAPPING SOUND)</i>
WILLOW:	(MUTTERING TO HERSELF) No, that's not it.
	<i>(SFX: MAGIC CRACKLE SOUND)</i>
WILLOW:	Darn it.
OZ:	Hey, Joyce wants to know if you want cookies.
WILLOW:	I'm always up for cookies. I'll be down in a minute.
OZ:	Busy?
WILLOW:	Yeah, kinda. Trying out this spell. You see, it takes a person's essence and kind of latches on to it and points to where they are on this map. But I can't get the ingredient mix right.
OZ:	And you're using Mr. Gordo?
WILLOW:	Well. Yeah. Mr. Gordo and Buffy, they were close. I bet there's lots of her essence on him.

OZ:	True. I'm gonna be gone now, but I'll miss you.
WILLOW:	(SMILES) Miss you, too. I'll be down soonish.
OZ:	Not soon enough. Bye, Mr. Gordo.
	(SFX: DOOR CLOSE)
WILLOW:	(MUTTERING AGAIN) Now. If I can just get this penja [PEN-jaw] juice to work.
	(SFX: POURING)
WILLOW:	Elements all, hear my call, find form to bring the way, of light and life and say, and mistake none for all!
	(SFX: SPELL NOISES RISE AS WILLOW SPEAKS AND THEN POOF!)
WILLOW:	(COUGHING) Um. Must have been too much enander [en-AN-der]. (COUGH) Wheew!
	(SFX: OPEN WINDOW)
WILLOW:	Better let it air out, or Joyce will have a cow.
	(SFX: FOOTSTEPS ON CARPET)
WILLOW:	Sorry, Mr. Gordo. Maybe next time.
	(SFX: FOOTSTEPS LEAVING)
	(SFX: DOOR CLOSE)

MR. GORDO:	Well. THIS is different.
	(MUSIC: BBTL THEME)

005_002 **Setting:** BUFFY'S ROOM

MR. GORDO:	I suppose you're thinking to yourself - how does a stuffed pig get the ability to think? I mean, I've finally figured out that stuffing really doesn't give you thoughts. Watching the big ones walk around, I've got to think there's something <i>more</i> to them. But the red one - they call her Willow - she DID something and now I can think. Oh, and read! I don't have a mouth though, so the communication thing is kind of hard.
MR. GORDO:	I can't really explain how. Like how my girl is gone. Or how these people walk around. Or even how a TV works. Trust me, I've tried. It was weird when it first happened. Everything was so bright. And loud. And hot. Being a stuffed pig in the summer - not the best of circumstances.
MR. GORDO:	I found myself on my girl's bed. And, the really funny thing is. I <i>remembered</i> her. I felt safe. Even though everything was new and different. I was home. But she wasn't.

005_003 **Setting:** CURRENT DAY - PRICE HOME

	(SFX: CLATTERING TEA CUP)
JULIA:	Wesley? I brought you some tea.
WESLEY:	(distracted) Oh, thank you, Mum. I'll just set that on the side.
JULIA:	You've been poring over those books for hours. Would it hurt to take a break?
WESLEY:	I'm sorry, I can't. Our mid-summer examination is next month, and I need to be prepared. Father says I'm far from ready.
JULIA:	Surely you can spare five minutes for me. Your father needn't know. This test, is it the one involving a vampire?
WESLEY:	Yes. I've been reading all I can and exercising regularly, but I fear it's not enough. What if I fail?
JULIA:	Hush. You've always been brilliant. I knew that even when you were young. You were even able to translate some demonic phrases.
WESLEY:	As I recall, you were the only person who was pleased, Mum.

005_004 **Setting:** PRICE HOUSEHOLD, PAST

	(MUSIC: SOMETHING TO INDICATE A CHANGE IN TIME) (SFX: A LOCK TURNS, THE CABINET DOOR OPENS)
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YOUNG WESLEY:	Where is it? "Pagan Traditions," No. "Pergamum Codex," "Prophecies of Aberjian." Ah, yes, here it is. "Resurrection Rites."
	<i>(SFX: CABINET CLOSES, FOOTSTEPS, BOOK PAGES TURNING)</i>
YOUNG WESLEY:	You'll be flying again quite soon, little bird. Don't worry. (begins reading spell) Between the living, between the dead...
ROGER:	<i>(SFX: SOUND FILTER, ON OTHER SIDE OF THE DOOR)</i> Where in heavens is that boy? Wesley!
	<i>(SFX: KNOCK ON DOOR)</i>
YOUNG WESLEY:	Father! Uh, I'll be just a minute more.
ROGER:	<i>(SFX: SOUND FILTER, ON OTHER SIDE OF THE DOOR)</i> Why are you in my study?
YOUNG WESLEY:	(panics) Just reading. I'll be right out.
	<i>(SFX: STUDY DOOR OPENS)</i>
ROGER:	No need for that. You can stay in here while I work. (pauses as he sees the dead bird and the open book in front of Wesley) What is this?
YOUNG WESLEY:	A bird flew into the window. It died, and I thought I would help it.

ROGER:	(trying to hold back anger) With a resurrection spell? It's not that simple, I'll have you know. You have to use the proper text, and you need to prepare ingredients.
	<i>(SFX: FOOTSTEPS APPROACH)</i>
JULIA:	Roger, dear, Quentin Travers is on the phone for you.
ROGER:	I'll have to ring him later, Julia. It seems our boy decided it necessary to resurrect a bird.
YOUNG WESLEY:	Poor thing. He flew into the window in my room. (proud) I was able to translate the text. It looks Germanic, but it's actually derived from a Tradorian (Tra-dor-ee-an) dialect.
JULIA:	(proud) Well, that certainly is something. That was very thoughtful of you, Wesley. I'm amazed you knew how to translate it. It took your father a while to--
ROGER:	Commendation is the last thing he needs, Julia. One doesn't meddle with life and death, especially at 7 years old.
YOUNG WESLEY:	(pleading) I only wanted to help, Father.
ROGER:	Yes, well, it was merely a common bird, and you're not ready to deal with dark magicks yet. Thank heavens I found you when I did or else there'd be a zombie bird flying about, trying to peck out our brains.

JULIA:	(calmly) I'm sure he understands now. Come. I'll get us some biscuits while you talk to Mr. Travers.
ROGER:	(scoffs) And now you reward his behavior with treats? Oh, no. I'm not done with him yet. He needs to learn his lesson.
	<i>(SFX: ROGER DRAGGING AWAY YOUNG WESLEY, WHO IS KICKING AND SCREAMING.)</i>
YOUNG WESLEY:	(screaming in fear) No, Father! Not the cupboard! I know I shouldn't have done a spell without asking you. I won't do it again. Don't! Please, don't.
	<i>(SFX: CLOSET DOOR OPENS, CLOSES. LOCK TURNS)</i>
ROGER:	You'll stay there until I tell you otherwise.
	<i>(SFX: ROGER WALKS AWAY)</i>
YOUNG WESLEY:	(whimpers)
JULIA:	Roger, must you lock him in there? No, he shouldn't have taken one of your books. I agree that he shouldn't be reading spells without supervision, but this is ridiculous.
ROGER:	What's ridiculous is a child attempting black arts. I think a little discipline will do him well.
JULIA:	You want him to be a Watcher, just like you. He does four extra hours of studying on top of his regular coursework every day, and he's not even in the Watcher's Academy yet. He obviously has a knack for--

ROGER:	He has a knack for stirring up trouble. I'll thank you to stay out of affairs that concern the Council. I don't fancy the boy getting silly notions in his head. That'll only lead to recklessness, and you know very well, in this business, recklessness will get one killed. He's not ready.
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005_005 **Setting:** SUMMER'S BEDROOM

JOYCE:	I'm not ready. I'm not ready to lose my baby, oh Mr. Gordo. What are we going to do?
MR GORDO:	That's Mom. She's really nice. She's been coming in every day and crying. Then she scoops me up and hugs me tight. I think she misses my girl as much as I do.
JOYCE:	(SIGHS) I've been calling Mr. Giles, he's not answering. Why did she leave? Without saying anything?
MR GORDO:	I wish I could do something. When the red one, I mean Willow. When she was crying, the quiet one - Oz, he put his arm around her. Willow seemed better. Maybe if I had arms and could hug Mom, she'd feel better.
JOYCE:	(SO SAD) Oh, Mr. Gordo. What are we going to do?

MR GORDO:	Truth is, I didn't know what we should've done. I didn't know about much before the magic made me think. I just had vague feelings. But I didn't know a lot. I've only been outside once, and that was kind of an accident.
MR GORDO	Sometimes Xander, Oz and Willow come in and watch TV. I guess because they miss my girl and being here reminds them of good things. Willow moves me so I can watch, too. And she pets my head. I'm glad when they come over, or when Joyce comes up to the room. It gets lonely here by myself. With no one to talk to. Or listen to. I wonder if my girl is lonely. Does she have someone to talk to? What if she's lonely, too?

005_006 **Setting:** LOS ANGELES - BUFFY'S CAFE

	(SFX: CAFE SOUNDS)
REGGIE:	Whatever.
CAFE MOM:	Look, Reggie, I've told you we're only in Los Angeles for only a few days and you chose one thing that you wanted to do. Now it's time to do what I picked.
REGGIE:	Mom, you're too old to have fun.
CAFE MOM:	You have to be kidding me. I can't believe you just said that.

BUFFY:	Excuse me. Did you want to order something?
CAFE MOM:	Oh, yes. (SCANNING THE MENU) I'll have the pancake breakfast special.
BUFFY:	White or wheat toast?
CAFE MOM:	Wheat.
BUFFY:	For you?
REGGIE:	Nothing. Thank you.
CAFE MOM:	(A BIT EMBARRASSED) We're having a bad day.
BUFFY:	(SADLY, BUT WARM TOO) I understand.
REGGIE:	(SNORT) Just get my mom her food, 'kay? You think you can handle that?
CAFE MOM:	(CHIDING) Reggie...
BUFFY:	No, it's okay. I'll get your order.

005_007 **Setting:** BUFFY'S ROOM

MR GORDO:	(HUMMING MATCHBOX 20'S BRIGHT LIGHTS)
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MR GORDO:	So I'm kind of stuck. I fell off the bed, now I'm hanging upside down behind the headboard. Willow did this once while we were watching TV. She said all the blood rushed to her head. I'm not sure what blood is, but I feel a bit weird.
MR. GORDO:	I heard a song outside today. Made me think of my girl. The chorus kind of went like this... <i>Maybe, maybe, maybe You'll find something That's enough to keep you But if the bright lights don't receive you You should turn yourself around And come on home...</i>
MR GORDO:	Oh! Someone's coming upstairs.
WILLOW:	...Thanks for letting us hang out in Buffy's room, Ms. Summers. I know it must be a little weird.
JOYCE:	I'm glad you came over, Willow. Thanks for helping me hang up the flyers.
WILLOW:	I'm just going to look in here for that, uh book, I let Buffy borrow.
JOYCE:	(WARMLY) Sure. If you need me, I'll be downstairs.
	(SFX: DOOR CLOSE)
WILLOW:	Hey, Mr. Gordo... want to come to my house?

MR GORDO:	Uh-oh. This sounds like one of those adventures they're always talking about. A dark, creepy backpack? Not my ideal mode of transportation.
WILLOW:	There we go. Now it's back to my place. Maybe I can make that spell work. Just need to get some translation done.

005_008 **Setting:** AIRPORT

	(SFX: AIRPORT TERMINAL SOUNDS, PEOPLE)
INTERCOM:	Flight Ninety Seven from Sunnydale with service to Chicago leaving from gate seven. Please have your tickets ready.
GILES:	Excuse me?
FLIGHT ATTENDANT:	Yes, can I help you?
GILES:	I was wondering if I could fly standby to Chicago?
FLIGHT ATTENDANT:	Hold on...let me look at the waiting list.
GILES:	Thank you -- (AS IF SEEING SOMETHING) Buffy?
	(SFX: RUNNING)

FLIGHT ATTENDANT:	Sir?! Sir...
GILES:	Buffy?
NOTBUFFY:	(RUDE) I'm sorry? What? Why are you touching me? You some kind of a perv?
GILES:	I'm terribly sorry. I --
NOTBUFFY:	I'm going to miss my flight. (k thnx bai!)
FLIGHT ATTENDANT:	Sir?
GILES:	Sorry, I (SIGH). I thought I saw someone I knew.

005_009 **Setting:** WATCHER'S ACADEMY, 1997

QUENTIN:	Your Etruscan (et-tru-she-an) is superb, Wesley. Impeccable, really.
WESLEY:	Thank you, Mr. Travers. Shall I translate another page? Or we could move on. My Japanese is a little shaky.
QUENTIN:	You've been a tremendous help with this text. Still top of the class. I think that's enough for today. Let's move on, shall we? What do you know about the vampires William and Drusilla?

WESLEY:	William is known to be a vicious killer. Drusilla appears to be mentally unstable and is reported to have visions. William the Bloody, also known as Spike, was sired in 1880 by Drusilla, who herself was sired by Angelus in 1860.
QUENTIN:	All right, no need for their entire history. Known weaknesses?
WESLEY:	Holy water, stakes to the heart, sunlight--
QUENTIN:	(clears throat) More specifically.
WESLEY:	Right. William has a short temper. He also has questionable fashion taste, if I might add, and while Drusilla is gifted with visions, she is prone to living in her delusions. She possesses a childlike mind, probably due to the psychological terror Angelus inflicted upon her before turning her.
QUENTIN:	Very good. You're missing the key, though. Both of them show weaknesses for their respective sires. What do you know about their last whereabouts?
WESLEY:	I believe they are in the Netherlands.
QUENTIN:	Actually, our recent sources have spotted them outside Prague.
WESLEY:	Oh, dear. Mightn't we inform the Slayer so that she can travel there?

QUENTIN:	Miss Summers moved to Sunnydale recently. It is one of the known hellmouths, and we think it unwise to uproot her. She is needed there, and her Watcher, Rupert Giles, mentioned that he is having trouble communicating effectively with her. Were you in a position to do so, what would you recommend we do?
WESLEY:	Well sir, I believe I would send someone to Prague to assess the situation. We could then assemble a team to root them out.
QUENTIN:	(impressed) And who would you recommend to helm this project?
WESLEY:	Miss Post, I suppose.
QUENTIN:	Interesting.
WESLEY:	She is the top of our class... (proudly) After myself, of course.
QUENTIN:	(disappointed) Honestly, Wesley, I thought you would show more assertiveness in this matter.
WESLEY:	(cowardly) I haven't even faced a vampire yet. It wouldn't be wise for me to seek out William and Drusilla. I mean, he <i>has</i> killed two Slayers...
QUENTIN:	They all die eventually. (beat) Never mind. It is a simple reconnaissance mission. I will send out a team of senior Council members to handle our duo in Prague. You're almost ready, Wesley. The vampire exercise is next summer. However, I am disappointed in your lack of self-confidence.
WESLEY:	(quietly) I'm sorry.

QUENTIN:	It is not enough to know your enemy's weaknesses, you must know your own. Miss Post is efficient, but she's a bit too impetuous. Mr. Blair is terribly impatient. So, Wesley, what are your weaknesses? Once we suss them out, you won't feel any despair.
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005_010 **Setting:** WILLOW'S HOUSE

	(SFX: GOING THROUGH A BOX)
MR. GORDO:	Okay, when I said I was lonely, I meant I liked people visiting. This wasn't quite what I had in mind.
WILLOW:	Stakes?
OZ:	Check.
WILLOW:	Holy water?
OZ:	Check.
WILLOW:	Crossbow?
XANDER:	Not check. Giles wouldn't let me borrow it after we smashed the last one. He said something about shooting my eye out. I told you we shouldn't had made him watch A Christmas Story last year.
WILLOW:	Well, patrolling without it should be fine. I mean, Buffy used to just go out with just a stake, right?

	(SFX: MOVING THROUGH THE BOX AGAIN)
XANDER:	Hey, what are these wafers for?
WILLOW:	Wafers?
XANDER:	You know. Well, maybe the Jewish part of you won't know. These are wafers. Like communion wafers.
OZ:	Midnight snack?
WILLOW:	(EYE ROLLING) I know what wafers are. Jewish. Not stupid. Not sure why they're in Buffy's trunk -- never seen her use them. Crosses though, those are made of helpful.
XANDER:	Where's Mrs. Summers? I rarely see her anymore.
OZ:	The Espresso Pump.
WILLOW:	Yeah, she's got a new friend. Pat, I think her name was.
XANDER:	Good for her. Way to take her mind off of things.

005_011 **Setting:** NEPTUNE SHERIFF'S OFFICE

	(SFX: BACKGROUND SMALL POLICE STATION SOUNDS) (SFX: DESK BELL RING)
INGA:	Hello?
GILES:	Pardon me, but I was wondering if I may speak with your Sheriff.
INGA:	Yes, of course. Your name?
GILES:	Giles, Rupert Giles.
INGA:	And do you live here in Neptune?
GILES:	No, I just have a matter of the utmost importance that I must speak with him with.
INGA:	Please sit. I'll find the Sheriff.
GILES:	(SMALL SMILE) Thank you.
	(PAUSE)
KEITH MARS:	Mr. Giles ?
GILES:	(STANDING) Yes?
KEITH MARS:	Keith Mars. How can I help you?

005_012 **Setting:** THE CEMETERY

	(SFX: NIGHT SOUNDS, GANG WALKING THROUGH THE CEMETERY) (MAYBE MAKE MR. GORDO KIND OF MUFFLED SINCE HE'S IN A BACKPACK)
MR. GORDO:	It's soooo dark in here. Oh, what's this? A hole? What I wouldn't give for muscles so I could move closer.
WILLOW:	Oz, can you take this a minute?
	(SFX: BAG MOVING)
MR. GORDO:	Whooooaaaa. (MASHED INTO THE SIDE OF THE BAG) Ow. (SIGH) One of these days maybe the witch will give me basic motor functions. (EXCITED) Oh! Hey! I can see!
XANDER:	Okay vampires. We're here. Be afraid.
OZ:	I've found they generally don't respond to false bravado.
XANDER:	(SIGH) It was worth a shot.
WILLOW:	We should stay together. Just in case.
	(SFX: SOFT VAMPIRE GROWLING)
XANDER:	Oz? Was that you?
OZ:	No. No moon out tonight.
WILLOW:	(A BIT SCARED) Maybe it was your stomach? (NERVOUS LAUGH)

OZ:	(DEADPAN) Or the vampire behind us.
XANDER:	(SCARED) Or the vampire behind us...
MR. GORDO:	RUN!!!!!!!

005_013 **Setting:** WATCHER'S ACADEMY, 1997

	<i>(SFX: CROWD MURMURING)</i>
QUENTIN:	All right, gather 'round. We will now begin our mid-summer examination. You have studied vampires, but until now, you have never faced one in combat. Today, the four of you—Wesley Wyndam-Pryce, Gwendolyn Post, Edmund Blair, and Rufus Harcourt—will observe and kill a vampire within confined quarters. Yes, Mr. Blair?
EDMUND:	Are we doing this individually or as a team?
QUENTIN:	This will be done as a team. As Head Boy, Mr. Wyndam-Pryce will be the leader. Mr. Harcourt?
RUFUS:	Will we receive a profile on the vampire before we start? You know, his history, general demeanor?
GWENDOLYN:	I believe that is part of the exercise, Mr.. Harcourt. We are to assess him and then promptly execute him.

QUENTIN:	Precisely, Miss Post. A subsection of the council will watch from the gallery. They will evaluate your skill. Should anything go wrong, we have a contingency plan, so no need to panic. Stay focused.
RUFUS:	(frightened) Heaven help us.
	<i>(SFX: ELECTRONIC DOOR WHOOSHES OPEN AND SHUT)</i>
WESLEY:	(nervous) My, it's dark in here.
GWENDOLYN:	(annoyed) Pity. Luckily, I brought a torch. I do hope you remembered weapons, at the least.
WESLEY:	Yes, yes. I have a miniature arsenal cleverly incorporated within my clothing.
GWENDOLYN:	That is more information than I required, Mr. Wyndam-Pryce.
WESLEY:	I suppose we should start off with locating the fiend.
EDMUND:	You mean the creature in the cage no more than three meters in front of us?
WESLEY:	Oh, yes. He's so quiet. Didn't even realize he was there. I wonder how big this room is.
GWENDOLYN:	Six meters by six meters, standard ceiling height, plaster walls. As for the vampire's silence, it's likely the Council drugged it.
WESLEY:	(a bit miffed, clears throat) Thank you, Miss Post.

GWENDOLYN:	I studied the floor plans in the library. There are two rooms used for these sort of exercises. We are in the smaller one.
EDMUND:	You two may duel for top honors later. Wesley, hand me some holy water.
	<i>(SFX: HOLY WATER SPLASHES ON VIVIAN, HER SKIN HISSES.)</i>
VIVIAN:	(growls) What do you want?
WESLEY:	Excellent. We know the vampire is female.
VIVIAN:	(sneers) Oh, you noticed that, did you?
EDMUND:	(to Vivian) How long have you been here?
VIVIAN:	I don't know, but it was awfully nice of those old men to bring me some playmates. I'm bored... and hungry.
EDMUND:	How old are you?
VIVIAN:	You should know better than to ask a lady's age. I'm not telling.
GWENDOLYN:	Mr. Blair means how long have you been a vampire? Of course, that isn't really of importance. We're here to eliminate you and we already know how to do that.
VIVIAN:	Finally, a woman of action. The old men were full of talk, and you lot have been chattering nonstop. I've had quite enough! Will one of you be a dear and release me now?

GWENDOLYN:	Gentlemen, are you ready? We've waited months for this exercise. There's no sense in prolonging it.
EDMUND:	I think I see the faint markings of where she was bitten.
WESLEY:	Yes, well, I found something, too! There seems to be a trigger on the side of the cage.
	<i>(SFX: RUFUS STEPS CLOSER AND CLOSER TO THE CAGE.)</i>
RUFUS:	(in awe) You really are a vampire. How curious.
VIVIAN:	Come here. I'll show you something curious.
GWENDOLYN:	Rufus, step back! You're too close!
RUFUS:	(screams)
EDMUND:	She's got him by the neck!
RUFUS:	(gasping, attempting to scream)
VIVIAN:	You, pretty boy, release me, or I kill your friend.
GWENDOLYN:	Wesley, wait!
WESLEY:	Oh, dear. Oh, dear.
	<i>(SFX: CAGE OPENS)</i>
VIVIAN:	(growls and grunts)

	<i>(SFX: A FEW PUNCHING NOISES, METAL RATTLING)</i>
RUFUS:	(grunts)
WESLEY:	<i>(SFX: RUFUS' BODY THUDS)</i> Rufus! (grunts) Get off of me. Are you all right? Did she hurt you? (slowly realizing) You're not breathing. Dear god! He's dead!
GWENDOLYN:	Never mind that, send her here!
EDMUND:	(scared witless) All right. Wesley! Are you helping us or not?
WESLEY:	(breathing heavily) I think... Shouldn't we call this off?
GWENDOLYN:	(forceful) Never <i>mind</i> him! The vampire!
	<i>(SFX: FIGHT NOISES, EDMUND CLOBBERS VIVIAN A FEW TIMES WITH A HEAVY OBJECT)</i>
EDMUND:	(grunts)
VIVIAN:	(grunts)
WESLEY:	(grunts) <i>(SFX: VIVIAN TURNS TO DUST)</i>
EDMUND:	(out of breath) Nicely done, Mr. Wyndam-Pryce.
GWENDOLYN:	(angry snort) Late to the party, as usual. I can't believe they let you lead our team.

	<i>(SFX: ELECTRONIC DOOR WHOOSHES OPEN, EDMUND AND GWENDOLYN EXIT)</i>
QUENTIN:	Wesley, get up, man. Explain yourself.
WESLEY:	(heartbroken) Rufus wasn't supposed to die! (more composed) I thought that opening the cage would put the odds in our favor. (sadly) He wasn't supposed to die.
QUENTIN:	As a leader, you'll be forced to make difficult decisions, and often at the drop of a hat. Once you make that decision, whatever it may be, you need to stick with it, or you jeopardize everyone. It's unfortunate that Rufus didn't survive your decision, but you must move on.
	<i>(SFX: ROGER WALKS IN)</i>
ROGER:	Thank you, Quentin. We'll be leaving.
WESLEY:	(on the verge of tears) Father, I... I'm sorry.

005_014 **Setting:** NEPTUNE SHERIFF'S OFFICE

	<i>(SFX: POLICE STATION NOISES)</i> <i>(SFX: DOOR CLOSE)</i>
KEITH MARS:	I'd love to help you, Mr. Giles, but you're not part of this young woman's family. I'm sure she means a lot to you.

GILES:	Everything. Sheriff Mars, I know you're doing your job, but she was more than just a student to me. She was -- I was, her... mentor. It might be my fault she's missing.
KEITH MARS:	You do know there's a warrant out for her arrest?
GILES:	Yes, only a misunderstanding, but I am sure it will be cleared up once she's home.
KEITH MARS:	So you're not trying to get her off the hook?
GILES:	No, she should face her responsibilities. My primary concern however, is her safety. She's too young to be on her own. It's been a month. I'm sure you can understand.
KEITH MARS:	I have a daughter. I do understand. I'll see what I can find. What makes you think she came to Neptune?
GILES:	I just returned from Chicago. They heard news of a young blonde girl starting fights in Neptune. Buffy was always shall we say - hot tempered?
KEITH MARS:	Well, I have the picture you gave me. I'll do some looking. (SERIOUSLY) Only to bring her back to Sunnydale PD, you understand. Is there a number I can reach you at?
GILES:	I'm staying at the Neptune Grand. Here's the room number.
KEITH MARS:	Thank you, Mr. Giles. If Buffy is here, we'll find her.

005_015 **Setting:** THE CEMETERY

	(SFX: NIGHT NOISES) (SFX: 3 PEOPLE WALKING)
WILLOW:	(OUT OF BREATH) I think we lost him.
XANDER:	That's what all intrepid vampire hunters say, "I think we lost him."
WILLOW:	Maybe we need a strategy.
XANDER:	Or some slayer power.
OZ:	Or new clothes.
WILLOW:	Or new clothes. (WTF) Wait, what?
OZ:	Make it easier to carry more weapons.
XANDER:	(LIGHTBULB) Oh, I see what you mean. Digging through the backpack for weapons lost us some valuable not dying time.
WILLOW:	Vampires aren't much for time outs.
OZ:	Quick draw weapons, like Batman's utility belt.
XANDER:	Oh no. That way lies scary tights and costumes.
WILLOW:	(SYMPATHETICALLY) Xander had a bad experience with tights.

OZ:	I feel another school play story coming on.
WILLOW:	Come on, we'll go back to my house and work on some costumes, (WICKEDLY) Batman.
XANDER:	(JOKINGLY) I officially hate you.
OZ:	Can I be Wolverine? I think it's appropriate.

005_016 **Setting:** WYNDAM-PRYCE HOUSEHOLD, 1997

	<i>(SFX: WESLEY AND ROGER ENTERING THE HOUSE)</i>
WESLEY:	Please say something, Father. You were silent the whole journey home.
ROGER:	Sit.
WESLEY:	I know I made a terrible blunder. I was thrown off. I didn't mean--
ROGER:	Of course, no one <i>meant</i> for Rufus to die. But to just lie there while Miss Post and Mr. Blair fought? That's not only shameful, it's a bloody betrayal of the rest of your colleagues, to Quentin, to me.
WESLEY:	I know. I'm just glad I was able to stake the vampire in the end.
ROGER:	Yes, and where was the fearless leader? Why, half the time, you were on the ground, twitching and muttering under your breath.

WESLEY:	Father, if I may, as Head Boy--
ROGER:	Head Boy? (laughs) That's a joke. Yes, ladies and gentlemen, my boy is head of his class at the Watcher's Academy. Oh, but put him in battle and watch him cower like a little girl. Wesley Wyndam-Pryce—all brains, no backbone.
WESLEY:	I'm sorry that I disappointed you, Father. I didn't know what to expect. I--
ROGER:	Maybe you should spend less time with your books and hypothetical demons and more time doing field work. After all, you can't defeat a demon by reading it a bedtime story.
WESLEY:	I know physical prowess isn't one of my strengths, but—but I'm trying.
ROGER:	I was talking to the Council this afternoon. Perhaps you should surrender the helm for a while, out of respect. Spend a little time following instead of leading. It would be better for us all, don't you think?
WESLEY:	If that's what you wish. It was my first vampire. I did my best. Maybe I'm just not cut out to be a Watcher.
ROGER:	(angry) Nonsense. I've been training you since you were a little boy. You need to stop holding back!
WESLEY:	Last year Mr. Travers mentioned the idea of traveling abroad and doing some reconnaissance work.

ROGER:	I'm sure he dangled that offer in front of the rest of the students as well. I don't see why you're any more eligible than the others.
WESLEY:	Right. I think I'll go to my room now and reevaluate the vampire exercise.

005_017 **Setting:** WILLOW'S ROOM

	<i>(SFX: DOOR CLOSE)</i>
WILLOW:	Alrighty, Mr. Gordo. Just you and me.
MR. GORDO:	It's pretty late. We've had a hard day. Maybe we should sleep?
WILLOW:	Time for some magic.
MR. GORDO:	I was afraid of that. Not that I don't appreciate the ability to think and all, but Willow's magic is a might explody at best.
WILLOW:	<i>Enchante, mitake, lebriana.</i>
	<i>(SFX: MAGIC SOUNDS)</i>
WILLOW:	<i>Importanta!</i>
	<i>(SFX: MAGIC FIZZLES)</i>

WILLOW:	<i>(SIGH)</i> I really thought we had it that time. <i>(LOOKING AROUND)</i> And it looks like I'm out of ingredients. Nothing left to do but crawl into bed and sleep I guess.
MR. GORDO:	<p>Guess so, not that it's that bad to sleep, especially with a girl curled up - holding you tight. No matter what happens during the day, the day eventually ends. And it ends in a nice warm bed, holding on to the bits of hope you have left. In this case, I think the hope is wrapped up in a pink stuffed pig, but I don't mind.</p> <p>This is what I was made for - to be a comfort. To be loved and love in return. If I can't be there for Buffy, at least I can be there for her friend. <i>(HUMS MATCHBOX 20 BRIGHTLIGHTS)</i>... la lada and if the bright light's don't receive you -- come back home.</p>

005_018 **Setting:** WESLEY'S BEDROOM, 1998

	<i>(SFX: KNOCK ON DOOR, DOOR OPENS)</i>
JULIA:	<p>The summer has passed by so quickly. It's chilly outside. <i>(softly)</i> Here. Pack this jumper. It was going to be your Christmas present, but since I don't know where you'll be... <i>(pause)</i> Have you told your Father yet?</p>
WESLEY:	I have written my letter of resignation. I plan on delivering it to the Council tomorrow.

JULIA:	The letter concerns affairs of the Council. Have you thought about telling him as a son to his Father?
WESLEY:	(avoiding Julia's question) Question is, what do I do now? What does one do with detailed knowledge of vampires and demonic tongues? (chuckles) I suppose I could be a librarian.
JULIA:	(playfully) As long as you don't lend spell books to young children.
WESLEY:	(regarding Roger) I know what <i>he</i> wants, for me to toughen up, be the man he expected me to be.
JULIA:	Your father is so busy with his expectations that he's blind to your accomplishments.
WESLEY:	He'll never see me as anything more than a failure. And don't ask me to stay. I failed. Rufus was killed. I'm a laughingstock. I'm of no use to the Council or to a Slayer. I know what you're going to say—that leaving is the coward's way out.
JULIA:	(matter of fact) It is. (proud) And, you, Wesley Wyndam-Pryce, are no coward. You're stout of heart and as determined as your father is stubborn. (playful) But what do I know? I'm just your mum. I always did want a sewing room. I could sell your bed and put a sewing table right here.
WESLEY:	I haven't even finished packing yet!
JULIA:	(said with a wink) All right, I'll plan my redecorating later. I'll let you finish up, dear.

WESLEY:	Thanks for the jumper, Mum.
	<i>(SFX: DOOR CLOSES)</i>
WESLEY:	I suppose this comes down to whether or not I wish to obey my Father. (scoffs) Either way, he'll be disappointed. Who says I'm doing this for him anyway? I'm doing this for myself now. I won't need this letter anymore.
	<i>(SFX: WESLEY RIPS THE LETTER INTO PIECES)</i>
WESLEY:	Father sees failure, but I passed the examination. I killed the vampire. I know I can make a great Watcher. I just know it. I wasn't named Head Boy for nothing.

005_019 **Setting:** NEPTUNE GRAND HOTEL ROOM

	<i>(SFX: PHONE RING)</i> <i>(SFX: BLANKETS RUSTLING)</i> <i>(SFX: PHONE PICKUP)</i>
GILES:	Hello?
KEITH MARS:	Mr. Giles? I'm very sorry. I couldn't find anything to suggest that Buffy has been in Neptune. I'll keep checking, but it's been a couple days and we're not a big town. People around here are pretty aware of newcomers.

GILES:	Thank you, Sheriff Mars. I suppose it was just false hope.
KEITH MARS:	Nothing false about hope. I'll keep an eye out and if I hear anything I'll call you in Sunnydale.
GILES:	Thank you. I'd appreciate that.
	(SFX: PHONE HANGUP)
GILES:	(SIGH) What are you doing Giles? Running around on the slightest whim. Panicking like a frightened school boy? (TO SELF) Buffy, where are you?

005_020 **Setting:** WOLFRAM & HART

	(SFX: PHONE RING)
SECRETARY:	Hello? Wolfram & Hart offices? (PAUSE) Yes, Mr. Manners. Right away.
	(SFX: BUTTON CLICK)
SECRETARY:	Hello? Jill here from Mr. Manners office, is Lindsey McDonald available? (PAUSE) Yes? Thank you.
LINDSEY (PHONE):	Hello?
SECRETARY:	Sorry to disturb you Mr. McDonald, I know you're in the middle of the Rogers custody suit over the impregnated larval (lar-vel).

LINDSEY (PHONE):	(CHARMING) It's fine Jill, a call from you is always appreciated.
SECRETARY:	Mr. Manners has information for you regarding the special project. He'd like to see you in his office tomorrow morning.
LINDSEY (PHONE):	I have an 8am ritual beheading and breakfast meeting, do I need to postpone that?
SECRETARY:	No, Mr. Manners was thinking coffee at 9?
LINDSEY (PHONE):	Perfect. I'll be there. And Jill?
SECRETARY:	(WARM, EXPECTANT, ALMOST GUSHING) Yes Lindsey?
LINDSEY (PHONE):	(A LITTLE MORE HUSHED) Do you have those recordings for me sweetheart?
SECRETARY:	(GRINNING AND KIND OF SNEAKY) Yes, I do. I'll be leaving them in your office tomorrow.

CREDITS

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This episode was written by Liane U and Tabitha Grace Smith

Our cast for this episode consists of:

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Jancis as Mr. Gordo

Barbara Jungebauer as Joyce

Jackson Ruzzo as Young Wesley

John R. as Roger Wyndam-Pryce

Rhyane as Julia Wyndam-Pryce

Dianne as Cafe Mom -

Erin U. as Reggie

Kim Butler as Buffy

Suzanne as Intercom Person

Brian Brown as Giles

Kim the Comic Book Goddess as the Flight Attendant

Darina as NotBuffy

Pete as Quentin Travers

David C Simon as Wesley Wyndam-Pryce

Chris O. as Xander

Melanie as Inga

Kevin Guyer as Keith Mars

Jody Whitesides as Edmund Blair

Lee Nix as Gwendolyn Post

Kevin Cummings as Rufus Harcourt

Melissa as the vampire Vivian

Betty Daisy as the W&H Secretary

and Andrew Ball as Lindsey

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