



Buffy Between the Lines Season 1

Right to Be Thankful

by Tabitha Grace Smith

Cast:

WILLOW

SPIKE

XANDER

TARA

ANYA

JAVERT

MONICA

BUFFYBOT

GILES

THANK_000

ANNCR:	Previously on Buffy Between the Lines...

--	--

THANK_001

	(SFX: Night sounds, Walking)
WILLOW:	Wow, this brings back memories...
SPIKE:	Right, memories about how you haven't been so helpful in the nightly patrolling right?
WILLOW:	(JOKINGLY) No cranky Spike, but if you see helpful Spike let him know that we appreciate him.
XANDER:	Yes, otherwise the hellmouth might turn him invisible.
WILLOW:	Poor Marcie, I wonder whatever happened to her.
XANDER:	Poor? The girl was certifiable, hopefully they kept her locked away for the safety of future queen bees.

ANYA:	Bees? Some invisible girl was killing bees?
XANDER:	No Ahn, long story... I'll tell you later.
ANYA:	Yes, exactly how I wanted to spend my -later- catching up on the greatest hits of Sunnydale past. What do you think this is, one of those episode of television where they only show clips from previous episodes and try to pass it off as a legitimate episode?
WILLOW:	Oh come on Ahn, sometimes it can be fun telling stories about the past.
ANYA:	(SUDDENLY WARMING UP TO THE IDEA) OH I could tell you about this time Halfrick and I...
XANDER/WILLOW:	No!
ANYA:	(POUT) No one here appreciates my stories.
SPIKE:	I do luv, I do enjoy a good bloodbath.... I remember this time...

XANDER/WILLOW:	Spike!
SPIKE:	(SNIFF) You're right demon gal, no appreciation of the finer things in life.
TARA:	Memories are good... not all of them good of course, but it's nice telling stories about good times. I miss telling stories about my mom.
WILLOW:	Awwhh Tara, you can tell me stories anytime.
TARA:	(SMILING) Y-you would have liked her.
WILLOW:	She made you, what's not to like?
ANYA:	My mother died of an hither to unknown disease. Probably my father's fault.
XANDER:	(CONCERNED) Ahn...

ANYA:	It was 1200 years ago Xander, I think I've had proper time to grieve. It does make any future wedding plans I -might- have difficult though.
WILLOW:	(GROSSED OUT) You're planning on getting married some day?
ANYA:	Of course in fact I'll have you know that...
XANDER:	(ATTEMPTING TO CUT OFF THE CONVERSATION, LAMELY) Whoa! What's that?
WILLOW:	What? It's hard to see since there's no moon out tonight.
SPIKE:	Right, I forgot you lot didn't have the super senses of a vampire... pity really... I mean, if you did you could see very plainly that Xander's just trying to OWwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwww (FALLING DOWN VERY DEEP HOLE).
	(SFX: FALLING, THUD)
SPIKE:	Oh bugger.

(MUSIC: THEME)

THANK_002 Graveyard/Hole

	(SFX: DIRT FALLING AS SPIKE TRIES TO GET OUT)
SPIKE:	(GRUNTING, TRYING TO CLIMB OUT)
TARA:	Spike? Are you okay?
SPIKE:	Fine. I'm just not sure I can get out.
WILLOW:	Since when did the cemetery get a pit of despair?
ANYA:	Must be a Rewelligan.
XANDER:	(MOCKING) Great vampire senses Spike, lead you right to the mischief making.
SPIKE:	Just wait until I get back up there Harris...
WILLOW:	Wait, Anya, a what?
ANYA:	Rewelligan. They like to dig.

	(SFX: THUNDER, LOW EARTHQUAKE SOUNDS)
ANYA, WILLOW, TARA, XANDER:	(Whoa... eep.... and other sounds you'd make with an earthquake)
XANDER:	That's weird, we usually don't get a lot of earthquakes down here. That's more a Northridge thing.
WILLOW:	We'd better try and find some rope or something... help Spike out.
	(SFX: THUNDER, LOUD EARTHQUAKE SOUNDS)
ANYA:	Xander! (FALLING.... OOMF!)
XANDER:	(FALLING, OH....SH--, OOMF!)
WILLOW:	(FALLING.... eeps! and an impact OOMF!)
TARA:	(FALLING sounds... and an impact OOMF!)

ANYA, XANDER, WILLOW, TARA	(GROANS, get off me-s, ows... since you all landed on each other)
SPIKE:	(DRYLY) My heroes.

THANK_003 Javert's Lair

	(SFX: TYPING)
JAVERT:	Okay, I think I finally have it.
MONICA:	Have what?
JAVERT:	The outline for my revenge.
MONICA:	You typed it up in WORD?
JAVERT:	Yes, I never had good penmanship and this will prove to --
	(SFX: THUNDER, EARTHQUAKE, THINGS FALLING)
MONICA/JAVERT:	(WHOA... or sounds you'd make with the room moving)

	(SFX: RUMBLING STOPS)
MONICA:	Uh... you might want to reconsider point one, I think someone else has beat you to it.
JAVERT:	Damn.

THANK_004 The Pit of Despair

WILLOW:	Everyone okay? (GROAN) I think I broke my arm....
SPIKE:	Right as rain here for just pulling an Alice.
ANYA:	I can't feel Xander in this darkness!
SPIKE:	(YELP) Hey! That's -me-
XANDER:	I'm fine Ahn. Well, as fine as can be expected for falling down a major dark hole.

WILLOW:	I need to focus, maybe I can levitate us... or me out of here to get some help.
TARA:	But you're hurt baby, your energy is gonna be off.
WILLOW:	I've gotta try. (GRUNTS, PANTS)
TARA:	(WORRIEDLY) Just rest baby... Giles is coming by with the Bot later, they'll find us.
WILLOW:	You're right. (SIGH) So... anyone know any good stories?
SPIKE:	Oh right, just how I wanted to spend my night.
ANYA:	I could tell my amusing story about the night I summoned a Grusalug... I thought it was...
XANDER/WILLOW:	No!

ANYA:	(POUTING AGAIN) Fine. Why don't you tell some amusing story about pre-Anya-filled Sunnydale that will bond you even more as it alienates those of us who weren't there.
XANDER:	(TOTALLY IGNORING ANYA'S POINT) Oh! Remember that time Buffy saved us from the never-ending-test-o'doom?
WILLOW:	Oh yeah... something went wonky with the hellmouth, the time in our classroom kept repeating the same hour and we kept doing the same test over and over and over...
XANDER:	Buffy and Giles figured it out and pulled us out. I'm glad they did, I haven't been able to watch Groundhog's Day ever since.
WILLOW:	(SERIOUSLY, BUT FUNNY) It's not funny when it happens to you.
SPIKE:	So, we're just gonna sit here until an old shopkeeper and a mechanical nightmare come and rescue us? No thanks. I'm gonna do a bit of exploring.

	(SFX: FOOTSTEPS LEAVING)
TARA:	Spike, we should probably stay together... in case the...
ANYA:	Rewelligan.
TARA:	In case the Realwellians show up.
WILLOW:	He's fine, let him do his thing. Probably doesn't want to talk about Buffy.
XANDER:	It's kind of nice, you know. Talking about her.
WILLOW:	(SMILING) Yeah, it is.
TARA:	How did you guys meet anyway? I never heard the story.
WILLOW:	It's a pretty long story, but she just moved here from Los Angeles.
XANDER:	Yeah, and Willow fell in love with her at first glance...

WILLOW:	(HURUMPHS) I seem to remember that was a certain man whose name starts with Xan and ends with DER.
XANDER:	(GRIN/EMBARRASSED) Oh, that's right, it was me.
WILLOW:	She asked me to help her with schoolwork. And everyone knows I'm good with the school.
XANDER:	That's the day our lives pretty much changed forever. I mean, hey, if it wasn't for her we wouldn't be down this hole.
WILLOW:	Owwwww... I think I'm just gonna close my eyes a bit. This really hurts.
TARA:	No baby, you can't go to sleep, I'm sorry. If you hit your head it could be bad. Lets keep telling stories.
WILLOW:	Did I ever tell you the one of how I got to meet myself as a vampire?

XANDER:	Totally unfair too, I never got to meet Xander vampire. I bet he was cool.
ANYA:	Actually, I like you better without all those bumpies.
XANDER:	Well, thanks to your vengeance casting Anya, I had them.
ANYA:	(DEFENSIVELY) Well, I didn't know you then. I will admit though, I was pretty pleased with how bad-ass Buffy was. She even had a scar.
XANDER:	Scar?
WILLOW:	You think that's hot don't you?
XANDER:	(YES, BUT COVERING) No.. of course not. Buff's just a - (CORRECTING HIMSELF) was just a friend.
WILLOW:	(GROAN AGAIN, FROM PAIN)

TARA:	Remember last Thanksgiving? I think it was the best Thanksgiving I ever had...
WILLOW:	(MILDLY GRUMPY) Even with Anya's tuna surprise?
ANYA:	It was a surprise!
WILLOW:	Yes Anya, the surprise was you put a whole fish in it.
ANYA:	(GRINNING PROUDLY) Surprise!
XANDER, TARA, WILLOW	(SMALL LAUGH)
XANDER:	You know... we're pretty lucky.
	(SFX: FOOTSTEPS RETURNING)
SPIKE:	Lucky?
ANYA:	Spike's right, how can you say you're lucky? You've been beaten up, nearly eaten, set on fire, had your graduation ceremony ruined by a giant snake, and lost your best friend... how are you lucky?

XANDER:	Well... I dunno...
WILLOW:	Everyone has rough times, right? But we... we get to be part of this...
ANYA:	You -like- this? I mean, I must admit a certain fondness for causing trouble and avenging women, but what do you get out of all this?
SPIKE:	(REALIZING) it's about her.
XANDER:	Mmm?
SPIKE:	You all were nobodies. Eeking out a miserable existence of being tormented and teased. She changed it.
XANDER:	I'd love to disagree with you Spike old boy, (SIGH) but I've got nothing.
WILLOW:	(SOFTLY) I miss her.
	(PAUSE)

SPIKE:	55 days, 10 hours and 3 minutes since she...
	(PAUSE)
BUFFYBOT:	Oh! Hello! (PEERING OVER THE EDGE) What evil are you fighting down this hole?
SPIKE:	Oh great, the cavalry's here.
BUFFYBOT:	(CONFUSED) They are? Shall I join you?
SPIKE/ANYA/TARA/XANDER/WILLOW	No!
BUFFYBOT:	Oh. Okay!
WILLOW:	Just tell Giles to bring some rope Buffy...Bot.
BUFFYBOT:	OH rope! Are we going to play that game Spike likes?
SPIKE:	Errr... Never mind that Buffy, just get Giles. (SIGH) Never thought I'd have to say that .

BUFFYBOT:	Okay! He's still in the car, I'll be right back!
SPIKE:	Oh right, we're out doing the work and he gets to sit in the car. Typical.
XANDER:	(SOFT/SADLY) We might be all sitting in a car... if it weren't for....
WILLOW:	(SMILING) Buffy would be proud of us I think. Here we are, fighting the good fight, falling down holes.
ANYA:	She'd probably be yelling at us right now for falling down said hole.
WILLOW:	Well, yeah.
ANYA:	(SAD) I miss her too.

(PROMO)

THANK_005 GILES' CAR

WILLOW:	Well, that wasn't so bad...
XANDER:	You broke your arm.

WILLOW:	I've been working on some healing potions at home. It'll be fine.
GILES:	I just hope this means you'll be more careful in the future. And what would you have done if this... this... what was it again Anya?
ANYA:	Rewelligan.
GILES:	Yes, Rewelligan. What would you have done if he had shown up? None of you had weapons.
WILLOW:	(SHEEPISHLY) Err.. we kind of left them at home.
ANYA:	We would have stepped on it.
GILES:	Stepped on it? Anya I'm not sure that that's the best way to--
ANYA:	Rewelligans are only the size of earthworms. Stepping is a viable option.
GILES:	Oh.

XANDER:	(CHUCKLING) See Ahn, why wouldn't we miss nights like this? Being normal is highly overrated. I, for one, am thankful for this crazy hellmouth we call home.
ANYA:	Rewelligans and all?
XANDER:	Rewelligans, talking puppets, robot boyfriends, armies of zombies, magical beer, space demons and everything.
WILLOW:	You know, someone should make a show about our life.
XANDER:	Nah, who'd believe it?