

Scene 4: The Summers house

BUFFY'S former living room, now XANDER'S house. There is a couch and two chairs center stage. GILES has his guitar and folkily sings Pat Benatar's "Hit me with your Best Shot." WILLOW and BUFFY watch him play.

GILES

Well you're the real tough cookie with the long history
Of breaking little hearts, like the one in me
That's O.K., lets see how you do it
Put up your dukes, lets get down to it!
Hit Me With Your Best Shot!
Why Don't You Hit Me With Your Best Shot!
Hit Me With Your Best Shot!
Fire Away!

(WILLOW's cell phone rings and interrupts the song)

WILLOW

Sorry – got to take this –

BUFFY

You have a whole CD dedicated to Pat Benatar's singles.

GILES

Well, yes.

(BUFFY looks at the CD case)

BUFFY

Hell is for Children.
Dance mix?

WILLOW

(evil corporate WILLOW rearing her head for a moment)

WHAT?! Look you tell those IRS cronies that I've hacked better systems than theirs and if they think the threat of an audit is going to scare Rosenberg, then they've got another virus coming!

(back to sweet WILLOW) Put that on one of those sweet little Fresh Ink Cards, ok?
Something with flowers and –

(evil corporate WILLOW) IF YOU CALL ME AGAIN, I'LL HAVE YOU
PERSONALLY EVISCER...

(back to sweet WILLOW) I mean. With the. You know. Let's not do. Ok? Ok. Bye!

(XANDER enters with a tray questionable appetizers. During the following segment, everyone attempts to not eat anything but rid themselves of appetizers without Xander noticing)

XANDER

Fear no more, I bring the first course. Eat up while it's hot.

(GILES, BUFFY, WILLOW look anxiously at the food and share a look among themselves)

GILES

Hmm. Willow, are you certain your line of work doesn't... doesn't...

BUFFY

Make you psycho evil girl?

WILLOW

What? That? No. That's just. You know. Me with the big. Corporate thing. They like it. Really.

GILES

Still, I would advise that you take more time to...to relax. Perhaps not interact with corporate America for a while.

XANDER

Have a treat.

(XANDER offers the tray to WILLOW)

WILLOW

Oh, folksy Giles. There is no such thing as an un-corporate America. You've been gone too long.

XANDER

(to BUFFY and GILES) And something for you.

(WILLOW hides food while BUFFY takes a piece)

BUFFY

That's true. Is it like we hear on the streets - all sex, drugs and folk music now?

XANDER

Did I mention there is cheese here? It's not getting any younger.

WILLOW

Dairy bad. Do you have some seltzer water?

XANDER

Only when the plumbing is acting up. Drinks! I'll be right back.

(XANDER quickly exits. They all dump as much food as they can)

BUFFY

I should have had the Double Veggie Palace cater this –

GILES

Yes, well, fast food vegetarian style would be a more – positive alternative.

(WILLOW holds up an indistinguishable piece of food)

WILLOW

Does anyone know what this is supposed to be?

(GILES and BUFFY shudder. BUFFY stakes it with a toothpick)

BUFFY

Potted plant, stat.

GILES

It looks like you've still retained some of your slaying skills –

BUFFY

Food can be a messy business.

(XANDER enters with drinks. Everyone quickly moves back to their places. XANDER notices the almost empty tray)

XANDER

Well, aren't we the hungry bunch! Cherry-limeade, my own recipe!

GILES

Yes. But as far as slaying is concerned...

BUFFY

It's not the carnage fest. But when I find out about a demon nest, I just arrange for a complimentary meal rich in garlic and holy water with free delivery. Effective without the pesky dust exposure.

XANDER

Dine-in, Slay-out. Very catchy.

GILES

Yes, but for five years – without direct contact with demons –

BUFFY

Hey, I'm on a hiatus that's all. A slayer's holiday.

WILLOW

Do you smell something burning?

XANDER

Burning?

(XANDER exits quickly)

BUFFY

It's so weird being back here.

(WILLOW, GILES, BUFFY dump their drinks)

WILLOW

Like we never left.

BUFFY

More like, why is there a Playboy centerfold hanging in the bathroom?

WILLOW/GILES

I hadn't noticed.

WILLOW

It's certainly the man's man's man-house.

BUFFY

Talk about teched out –

(XANDER returns, slightly panting)

XANDER

We lost the strawberry-glazed peppers.

BUFFY

Is this one of the new videophones?

XANDER

Yep. Meet George Jetson. Only Rosenberg quality products, of course.

WILLOW

Good man.

GILES
Videophone?

WILLOW
See, messages – here –

(WILLOW punches into the phone keypad)

XANDER
Um, Will –

BETTY LOU
It's Betty Lou. Xander. You can't avoid me forever. Someone will summon me – and when they do –

(XANDER madly punches at the phone to make it stop)

GILES
Was that a Fyorl demon?

MIRA
Hi, summon me. I'm on the fourth level of hell this week. It's getting HOT in here. I am getting so hot...

(XANDER unplugs the phone)

WILLOW
Sorry.

GILES
And an Apalka-demon?

XANDER
Just someone I met –

BUFFY
At the coffeehouse in hell?

XANDER
Hi, remember Sunnydale. One minute cute girl in a red sweater. Next, her place turns out to be... hellish in nature.