

**BUFFY THE VAMPIRE SLAYER**

"Playtime"

by  
Matt Thompson

TEASER

FADE IN:

1

INT. SUMMERS' HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

1

Most of the gang (WILLOW, KENNEDY, ANDREW, and XANDER) are seated around the television. Kennedy and Xander seem anxious -- Willow and Andrew less so.

On the television, a football game is in progress. Cleveland Browns vs. Pittsburgh Steelers. It's quite obvious that Pittsburgh is running away with it.

Kennedy stands and kicks the couch -- it shakes and falls back. Andrew is rattled. Makes sure to lean away from the girl. Xander, also on the sofa, doesn't move, his head in his hands.

XANDER

Access to a Hellmouth featuring  
thousands of potential demonic  
players, and they still play like  
this?

WILLOW

It's all about the coaching.

Dawn enters from the kitchen. She hands a large bowl of popcorn to Xander.

DAWN

Where's the First when you need it?

WILLOW

If you ever needed a coach who was  
all talk but couldn't step on the  
field, the First would be your m --  
err, thing.

ANDREW

If I were them, I'd just summon a  
large Yaegarian Demon to --  
(off their looks)  
Not that I'd ever summon a demon...

Someone SCREAMS from upstairs. A woman's scream. Everyone turns, some more seriously than others.

ANYA (O.S.)

No! You can't wear that, you stupid  
girl!

BUFFY (O.S.)

Out, out, out! Get out!!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Something SHATTERS. Anya appears, morphing out of the wall, her arms crossed at her chest.

XANDER

It can't be that bad.

ANYA

Oh yes, it can.

KENNEDY

You're one to talk, Casper.

ANYA

Shows what you know, Slayerette.  
Did Casper have such long,  
beautiful legs?

There comes the sound of FOOTSTEPS on the stairs. Slowly descending. Everyone's attention suddenly shifts -- waiting to be amazed? To be horrified?

BUFFY appears. She wears a tight business suit, with a skirt that's closer to her waist than her knees.

The jaws of Andrew and Xander hit the floor. Even Willow seems impressed, causing Kennedy to raise an eyebrow.

ANYA (cont'd)

Behold slutty Giles!

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF TEASER**

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

2

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

2

As before, everyone is stunned. Anya smirks. Andrew stands, as though he's about ready to get on his knees and bow.

ANDREW

Command us, Slave Leia!

DAWN

Buffy, you are going in for an interview at a counseling firm, right?

KENNEDY

(finishing)

And not the bordello down the street?

BUFFY

Guys, it's not that bad!

XANDER

Who said anything about it being bad?

KENNEDY

(sits)

New city. New look. Less clothes.

Willow stands. She crosses behind the couch and puts her hand on Kennedy's shoulders.

WILLOW

Buffy, I thought Giles helped your credentials.

BUFFY

He did. But a little extra couldn't hurt, right?

WILLOW

There's a lot extra.

XANDER

I like it!

BUFFY

Xander!

ANDREW

I'd take a carbonite bath just to see this again.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BUFFY  
Andrew!

JACKSON (O.S.)  
I think it's great.

BUFFY  
Jackson!  
(thinks)  
...Jackson?

She turns. JACKSON stands in the doorway, a smile on his face. He raises his eyebrows, as if he mockingly expected more.

JACKSON  
I did knock, you know. Twice.

BUFFY  
Never do that again.

JACKSON  
Knock?

BUFFY  
Sneak up on me.

Jackson enters. He moves into the living room and stops beside Andrew, who has found his way onto his knees.

Jackson looks at him quizzically, then returns his gaze to Buffy. They're rather close now. You could cut the tension with a knife. Everyone notices. Willow coughs, drawing their attention.

WILLOW  
So, Buffy, when's your interview?

JACKSON  
Interview? You've got an interview?  
Where?

BUFFY  
Charleston & Smithe.

XANDER  
What kind of a last name is  
'Smithe?'

JACKSON  
You're going to be a counselor?  
Like, for good? Didn't quite  
picture that as your ultimate  
career path.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BUFFY  
How did you picture me?

WILLOW  
She was great in Sunnydale.

KENNEDY  
Only seventy-four brutal teen  
suicides.

Jackson looks at her strangely.

KENNEDY (cont'd)  
Kidding, of course.

BUFFY  
I need a drink.

CUT TO:

3 EXT. OUTSKIRTS - DAY 3

A lone biker - KANE - barrels down the road. He rides like the wind, going full-force towards his destination -- a massive warehouse, looming ominously in the distance.

4 INT./EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY 4

Kane stops outside a large steel wall. Silence for a beat. Suddenly a portion of wall begins to rise, as if controlled by mechanical gears. The biker pulls in and follows a sharp turn into the building. Numerous motorcycles are parked in rows. Each painted in red or gold.

Kane slows his red Harley to a stop at the end of a row. He kicks off and heads for a door in the other hall.

5 INT. AUDITORIUM - DAY 5

Two separate BIKER GANGS stand across from each other. Kane enters and moves past several large boxes -- a weapon cache. He takes up with one of the gangs. Their leader is called SYN. He steps to the cache.

SYN  
It's all here?

MERIK is the head of the opposing biker group. He smiles.

MERIK  
Down to the last clip. Look for  
yourself.

Syn pushes off the large wooden covering. His face is a mix of shock and disappointment.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Inside the box are older, pointed weapons. Samurai swords and throwing stars. Ancient weapons from centuries past.

Syn spins around in a rage.

SYN

What the hell is this crap?

MERIK

Payment.

SYN

Payment for what!?

MERIK

Lunch.

We can HEAR a LARGE SHUTTER closing outside. The auditorium door is locked tight. Syn's gang is beginning to panic. He draws his pistol.

Above us, a figure watches from the darkness, sitting upon the rafters. He's strange -- almost like a three-dimensional shadow, with a pair of clearly grinning teeth.

Syn aims his weapon at Merik, who only smiles.

MERIK (cont'd)

Do you realize how hard it is to  
get a decent meal at this time of  
day?

Syn FIRES. The bullet is a clear impact, exploding into Merik's chest. He laughs, unphased.

MERIK (cont'd)

Time for an early lunch.

Merik vamps out! His face is hideous, with two long fangs extending from his mouth. Syn freaks, as does his gang. Kane tries to back to the door... two VAMPIRE BIKERS smile at him, wearing sunglasses and cutting off the exit.

Merik springs out at Syn and tackles him to the floor. The room erupts in gunfire, bright flashes illuminating the room. Merik's gang has the clear advantage, invincible.

Faintly, we can SEE the Shadow drop into the room. He kneels beside the cache.

Merik feasts on Syn. Burying his fangs into the man's flesh. Blood shoots out from Syn's mouth.

The Shadow sees. He reaches into the cache and retrieves a long samurai sword. Suddenly an IMAGE flickers and adjusts -- almost like the Shadow is creating a skin!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Quickly, he is no longer the Shadow -- he is Syn, looking on as Merik feasts on the twin man. Syn moves out from the cache.

Merik registers him, then does a quick double-take. What the hell? Merik drops the dead man, then lunges at Syn -- who reveals the glimmering sword and falls back -- and slices the flying vampire from groin to skull.

We don't SEE all of it, but there's a distinctive DOUBLE THUMP as the two pieces hit the ground. The room goes QUIET. All of the vampires pause from their feasting and look at Syn, who gives them a bloody smile.

Suddenly they charge in, as he holds the sword at the ready.

SYN  
(laughs)  
Time to play!

Kane crawls away, bloodied. He tries to make his way to the door. We can HEAR the SOUNDS OF SLAUGHTER. It's obvious that Syn is having a field day. Kane reaches for the handle -- Syn appears behind him.

SYN (cont'd)  
Nuh-uh-uh. Naughty boy.

Kane turns, pistol at the ready. Behind Syn, the two Vampire Bikers appear. They too aim their pistols at the man. He smirks. Kane FIRES.

We slowly FOLLOW THE BULLET as it charges at Syn. He brings the blade up and -- quickly falling backward -- he slices the bullet into two halves. Syn hits the ground.

The two shards fly into the Vampire Bikers, straight into their hearts, sending them backward. Syn flips up onto his feet and approaches Kane. With a smile, he SLICES FORWARD and INTO THE CAMERA as we --

CUT TO:

6

EXT. SUBURBIA - DAY

6

Buffy, Willow, and Xander follow the winding sidewalk. They lag behind, seemingly a bit confused. The trio crosses a large sign that reads: "CHARLESTON & SMITHE."

XANDER  
Guys, seriously. You want me to act like Giles? Do I seem anything like him?

WILLOW  
Spitting image... forty years ago.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BUFFY

I need the credential, Xander.

XANDER

I thought Giles already helped your credentials.

BUFFY

True, but this can't hurt.

WILLOW

Unless they figure out we're not who we say we are.

(beat)

Who am I again?

BUFFY

Crises councilor Lori Tate. A nice piece of fiction, if I do say so myself.

They stop before the front doors. Buffy takes a deep breath. Neither Willow nor Xander seems particularly thrilled.

XANDER

(breathes deeply)

Okay, channeling Giles... channeling Giles... Oh God, this is hard!

WILLOW

Just pretend the world is ending. And it's our fault.

XANDER

That works.

Buffy rips open the door and steps inside. Exchanging a glance, Willow and Xander follow the blonde into the fifteen story building.

7

INT. CHARLESTON & SMITHE - LOBBY - DAY

7

BUSINESSMEN and WOMEN litter the area. All dressed in perfect suits that make Buffy look like she's in rags. She notices. Willow ushers Buffy forward. She addresses the SECRETARY at the front desk.

Buffy begins to open her mouth to speak, but the Secretary holds up her hand as if to say "one moment." Buffy pauses, dumbfounded, as the Secretary forwards calls on a switchboard.

Finally the Secretary puts down her phone and looks at the trio.

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SECRETARY

Can I help you?

BUFFY

I'm Buffy Summers. I have an interview with --

SECRETARY

Mr. Hanson. I've already let him know you're here. Please take a seat.

(re: Willow/Jackson)

...and you two are?

Willow looks quite nervous, put on the spot.

WILLOW

Um, credentials!

XANDER

Good ones.

The Secretary eyes them in a strange fashion. Unimpressed. She doesn't comment as another call comes in and she picks up the phone.

SECRETARY

(into phone)

Charleston & Smithe, how may I direct your call?

The trio exchange awkward glances. What now? Buffy turns to the Secretary, who has already extended her arm and points to a row of seats. They quickly take the hint and make for the chairs. All three sit. Xander studies the place, looking fascinated.

BUFFY

What is it?

XANDER

I spent almost my whole life in Sunnydale. A place this big is weird to me.

BUFFY

You'll get used to it.

XANDER

Yeah.

(beat)

And then I'll think the place is more boring than I already think.

A man STEPS INTO FRAME. This is MR. HANSON -- mid-40s, with a beard that's gone prematurely white.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

There's something strange about him, almost as if he's prejudged and doesn't like what he sees.

MR. HANSON  
(extends hand)  
Ms. Summers?

Buffy shakes his hand and smiles.

BUFFY  
Hi.

He takes notice of Xander and tries to smile.

MR. HANSON  
And who are you?

XANDER  
(struggles)  
Ru... Ru...  
(beat)  
So sorry for being rude. I'm  
Buffy's friend. Just here to lend a  
helping hand.

MR. HANSON  
Oh... okay... and who's your  
friend?

Willow stands quickly. Again put on the spot. Buffy pleads with her behind Mr. Hanson's back, as though begging her to do her part. She clearly mouths "Reference!" Willow freezes for a moment, then awkwardly smiles.

WILLOW  
I'm her perky friend who's here for  
emotional support.

Mr. Hanson's obviously at a loss for words.

MR. HANSON  
Oh, well...  
(to Buffy)  
Well, to my office then, shall we?

With a fake smile he leads her away and down another hall. Xander and Willow look at each other for a moment, then sit in unison, unsure of what to do now.

8

INT. HANSON'S OFFICE - DAY

8

Mr. Hanson holds the door open and Buffy moves through, into his rather small office. A large desk and a couple chairs at most. She takes a seat as he moves behind the desk.

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CONTINUED:

MR. HANSON

Now, Buffy, I've studied your application rather extensively, and I have to ask -- what brings you to our neck of the woods?

BUFFY

Well, three or four months ago, I was feeling bored with life where I was. Same thing every day, y'know? So one day, I just packed it up and came here to meet some old friends.

Mr. Hanson scribbles on a note pad. Buffy sits too far away to read the text.

MR. HANSON

So, what did you do before you came to Cleveland?

Buffy's eyebrows raise.

9

INT. LOBBY - DAY

9

Willow oddly watches the passers-by. Numerous CHARACTERS in suits with briefcases. Walking past her and Xander, one by one, second after second. It gives a new meaning to the word monotony.

WILLOW

How does Angel keep his sanity working in a place like this?

XANDER

He broods. You'd be surprised how quickly that makes the day go by.

Willow rises and yawns, ignoring Xander's response. Her eyes fall upon the hallway in which Mr. Hanson led Buffy. She looks at the Secretary -- her back is turned, writing notes on a pad.

WILLOW

Stay here.

Before he can respond, Willow shuffles through the lobby and disappears into the hallway.

10

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

10

Willow arrives at Hanson's office. A few WORKERS move to and fro around her, paying her no notice. The blinds are open in the office. Willow crouches low and listens in.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MR. HANSON (O.S.)  
 ...and just from the looks of it,  
 I'm gonna have to say I'm sorry...

Willow's face contorts in an "Oh, no!" kind of way.

11 INT. HANSON'S OFFICE - DAY 11

Mr. Hanson looks disappointed. He holds a small file in his hand. Buffy looks as though she's being scolded, unresponsive.

MR. HANSON (O.S.)  
 Just, from the looks of it... your  
 references are certainly good, but  
 one just doesn't jump out at me.  
 And your accounts of your  
 experience? They sound more like  
 you're fighting your clients than  
 helping them!

Buffy sulks... then catches sight of Willow. As Mr. Hanson checks the file one more time, it seems something hits Buffy. Quickly and desperately she mouths something to Willow --

12 INT. HALLWAY - DAY 12

-- who seems to get it. She takes a moment and closes her eyes. Thinking.

WILLOW  
 (whispering)  
*Undertegn navnet av Angelus og  
 Wolfram og Hart!*

Willow's eyes snap open and flash white for a moment. She rises slightly and looks into the window. Catches Buffy's gaze and nods.

13 INT. HANSON'S OFFICE - DAY 13

Buffy takes a breath.

MR. HANSON  
 So I'm sorry to say, Ms. Summers,  
 that --

BUFFY  
 Mr. Hanson, you did see the  
 recommendation from the CEO of  
 Wolfram & Hart in Los Angeles,  
 right?

MR. HANSON  
 What? I saw no such thing...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Mr. Hanson takes up the file one final time and turns to a certain block of pages.

There, set in a fine and obviously seasoned hand, is written:  
 "Personally recommended by Angel, CEO, Wolfram & Hart. 10940  
 Wilshire Boulevard - Los Angeles, CA - 90024-3915. 310-555-  
 8282."

Mr. Hanson pauses for a moment, stunned. His eyes adjust, checking over the recommendation again. Was that there before...?

MR. HANSON (cont'd)  
 Hm. I'm sorry, Ms. Summers, I must  
 have missed this. It certainly is a  
 very impressive recommendation.  
 (less optimistic)  
 Of course, I'll have to check its  
 legitimacy.

Buffy shows a flare of cockiness, extremely confident.

BUFFY  
 Of course.

Mr. Hanson takes the phone and dials. In the brief moment she has, Buffy gives Willow a thumbs-up and smiles. The phone RINGS.

FEMALE SECRETARY (V.O.)  
 (filtered)  
 Wolfram & Hart, Angel's office.  
 This is Harmony. How can I help  
 you?

CUT TO:

14 INT. LOBBY - LATER

14

Buffy, Willow, and Xander move through the lobby towards the front doors. Buffy has her suit jacket over her shoulder, suddenly casual and very happy.

BUFFY  
 Buffy Summers, councilor  
 extraordinaire. It's got a nice  
 ring to it.

WILLOW  
 Think you'll do as good here as you  
 did in Sunnydale?

BUFFY  
 Hope not. Otherwise I'll get fired  
 twice.

15 EXT. CHARLESTON & SMITHE - DUSK 15

Buffy and Co. move out of the counseling building. Their faces are still bright. They move past the paved square and make ready to cross the street.

Parked on the street behind a large van is a gold motorcycle. A HEAVY LEATHER BOOT sets down onto the pavement and prepares to kick off.

CUT TO:

16 EXT. SUMMERS' HOUSE - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING 16

The house sits peacefully on the lane, back-lit by a beautiful full moon.

ANYA (V.O.)

Oh, come on. Darth Vader is so evil!

17 INT. SUMMERS' HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 17

Anya stands behind Andrew, watching "The Empire Strikes Back" on the television. Luke and Vader strike their final blows upon the Bespin platform. Surprisingly, Anya seems into it moreso than Andrew.

ANDREW

Anya, Darth Vader is so obviously a tortured soul crying out for help. Does he kill Luke here? No! He begs him to join him.

ANYA

To join the Dark Side.

ANDREW

That doesn't matter. It's a father trying to bond with his son. More families could use that.

ANYA

He cuts off Luke's hand!

On the television screen, Luke cradles his severed wrist. Darth Vader approaches.

Andrew seems unimpressed.

ANDREW

He's punishing him for being so stubborn.

(beat)

Think about it. Luke joins with Darth.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANDREW(cont'd)

They bring order, and in a few years, no one dies. Whereas the way it is, innocent Ewoks are butchered. And don't even get me started on the books and comics and-

ANYA

Shh, Andrew! I'm trying to watch the movie!

The door pops open and in walk Buffy, Willow, and Xander. Anya looks at them, but Andrew's eyes stay fixed on the film.

BUFFY

Hey. Where are the others?

ANYA

Upstairs, playing a horrible game where they launch poor defenseless turtles at each other.

WILLOW

How is it that Buffy just managed to get a job, and yet we have 'Star Wars' and 'Mario Kart?'

JACKSON (O.S.)

You'd be surprised with some of the connections I have.

Jackson hurries down the stairs. Sees Buffy and looks quite happy.

JACKSON (cont'd)

I was taught respect by a dinosaur. Any luck at Charleston?

BUFFY

Yep.

(to Xander)

Hate Angel all you want, but he's good for some things.

ANYA

And bad for others, since you two could never have sex.

Buffy's look cuts Anya off. She takes the hint. Jackson is positively confused, but keeps his mouth shut. Willow sits down onto the sofa.

WILLOW

I'm beat. A long day of monotony topped off by a mediocre spell.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

XANDER

Willow, when people ask you how you  
work your magic, do you take it  
literally?

CUT TO:

18 EXT. SUMMERS' HOUSE - NIGHT

18

The street is quiet. Parks are lined up in orderly rows. Somewhere an OWL calls out to the night. We DOLLY over a few vehicles. A blue Focus... a green Escort... and a gold bike. The familiar boots stand next to the motorcycle.

Syn looks at Buffy's home with an intense stare. His eyes are fixed on what he wants. He moves forward and onto the road, dead serious.

A car approaches on the street. A police cruiser. It stops. The driver waits patiently for a moment, then rolls down his window and looks out. OFFICER EVANS is obviously impatient.

EVANS

Buddy, could you get out of the  
way, please?

Syn doesn't respond. He doesn't even seem to register.

EVANS (cont'd)

Look, pal, I'm really not in the  
mood to make an arrest over this.  
Get out of the way.

Again, nothing.

Evans sighs. The cruiser's red and blue lights flash. The door pops open and Evans steps out, fully in uniform. He approaches Syn, ready to take out his frustration. Evans retrieves his flashlight and points.

Syn is illuminated, and yet there's still no response, his eyes fixed on Buffy's house. Evans inches closer, now only a foot away.

EVANS (cont'd)

Are you alright?

The officers brings the light to shine in Syn's eyes. They don't adjust, almost catatonic. Evans sighs, unsure of what to do --

Just as Syn's hands shoot out and twist Evans at the neck, cracking the bone! Evans drops like a slab of dead meat. Syn spares one last look at the Summers' residence, then glances at his latest kill.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A thought seems to enter his mind, the hint of a smile on his face. Syn kneels down and extends his arm over Evans' shocked face.

Close on Syn's wrist as something moves beneath the skin. Slender and long. It runs along the vein and manages to break through the flesh.

We SEE only a small bit as the 'tentacle' reaches out for Evans' face --

**BLACK OUT.**

**END OF ACT ONE**

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

19 INT. SUMMERS' HOUSE - NIGHT

19

Buffy approaches the stairwell. She seems a little drowsy after the long day. Passes Dawn on the way up.

BUFFY

Hey. I'm gonna take a shower, okay?

DAWN

Gotcha. Scream if you need anything.

BUFFY

Will do.

She climbs the stairs and steps onto the second level. Takes a moment to look into Xander's bedroom -- he's going at it with Kennedy, playing a video game. Buffy smiles.

She crosses into the bathroom and yawns. Looks at herself in the mirror. Tired, but still beautiful. She runs the faucet, ready to splash water onto her face --

A horrifying, feminine SCREAM splits the air. Coming from a nearby room. Buffy, without hesitation, charges out of the bathroom and makes an immediate right, through the open door and into Andrew's bedroom. Xander and Kennedy follow from the other room.

Andrew is slumped against the wall, not so much terrified as interested in an extremely cautious way.

BUFFY (cont'd)

What? What is it?

ANDREW

The... the closet.

BUFFY

What's in there?

Andrew rises and looks. The sliding closet door is closed. He holds two action figures in his hands.

ANDREW

I was in there with these, trying to get the proper lighting, you know? And just as Darth Frodo was beginning to get the upper-hand on Master Skywalker, which is understandable, since he's so small he can duck under --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BUFFY

Andrew!

ANDREW

Okay. Anyway, just as Frodo insulted the prequels, and Luke said that 'Clones' was better than 'Jedi,' that thing appeared out of nowhere.

Buffy slowly approaches the closet. Takes the knob and prepares to pull.

BUFFY

What is it?

ANDREW

A weird symbol.

Buffy pulls open the closet and looks in. Prepared to be freaked.

In the closet, a symbol is burned into the wall. Large and angled, looking similar to "<|>."

Buffy backs up, curious. She looks to Andrew.

BUFFY

Is it demonic? You're the expert on these types of things.

ANDREW

If it is, I haven't seen it before.

(sighs)

And to think, I'm sure Luke was about to make a comeback.

From downstairs, we can HEAR someone KNOCK at the door. Buffy rolls her eyes, impatient.

DAWN (O.S.)

(calling)

Buffy, should I get that?

20

INT. DOWNSTAIRS - SECONDS LATER

20

Buffy hurries down the stairs. She takes the knob and opens the door -- revealing Officer Evans, seemingly alive and well. Buffy is taken aback for a moment, then manages to regain her composure.

BUFFY

Can I help you, Officer?

EVANS

Is this the Summers' residence?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BUFFY

Um, yes it is. Is there anything I  
can help you with?

Evans steps right in, brushing Buffy off. She closes the  
door, a sardonic smile on her mouth.

BUFFY (cont'd)

(sarcastic)

Please, come in.

EVANS

We had a complaint about the music  
being too loud. Do you know  
anything about that?

BUFFY

Well, considering we don't even  
have a stereo set up --

EVANS

(cutting in)

Don't get smart with me, girl. I'm  
in no mood. I'm just gonna take a  
look around.

BUFFY

Looking for... ?

EVANS

I really don't like your tone.

Evans starts up the stairs. Buffy and Dawn exchange looks.  
They definitely understand each other.

DAWN

We've moved onto the set of 'Maniac  
Cop.'

21 INT. UPSTAIRS - NIGHT

21

Evans moves into the hallway. There's a fork, leading to two  
rooms. He takes a left and slowly pushes open the door.

Xander and Kennedy continue their game. Xander catches sight  
of the officer. Freezes. Kennedy follows suit.

XANDER

Umm... are you looking for the  
bathroom?

EVANS

Is there anything in the bathroom?

KENNEDY

A toilet.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EVANS  
Anything else?

XANDER  
A sink... are you looking for  
something specific?

Andrew exits his room and moves into the hallway, crossing past Evans and barely taking notice of him. He proudly holds one of his action figures.

ANDREW  
Xander, I broke Frodo's hand off.  
Can you fix it?

Evans turns, almost like a startled animal who also happens to be on the prowl. He takes a long hard look at the boy.

EVANS  
There's somethin' strange about  
you.

ANDREW  
I liked 'Star Trek V?'

Evans unclips a flashlight from his belt. He turns it on and flashes the beam in Andrew's eyes. His pupils barely react. Even Andrew thinks this guy is strange.

EVANS  
You on drugs, boy?

ANDREW  
Not to my knowledge.

Evans' flashlight indicates Andrew's room.

EVANS  
That's your room?

ANDREW  
Yes.

Evans pushes past Andrew and into the boy's room. It's bare, with only a mattress, a bare window and the open closet. Evans approaches the closet and looks in. He sees the symbol, bringing his flashlight beam to bear down upon it.

Evans tilts his head awkwardly, as though the origin of the symbol is on the tip of his tongue, just beyond the reaches of his mind.

22 INT. DOWNSTAIRS - NIGHT

22

Buffy sits on the couch, nervous. Dawn is beside her, trying to keep her cool.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BUFFY

What if he finds something?

DAWN

There's nothing to find.

BUFFY

Yeah... but, what if he finds something?

WILLOW (O.S.)

He won't.

Buffy's head turns. Willow is in the kitchen, dusting off the last of a white powder from the countertop. It's Sage. Evans moves down the stairway.

He stops before the door and looks to Buffy, disapproving and obviously disappointed. She meets his stare, trying not to be confrontational.

EVANS

(grumbling)

Well, I'm sorry for the disturbance. Just doin' my part to -  
-

He catches sight of something. Willow... with the white powder!

EVANS (cont'd)

I knew there was something wrong with this. He told me it'd be the one with red hair.

WILLOW

(panicking)

What? I -- I'm not doing anything!

Evans crosses across the living room to meet the witch. Dabs his fingers in the Sage and smiles.

EVANS

That's heroin if I've ever seen it, girl.

WILLOW

Then you obviously haven't seen it!

BUFFY

Officer, there's gotta be some kind of mistake -- !

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

EVANS

You tryin' to make trouble, girl?  
Now I'm gonna be a nice guy and  
just take your druggie friend in.  
But start spouting off with that  
lip and I'll just have to throw you  
in lock-up as well.

Evans takes Willow, who's obviously panicking, from behind and slaps the handcuffs on her. He walks her to the door. She passes Buffy and Dawn...

WILLOW

Buffy!

BUFFY

We'll fix this, Will. I promise.

Xander and Kennedy watch from the stairs in a stunned silence. Evans pops open the door and pushes Willow out. He's about to step out himself as Buffy notices something.

Burned into Evans' wrist, like some kind of horrifying tattoo, is the familiar <|> mark!

Buffy steps forward to react, but before she can, Evans is out the door and into the night. The door SLAMS in her face, shepherding us to a --

**BLACK OUT.**

**END OF ACT TWO**

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

23 INT./EXT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT 23

Evans takes Willow by the arm. The night is cool and quiet, as though all life has stopped to watch. He rips open the glass door and pushes her into the station. In the b.g., heavy tree branches stir -- almost as if something dark and unseen is causing unrest.

24 INT. POLICE STATION - LOBBY. NIGHT. 24

Evans leads Willow to the check-in desk. Around them, UNIFORMED COPS perform their evening tasks. There's a definite sense of boredom and tranquillity. KINCAID, the desk clerk, takes notice of the girl. Raises his eyebrows.

KINCAID

Can I help you, Evans?

EVANS

She's a dealer. Caught her redhanded.

KINCAID

Another one?

EVANS

It's a damned hive that keeps spreading. Gonna take her into the back and ask her some questions.

(to Willow)

Some important questions. Willow shudders.

25 INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER 25

Evans leads Willow down the corridor. A few COPS take notice. None pause to examine, though. As they pass a particular door -- CPT. WILCOX exits. Followed by a man we can't yet see.

CPT. WILCOX

Now, you're sure everything's going to work out with the loan?

JACKSON (O.S.)

Absolutely.

Jackson follows Cpt. Wilcox out. Jackson just manages to catch sight of the passing duo. Girl with red hair... so familiar.

As Evans and Willow turn the corner, the witch catches sight of the realtor. Jackson is momentarily stunned.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CPT. WILCOX  
The bank's already cleared it?

JACKSON  
(lost)  
What?  
(regains composure)  
Oh. Well, it isn't cleared yet. But  
the bank is confident, and so am I.  
I wouldn't worry, Tom.

CPT. WILCOX  
Excellent. Don't know what I'd do  
without you, Jackson.

JACKSON  
(wandering)  
Yeah... right... me neither...

CPT. WILCOX  
You okay?

JACKSON  
Huh?

26 INT. SUMMERS' HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

26

Buffy sits on the couch, her hands in her hair. Andrew and Xander are next to her. Anya, Dawn, and Kennedy stand behind, thoughtful. Though Anya seems a bit cheerier in the face than the others.

BUFFY  
That symbol. I know I saw it on  
him. And if he's a demon, where are  
we going to find Willow?

ANDREW  
There have to be clues somewhere.  
There's always clues!

BUFFY  
(snaps)  
Then show me where they are,  
Andrew! You're the demon expert.  
Where did this asshole take Willow?

Xander hesitates. It's obvious, even as he talks, that he doesn't completely believe in what he says:

XANDER  
Buffy, there's gotta be a way.  
We'll find it. And Willow... well,  
if anything hits the fan, she can  
take care of herself.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BUFFY

But what if she can't?

ANYA

Then you'll see her again someday  
in a few extra pieces.

Buffy shoots Anya a look. Not at all amused.

KENNEDY

We have to find her. And soon.

ANDREW

Thank you, Captain Obvious.

Kennedy's glare is enough to avert Andrew's gaze. She looks even more determined than Buffy.

BUFFY

But where? If it's a demon, there  
has to be a group of them  
somewhere. An alley... a sewer...  
God, Sunnydale was so much smaller  
than this! There's a thousand  
different places she could be.

JACKSON (O.S.)

Like the police station six blocks  
away.

Everyone looks to the entrance. Jackson stands in the doorway and closes the door. Approaches Buffy.

JACKSON (cont'd)

Sorry for not knocking. But I was  
handling some real estate with a  
friend in the area, and I saw your  
red-headed friend being led down  
the hall.

BUFFY

Jackson, but... but --

(thinks)

How could she be there? If he's a  
demon, even a cop-demon, he  
wouldn't just take her down to the  
station.

DAWN

Unless he's not a demon.

ANDREW

Thank you, Capt --

Dawn swats Andrew in the back of the head. He shuts up and sinks into the sofa.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

XANDER

What if he's not a demon? The mark might not be evil. Maybe he's a nice, happy cop who decided to take Willow in for her own safety.

The gaze of everyone in the room, including Andrew, immediately quiets the half-serious Xander for a few moments.

XANDER (cont'd)

...or not.

BUFFY

I don't like it. Demon or not, there was something weird in his eyes. And that mark...

ANYA

What if it's possession?

BUFFY

What?

ANYA

Well, he could be possessed, and the mark could be a kind of ownership receipt.

KENNEDY

As much as I hate to say it, it makes sense.

BUFFY

Well, even so, if someone else wanted Willow, wouldn't he have the guy bring her to him?

ANYA

Not if it's half-assed. The owner might only control a little bit of the cop.

Silence. Everyone seems lost in thought, their gazes falling upon Anya. How could she have guessed that? She seems to see in their eyes.

ANYA (cont'd)

(obviously)

Hello, vengeance demon!

XANDER

So that means that the cop was acting on instinct. And if the owner wanted Willow --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

BUFFY  
 (finishing)  
 -- he's gonna have to take her for  
 himself.

Without a second thought, Buffy makes for the stairs.  
 Determined and hellbent.

DAWN  
 So what are you going to do?

BUFFY  
 Do my hair.

27 INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT 27

The door opens. Evans leads Willow in and lets go of her arm. She touches it gingerly... he certainly wasn't gentle. A steel table is at the center of the cold white room. She slowly sits in one of the provided chairs.

EVANS  
 Enjoy yourself. I'll be back in a  
 few minutes to have a nice little  
 chat.

Evans slams the door shut, the sound ECHOING throughout the room. Willow studies her surroundings -- stark and bleak. No way out but the locked door.

28 EXT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT 28

Evans moves out of the station. He crosses the courtyard and moves into a small brush. The trees sway unnervingly.

The officer definitely notices, but something else seems to be on his mind. He COUGHS loudly... and then AGAIN... and then repeatedly for a few moments.

He collapses to the dirt-covered ground. Evans jerks and spasms. His body is tossed across the ground. Unable to control himself.

Suddenly, one of the tree-bound shadows moves. It seems to step into the night and take a physical form. Syn!

29 INT. SUMMERS' HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 29

Familiar and yet not, FOOTSTEPS are heard on the stairs. Slowly descending. Everyone turns, waiting -- to be comforted? To be robbed of hope?

Buffy appears. Clad all in black. Boots, pants, gloves, etc. It clashes with her strikingly blonde hair, held tight in a ponytail.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

XANDER

Nice look. Watched 'The Crow'  
lately?

BUFFY

Cute. No, I have to wear this. The  
place is going to be full of armed  
cops, and chances are it wouldn't  
be a good start in this town if I'm  
arrested fighting my way in there.  
I have to get to Willow before Mr.-  
Too-Scared-To-Grab-Her-Himself  
does.

KENNEDY

And I'm going too.

BUFFY

No, you're not. That place is full  
of cops. I'm the only one capable  
of taking them.

KENNEDY

In case you didn't notice, I'm a  
Slayer too.

BUFFY

But do you have my sense of  
fashion?

(beat)

It's not just about being a Slayer,  
Kennedy. Trust me.

CUT TO:

30

EXT. PATHWAY - OUTSIDE POLICE STATION - NIGHT

30

Buffy walks long the path, determined. Knowing what has to be  
done. She catches sight of the station, with police cruisers  
parked outside in the lot. She tenses, almost out of  
embarrassment.

BUFFY

So, the Slayer is taking on  
boyscouts. I think I miss  
Sunnydale.

Buffy approaches the building, sighs... Evans springs out  
from the bush and tackles her! He's changed. Bigger, with a  
vampire-like face and an overall more demonic appearance.

Buffy rises and kicks him, causing him to fly back into the  
brush. She hurries to him. Evans and Buffy exchange blows,  
dodging the overhanging branches of large oak trees.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Neither seems to have the upper hand until Buffy manages a roundhouse kick, sending Evans right into a tree. He drops to his knees.

Buffy takes a massive fallen branch and BASHES it into the side of Evans' head. Hard enough for the branch to shatter! Evans falls back, easily knocked cold.

BUFFY (cont'd)  
Who knew? Size matters. Sorry,  
Spike.

31 INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

31

The desk clerk, Kincaid, eyes his computer screen intently. But he's not watching security footage or typing a report -- he's playing 'Diablo II'!

We can HEAR the front doors open. The clerk panics. He immediately clicks off his game. He looks towards the entrance, milliseconds away from sweating.

KINCAID  
Good patrol tonight, Michaels?

But it's not a cop walking through -- it's Buffy, now wearing her mask and dragging along Evans' unconscious form.

KINCAID (cont'd)  
Holy S -- !

BUFFY  
I'm just looking for the bathroom.  
It's down the hall, right?

The clerk hits a button on the bottom shelf of his desk. It begins to flash. He draws his gun and trains it on the Slayer. Buffy freezes.

BUFFY (cont'd)  
Out of order?

Buffy stands Evans up, slowly. He rocks forward and back. Kincaid is confused. Suddenly Buffy leaps up, grabs hold of a support beam on the ceiling, and kicks Evans forward -- straight into Kincaid!

The Slayer drops down and moves for the two downed men. She retrieves Evans' bulk. Kincaid is out cold.

BUFFY (cont'd)  
First date and you're already on  
your back.

Doors open in the hall. Armed OFFICERS, decked out in assault gear, hurry out and aim at Buffy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

At least ten of them are present. There's a strange silence, like the calm before the storm, then:

                  BUFFY (cont'd)  
                  (to Evans)  
                  I mean, that's just tacky.

Cpt. Wilcox steps forward.

                  CPT. WILCOX  
                  Put him down and place your hands  
                  on your head!

                  BUFFY  
                  My hands are on his head.

The sound of ten simultaneous safeties being clicked off is very audible.

                  CPT. WILCOX  
                  Last chance.

                  BUFFY  
                  For what? The sale at J.C.  
                  Penney's?

The armed policemen step forward, training their weapons on her heart.

                  BUFFY (cont'd)  
                  (sighs)  
                  Fine. Let's play.

The room goes alight with gunfire. Hammers quickly discharge as Buffy takes cover behind Evans' body, bullets exploding into his demonic chest.

                  CPT. WILCOX  
                  Hold your fire! Hold your fire!!

All we can HEAR are shells hitting the tile-like floor. Smoke fills the air, limiting seeing distance to nothing more than a foot or two.

Cpt. Wilcox steps forward, cautiously. Inch by inch. Something appears in the smoke... a silhouette... coming straight at him!

He topples backwards, Evans smashing hard into him and landing on top. In the smoke, the figure of a girl approaches... the cops desperately prepare to fire... Buffy is upon them!

She sweeps the legs out from under one of them. Another meets her foot and is driven into the wall. One by one they fall, the smoke concealing the Slayer.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Cpt. Wilcox comes to... just in time to have Buffy kick him corkscrew style into and through the front desk. The smoke dissipates.

Buffy moves down the hall, passing the battered, bruised, and unconscious forms of the downed police officers.

BUFFY  
(singing softly)  
"Bad boys, bad boys... whatcha  
gonna do? Whatcha gonna do when  
they come for you?"

32 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

32

Willow is sprawled out across the floor. It looks as though she's been beaten. The door, with a loud CRASH, tumbles to the ground. Buffy enters and sees her injured friend.

BUFFY  
Willow!

She runs to the downed girl. Willow stirs, groggy.

WILLOW  
Where am I?

BUFFY  
I'll tell you later. Right now I  
need to get you out of here.

WILLOW  
What's going on?

Buffy lifts Willow up, letting her full weight fall upon her shoulder.

BUFFY  
Nothin' out of the ordinary.  
Demoniac symbols and possessed cops.  
That's all.

WILLOW  
Fun times.

33 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

33

The two women move down the corridor, Willow limping. Suddenly Buffy freezes, stopping Willow dead in her tracks as well.

BUFFY  
Something's wrong.

WILLOW  
What?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BUFFY  
Something's... different.

Something RATTLES above. Almost as if it's in the ceiling. Buffy let's go of Willow and steps forward, inspecting what's above. She presses her hand to her side, a little more hurt than she'd like to let on.

WILLOW  
You're right. Something is definitely wrong.  
(beat)  
Why did you come here for me?

BUFFY  
What? You shouldn't have to ask.  
You're my friend.

WILLOW  
Yeah, but did you want to?  
(darker)  
Why waste the time if you're not gonna have a little fun?

Buffy slowly turns. Perplexed.

BUFFY  
What?

Halfway through her turn, "Willow" smiles. Suddenly, in a lightning quick motion, she lowers herself and sweeps her leg out, right into Buffy, who falls back --

"Willow" rises and suddenly begins to MORPH into the Shadow form, then into something else --

And before Buffy has time to hit the ground, the fully transformed Syn manages to kick her straight into the stone wall. She crashes into it -- headfirst -- destroying a few heavy blocks. Buffy's out cold.

SYN  
Nighty-night, princess.

Syn turns and walks a few paces. Then he leaps high -- almost impossibly so -- and punches through an access shaft on the ceiling.

As gravity takes hold, something falls from above and follows him down. The real Willow.

SYN (cont'd)  
I guess we're just going to have to play somewhere else.

34 EXT. POLICE STATION - MOMENTS LATER 34

Syn carries Willow's unconscious form. He pauses just beside a police cruiser. He shoots his hand forward in a powerful motion and shatters the window.

35 INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT 35

The hall remains littered with unconscious bodies. Buffy begins to stir. From the damage to the wall, she's going to have one hell of a headache.

A hand reaches down to touch her face. Her eyes flutter. They finally focus. Go wide with shock --

Evans looks at her, extremely pissed. He brings his other hand down and takes her by the throat, beginning to squeeze. Buffy is too weak to fight back.

Suddenly Evans jerks upward, in a horrific arc. A blade juts out from his chest and turns. His breathing slows as his face becomes full of shock and realization... and then returns to its human form. The blade retracts and Evans slumps, quite dead.

Kennedy stands before Buffy, quite unsympathetic to Evans' situation.

KENNEDY  
Where is she?

Buffy struggles for breath, disappointment quickly overtaking her face.

**BLACK OUT.**

**END OF ACT THREE**

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

36 EXT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

36

Buffy and Kennedy angrily exit the station. Kennedy is determined, to the point and not ready for small talk. Buffy follows her down the walk, then pauses. Catches sight of something interesting.

BUFFY'S P.O.V.

At the end of the parking lot, a vehicle sits that is quite different from the numerous police cruisers. A golden motorcycle.

Buffy continues looking.

BUFFY

Wait, Kennedy. Hold on a second.

KENNEDY

We don't have any time.

Buffy doesn't heed her warning. She makes for the bike. Kennedy lets off a frustrated sigh, then follows the blonde girl. A large insignia is painted onto the side of the motorcycle. It doesn't look demonic -- more like a call sign. Buffy drops to the ground and looks.

Inspecting the underside, she notices something odd... the <|> symbol is burned into the material.

BUFFY

It's his.

KENNEDY

Then why did he leave it?

BUFFY

Two people. He took Willow with him. He'd need one of their cars.

KENNEDY

Can we use it to find him?

BUFFY

We need someone who knows the area and everything about it.

CUT TO:

37 EXT. JACKSON'S HOUSE - NIGHT

37

Buffy knocks hard on the door. Kennedy stands beside her. The motorcycle is balanced to her side, held in place.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The LOCK SNAPS and the door opens. Jackson observes the two women, drowsy.

JACKSON

(yawns)

You two do know that it's after midnight, right?

BUFFY

We need to talk. Now.

CUT TO:

38

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

38

Willow's eyes flutter. Slowly she comes to. She's laid upon the stone floor, resting in the center of the room. She checks her surroundings. The corpses of both gangs are still in their previous positions, blood staining the surroundings.

SYN (O.S.)

We needed some privacy.

Willow turns. Syn is standing beside her. He kneels.

WILLOW

Who are you?

SYN

They called me Syn. But here, I have no real name.

WILLOW

Nice name. What do you want?

SYN

I want you, of course. Why else would I go through all this trouble?

WILLOW

Guys don't say that to me too often.

SYN

Specifically, I want what's inside of you. That was a very interesting thing you did, Willow. The spell.

WILLOW

Which spell? I've done a few in my time.

SYN

The one that brought me. Somehow, you were strong enough to close a dimensional tear.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SYN(cont'd)

Of course, to close such a thing,  
you have to steal power from  
something else. Because of you, I  
was ejected from my own world.

(beat)

But every cloud has a silver  
lining, as they say. And I think  
I'm gonna have a whole lot of fun  
here.

CUT TO:

39

EXT. JACKSON'S HOUSE - NIGHT

39

Jackson is on his knees, inspecting the bike. Buffy and  
Kennedy stand aside. The younger Slayer is clearly growing  
impatient.

KENNEDY

Is there anything on it or not?  
We're running out of time!

His fingers fall upon the painted "logo."

JACKSON

Yeah, I know it. It's one of the  
local gangs in town.

KENNEDY

Finally some progress. Where do we  
find 'em?

JACKSON

That's the hard part. I do some  
dealings with the cops here, and I  
learn things. The gangs here don't  
tend to stay in one place very  
long.

KENNEDY

(grates teeth)

Dammit.

BUFFY

Do you know anything, Jackson? We

need to find her before it's too late. Jackson rises and  
wipes off his hands. Looks at Buffy, thinking.

JACKSON

I was at the station tonight  
handling some business with the  
captain when I saw Willow. He  
mentioned something about them  
trying to take down a gang  
operation just outside of town. A  
weapons deal of some sort.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACKSON(cont'd)

(beat)

These guys were involved.

BUFFY

And you know where to find them?

JACKSON

I know where it was.

KENNEDY

Okay, so we're dealing with an athletic shapeshifter and a gang. We run by the house and get everyone else.

Buffy eyes Jackson's car, sitting in the driveway.

BUFFY

We don't have time and you know it. It's just us.

KENNEDY

Us versus the world? What else is new?

CUT TO:

40

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

40

A trail of gasoline runs a circle around Willow. Her wrists are bound, as are her ankles.

Syn lets the last of the gasoline drip out of the container, then tosses it away.

WILLOW

There's gonna be fire? Why is there always fire?

SYN

Your light-haired friend is resourceful, I think. I would have finished her, but I was pressed for time. So reinforcements are in order.

Syn hurries away from Willow and approaches the downed bikers. Merik is closest. He kneels, then extends his wrist. From beneath the skin, the tentacle writhes. It breaks the skin -- a sharp arrow-like surface at the end, and a transparent sack covering the bulk of the length. It shoots into Merik's wrist.

Merik jumps to life! His body convulses and his eyes go bloodshot for a moment, then return to normal. He COUGHS violently.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SYN (cont'd)

A shame I can't control them permanently after resuscitation. I can merely influence their unstable minds.

(sighs)

Oh well.

41 INT. WAREHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

41

Syn lowers himself to Willow. She writhes, trying to break her bonds, but cannot. In the b.g., we can make out the forms of six zombified bikers.

SYN

Strange, isn't it? That a witch as strong as you can't break through leather. Whereas, I am strong, and yet cannot perform magic.

His finger lightly touches the gas. The digit flares orange for a moment... the gasoline catches aflame! Syn smiles as a ring of flames is formed around the captured witch.

SYN (cont'd)

I do have some tricks of my own, though.

Syn is kneeled within the circle. Where the fire meets his flesh, nothing happens. It's as though he's impervious to the heat. He lowers his wrist to Willow's neck.

She flinches... then the arrow tentacle flies out and stings into her neck. Beams of blue energy are seen through the transparent sack. Shooting into Willow in steady numbers. She squirms slightly.

Syn seems pleased, enjoying every moment. It's almost like a demonic orgasm.

BUFFY (O.S.)

Why is it that no guys seem to get that when a girl says no, they shouldn't stick her?

Buffy, Kennedy, and Jackson stand at the entrance. Syn takes little notice.

The biker gang -- Merik, Kane, and the Vampire Bikers -- stand before the trio. They grin, anxious for the fight.

JACKSON

Four-on-three.

BUFFY

Hardly a fair fight.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She charges at Merik and lands the first blow. Jackson and Kennedy follow suit. Buffy and Kennedy more than hold their own, though Jackson has some trouble. Kane launches him across the room. He crashes into the weapon cache.

Syn and Willow are still locked in their twisted embrace. Her eyes open and roll back, small veins showing. They close, then open again... pure white.

Syn's face goes dark. Disappointment abounds. Willow's fighting back. The blue beams suddenly halt, as though unsure what to do... then start rushing into Syn! He lets out a terrible, pain filled SCREAM!

The others are locked in their fights. Jackson digs through the cache as Kane approaches. The larger man prepares to pound the man into pavement, but Jackson finds a wooden spear. He splinters it in two on his knee, then thrusts it into the zombie's chest. He dies.

JACKSON

Kennedy!

She turns. Just long enough for one of the Vampire Bikers to get the advantage. He nails her hard.

VAMPIRE BIKER

Little girls shouldn't fight big men.

Jackson tosses her a broad sword. She catches it and seems to wield it with ease.

KENNEDY

It's not the size that counts...

She slices his head clean off. Manages to rise, and with one graceful movement runs the other Vampire Biker through. He shrieks and slides off the blade, dead.

KENNEDY (cont'd)

...it's what you do with it.

She catches sight of Willow's battle with Syn. Prepares to charge. Buffy notices, locked in a fight with Merik.

BUFFY

She's your girl, Kennedy. Go get her!

Kennedy nods and tosses Buffy the broad sword. Merik hesitates, unsure of what to do.

BUFFY (cont'd)

What? It's not the same when you can't beat on the defenseless girl?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Syn is blown apart from Willow. He nails the wall hard, imprinting into it. Willow rises and -- with ease -- rips her bonds away.

Her hair is a strange triple-streak of red, white, and black. Kennedy rushes to her side. Impressed, yet almost not believing.

KENNEDY

Willow?

WILLOW

Woah. I kick ass.

Syn recovers and charges at the duo. He kicks Kennedy hard, sending her to the ground. He duels with Willow. Her speed is impossibly fast, almost like Syn in our introduction to him. She blocks and parries, never giving him the upper hand. Willow tosses Syn.

He drives hard into Kennedy, both of them moving through the flames. Slowly they rise... and they both look like Kennedy!

Buffy throws Merik to the side. He loses his balance. She's upon him and swipes down with the sword, splitting him in two at the torso.

BUFFY

Girl power. Gotta love it.

The two Kennedies look at each other, then at Willow. Both look worried and legitimate.

KENNEDY/KENNEDY

(simultaneous)

Willow! It's her!

Willow stares, unsure. Buffy comes to her side. Looks on in disbelief. Who is it?

KENNEDY

Willow, you know me! Please!

KENNEDY/SYN

It's a trick! She's trying to get you to kill me!

KENNEDY

Willow, you know me!

Her eyes flutter. Which to attack? Kennedy's face is sad for a moment. She can't tell? Then something dawns on her... She turns to the fake.

KENNEDY (cont'd)

You're weak, I'm not.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Kennedy lashes out with her hands. She takes the doppelganger by the neck and twists.

There's a sickening SNAP as the fake slowly changes form... from Kennedy into Syn... and then finally into the Shadow. Quite dead.

KENNEDY (cont'd)

Bitch.

WILLOW

Kennedy!

Willow runs to Kennedy and embraces her tightly. Willow's hair suddenly begins to change. The black streaks begin to disappear, then the white. Soon she's normal, classic Willow.

WILLOW (cont'd)

Well.. that's different...

(yawns)

I'm exhausted.

Willow's eyes close. She's asleep already. Kennedy presses her head to her shoulder, rocking her gently. She looks at Buffy and nods in thanks. Buffy smiles.

DISSOLVE TO:

42

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

42

Willow opens her eyes. She's laying in bed, peaceful. A far cry from the warehouse. Xander leans over her, the only other person in the room. He smiles as she comes to. She returns it.

WILLOW

Hey.

XANDER

Willow, you have to tell me something. And be honest with me.

WILLOW

What?

XANDER

Why is it every girl I meet kicks more ass than I do?

WILLOW

It's a talent.

XANDER

(smiles)

I always told my parents I wasn't talented enough.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILLOW  
Where am I?

XANDER  
Your new place.

Willow is perplexed. She sits up and takes a look around. It's homely. Rather small, but with comfortable furniture and a television.

XANDER  
Kennedy's dad came through a couple hours ago. She didn't wait more than two seconds to rush out and make a deposit.

WILLOW  
She's okay, right? Where is she?

XANDER  
Just getting bandaged up. She and Buffy had a nice little fight.

WILLOW  
They always do.

XANDER  
Yeah, but you don't. From what they tell me, I am seriously impressed.

WILLOW  
That's what I do. Impress you.

XANDER  
And you're good at it.

The door open. Kennedy quietly steps through. Sees Willow is awake and smiles.

KENNEDY  
Hey.

Willow smiles. Xander takes a step back. He regards Kennedy with a smile, then moves to the door.

XANDER  
That's my cue. You kids have fun, but not too much fun.

Xander ducks out of the room. Kennedy draws close to Willow and hugs her. Both smiling, relieved.

43 INT. HALLWAY - DAY

43

Xander steps into the hall. Buffy is next to the wall. Her arms are tight across her chest and she's smiling.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She and Xander exchange a look. For a few moments, it was the original three.

Without a word, Buffy begins down the hall. Xander starts to follow, then takes the door and slowly draws it to a close.

Inside the room, Kennedy and Willow continue their embrace, just as the door locks in place. And that, for now, is how we leave them.

**FADE TO BLACK.**

**END OF SHOW**