

**BUFFY THE VAMPIRE SLAYER**

"We Are Strong"

by  
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TEASER

FADE IN:

1 INT. DISUSED LIBRARY. NIGHT. 1

We're inside an abandoned, dusty library, a few books littered on its otherwise bare shelves. There are no lights on, but a noisy wind is howling outside, making trees rattle their branches against any windows.

As we pan across the scene, we start to pick up a faint glow of light, and as we continue, we pick up dozens of candles, arranged in a loose circle.

Panning across further, the candles have been arranged around a tall figure, sitting cross legged with its back to us in the centre of a large and elaborate magic circle.

We push in on the figure, who shifts position and turns to face us - it's THE CARETAKER, and he seems to be meditating.

After a beat, small, purple orbs of light start to form in the air around the demon, and after circling the Caretaker for a few moments, they all start to zip off in different directions, new orbs appearing to replace the departed.

2 EXT. OUTSIDE LIBRARY. NIGHT. 2

Watching from the path leading up to the dark library, either side of which are more run down and empty buildings, the purple orbs zip free of the library and hover in the air above it.

Buffeted by the winds, they each take a moment before flying off again, each going a different way, at tremendous speeds.

As the last of the first batch of orbs disappears, the scene is broken by someone's BOOT stepping into frame.

3 INT. DEMON LAIR. NIGHT. 3

Changing scene to the interior of a ramshackle apartment, one of the orbs appears at the window as we pan across to pick up a DEMON, humanoid but with a boar-like head, slumped on the sofa, flicking through TV channels.

The orb flits around at the window for a moment, before backing up - and then SMASHING through the glass, darting forward and into the apartment proper.

The Demon scrambles to his feet, almost getting lost in his baggy, mismatched clothes, staring up at the orb.

DEMON  
What in the-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The orb starts to zig zag in the air like an insect, and as the demon's eyes track its movements, we cut back to:

4 INT. DISUSED LIBRARY. NIGHT. 4

The Caretaker shifts its head to the side a little.

5 INT. DEMON LAIR. NIGHT. 5

The demon's head tilts the same way, before its eyes widen.

DEMON  
I... I understand.

The orb FLARES brightly and then disappears. After a beat, the Demon blinks, then marches to the far side of his apartment, scooping piles of empty food cartons out of the way, before re-emerging with a wicked looking AXE in his hands.

The Demon laughs to itself, then hurries towards the door of its apartment, throwing it open and racing out, down the hall.

We hear raised voices and an off-camera SHRIEK before we cut back to:

6 INT. DISUSED LIBRARY. NIGHT. 6

The Caretaker smiles, and looks up as another cluster of purple orbs POP into the air around him.

7 EXT. OUTSIDE LIBRARY. NIGHT. 7

We're back with the boot, slowly tracing it up to find its owner - and it's BUFFY, dressed all in black, her hair back in a neat ponytail, the scythe in her hands.

With her are WILLOW, XANDER, GILES, JACKSON and ANDREW, all armed and looking as determined as Buffy.

Well, maybe not Andrew so much.

Buffy studies the orbs as another wave of them leaves the library.

BUFFY  
What are those things, Will?

WILLOW  
Messenger spirits. Probably taking instructions out to any nasty in a ten-mile radius.  
(turns to Buffy)  
We should hurry this up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Buffy nods and grips the scythe tightly.

BUFFY  
Alright, everybody ready?

Everyone nods - except Andrew, who raises his hand.

BUFFY (cont'd)  
Andrew, tonight of all nights,  
really not the time.

Andrew sheepishly lowers his hand as Buffy starts to stride towards the library, leading the team on.

8 INT. DISUSED LIBRARY. NIGHT.

8

The Caretaker watches as more orbs start to POP into the air, before an off screen door SLAM makes him crane round.

Buffy and the gang have entered the library, and Buffy steps forward, staring the Caretaker down.

BUFFY  
Sorry, I'm afraid the library's  
closed for the night.

The Caretaker stands, and everyone except Buffy looks a little unnerved.

We push in on her as she raises the scythe:

BUFFY (cont'd)  
We're gonna have to ask you to  
leave.

Off her determined grin, we:

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF TEASER**

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

9

INT. SUMMERS RESIDENCE - BUFFY'S ROOM. DAY.

9

TITLE OVER - THREE HOURS EARLIER...

Buffy sits on her bed, looking out through the window as she talks on the phone.

BUFFY

No, you're right, we should absolutely do this.

JACKSON

(filtered; through phone)

You're sure? I mean, I didn't want to push it, because God knows, this is a big deal.

BUFFY

Look, it's like you said. We keep missing our chance to start talking about what happened, and it's time...

(beat; sighs)

Let's just do it. Dinner, tonight. Eight o'clock. You pick where, Surprise me, but make it somewhere quiet, alright?

JACKSON

Deal. I'll call you later. You off work all day today?

BUFFY

Yeah, no clients 'till tomorrow. Lucky me, huh?

JACKSON

Sounds like the life to me! See you later, Buffy.

Buffy hangs up, puts the phone down and takes a deep breath - then turns to see a beaming Willow standing in her doorway. Buffy grins, caught red-handed.

WILLOW

Was that a good call? It sounded like a good call. Well, your half sounded good, I mean. Was it good?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BUFFY

It's just dinner, Willow. Jackson and I have been skirting round things for too long, it's time we started clearing the air.

Willow steps into the room and sits on the bed, next to Buffy. Willow looks more excited about the evening's prospects than Buffy does!

WILLOW

Dinner is still something, right? I mean, dinner is not only an excellent source of nutritional goodness, but it could also, uh, lead to things like talking, and talking is always good - better than not talking, so maybe-

BUFFY

Willow?

WILLOW

(still going)

You could even, maybe, I don't know, go catch a movie or something afterwards, and even get drinks after that! I mean, the night's all yours, who knows what's going to-

BUFFY

Willow!

Willow stops at last as Buffy stands up.

BUFFY (cont'd)

Just dinner. Then I'm coming home. Alone. No matter what gets said. I'm not just gonna jump back into a relationship with Jackson again, there's still too much we have to sort out.

WILLOW

(pouts)

Are you gonna keep using that excuse? 'Cause, gotta say, it's starting to sound a little old.

BUFFY

It's not an excuse, it's just...

(sighs)

Never mind. Any more news about the Circle?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

WILLOW

No, nothing yet, I was gonna go back up later to look around.

BUFFY

Is it safe by yourself up there?

WILLOW

Yeah, I'm pretty sure the angry volcano and horde of snake demons last time were just a blip.

Buffy doesn't look convinced, but heads out of the room as Willow follows.

10

INT. SUMMERS RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM. DAY.

10

The girls walk down the stairs and into the front room, where Andrew and Xander are slumped on the sofa, their eyes glued to the TV. Popcorn and drinks are in good supply.

BUFFY

Xander? Why are you still here?

XANDER

Oh, Anya's still making sure I spend a few hours each day out of her arm's reach. She says it's best for everyone. Plus, Andrew has pretty much every film I ever wanted to see but didn't have time, and so while I have time...

Buffy rolls her eyes and heads into the kitchen as Willow's attention is drawn to the TV.

WILLOW

So, what are you guys watching?

ANDREW

'Dog Soldiers.' It's a British movie, kinda like 'Evil Dead' but with werewolves instead of zombies.

XANDER

And from my perspective, a film about seemingly normal people who turn into ravenous, animal-like killers once a month is giving me plenty of parallels to the times I've spent around you girls.

Xander smirks as Willow playfully swats him upside the head.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILLOW

Well, if you ask me, there's a lot  
to be said for-

Willow trails off, staring into the distance suddenly. Xander notices and sits up, looking round at her.

XANDER

Will?

Buffy re-enters from the kitchen, carrying a glass of water.

BUFFY

Hey, I've got a few hours to kill,  
any of you guys fancy...

Buffy senses something's wrong as Willow slowly straightens - then she blinks once, and her eyes turn PURE WHITE!

XANDER (O.S.)

Uh, Buffy? What's she-

Willow GASPS - and we:

WHITE OUT:

11 EXT. CLEVELAND - STREET. DAY.

11

We cut across to a quiet, suburban street, modest houses lining the road as a middle-aged man heads past us, walking his dog.

After a beat, there is a loud CRACKING sound, and the man freezes as a PORTAL rips itself open in the air in front of him!

A large HAND appears through the portal, slicing downwards as if cutting its way through something, and with another loud RUMBLE, the Caretaker steps through the portal, planting his feet firmly on the sidewalk.

The portal flickers and dies away as the Caretaker, smoking slightly from his journey, looks up and down the street, his gaze falling on the man with the dog.

The dog is BARKING furiously at the Caretaker, but the demon takes one heavy step towards the dog, and with a WHINE it suddenly loses its nerve, cowering behind its owner.

With a last glance at the terrified, shaking man, the Caretaker picks a route and starts walking, his stomping footsteps fading away as it heads off screen and away.

We stay with the man for another beat as he watches the demon stride away, before we SMASH CUT back to:

12

INT. SUMMERS RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM. DAY.

12

Willow GASPS again as her eyes return to normal, and she staggers. Buffy is there to catch her, and Xander and Andrew jump up as Buffy helps Willow down onto the sofa.

BUFFY

What was it, Will? What did you see?

Willow tries to speak but can't, struggling for breath. Andrew hands her a large glass of something fizzy, which she gulps down greedily.

XANDER

Okay, now I may have had less visions than Andrew has had successful relationships...

ANDREW

(scowls)

Hey!

XANDER

... but even I could tell that was a bad one.

BUFFY

Willow? What was it?

Willow pause, still catching her breath, then turns to look up at Buffy and the others.

WILLOW

He's here...

Buffy stands - she knows what that means. Xander doesn't, however, and blinks.

XANDER

Who?

WILLOW

(irritated)

The Caretaker, Xander! I just saw the Caretaker step right back into our dimension, like he owned the place or something.

BUFFY

Where?

WILLOW

Uh, hard to say, just looked like a normal suburb, but he's somewhere close. He's in Cleveland for sure.

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CONTINUED:

XANDER

Better than nothing. Want to rustle up a posse and go track the varmint down?

BUFFY

(shakes head)

No, not this time. Every time we've tried that, he's still been a match for us. We need to start thinking outside the box.

ANDREW

Um, we could try this trap I saw in this one episode of 'Millennium' Season Two, where Lance Henriksen has to find this killer before he-

A look from Buffy shuts Andrew up.

WILLOW

(darkly)

He's not getting away again, Buffy. I won't let him!

BUFFY

Don't worry, he won't.

(grins)

I think I've got a plan. Willow, first you've gotta find him. I'll take care of the rest.

From Buffy's confident look, we cut to:

13

INT. GILES' APARTMENT. DAY.

13

Giles sits at a chair behind a small desk, a pile of papers with the official stamp of the Watcher's Council marking them out as official business, but the glum expression makes it clear he's in no mood to work today.

In contrast, MAX is in the background, cheerfully humming to himself as he rustles up a cup of coffee. He glances across at Giles and smirks.

MAX

How are you feeling today, Rupert?

GILES

Tired.

(rubs eyes)

I don't think I slept very well last night, I had a troubling dream that I can't quite make sense of.

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CONTINUED:

Max walks over and hands Giles a coffee, before settling back down on the sofa, which is still piled high with various books.

MAX

Well, you may or may not be glad to hear I think I'm starting to get somewhere with all this research you've had me doing.

Giles turns, glad to have something else to focus on.

GILES

Oh?

MAX

Absolutely. I was getting stuck for a long time because I kept looking through compendiums of demonic weaknesses, trying to find a hint at how to hurt or even kill the Caretaker, but then I had a brainwave last night.

GILES

You did? What was it?

Max smirks, knowing he's about to put one over on Giles.

MAX

I can't take full credit, it was as much Marie's idea as mine, but over dinner the other night, she mentioned a theory she had.

Giles' look darkens rapidly as Max mentions his dinner date with Marie, and Max tries not to grin again as he sees his comment is having the desired effect on Giles.

MAX(cont'd)

Yes, she said that perhaps we're approaching the problem from the wrong angle.

GILES

Which means what, exactly?

MAX

What if instead of trying to kill the Caretaker, we look at ways to contain it? Trap it somewhere, keep it out of harm's way and away from the Hellmouth for good?

Giles ponders this for a second, nodding.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

GILES

It's certainly plausible, although we'd most likely need a spell of considerable power to have any effect on him. Where were you thinking of looking?

MAX

Finding a spell won't be a problem, I've already found half a dozen high-level conjurations that'll trap a being of pretty much any power inside a holding dimension for an indefinite period. The only question is who we get to cast said spell.

Max sips his coffee, and Giles frowns, knowing full well there's only one person in town with the required power.

GILES

You want me to ask Willow, don't you.

MAX

Not necessarily, I know the trouble you had with her a few years ago, I wouldn't want to be responsible for-

GILES

Max, you can drop the pretence at diplomacy. You know as well as I do that Willow is the only wicca we have available at short notice who has that kind of power.

Max puts his drink down and nods, holding a book out for Giles to read.

MAX

Even so, I didn't feel it was my place to suggest something so drastic of her. Marie told me all about what happened, so I wanted to make sure you knew about the plan before we tried anything.

Giles studies the book - on its pages are illustrations showing witches and wizards casting huge, whirlwind-like spells at towering beasts and demons. Giles lowers the book and looks up at Max.

GILES

We need to be absolutely sure about this, Max.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

GILES(cont'd)

I fought Willow myself when she was last at full power, and even with an entire coven feeding me power, I was no match for her. If anything goes wrong with this, the consequences could be-

MAX

(interrupts)

Something we're just going to have to be prepared for. Rupert, this is our best shot at getting rid of the Caretaker. You've tried brute force and it's had no effect. Let's take things up a notch.

Giles settles back in his chair, a hand on his chin thoughtfully.

GILES

(beat; nods)

Alright. Let's try it.

As Max grins and gathers up the books he'll need, we cut from Giles' still concerned look to:

14 INT. OFFICE SUITE. DAY.

14

Inside a busy, open plan cubicle farm style office floor, full of busy suits and workers, with plenty of background chatter, we pick up ROLLINS, a somewhat overweight, balding man with glasses, dashing across the suite, dodging past various workers.

Rollins looks out of breath, and carries a printout in his hands, which he holds in the air like it was the Olympic Torch, shouting out for people to move out of his way.

He eventually reaches the door to a conference room, and after knocking and waiting a beat, he opens the door and hustles inside.

15 INT. OFFICE SUITE - CONFERENCE ROOM. NEXT.

15

The room is dark, as a Power Point presentation flips past on a big projection screen mounted on one wall. Rollins wheezes for breath, eventually holding up the paper.

ROLLINS

Sir! Sorry to intrude on your meeting, sir, but you need to see this.

VOICE (O.S.)

What is it, Rollins? Take a seat, catch your breath.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VOICE(cont'd)

Rollins sits, and as we pull back a  
little we see that

there are five more men in the room, two either side of the  
long table in the centre of the room, and a fifth seated in a  
high-backed chair at the table's head, out of view.

ROLLINS

We just had confirmation come in,  
sir, from the surveillance  
department.

Rollins holds the paper out, and it gets passed from suit to  
suit before the man at the head of the table gets it.

ROLLINS (cont'd)

Hostile One re-entered our  
dimension at approximately three  
forty-seven, sir, and it's  
currently on the move again.

VOICE

I see. Any idea where it's heading?

ROLLINS

No, sir, not yet, but you said you  
wanted to be alerted as soon as we  
knew it was back, sir, and, well...  
It's back.

VOICE

(beat)

So I see. Thank you, Rollins, that  
will be all. Rollins nods, stands  
and exits the room.

As the door closes, the man in the high-backed chair holds up  
a remote control, switching off the presentation and turning  
the room's lights back up.

As he speaks, we begin to slowly walk round the room,  
gradually bringing him into view.

VOICE (cont'd)

It's as we feared, gentlemen. The  
hostile is indeed back, right here  
in Cleveland.

SUIT #1

I think it's time we moved against  
it.

SUIT #2

I agree, we've wasted too much time  
waiting for it to make the next  
move, it's time we took action!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

There is a murmur of agreement from the suits, before we see the man at the head of the table raise his hands to ask for quiet.

VOICE

I appreciate your concerns - and  
this time, I fully agree with you.  
Our teams are assembled and ready,  
our resources are in place, we're  
never going to get a better chance  
at this.

We follow the man as he stands, revealing himself to us at last - and it's IRWIN KANE!

KANE

It's time we dealt with the  
problem, once and for all.

The other men in the room nod and chatter in agreement, as a smile creeps across Kane's features.

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF ACT ONE**

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

16 INT. SUMMERS RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM. DAY. 16

Willow has taken over the front room, with candles, incense and a wide circle of yellow powder marked out on the carpet.

As she continues arranging small ingredients, busily setting up a spell, we pull back to see Xander and Buffy watching her. Andrew is absent.

BUFFY

(grimaces; quiet)

Please tell me that stuff's gonna come out of my carpet...

XANDER

(quiet)

Relax, I'm sure Willow knows what she's doing. And besides, maybe a big, circular stain on your carpet will come into fashion? You know, we could get on a home makeover show or something, and...

Xander trails off as he sees Buffy's look.

XANDER (cont'd)

Point taken. Shutting up now.

Buffy steps over to Willow, who is muttering to herself as she flicks through a large spell book.

BUFFY

Willow?

Willow doesn't answer, absorbed in her work.

BUFFY (cont'd)

Willow, are you alright?

Buffy reaches out a hand for Willow, but before she can touch her, Willow's head snaps round, and Buffy recoils.

WILLOW

I'm fine, Buffy, really. I just need a little time to get this ready.

Buffy steps back, sensing that Willow's a girl on a mission right now.

BUFFY

Okay, we're here soon as you need us.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Willow glances up at Buffy, then back at her books.

WILLOW

Thanks.

Buffy rejoins Xander, nudging him away, out of earshot.

BUFFY

Alright, she's making me edgy now.  
And I don't like being edgy in my  
own home.

XANDER

She's fine, she's just... Focused,  
that's all.

BUFFY

'Focused'? Xander, I'm worried  
about her. You didn't see what she  
was like when she took me up to the  
Circle, I think this may be  
starting to affect her again, just  
like-

WILLOW (O.S.)

It won't be like last time.

Buffy jolts and looks over to Willow, who has stopped her  
preparations to stare over at Buffy. Willow doesn't have a  
very friendly look in her eyes.

WILLOW (cont'd)

I'm not going to go evil on you,  
Buffy. I just wanna get this guy  
before he does any more damage. To  
any of us.

Willow gets back to work, and Buffy bites her lip, still  
concerned about her friend.

XANDER

Oh, hey, before I forget, Andrew  
said he'll be back later, he just  
had to go do something.

BUFFY

Alright, fine. I'm gonna go make a  
phone call, something tells me my  
evening with Jackson's gonna have  
to wait.

Buffy heads upstairs. Xander waits a beat, then double takes  
and calls after her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

XANDER

Wait, you've got a date with Jackson? When was I going to be told about this?

Buffy's already upstairs, and Xander mutters to himself.

17

INT. PEACHY'S CAFE. DAY.

17

Andrew sits in one of the booths, tapping a straw nervously on the table top as he watches people mill around the restaurant. He checks his watch, and doesn't notice somebody come to stand just outside his booth.

VOICE

Don't tell me I'm late, I could've sworn I got a new watch last week?

Andrew jumps, startled, and looks up - and there's JODY, smiling down at him. Jody slides into the booth opposite Andrew. Andrew suddenly looks intensely nervous.

ANDREW

Um, hi, thanks for, you know, coming out.

(beat)

To meet me! I mean, thanks for coming out to, uh, meet me. Here. Where I work.

(beat; rubs eyes)

Can we start this over?

JODY

Boy, you haven't changed much, huh?

Andrew manages a smile as a waitress steps over. Jody orders a soda, but Andrew just waves her away.

JODY (cont'd)

So what's up? I mean, I know we haven't spoken in a long time, and I do feel kinda responsible for that, but it was really great to hear from you again.

ANDREW

I just, uh, you know, wanted to, uh, speak to you. Seems like, uh, everyone's been, you know, mending bridges and things lately, kind of like how Sydney and Vaughn have to come to terms with things in 'Alias' after she gets kidnapped and brainwashed by the Covenant, and...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Andrew trails off as he sees Jody grinning at him. Andrew manages a brief laugh.

ANDREW (cont'd)  
I'm still babbling, aren't I?

JODY  
You bet. You sound like Threepio when he bumps into those stormtroopers on Cloud City!

Andrew grins at the Star Wars reference.

JODY (cont'd)  
I mean, not the best example, I know, but I can see you're pretty uneasy so I'm just trying to create some familiar territory for you.

ANDREW  
Thanks.

JODY  
How is everybody? Buffy okay?

ANDREW  
Um, yeah, she's trying to sort out things between her and Jackson, you know, after...

Andrew trails off again and Jody lowers his head. They both remember what happened. The waitress arrives with Jody's soda, helping to break the awkward moment.

JODY  
So, guess I'd better fill you in on what's been going on with me, huh? Well, I dropped out of college.

ANDREW  
You did?

JODY  
Yeah, things just felt weird after Dawn... You know. Just 'after Dawn.' It's kind hard to look at the world around you the same way when you know the things we know about it.

ANDREW  
(nods)  
I sure know how that feels.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JODY

Currently, I'm doing a few part time jobs, trying to figure out where I'm supposed to fit back into things now. I mean, I don't think I'm cut out to do what you do every day.

ANDREW

(puzzled)

What do you mean?

JODY

You know, fight evil, save the world, all that business! The hero stuff. It's not my world.

ANDREW

I wouldn't say 'hero,' more like 'sidekick,' maybe, or even-

JODY

Andrew, you have to stop putting yourself down! Looks like you really haven't changed at all, huh?

Jody smiles and sips his drink, and Andrew manages a nervous smile back.

JODY (cont'd)

I know you don't think all that much of what you do, like you're just the annoying kid who hangs around with the big guns, or whatever, but the way I've always seen it, you're still a part of the team. You still help the big picture.

Jody reaches across the table and pats Andrew's hand.

JODY (cont'd)

You're still my hero, Andrew.

Andrew smiles and relaxes a little.

JODY (cont'd)

So! What else is new? Uh, I started writing, you know, I figured maybe I could tell a few stories about what I saw, 'cause I reckon it'd make great TV, and...

We pull away from the scene as Jody continues talking, with Andrew just content to sit and listen, happy to have Jody around.

18

INT. GILES' APARTMENT. DAY.

18

Giles is getting ready to head over to Buffy's, stuffing the spell books Max pointed out into a large satchel, when there's a KNOCK at the door.

Max opens it to reveal MARIE. They smile at each other as she steps past him, heading for Giles. Giles grins back at her, then glances at Max, who gets the message and steps into his room, out of sight.

MARIE

Hello, Rupert! I was hoping I could catch you before you left for Buffy's.

GILES

Max told me about your idea, I'm just going to go and suggest it.

MARIE

Oh, the 'trap, not kill' plan? Do you think it'll work?

GILES

(smiles)

I think it's marvellous.

MARIE

I'm sorry I didn't discuss it with you first, I just knew the risk of getting Willow involved with a spell that powerful, so I just thought I'd ask for a second opinion before I told you, and...

Marie realises she's rambling, and she and Giles share a brief chuckle.

GILES

It's quite alright. How was, ah, dinner?

Marie squirms a little, not sure how much detail to go into.

MARIE

Fine, fine. It was just a quiet bite to eat, nothing particularly spectacular.

GILES

Glad to hear it. I'm not about to tell you not to fraternise with Max while he's still in our custody, but I'm sure I don't need to stress-

(CONTINUED)

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MARIE

I'm not going to get a case of  
 Stockholm Syndrome with him, if  
 that's what you're worried about!  
 He's a very charming man...  
 (beat; smiles)  
 Very charming, but it's not exactly  
 appropriate at the moment, is it?

Giles smiles, nods and closes his bag up. A thought then hits  
 him, and he looks up at Marie again.

GILES

'At the moment'?

MARIE

(covering)  
 Oh, ah, did I say that? Well, I,  
 er, just meant that, well...

MAX (O.S.)

Right then, Marie! Ready to get  
 back to work?

Max steps out of his room, and Marie looks almost relieved.  
 Giles, however, purses his lips and throws his satchel over  
 his shoulder.

MAX(cont'd)

Let us know if you need anything,  
 Rupert. We'll be here most of the  
 night, I expect.

Giles looks at them both, then with a curt nod heads for the  
 door. Marie watches him go, a troubled look on her face,  
 before Giles shuts the door.

Marie turns to see Max has already broken out the wine, and  
 he pours her a glass with a smile.

19

INT. SUMMERS RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM. EVENING.

19

The sun is setting, visible through the living room windows,  
 as Willow sits in the centre of her circle, candles  
 flickering. Her eyes are closed and she's in an almost yogic  
 pose, breathing slowly and deeply.

Buffy watches, pacing up and down on the other side of the  
 room for a few beats before Willow opens one eye to look at  
 her.

WILLOW

Um, Buffy?

BUFFY

Yeah?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILLOW

Could you, uh, not do that pacing thing, please? It's kinda throwing me off.

Buffy nods and sits on the sofa.

BUFFY

Sorry.

WILLOW

(closes eyes again)

It's cool. I'm about ready to start.

BUFFY

So... What's going to happen?

WILLOW

I'll send out some feelers into the area, like little blankets of psychic energy. If any of them get the scent, then parts of the circle here'll light up, kinda the same way I almost found him up in the Circle.

Willow takes a deep breath, and starts to speak an incantation out loud.

WILLOW (cont'd)

*Scoperta il custode, luce il sentiero a lui.*

A slight BREEZE starts to flow across the room, causing all the candle flames to flicker and brushing at Willow's hair.

As the circle of powder around her starts to GLOW a faint yellow, we cut to:

20 EXT. OUTSIDE LIBRARY. EVENING. 20

Looking across at the run down library we last saw in the Teaser, the Caretaker steps into frame, cocking his head to the side as he looks the building up and down.

21 INT. DISUSED LIBRARY. EVENING. 21

With a CRASH, the Caretaker yanks the entrance door open, stepping into the dark and still library.

He looks all around the space, surveying the lay of the land, then nods slowly, making his decision.

22

INT. SUMMERS RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM. EVENING.

22

The glowing powder starts to focus on one quarter of the circle, that section glowing more intensely. Buffy sits up, taking notice.

WILLOW

I'm getting a scent, I think I can narrow it down as long as he's stopped moving now.

There's a knock at the door, and Buffy heads over, keeping one eye on Willow. She checks who's waiting outside, then opens the door to Jackson, who smiles at her.

JACKSON

Here's what I'm thinking. If Buffy can't come to dinner, then dinner...

(holds up takeaway bag)

... should come to Buffy!

Buffy smiles, but glances over her shoulder, where although Willow is out of sight, the yellow glow can still be seen.

BUFFY

Uh, great as that is, and it is really great, I mean, thoughtful, and-

(sniffs)

Is that lemon chicken?

JACKSON

(holds up bag)

Crispy duck spring rolls, too. You said you wanted me to surprise you!

Jackson grins - then notices the glow coming from the living room. He raises an eyebrow at Buffy.

JACKSON (cont'd)

Bad timing?

Buffy looks from Jackson to the living room and back, then with a sigh steps back, holding the door open.

BUFFY

You'd better come on in.

Jackson steps inside. He and Buffy head over to Willow, who is still narrowing down her search - a much shorter section of the circle is now glowing, and Willow's brow is creased, deep in concentration and focus.

JACKSON

What's she doing?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BUFFY

The Caretaker came back. Willow reckons she can find it, and the plan was to-

There is a sudden GOUT OF FLAME from the circle, and Willow GASPS and scrambles to her feet.

Jackson is there in a flash, grabbing an old blanket from the sofa and using it to smother the flames.

He glances down at the blanket, which now has a large scorch mark on it, and looks sheepishly up at Buffy.

JACKSON

Uh, sorry - was this expensive?

BUFFY

(sighs)

No, it was Andrew's. Kept him warm on his all-night movie marathons.

Jackson lays the blanket back down as Buffy goes to Willow's side.

WILLOW

(groggy)

I found him...

Buffy glances at Jackson, then back at Willow, as Willow shakes her head to regain her composure.

WILLOW (cont'd)

(darkly)

I know where he is.

Off her suddenly fierce look, we:

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF ACT TWO**

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

23 INT. SUMMERS RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM. NIGHT. 23

Straight back where we left off, as Willow starts gathering up her spell books.

BUFFY

Okay, good work, Will, now we just need to get everyone round here, and we can-

WILLOW

There's no time, Buffy! We have to go now, if we lose him again, we may never get another shot at catching him!

BUFFY

Somehow, I kinda doubt that. He's striking me as the repeat villain kind of guy.

Willow doesn't look like she's listening as she starts blowing out the various candles. Buffy glances at Jackson.

BUFFY (cont'd)

We can't just the three of us go marching over there, what about my plan?

WILLOW

Buffy, I'm all for plans, but plans take time. If we go now, we can find him, and I can stop him. Tonight.

BUFFY

How?

GILES (O.S.)

I'm afraid I'd have to ask the same thing...

The trio turn round - Giles has just entered the house.

GILES (cont'd)

... but if you'd like to wait a few moments...

(raises satchel)

... I think I know what to do.

Buffy blinks, before we dissolve to:

24

INT. SUMMERS RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM. LATER.

24

Everyone is sat down, with Giles passing a spell book each to Buffy, Jackson and Willow.

GILES

It's an idea Marie had, that Max managed to research and find these three examples thereof.

BUFFY

What are we looking at? Are we gonna attack him with a giant whirlwind?

WILLOW

(reads)

A dimensional vortex...

GILES

(nods)

Precisely. Marie theorised that the secret to attacking the Caretaker lies not in trying to physically harm him, but in magically sealing him somewhere, containing him and keeping him under lock and key for good.

BUFFY

Great plan in theory, but where are we gonna find something like that? Willow doesn't think he's sticking around, we're gonna have to move on him tonight.

GILES

I'm aware of that, Buffy, which is why I needed to ask-

WILLOW

You want to know if I'll do the spell.

A beat. Willow looks at them all before focusing on Giles.

WILLOW (cont'd)

I mean, that's why you brought these over, right? To ask me if I can try these spells, hoping one of them'll work and get rid of the Caretaker?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GILES

(choosing words carefully)  
I know it's a lot to ask of you,  
Willow, these are colossally  
powerful magics and I wouldn't want  
you to feel any pressure from-

WILLOW

(interrupts)  
I'll do it.

A beat. Willow snaps her book shut.

WILLOW (cont'd)

If it means we can take out the  
Caretaker tonight, then I'm in.  
I'll do it. Just point me at him,  
and I'll do the rest.

Giles looks over at her, then nods and takes the book away from her. He stands, as does Willow, but Buffy doesn't look convinced.

BUFFY

Wait a minute, you can't be  
serious? Willow can't cook up a  
spell as big as you're making out  
without even knowing if it'll work  
or not, it could kill her! What if  
it doesn't work? The Caretaker's  
not exactly a standard demon,  
Giles, he could finish us all off  
if we give him an opening. I don't  
want to risk it. My idea was all  
about-

WILLOW

Buffy! It's okay, I can do this.

Willow is smiling at last. Buffy looks at her for a long beat, then lowers her head and nods.

BUFFY

You're sure?

WILLOW

I'm sure. I mean, it's just a  
spell, right? A big, nasty,  
powerful spell that we're not even  
sure is gonna work, but...

(beat; grins)

Anyway, I'll have you guys with me  
to back me up. What could go wrong?

We cut from Buffy's still-unconvinced look to:

25 INT. WAREHOUSE. NIGHT.

25

We're inside a large, spacious warehouse as Kane and two more men in suits stride inside. Floodlights overhead fill the space with neon light, and as Kane marches on, we start to pull back, taking in what's inside the warehouse.

There's a line of armoured cars and several squads of SOLDIERS, men in flak jackets and what looks like riot gear, all armed with large rifles.

The squads fall into line in front of the armoured cars, saluting smartly as Kane walks past. There are further sounds from past the row of cars, as larger trucks and technicians load up with bulky equipment, including two smaller squads sporting larger weapons like flame throwers and rocket launchers.

Kane comes to a halt before the squads, a proud grin on his face as he addresses them:

KANE

Alright, men! You know what's expected of you tonight. The creature known as 'The Caretaker' is back in Cleveland, and we have a fix on its location. Our mission tonight is simple - deploy, engage and destroy the hostile. You'll roll out in five minutes, so good luck!

The soldiers salute again, and with a nod, Kane turns and strides away.

26 EXT. CLEVELAND - STREET. NIGHT.

26

Buffy, Willow, Jackson, Andrew and Giles march down the street, Buffy leading, dressed in blacks and carrying the scythe as we saw earlier.

WILLOW

It's just up ahead, take this left.

BUFFY

You're sure about this?

WILLOW

Absolutely, the spell I did pretty much burned a map into my brain, so trust me, I know where we're going.

The gang walk on for another moment, turning into the street full of empty, abandoned buildings, before:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

XANDER (O.S.)

Hey! Wait up!

Xander jogs into frame to catch up with them.

BUFFY

Hey.

XANDER

Sorry I'm late, Anya wanted to come too so I had to spend a little extra time convincing her it was too dangerous.

JACKSON

Why would she want to come along? Isn't she, like, five months pregnant by now?

XANDER

Yes, and it's precisely because of that that she wanted to leave. She's bored stupid, apparently.

BUFFY

So let's hope you can bring her home a good story about tonight, huh?

XANDER

Anything that leaves me with all my limbs and organs intact is good enough for me.

ANDREW

Don't worry, Xander, if things get too, um, dramatic, we can try the Harris Manuever.

WILLOW

(points)

In there.

The gang stop - they're across the street from the disused library. As they watch, the purple messenger spirit orbs zip out from inside the library.

Buffy nods and grips the scythe tightly.

BUFFY

Alright, everybody ready?

From Buffy, we cut to:

27 INT. DISUSED LIBRARY. NIGHT. 27

Buffy and the gang have entered the library, and Buffy steps forward, staring the Caretaker down.

BUFFY  
 Sorry, I'm afraid the library's  
 closed for the night. We're gonna  
 have to ask you to leave.

The Caretaker stands, and the gang start to fan out, Buffy staying where she is.

BUFFY (cont'd)  
 Willow, Giles, you know what to do.  
 Xander, Andrew, you're my backup.

XANDER  
 What are you gong to do?

BUFFY  
 Stick with my original plan.

A beat - then Buffy CHARGES forward, straight into the attack.

As she and the Caretaker start trading blows, we cut from the fight to:

28 INT. ARMOURED CAR. NIGHT. 28

Driving at high speed inside one of Kane's armoured cars, the man himself sitting in front of a bank of video screens. A technician next to him monitors them.

KANE  
 Do we still have a fix on its  
 location?

TECHNICIAN  
 Yes, sir, twelve miles and closing.

Kane nods and settles back down.

29 INT. DISUSED LIBRARY. NIGHT. 29

As Buffy and the Caretaker fight on, Buffy doing more dodging than hitting as the Caretaker's powerful attacks begin demolishing the library's bookshelves, Willow takes her position.

She takes a deep breath and closes her eyes - then when she opens them, they've turned JET BLACK.

She raises a hand towards the Caretaker and begins the first spell, with Giles behind cover a few feet away.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILLOW  
(fierce)  
*Prendre ceci mal de mon vue!*

A crackling ball of BLACK ENERGY forms in the air before Willow, making her hair billow out behind her, before it BLASTS towards the Caretaker with a loud SCREECH.

The energy hits him dead on - but is absorbed into his chest. The Caretaker is unaffected, and turns his head towards Willow - but Buffy is on the ball, and a KICK to his head gets his attention back on her.

BUFFY  
(shouts; to Willow)  
Come on, Will! I hit, you cast! Try another one!

Willow, panting for breath, nods and closes her eyes, readying the next spell.

The Caretaker gets a solid hit in on Buffy, who staggers back, but Jackson is there before the caretaker can attack her again, SMASHING a wooden chair across its chest.

The Caretaker staggers back one step, enough time for Buffy to be up and on the offensive again.

BUFFY (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
(to Jackson)  
Thanks!

JACKSON  
No problem!

Willow is ready with spell number two, her eyes turning black again - and dark veins starting to stand out on her skin as she raises her hands.

WILLOW  
*Carregeu meu inimigo a outro lugar!*

This time, a mini WHIRLWIND suddenly whips into life, surrounding the Caretaker as Buffy leaps back out of the way.

She gulps for breath, exhausted already, as the Caretaker struggles to fight its way out of the winds enveloping it.

BUFFY  
That's it, Will! It's working! It's working! It's...

Buffy stops as the Caretaker steps calmly out of the whirlwind, which peters out harmlessly, the papers it had thrown into the air floating gently back to the ground.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Buffy's heart sinks as the Caretaker looks across at her - and GRINS.

BUFFY (cont'd)  
(eyes still on Caretaker)  
Willow?

WILLOW  
Okay, hang on! Last one!

Buffy raises her scythe to attack again, but before she can, BRIGHT LIGHT suddenly flares onto the scene, and everyone shields their eyes against it.

The Caretaker looks up as we hear an engine somewhere outside, growing in volume as it draws nearer, before with a CRASH and a shower of dust, one of Kane's armoured cars BURSTS through the library wall.

As the Scoobies - and even the Caretaker - step back, the sounds of several pairs of running feet are followed by a squad of the body armoured soldiers pouring into the library, all training their guns on the Caretaker with a chorus of CLICKS.

Buffy slowly backs away, squinting as a figure steps out in front of the lights mounted on top of the armoured car. Her jaw drops as she sees who it is.

BUFFY  
Mr. Kane!?!?

KANE  
Miss Summers! Well now, imagine my surprise at seeing you here.

BUFFY  
But- what- why-

KANE  
(points at Caretaker)  
There's your target, men, shoot to kill!

Buffy's eyes boggle, and she DIVES for cover, pulling Xander and Andrew to the ground as a hail of MACHINE GUN FIRE rips across the library.

Willow and Giles take shelter as bullets tear the crumbling bookshelves into fragments, and the Caretaker staggers back as dozens of bullets thud into its body.

After a few moments of the intense fire, the men stop - the Caretaker is flat on its back, motionless. Kane steps over to where Buffy is hiding as the soldiers reload their weapons.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

KANE (cont'd)  
You see, Buffy? There's no problem  
that a little excessive force can't  
take care of.

Buffy looks up at Kane, her mind racing and confused as all  
heck, as he offers a hand to help her stand up.

BUFFY  
What... What are you doing here?

KANE  
Plenty of time to explain that  
later, Buffy. For now, let's head  
outside while my men-

There is a CREAK from off screen, and as Buffy and Kane turn  
to look, they both pale.

The Caretaker is slowly pushing itself to its feet, pausing  
to brush dust from its thick black skin.

The soldiers throw glances back across to Kane, edging  
backwards and not sure of what to do next.

KANE (cont'd)  
Don't just stand there, you idiots,  
open fire! Make sure it stays down  
this time!

The soldiers OPEN FIRE once again, but this time the  
Caretaker is on the move, weaving between the surviving  
bookshelves, using them as cover as the soldiers track it.

Buffy races over to Willow and Giles, pulling them up and  
back over to Xander and Andrew. She looks round, sudden  
panicked.

BUFFY  
Where's Jackson?

XANDER  
I don't know, I didn't see where he  
went after Delta Force decided to  
show up!

ANDREW  
(points)  
There!

They look - Jackson is racing over to them, dangerously close  
to the hail of bullets chasing after the Caretaker.

He's almost to safety when a bullet CLIPS his arm, and he  
pinwheels and hits the deck.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

Buffy SHOUTS in pain and grips her arm too, and Xander pulls her to the floor as the Caretaker barrels into the soldiers.

With a series of punches, it floors the majority of the soldiers, knocking some to the ground and sending others flying through the air.

In moments, none are left standing, and the Caretaker turns to look straight at Kane.

Kane grits his teeth and draws a large handgun from inside his suit, but the Caretaker doesn't advance on him.

It takes a step back, surveys the shattered library, then reaches out a hand and CUTS DOWN through the air behind it, opening up another of its portals.

Willow jumps to her feet, fear playing across her face as she sees the Caretaker about to escape again.

WILLOW

No!!

She breaks away from Buffy and the others and runs straight at the demon. The Caretaker turns just as she gets close, but as it swings an arm at her, she ducks underneath it and BARGES straight into the demon.

The Caretaker staggers back - and both the demon and Willow are sucked into the portal, which closes after them with a FLASH of light.

Buffy leaps up and races over.

BUFFY

Willow! Willow!!

But Willow is gone. As Buffy looks desperately round the thoroughly shredded library, we:

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF ACT THREE**

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

30

INT. DISUSED LIBRARY. NIGHT.

30

We're back in the library, as a distraught Buffy races over to Jackson, helping him up. Jackson is a little woozy, but smiles as she cradles him.

JACKSON

Hey...

BUFFY

(smiles with relief)

Hey. You don't need to get shot to get my attention, you know!

JACKSON

Yeah, sorry about that...

Kane steps into frame, an urgent look on his face as his scattered soldiers start to pick themselves up.

KANE

There'll be time for romantic reunions later, Miss Summers, we need to get back on that creature's trail before it causes any more damage!

BUFFY

(angry)

Maybe you missed the David Copperfield it just pulled back there, but I think we can safely say it's gone!

KANE

(shakes head)

I don't think so. It may not have been stopped, but I'm sure we hurt it. It won't have travelled far, not at first anyway. We should be able to pick it up again, but we have to move, now!

Buffy looks back at Jackson, who nods.

JACKSON

Go. I'm cool. Just a scratch, right?

BUFFY

(nods)

Just a scratch.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Giles steps into frame with Xander, and the duo help Jackson up to his feet.

KANE

(to Giles)

Hey, I remember you, you're the guy who got himself possessed and broke into my office last week!

GILES

(covering)

Yes, ah, well... I wasn't exactly myself that day.

Kane chuckles to himself as Buffy stands, stepping in front of Kane with a 'do not try anything' look on her face.

BUFFY

Save it.

GILES

Buffy, you'd better go with Mr. Kane here, he seems to have the advantage of manpower and equipment over us.

BUFFY

What about you?

GILES

I'll get Jackson some medical attention. Xander, you and Andrew go with Buffy too. Kane's right, I don't think Willow and the Caretaker will be far away, but wherever she's ended up, she's going to need our help.

With a last look at Jackson, who gives her a thumbs up, Buffy drags Kane back over to the makeshift entrance created by the armoured car, which reverses back out onto the street, dislodging more rubble.

BUFFY

(re: armoured car)

Are we using that?

Andrew looks out towards the armoured car, a look of boyish glee trying to break out across his face.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

KANE

(nods)

There's tracking equipment on there, we've already identified the demon's own unique energy signature so if it shows up anywhere inside a twenty-five mile radius, we'll spot it.

Buffy follows Kane back outside.

ANDREW

Um, Xander? Do you think Willow's okay?

XANDER

If I know Willow, it's not her I'd be worried about right now. It's what she's going to do to the Caretaker that frightens me.

With a serious look, Xander follows the others outside.

31 EXT. CLEVELAND - STREET. NIGHT.

31

A quiet, typical suburban street. For all of two seconds, at least, because with a CRACK and a FLASH of light a portal opens, and first Willow, then the Caretaker fall through it, landing on the asphalt.

Willow is up first, a hand to her head as she groggily gets to her feet, but as the huge form of the caretaker stirs next to her, she double takes and scrambles up, taking a few steps back.

The Caretaker slowly rises, turning to look at the still-open portal crackling behind them, then back to Willow.

Willow takes another step back, but as she sees the Caretaker a fearsome look crosses her face, and she clenches her fists before we cut to:

32 INT. ARMOURED CAR. NIGHT.

32

Riding inside the car with Kane scanning the monitors, as Buffy, Andrew and Xander sit on the other side of the car's roomy interior.

KANE

(taps screen)

Got them!

(to driver)

Two blocks away, step on it!

The car accelerates, and Kane turns to Buffy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KANE (cont'd)  
So... You're probably wondering  
what I'm doing here.

BUFFY  
(sarcastic)  
Thought had kinda crossed my mind.

ANDREW  
Um, are you like Tony Stark?  
Millionaire businessman by day,  
superhero by night? 'Cause, if you  
are, you know... That's kinda neat.

KANE  
(chuckles)  
No, I'm not exactly a hero. I'm  
just somebody with an interest in  
saving the world. My family's been  
in this business for generations, I  
just took my birthright and added a  
few more tanks.

BUFFY  
Wait, what about Charleston &  
Smithe? Is that just a front?

KANE  
Not exactly, it's a legitimate part  
of my family's business holdings.  
It doesn't have any direct links to  
what we're doing here tonight.  
Apart from me, of course.

BUFFY  
Oh.

The technician checks the monitors again and taps Kane.

TECHNICIAN  
We're coming up on the target, sir.

KANE  
Excellent.  
(to Buffy)  
Are you ready?

Buffy turns to Xander and Andrew - Xander nods, and Andrew  
tries to look like he's ready.

33 EXT. CLEVELAND - STREET. NIGHT.

33

Willow looks up as the armoured car screeches round a corner  
and charges towards them, but as she takes her eyes off the  
Caretaker, he ducks past her and back towards his escape  
portal.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Willow spots him just in time, and runs after him, getting through the portal again just as it closes.

The armoured car skids to a halt, and a disgruntled Kane pops the roof access hatch.

KANE

Damn it!

He shouts back down into the car.

KANE (cont'd)

Find them again, they won't have gone far!

He steps back into the car as it starts off again.

34 INT. HARRIS RESIDENCE - KITCHEN. NIGHT.

34

We're in the Harris house as ANYA puts the finishing touches to a multi-layered sandwich, grabbing a mouthful of potato chips and spreading some more out across her plate.

Humming merrily to herself, she opens the fridge, grabs a can of soda and takes that and her plate into the front room.

35 INT. HARRIS RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM. NIGHT.

35

Anya settles down on the sofa, which has strategically-positioned cushions and pillows for maximum comfort, putting her feet up and balancing the plate on top of her swollen belly.

She reaches for the TV remote and flips through a few channels, trying to decide on what to watch as she munches on her chips.

ANYA

(sighs)

Nothing but good shows they're about to cancel and repeats of 'Survivor,' and...

(smiles)

Ooh! 'Judge Judy'!

Anya drops the remote and lifts up her sandwich to take a bite... And before she can, with a FLASH of light and a loud CRACK like thunder, a portal opens up right in front of her, and the Caretaker staggers backwards out of it, followed by Willow, who SNARLS at the demon, her hands BLAZING with green light.

Anya boggles as the two combatants step round each other, the Caretaker noticing Anya and slowly turning to look at her, while Willow is too focused to see her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANYA (cont'd)  
(incredulous)  
Willow?

Willow blinks and double takes as she finally sees Anya, then with a glance round realises where she's ended up.

ANYA (cont'd)  
What are you doing in my house?

WILLOW  
Anya, get out of here!

Willow tries to keep one eye on the Caretaker as she moves between it and Anya, who crosses her arms defiantly.

ANYA  
Oh no, I'm not moving now, I've got food and quality television at last. You just take your demon friend over there and scoot!

The Caretaker looks round the living room, puzzled by its new surroundings.

WILLOW  
Anya, listen to me, it isn't safe here! You have to get out!

ANYA  
And you listen to me, I am not moving! You can just go right back through that portal thingy and take your fight somewhere else, you hear me?

As Willow throws an exasperated look at Anya, we cut to:

36

INT. ARMOURED CAR. NIGHT.

36

The technician checks the monitors and turns to Kane.

TECHNICIAN  
We've got him again, sir, new location is three blocks from here, on Snow Street!

KANE  
Alright, good!

Xander blinks as he hears the address.

XANDER  
Snow Street? That's...  
(shocked)  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

XANDER(cont'd)

That's my street! Buffy, that  
thing's in my street!

BUFFY

Don't worry, Xander, we'll be there  
in a second, I'm sure Anya'll be  
okay!

Buffy turns to Kane and fixes him with a stern look.

BUFFY (cont'd)

Right?

Kane just grins as the car speeds on.

37

INT. HARRIS RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM. NIGHT.

37

With the rippling blue portal still open in the centre of her front room, Willow tries to stand between the Caretaker and the still-seated Anya, Willow's hands losing their green glow as she reaches a cautious arm out for Anya.

WILLOW

Anya, come on, just get outside and  
call Buffy, tell her to get over  
here! I'm gonna try and keep this  
thing here.

ANYA

In my living room?!?

WILLOW

If I have to!

Willow takes her eyes off the Caretaker for a second, and that's all it needs - it lunges forward and PUNCHES her, throwing Willow back through the air, where she SMASHES into the stairs bannister.

Anya GASPS and tries to push herself up off the couch at last, but freezes as the Caretaker looms over her.

There's a long beat as the Caretaker stares down at her.

ANYA

Okay. You're obviously very upset,  
I can see that from how you just  
damaged my very expensive stairs by  
throwing Willow into them. Now, you  
can see I'm not going to cause you  
any trouble, unless you find  
pregnant women offensive at all,  
so... Why don't you just run along  
now?

The Caretaker cocks its head sideways at her, and Anya frowns, getting visibly annoyed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She opens her mouth to speak, but then we hear the sound of a car engine ROARING as it speeds towards us from outside, and the Caretaker looks up.

38 INT. ARMoured CAR. NIGHT. 38

Xander leaps up to look at the screens as the car continues to accelerate.

XANDER

Hey... Hey, wait! That's my house!  
Slow down! Wait!

Sensing the impending impact, Buffy grabs Xander and pulls him into one of the seats, before:

39 INT. HARRIS RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM. NIGHT. 39

CRASH! The armoured car bursts through the living room wall, its wheels spinning as bricks and plaster rain down into the living room.

Anya finally gets herself up, just getting out of the way as a chunk of the ceiling lands on the sofa.

The Caretaker takes a step back towards its escape portal, not noticing a groggy Willow pushing herself to her feet over by the stairs.

The armoured car opens its side hatch, and in a second Buffy is out, vaulting across the rubble, scythe ready. Xander is next, frantically searching the room for Anya.

XANDER

Anya? Anya!

ANYA

I'm here! I'm fine, but there seems  
to be a tank in our living room...

Xander turns to the Caretaker, who takes another step back towards the portal as Andrew finally joins the scene.

XANDER

Buffy, watch out! Don't let him get  
away!

BUFFY

Don't worry, he's not going-

WILLOW

(shouts)  
*Afuera de esto lugar!!*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Buffy snaps her head round to see Willow, her hand raised and her eyes black as a green mist of energy rapidly forms around her hand, before the energy STREAKS forward - but it hits the portal, not the Caretaker.

Buffy looks back at the Caretaker, adrenaline pumping, but as the Caretaker seems to grin, knowing it's safe at last, the portal behind it suddenly DARKENS, and in seconds it's turned itself into a BLACK VORTEX.

The Caretaker turns to face it as a HOWLING WIND starts to pour out of the vortex - and the Caretaker starts to get pulled towards it!

He plants his feet on the carpet, but it's no use, the winds are too strong - and as furniture and loose brickwork in the room starts to be dragged towards the vortex too, the Caretaker's hand makes contact with the field's edge.

There's a brilliant FLASH of light, and in an instant, the Caretaker and the portal are gone. Willow slumps to her knees, and Buffy dashes over to her.

BUFFY

Willow? Was that it? Did you get him? What did you do?

WILLOW

(exhausted)

I sent him... somewhere else...

BUFFY

Where? He's not just gonna pop right back in here in five minutes, is he?

Willow shakes her head, nearly unconscious.

WILLOW

No... he's in... the Void.

And with that, Willow FAINTS, but Buffy is there to catch her.

There's a moment's silence, broken as Kane makes his way carefully across the wreckage of the wall and into the living room.

KANE

So... We got him, huh?

Xander snaps, lunging at Kane and grabbing him.

XANDER

You reckless bastard! You could've killed my wife!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

KANE

Hey, calm down, son! She's alright,  
isn't she? We'll pay for the  
damage, build you a new wall,  
everything's okay!

A beat as Xander seethes, before he pushes Kane away and  
steps back, still furious.

XANDER

You're lucky. If she'd have been  
hurt-

ANYA

Oh, Xander, stop overreacting. Look  
at me, I'm fine! Not a scratch.  
Still beautiful.

Andrew looks over at Anya - then glances up at the ceiling. A  
loose chunk of the dislodged roof is hanging just over Anya's  
head - and time seems to slow down as the large chunk BREAKS  
AWAY and falls towards Anya!

Andrew's eyes widen as he realises he's the closest person to  
her, there isn't time for anyone else to help.

Jody's words from their meeting echo round his head as he  
DIVES towards Anya, who still hasn't seen the danger.

JODY (V.O.)

You're still my hero, Andrew.

We SMASH back into normal speed as Andrew SHOVES Anya out of  
the way - just as the chunk of ceiling lands squarely on his  
head with a loud CRASH.

Andrew drops to the floor, and Buffy and Xander race over to  
him.

BUFFY

Andrew! Oh, God, Andrew, are you  
alright?

Xander turns Andrew over - his eyes are closed, and the heavy  
piece of falling plaster has left a huge, bloody gash down  
the side of his head.

Buffy's hands go to her mouth in shock.

BUFFY (cont'd)

(quietly)  
Oh, no...

And as everyone in the room looks down on Andrew, we:

**BLACK OUT:**

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

END OF SHOW