

**BUFFY THE VAMPIRE SLAYER**

"City Of Ruins"

by  
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TEASER

FADE IN:

1

INT. CLEVELAND PD - BASEMENT ROOM. NIGHT.

1

We're staring at the newly unearthed Cleveland Hellmouth, its silver seal wide open, and the dark hole beyond leading into a long tunnel, from which we can hear crowds of distant, shouting voices and see flickering torch lights.

Pull back to take in JEREKOV, the warlock's long, grey hair swaying slightly from some unseen breeze.

Alongside him is IRWIN KANE, the sharp-suited businessman's clean cut appearance a stark contrast to the bristly beard and rugged looks of Jerekov.

Kane is staring to the right, as we see four DEMONS busily packing the dead body of Irwin's wife, Catherine, into a body bag.

As one of the demons tries to shove her arm into the bag, Kane snaps and marches over to them.

KANE

(furious)

Show some respect, god damn you!  
That's my wife you clueless insects  
are manhandling!

The demons exchange looks, then bow their heads and get back to work - they're obviously a little scared of Kane, and make sure that they take a lot more care about packing Catherine's body away.

Kane steps back over to Jerekov, his face a mess of conflicting emotions as he tries to restore his focus. Jerekov glances across at him, looking Kane up and down.

JEREKOV

Are you doubting your actions?

KANE

(quickly)

Of course not. I did what had to be  
done.

JEREKOV

(testing)

Still, to murder one's own wife,  
all in the name of power, that must  
take-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KANE  
(interrupts)  
You have one second to stop  
talking.

Kane and Jerekov stare each other out for a few tense moments, before Jerekov turns his attention back to the Hellmouth before him.

JEREKOV  
It is time for the next action. By  
unlocking the magical barrier in  
place over the entrance, we will be  
able to summon forth the armies we  
desire, and overrun this city, so  
that we-

KANE  
(irritated)  
Why are you outlining my own plan  
to me, exactly? I know what we're  
doing, Jerekov, this is all what I  
told you!

Jerekov pauses, suddenly unsure of himself.

JEREKOV  
Er... force of habit. My apologies.

KANE  
Just get on with it, before I  
change my mind about keeping you  
around.

Jerekov raises his hands, holding them out over the Hellmouth entrance as we cut to:

2 INT. THE CIRCLE - TRINKETS' WORKSHOP. DAY. 2

Up in the large, cluttered workshop that TRINKETS calls his home, the eldest member of the Circle sits on one level of his huge game board, the chess-like array of squares and small, detailed figurines spreading out all around him.

His focus is on a cluster of models around a small, black half-sphere of dark energy, pulsating as though it were alive, and he watches with rapt interest as we cut back down to:

3 INT. CLEVELAND PD - BASEMENT ROOM. NIGHT. 3

Jerekov begins his spell.

JEREKOV  
Scattered tribes of Magyar, hear my  
entreaty for your power!  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JEREKOV(cont'd)

Infuse me with the strength I need  
for my task, so that I may break  
this great seal, and bring about  
the beginning of the end for the  
world of man!

A beat. Nothing happens. Jerekov opens one eye and glances  
down at the Hellmouth, before looking at both of his hands,  
confused.

KANE

What is it?

JEREKOV

My... my powers! They're gone!

KANE

What?!?

JEREKOV

Earlier, when I felt... I felt as  
though something had suddenly  
affected my magic, but I dismissed  
it, it didn't feel as though  
anything had actually happened, but  
now...

Kane folds his arms, narrowing his eyes at Jerekov.

KANE

What are you saying to me?

JEREKOV

I'm saying that my magic has  
deserted me! I... I cannot break  
the seal!

We quickly cut from Jerekov's panicked expression to:

4

INT. THE CIRCLE - TRINKETS' WORKSHOP. DAY.

4

Trinkets glances down at the broken figurine next to him -  
the one he snapped in two previously.

He bites his lip as he realises he may have just thrown a  
rather large spanner in the works.

TRINKETS

Oops...

We cut back down to:

5

INT. CLEVELAND PD - BASEMENT ROOM. NIGHT.

5

Jerekov holds his hands out again, but it's clear that he's  
not going to be able to open the Hellmouth.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KANE

I hope you're not telling me that  
you can't get the barrier around  
the Hellmouth down, because that  
would make me very unhappy...

JEREKOV

I do not know what has happened! It  
is as if-

KANE

Jerekov, don't worry. I have  
another plan.

JEREKOV

(hopefully)

You do?

Kane nods and grins - then, in one smooth motion, he draws a  
handgun from his jacket and SHOOTs Jerekov in the chest.

Jerekov GULPS and drops the floor, and Kane puts three more  
bullets in him, just to be sure, before turning to the  
demons, staring on at him.

KANE

Take care of him. After that, you  
have a new mission.

We push in close on Kane's darkening expression.

KANE (cont'd)

Find me another magician.

And from that, we:

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF TEASER**

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

6

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

6

BUFFY is lying on her bed, curled up tightly, her eyes wet with tears. The lights are all out, but even in the gloom we can see that she's still wide awake.

The bedroom door creaks open a little to reveal XANDER, checking in on her.

XANDER

Hey. Just thought you ought to know, Angel and Spike are on their way back now. He said he'll keep looking for some way to help as soon as he gets to LA, and he'll call if he finds anything.

No response. Xander hangs in the doorway for a beat, before biting the bullet and stepping into the room. He takes a seat at the edge of Buffy's bed, looking down on her.

She hasn't acknowledged his presence yet, her eyes staring blankly up at the ceiling.

XANDER (cont'd)

Angel told me what happened, with you and the Keeper, and...  
(sighs)  
Okay, I'll skip the unnecessary recap. Are you okay?

Buffy closes her eyes and shakes her head, still obviously close to tears.

As she starts to SNIFF, Xander reaches out and takes her hands, giving them a squeeze.

XANDER (cont'd)

Come on, Buff. You did what you thought was right. The guy duped you, don't let it slow you down. There'll be another way to help Jackson.

BUFFY

(quietly)  
How?

XANDER

Sorry?

Buffy sits upright, hugging a cushion tightly for some kind of comfort.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BUFFY

How? How am I going to save him?  
What if the Keeper was telling the  
truth, but he just left without  
giving me the cure for whatever's  
killing Jackson?

XANDER

You don't know it's killing him. I  
mean, we know he's sick, but-

BUFFY

He's going to die, Xander. I know  
it. This is all something to do  
with being the 'Guardian,' or  
whatever he is, and all I know for  
sure is that when it's over,  
Jackson's going to be dead.

Xander doesn't have an answer for her, but he stays seated,  
still holding her hand.

XANDER

Just because of that dream? You  
know how those things work. What  
you saw doesn't always translate  
literally.

BUFFY

Doesn't matter.

She lies back down again, facing away from Xander.

BUFFY (cont'd)

I still don't know what to do...

Xander instinctively lies next to her on the bed, throwing an  
arm round her and holding her tightly. We cut from this  
downstairs to:

7 INT. SUMMERS RESIDENCE - FRONT ROOM. NIGHT.

7

SOFIA and ANDREW are on the sofa, Sofia idly flicking through  
the TV channels as Andrew munches through a bowl of popcorn,  
occasionally casting sideways glances at Sofia.

Eventually, she stops, throwing the remote down and turning  
to look at Andrew.

SOFIA

Alright, what is it?

ANDREW

(blinks)

Huh?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SOFIA

Andrew, ever since I sat down, you've been looking my way every few seconds like I'm some sort of new 'Doctor Who' monster! Is there something the matter? Something you want to ask me?

ANDREW

Uh, no, I just...  
(beat; sighs)  
Actually, um, yeah.

Sofia grabs the remote again to flick the TV off, turning to give Andrew her full attention.

SOFIA

Alright, then, let's hear it.

Andrew puts the popcorn down, gearing himself up.

ANDREW

Okay, um, it's just that I heard you and Xander talking yesterday, and you said some stuff that I was, uh, curious about.

SOFIA

Such as what?

ANDREW

Well, you, uh, mentioned that your favourite 'Evil Dead' movie was 'Army Of Darkness,' and I just wanted to, er, ask... why?

Sofia eyes Andrew for a second, then cracks into a grin.

SOFIA

Andrew, could I by any chance be the first girl you've met who likes horror movies?

ANDREW

Oh, no, Anya likes-  
(stops himself)  
Anya liked horror movies. But she wasn't, um, really a girl, you know, because she was kind of older, so...

Andrew trails off, and Sofia rolls her eyes and smiles.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SOFIA

Point taken. Okay. I prefer 'Army Of Darkness' simply because I think it gets the balance right out of the three. The camp humour is still there, Ash's journey into a true hero, albeit a reluctant one, is complete, and notwithstanding the increased budgets and special effects, it also has the best storyline of the three. Oh, and the advantage of the two endings, although I did prefer the original theatrical one, just because it has some of the best lines in the film. Does that answer your question?

Andrew's jaw hangs open - he's quite obviously never met a girl who could hold down a conversation about zombie movies before!

ANDREW

I- uh- you- but-

SOFIA

(sweetly)

Of course, I'm just a girl, so couldn't possibly know anything about all those sorts of horrible movies, now, could I?

As Andrew flounders, trying to gather his wits, Sofia switches the TV back on, and registers with a happy smile what's playing.

SOFIA (cont'd)

Oh, look! 'Critters 3'! My personal favourite of the whole series, if you ask me.

She glances at Andrew, then reaches down and grabs the popcorn bowl, starting to munch her way through it as we cut over to:

8

EXT. CLEVELAND PD. NIGHT.

8

We're looking at the front of the police station from the other side of the car park, as a side door opens and Kane's four demons march out, two carrying the body bag for Catherine and a third with Jerekov's body thrown over his shoulder.

Kane follows the demons out as they head towards a plain black van, the fourth demon opening the doors so his colleagues can store the bodies inside.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

We pull back from our distant view of the scene to take in MAX and MARIE, both pressed low to the ground and observing Kane from behind the cover of a row of bushes.

MARIE

That's Irwin Kane, isn't it?

MAX

In the flesh.

MARIE

But what is he doing here?  
Unless...

Marie turns to Max, a look of horror on her face.

MARIE (cont'd)

He is involved in this plan with  
the Hellmouth! I knew it!

MAX

It doesn't look like he had much  
luck this time, though, if those  
two bodies are anything to go by.

The two Watchers keep up the observation as Kane hops into the van, the last demon sliding the side doors closed as the van pulls away, quickly disappearing out of frame.

Max sits up, looking thoughtful as Marie pushes herself upright, confusion all over her expression.

MARIE

How did you know about this?

MAX

I've only recently found out.  
It's... complicated.

MARIE

But, Max, I don't understand! Why  
haven't you told Giles? Or Buffy?  
This is what they've been looking  
for! We know that this is where the  
Hellmouth is, and if Kane's here  
too, then it all adds up, doesn't  
it?

MAX

Not fully. I'm still trying to put  
all the pieces together.

MARIE

I'm sorry, but I still don't know  
why you haven't said anything  
before now.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MAX

I told you, I didn't know. I was  
only told...

Max trails off, glancing over each shoulder to make sure  
nobody's around.

MAX (cont'd)

Come on, we shouldn't talk here.  
I'll find somewhere quieter.

MARIE

Somewhere quieter for what?

Max is already on his feet, heading back towards his car as  
Marie gets up and starts to follow.

MARIE (cont'd)

Max! Wait!

As she hurries after him, we cut to:

9 INT. THE CIRCLE - 'THE CAGE.' DAY.

9

We're down inside the dungeon level of the Circle's village,  
and as we walk along the rows of empty cells we come to one  
occupied by the tired-looking form of WILLOW, who looks like  
she hasn't slept in days.

She's lying down on the single, threadbare mattress in the  
small cell she's being kept in, staring up at the ceiling.

Footsteps echoing outside make her look up, and without  
seeing who's approaching, the barred door to her cell  
suddenly swings open.

Willow sits up as Trinkets walks in, a guilty expression on  
his face.

TRINKETS

Um, Teach?

WILLOW

I don't think it's really okay for  
you to call me that any more, is  
it?

TRINKETS

(pouts)

Okay, fine, Willow, then.

Trinkets pauses, searching for the right words, and Willow  
stands, looking down on him.

WILLOW

What is it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TRINKETS

I need your help.

WILLOW

(scoffs)

My 'help'? You lock me down here when I find out the truth about you guys, tell me you're going to kill me if I don't do what you say - and now you come and ask for my help? Forget it!

Willow marches across to the other side of the cell - which, admittedly, only takes her about four steps.

WILLOW (cont'd)

I just want to go home.

TRINKETS

If you help me, maybe you can.

She turns to him, a fierce look in her eyes.

WILLOW

Don't play games with me, Trinkets.

TRINKETS

(protesting)

I'm not! I'm asking you to help me with something, and after that, I might give you what you want. What do you want?

WILLOW

I want to go home and see my friends, I want to know that Xander and his baby are okay, and most of all, I never want to see you or this place ever again.

There's a beat as Willow glares down at Trinkets - but her cold look just bounces right off him, as he shrugs and pushes his glasses back up his nose with a dirty finger.

TRINKETS

That's asking a bit much.

Willow turns round, looking out through the one, tiny window in the cell's wall.

WILLOW

Then forget it.

TRINKETS

(sighs)

Something's gone wrong. On Earth.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Willow waits for a beat - then closes her eyes. She knows that her best chance of getting out of here lies in helping the Circle for now, so she slowly turns back round.

WILLOW  
What's happened?

TRINKETS  
It's the Hellmouth. I wanted to help them open it, because I thought it'd be-

WILLOW  
(interrupts; sarcastic)  
Let me guess - 'fun'?

TRINKETS  
(grins)  
Yeah. So, anyway, I think I made a bit of a mistake, and now I need your help to fix it.

WILLOW  
(suspicious)  
What did you do?

TRINKETS  
Took power away from someone when they needed it. They're dead now.

WILLOW  
You didn't...

TRINKETS  
Oh, no, someone else killed them. But I wanted to see what he was going to do, so I wanted you to help me find somebody else who could do what he was going to do, and, you know... help them.

WILLOW  
Help them open the Hellmouth? No way! I'm not putting all my friends in danger for you.

TRINKETS  
(beat)  
Okay.

Trinkets turns round and starts to pull the cell door closed, and Willow suddenly panics, stepping away from the wall and raising her hand to get Trinkets' attention.

WILLOW  
Wait!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Trinkets pauses, looking up through the bars at her. Willow closes her eyes and takes a deep breath.

WILLOW (cont'd)  
Alright. I'll help you.

Trinkets smiles, and pushes the cell door open again.

TRINKETS  
Great! Come on, follow me. And  
don't try to run away, you know  
I'll find you.

He hurries away, and as Willow cautiously steps out of the cell, we cut back to:

10

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

10

Buffy is sat up in bed now, the lamp on as she sips a mug of coffee. Xander reappears in the doorway, grinning as he sees that she's up and about.

XANDER  
That's better. Coffee okay?

BUFFY  
Perfect. How's Hope?

XANDER  
Sleeping. Again. I thought babies  
were meant to divide their time  
between four basic activities, you  
know, sleeping, eating, crying and  
pooping, but all she's done is  
sleep, eat and poop. I don't think  
she's cried since...  
(trails off; beat)  
Since she was born.

Buffy nods, giving Xander a warm, comforting smile.

BUFFY  
That means she's happy.

XANDER  
It does?

BUFFY  
Yeah, babies cry when they want  
something, so I guess if she hasn't  
been crying, then she hasn't been  
left wanting anything! That must  
mean you're doing everything right.

XANDER  
You think so?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BUFFY

Well, either that, or she's saving  
all the crying up for later.

Xander manages a chuckle, and turns as he hears someone  
coming up the stairs. He looks back in on Buffy.

XANDER

Someone's here to see you.

BUFFY

Who is it?

Xander steps aside to let GILES into the room, and Xander  
leaves the two of them to it with a wave to Buffy.

XANDER

Catch you guys downstairs in a  
minute. Andrew and Sofia are  
bonding over horror movies, so  
while Hope's asleep I'm gonna try  
and join in.

Xander exits, and Giles closes the door, taking Xander's  
place at the foot of the bed. He looks at Buffy for a long  
beat, but as he opens his mouth to speak, she cuts him off.

BUFFY

I swear to God, Giles, if you say  
'how are you?' I'm gonna scream.

GILES

(grins)

I take it you've heard that a lot?

BUFFY

On average? Every thirty seconds  
since Angel left.

GILES

May I ask you anyway? I don't  
believe I've had chance yet.

BUFFY

I guess. Just this once, though.

GILES

How are you?

BUFFY

Feeling better. Whatever the Keeper  
did to me, it didn't leave any  
permanent scars or anything.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BUFFY(cont'd)

Angel said that when he did the same thing to Skye, he just coped her powers instead of stealing them, so I guess that's what he did to me.

GILES

Why on Earth did you trust him?

Buffy sips her coffee, choosing her words before replying.

BUFFY

Haven't you ever made a choice, even when you knew it was a bad one, just because it was the only one you had?

GILES

I really can't say. Perhaps.

BUFFY

Somebody once told me 'if I make a choice, I can't regret it. After all, it was a choice.'

Giles nods, appreciating the logic.

BUFFY (cont'd)

Giles, I don't know if I'm meant to stop whatever's happening to Jackson or not, but I can't shake the feeling that I'm going to lose him if I just sit here and do nothing. Maybe I'm supposed to help him? What if he's stuck halfway between here and where he's meant to be?

GILES

I have my researchers back at the Council looking into this night and day, Buffy. Some of the best minds in the world are trying to give you an answer to that question.

BUFFY

What if it's not enough?

GILES

(smiles)

Then we'll try harder.

Buffy allows herself to take a little comfort from his words, placing the now empty mug of coffee on her bedside table as Giles stands.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

GILES (cont'd)  
Let's head downstairs, I have some  
good news at last.

BUFFY  
What is it?

GILES  
You'll have to come down and find  
out, won't you!

He opens the door and waits as Buffy stands, and the duo exit  
the room as we cut downstairs to:

11 INT. SUMMERS RESIDENCE - FRONT ROOM. NIGHT. 11

Buffy follows Giles down the stairs.

BUFFY  
So what's this good news you had to  
tell me, is it about Will-

Buffy pauses - there's someone new sitting on the sofa,  
facing away from her.

As Buffy gets to the bottom of the stairs and into the front  
room itself, the new arrival stands and turns round - and  
it's AMY MADISON!

The brunette wicca hasn't changed much - her hair is longer,  
but she still has the same slightly nervous smile as she  
grins across at Buffy.

AMY  
Uh, hi.

XANDER  
Sorry I didn't say anything, Buff,  
Giles wanted it to be a surprise.

SOFIA  
And I think it's fair to say you  
could use a pick-me-up at the  
moment!

BUFFY  
Hi, Amy - what are you doing here?

Amy starts to speak, but Giles talks over her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GILES

Well, the Council decided that the best way to find Willow was to use somebody with a strong magical connection to her, someone who'd spent a lot of time using magic around her, to have the best chance of being able to locate and track Willow's unique magical energy signature.

BUFFY

So, in other words...

AMY

(brightly)

You need a witch!

As she smiles hopefully back at Buffy, we:

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF ACT ONE**

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

12 INT. MARIE'S CAR. NIGHT.

12

The car is parked on top of a hill overlooking the city, Max biting his nails as he stares across the glittering patchwork lights of Cleveland's city centre.

Marie watches him from the passenger seat, patiently waiting for him to start explaining what's going on.

MAX

It all started with a phone call a few weeks ago.

MARIE

A phone call from who?

MAX

Dennis Trent. He's the-

MARIE

He's the Head of the Council's Special Research Division, yes, I know. What on Earth was Dennis doing calling you?

Max looks across at her, and Marie grimaces as she realises how negative she made that sound.

MARIE (cont'd)

I'm sorry, I didn't mean-

MAX

(smirks)

It's alright, I know what you meant. Dennis told me that the Council was preparing the case for my hearing, to determine what to do with me about Sierra's death.

Max pauses, thoughtful, before running a hand back through his hair and continuing.

MAX (cont'd)

He said that all the signs were pointing towards me being placed in custody for it. You know that the Council doesn't exactly send people to prison for breaking its rules, but...

MARIE

You mean they'd have sent you to Laneshead.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAX

(nods)

I hear the sentence for letting your Slayer die through gross neglect is anything up to ten years. You can bet that in a place like Laneshead, that'd feel more like twenty-five to life.

MARIE

Privately-owned prisons aren't exactly going to be what one would call 'cushy,' Max! So what did he say after that?

MAX

Dennis told me that I could help the Council with a highly classified mission, something that affects what's going on in Cleveland, and that if I succeeded then my sentence would be reduced accordingly, possibly even allowing me to serve my time in a lower security facility.

Marie frowns, studying Max, trying to follow him.

MARIE

A classified mission? Why weren't Rupert or I informed?

MAX

(shrugs)

I've no idea. You'll have to ask Dennis yourself. He basically told me that his contacts had learned of a plan to open and activate the Cleveland Hellmouth, and that if I could gather enough information to either prevent that, or at least help lead Buffy to the ringleaders of the operation, then I'd receive the benefits with regards to my sentence.

MARIE

I still don't understand why you weren't able to tell anybody about this. Surely Buffy needs to know who she's got to stop?

MAX

There's more to it than that, he said...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Max trails off, and Marie reaches out to lay a hand on one of his. He looks across at her, and she smiles warmly.

MARIE

You can tell me, Max.

As Max stares back at her, turning things over in his mind, we cut back to:

13

INT. SUMMERS RESIDENCE - FRONT ROOM. NIGHT.

13

Everyone is downstairs now, Amy nodding a thank you to Sofia as she hands her a drink.

AMY

So after the Council tracked me down again, they offered me the chance to go through the same sort of rehabilitation that Willow went through, back in England.

BUFFY

(to Giles)

And you didn't know about this?

GILES

I did, but I left it in the hands of others. I'm sure you can appreciate how easy it is to lose track of everything that's going on with the Council!

XANDER

Hey, I have difficulty remembering which end of Hope I'm supposed to give the bottle to sometimes!

Everyone pauses to throw a look at Xander, who shrinks.

XANDER (cont'd)

Sounded funnier in my head...

AMY

I mean, after Willow and I had that, uh... 'incident' with her getting hooked on Rack's magic a few years ago, I... well, let's just say I developed a couple of addictions of my own. Long, long story.

BUFFY

No need to go into details.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMY  
(relieved)  
Whoo, thanks!

BUFFY  
So, you think you can find Willow?

AMY  
(nods)  
Uh-huh, I think so.

GILES  
Amy believes she can track Willow's energy trail from her starting point, which would be this front room, all the way to the Circle.

SOFIA  
I'm presuming nobody knows where this 'Circle' place is?

BUFFY  
I went up there once, but Willow was the tour guide, I was just a passenger.

AMY  
As long as I can physically stand on the last place she did, I can follow it from there.

ANDREW  
Like, um, a dog following a scent?

Amy narrows her eyes at Andrew, not appreciating his choice of metaphor.

AMY  
Something like that, yeah...

Buffy nods and stands.

BUFFY  
Great. I think I'm gonna go out and patrol, I need to get some air.

GILES  
Has there been any word from Jackson?

BUFFY  
I got a message off Shanna, she's checking in regularly and letting me know how he's doing.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BUFFY(cont'd)

He hasn't gotten any better, but he hasn't gotten any worse, so that's something.

SOFIA

Shall I come too?

BUFFY

Sure thing. Seeing how you fought up against the Keeper, I'm pretty sure you can handle yourself!

Excited, Sofia hops to her feet and bounds into the kitchen.

XANDER

She's pretty eager, huh?

BUFFY

Was I ever like that?

XANDER

Not so much with the happy bouncing at the thought of going on patrol, no. She's what Young Buffy would have been like on happy pills.

AMY

So, that Sofia girl, is she, like, new? I heard about Willow's big spell and everything.

BUFFY

Yeah, Xander rescued Sofia from a dungeon in Italy, so I guess to her every day from then on has been a bonus for her.

Sofia steps back into frame, wrapping her arms round Xander's neck and planting a kiss on the top of his head.

SOFIA

Because he's my hero!

XANDER

(grins)

Well, shucks.

Buffy and Sofia head for the door, but Andrew raises his hand, and Buffy pauses to nod to him.

BUFFY

What is it? This isn't a classroom, Andrew, if you've got something to say, just go ahead and yell.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ANDREW

Um, well, I was keeping this to myself, because after everything that happened...

(glances at Xander)

... it didn't really seem like, uh, a good time to talk about it.

BUFFY

Uh oh, this doesn't sound good...

ANDREW

I told you guys about that dream I had, right? The one when I was in the coma?

BUFFY

You mentioned something, yeah, but you never said anything else about it.

ANDREW

Well, I think it might help, you know, with Amy's plan.

AMY

Really? What is it?

ANDREW

It's about the Caretaker.

AMY

(thinks)

The demon that Willow banished, right?

(to Buffy)

I got the Clift Notes on the past few months on the flight over.

ANDREW

Um, yeah, him. Well... I don't think he was evil.

A moment as everyone exchanges glances.

BUFFY

What?

GILES

What makes you so sure?

ANDREW

It's a long story, I could probably tell you all about what happened in my dream but I don't think you'd want to hear it, so, um...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

ANDREW(cont'd)

Short version is just that I'm pretty certain he wasn't a bad guy after all.

XANDER

And when were you planning on sharing this little gem of information with the rest of us, exactly?

ANDREW

(protests)

Hey, I tried! But whenever I tried to tell anyone, you were all busy, everyone was being too 'oh, it's only Andrew, we don't need to listen to him,' and then Anya died, and then Willow ascended, and I never got chance to say-

GILES

(raises hand)

Alright, thank you, Andrew. If we made you feel like you couldn't tell us, then we apologise.

XANDER

Yeah, but next time, try harder!

BUFFY

(thinks)

Hold on, that makes sense - Willow said he was trying to kill the Circle, but when she saw him in the Library up there, he just walked away from her.

ANDREW

Um, yeah, and, didn't she say he only hit her back when she tried to stop him?

Buffy looks at Giles, starting to put it all together.

BUFFY

He wasn't there for her...

GILES

He was there to stop the Circle!

BUFFY

Wait... that's it! That was in my dream too!

XANDER

What was?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

BUFFY

The Caretaker, he showed up, he handed me this golden circle thingy, but it turned into a snake, and then...

(penny drops)

It's the Circle! They're the bad guys!

SOFIA

(confused)

Willow's gone over to the Dark Side again?

BUFFY

No. I think she's been tricked.

Buffy turns to Amy, her expression deadly serious.

BUFFY (cont'd)

Amy, you have to get her out of there, right now. Wherever she's gone, I want you to find her and bring her home.

AMY

(nods)

I'll do everything I can.

BUFFY

Giles, get her anything she needs.

Buffy grabs her jacket, marching back towards the door.

SOFIA

Wait, are we still going on patrol? Shouldn't we stay and help?

BUFFY

We're not going after vampires tonight. We're going for the only other player in all this.

(beat)

Kane.

As Buffy opens the door, a steely look in her eyes, we cut across to:

14

INT. OFFICE SUITE - CONFERENCE ROOM. NIGHT.

14

We're back inside the board room where we saw Kane addressing the various businessmen who make up the higher echelons of his private army.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The seats are filled by the many SUITS as before, some old, some young but all looking distinctly unhappy at being dragged out of bed so late at night.

They look up as Kane walks into the room, with mutters of surprise as two of his Demons enter after him, waiting by the entrance.

KANE

Gentlemen. My sincere apologies for calling a meeting so late, but matters have reached an impasse, and I need your approval to proceed.

SUIT #1

What's going on, Irwin? Since that witch got rid of the Caretaker, things have been quiet around here. What's happened?

Kane stands at the head of the table, studying the assembled faces for a beat.

KANE

It's the Hellmouth.

There are murmurs from the Suits, not positive ones.

KANE (cont'd)

I've unearthed it and attempted to break the magical barrier placed over its entrance when it was last sealed away, but my plans have hit a snag.

SUIT #2

What kind of 'snag' exactly?

Kane looks off screen and nods, and we hear a heavy THUD. The suits look round to see that Jerekov's dead body has been deposited at one end of the board room table, his blank eyes staring out at us.

SUIT #1

What's the meaning of this?

KANE

As some of you may know, I'd made a deal with this now sadly deceased warlock to break the seal, going so far as to retrieve him from the Hellmouth itself when the witch put him down there.

Kane paces round the table, walking over to Jerekov's body.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

KANE (cont'd)

I know enough magic to get the seal down for a few seconds, but no longer than that. What I need you all to do is find me another powerful magic user, somebody who can do Jerekov's job and open the barrier.

The Suits fall silent for a few beats, until one of them clears his throat to get the room's attention.

SUIT #3

I may be able to help.

Kane grins, straightens up and motions for the suit to speak.

SUIT #3 (cont'd)

I keep a few men in my employ to track anybody of interest coming in or out of Cleveland. Got the idea from a friend who works for the nearest Wolfram & Hart branch.

KANE

Are you about to make me a very happy man?

SUIT #3

Yesterday, he told me that another powerful wicca flew into Cleveland, a young lady by the name of Amy Madison. Why she's here is anybody's guess, but with a few records checks I found out that she attended the same high school as both Buffy Summers and Willow Rosenberg.

SUIT #1

Maybe she's here because of the witch's disappearance?

KANE

That sounds pretty likely to me, gentlemen.

Kane nods to his demons, who drag Jerekov's body away unceremoniously.

SUIT #3

Shall I organise an extraction team for this Madison girl? My sources indicated she could have the kind of magical power levels we're looking for.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

KANE

By all means.

Kane strides back round to the head of the table, looking particularly pleased with himself.

KANE (cont'd)

I think this evening may turn out to be a successful one after all!

SUIT #1

What's the situation with the Hellmouth now?

KANE

It's safe. The device I used to incapacitate the staff of the police station will have worn off by now, but I made sure I secured the room where the Hellmouth is. Nobody's getting to it without one of these.

Kane reaches into his blazer pocket and produces a small key - but a key that GLOWS with a faint yellow light.

KANE (cont'd)

The lock's magically sealed, so there's no danger of the Hellmouth being uncovered.

Kane puts the key away again and leans forward, his hands on the boardroom table.

KANE (cont'd)

I think it's time to begin preparations for phase three, gentlemen. I'll get in touch with our employer, let him know everything's going according to plan.

(beat; grins)

In a few days, we'll all get what we were promised.

There's a round of APPLAUSE from the assembled Suits, and from that, we:

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF ACT TWO**

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

15 INT. SUMMERS RESIDENCE - FRONT ROOM. NIGHT. 15

Amy has started to set everything up for her rescue mission - kneeling down on the living room carpet, she has two spellbooks open before her, and an array of spell ingredients gathered in neat piles as she starts to mark out a large magic circle, using fine white powder.

Andrew and Xander look on, entranced as always by the careful preparation that goes into a big piece of magic like this, as Giles paces up and down at the back of the room, the house phone pressed to his ear.

16 INT. MARIE'S CAR. NIGHT. 16

Marie's coat is on the back seat of the car, and as we look we can see her cell phone sticking out of one pocket - it's set to silent, so its urgent vibrating and flashing 'incoming call' light can't be seen or heard by Marie, still in the front seat.

Max replaces the car's lighter as he starts on a cigarette, rolling the window down to blow smoke out into the air.

MARIE

I didn't know you smoked!

MAX

It's a filthy habit, but there are others.

MARIE

So go on, you were about to tell me some more details about what was going on.

Max pauses for thought before replying.

MAX

My brief now, with the identity of the people behind the plot to open the Hellmouth clear to me, is to observe them, and try to nudge Buffy and the others in the right direction, without revealing too much to them.

MARIE

But what about Giles? Shouldn't we-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAX

No, I can't tell Giles. He doesn't trust me, he'd have me shipped off back to England clapped in irons if he had his way.

MARIE

So why tell me?

MAX

(beat)

Because I trust you. I really feel like I can connect with you, Marie. I know that sounds like a real cliché, but... it's how I feel.

MARIE

(eyes him)

So what were all those games with Giles about? You drove him round the bend when you paraded the fact that we're sleeping together in front of him - you still do, in fact! And I have to say, I don't appreciate being used as a weapon in whatever quest you have to embarrass him. Why don't you explain that side of things to me?

MAX

(beat)

Macho pride. I never really thought Giles should have made Head Watcher, they should have given the post to someone who's actually in the bloody country for more than two weeks of the year!

(sighs)

And besides, as you've said, flirting with you wound him up, and in a petty, childish way, that's exactly why I made such a big deal out of the whole thing.

MARIE

I see...

Max stubs out his cigarette, but is surprised as Marie snatches one from his packet as he goes for a second.

He grins at her as she lights it, before continuing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MAX

For what it's worth, I'm sorry. It wasn't exactly a smart move on my part, getting on the wrong side of one of the key people at my hearing, but I'm afraid I got the red mist and couldn't stop myself.

(smiles)

What can I say? You got me.

Marie smiles at him, rolling her eyes.

MARIE

You've made a right bloody mess of things, haven't you?

MAX

So far, yes, I have. But I need you to keep everything I've told you to yourself.

MARIE

Why?

Max pauses for a long beat, closing his eyes. He's obviously not meant to tell her what he's about to say.

MAX

There's a spy in the group.

And from Marie's shocked look, we cut back to:

17

INT. SUMMERS RESIDENCE - FRONT ROOM. NIGHT.

17

Amy is still kneeling in place, her eyes closed, the circle now fully marked out and the necessary candles burning at set points round the room.

Xander and Andrew exchange a look as they wait a long beat for her to move or speak.

XANDER

Uh, Amy?

Amy stays silent for another beat - then turns and looks over her shoulder.

AMY

Yes?

XANDER

Oh, nothing, just checking you were all still green for launch. You went kinda silent on us there.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMY  
I was meditating.

XANDER  
Right. Got it. Sorry.  
(beat)  
Hey, I think Hope just woke up. Why  
don't you come with me to check,  
Andrew?

ANDREW  
(blinks)  
But I can't hear-

Xander grabs Andrew's shirt collar and starts to lift him up, maintaining an innocent grin towards Amy.

XANDER  
'Course you can. Let's go.

Xander nods to Amy, who grins back.

As the boys head upstairs, all distractions are out of the way, and with a deep breath, Amy begins her spell.

AMY  
Okay, Willow, let's see where you  
are...

Amy takes a handful from a small pile of yellow powder next to her, and as she flicks some out across the magic circle, there is a bright FLASH of white light. Amy reels back, startled.

AMY (cont'd)  
Woah! Pretty well hidden, huh...  
Okay, let's try something else.

As Amy turns to one of her spellbooks, we cut to:

18

INT. CIRCLE - TRINKETS' WORKSHOP. DAY.

18

We're back with Willow and Trinkets up on the game board, Willow making her way over to Trinkets, who is still watching the unfolding scene around the black ball of energy with rapt interest.

WILLOW  
How do you know what's going on  
down there? I mean, do the models  
move, or-

Trinkets shakes his head, and Willow stops.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TRINKETS

You have to learn how to see it.  
I've been doing this for a long  
time already, you get used to it.

WILLOW

And let me guess, the longer I stay  
up here, the easier it becomes,  
right?

TRINKETS

Yup!

Willow manages to contain a sharp response, composing herself  
and sitting back down by Trinkets.

WILLOW

So what's happening now?

TRINKETS

Well.

(points to figures)

These guys are the ones trying to  
open the Hellmouth. They have a bit  
of power, but they need someone to  
break the seal, or they can't do  
anything.

WILLOW

Who has the power round here to do  
that?

Trinkets glances at the snapped figure that represented  
Jerekov, then quickly points to another figure, a few squares  
away from the main scene but also surrounded.

TRINKETS

This person. I want you to help  
these guys find this person.

WILLOW

How do I do that?

TRINKETS

Any way you like. This is where the  
fun comes into it! You can try  
putting a voice into their head,  
sending them a vision, showing up  
yourself as a ghost, maybe try  
looking like somebody they know,  
maybe-

WILLOW

(cold)

Like when you guys made me think  
Tara had come to see me?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Willow's dark look again bounces off Trinkets.

TRINKETS

Yeah, you know, anything you  
think'll work.

Willow stands, hunching over thanks to the non adult sized  
space between levels on the game board.

WILLOW

So what do I do, just try to  
picture them in my head and then I  
can talk to them?

Trinkets scoops up the model he's referring to and passes it  
to Willow.

TRINKETS

Just hold this and concentrate.

Willow cautiously takes the figure, then closes her eyes  
tightly.

After a beat, she suddenly GASPS as he eyes flick open, and  
we WHITE OUT across to:

19 INT. SUMMERS RESIDENCE - FRONT ROOM. NIGHT. 19

Amy is still busy with her spells, reading one aloud.

AMY

And by the beacon that shines  
through darkest night, may we seek  
your-

Amy also GASPS, and we WHITE OUT into:

20 EXT. FIELDS. DAY. 20

We fade back in to find a bewildered Amy standing in the  
middle of a wide, grassy meadow, the undergrowth up to her  
knees as a brilliant sun shines down from the cloudless sky  
overhead.

Amy looks all round, trying to work out what the heck is  
going on until she hears a familiar voice.

WILLOW (O.S.)

Amy?!?

Amy spins round - and there's Willow, racing towards her with  
her expression halfway between surprise and relief.

AMY

Willow! I found you! We have to-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WHUNK! Amy is cut off as Willow barrels into her, wrapping her arms round her in a meaty hug.

Amy gasps for breath as Willow squeezes for dear life, before she steps back, looking Amy up and down, grinning broadly.

WILLOW

It's you! I mean - I knew it had to be someone like you, but I never figured it'd actually be you! This is so cool! This is like-

AMY

Uh, Willow? What's going on?

Willow's face darkens, and she glances around, talking quietly as if she's afraid somebody may be listening in.

WILLOW

We can't talk here. It's not safe. Come on.

Amy still looks confused as all heck as Willow takes her hand and starts to walk off screen.

Amy blinks in surprise as she sees a rundown farmhouse up ahead, which Willow is heading towards.

AMY

Hey, was that there a second ago?

Willow doesn't answer, and as she marches on we cut to:

21 INT. SUMMERS RESIDENCE - SPARE ROOM. NIGHT.

21

Xander and Andrew are up in the back room of the house, the one Xander and Hope have been using since Anya's death.

Hope herself is fast asleep in the cot next to the bed, which Xander gazes fondly down into. Andrew, on the other hand, fidgets nervously next to him.

ANDREW

So, um, did you really just want to leave Amy to it? Because, you know, you could have just said.

Xander shakes his head and lays a hand on Andrew's shoulder.

XANDER

Andrew, my friend, your ability to grasp subtle hints is right up there with George Lucas' ability to make good 'Star Wars' movies any more.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Xander sits on the edge of his bed, gently rocking Hope's cot from side to side as he falls into thought.

XANDER (cont'd)  
I started making arrangements for  
the funeral.

Andrew nods, not knowing what to say so wisely deciding not to say anything.

XANDER (cont'd)  
I know we should've got it sorted  
out sooner, but with Hope and  
everything else we've got going on,  
I just...

ANDREW  
It's okay. I'm sure, um, Anya would  
have, you know, understood.

XANDER  
(chuckles)  
Somehow, I doubt that. She'd have  
been screaming the place down to  
get some attention, to hell with  
whatever else was going on!  
(beat)  
But that's why I loved her.

As Xander stays looking down on Hope, we cut to:

22 EXT. SUMMERS RESIDENCE/STREET. NIGHT. 22

We're looking towards the Summers house, pulling back to take in a parked car across the street - a plain, nondescript stationwagon.

23 INT. STATIONWAGON - CONTINUOUS. 23

Inside the car are three men, all middle aged and bearded - MILLER, WHELAN and ROTH.

MILLER  
Is this it?

WHELAN  
That's the place. 251 Rockwell  
Avenue.

ROTH  
Who'd have thought the Slayer'd  
live somewhere so...

MILLER  
Normal?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROTH

I was going to say 'dull,' but  
yeah, 'normal' works too.

Whelan turns to the other two, handing them each a set of  
glossy black and white surveillance photos.

WHELAN

Where she lives isn't important.  
What we're here for is what's  
inside that house.

The other two look down at the photos in their hands - and  
they're all of Xander, leaving the hospital with Hope bundled  
up protectively in his arms.

WHELAN (cont'd)

That's the new Oracle and her  
'dad,' if you can call him that.

MILLER

Wait, wait - are you saying the  
Oracle's being protected by the  
Slayer?

WHELAN

That's exactly what I'm saying.

Roth looks back across to the house, sucking in his breath,  
as Miller flips through the photos.

MILLER

And how are we supposed to get to  
the Oracle, exactly?

WHELAN

The Slayer ain't home tonight. Evan  
spotted her and some other girl  
earlier, heading back into the  
city. The Oracle's ours for the  
taking.

As Whelan begins to laugh, we cut to:

24

INT. ABANDONED FARMHOUSE. DAY.

24

Willow opens the front door and steps into the musty interior  
of the dark farm house, leading Amy in.

Willow begins to quickly poke her head into each room leading  
off the main living room, making sure the house is empty, as  
Amy stares open-mouthed around her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMY

Wow! Is this real? Did you just make this place up? I mean, are you that powerful now? When did you-

Willow hurries back over and takes Amy's hands, the urgent look in her eyes making Amy shut up and pay attention.

WILLOW

Amy, you have to listen to me. You're in danger, you have to get out of Cleveland. Tonight.

AMY

But I can't! I'm supposed to be here to find you!

(beat)

Which, I guess, I have, so... Yay me! Right?

WILLOW

(shakes head)

It's not that simple. Amy, I'm stuck up here, wherever 'here' is. The Circle aren't the good guys, they're-

AMY

Evil, yeah we figured it out.

WILLOW

(blinks)

You did? How?

AMY

Uh, some guy named Andrew, said he had a dream when he was in a coma or something? I'm still catching up on everything. Buffy had a dream too, the two seemed to match up, so...

Willow looks round suddenly, as if she's heard something. She turns back to Amy, clearly agitated.

WILLOW

I don't think I've got much time before they start to come looking for me. Amy, there are people after you. Somebody's going to try and open the Hellmouth, and they're going to use you to do it if you don't get out of town!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

AMY  
(shocked)  
Open a Hellmouth? Me?!? How?

WILLOW  
I don't know, I'm trying to figure  
it all out, but Amy, please - you  
have to do two things for me.

AMY  
(nodding)  
Anything.

WILLOW  
Find Buffy. Tell her I'm okay and  
I'm trying to find a way out of  
here, and then tell her about the  
Hellmouth. If I can find out who's  
behind it, I'll try and tell you,  
but...

Willow looks over her shoulder again.

AMY  
What is it?

WILLOW  
I can hear them calling me. I've  
been gone too long, you're gonna  
have to go back.

AMY  
Wait, let me stay! I can help you,  
get you out of here, I-

WILLOW  
Not now. Soon, but not now. I  
promise.

Amy stares back at Willow for a beat, then closes her eyes  
and nods.

WILLOW (cont'd)  
Make sure you find Buffy and tell  
her everything right away, okay?

AMY  
I will.

Willow looks round again, then as she turns back Amy opens  
her mouth to speak, but the scene suddenly WHITES OUT as we  
cut back down to:

25 INT. SUMMERS RESIDENCE - FRONT ROOM. NIGHT. 25

And we fade back in to find Amy still sitting on the carpet, reeling as she tries to gather her senses.

She presses a hand to her head and stands, shaky and unsteady, before bolting towards the door, flinging it open and disappearing outside.

26 EXT. SUMMERS RESIDENCE/STREET. NIGHT. 26

Looking from over by the parked stationwagon, Whelan and his two followers watch Amy dash out of the house, tearing away down the street.

MILLER  
Who's that?

WHELAN  
Doesn't matter. One less thing to deal with.

He turns to the others.

WHELAN (cont'd)  
Go get her.

And as the trio nod in accord with each other, we:

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF ACT THREE**

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

27 EXT. OUTSIDE CHARLESTON &amp; SMITHE. NIGHT.

27

Buffy and Sofia step into frame, looking up at the tall offices of Charleston & Smithe rising up out of the ground. The rest of the city buildings around them are dark and silent, it being way past closing time by now.

SOFIA

So what's our plan? Are we just going to march in there and demand to see him? How do you even know Kane's still here?

BUFFY

If he isn't, then we'll just have to take a look round his office and see what we can find.

With a determined look fixed on her face, Buffy strides towards the front door, and with a last, cautious glance round, Sofia follows her as we cut away to:

28 INT. MARIE'S CAR. NIGHT.

28

Max is finishing off the last of his cigarettes, Marie staring out through the windshield.

MARIE

So in other words, you think it could be any of them.

MAX

It's what I've been trying to keep an eye on. Having Giles keep me under house arrest wasn't exactly helping my enquiries, which is why I'm glad I found you.

MARIE

(scowls)

If you were trying to make me think you weren't using me, Max, you're not doing a very good job!

MAX

That's not what I mean, it's that...

(beat; sighs)

I didn't have this mission when I started to realise I was attracted to you. Doesn't that tell you I mean what I say?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARIE

How can I trust you? You've lied to all of us on several occasions, regardless of your reasoning.

MAX

It's not like I had any choice!

MARIE

That's not the point! Look, you've just sat here and reeled off a list of names of potential 'spies' that includes people I've gotten to know pretty well over the past two years, and, admittedly, a few I haven't, but the fact of the matter is I have no way of knowing you're being truthful about any of this!

MAX

(beat)

Marie, I swear to you. I am not lying about this. My job now is to expose the insider in the group and stop Kane's attempt to open the Hellmouth. Now, the insider may be the key to that, whether it's somebody that we're not expecting, like Andrew or his boyfriend, or someone new, like Jackson or his sister - that Sofia girl, even.

MARIE

By that logic, it could also be me you're after! How do you know it's not?

MAX

(grins)

A hunch.

Marie stares back at him for a beat - then breaks into a chuckle, which Max joins in on.

MARIE

Well, I can vouch for myself and Giles. We're 'clean,' or whatever you want to call it.

MAX

Never doubted it for a second. Rupert's a lot of things, but he's not a traitor. Anyway, we'd better get back before we're missed.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MAX(cont'd)

I'm on shaky ground with Giles as it is, I don't want to give him any excuses to send me back home.

Marie nods, looking wrapped up in her thoughts as Max starts the car's engine, and we cut to:

29

INT. ARMOURED CAR. NIGHT.

29

Kane studies a series of printed sheets of paper as the armoured vehicle rolls along, a TECHNICIAN monitoring a bank of video screens behind him.

The Technician spots something, typing rapidly on a keyboard before calling over to Kane.

TECHNICIAN

I think we've got a lock, sir. Kane heads over, staring at the screens with interest.

KANE

Where?

TECHNICIAN

Human female, strong magical energy signature, just a few blocks from here.

Kane studies the screen closest to him - it shows a street map of the surrounding area, with two flashing dots moving gradually closer together.

KANE

(frowns)

Is she heading back towards the offices?

TECHNICIAN

Uh, I think so, sir.

Still frowning, Kane turns and calls out to the DRIVER.

KANE

Alright, swing around! Our target appears to be making her way towards the offices, let's head her off!

DRIVER (O.S.)

Aye, sir.

The interior lurches to the side as the armoured car makes a sharp turn, and as it speeds on, we cut back to:

30 INT. CHARLESTON & SMITHE - BASEMENT ROOM. NIGHT. 30

We're down in the plain, dark depths of the basement level, looking at a fire door. With two loud BANGS, the door falls open, and Buffy steps inside, a more nervous-looking Sofia right behind her.

SOFIA  
Are you sure this is, you know...  
legal?

BUFFY  
Honestly? Not caring. Come on, we  
need to turn off the other alarms  
so we can get up to Kane's suite.

Buffy heads towards a set of stairs leading to an exit door, Sofia still looking distinctly wary.

SOFIA  
How come you know all the alarm  
codes for this place, anyway?

BUFFY  
I got Willow to hack them for me,  
just in case I needed them. And  
guess what?  
(grins)  
I do.

Buffy pushes the door open, and we cut to:

31 EXT. CLEVELAND - CITY STREET. NIGHT. 31

Amy, looking hopelessly lost, wanders down a quiet part of the city centre, stepping away from a bus stop as the night bus itself pulls away from the stand. She glances round a few more times, then starts to walk towards us.

AMY  
(mutters)  
'Oh, and by the way, Willow, where  
is Kane's office?' Yeah, smart,  
Amy, really smart...

She turns a corner and disappears from view - just as Kane's armoured car turns into the street. Thankfully, the streets are empty, allowing the normally conspicuous vehicle to stalk after Amy unnoticed. As the car continues to creep towards us, we cut to:

32 INT. CHARLESTON & SMITHE - KANE'S OFFICE. NIGHT. 32

The office door is closed, and all the lights are out. With another BANG, Buffy wrenches the door open, stepping inside and looking around.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BUFFY

Coast is clear, let's go.

She heads over to Kane's desk, flicking on the lamp and noticing several piles of papers and photos strewn across it, as Sofia steps in after her.

SOFIA

Buffy, we're not going to get arrested, are we? I think I might be allergic to prison...

BUFFY

Will you relax? We're not going to get caught. This is all perfectly within the Slayer Espionage rules. I deactivated all the alarm sensors, nobody even knows we're here.

Sofia doesn't look convinced as Buffy frowns, peering more closely at some of the photos on Kane's desk.

One is of Buffy and the Keeper, in the middle of whatever the Keeper did to her when they met outside of Jackson's house, the electrical field crackling round both of them.

SOFIA

Is that a surveillance photo?

Buffy leafs through - there are several more, some of Buffy's house, some of Jackson's, all taken from a high angle, like a standard surveillance camera system.

BUFFY

(surprised)

He's been watching my house...

SOFIA

What kind of a boss is he, exactly?

BUFFY

(darkly)

Not somebody I plan on calling my 'boss' any longer. Sofia steps back towards the door.

SOFIA

Come on, he isn't here. We should go before we find out you missed an alarm somewhere!

Buffy starts to turn, but spots something else on the desk, stepping round for a closer look.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SOFIA (cont'd)  
Buffy, let's go!

BUFFY  
Hold on...

Buffy peers at the sheet of paper - it's marked 'The Keeper' at the top, and is a detailed list of information.

She pauses long enough to grab the paper, then follows Sofia as the two dash back out of the office.

33 INT. SUMMERS RESIDENCE - FRONT ROOM. NIGHT. 33

There's a KNOCK at the door, and Andrew heads over. He opens it to reveal the beaming forms of Miller and Roth, both holding clipboards.

MILLER  
Good evening, sir!

ROTH  
Is this your home?

ANDREW  
Uh, no, you'll want Buffy but she's not in right now. Sorry.

He starts to close the door, but Roth jams his shoe in the way, and Andrew cautiously opens the door again.

ANDREW (cont'd)  
What do you want?

ROTH  
Oh, just a survey.

MILLER  
Won't take a minute.

Miller glances down, taking in the 'Star Trek' t-shirt Andrew is wearing.

MILLER (cont'd)  
We're here to get signatures for a petition to renew the 'Star Trek' franchise, what with the sad news of the cancellation of 'Enterprise.'

ROTH  
May we come in?

ANDREW  
Oh, um, yeah, sure!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Miller and Roth exchange a look, and then step inside.

ANDREW (cont'd)  
I'm running a 'Save Enterprise'  
campaign of my own, actually, we've  
already got-

POW! Miller clocks him, and Andrew collapses backwards,  
stunned.

Roth lunges forward to catch him, as Miller glances around  
for signs of anyone else in the house.

ROTH  
Man, geeks always fold with one  
punch. You ever notice that?

MILLER  
I tell you what else I notice.

With a SNARL, Miller and ROTH both VAMP OUT!

MILLER (cont'd)  
They're just as easy to dupe as  
anyone else!

The two vampires creep stealthily towards the stairs, as we  
cut back to:

34 EXT. CHARLESTON & SMITHE. NIGHT.

34

Checking carefully to make sure nobody's around to see, Buffy  
steps out of the fire door she broke in through, Sofia  
following as Buffy wedges the door shut again with a quick  
heave of Slayer Strength.

The two girls walk back towards the street, Buffy reading  
over the paper she stole from Kane's office.

SOFIA  
What does it say?

BUFFY  
I'm not sure, it's some notes about  
a lab report, but it's kinda  
technical. Maybe Giles can-

Sofia holds her hand out, and after a beat Buffy hands her  
the paper, which Sofia starts to scan over.

SOFIA  
You don't grow up watching and  
reading as much science fiction as  
I did without picking up a few  
things! Maybe I can make some sense  
out of this.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

                  BUFFY  
Alright, you do that. We should  
find the nearest night bus stand  
and get back to-

                  AMY (O.S.)  
Buffy!

Buffy looks over to see Amy waving at her from the far side  
of the street.

                  BUFFY  
Amy? What are you doing here? Why  
aren't you back home?

                  AMY  
I found Willow!

                  BUFFY  
What?

                  AMY  
I found Willow! She's okay! She  
told me to tell you-

SCREECH! Amy is cut off as Kane's armoured car skids to a  
halt, stopping between Buffy and Amy. Buffy's eyes widen and  
she starts towards the car.

A startled Amy looks up as the side access door of the  
armoured vehicle opens, and as two burly security team agents  
leap out and GRAB her, the grinning form of Kane appears in  
the opening.

                  KANE  
Amy Madison, I presume?  
                  (to agents)  
Bring her in, boys.

Amy struggles and protests as the two agents manhandle her  
into the armoured car.

Buffy is a few feet away, still running, as the vehicle guns  
its engine and tears out of frame, leaving her in the middle  
of the street with a plume of tire smoke.

                  SOFIA  
What just happened?

                  BUFFY  
Kane! It was Kane, he took Amy!

                  SOFIA  
But... why?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Buffy's dark looks tells us she has absolutely no idea, and we cut from that to:

35 INT. SUMMERS RESIDENCE - SPARE ROOM. NIGHT.

35

Xander is sitting up on the bed, dozing peacefully. He doesn't stir as Miller and Roth creep into the bedroom, Miller keeping a wary eye on Xander as Roth reaches into Hope's cot, gently lifting the baby up.

ROTH  
Easy now, kid, it's okay...

Roth grins - his vamped out features making it look all the more terrifying - but Hope wakes up, struggling and WAILING as she sees the face before her.

Roth throws a panicked look to Miller, just as Xander comes to at last, blinking as he tries to register the two intruders.

When he sees Roth holding Hope, he leaps to his feet.

XANDER  
Get away from her!

Roth turns and dashes out of the room as Miller grapples with Xander, the vampire's strength helping him to keep Xander pinned down.

Xander fights back like a man possessed, and it's all Miller can do to hold him back.

MILLER  
Settle down, chump, we're here on important business!

Miller HEADBUTTS Xander viciously, and Xander staggers backwards, clutching his nose.

MILLER (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
Don't worry, pal, we'll take good care of your kid.  
(grins)  
Real good care.

Miller turns and dashes out of the bedroom, and as Xander recovers, he gives chase.

36 EXT. SUMMERS RESIDENCE/STREET. NIGHT.

36

Xander races out of the front door, but he's too late. Miller and Roth are already scrambling into the waiting car, and Whelan has the chance to sneer at Xander as the stationwagon screams out of frame.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Xander yells desperately after the departing car.

XANDER

Hope! No!! Somebody help me!  
Somebody!!

He looks all around, but no help is coming as we cut to:

37

EXT. CLEVELAND - CITY STREET. NIGHT.

37

Buffy and Sofia are hurrying down the street, Buffy calling someone on her phone as Sofia continues to read the notes.

BUFFY

Giles? It's me! They've taken Amy!  
Kane, he just swooped in and took  
her, right in front of me.

(beat; listens)

No, I don't know what she found  
out, but she said Willow was okay,  
that's all I know.

(beat; shocked)

What?!?

She skids to a halt, and Sofia barges into her.

SOFIA

What is it?

BUFFY

It's Jackson...

(into phone)

How bad is he? What's going on?

Buffy listens - whatever she's being told, her face tells us it's not good, as we cut to:

38

INT. JACKSON RESIDENCE - JACKSON'S ROOM. NIGHT.

38

Giles is on the phone, watching over JACKSON as he writhes in the bed, shouting out incoherently, a frantic-looking SHANNA trying to hold him down.

GILES

Shanna called me over here, she  
told me his condition has worsened  
considerably, and...

(beat)

Buffy, I'm afraid it's not looking  
good.

JACKSON

(yells)

All in the air! It's all in the  
air...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHANNA  
Do something! Help him!!

JACKSON  
(mumbles)  
Aereus... Aereus is coming...

Giles looks at Shanna, unable to give her pleading eyes an answer as we cut back to:

39

EXT. CLEVELAND - CITY STREET. NIGHT.

39

As Buffy listens to Jackson's feverish shouts, her hand going to her mouth, Sofia continues to read the notes, her eyes bulging as she sees something significant.

BUFFY  
(quietly)  
Oh, God...

SOFIA  
Buffy?

BUFFY  
(to Sofia)  
Jackson's pulse is dropping, Giles says his skin's getting too hot to even touch!

SOFIA  
It's what? What does that-

BUFFY  
It's what I saw in my dream! It means Jackson's going to die unless we do something!

SOFIA  
Well, we may have an answer.

Sofia holds up the notes, pointing to one paragraph.

SOFIA (cont'd)  
This is an analysis of the energy signature that the Keeper used to copy your Slayer strength and powers off you last night. According to this, they've identified trace elements of magical energy that are also found in certain species of hegor demons!

BUFFY  
(blinks)  
Which means what?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SOFIA

Hegor demons are highly sought  
after for their ability to heal!  
Buffy, this may mean that the  
Keeper was telling the truth - that  
he can save Jackson!

(beat)

I mean, I'll admit, it's a sketchy  
analysis at best so it's a long  
shot, I may not even be reading  
this right at all, but-

BUFFY

(into phone)

Giles? Change of plan. Sofia's  
going to find Amy by herself.

SOFIA

(surprised)

I am?

BUFFY

I need you to get me to LA.

Sofia's jaw drops, and from that, we cut to:

40

INT. MARIE'S CAR. NIGHT.

40

Max and Marie are just heading back towards city limits,  
driving down a dark road surrounded by thick trees. Max  
starts to slow the car down, pulling it to the side of the  
road.

MARIE

What is it?

MAX

Call of nature. We've been out here  
a while!

Marie rolls her eyes, unfastening her seatbelt.

MARIE

Go on, then. I could use some air  
myself.

The duo step out of the car.

41

EXT. ROAD. NIGHT.

41

As Max hurries off towards the cover of some bushes, Marie  
takes a moment to breathe in the night air, a soft breeze  
washing over her.

After a moment, Max starts to head back over, zipping his  
flies up and grinning.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAX  
Sorry about that.

MARIE  
That's alright, I know what you  
boys are like!

Max steps up close to her, a mischievous look in his eyes.

MAX  
You know, we're all alone out here.

MARIE  
(smirks)  
Maxwell, we haven't got time to  
start-

MAX  
I don't think Kane's going to be  
able to try anything else tonight,  
so we can afford another five  
minutes or so!

Marie eyes him - and then rolls her eyes, chuckling.

MARIE  
Alright. Just let me get something  
from my jacket.

Marie leans back into the car as Max grins broadly.

MAX  
What have you got to-

Marie steps back over, and Max's eyes suddenly BULGE. He  
stares down at Marie, his wide eyes full of shock and  
confusion.

We pull back to see that Marie has buried a KNIFE deep in his  
gut, dark, red blood already starting to soak through his  
shirt.

Max's disbelieving eyes lock on Marie's, who shakes her head  
and sighs sadly.

MARIE  
Oh, Max. You were so close to  
finding it all out. But that's the  
thing about trust.

She YANKS the knife back out, and with a GULP, Max sinks to  
his knees, pressing his hands to his wound.

MARIE (cont'd)  
It goes both ways.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Marie steps round, behind Max, then plants one foot across his shoulder blades, and with a KICK sends him rolling forward.

He tumbles down a slope to the side of the road, coming to a halt a long way down against the side of a tree.

Marie looks down at his still body for a beat, then with a grin, turns and gets back into her car, starting it up and driving calmly away.

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF SHOW**