BUFFY THE VAMPIRE SLAYER

"Suddenly Human"

Written by
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FADE IN.

EXT. CEMETERY. DAY

It's a bright day, we can tell because the sun is shining with more ambiance than normal. A gentle breeze shimmers the green grass as a figure comes into view.

BUFFY

She stops at a tombstone but it is obscured from view by her sleek and slender frame.

BUFFY

I'm sorry.

FAITH (O.S.)

No big.

ANGLE: BUFFY

Looks to Faith, wearing nothing but black. Buffy however is dressed in a bright blue dress, with flower prints. A big clash.

BUFFY

It is.

FAITH

Hey, I'm playing the cool. Work with me here.

BUFFY

How did... are you okay?

FAITH

Five by...

She stops herself, shaking her head slightly. She moves closer to Buffy and looks down at the grave.

FAITH

I'm not gonna have a breakdown.

(CONTINUED)
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BUFFY
You will.

Faith turns to her, eyeing her up - unsure.

FAITH
What's it all about?

Buffy raises a smile.

BUFFY
You got me.

FAITH
Have I?

Buffy's smile fades. She turns and slowly walks away, Faith following from behind.

FAITH
It's a strange feeling. Well, I guess you already knew that. You know, with the people...

BUFFY
It gets easier.

FAITH
Yeah?

BUFFY
Not so much.
(beat)
Sounds good though.

FAITH
Uplifting.

Buffy stops, turning to her.

BUFFY
I should go.

FAITH
Right. Things to do.

BUFFY
Kinda.

She turns away from the other Slayer once again but Faith pulls at her arm.
FAITH
You won't do it.

BUFFY
What? Go?

FAITH
You think you can but... you won't. Some sacrifices can't be made. They know that though. That's why a new player is on the way. Or to be exact it's been here all along, working its way through the years.

(beat)
You can't trust what you see.

BUFFY
I see you.

FAITH
Exactly.

Faith lifts her arm and touches Buffy on the cheek. Gently, almost caring.

FAITH
Everything you know is gonna be put to the test. Things you didn't know are gonna become clearer than the light of day. Trust yourself. Cause everyone else will screw you over.

BUFFY
And... Jackson?

FAITH
He's not who you think he is. He's something else.

BUFFY
Figures.

They continue on their way.

FAITH
And about Jackson, what's with you wearing the black? You walking my line now?

BUFFY
I just can't resist his... arms.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: (3)

FAITH
You muscle ho.

BUFFY
Look who's talking.

As their talking fades out, the camera turns and quickly moves back to the tombstone. It simply says: "ROBIN WOOD."

CUT TO:

INT. SUMMERS RESIDENCE - BUFFY'S ROOM. MORNING

Buffy STIRS for a moment then quickly lifts her head from the pillow. She looks around, then touches her cheek, bewildered.

BLACK OUT.

END OF TEASER
ACT ONE

INT. SUMMERS RESIDENCE - XANDER'S ROOM. MORNING.

We're looking out towards the main window. The sun is shining, the birds are singing - my oh my, what a wonderful day. We pan slowly down and to the left to Xander's bed, where he and Anya are lying peacefully. Xander is on his back, one arm behind his back as he half dozes in the sunbeams filtering into the room, while Anya is draped across his chest, holding onto him tight as though she'd drift away if she ever let go. Both have big smiles on their faces. The TV set on top of the dresser to the right is buzzing away with some early morning news program, which Xander is half-watching.

ANYA
Well, that was nice.

XANDER
Yup.

ANYA
Very nice.

XANDER
Sure was.

ANYA
I'd go so far as to say great, even.

XANDER
I'm glad it was, honey.

A beat. Anya looks like she wants to say a million things and is trying (and failing) to stay quiet.

ANYA
It's a funny thing, when you think about it.

XANDER
What is?

ANYA
You know. Sex.

XANDER
Funny how?

(CONTINUED)
ANYA
Well, I mean..
   (sits up to look at Xander)
Demons sort of do it, although
there's lots of ways to do it, what
with the non-standard body makeups
and all. My'sh'shyk demons, for
example, have to do this thing with
their arms where they..

She locks her arms behind her head and tries to recreate the
movements. Xander watches her with mild amusement.

XANDER
Really haven't given demonic bedroom
activity a huge amount of thought,
An-

ANYA
Yes, I know that, but what I'm saying
is.. the way humans do it, well,
it's.. nicer.

XANDER
Good.

ANYA
And besides, when I was a ghost I
couldn't do it at all, so any way
would have been good, but now I can
do it the human way again, well,
that's just great.

Xander nods and lets Anya settle down again. She sits still
for about five seconds before she sits back up again.

ANYA
It's a nice word too, don't you
think?

XANDER
What is?

ANYA
Sex.

XANDER
Sex?

ANYA
Yes. It just, you know, rolls off
the tongue. Sex. Sex. Sex! See?
(MORE)
ANYA (CONT'D)
It's a happy word! You have to smile when you say it!

XANDER
Although, somehow the effect is lessening every second..

ANYA
(not listening)
There's all sorts of words you could use, some of them nowhere near as nice, like scr-

XANDER
(interrupts)
Any.. .

ANYA
Right, yes, sorry.

She settles back down. Five more seconds, then she sits up again.

ANYA
Can we do it again?

XANDER
(deep breath)
Just five more minutes, honey. I was up late working that whole 'make you solid again' magic thing, and now Officer Xander needs to make with the Z's to keep his strength up.

ANYA
Okay then.

Any.. . sets back down. She still looks happy and Xander looks peaceful and content as he starts to drift off to sleep again..

ANYA
And besides, it's always that bit better when you don't have to curse, kill or eat the person afterwards like some demons have to..

Xander sits up suddenly and swings his legs out of the bed.
XANDER
Well, that's me done, time for a shower.

He pads off screen, realizing that he's not going to get any more sleep. We stay on Anya, still lying down and still looking pretty pleased with herself.

INT. SUMMERS RESIDENCE - DOWNSTAIRS. MORNING.

Giles is opening the front door, coat hanging over one arm and luggage bag in the other. He carefully opens the door, and waiting outside we can see a yellow taxi. Giles throws one last look round the house, grins, and carefully closes the door behind him as he leaves so as not to wake anyone up. As the door clicks, we pan down a little to pick up a folded piece of notepaper sitting on the lamp table by the sofa, labelled 'Buffy.'

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

Buffy and Jackson, lying in bed together. Wearing the same happy expressions as Anya and Xander, but here Jackson sleeps and Buffy watches him, her head on the pillow

BUFFY
Jackson? Are you awake?

Silence. She snuggles up a little closer.

BUFFY
Jackson?
(beat)
Are you still asleep?
(smiles)
Good. Just checking.
(beat)
You know, there's still so much we don't know about each other. There's so many things I want to ask you, and that I want you to ask me... sometimes I just don't know where to start. I want to know everything and I want you to know everything.

She wraps an arm round him. Jackson murmurs and shuffles round a little, one of his arms falling lazily across hers. She grins, and then a thought hits her. She carefully moves out from under his arm and reaches across him to the bedside table.

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ANGLE ON: TABLE

Buffy's hand grabs her cell phone from the table top.

ON BUFFY

She settles back down and starts to type in a message, the clicking of the keys being the only sound in the room.

INT. WILLOW'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM. MORNING.

Willow and Kennedy are asleep in bed, the morning sunlight creeping its way across the room between the blinds. The two sleep in an odd way - Willow has her back to Kennedy and Kennedy has one arm draped over Willow. Close, but not all that close. Willow stirs and frowns, and Kennedy's eyes flicker open. She sits up and looks down at the sleeping Willow, who from the looks of it seems to be having a nightmare of sorts. She smiles and strokes Willow's hair softly, which seems to soothe her, and after a few moments she settles back down. Kennedy lies down and her eyes close again.

INT. WILLOW'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN. MORNING.

Kennedy sits at the breakfast table, eating a bowl of cereal, her dressing gown loosely on and her hair an uncombed mess. There is a small portable TV on the brightly colored kitchen surface, just next to the cooker, and she watches the news on it as she munches.

And there is still no more news on the whereabouts of Mr Timberlakien, the pop star last seen heading off into Vegas with a mystery blonde at the wheel of his sports car. In other entertainment news, popular actress Scarlet Johanssen has announced her engagement to an unknown British musician, who is said to be-

Kennedy pauses as her cereal crunches suddenly, as though she's bitten a chunk of something she shouldn't. Frowning, she sticks a finger into her mouth to dig out the offending article, and levers it out.

(Continued)
CONTINUED:

ANGLE ON: KENNEDY'S HAND

She looks down at the object in her fingers and sees an odd chunk of black material, almost like a shell of some sort.

ON KENNEDY

She stares, puzzled, at the item before she notices a strange rustling noise. She looks from side to side and then slowly down at her breakfast bowl.

ANGLE ON: BOWL

It's full of cockroaches!

ON KENNEDY

With a disgusted yell, she leaps back off the stool she sat on, knocking over the cereal box which spills out onto the table top.

ANGLE ON: BOX

It's just as full of the skittering bugs, who scatter out across the kitchen surface.

ON KENNEDY

Hand over her mouth, she takes a few steps backwards.

INT. WILLOW'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM. MORNING.

On the pair in bed as before, as Kennedy's eyes flick open and she sits up with a jolt. She looks around for a few moments before she realizes she's still in bed, and it was just a dream. She sighs with relief and puts a hand to her forehead, surprised to find how much she was sweating.

KENNEDY

Weird.. they were only bugs!

She slides out of the bed carefully so as not to disturb Willow and heads for the kitchen again.

INT. WILLOW'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN. MORNING.

Reverse angle shot looking up from inside the cereal box as Kennedy opens it, checks it for bugs and then closes it again.

(CONTINUED)
Continued:

On Scene

Kennedy shakes her head and puts the box back up on the shelf. The TV is on again in the background.

TV
And there is still no more news on the whereabouts of Mr Timberlakien, the pop star last seen heading off into Vegas with a mystery blonde at the wheel of his sports car. In other entertainment news, popular actress Scarlet Johanssen has announced her engagement to an unknown British musician, who is said to be-

Int. Willow's Apartment - Bedroom. Morning.

Kennedy pads back into the bedroom, yawning widely, not ready to be out of bed just yet. She looks over to the sleeping Willow.

Angle on: Bed

There's someone in bed next to Willow!

On Kennedy

She freezes, her muscles tightening as she sizes up the situation. She carefully creeps forward to see what's going on, grabbing hold of one edge of the quilt and pulling it towards her.

Angle on: Sleeping Person

The covers are obscuring their face, but as they drag away we see that it is Kennedy who is asleep next to Willow.

On Kennedy

She looks down at herself, still fast asleep in the bed. It doesn't take Slayer Sense to work out that something screwy is going on.

Kennedy

What the hell?

Angle on: Sleeping Kennedy

The double suddenly rolls to the side and her eyes flick
10 CONTINUED:

open, looking right back at Kennedy.

ON KENNEDY

She gasps and steps back, fists already up and ready to attack.

ANGLE ON: SECOND KENNEDY

SECOND KENNEDY

(whispers)
You can't wake up.

The Second Kennedy then vamps out, and as Kennedy watches helplessly, the doppelganger in the bed leans over to Willow and calmly sinks her teeth into her neck. Kennedy starts to shout out.

11 INT. WILLOW'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM. MORNING.

On the pair in bed as before, as Kennedy's eyes flick open and she sits up with a jolt. She looks around for a few moments before she realizes she's still in bed, and it was just a dream. She sighs with relief and puts a hand to her forehead, surprised to find how much she was sweating. She looks down at Willow but seems more shaken this time, as though she's not sure if she's awake or not.

12 INT. JODY'S HOUSE - BEDROOM. MORNING.

The same pleasant Cleveland sun, this time over at Jody's place. A typical teenage boy's room - minus the posters of girls, of course - as we look at Jody, asleep and ruffled in the bed, and Andrew in a sleeping bag on the floor next to him. Video cases and junk food wrappers litter the floor, next to the still running Playstation 2, a controller for which lies in the sleeping Andrew's hand. Andrew stirs, as though waking from a dream.

ANDREW

Tasha.. Tasha! No!

He sits bolt upright and puts a steadying hand against his chest.

ANDREW

What a nightmare.. to relive all that again!

He looks up at the sleeping form of Jody and smiles, then

(CONTINUED)
settles back down against his pillows and picks up the Playstation controller. He pushes some buttons and we hear the game he was playing beep back into life. He frowns as he concentrates, and he seems to be losing before we hear an explosion.

TV PLAYSTATION
Player one is out.

Andrew scowls at the TV and flicks the console off. He looks round the room for a few minutes, taking in his surroundings again now that it's daylight, before Jody yawns and stretches lazily, looking over the edge of the bed and down at Andrew on the floor below.

JODY
Mornin.'

ANDREW
Good morning.

JODY
(rubs eyes)
What the hell time did we eventually fall asleep last night? Last thing I remember was kicking your ass on Bust-A-Move at about 3am..

ANDREW
Oh, nothing much. We started to try and see if we could work out why George Lucas seems to be obsessed with gay robots and midgets, then we fell asleep.

JODY
Oh yeah.. Heh, bet my parents would have raised an eyebrow if I'd said a girl was coming round instead of you.

ANDREW
Do they know that you're.. well, I mean, have you told them?

JODY
Naah. Haven't quite worked out how to break it to them yet. Haven't told all that many people, really, but I don't lie if anyone asks. Seems to be safe. (MORE)
JODY (CONT' D)
You know the ways most schools are,
any kind of deviation from 'the norm' equals a fistfight a day,
every day.

ANDREW
So inviting me over is both sneaky
and yet at the same time openly
trustworthy... I like the way your
mind works, Number One.

JODY
(sits up)
Aye sir. I'm off to the bathroom.
Be right back.

Jody steps out of bed and over Andrew to head for the door. He's wearing shorts and a t-shirt but Andrew still isn't sure whether he should be looking or not. The door closes and Andrew switches the TV on, browsing the channels half-heartedly.

INT. SUMMERS RESIDENCE - BATHROOM. MORNING.

Anya stands before the bathroom mirror, her red dressing gown on as she looks herself up and down, examining herself. She stretches a leg out on top of the toilet and peers up and down at it, as though checking for flaws. The door opens behind her and Dawn starts to walk in, before noticing that Anya is inside. She ducks back out but leaves the door slightly ajar.

ANGLE ON: DAWN

She peers through the slight gap in the doorway to watch Anya, wondering what she's doing.

ON ANYA

She stands back upright and flaps her hands in the air, clearly frustrated with something.

ON DAWN

She looks puzzled but decides to leave Anya to it, leaning back out of frame.

ON ANYA

She turns and sits down on the toilet, her chin resting on
her hands an a glum look on her face. She realizes a single
tear is running down her cheek, and with a sad smile she
wipes it away, staring at the teardrop on the end of her
finger. She rubs both her eyes again and turns slightly to
look back into the mirror.

REVERSE ANGLE ON: ANYA

Looking at her reflection. She sighs, gets up, rubs her
face with one of the towels, flushes the unused toilet and
leaves the bathroom.

BLACK OUT.

END OF ACT ONE
ACT TWO

14 INT. WILLOW'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM. MORNING.
Willow and Kennedy, in bed as before. This time, it is Kennedy who stays asleep as Willow stirs and starts to wake up. She shuffles round in the bed to look over at Kennedy and smiles at the peaceful form next to her, before carefully sliding out of the bed.

15 INT. WILLOW'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN. MORNING.
Reverse angle, looking up from inside the cereal box Kennedy checked earlier.

ON SCENE
Willow pours herself a bowl of cereal, takes some milk from the fridge and sits down and munches away at the cereal as the TV news channel speaks.

TV
And there is still no more news on the whereabouts of Mr Timberlakien, the pop star last seen heading off into Vegas with a mystery blonde at the wheel of his sports car. In other entertainment news, popular actress Scarlet Johanssen has announced her engagement to an unknown British musician, who is said to be-

She finishes her cereal and switches the TV off and stands up, heading back into the bedroom. We follow her through the doorway.

16 INT. SUNNYDALE HIGH - LIBRARY. NIGHT.
Willow walks through the double doors and into the old Sunnydale library, still in her pajamas and dressing gown. It doesn't take her long to realize something is wrong. She looks all around her.

WILLOW'S P.O.V.

The library is exactly as it was before the school burned down, before the refurbishment. It is also empty, and eerily quiet.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

ON WILLOW

She takes a few steps forward, a worried look on her face as she scans the floor for any signs of life.

WILLOW

Hello?

She pauses and rolls her eyes at the situation.

WILLOW

Oh, yeah, because that'll work..

VOICE (O.S.)

Hello?

Willow jumps a mile and spins round.

ANGLE ON: TEEN

A disheveled, frightened looking teenage boy appears from behind one of the bookcases. The whole library is dark despite the lights being on, but the boy tries to keep to the shadows as though he's afraid of the light.

TEEN

Wh-who are you?

WILLOW

Me? Uh, I'm Willow. Who are you? And what are you doing here? (beat) And why are we here, anyway?

TEEN

I.. I don't know. I don't know this place, it must be from you.

WILLOW

From me? What do you mean?

The teen comes a little closer - he's no-one we recognize, but we can tell that he's scared half out of his wits, his hands gripping the edge of the library desk as though he'll float away without it, his clothes torn and scratches all over his body. Willow steps towards him but he leaps back, a hand covering his face defensively.

TEEN

Don't.. Don't! Don't come near me! Don't come close, or it'll get to you too!

(CONTINUED)
WILLOW

What will get me? I don't understand, what's going on here?

The teen looks up, and the color drains from his face. Willow follows his gaze.

ANGLE ON: LIBRARY CEILING

A black stain has formed in the ceiling, and starts to spread out and cover the whole ceiling rapidly, like a water main filled with evil has burst overhead.

ON WILLOW AND TEEN

The teen starts to look frantic, his head flicking from side to side as he tries to find a way out. Willow is staring up at the black mark.

TEEN

(urgent)
No.. no.. no.. no! No! No!

WILLOW

Come on, we'd better go, we can't-

There is a flash of light, blinding white, and Willow and the Teen stumble.

WHITE OUT

We hear a brief scream of pain from the teen which fades away, replaced by a low, dark cackle as the white out fades to black.

INT. WILLOW'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM. MORNING.

Willow jolts up in bed with a gasp, sweating and panting for breath. She looks up at the ceiling.

WILLOW'S P.O.V.

Normal, plain white ceiling with one light fitting.

ON WILLOW

She wipes her brow and sighs a few times as she gets her breath back. She looks down at the still sleeping Kennedy and reaches a hand out to gently wake her up.
CONTINUED:

WILLOW
Whoo, baby, I just had the weirdest dream, it was like-

CLOSE ON: KENNEDY

Her eyes flick open, and in an instant she vamps out - teeth, brow, eyes all changing to vampire mode.

ON WILLOW AND KENNEDY

Willow screams as Kennedy lunges for her, unable to stop the Slayer from pushing her back and sinking her teeth into her neck. Willow screams out again.

INT. WILLOW'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM. MORNING.

With a scream, Willow wakes up, and there is a few frantic seconds of struggle before she realizes where she is. Kennedy, her hands trying to restrain Willow, looks on the edge of her nerves, and Willow gives the same look back.

KENNEDY
Red, what is going on?

WILLOW
I-I don't know, did you have the dreams too?

KENNEDY
I think so.. things just went from nought to a hundred on the bizarro-meter all of a sudden. I just woke up and then you did too.

Willow leans her head against Kennedy's chest, and Kennedy wraps an arm around her.

WILLOW
I think it would be a very, very good idea for us not to fall asleep again right now.

KENNEDY
I hear ya.

We stay with the two of them for a moment.
INT. SUMMERS RESIDENCE - KITCHEN. AFTERNOON.

Anya, up and dressed as we're now several hours into the day, is sat at the kitchen table, listlessly playing with the plate of food in front of her with a knife and fork. Xander walks into the kitchen behind her, still looking like the happiest guy in the world, and grabs a can of soda from the fridge. Anya turns and watches him, managing a smile. Xander smiles back, not noticing her air of sadness.

XANDER
How's dinner?

ANYA
Hmm? Oh, it's great. For my first meal in a few months, anyway.

XANDER
I know it's not exactly the candlelit romantic feast I should have given you for your first official meal as a human again, but I'm working up to that. See, I thought a lunch of the Harris family's trademark spaghetti bolognaise would be just the ticket.

ANYA
(rolls up a bundle of spaghetti)
It's perfect, Xander. Thank you.

XANDER
(notices something's up)
Are you okay, Hun? You seem a little.. distracted. Did I put too much chili powder in it again? Because, ah, that seemed to do the trick for you last time we had this..

ANYA
The powder is just right, Xander. The meal is fine, the wine is fine, you're fine, Buffy's fine, everything is fine.

She pouts, and Xander knows to wait to let her carry on before asking what's wrong.

XANDER
So what's wrong.

(CONTINUED)
ANYA
Wrong? Nothing's wrong. Everything is definitely fine. Yes. I mean.. Oh, I don't know what I mean. Maybe we should have sex again.

XANDER
Uh, I'm sure that's not the problem.. is it?

ANYA
(beat)
Do you think I should try it?

XANDER
Try what?

ANYA
You know what I mean, call Willow, get some wine out, see if, you know.. I've always wondered what it'd be like.

Any leaves it hanging. Xander's brain connects the dots and a shocked look hits him.

XANDER
No.. no! Bad, bad! No! Bad! Definitely bad!

He shakes his head as though trying to clear away some disturbing imagery.

ANYA
You never know till you try it, as they say.

DAWN (O.S.)
Try what?

Xander struggles for words, gulping like a goldfish as Dawn walks into the kitchen and starts rooting through the fridge.

XANDER
Absolutely nothing at all. Certainly not anything you should ever be thinking about. At all. Ever.

Dawn throws a confused look at Xander, then looks at Anya for an explanation. Anya opens her mouth to respond but Xander cuts her off.
CONTINUED: (2)

XANDER
Anyway! So, uh, we should probably get moving, An, we've got a bit of shopping and things to do.

ANYA
Yes, alright.

She gets up and follows Xander out of the room. Dawn watches them leave, still trying to work out what the heck they were on about.

ANYA
I was just going to tell her about-

XANDER
I know, honey, I know.

ANYA
I'm sure she's old enough to-

XANDER
(interrupts again)
I'm sure she is too. But not now.

INT. SUMMERS RESIDENCE - BATHROOM. AFTERNOON.

Buffy is in the bathroom, washing her face. She's halfway towards being dressed, a blouse and work pants on but no makeup and her hair tied loosely back. Dawn walks past the open bathroom door in the background and pops her head inside.

DAWN
Don't you have work today?

BUFFY
Morning off.

DAWN
Oh.

BUFFY
Yes. He's still asleep.

DAWN
Oh, huh. Busy night, then.

BUFFY
Dawn!

(CONTINUED)
DAWN
What?

BUFFY
Yes, to answer your questions. Jackson stayed over and yes, we did have a nice night in.

DAWN
Good. Because, you know, I'm completely fine with you still sleeping with a guy who almost broke my arm last week for no reason at all.

Buffy sighs and turns to face Dawn, leaning against the sink. Dawn has her arms crossed, ready for a fight.

BUFFY
Dawn, I-

DAWN
No, save it. I'm sure you must love him very much, and how sorry you felt for him losing his memory and how much of a help he's being and blah blah blah! But whatever the hell happened to showing a little sisterly loyalty?

BUFFY
(beat)
It's complicated, it's-

DAWN
You always say that! You always just shrug your shoulders and say 'Oh Dawnie, it's complicated,' like that's the only answer you ever need for all the stuff you don't want to explain!

BUFFY
Now wait just a minute, I-

DAWN
No, no, forget it, Buffy. Forget it. You go back to your bed with your man and do whatever makes you feel happy. Just take care of yourself. I guess you earned it.

(CONTINUED)
Dawn turns and heads off towards her room. Buffy looks back into the mirror, toweling her face dry, and then stares at her reflection for a long beat. She puts the towel back and walks out of the bathroom.

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

She steps back into the room, Jackson is still out cold on the bed. She can hear a muted buzzing noise and scans for the source of it.

CLOSE ON: BEDSIDE TABLE

Buffy's cell phone is vibrating away on top of the table. Buffy's hand reaches into frame to retrieve it.

CLOSE ON: PHONE

Buffy flips open the phone to display a text message she's just received. It reads 'Hey Buffy, it's Ellen. Emmily says you should come over, she needs to tell you something.'

ON BUFFY

She puts the phone back on the bedside table. Jackson stirs, and Buffy sits down on the edge of the bed, reaching a hand over to stroke his hair as he wakes up. His eyes open and he smiles lazily up at her.

JACKSON

Morning..

BUFFY

Afternoon, actually.

JACKSON

Aw jeez, really? I'm late for work..

BUFFY

I called the office already. Told them you were off sick but should be better tomorrow.

JACKSON

You're the best girlfriend ever, you know that?

BUFFY

I like to think so.

She stands and steps into a pair of shoes. Jackson sits up
as she grabs a jacket from the closet.

JACKSON
Where you off to?

BUFFY
Message from Emmily, she wants me
to go see her. Probably work stuff.

JACKSON
Which, as we know, means one of two
totally different things with you.

BUFFY
Yet still, somehow, just as
unappealing on a sunny weekday
afternoon when I could be out
shopping somewhere..

She leans over and gives him a quick kiss then heads out
through the door.

JACKSON
Was that Dawn I heard half a minute
ago?

Buffy turns back to him, not sure what to say.

BUFFY
Yeah, she was just-

JACKSON
She's still pretty pissed at me for
what I did, isn't she.

BUFFY
(beat)
Yeah.

JACKSON
(sighs)
Maybe I should try to talk to her.

BUFFY
Maybe. We'll sort it out later.

She goes, leaving Jackson to stare up at the ceiling a
troubled look on his face.
INT. WILLOW'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM. DAY.

Kennedy and Willow are dressed now, huddled together on the bed, trying to stay awake.

KENNEDY
(yawns)
Will, I can't keep.. my eyes open..

WILLOW
Me either.. this is probably bad..

KENNEDY
Yeah..

WILLOW
Must be.. some kind of.. magic..
or..

And as we watch, both girls have soon nodded off and are fast asleep again.

BLACK OUT.

END OF ACT TWO
INT. SUMMERS RESIDENCE (SUNNYDALE). DAY.

Willow is standing outside Buffy's bedroom in their old house in Sunnydale. She looks from side to side - the walls and surfaces around her are distorted and bathed in odd colors, as though she's watching them through a stained glass window. She reaches out a hand towards the closed door before her.

CLOSE ON: WILLOW'S HAND

She gingerly pushes at the door handle, and the door swings open with a single creak.

ON WILLOW

She looks into the room and sees Kennedy sat on a chair next to the bed. Kennedy is staring straight ahead and not moving a muscle. The scene is the same as when Buffy slipped into shock after Glory had kidnapped Dawn, and Willow went into Buffy's mind to try and reach her again.

WILLOW

Baby? Is that you?

VOICE (O.S.)

She can't hear you.. she's trapped..
I've trapped her inside her own mind..

WILLOW

Who are you? What do you want?

VOICE (O.S.)

Ah..

(beat)

Everything..

Willow looks around but can't see who's speaking. With a determined look she strides into the room towards Kennedy. As she steps inside, the door slams shutting her inside with a BANG.

INT. VAMPIRE BASE. NIGHT.

Willow spins round, but she's no longer in Buffy's room, she's downstairs in some kind of warehouse, inside a cage. She whirls round, trying to look for a way out, but then someone jumps at the bars with a loud CLANG! Willow yelps

(CONTINUED)
and looks out.

ANGLE ON: VAMPIRE KENNEDY

Kennedy is there, fully vamped up, dressed in the outfit we last saw Evil Vampire Willow in back in 'The Wish.' Willow's brow furrows again as she tries to work out what's happening.

VAMPIRE KENNEDY
Aw, don't look so sad, lover.. It only hurt for a minute. And actually..

Vampire Kennedy leans up to the bars, whispering in case someone hears, even though no-one else is around.

VAMPIRE KENNEDY
I kind of liked it.

WILLOW
You're not Kennedy. And as soon as I figure out who you are, I'm going to-

VAMPIRE KENNEDY
(interrupts)
You're going to do exactly as you're told, or your little girlfriend will wake up to find her brain's been reduced to plant food!

Willow stares defiantly back at the vampire before her. A few years ago, she'd have crumbled, but she's tougher now. A thought strikes her and she smiles.

WILLOW
Hey, I think I know what you are..

VAMPIRE KENNEDY
Oh, do you now?

WILLOW
Yes, I do, you're a-

EXT. SUNNYDALE - STREET. NIGHT.

Willow is suddenly standing in the middle of the street, dressed in her ghost's outfit from the 'Halloween' episode, white sheet over her head. She scrabbles with it for a few seconds before tearing it off, and we see she's made up and dressed exactly as she was all those years ago. She looks
CONTINUED:

down at herself.

WILLOW

Oh, crap!

INT. JODY'S BEDROOM. DAY.

The curtains are open and light is attempting to filter into the room. Jody and Andrew are both up and dressed, Jody sipping a can of soda and Andrew flicking idly through the TV channels.

JODY

So, what shall we do today?

ANDREW

Don't you have school?

Jody throws a sideways 'Don't sound like my dad!' Look at Andrew, who grins sheepishly.

JODY

Don't you have work?

ANDREW

Luckily, I'm off today.

JODY

Cool. I was thinking we do the usual rounds - comic store, games store, music store, then get some lunch at the food court.

ANDREW

Sounds like a plan. The new 'Birds Of Prey' is out today, and, uh, I think my standing order at Forbidden World should contain some nice surprises of a 'Catwoman' nature..

JODY

You and your comics..

ANDREW

You and your 'have to have the biggest and bestest most brand new' Playstation games!

JODY

Yeah, I know.. sad, isn't it? Your geekiness must be rubbing off on me.

(CONTINUED)
ANDREW
On behalf of geeks around the world,
I answer that with.. you're
absolutely right.

The two of them grin. Jody opens the door and Andrew heads out, followed by Jody after he grabs a backpack.

INT. ELLEN'S PLACE - HALL. DAY.

We're inside, looking at the door as the bell rings. Ellen steps into frame, hair damp from the shower and a towel in one hand. She opens the door to reveal Buffy. She has Giles' note in her hand.

BUFFY
Hi. Buses over this side of town suck, I'm sorry.

ELLEN
That's okay, the munchkin's still watching Powerpuff Girls so she's happy. I think she likes Buttercup the best.

BUFFY
I'm more of a Bubbles person, myself..

Buffy steps inside.

INT. ELLEN'S PLACE - LIVING ROOM. DAY.

Buffy steps into the living room after Ellen, who curls round into the kitchen next to it. Emmily sits in the foreground, watching the TV from the comfort of a large beanbag. She looks round and swaps smiles with Buffy.

BUFFY
Hi there, I got your message.

EMMILY
Good. Almost done. Mojo Jojo's about to save the day.

BUFFY
(sits next to her)
I thought he was the bad guy?

(CONTINUED)
EMMILY
He didn't mean to do it.

Buffy smiles - Emmily's just like any other seven year old on the outside. She looks down at the note in her hand and reads.

GILES (V.O.)
Hello, Buffy. Apologies for sneaking out without saying goodbye first, but I had an early flight and I didn't want to wake everyone up unnecessarily. I'm off to see a few people about what's been going on, to see if we can dig anything new up about this 'Source' we've heard mentioned. I'll call if I can but I should be back in a few weeks all being well. Take care, Giles.

Buffy folds the note away and tucks it into her jacket, then finds herself getting sucked into the cartoon, laughing at a joke along with Emmily. Ellen stands at the back of the room, a cup of coffee in one hand as she watches the two of them, a proud maternal smile on her face.

EXT. SUNNYDALE - STREET. NIGHT.

We're back with Willow. She's standing out in the street on Halloween night, with children dressed as ghosts and demons scampering around all round her. She wanders out into the street, looking around.

WILLOW
Okay, Willow, stay in control. Just stay calm and look for a way out, you'll be fine.

She doesn't look like she has much confidence in her words.

KENNEDY (O.S.)
Red!

Willow looks up as she hears Kennedy's voice.

WILLOW'S P.O.V.

Kennedy is across the street, dressed in the Marie Antoinette outfit that caused Buffy so much bother. She gathers up the flowing skirt and starts to hurry across the street towards...
CONTINUED:

her.

ON WILLOW

Willow smiles with relief - she can tell this is her girl and not another doppelganger.

ON KENNEDY

She looks relieved too as she steps into the street. Bright headlights suddenly shine on her, and she squints and turns to her left.

ANGLE ON: VAN

A van screeches into frame, trying to slow down from speed but failing, and its lights fill the screen with white glare.

ANGLE ON: KENNEDY

She throws up her arms but the van is going too fast - it slams into her and knocks her off her feet.

ON WILLOW

Her hands go to her mouth and her eyes widen with shock.

WILLOW

Noo!!

ON KENNEDY

Willow runs into frame and lifts up Kennedy, but from the trickle of blood running from Kennedy's mouth we can see that she's hurt badly. We hear the van door slam off screen and someone steps into frame, partially blocking the glare from the headlights. Willow shields her eyes and looks up.

WILLOW

Oz?

WILLOW'S P.O.V.

It looks like Oz, a short guy with spiky red hair and a taste in grunge clothing, but as the guy leans closer we can see that it's someone else - the Teen we saw in the library earlier. He is pale and shaking as he looks down at the wounded Kennedy.

TEEN

I'm sorry.. I'm sorry.. I just found myself in the van, I couldn't stop..
WILLOW
It's.. it's you!

The Teen looks up and recognizes Willow.

TEEN
Hey, the girl in the library.. Is she okay?

WILLOW
(tearful)
I don't know.. I don't know..

Willow starts rocking back and forth gently, cradling Kennedy. This is all getting very familiar to her.

TEEN
Don't let her die.

WILLOW
What?

TEEN
If she dies here, then she's gone. It'll try to kill her to get to you, and if it does, then you're broken. You'll always be here, helping it get more people.

WILLOW
Helping who? What is going on? Who are you? I don't.. I don't understand..

Kennedy's arm reaches up and strokes Willow's cheek. She looks down and sees that Kennedy is still alive - Willow grabs her hand and manages a laugh through the sobs.

KENNEDY
Hey.. did you get the.. number of.. that truck?

WILLOW
Hang on, baby, I'm going to get us out of here.

KENNEDY
Kite.. string..

WILLOW
That's right, that's right.
VOICE (O.S.)
No, no, no, this won't do at all.
Hope? Where does that get us?
Must go deeper. Must find something really..
(beat)
Ahh..

Willow and the Teen look up but can't see who's speaking.

INT. WILLOW AND TARA'S ROOM. DAY.

Willow looks down. She's wearing a white top which is splattered with blood. Her breathing becomes ragged as she realizes where she is. She looks down, and as she does we slowly pan down to see the dead body of Tara in her arms, the gunshot wound leaving an ugly red on her blue jumper. Willow gasps a little as her worst memory plays out again before her. The voice cackles from somewhere overhead as Willow begins to sob.

WILLow
Please.. don't do this.. don't do this again..

VOICE (O.S.)
Yes, that's it.. that's what I wanted to see..

Willow closes her eyes and holds Tara close to her. The room is silent except for the distant chuckling of the voice and Willow's tears.

CLOSE ON: WILLOW'S EYES

They flick open - the pupils have turned black. Willow's reliving it all over again - Tara's death and her own rapid descent into anger. She squeezes her eyes shut again as the voice's laughter reaches fever pitch, but then opens them again and they have returned to their natural blue.

ON WILLOW

The laughter stops as Willow calmly looks down at Tara again, tears still on her cheeks but no longer sobbing. She smiles as she brushes a stray lock of hair from Tara's face.

WILLow
Hey, baby. I know this isn't really you, but.. I never got a chance to say so many things to you..

(MORE)
WILLOW (CONT'D)
and now I can. I'm sorry I let us
drift apart, even for a second.
I'm always going to have you in my
heart. I love you.

She lays Tara gently back onto the bedroom floor.

WILLOW
And goodbye.

Willow stands up, fists clenched, and looks to the ceiling.

WILLOW'S P.O.V.
The black swirls we saw earlier are back, dripping out across
the whole ceiling.

ON WILLOW
The black eyes are back, and Willow lifts a hand towards the
ceiling.

WILLOW
Okay then, now it's just you and
me. Il provientum.

Her hand starts to glow with soft purple light, little balls
of which drift away and up towards the ceiling. They mix
with the blackness we can see, which starts to bubble as
though it's boiling.

VOICE (O.S.)
No.. stop it! No! What are you
doing, witch? Stop it!

WILLOW
Let's see what you really are.

There is a blinding flash of light.

EXT. DEMONIC DIMENSION.

Willow finds herself standing on a craggy stone platform,
swirling vortexes of stars and nebulas filling the skies all
around her. She looks around in wonder for a few moments
before her gaze falls on Kennedy, lying slumped on the floor.
Willow runs to her and checks for a pulse, looking relieved
that she can find one. There is the thud of a heavy foot
off screen, and Willow slowly looks up.
Continued:

WILLOW'S P.O.V.

The dreamwalking demon is in view at last - wrapped in an almost liquid dark cloak that looks like the blackness from the ceilings before, the demon itself is a grey skinned creature with two long, curled horns running back along its head, and a wide, wicked looking mouth that grins down at Willow.

ON WILLOW

She stands to face her enemy.

WILLOW

That's better. I hate all that hiding and playing games. Just gets in the way.

DEMON

Oh, you're good. I like that. Strong. Yes. Strong and powerful. Not like her.

The demon points at Kennedy. Willow glares back at him.

WILLOW

Don't count her out so easily.

DEMON

Ha! She'll be dead soon, and then I'll always have you to help me. My own witch, here for always, to help me bring others. New people. New emotions. New memories.

They start to pace around each other, sizing each other up. Willow never takes her eyes off him.

WILLOW

So what do you want? I mean, I've worked out the whole 'feeding on strong emotions' stuff by now, and that you can somehow trap souls here to do your dirty work for you. But we wouldn't be stood here talking if you were just going to eat my brains. So talk.

DEMON

Game.
WILLOW
A game? What kind of game?

DEMON
For her. For your love.

WILLOW
Why should I trust you?

DEMON
Ah!
(beat)
You can't. No choice. She lost her will, and will remain here for me unless you can beat me. I pick the battlefield, we fight. Winner takes all. No second prizes.

WILLOW
Alright.

The demon laughs, its long tongue flicking round the razor sharp teeth in its grin.

WILLOW
I win, Kennedy and I walk out of here and you go back to wherever the heck you came from, never to return.

DEMON
Oh?

WILLOW
Standard demonic confrontation rules.
(beat)
Giles told me.

DEMON
And if I win?

WILLOW
You can have my soul. But not hers. Whatever happens, she goes free.

The demon mulls this over, looking from Kennedy to Willow and back again. It grins.

DEMON
Deal. You will be a very tasty meal, witch. Yes.. And you'll help me bring and keep so many more here..
The demon cackles, but Willow rolls her eyes impatiently.

WILLOW
Can we get on with it? I really don't want to spend any more time stuck up here.

The demon stops laughing and clasps its hands together, the wicked smile back in place.

DEMON
Then let us begin.

The demon claps his hands and it all goes dark.

BLACK OUT.

END OF ACT THREE
ACT FOUR

INT. SUPERMARKET. DAY.

Anya walks along the rows and rows of fruit baskets, shopping basket over one arm, reaching out and squeezing almost everything in sight. An old lady watches her, and Anya stops when she sees the woman's puzzled look.

ANYA
Hello. I was a ghost, but now I'm not. So I can touch things again and that's what I'm doing! It's just like-

Xander steps into frame between the two of them, nodding and smiling at the old woman.

XANDER
Sorry about her. She's, ah..
(whispers)
She's just come back into the community again.

The old woman nods in understanding as Xander gives her the thumbs up and throws an arm round Anya, leading her away. We stay with them as they walk down the aisle.

ANYA
Xander, there wasn't anything the matter.

XANDER
No, but most girls don't tell random old ladies they used to be ghosts. At least not very often. Old people tend not to be very comfortable with that kind of thing.

ANYA
I decided a few things, though.

XANDER
Oh?

ANYA
Yes. Kiwi fruit is off-puttingly hairy but pleasantly squishy, pineapples feel nice, and grapes are great when they pop.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

XANDER
Been checking the fruit stand, huh?

Anya nods and smiles. They walk off frame.

INT. SUPERMARKET – CHECKOUT. DAY.

Anya and Xander are unloading their shopping baskets onto the checkout’s conveyor belts. Anya keeps picking up everything Xander puts down, running her fingers over all the surfaces. Xander notices and gently pushes her hands back down, glancing around in case people are watching.

XANDER
An, try to keep track of that when we're out in public. It could be hard to explain to people if you're dashing off to touch everything in sight. Especially near bars full of bikers.

ANYA
Well, I can't help it if I'd started to forget what everything felt like, can I? I kept thinking I was just going to fade away and never know what..

She looks around her and grabs a pack of gum from the stand by the counter, unwrapping it and popping a stick into her mouth.

ANYA
What gum felt like to chew, or what..

She searches again, grabs a soda bottle from the conveyor belt and opens it, taking a big gulp.

ANYA
What soda feels like..

(beat)
Especially when you drink it too fast and the bubbles go up your nose..

She sneezes, and Xander, looking a little panicked in case security head over, takes the bottle back off her and puts the rest of the gum onto the conveyor.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

ANGLE ON: CHECKOUT GIRL

She looks distinctly unimpressed by the whole thing as Anya continues to sneeze.

XANDER
Uh, sorry about all this, she's.. well, she's different.

CHECKOUT GIRL
So was Forrest Gump. But at least he paid for what he drank first.

Xander nods and hands over his credit card. Anya stops sneezing and rubs her nose.

ANYA
Sneezes. Sneezes are good too.

She smiles up at Xander who can't help but grin back. Then she sneezes again. From the sound of her sneeze, we:

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. THE BRONZE - BALCONY. NIGHT.

It's a typical night at the Bronze, full of dancing teens, students and twentysomethings, as Willow finds herself on the balcony overlooking the dance floor. Something isn't right straight away - she's woozy and grips the handrail for balance.

GIRL'S VOICE (O.S.)
Wasn't this night fun?

Willow looks to her side.

ANGLE ON: AMY

Amy is there, a smug grin on her face. She looks down at Willow, struggling to stand as though she's drunk.

AMY
We came here after going to Rack's that one time, do you remember? We were so smashed on magic drops that we turned this whole place into whatever we wanted.. Oh, I had so much fun that night I never wanted it to end..

(CONTINUED)
WILLOW
You.. cheater..

AMY
Well, I said I'd pick the battlefield out of your memories, didn't I?
And when I saw this place, and the state you were in while you were here, well.. I couldn't help myself.

Willow looks like she's in trouble as Amy stands defiantly before her.

AMY
So let's get started!

With a shout she swings a fist out and cracks it across Willow's cheek, and Willow pitches over the balcony and down onto the dancers below. They break her fall but about ten people clutter to the floor, and Willow wozily tries to disentangle herself and pick herself up. She looks up and sees Amy shouting down from the balcony.

AMY
See? Isn't this fun?

Amy morphs into the demon and growls triumphantly as the people in the Bronze start to panic and scream.

DEMOR
Now let's see what you're really scared of, witch!

He leaps over the balcony and down towards Willow.

INT. ELLEN'S PLACE - LIVING ROOM. DAY.

Buffy sits and watches Emmily carefully coloring in one of the pictures in the book before her. She looks like she's waiting for the young girl to speak.

BUFFY
Emmily? You got my message earlier right?

Emmily nods, without looking up.

BUFFY
So what did you want to tell me? Is it about Jackson?

(MORE)
BUFFY (CONT'D)

(beat)
Emmily?

Emmily looks up, then with a little sigh puts her crayon down and looks up at Buffy.

EMMILY
Sorry. Was trying to clear my mind. We can go now.

BUFFY
Go? Where to?

Emmily holds out her hands, and after a moment Buffy reaches out and takes them. As she does, we:

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. RUINED WORLD. NIGHT.

Buffy finds herself standing on top of an almost volcanic outcrop, with other, active volcanoes all around, spewing geysers of lava and thick plumes of ash out into the night sky. The whole landscape around her is in flames—trees and grass burns, even the rivers are on fire, and everything around them is desolate and chaotic. Buffy instinctively hugs Emmily close to her to protect her, but Emmily pushes back and looks up at the Slayer.

EMMILY
Just a vision. Safe.

BUFFY
What... where are we? What is this place?

EMMILY
Back in time. Many years. The Old Ones rule here.

BUFFY
The Old Ones?

(beat)
Listen to me, I sound like Neo or something... Emmily, tell me about the Source.

EMMILY
Ancient evil. Like The First.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

BUFFY
Would that make them The Second?

Emmily smiles and Buffy grins back despite herself.

EMMILY
Gone for now, but will be back soon.
And you can stop it.

BUFFY
Here we go.. Another apocalyptic battle to save the world, huh?

EMMILY
No. One small choice. It will be defeated by love. Either by showing love or not showing love.

BUFFY
Which does which? Will love conquer all or something corny like that?

EMMILY
Don't know yet. Am trying to find out. But you'll know when the time comes.

Buffy looks round.

BUFFY
Let's head back now, okay? I get the picture. If the Old Ones come back, the world gets turned into the inside of my stomach after one of Xander's chilies, and I'm going to be able to do something about that. Right?

Emmily nods, and Buffy smiles back.

INT. ELLEN'S PLACE – LIVING ROOM. DAY.

And in a blink of an eye, they're back in the living room at Ellen's, as though they'd never left. Buffy looks round to check they're home, then down at Emmily.

BUFFY
Thank you. I don't normally get too much of a warning about these things.
EMMILY
That's why I'm here.

Buffy strokes the side of Emmily's head affectionately.

ELLEN (O.S.)
Oh, there you are!

ON ELLEN
She steps into the living room.

ELLEN
Emmily pops off for a few seconds every now and then, says she's 'learning things.' So where'd you two get to?

BUFFY
Uh, Iowa, I think.

Emmily giggles and Buffy shares a smile with her.

INT. THE BRONZE. NIGHT.

SLAM! Willow flies into frame, not looking too good. People scatter as she picks herself up and the demon clunks over, knocking tables aside as it heads for her. Willow stands, the black pupils in place as she scowls at the incoming monster.

WILLOW
Don't make me get all Shannon Doherty on you, you really wouldn't like me when I'm angry!

She lets fly with a blast of blue energy which knocks the demon from its feet, splintering the edge of the staircase next to it. More screams all around as the demon stands again. He laughs as Willow tries to catch her breath.

DEMON
Good.. good! You fight well, witch. This is fun.

Willow answers by swinging her arm at the demon, lifting him by an unseen hand into the air and slamming him against the bar, dislodging the rows of bottle hanging there. The bartender runs for cover as Willow walks over.

(CONTINUED)
CLOSE ON: WILLOW'S FEET

Her shoes crunch over the broken glass as she steps towards the demon, who is chuckling between ragged breaths as he stands again.

DEMON
You must.. really love that girl..
to fight so strong.

ON WILLOW

WILLOW
She's my Slayer, she'd die for me.

DEMON
But would you die for her?

Willow stops dead, and the demon grins as he realizes he's found a chink in her armor.

WILLOW
I.. I'd..

DEMON
Ah, I don't think you would, would you?

He stands and Willow shrinks backwards, confusion flowing across her face.

WILLOW
She'd.. she'd..

DEMON
Not like it was with the other one, is it? Good, yes, but not the same. Not as pure. Not as powerful. Not enough.

Willow's head is bowed as the demon looms large over her.

DEMON
Not enough to make up for losing the first one.

CLOSE ON: WILLOW

Her head snaps up. Her black eyes blaze with fury.

WILLOW
Alright, that is it!
ANGLE ON: BAR

The rest of the hanging bottles are smashed as the demon hurtles sideways into frame, slamming into the wall behind the bar and thudding to the ground. Willow vaults over the bar to face the wheezing demon.

WILLOW
You can push me around.. you can
drag me back through my past.. you
can make me live out my worst pains
again..

She walks forwards slowly, and the demon shuffles away from her.

WILLOW
But you don't tell me how much I
love someone, and you don't get to
tell me who I love!

She raises her hand to strike the demon down but pauses, hand held above her head, as she sees the demon laughing under his breath. Something dawns on her, and she steps back. The demon gets to his feet, wondering why she didn't hit him, as Willow closes her eyes, takes a deep breath and holds her hands by her sides. The demon swipes a claw at her - and it passes through her! He stares down at his claw and sees that it is fading away. Willow opens her eyes, a smile on her face.

WILLOW
See, if I don't show any emotions,
then you've got no power to feed
on. And if you've got no power to
draw from, then all this..

She motions to the Bronze around them as it starts to ripple and fade away, the demon looking round in panic.

WILLOW
Just fades away.

The demon snarls and stabs at her but with no luck. Willow starts to fade away too. She gives him a little wave.

WILLOW
Sweet dreams, Freddy. Hope they
take real good care of you on the
other side.

The demon howls as Willow fades away, and then the scene
around him dissolves into the same blackness as his cloak, which envelops him and swallows him whole, drowning out his cry.

INT. WILLOW'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM. DAY.

Willow jolts awake again, searching around for Kennedy but not seeing her.

WILLOW'S P.O.V.

The bathroom door is open, and we can hear that the shower is running. Kennedy leans her head out to look, wet from the shower.

KENNEDY
Oh, you're up! I woke up a minute ago and you were sleeping so well I thought I'd better leave you to it, just in case.

ON WILLOW

WILLOW
Oh, right, uh, thanks.

Kennedy leans back and Willow wipes her brow.

WILLOW
Whew, that was a Bobby Ewing moment for sure..

She flops back down on the pillows, exhausted. She reaches a hand out for the TV remote control and flicks it on.

TV
And there is still no more news on the whereabouts of Mr Timberlakien, the pop star last seen heading off into Vegas with a mystery blonde at the wheel of his sports car. In other entertainment news, popular actress Scarlet Johanssen has announced her engagement to an unknown British musician, who is said to be-

KENNEDY (O.S.)
So what was your dream about?

Willow smiles.
CONTINUED:

WILLOW
Nothing I couldn't handle.

INT. SUMMERS RESIDENCE - FRONT ROOM. DAY.

Andrew and Jody head in, busy talking and joking. The rest of the Scoobies are sat around the front room, as Willow is telling them about her morning.

ANDREW
Oh, uh, hi, everyone. You know, uh, Jody.

JODY
Hi.

DAWN
Hey.

BUFFY
Oh, hey Jody.

KENNEDY
Oh yeah, Andrew's boyfriend.

Everyone goes quiet.

KENNEDY
(to Jody)
Right?

More silence.

KENNEDY
What? Don't say I'm the only one who noticed..

More silence.

ON ANDREW

Looking like he wants the world to open up and swallow him whole.

ON JODY

Not knowing what to say.

JODY
Uh..
XANDER  
(matter-of-factly)  
Yeah, we knew.

ANYA  
Yes, little gay Andrew.

DAWN  
I'd kind of worked it out..

WILLOW  
Yeah, you do have a sort of, uh.. quality.

BUFFY  
Mmm. It may be the hair.

ANDREW  
Wait, wait, wait. So you guys knew all along? Or did you only just..

KENNEDY  
Well, you didn't do a great job of hiding it!

ANDREW  
But this isn't weird?

Everyone looks at everyone else.

BUFFY  
Nope, why would it be?

WILLOW  
Yeah, it's not like you're going to act any different, right?

ANDREW  
Uh, I guess not..

XANDER  
(grins; clicks fingers)  
Damn, that was my last hope, too..

Andrew looks at Jody, who is grinning at him.

JODY  
See, told you it's be okay.
CONTINUED: (2)

WILLOW
So anyway, then this demon says
'Now let's see what you're scared
of, witch!' And charges towards me
and...

Willow starts up with her story again like nothing happened,
but we stay with Andrew's happy expression.

DISSOLVE TO:

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

Xander and Anya are in bed again, but this time it's night
and Xander is asleep. A single candle burns away as a
nightlight on the bedside table, and as Anya rolls towards
it we see she is still wide awake. She glances back to make
sure Xander is asleep, then holds her hand over the flame.
After a few moments, she gasps with pain and moves her hand
away, but after rubbing it for a few seconds, she looks back
to the candle, and then holds her hand over the flame again,
watching it burn.

BLACK OUT.

END OF SHOW