INT. WILLOW’S APARTMENT. EVENING.

We’re outside, looking at the apartment block that houses Willow’s little dwelling. A vicious storm is raging outside, old school El Nino style – trees are bowing under the force of the winds and the amount of rain lashing down, thunderclouds rumble overhead and flashes of lightning streak through the sky. The streetlamps flicker as the local power tries to deal with the interference.

We pan down a little to the building’s entrance, to pick up XANDER and ANYA. XANDER is by his car parked next to the kerb, trying to rapidly extract several large boxes from the boot and getting drowned standing up in the heavy storm, while Anya watches him from beneath an umbrella, safely sheltered inside the building’s entrance.

ANYA
(calls out)
Come on, Xander! All our things will be getting wet!

Xander squints over to her through the downpour.

XANDER
Well aware of that, honey! Kind of stuck with the only having two arms thing..

ANYA
Well.. carry more at once or something!

XANDER
You could always try helping me, you know!

ANYA
No, I couldn’t. I’d get wet.

Xander blinks. Her logic is wrong and yet perfectly understandable at the same time. Xander sighs, shakes his head to try and get rid of the pools of water gathering on him and reaches back into the trunk of the car.

INT. WILLOW’S APARTMENT. EVENING.

Inside the apartment, looking out through one of the windows at the storm trying to bust its way in. There aren’t many lights on inside, the gloom highlighted a little by a TV set on some nondescript lifestyle channel in the background.
CONTINUED:

The camera pans slowly down and to the right to pick up WILLOW, huddled up and lying down on the sofa with a thick blanket wrapped around her. She stares vacantly at the TV, oblivious to it and the rest of the world around her.

Doodles the puppy dozes on the floor beneath her. The apartment looks a little untidy - as though someone just didn’t feel like washing up dinner plates or putting anything back in its proper place for a few days.

There is a scraping sound off screen as someone tries to fit a key into the front door lock, and then we hear the door open and scuffled footsteps as someone stumbles inside.

Willow doesn’t budge and Doodles only manages to look mildly interested.

XANDER (O.S.)
(sarcastic)
Gee, An, thanks for getting the door for me while my arms are full..

ANYA (O.S.)
Why? I didn’t open it.

Xander mutters something and walks into frame, a large box loaded up to his chin which he manages to heave onto the floor near Willow. Xander jumps slightly when he spots Willow.

XANDER
Woah! Hey there, didn’t see you blending into the couch down there, Will. You trying out for the chameleon squad or something?

Willow still doesn’t move or look up. Xander sighs and sits down on the couch next to her. She shuffles slightly to let him sit, and he tenderly strokes the side of her face, folding her hair back behind her ear.

XANDER (cont’d)
How you holding up so far?
(beat; no reply)
Well, Anya and I are almost done moving our stuff in now, so you won’t have to worry about being up here by yourself for the time being.

Willow looks up and into Xander’s eyes, and manages a weak smile. He smiles right back.

XANDER (cont’d)
That’s my girl.
Anya walks into the room, still carrying nothing, and peers out through the window.

ANYA
Xander?

XANDER
Yes?

ANYA
The trunk of your car is still open. Everything’s getting rained on.

(beat)
And I think I can see some of your comic books floating away, down the street. They look very pretty!

XANDER
What colour box are they floating out of?

ANYA
Um... a beige kind of one.

XANDER
(thinks)
Ultimate Spider-Man. Eh, I can get those again. At least it wasn’t the black one.

ANYA
Oh, some kids are taking that out of the car now.

A beat as this sinks in, then Xander jumps up and joins Anya at the window.

XANDER
What?!?

ANYA
Yes, they took this little blue box first that I think had all your action figures in it, and now they’re coming back for the black box.

XANDER
Great. Perfect! What else could go wrong with today?

With a crash of lightning, the power goes out. The apartment is plunged into darkness, the only light coming from the window and the only sound coming from the storm.

(CONTINUED)
XANDER (cont’d)

Ah, heck.

BLACK OUT:

END OF TEASER
CONTINUED: (4)

ACT ONE

FADE UP:

INT. SUMMERS RESIDENCE - BASEMENT. NIGHT.

We fade up on BUFFY, torch in hand as she stands in the basement before the fuse box, clicking switches up and down and frowning. She tries another switch.

BUFFY
Shazam!
(beat)
Nope, okay..
(tries another)
Alakazam!
(beat)
Huh. Alright, last one.
(tries another)
Flame on!
(beat)
Gah!

She bops the torch against the fuse box in frustration, but that only succeeds in putting the torch out. There is a beat, then Buffy sighs in the darkness.

BUFFY (cont’d)
Well, that just about sums things up, really..

GILES (O.S.)
Buffy? Are you still down here?

BUFFY
Yeah, could you keep talking or shine a light on the stairs or something? I’m kind of lost in the shadows at the moment.

GILES, standing in the doorway at the top of the stairs, responds by holding his torch on the foot of the staircase.

Buffy trips over something on her way across, and we hear her curse as she stumbles.

GILES
Is everything alright?

Buffy sighs in the darkness.

BUFFY
I’m fine, I just hit a.. thing.

She enters the light and starts to climb the stairs.
CONTINUED:

GILES
No luck, then?

BUFFY
Nope. The whole grid must be out. We’ve got about as much energy as an Oprah audience.

GILES
I take it that’s not very much, then.

BUFFY
(grins)
You really do need to watch more TV!

INT. SUMMERS RESIDENCE — FRONT ROOM. NIGHT.

Buffy and Giles walk back into the front room, the light provided by an assortment of candles that ANDREW is busy lighting and carefully arranging on various surfaces, as well as a couple of torches held by MARIE, the new Watcher. Buffy raises an eyebrow at Andrew’s efforts.

BUFFY
That’s funny, I didn’t know we were living in a medieval castle.. what’s with all the candles?

She looks round — there are far more than needed. Andrew stops lighting them and turns round sheepishly.

ANDREW
Um, I just thought that, given our current powerless circumstances, the place could use a little.. er, enlightenment.

Buffy takes in the sheer amount of candles on display.

BUFFY
A little would have been good. We’ve passed the fire hazard barrier and are cruising towards natural disaster at the moment!

ANDREW
(pouts)
Fine, well, um, I’ll just start putting them out then, seeing as, you know, I’ve gone so out of my way and all..

Buffy raises a hand and can’t stop a smile at Andrew’s peeved reaction.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

BUFFY
No, no, it’s okay. Just make sure you don’t burn the place down, alright? I’m just starting to get used to this house..

GILES
Marie, shall we get back to where we were?

MARIE
Oh, yes, yes of course.

The two of them head back towards the kitchen, and Buffy watches them go with another grin on her lips.

BUFFY
(to herself)
Hmm..

ANDREW
So, uh, Buffy..

BUFFY
Yes?

ANDREW
Shall we, uh, do something to pass the time? You know, till the power comes back on, and to keep our spirits up in these.. dark times.

BUFFY
(ignores the pun)
What did you have in mind?

ANDREW
Well, normally, I’d suggest a Playstation tournament, but because, ah, we don’t have any power, why don’t we play..

He pauses, grinning, and Buffy starts to look pretty suspicious..

INT. SUMMERS RESIDENCE - FRONT ROOM. NIGHT.

Buffy and Andrew are sat either side of a table, looking down at something on it. Andrew is wearing his little red Dungeon Master cape, and Buffy looks bemusedly on.

As we pull back, we see the Dungeons & Dragons gameboard set out, little miniatures all in place.
CONTINUED:

BUFFY
Okay. So. I’m just gonna march on
in there and swing at the big
dragon thingy with my magic sword,
then, okay?

ANDREW
(smirks)
Okay then, feeble human, try if you
dare to take on the might of
Drak’hoth-en, the Invincible One,
the mighty Demon prince on the
Seventh Layer of Hell, who is
feared throughout the-

Buffy rolls two dice. Her face lights up, and Andrew pauses
mid-sentence.

BUFFY
Alright! Two sixes. Is that good?

Without a word, Andrew lifts up the rulebook and leafs
through a few pages. He finds what he was after, looks at the
board, checks the rulebook again and then quietly removes the
figure representing ‘the Invincible One.’

ANDREW
Lucky shot. Beginners luck. I mean,
there’s no way most people would
take out Drak’hoth-en on their
first game, it’s just statistically-

Buffy’s mobile phone rings, and she answers it, cutting
Andrew off again. He frowns and re-reads the rulebook.

BUFFY
(into phone)
Hello? Oh, hi, Jackson. I was
wondering when you were gonna give
me a call! I thought you’d be
hiding under your bed because of
the thunder and lightning by now..
(beat; giggles)
Yes you would! You know you’re
scared of lightning.. after, well,
you know, that thing that happened.
(beat)
Well, right now, I’m kicking
Andrews ass at D&D and waiting for
you to say you’re coming over to
see me.
(beat)
Okay! See you in a minute then.

She tucks the phone away and turns her attention back to the
gameboard.

(CONTINUED)
ANDREW
Um, you know what? Maybe we should stop now, if, you know, Jackson’s coming over, I wouldn’t want you to lose your air of Slayer cool by, um, being seen playing this.

BUFFY
(smiles sweetly)
Why, Andrew, are you afraid that I’m going to beat you?

Andrew pauses, torn between two options, before sighing and starting to move some figures around again.

ANDREW
Okay then, but no holds barred this time. You want to face the hordes of Hell, well now you got it, sister!

Buffy leans back as Andrew works at the board.

INT. SUMMERS RESIDENCE — KITCHEN. NIGHT.

Giles and Marie are poring over a heap of books spread out over the kitchen counters, trying to read by torch and candlelight but not having much luck. Giles takes off his glasses and rubs his eyes wearily.

GILES
Oh, this is no good. I could barely make head nor tail of these translations when all the lights were on, so it’s next to impossible in the dark like this.

MARIE
Really? I’m actually finding it easier when I can’t see them properly.

She grins, and it takes Giles a moment to pick up on the joke before he grins back.

GILES
Point taken. Would you like a drink?

MARIE
I’d love one. Coffee, white, two sugars, please.

GILES
I’m afraid we don’t have any electricity, remember?
CONTINUED:

MARIE
Oh yes.. Alright then, a glass of whatever’s still cold will be fine.
Giles smiles and nods.

GILES
Coming right up.

Giles stands and turns the kettle on.

Looking over Marie’s shoulder, taking in the kitchen doorway, there is a FLASH of lightning and DAWN is illuminated in the doorframe, glaring menacingly at the two of them. The lightning fades and she returns to the shadows, but we stay with Marie.

We’re creeping up silently on Marie, who is lost squinting at a page full of particularly dense writing on the text before her.

Dawn’s hand reaches out towards Marie’s neck, and we see something metal glinting in her hands. Giles still has his back to us, and Dawn’s hand is getting awfully close, when:

Giles turns round and sees Dawn.

GILES (cont’d)
Oh, hello, Dawn, I didn’t see you there.

Marie turns, and Dawn steps backwards, trying not to look suspicious. She smiles warmly, hands behind her back.

DAWN
Oh, uh, hello. I just thought I’d come downstairs and see what you were all up to.

MARIE
Not much so far, I’m afraid, as Giles just said, this was slow going when we still had the lights on.

DAWN
Anything I can do to help?

Giles and Marie exchange a look, before Giles nods and motions for Dawn to take his seat.

GILES
Help yourself. We’re still trying to find any kind of reference we can to this Source we’re looking for.

(Continued)
Dawn sits down and pulls one of the books towards her. Marie watches her as she begins reading, and Dawn notices and looks up.

DAWN
Hmm?

MARIE
Oh, nothing, I’ve just... you don’t see many girls your age doing this kind of work.

DAWN
Well, I guess I’m just full of surprises these days.

She smiles and Marie miles back, both returning to their books. Dawn glances up at her and Giles to make sure neither are watching her before she continues.

INT. SUMMERS RESIDENCE - FRONT ROOM. NIGHT.

There is a knock on the door, and Buffy gets up from the table, leaving a slumped and defeated Andrew face down in front of a pile of figures laid on their side.

She goes to the door and opens it, to see JACKSON. They share a grin and hug before he steps inside.

BUFFY
Hey, sweetie.

JACKSON
‘Sweetie’? I’m getting worried about you, you’re starting to soften up.

BUFFY
Must be a bad influence somewhere in my life..

JACKSON
Well, I sure hope it isn’t me..

The two smile again and kiss. Andrew gets up in the background and they stop to turn to look at him.

ANDREW
Um, I’m gonna go upstairs and, uh, leave you two to it. Maybe call Jody or something.

BUFFY
Okay Andrew. You can have your monsters back later. They belong to me for now.
Andrew scowls at her and stomps off upstairs. Jackson throws a confused look at Buffy.

JACKSON
Monsters?

BUFFY
Long story. I have, however, found another thing I’m quite good at.

JACKSON
Oh yeah?

BUFFY
Yeah. But it can wait.

One mischievous smirk later, the two young lovers are quickly heading upstairs.

INT. SUMMERS RESIDENCE - KITCHEN. NIGHT.

Dawn looks up at Buffy and Jackson dash past on their way upstairs, frowning as she sees Jackson. She checks to see what Giles is doing, then flips to a random page in the book and lets out a little gasp of surprise.

DAWN
(surprise; pretending)
Oh! Here it is!

GILES
Here what is?

Giles and Marie head over and lean over to look down at Dawn’s book. She allows herself a small smirk before she continues.

DAWN
This passage. I didn’t recognise the dialect at first, but then I thought it could be proto-Malaysian, which has that funny knack, you know, where..

MARIE
Where the subject and object of each sentence are context-sensitive, yes. Makes it hard to know who’s doing what to who half the time!

GILES
So what did you find?

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

DAWN
Well, this passage makes a direct reference to the Slayer, which is what made me notice it in the first place, and then it starts talking about foes and agents of the Apocalypse that the Slayer must face, yadda yadda.

GILES
Yes, we do see an awful lot of those, don’t we..

DAWN
And then, I spotted this.. Dawn checks to make sure they’re both watching.

Her finger traces down the yellowed page, past some indecipherable lettering and a sketch of a young girl holding a stake with a huge shadow-like creature looming large behind her.

DAWN (cont’d)
This section here refers to this Source thing, and says that when it is prophesised to return, it will do so in the form of someone known to the Slayer to disguise itself.

MARIE
Hmm, that’s not good. That could mean it was any of us!

DAWN
But then, it says that the person won’t be immediately known to the Slayer, it’ll be someone new, someone who seems to be fighting for their cause but is actually just a shell for the evil to hide in until the right moment, when it’ll strike.

Giles rubs his chin thoughtfully as Marie chews the end of a pencil.

DAWN
Do all you Watchers have that?

GILES
Have what?

DAWN
You know, a thing. Something you do when you’re concentrating.

(MORE)
DAWN (cont'd)

Giles always rubs his chin, I’ve seen you chewing a pencil every time you’re thinking hard about something. If I’m going to do this full-time, I definitely need a thing. Maybe I can chew my hair or something.

MARIE
Oh, you don’t want to do that, dear. It gathers in your stomach over time, and you could end up in hospital having a two-pound hairball extracted if you’re not careful.

Dawn pulls a disgusted face as Giles stares down at the book. He pulls it closer and holds a torch over it to look.

GILES
Well, I have to say, you’re a better man than I am if you can read that, Dawn. I still can’t make out a damn word.

DAWN
I guess you must’ve skipped that course at the Watcher’s Academy.

She grins disarmingly and Giles smiles back.

GILES
So it would seem!

MARIE
Well, we need to start looking at who this could make the Source, then. New people in Buffy’s life who are on our side. There’s that Andrew boy out there.

GILES
Yes, and his, um, boyfriend, what’s his name?

DAWN
Jody. I doubt it’s him somehow.

GILES
You can never be too careful. Sherlock Holmes always used to say ‘When you have eliminated the possible then whatever remains, no matter how improbable, must be the truth.’ In this case I think we need to make a fully inclusive list of suspects and work through it.

(MORE)
CONTINUED: (3) GILES (cont’d)

There was that mature Slayer woman
Buffy met, Ellen, and that little
girl who said she was the ‘Oracle’,
Emmily..

The two think over for another few moments.

MARIE
There’s that demon woman you
mentioned, Tammazel, was it?

GILES
I think it’s safe to say the only
side she’s fighting on is her own
at the moment. That leaves..

Giles and Marie share a look.

GILES & MARIE
Jackson.

Giles and Marie look troubled, not noticing Dawn who wears a
triumphant grin on her face.

DAWN
Well, that’s me done for the night,
I think. I’m just going to slip out
for a minute.

GILES
(distracted)
Right, right, yes.

Dawn stands and leaves the kitchen. Giles looks up and
notices the storm outside and turns back to where Dawn
disappeared to.

GILES (cont’d)
Oh, Dawn, what about the..

She’s long gone. Giles rolls his eyes and looks back down at
the books.

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

(CONTINUED)
ACT TWO

FADE UP;

WILLOW’S APARTMENT. NIGHT.

The place looks a little more homely - what bits of it we can see, anyway. Torches are in force again as Xander puts on his Man Of The House hat to try to keep things moving.

Willow still hasn’t left the couch, but she’s sitting up now and sipping at a glass of water. Doodles is sitting on her lap, watching things and scratching his ear lazily.

Xander and Anya’s soggy boxes of things are leaving damp patches on the rugs on the floor as Anya and Xander stand together near the window, watching the storm.

ANYA
(quietly)
Couldn’t she do a bit more to help?

XANDER
Like what? She’s been through enough lately, An.

ANYA
Well, couldn’t she rustle up a little magic circle of candles or something? You know witches and their candle fetish. I’m surprised she wasn’t stacking ’em up and lighting them the second the power went out!

XANDER
Be reasonable, honey, Will’s just got to do what she needs to get through this right now, and we’re here to keep her grounded while she does that.

Any opens her mouth to reply, but Xander cuts her off with a raised finger.

XANDER (cont’d)
And that’s exactly what we’re going to do. Right?

Anya pouts, looking distinctly unimpressed with the whole situation.

ANYA
Fine.
(beat; mutters)
Just because you used to be in love with her..

(continues)
CONTINUED:

XANDER
What was that?

ANYA
(irritated)
Oh, nothing.

WILLOW
(distant)
Do you ever wonder why it happens?

Anya and Xander exchange a look - Anya nods and Xander goes and sits by Willow on the couch, where she is still staring into space.

XANDER
Why what happens?

WILLOW
Why we’re always alone. Why the people we love always get taken away from us.

XANDER
That’s not always true. Not everyone you love goes away.

Xander throws a look back to Anya, who smiles. Willow still hasn’t looked at Xander as she sips her water.

WILLOW
For me they do. I loved you, and then you stole my Barbie and we grew up, and that was it. Apart from that time just before Cordelia landed on those spikes.

Xander looks a little guilty as Anya pits her hands on her hips and glares at him.

Xander quickly goes into Damage Control mode, taking his arm from round Willow and shuffling ever so slightly away from her.

XANDER
Uh, well, that was a long, long time ago, Will... and besides, I never really went away. I’ve always been here. And I still love you.
(grins)
Saved the world with that line, remember?

WILLOW
(not listening)
And then there was Oz. Oz was nice.
(MORE)
CONTINUED: (2) WILLOW(cont'd)
I liked Oz a lot. I loved Oz. And then he went away. He went away.

XANDER
You know why he did that. He did it for you. But things don’t always work out the way you want them to, I mean, when you met Tara by the time Oz came back and all.

WILLOW
He came back and it was too late. But he went away when I.. I still loved him. He went away when I loved him more than anything else in the world.

ANYA
Of course, you’d have to have built a kennel if he’d stayed..

XANDER
Anya!

ANYA
Okay, fine, I’m just going to go and disappear for a while then.

She stomps out of the room in a huff. Xander watches her go, and then turns back to look at Willow. He places one hand on hers and squeezes, but she’s still unresponsive.

XANDER
I know she doesn’t act like it sometimes, but Anya cares for you too, you know. And don’t forget Buffy, and Giles. We all love you, Will.

WILLOW
Tara. I loved Tara too. I don’t think I’ve loved anybody or anything as much as Tara in my life, she was.. she was just..

Xander pulls Willow’s head onto his shoulder and she sighs, resting against him. He wraps a brotherly arm around her.

XANDER
She was something else, I know. Willow sits up suddenly and pushes Xander away.

WILLOW
And now Kennedy! Why, Xander, why? Why does everyone I love get taken away? What do I do that’s so wrong? (MORE)
CONTINUED: (3) WILLOW(cont’d)

(tearful)
Haven’t I been through enough? I
know I did bad things.. I know I
killed someone, but haven’t I been
punished enough for that yet? Why
did Kennedy have to die too?
(sobbing)
Why does everyone always die?

She is lost to her tears, burying her face into Xander’s
chest and sobbing, as he holds her shaking body tight to try
and soothe her.

Anya watches them from the kitchen doorway.

ANYA
Let’s hope she doesn’t cry herself
up another demon this time..

10 INT. SUMMERS RESIDENCE - BUFFY’S ROOM. NIGHT. 10

Buffy and Jackson lie in bed under the covers, eyes twinkling
in the darkness as they gaze happily across at one another.

JACKSON
Well, I must say, your night vision
is obviously a heck of a lot better
than mine.. I couldn’t see a damn
thing just then!

BUFFY
Slayer.

JACKSON
Ah..

They grin, and Buffy snuggles up next to him.

BUFFY
Well, that killed some time.. How
long till you reckon the power
comes back on?

Jackson looks up and towards the bedroom window, sees the
storm still ripping through Cleveland outside.

JACKSON
I’m guessing a while yet.

BUFFY
Looks like we’d better find
something else to do, then..

Jackson smirks and kisses her, but at that moment Buffy’s
cell phone starts to ring. The couple groan as Buffy reaches
onto the bedside table and grabs the phone.

(CONTINUED)
BUFFY (cont’d)
(into phone)
Hello?

ELLEN
(filtered; through phone)
Oh, Buffy, hey. Reception’s been pretty crappy ‘cause of the weather, I’ve been trying to call for a while.

BUFFY
I might not have heard the phone ringing, I’ve been.. kinda tied up.

ELLEN
Oh, boyfriend round, huh?

Buffy throws a look at Jackson, who can’t hear Ellen, and grins.

BUFFY
Guilty as charged.

ELLEN
Well, I hate to drag you away from the warmth of your bed and all, but little Emmily says she needs to see you again. She seems kind of worried – I’ve not seen her like this before.

BUFFY
(back to business)
Right. I’ll be over as soon as I can.

ELLEN
Thanks, Buffy. See you in a sec.

Buffy hangs up, and then draws the topsheet around her and hops off screen, out of bed.

JACKSON
You off? It’s not exactly good sailing weather out there.

BUFFY (O.S.)
Business. Emmily needs to see me again.

JACKSON
(sighs)
She always does this just after we’ve.. you know, doesn’t she? Do you think she can tell?
BUFFY (O.S.)
God, I hope not! Hand me my shirt, will ya?

Jackson grabs a black blouse off the bed and tosses it towards Buffy.

JACKSON
You gonna be gone long?

Buffy leans back into frame, dressed, and kisses Jackson.

BUFFY
Hopefully not.

She leaves, and Jackson sighs and settles back down.

11 INT. SUMMERS RESIDENCE - FRONT ROOM. NIGHT.

Buffy grabs her jacket off the stairs as she passes on her way to the door. Giles steps out from the kitchen and calls after her.

GILES
Oh, Buffy, could we have a word? We think we’ve found-

BUFFY
Sorry, Giles, can’t stop. Got a call on the red phone and Commissioner Gordon needs to see me right away.

GILES
(puzzled)
Red phone...?

Giles opens his mouth to speak again but Buffy is already out, the door slamming in the wind behind her.

GILES (cont’d)
I definitely need to watch more television.

12 INT. WILLOW’S APARTMENT. NIGHT.

We’re looking in on Willow, tucked up in bed and sniffling as we pull back a little bit to see Anya and Xander watching her. Xander pulls the door closed.

ANYA
Do you think one of us should stand guard over her? In case she tries to, you know, jump out a window or something.
CONTINUED:

XANDER
Willow won’t do that. And besides, we’re only a few floors up, I think she’d land safely. Most likely on my car, knowing my luck.

ANYA
So what are we going to do with her? Because, frankly, babysitting a potentially lethal and recently bereaved wicca only leads to bad things. Like the end of the world.

XANDER
That won’t happen again.

ANYA
How can you be so sure?

XANDER
(long beat)
I just am.

13 INT. WILLOW’S BEDROOM. NIGHT.

On the other side of the door, kneeling next to Willow in the bed, we can hear Anya and Xander’s muffled voices as Willow stares out through the window, her eyes still wet with tears. She closes her eyes and pulls the bedclothes up tight around her.

14 INT. JUNGLE CLEARING. MORNING.

Willow finds herself back in the snow-covered jungle clearing where she first met Tattles and the other members of the Circle. A little way off is the village where she was told about the Circle and her possible destiny, and she can see signs of activity moving around inside it. The sounds of the jungle wildlife around her are particularly loud.

15 INT. WILLOW’S BEDROOM. NIGHT.

Her eyes snap open, the sounds of the jungle echoing and fading away in the background. Willow shifts round to lie on her back, staring up at the ceiling, a thoughtful look on her face now the tears have stopped.

16 EXT. CLEVELAND - STREET. NIGHT.

Buffy struggles forward through the almost horizontal rain and howling wind, as she passes houses where trees have uprooted in the front gardens and mailboxes have been blown straight out of the ground. Pulling her jacket tight around her and scowling defiantly at the winds, she trudges on step by step towards Ellen’s apartment block.
EXT. OUTSIDE APARTMENT BLOCK. NIGHT.

Buffy makes it as far as the entrance to Ellen’s building, pressing the intercom buzzer as the rain lashes down around her. She presses it twice more, with no response.

BUFFY
(exasperated)
Ellen, come on!

She takes a few steps back and looks up to the fifth floor apartment she’s buzzing.

Just like everywhere else around, there are no lights on, but noticeably two windows are open, the curtains inside flapping in the wind.

A concerned look crosses her face, and she tries the buzzer again. She waits a few moments, checks either side of her, then kicks at the door with a burst of Slayer strength.

INT. INSIDE APARTMENT BLOCK. NIGHT.

The door clatters open and Buffy hops inside, taking a moment to shake some of the rain water off herself like a soggy cat. Shivering, she starts up the staircase towards the fifth floor.

INT. OUTSIDE ELLEN’S APARTMENT. NIGHT.

Buffy reaches Ellen’s room and goes to knock on the door when she sees that the front door is slightly ajar. She pushes it gently and it starts to swing open, and on instinct Buffy tenses up, ready for trouble.

INT. ELLEN’S APARTMENT. NIGHT.

Buffy steps into the darkened living room, her eyes scanning for movement. The wind howls in through the open windows, rattling them in their frames, but those are the only sounds as Buffy pads silently inside.

There’s no-one in the kitchenette off the living room, and some of Emmily’s toys and colouring books are scattered over the floor. The TV set has fallen backwards, and round the small dining table two of the chairs have been knocked over.

Buffy continues pacing, her fists clenching. She approaches the door leading to Ellen’s room, pauses for a beat then kicks it open and jumps inside.

INT. ELLEN’S ROOM. NIGHT.

Ellen’s bedroom is empty, but the rumpled bed sheets and disturbed furniture continue the theme from outside.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

Buffy looks around for any sign of Ellen, but sees nothing. She steps back out.

INT. EMMILY’S ROOM. NIGHT.

Emmily’s small box room is next door to Ellen’s, and after a beat Buffy kicks the door open and hops inside. Again, signs of a struggle but no sign of either of the two girls.

Buffy turns to leave when she hears a faint scratching sound. She turns.

She looks towards the wooden wardrobe unit fitted into the opposite wall and heads slowly towards it, the room periodically lit up by lightning flashes outside.

Buffy takes a step towards the wardrobe but then we see a shadow dart past the open front door, and quick as a flash Buffy turns and runs back towards the doorway.

INT. ELLEN’S APARTMENT. NIGHT.

Buffy gets to the door in a moment, but after looking down both sides of the corridor outside, she sees no-one. She looks troubled, knowing something is wrong here.

INT. EMMILY’S ROOM - INSIDE WARDROBE. NIGHT.

Looking up from the ground at Buffy as she opens the wardrobe door and looks inside, lit up by a flash of lightning. She glances over the contents — clothes hanging up and a few boxes, and goes to close the door when a small voice calls out to her.

EMMILY (O.S.)

Buffy?

EMMILY pushes two of the boxes she was hiding behind aside and peeps out from behind them. Her face lights up when she sees Buffy, and she darts forward and into Buffy.

Almost knocked off her feet, Buffy hugs the little girl and stands, holding her protectively against her.

EMMILY (cont’d)
I’m sorry, I had to hide. Someone was here.

BUFFY
Who was here? And where’s Ellen?

EMMILY
I don’t know. I heard shouting, and I think fighting too. Then I hid. Haven’t come out since.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

BUFFY
How long have you been in there?

EMMILY
Not long, few minutes.

Buffy takes another look around the room.

BUFFY
Alright, let’s get you somewhere safe. You got a coat to wear? It’s a little wet outside.

Emmily nods and points to a red raincoat hanging off one of the bedposts, which Buffy grabs.

INT. SUMMERS RESIDENCE - FRONT ROOM. NIGHT.

Dawn opens the front door and steps inside, looking red-cheeked and a little out of breath as she tries to close the door without anyone hearing. She starts to creep up the stairs when Giles calls out from the kitchen.

GILES (O.S.)
Buffy? Is that you?

DAWN
Ah, no, Giles, it’s Dawn. Just got back.

Giles steps out into the hallway, taking in Dawn’s drenched appearance.

GILES
Where on Earth have you been? You must be mad to go running around outside in this storm.

DAWN
Oh, you know, around. Had some things to do.

GILES
Well, I think it’s best if you stay at home until Buffy returns now, just so we know where everyone is.

Giles steps back into the kitchen and Dawn carries on up the stairs.

A look of extreme annoyance takes over her face, as we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

ACT THREE

FADE UP:

INT. SUMMERS RESIDENCE - ANDREW’S ROOM. NIGHT.

Buffy tucks Emmily up in Andrew’s bed, carefully smoothing her hair down as she wraps the bedclothes up around her. She smiles down at the little Oracle.

BUFFY
I remember how I used to do this for Dawn when I was younger. She used to say she could only go to sleep when I’d tucked her in.

EMMILY
I say that to Ellen too.

Buffy grins and stands, revealing Andrew standing, arms folded, in the doorway, not looking best pleased as Buffy walks over.

ANDREW
So, why does she have to use my room? I mean, couldn’t she use Dawn’s, or maybe yours, or—

BUFFY
(interrupts)
She stayed in Dawn’s last time. And besides, your room has me on one side and Dawn on the other, she’ll be safer there.

ANDREW
Well, um, where do I sleep?

BUFFY
Andrew, you spend half your life down on the couch watching zombie movies and the Sci-Fi Channel, one night sleeping there won’t kill you.

Andrew huffs and heads downstairs as Buffy closes the door to Emmily’s room. There is a knock at the door, and Buffy frowns—now who is it?

INT. SUMMERS RESIDENCE - FRONT DOOR. NIGHT.

Buffy opens the door to reveal FAITH, soaked to the skin but not looking like she minds, her long black hair stuck to her skin.

FAITH
Hey, B, what’s up?
BUFFY
Please tell me you didn’t just come round here to ask me to go dancing in the rain with you..

FAITH
Heh, no, we got trouble.

BUFFY
(perks up)
Trouble?

FAITH
Yeah, downtown. Just came by on my way over, the power’s down at my place and I was bored, saw a bunch of vamps hanging around by a few shops just inside the city centre. Figured I’d best pick you up on my way back out. I’d have called, but..

She points upwards as lightning cracks overhead.

BUFFY
Let me get some things. Come on in.

Faith steps inside, shaking her jacket dry as Buffy kneels down by the weapons chest next to the sofa.

Andrew appears at the foot of the stairs with a sleeping bag, his Discman and a handful of CDs.

ANDREW
Oh, are you going out?

BUFFY
Trouble downtown. Vampire scavengers.

FAITH
Yeah, something to pass the time till the power comes back up.

ANDREW
Right.
(beat)
So can I sleep in your room till you get back?

BUFFY
Not unless you want to bunk up with Jackson!
(beat)
That means no.

(CONTINUED)
Buffy heads back outside, axe in one hand, Faith follows holding a sturdy baseball bat and closes the door behind her.

EXT. CLEVELAND - STREET. NIGHT.

We’re looking at the glass front of a sports gear store — as a trash can smashes through it, shattering it into a thousand pieces.

The VAMPIRE MOB gathered outside cheer as the glass spills out around them. There’s around ten vampires, lapping up the heavy rain and eager to get started on raiding the alarm-less shops before them.

A pair of chunky black New Rock boots step into frame. Pan up to follow Faith’s patent leather trousers, and finally the girl herself, bat in hand, a smirk on her face as she sizes up her opponents. Buffy stands next to her, not looking at all happy with the rain still.

FAITH
You ready to play some ball, B?

BUFFY
The only thing I’m ready for is a warm shower and my bed. Let’s get this over with, okay?

Faith grins and strides boldly up to the closest vamp.

FAITH
Hey, Fido!

The vamp turns round, a confused look on its vamped out features.

FAITH (cont’d)
Fetch!

She clocks the vamp with the bat and it drops like a stone to the ground. Four of his buddies hiss and head over, fanning out to circle Faith, who doesn’t look at all worried.

Four more vamps are coming for her, she’s ready with her stake, eyes darting left to right.

BUFFY
You got ‘em, Faith?

FAITH
Yeah, I got ‘em.
As one, the two girls lunge forward, Faith producing a stake from a slip pocket sewn into her trousers and dusting one vamp as Buffy does the same.

Faith swings the bat again and drops another vamp, breaking it over her knee and using the two halves to stake the two stunned vamps on the ground.

Buffy she jumps into the air and spin kicks the nearest vamp, sending it spiralling to the ground, rain flying off the pair of them.

Buffy’s on the vamp, staking him and rolling to avoid a kick from another as she gets to her feet. She trades a few punches with two vamps surrounding her, ending up back to back against Faith. Faith smirks.

    FAITH (cont’d)
    This is what it’s all about, ain’t it?

    BUFFY
    What, catching pneumonia while fighting vamps?
    (beat)
    You bet.

The girls dart forwards again, each catching and staking another vamp as they lunge out. The girls regroup – two against three.

One of the vamps looks like he’s about to make a break for it, but Buffy’s ready with the axe and sends it spinning through air after him, neatly slicing his head off.

His two colleagues exchange a worried look, backing up as Faith and Buffy advance slowly towards them.

    VAMP #1
    Now, uh, look, let’s not be too hasty here, okay..

    VAMP #2
    Yeah, we were just in town to do some, you know, shopping.. can’t we come to an agreement?

He grins, slowly fishing a wad of obviously stolen cash out of his jacket pocket.

They exchange an incredulous look, before throwing their stakes forward together.

We hear two screams as the vamps simultaneously dust, and Buffy sighs, wiping away some of the rain water streaming down her face.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: (2)

BUFFY
Are we done?

FAITH
Think so... you heading back?

BUFFY
I most certainly am. You coming?

FAITH
Sure.

The girls walk off screen.

29
INT. WILLOW’S APARTMENT. NIGHT.

Xander and Anya sit on the couch in the gloom, huddled together as Xander reads by torchlight. Anya looks thoughtful.

ANYA
Xander?

XANDER
Yeah?

ANYA
Do you ever think about the future these days?

XANDER
I try not to. As I learned from my time on the Sunnydale electoral roll, the future is never quite what you expected it to be. Besides, we’ve already had one creepy potential vision of our future show up and try to spoil the party, so by keeping all thoughts of it out of my head, I think we can stay safe from it!

ANYA
I guess.

A beat.

ANYA (cont’d)
Do you want kids?

Xander can’t help himself gulping loudly, but he manages to put the book down and appear to remain calm.
CONTINUED:

XANDER
Well.. one day.. and not anytime
soon, if at all possible.. yeah, I
think I do.

ANYA
With me?

XANDER
Well, I don’t see any other ex-ex-
vengeance demons around here that
I’m in love with, so yes, with you.
(beat)
Something on your mind again,
honey?

ANYA
Not really. Just girl talk. I’ve
been practising it.

XANDER
Anya, when you start speaking in
normal ‘girl talk,’ then I get all
sorts of alarm bells ringing! Are
you sure you’re okay? I mean, since
we made you human again you’ve
seemed a little..

ANYA
A little what?

XANDER
Well, I’m not sure. Just not quite
yourself. I mean, your sense of
sarcasm is present and correct, as
is your sex drive, so it’s nothing
major, just..

ANYA
(sighs)
I know. I can’t describe it either.
I just feel a little.. strange.

Xander kisses the top of her head affectionately.

XANDER
Whatever it is, it can’t be
serious. And even if it is, we’ll
get through it. I think we can
safely say we’ve been through worse
by now, right?

Anya smiles up at him and he smiles back, picking up his book
again.
ANYA
Do you think Willow would mind if we had a little fun on her couch?

XANDER
I think that would be extremely disrespectful, An.

ANYA
Even just a tiny bit?

XANDER
Well..

He looks down at Anya, who is giving him her best puppy dog eyes.

XANDER (cont’d)
(grins)
Maybe just a little..

She grins back and leans up to kiss him. Xander throws the book over his shoulder, knocking the torch over as he does so and plunging the room into darkness.

We hear the two of them giggling as they shuffle around on the couch.

INT. WILLOW’S BEDROOM. NIGHT.

Willow in bed, staring up at the ceiling as before. She closes her eyes and takes a deep breath, focusing herself.

We zoom in closer towards her, the air seeming to fill with swirls of colour around her and the jungle sounds from earlier starting to fade up again.

She has a peaceful look on her face, seeming to lose herself in what she’s conjuring up around her.

We can faintly hear the sound of Tattles laughing, and calling Willow’s name, over and over..

INT. WILLOW’S APARTMENT. NIGHT.

With Anya and Xander in the darkness - so we can hear them, but not see them, save from what little light comes in from the window.

XANDER
Hey, wait.. do you hear something?

ANYA
Hmm?
CONTINUED:

XANDER
I definitely heard something. From Willow’s room.

ANYA
Should we go check?

XANDER
Hang on a second..

A long beat while they both listen. No sound except the storm outside.

XANDER (cont’d)
Huh, must’ve been the wind. Now, where were we?

Any giggles again.

32 INT. SUMMERS RESIDENCE – FRONT ROOM. NIGHT.

The front door opens and a soaking wet Buffy and Faith step inside, shuffling off their coats and attempting to wring out their hair. Faith looks invigorated by the weather, Buffy just looks exhausted by it.

FAITH
Aah! A night like this makes you good to feel alive, don’t it?

BUFFY
A night like this makes me appreciate advances in the field of central heating..

(beat)
..which, of course, we don’t actually have at the moment..

FAITH
What you need is a good warm body to cosy up with.

BUFFY
(smiles)
Check.

FAITH
(cheeky grin)
Oho, the better half waiting upstairs, huh?

BUFFY
Yeah.. but he can wait a little longer. I need food now.
CONTINUED:

The girls head into the kitchen, not noticing Andrew who is asleep in his sleeping bag on the couch, Discman headphones lopsided on his head.

CONTINUOUS:

INT. SUMMERS RESIDENCE – KITCHEN. NIGHT.

Giles and Marie stand as Buffy and Faith walk in.

GILES

FAITH
None other. How’s it hanging, Giles?

GILES
(preoccupied)
Same as it ever was, I’m afraid. Buffy, you’d better take a look at this.

He turns round the passage Dawn pointed out earlier for Buffy to look at. She and Faith lean over, look it over for a few seconds, then lean back.

BUFFY
Killer shadow monsters?

FAITH
(snaps fingers)
I got it, it’s warning us about an evil painting.

They smirk as Buffy turns the book round to face Giles.

BUFFY
You have to explain these things, remember? I don’t speak Watcher.

Marie chuckles at the girls’ reaction, and Giles looks a little embarrassed. He adjusts his glasses and starts to point to lines on the page.

GILES
We have your sister to thank for this one, actually. She recognised the writing on here when neither of us could.

FAITH
Mini-Me managed to outsmart you two? Man, I’m impressed..
BUFFY
What did she find out?

GILES
Not good news, I’m afraid. She found reference to an ancient prophecy, where-

BUFFY
(interrupts)
Oh great, here we go again..

GILES
(sighs)
A prophecy that states that the Source will try to disguise itself by sharing a body with someone close to the Chosen One, lurking in the shadows and waiting for the right moment to attack. Someone the Chosen One knows, but hasn’t known for all that long.

BUFFY
How long, exactly?

FAITH
And don’t forget there’s more than one Chosen One out there these days. A helluva lot more, in fact.

Marie and Giles exchange a look – they know Buffy won’t like what they’re about to say.

MARIE
Giles and I made a list of possible suspects, people close to you who haven’t been on the scene all that long.

Marie hands Buffy a notepad.

BUFFY
We should definitely add Gladys on here.

GILES
Gladys?

BUFFY
Crazy woman at work. Long story.

Buffy reads down the page, and stops when she gets to the bottom. She hands the book back to Marie, and stands there a moment, a blank look on her face.
CONTINUED: (2)

GILES
Buffy, we-

BUFFY
(interrupts)
No.

Giles looks like he was expecting this reaction.

GILES
It’s just a list of-

BUFFY
No.

She looks directly at Giles.

BUFFY (cont’d)
No. It can’t be Jackson. He’s on our side.

GILES
We have to consider every possibility, Buffy, no matter how unpalatable they may seem.

BUFFY
(angry)
No! It’s not Jackson!

Buffy turns and storms out of the kitchen, and Giles sighs again and rubs his brow.

FAITH
I’ll handle this, G. Wait here.

Faith heads out after her. Marie throws a concerned look up at Giles.

GILES
I had a feeling this wouldn’t be a good night..

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT THREE
CONTINUED: (3)

ACT FOUR

FADE UP:

34 INT. SUMMERS RESIDENCE – BUFFY’S ROOM. NIGHT.

Buffy stands in the doorway, looking down at Jackson who has dozed off again. Faith joins her, towel in her hand from the bathroom to dry off her hair.

FAITH
He is kinda cute, B.. and here was me thinking you’d gone off the big, brawny types after you got friendly with a certain punk rocker!

Buffy scowls at Faith, who raises her hands defensively.

FAITH (cont’d)
Just saying, is all.

BUFFY (snaps)
Well, don’t.

Buffy looks back at Jackson.

FAITH
Look, Giles is even less tactful than I am sometimes, but you gotta see the guy’s point. If this Source thing has done a Quantum Leap with somebody we know, then we’ve gotta be extra careful about it, right?

Buffy looks down at the sleeping Jackson.

FAITH (O.S.) (cont’d)
And that means that sleeping with the enemy may not be a good idea right now.

Buffy sighs and closes the door. She turns to Faith, a heavy look in her eyes.

BUFFY
I know.. I just thought..

FAITH
You just thought you’d have it easy for a change. Believe me, sister, I feel your pain, but till we get this straightened out you need to be twice as sharp.

Buffy manages a weak smile at Faith, who takes a step back and grins.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

FAITH (cont’d)
Woah there, you’re not gonna try and hug me, are you? ‘Cause I’ve already had a..

(beat)
Never mind.

BUFFY
Relax. That’s one thing that’s even less likely than us having a quiet life, ever.

Faith nods and grins, and Buffy sighs heavily.

BUFFY (cont’d)
Know something else though?

FAITH
What?

BUFFY
I really missed Kennedy out there tonight. We’d been training a lot lately, and it seems that just as I was getting somewhere with her, just when I was starting to feel like I could trust her to watch my back out in the field..

FAITH
Then she was gone.

BUFFY
Yeah.

FAITH
Occupational hazard, B, you know the deal.

BUFFY
Doesn’t make it any easier to live with, though, does it?

Faith can only offer a smile and a shake of the head. Buffy heads for Andrew’s room as Faith trots back downstairs.

INT. ANDREW’S ROOM. NIGHT.

Buffy opens the door just enough to peek in at Emmily, and is about to close it again when Emmily shifts round in the bed to look up at her.

BUFFY
Sorry, Em, didn’t mean to wake you.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

EMMILY
Can’t sleep. Too noisy outside.

Buffy enters the room and sits on the bed next to Emmily, looking down with almost sisterly kindness at her.

BUFFY
I’m afraid I can’t do much about that, but storms never last forever. Sooner or later, they blow themselves out, and then everything becomes calm again.

EMMILY
There’s still lots of things you need to be told.

Buffy cocks her head to one side.

BUFFY
(frowns)
Like what?

Emmily looks over to the window, seeming suddenly sad.

EMMILY
Too many for me. Not enough time now.

BUFFY
Why not?

EMMILY
The next Oracle will help you, though. Plenty of things still to tell you.

Emmily reaches up with her finger and pops Buffy lightly on the nose.

EMMILY (cont’d)
Chosen.

Emmily smiles, then snuggles back down and closes her eyes. Buffy looks perplexed, but automatically tucks Emmily back in again as she gets up and leaves the room, still frowning.

36
INT. SUMMERS RESIDENCE – UPSTAIRS LANDING. NIGHT.

Buffy leaves Andrew’s room and half closes the door, almost walking straight into Dawn. She gasps but smiles when she sees who it is.

BUFFY
Sorry, Dawn, I was miles away.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

DAWN
Who were you talking to? I thought Andrew was asleep downstairs..

BUFFY
Oh, it’s okay, look..

She holds the door open again and Dawn looks inside.

She sees Emmily, sleeping like a little angel.

Buffy pulls the door half shut again.

BUFFY (cont’d)
Emmily was in trouble, had to go do a little rescue mission. She’s stopping here till the storm blows over and we can figure something out.

DAWN
Huh. Where’s Ellen?

BUFFY
No idea. She wasn’t there when I got round. I hope she’s okay, looked like something had come after them both.

DAWN
She’ll be okay. She’s a Slayer, remember?

BUFFY
(wry smile)
If only it was that simple..

Buffy walks off, back downstairs. We stay with Dawn.

We can see Dawn’s expression as she looks into Andrew’s room at Emmily, and a wicked grin creeps across her face.

INT. WILLOW’S APARTMENT. NIGHT.

Xander has righted the torch, and we see Anya and Xander happily snuggled up on the couch, their hair ruffled as it looks like they got a little carried away trying to only have a little bit of fun!

A door opens and then shuts, startling Xander awake. He glances around for a few seconds as he comes to.

A figure stands at the end of the couch, wrapped in the shadows. A flash of lightning lights up the room and we see Willow, wrapped up in her bedclothes.

(CONTINUED)
Xander yelps as the sight surprises him, which wakes Anya up as well.

ANYA
(sleepily)
Hnuh? Okay, just one more time, honey..

XANDER
Willow?

Willow is looking round the room, her features looking a million times happier than when we last saw her, as though observing the apartment for the first time.

WILLOW
It’s gonna be alright.

XANDER
(sits up)
What is? Are you okay?

WILLOW
I’m fine.

She thinks about her statement and then laughs, still not looking directly at Xander.

WILLOW (cont’d)
(broad smile)
I’m just fine.

She wanders out into the kitchen as Xander sits up, looking after her, and Anya sits up, blearily rubbing her eyes.

ANYA
Oh good, she’s all better. Can we go back home now?

XANDER
(distracted)
Just a minute, honey. He gets up and heads into the kitchen.

INT. WILLOW’S APARTMENT - KITCHEN. NIGHT.

Willow is humming to herself as she searches through the cupboards for something. She spots Doodles, nosing around on the kitchen counter, and scoops him up, cooing affectionately at him. Xander walks in, looking cautiously at her.

XANDER
Uh, Wil? Is everything alright?
CONTINUED:

WILLOW
Hmm? Yes, Xander, everything’s great. Why?

XANDER
Well, not wanting to dig up bad vibes or anything, but... well, you were kind of a heck of a lot unhappier about an hour ago.

WILLOW
I said yes.

XANDER
What?

WILLOW
(turns to him; smiles)
They asked me, and I said yes. I said yes!
(broad smile)
So it’s all going to be fine.

She finds a box of biscuits and starts absently munching on them as she speaks.

WILLOW (cont’d)
No more pain. No more broken hearts. No more death. It’s all going to be just fine.

XANDER
(beat)
Willow, you need to tell me why you’ve gone all Stepford Wives on me or I’m gonna have to have you sedated.

Willow walks past him, biscuits in hand, and pats him on the cheek as she passes.

WILLOW
I will. All you need to know for now is that everything’s going to be alright.

She leaves, and we see her head back into her bedroom and close the door again.

Anyya enters the kitchen, yawning, as Xander still looks confounded by the whole thing.

ANYA
So is she okay?

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: (2)

XANDER
Apparently.. yes.
(beat)
We need to call Buffy.

INT. SUMMERS RESIDENCE – FRONT ROOM. NIGHT.

Buffy and Faith are sorting out her weapons collection, which is spread out on the carpet before them, torches illuminating the display of steel next to the open weapons chest when Buffy’s cell phone rings.

BUFFY
Hello?

XANDER
(through phone; filtered)
Hey Buff, it’s Xand. Listen, something weird’s going on with Willow, and we’re not sure what to do about it. We were hoping you could head over when the storm gets-

He’s interrupted by a loud CRASH from upstairs in Buffy’s house. Buffy leaps to her feet, looking upstairs.

BUFFY
Xander, gotta call you back.

She tosses the phone onto the couch as Faith stands up, sword in hand. The girls exchange a look.

FAITH
You take point.
(shrugs)
It’s your house.

Buffy nods and jogs up the stairs as Giles and Marie reappear from the kitchen.

GILES
What’s happened?

BUFFY
Don’t know yet. Stay here.

Faith follows Buffy upstairs.

INT. SUMMERS RESIDENCE – UPSTAIRS LANDING. NIGHT.

Buffy reaches the top floor and looks round, alert for action. The storm is building to fever pitch outside, lightning illuminating the landing as Buffy takes a step forward.

The door to Andrew’s room is ajar.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

The colour drains from Buffy’s face.

BUFFY
Oh no.. Emmily!!

She darts towards the open door.

INT. SUMMERS RESIDENCE – ANDREW’S ROOM. NIGHT.

Buffy bursts in through the door, but stops with a look of shock as she sees Emmily on the bed. Her hands go to her mouth and she drops the sword with a clatter.

Emmily lies still.. too still. A pillow lies just next to her head.

Buffy steps into frame and cradles Emmily in her arms, checking for a pulse.

Faith enters the frame, looking towards the bedroom window which is open and rattling in the wind, one of the panes shattered.

She leans out through the window, looking left and right for the intruder. There are large, muddy footprints on the windowsill but they disappear outside. Cursing, she leans back inside.

FAITH
Nothing. Whoever it was, they’re long gone, B.
(beat)
Is she..

BUFFY (tearful)
She’s.. she’s dead..

Giles and Marie dash into the room, Marie lets out a little gasp of shock when she sees Emmily. Buffy is starting to cry, rocking back and forth with Emmily in her arms.

BUFFY (cont’d)
I didn’t save her.. I didn’t protect her..

INT. SUMMERS RESIDENCE – UPSTAIRS LANDING. NIGHT.

We pull back and out through the doorway as Jackson arrives, racing to Buffy’s side when he sees her. Past them, and across to Dawn’s room, where the door is slightly open.

We can see Dawn standing next to the door, listening to the commotion in Andrew’s room.
INT. SUMMERS RESIDENCE – DAWN’S ROOM. NIGHT.

A devilishly smirking Dawn takes off a pair of white cotton gloves and places them carefully back in her bedside drawer. She heads over to the window and quietly slides it up, stepping out and onto the roof of the kitchen extension that stretches out below.

INT. OUTSIDE DAWN’S BEDROOM. NIGHT.

The storm is still howling as Dawn stands up straight outside, raising her arms and closing her eyes. Her hands begin to glow with a bright white light, and we see her lips moving as she mutters something under her breath.

Within moments, the storm has started to clear up, the wind dies down and the rain eases off.

The storm clouds disperse and break up in rapid time, revealing the glittering, starry night sky they were covering up.

Dawn slowly lowers her hands, the light fading from them as she opens her eyes. She looks up at the innocent and clear night sky and sighs happily.

Rubbing her hands together as if to dust them off, she steps back inside her room and pulls the window quietly shut again.

BLACK OUT:

END OF SHOW