

Buffy The Vampire Slayer

Season 8

Episode 20

"Flashback"

TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. ABANDONED HOUSE - BACKYARD - NIGHT

The scene we saw at the last episode...

We pick up with BUFFY punching KENNEDY.

KENNEDY

Go on, Buffy. Hit me again. Shut me up. It won't change things. It won't bring back those girls. It won't stop them from dying, or selling their blood to survive.

BUFFY

This isn't about them. This is about you.

KENNEDY

Keep telling yourself that.

Buffy hits Kennedy again, harder than before.

KENNEDY (CONT'D)

Feel better? Has hitting me brought Vi back from the dead?

The name brings pain to Buffy's face as she hits Kennedy again.

BUFFY

Shut up.

Buffy grabs Kennedy's shirt and throws her as hard as she can. Kennedy is sent through the air, and crashes onto the rotting, warped stairway that leads to the house's backyard deck.

Buffy walks to her and leans over her. She punches Kennedy again.

BUFFY (CONT'D)

I did what I had to.

Kennedy is groggy, and bleeding more now, but she still manages to speak.

KENNEDY

You did what you wanted to.

Buffy hits Kennedy again.

BUFFY

This was never about what I wanted.
This was never about me.

KENNEDY

All of this...
(coughs up blood)
All of this, and you're still alone,
aren't you?

Buffy's eyes fill with tears. She punches Kennedy again, and then grabs her. She picks her up and throws her back down, onto the stairs hard.

BUFFY

Where's the Scythe?

She punches Kennedy again.

BUFFY (CONT'D)

Where is it?!

She waits for Kennedy to respond, but Kennedy doesn't.

ANGLE ON : KENNEDY

Limp. Eyes closed.

Dead.

A tear rolls down Buffy's cheek as she looks at Kennedy. She feels for a pulse. When she finds none, she takes a step back and starts to cry harder, though she tries to hold it back.

In her mind, she's trying to figure out what just happened. Right now, it's just jumbled in her mind.

She wipes another tear away, and continues to back off. Finally, she turns and walks away.

ANGLE ON : KENNEDY

Still dead, of course. Laying on the stairs in a very uncomfortable position, her face covered in blood.

We SLOWLY MOVE IN on Kennedy.

KENNEDY

(prelap)
Hello?
(beat)
Hellooo? Mr. Hinkley?

INT. FANCY TRAINING ROOM - DAY

The training room that we saw in Kennedy's dream, however this one is without the surreal haze.

Kennedy walks into the room, dressed in her training clothes. She's in a pretty good mood.

She looks at her watch.

KENNEDY

(to self)

And he's always telling me that I need to learn to tell time.

WORDS APPEAR ON SCREEN : "AUGUST, 2002"

MR. HINKLEY walks into the room from a supply closet. He's holding some hand wraps.

KENNEDY (CONT'D)

Hey, you're here.

MR. HINKLEY

You didn't think I was late, did you?

KENNEDY

You? Never.

(beat)

So, what's the plan for today?

MR. HINKLEY

I thought we might work on you hand-to-hand skills.

KENNEDY

Okay.

Kennedy starts to walk over to a punching bag that's set up to the side of the room.

KENNEDY (CONT'D)

I'd hate to be fighting a vampire, only to learn that my hands aren't handy.

She throws a few warm-up punches at the bag.

MR. HINKLEY

I've asked Ronald to come and help us. I think I've gotten too old to keep up with you.

KENNEDY

Pssh. That's not gonna happen.

(MORE)

KENNEDY (CONT'D)

You'll still be jousting with me
when you're 90.

MR. HINKLEY

You obviously have more confidence
in my skills than I.

KENNEDY

Confidence? Not quite. You're just
too much of a pain in the ass to
give up that easily.

She smiles at him. They've known each other for a long time,
so he knows that she's playing around. Any other Watcher
might get upset by this, but he enjoys her personality.

Mr. Hinkley's assistant, RONALD (late 20's, British, "straight
to business" type) walks into the room. He's wearing a suit,
but takes off the jacket.

RONALD

Hello, all.

KENNEDY

(looks around)

What "all"? I'm seeing more of a
"both".

Ronald is not amused.

RONALD

(to Mr. Hinkley)

Is she always so...

KENNEDY

Watch your words, Brit-boy.

RONALD

(turns to Kennedy)

...Openly defiant?

Kennedy smiles at his selection.

MR. HINKLEY

I wouldn't have it any other way.

Mr. Hinkley gives the hand wraps to Ronald who begins to...
well, wrap his hands.

RONALD

Don't you think that's rather
dangerous? Her attitude could end up
getting her into trouble one of these
days.

MR. HINKLEY

Nonsense. I believe that her moxie
will be a great asset to her. My
Kennedy here will undoubtedly live
to see a ripe old age.

Kennedy turns to Ronald and gives him a "take that" look.

CUT TO:

EXT. ABANDONED HOUSE - BACKYARD - NIGHT

Again, we SLOWLY PUSH IN on Kennedy's dead body.

FADE TO BLACK:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. FANCY TRAINING ROOM - DAY

Kennedy and Ronald are training. Ronald is bouncing around like a boxer, throwing jabs at her left and right.

Kennedy is easily avoiding his jabs, wondering why he's bouncing around like an idiot.

KENNEDY

This the best you have?

RONALD

I'm just warming up.

KENNEDY

You mind if I sit down a while and wait 'til you're warm then? This bouncing is worse than Daddy's yacht.

Ronald throws a more purposeful punch at her. Kennedy avoids it, but is kinda impressed.

KENNEDY (CONT'D)

Ooh, looks like I struck a cord.

RONALD

Perhaps you should take your training a little more seriously.

KENNEDY

Kinda hard when you're the one throwing punches.

ANGLE ON : MR. HINKLEY

Watching them from a few feet away.

MR. HINKLEY

Ronald's right, Kennedy. Focus.

Kennedy stops and turns toward Mr. Hinkley.

KENNEDY

Focus on what? There's nothing here to challenge me.

Ronald sees that she isn't paying attention and throws another punch. Kennedy avoids it, grabs his arm and throws him to the mat without looking away from Mr. Hinkley.

She shrugs at Mr. Hinkley, who smiles in return. He can't help it.

Mr. Hinkley starts to walk toward the mat.

MR. HINKLEY

I think we'll skip the hand-to-hand
for today. We'll try again tomorrow.

He helps Ronald up.

RONALD

Are you sure?

MR. HINKLEY

For your sake, I'm sure.

(to Kennedy)

Ten laps around the garden while we
set up.

Kennedy nods and heads out of the room. On her way out, she
smirks one last time at Ronald.

Once Kennedy's gone, Ronald turns to Mr. Hinkley.

RONALD

Might I have a word with you?

MR. HINKLEY

What about?

RONALD

Your girl, sir. I have... concerns.

EXT. KENNEDY'S HOUSE - GARDEN - DAY

This ain't your momma's garden, which takes up ten feet in
the backyard. This is a rich man's garden, which takes up
quite a lot of space on a massive estate.

Kennedy runs through the garden, taking in the beauty of the
area. It's perfectly kept, with just about every type of
flower you can imagine, and the ocean visible in the distance.
It's a very peaceful setting to be in, and Kennedy loves it
here.

She passes the GARDENER, and gives him a nice wave.

GARDENER

Working out again?

KENNEDY

You know me.

GARDENER

You should take it easy. You're too
skinny.

KENNEDY

Six more laps, and then I'll take it easy.

She smiles at him as she passes.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE OF TRAINING ROOM - DAY

Kennedy is sweaty now. She's on her way back to the training room.

The house is massive and carries sound very well. As she walks, she hears voices coming from the training room. She stops just outside the training room door and listens.

RONALD (O.S.)

This is a serious matter. I think you should at least consider it.

MR. HINKLEY (O.S.)

I will not. The girl has worked her entire life. I won't have you or anyone else taking her dreams away from her.

RONALD (O.S.)

With all due respect, that is not for you to decide.

MR. HINKLEY (O.S.)

I've heard quite enough of this.
(beat)

You will not mention this to Kennedy.

RONALD (O.S.)

Of course.

There's a beat, and then Ronald walks out of the training room. When he sees her there, he pauses for a moment before looking away and moving on.

Kennedy, meanwhile, gives him a questioning look with just a hint of anger.

She goes into the training room

INT. FANCY TRAINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Kennedy finds Mr. Hinkley sitting in a chair, looking out the window.

KENNEDY

Hey.

Mr. Hinkley turns around.

MR. HINKLEY

Ah, you're back.

KENNEDY

Yeah.

(then)

What was all of that about?

Mr. Hinkley looks down. He didn't want her to hear that.

MR. HINKLEY

It was nothing. We should continue your training.

He stands up and faces her. She's not going to let this go.

KENNEDY

You guys were talking about me. I think I have a right to know what it was about.

Mr. Hinkley looks her in the eyes. This topic hurts him because he knows it will hurt her. He hesitates, but finally gestures for her to sit. She shakes her head.

KENNEDY (CONT'D)

Just tell me.

He hesitates again, trying to find his words. Finally, he speaks.

MR. HINKLEY

You and I have been training for quite a while now. You were just a girl when I first came here.

KENNEDY

Are you leaving?

MR. HINKLEY

No. Nothing like that.

(beat)

You see, the Council has seen fit- against my wishes- to alter your status.

KENNEDY

Meaning?

MR. HINKLEY

Meaning that they no longer view you as a viable candidate for Slayer. You are what they call "Past the age of duty."

KENNEDY

"Past the age...?"

(beat)

You mean I'm too old? That's bullsh--

MR. HINKLEY

I couldn't agree more. You are a talented young woman who deserves this as much as, if not more than, anyone else.

KENNEDY

Who says that the Council gets to pick the Slayers anyway? What do they know?

MR. HINKLEY

They don't. Not for sure.

KENNEDY

Then what's the big deal?

MR. HINKLEY

It's simply a matter of history. There has never been a Slayer called past the age of seventeen. Even then, it was incredibly rare.

KENNEDY

So, what? I get tossed aside? You get sent to the next toddler to come along?

MR. HINKLEY

Not at all.

Mr. Hinkley begins to pace.

MR. HINKLEY (CONT'D)

You're still an asset to the Council. Your training and knowledge of the demon world would still be useful to them.

KENNEDY

But not as a Slayer.

MR. HINKLEY

No.

Kennedy thinks this over for a second. It's quite upsetting. Tears start to form in her eyes as she looks back to Mr. Hinkley. She's not only sad, but angry.

KENNEDY

I have given my entire life to this calling, and now they're telling me that it's not gonna happen?

Mr. Hinkley doesn't respond. He can't even look her in the eyes.

Kennedy shakes her head.

KENNEDY (CONT'D)

No.

(beat)

No, this isn't happening. I didn't put all of this work into being a Slayer, just so I could be retired to England to file reports and catalog ancient texts. I didn't miss every birthday party that my family has thrown for me for the last fourteen years, just to watch some other girl take the job away from me. I won't let that happen.

MR. HINKLEY

There really isn't anything that we can do.

(beat)

I'm sorry.

Kennedy tries to think of an answer to this, but she can't. She turns and walks out of the room.

ANGLE ON : MR. HINKLEY

He watches her go with a pained expression on his face.

Behind him, a HOODED FIGURE slowly approaches.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE OF TRAINING ROOM - DAY

Kennedy walks down the hall. Once she puts some space between herself and the training room, she stops. She leans against the wall and stares down at the ground, thinking.

RONALD (O.S.)

I suppose he told you then?

Kennedy looks up at Ronald who is walking her way with a glass of soda.

KENNEDY

Get out of here.

Ronald stops near her and holds out the soda for her. She doesn't take it.

RONALD

I understand that this is hard on you.

He puts the soda down on a nearby table.

KENNEDY

You must love it.

RONALD

Quite the opposite.

He leans against the wall next to her.

RONALD (CONT'D)

Do you know how one becomes a Watcher?

No reply.

RONALD (CONT'D)

Usually, it's something that's passed along through families. My mother was a Watcher, and her mother before her. Before her, it was my great grandfather. I can trace the line back hundreds of years. We're told about it at a young age, and we're usually shipped off to a boarding school for special training. We remain there until we enter University, at which point we're allowed to attend a normal school.

(beat)

Of course, even then, there are special programs for us.

KENNEDY

I really don't see why you're still talking.

RONALD

I just want you to know how sorry I am for you. I know how hard this must be.

He puts a hand on her shoulder in a comforting way. She turns and looks at him. After a beat, her sad expression turns to a smile and then laughter.

KENNEDY

Wow. You have no idea how *not* my type you are.

RONALD

Wha...? I didn't mean to--

KENNEDY
Sure you didn't.

She starts to walk away.

KENNEDY (CONT'D)
Seriously though, thanks for the
laugh.

EXT. KENNEDY'S HOUSE - GARDEN - NIGHT

Kennedy isn't wearing her training clothes anymore. She's dressed in some pretty expensive street clothes. The kind that make rich kids look like poor kids who wanna look like rich kids.

She's deep in thought. Trying to figure out what to do with her life.

A MAID walks out to her. She stands behind Kennedy in a very proper manner.

MAID
Excuse me, Ma'am.

Kennedy turns.

KENNEDY
What?

MAID
Mr. Hinkley has asked to see you in
your training room at once.

Kennedy nods. The maid walks away.

Kennedy remains where she is for a moment, still deep in her own thoughts. She finally stands up, and starts to walk out of the garden.

INT. FANCY TRAINING ROOM - NIGHT

The room is dark now. The only light in the room is the generous amount of moonlight that's coming through the massive windows.

Kennedy walks into the room and looks around.

KENNEDY
Mr. Hinkley? You in here?

REVEAL Mr. Hinkley, standing behind her.

MR. HINKLEY
Hello, Kennedy.

She turns with a surprised jump.

KENNEDY

If you're trying to give me a heart attack, good job. What's with the lights?

MR. HINKLEY

(looking around)

I didn't think them necessary.

(beat)

I've been thinking about your situation.

Kennedy looks at the ground, upset.

KENNEDY

I'm sorry I ran off. It's not your fault.

MR. HINKLEY

I understand. You've worked hard. That's why neither of us should be willing to give in so easily.

KENNEDY

Not a lot we can do, right?

He doesn't respond to her. He starts to walk around her. She keeps her eyes on him, noticing that he is acting odd.

KENNEDY (CONT'D)

What's going on here? Are you okay?

MR. HINKLEY

Fine. I've just been thinking, that's all.

KENNEDY

About?

MR. HINKLEY

About how we might change your destiny.

Kennedy smiles, not getting it.

KENNEDY

Do you have a map to the fountain of youth, 'cause I don't see me getting younger.

MR. HINKLEY

I've come up with a plan. One that may allow you to become a Slayer.

KENNEDY

How?

MR. HINKLEY

You don't need the details right now. You only need to listen to me and do exactly as I tell you, understand?

Kennedy is a little confused, but she nods anyway.

WIDE ANGLE

We see them from the other side of the room, still talking.

MR. HINKLEY (CONT'D)

There's a man on his way to see you. A Watcher. He'll ask you to go with him.

KENNEDY

Why?

MR. HINKLEY

He'll explain that to you. Now, I want you to go with him. Stay with him, and do as he says until I contact you again.

KENNEDY

Where will you be?

MR. HINKLEY

Working. Making arrangements.

(beat)

It's important that you do not tell him, or anyone else about this plan. Don't even let them know that you're talking with me. They can't even know that I'm still alive. Do you understand me?

KENNEDY

Not even a little. What are we doing?

PAN DOWN SLOWLY.

MR. HINKLEY

I'll tell you that when the time is right. Until then, do exactly as I tell you.

As Mr. Hinkley says this, we continue to PAN DOWN until we eventually see behind a desk that's set up in the back of the room. On the floor behind this desk, Mr. Hinkley is laying on the ground, dead.

FADE TO BLACK:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. WATCHERS COUNCIL BUILDING - DORM ROOM - DAY

Kennedy is sitting on one of the six beds in the room, staring out the window.

ANNABELLE walks into the room and goes to her own bed. She starts to feel under it for something. As she feels, she looks up at Kennedy.

ANNABELLE

Training session's about to start.
Aren't you coming?

KENNEDY

Nope.

Annabelle finds a pair of sneakers and stands back up.

ANNABELLE

I don't think Mr. Kendall would like
you skipping out on it again.

KENNEDY

The way I see it, it doesn't really
matter what Mr. Kendall thinks.

ANNABELLE

But, he's our teacher. We have to do
as he says.

KENNEDY

Or what? They'll kick me out of here?
(shakes head)
I don't see it happening. Not with
the way they've kept us locked up
like prisoners for the last three
months.

ANNABELLE

We're not prisoners. We're potential
Slayers, and they're our Watchers.
We have a duty.

Kennedy looks out the window again and smiles.

KENNEDY

Yeah.

She looks back to Annabelle, turning more serious.

KENNEDY (CONT'D)

Don't you ever wonder what we're doing here? I mean, I've been in training since I was five, and I never had to stay here before. Suddenly we're expected to live in England until we're called?

Annabelle sits down, turning a bit more somber herself.

ANNABELLE

I do wonder. Most of the girls do, I suppose. The littler ones still cry for their mothers at night. I can hear them.

KENNEDY

Don't you think it's about time they told us what the hell's going on?

ANNABELLE

It's not our place to demand anything. We're not in charge.

Kennedy thinks about this for a second.

KENNEDY

No. We're not in charge.

(beat)

But why not? We're the potential Slayers, right? Who put the Watchers in charge of our destiny?

Kennedy stands up and starts to walk out.

ANNABELLE

Where are you going?

KENNEDY

To see about getting some answers from Mr. Travers.

As she says that, Kennedy exits the room. Annabelle yells after her.

ANNABELLE

But, he's in session!

INT. WATCHERS COUNCIL HEADQUARTERS - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

GILES is standing in front of QUENTIN TRAVERS and several OTHER WATCHERS, holding papers in his hands. More papers, photographs and file folders are spread out over the entire table.

GILES

As we can clearly see from these papers, every potential Slayer and Watcher in the world is being targeted. We can't simply sit around and hope that they go away.

QUENTIN

What would you suggest we do then, Mr. Giles?

GILES

(sarcastic)

I don't know. I thought we might attempt to stop it at some point.

QUENTIN

Which we will do.

(beat)

I think you've spent too much time with Buffy Summers. You're forgetting how our job is done. These things take time. Wars must be planned.

GILES

Time? Every day, more reports exactly like these are flowing into our offices.

(holds up a picture)

Roy Hinkley worked for this Council for nearly forty years before he was butchered.

CLOSE ON : THE PHOTOGRAGH

A black and white image of Mr. Hinkley on the floor, horribly bloodied.

GILES (CONT'D)

I think it's about time that we took action. We must try to stop this from happening again.

(then)

Perhaps you're right and I have spent too much time with Buffy, because I've obviously picked up this rebellious sense of logic from somewhere and it certainly wasn't here.

QUENTIN

Mr. Giles, I warn you. Another outburst like that and you will be dismissed from these chambers.

Giles takes a breath and composes himself. He picks up another photograph with his other hand (keeping Mr. Hinkley's with him).

CLOSE ON : THE NEW PHOTOGRAPH

Another black and white image. This one is more like a still image taken from a security camera.

GILES

This image was captured three weeks ago, in Tokyo. Just before Donovan Crowley was murdered, and his potential Slayer was gutted. This image clearly shows the face of those responsible.

QUENTIN

Right. The- um...
(checks notes)
The Bringers.

Giles can't help but laugh at Quentin's lack of interest.

GILES

Yes, the Bringers. Also known as agents of the First Evil.

QUENTIN

We're all well aware of these facts, Mr. Giles.

GILES

And yet we're not devoting every ounce of manpower to stopping it. Why?

QUENTIN

We are working toward stopping these killings, I assure you.

GILES

Exactly what is being done to stop this? All I've seen is us managing to gather a school full of potential Slayers in one convenient place for the First to attack.

QUENTIN

You aren't--

Quentin is about to respond with another one of his calm, yet annoyingly snippy replies when the doors to the chamber burst open. Kennedy rushes into the room.

QUENTIN (CONT'D)

This is a private meeting, young lady!

KENNEDY

Was.

Kennedy stops at the end of the table, near Giles.

KENNEDY (CONT'D)

I want to know what's going on here. I have a right.

QUENTIN

You have what we give you. Nothing more.

KENNEDY

And who made you king? Last time I checked, your job was to assist the Slayer. Since I'm a hell of a lot closer to being a Slayer than you, I think it's time you filled me in on all of this.

She looks around the table at the files and pictures.

KENNEDY (CONT'D)

What's going on here? What is this?

She picks up a picture and studies it.

QUENTIN

What is your name.

GILES

This is Kennedy. She was in Roy Hinkley's care.

QUENTIN

Another American. I'm starting to notice a pattern here.

Kennedy is still studying the files as Giles attempts to keep her from seeing the image of Mr. Hinkley.

KENNEDY

What are these?
(beat)
Slayers? Watchers?

QUENTIN

Return to your quarters, Miss Kennedy.

KENNEDY

Not happening.

She notices that Giles is holding a picture that he's trying to hide from her.

KENNEDY (CONT'D)

What's that?

GILES

You don't need to see this one.

Kennedy stares Giles down, and then walks to him. She grabs for the photo. While he tries to pull it back, she manages to snatch it from him.

When she looks at it, confusion and pain fill her face. She begins to cry. Giles puts a hand on her shoulder, but she pulls away.

KENNEDY

What is this?

TWO SECURITY GUARDS enter the room. They grab Kennedy.

QUENTIN

(to the guards)

Escort her back to the dormitory.

Kennedy isn't strong enough to fight them. As they pull her out of the room, Giles watches, feeling for her.

Once Kennedy's gone, Giles looks back to Quentin.

GILES

She does have a right to know.

QUENTIN

She'll know when we decide to tell her.

Giles hears this, and then looks back toward the door, plotting.

QUENTIN (CONT'D)

Now, as for your concerns, Mr. Giles, rest assured that action is being taken.

Giles turns back to Quentin.

QUENTIN (CONT'D)

We have offices in several countries working on a plan as we speak. Once that plan is decided upon, you will be notified.

Giles isn't really paying attention at this point. His mind is working on other things.

GILES

Fine.

(beat)

Umm, I'm sorry, but I really must be going now.

Giles gathers some papers, and walks out of the room. Quentin watches him, slightly annoyed.

QUENTIN

You're dismissed.

(to the other Watchers)

Now, moving on to other matters.

I've received word from India that the--

A FEMALE WATCHER rushes into the room. She's out of breath and has an urgent expression on her face. When Quentin sees her, he knows something is wrong.

QUENTIN (CONT'D)

What is it?

FEMALE WATCHER

We've been attacked, sir.

QUENTIN

Attacked? Where?

FEMALE WATCHER

Everywhere. Offices in several countries have reported bombings, while others have been infiltrated and pillaged.

QUENTIN

(thoughtful beat,
then calmly)

The First.

Quentin stands and looks to the rest of the Watchers in the room. He remains calm.

QUENTIN (CONT'D)

Contact your departments and get their reports. We shall meet again in six hours to discuss this further.

The others in the room are not as calm. As soon as he says that, they rush out of the room. Quentin looks out the window, at the view of London.

QUENTIN (CONT'D)

Well, Mr. Giles... It would seem that you may get your war after all.

INT. WATCHERS COUNCIL HEADQUARTERS - HALLWAY - DAY

WATCHERS are scurrying about like little tweed mice on a sinking ship. All of them are on urgent business.

Giles walks through the hall, watching them. He doesn't yet know what's happened.

He grabs a YOUNG WATCHER as he is passing.

GILES

What's going on here?

YOUNG WATCHER

We've come under attack, sir. Bombings
in several countries. Murders
everywhere.

(scared beat)

We're at war.

Giles lets the young man go, and takes a moment to think about this.

GILES

Bloody hell.

Finally, Giles makes a decision. He turns around and rushes back the way he came.

INT. WATCHERS COUNCIL HEADQUARTERS - LIBRARY - DAY

This is a massive library. More like the warehouse that the Ark of the Covenant was put in at the end of "Raiders Of The Lost Ark".

Giles rushes into the library, which is surprisingly empty. He's holding a computer print-out, and is using it as his map around this place. He takes a moment to gather his bearings, and then rushes through the stacks, on a very specific mission.

He comes across the section that he's looking for. After a few seconds of quickly skimming the books, he finds the titles that he is looking for. He grabs two books, and rushes back out of the room.

EXT. WATCHERS COUNCIL HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Giles rushes from the building, which looks quite still from out here. He is not only holding the books, but a handful of other documents in his hands. He's very determined to get out of this building, seeing as how he just stole important texts from the Council.

As Giles walks away, THE BUILDING EXPLODES behind him. He ducks and covers, and looks back in shock. He stands there for a moment, stunned.

GILES

God, help us.

After taking a moment to think, a realization comes over him.

GILES (CONT'D)

The girls.

He once again begins to rush down the street.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Giles is sitting in the waiting room of the hospital. Kennedy, Annabelle and MOLLY are sitting nearby. All are very somber.

MOLLY

This can't be happening. It isn't real.

(then, to Giles)

I just went for something to eat, and...

GILES

I know.

Giles takes a breath and thinks for a moment.

GILES (CONT'D)

But, as upset as we are, we have to put it behind us. We have to find a way to move on.

ANNABELLE

How? Where will we go now? Do we just go home?

GILES

No. You can't go home. Not yet.

(thinks)

We'll go to America. To California. I'll inform what remains of the Council that this is where all potential Slayers should be directed.

KENNEDY

What's in California?

GILES

The Slayer.

ANNABELLE

Can she help us?

GILES

If anyone can, it's Buffy.

KENNEDY

(not amused)

"Buffy"? We're supposed to trust our lives to someone named "Buffy"?

GILES

I assure you, she's quite capable.
We'll head there at once.

Kennedy looks up, trying to work all of this out in her mind. As she looks up, she sees Mr. Hinkley standing down the hallway, near the bathroom. She looks back to see if anyone else is looking at him, but they're not. They are all in their own worlds.

KENNEDY

I have to go to the bathroom.

Without waiting for a reply, Kennedy stands and heads toward the bathroom. Mr. Hinkley walks into it before her (of course, Kennedy doesn't see that the door isn't opened for him)

INT. HOSPITAL - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Kennedy walks into the bathroom and looks at Mr. Hinkley. She's happy, but in serious shock.

KENNEDY

You're here.

MR. HINKLEY/THE FIRST

Yes.

KENNEDY

But, I saw pictures... You were dead.

MR. HINKLEY/THE FIRST

I made it seem that way.

Kennedy looks at him, and then looks away. She shakes her head.

KENNEDY

Giles told me about something called the First. Says it can take the form of dead people.

Kennedy tries to touch Mr. Hinkley. HER HAND PASSES THROUGH HIM. Kennedy looks away, upset. She's fighting back tears.

KENNEDY (CONT'D)

You blew up the Council. You killed those girls.

MR. HINKLEY/THE FIRST

This doesn't change anything.

KENNEDY

"Doesn't change anything"? You're
the First Evil!

MR. HINKLEY/THE FIRST

You might not want to yell that quite
so loudly.

Kennedy tries to punch the First, but HER FIST PASSES THROUGH
HIM.

MR. HINKLEY/THE FIRST (CONT'D)

Did that accomplish anything, really?

KENNEDY

I hate you. I hate you. You killed
my Watcher. One person in this world
that I actually cared about, and now
he's gone and you expect me to help
you?

MR. HINKLEY/THE FIRST

Gone? Does it look like he's gone?

KENNEDY

You're not him.

MR. HINKLEY/THE FIRST

I am him. Do you think that I simply
take the form of the dead?

(beat)

I become them. I am them. Everything
that your Watcher was is part of me.

Kennedy shakes her head.

KENNEDY

He could never be part of you. He
wasn't evil.

MR. HINKLEY/THE FIRST

Everyone's got a little of me in
them. How else would I remember the
time that you snuck out of the house
to go to a concert?

Kennedy can't help but feel a little bit of connection to
this memory.

MR. HINKLEY/THE FIRST (CONT'D)

You got drunk, didn't you? You knew
that if your father found out, he
wouldn't like it.

Kennedy begins to tear up.

MR. HINKLEY/THE FIRST (CONT'D)
Who did you call, Kennedy?

Kennedy doesn't respond.

MR. HINKLEY/THE FIRST (CONT'D)
You called me. I never told your
father, did I?

(beat)

And the time you stole your step-
mother's car and crashed it? Who
helped you?

KENNEDY
That wasn't you. That man is dead
because of you.

MR. HINKLEY/THE FIRST
It was me. Mr. Hinkley loved you.
He'd do anything for you, and that's
why he lied for you and protected
you.

(beat)

Do you think that I wasn't in there?
That I didn't give him the idea?

The First smiles.

MR. HINKLEY/THE FIRST (CONT'D)
I remember when you were a little
girl, training with your weapons.
You could hardly hold them up, but
you were so determined.

KENNEDY
Stop it.

MR. HINKLEY/THE FIRST
I was there for you. Every day of
your life, I was there. Don't try to
pretend that I wasn't. You've felt
me.

Kennedy looks down, and then looks back up with an angry
expression.

KENNEDY
I hate you.

MR. HINKLEY/THE FIRST
Hate is an under appreciated emotion.

Kennedy looks away from the First.

KENNEDY

There never was a plan to help me become a Slayer, was there? That was you. Using me.

MR. HINKLEY/THE FIRST

That was me, but there is most certainly a plan. One which will benefit us both if you're still willing to help me.

KENNEDY

I've trained my entire life to fight you.

MR. HINKLEY/THE FIRST

And what did that get you? You're too old to be a Slayer the natural way. All the training in the world can't change that.

KENNEDY

So I'm supposed to trust you? I'm supposed to go along with your plan and pretend that I don't know you're evil?

MR. HINKLEY/THE FIRST

Good and evil are black and white terms, Kennedy. Since when does the world work in such a simple manner?

Kennedy doesn't respond.

MR. HINKLEY/THE FIRST (CONT'D)

What I'm offering you is the chance to fulfill your destiny. A chance to be special.

KENNEDY

By helping you kill more people?

MR. HINKLEY/THE FIRST

You don't have to kill anyone. You don't have to do anything that you're not comfortable doing.

(beat)

Like I've said, this isn't the first time we've worked together. It's just the first time I've spoken to you like this.

KENNEDY

So, you'll just hand it to me? No strings?

MR. HINKLEY/THE FIRST
I'll require your help along the way, but most of the work will be done by others.

(beat)

There is a plan, Kennedy. One which is larger than you can imagine, and it includes you.

Kennedy shakes her head.

KENNEDY
I'm still not buying it.

The First is starting to get upset, but tries to hide it. It walks closer to Kennedy, thinking of a new way to go about this.

MR. HINKLEY/THE FIRST
Do you know how the Slayer line began?

Kennedy doesn't answer. She doesn't know.

MR. HINKLEY/THE FIRST (CONT'D)
Three men decided to put the power into a young woman against her will. They decided how and why a Slayer was called.

(beat)

Do you think that's fair, Kennedy? That a group of men could decide who was allowed to become what they were always meant to be?

Kennedy doesn't respond. She's thinking about that last part.

MR. HINKLEY/THE FIRST (CONT'D)
I won't ask you to hurt anyone. All I need from you is to help another girl. One with another kind of power, but who is afraid to use it. She's a friend of the Slayer.

KENNEDY
What do you want with her?

MR. HINKLEY/THE FIRST
Nothing more than I want from you. I want her to be everything that she is able to be. There's an amazing force in this girl. All she needs is a friend to help her realize that.

Kennedy thinks this over.

KENNEDY

Mr. Giles told me that I shouldn't trust you. You killed all of those people.

(beat)

Why would I do this?

MR. HINKLEY/THE FIRST

Mr. Giles is part of the very Council that would hold you back. The Slayer was never meant to work like that. To be ruled over by men, and taking orders. A Slayer should be free, and strong on her own.

(beat)

There is no good or evil in this world, Kennedy. There is only a difference in perspective.

Kennedy stops to think about this. She knows that it goes against everything she's been taught, but some of it makes sense to her. This doesn't make her any more comfortable with this situation though.

KENNEDY

What's her name? The girl you want me to help.

The First smiles.

FADE TO BLACK:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

EXT. ABANDONED HOUSE - BACKYARD - NIGHT

CLOSE ON : KENNEDY'S FACE

Bloody, and dead, as Buffy left it. There's a peaceful quiet over the entire area.

WILLOW

(prelap)

We did it.

EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

It's now just after the destruction of Sunnydale. The schoolbus is parked nearby, and there are SLAYERS sleeping on the ground.

BUFFY, WILLOW, XANDER, DAWN, Giles and Kennedy are sitting around the fire. They're still in shock.

Xander and Buffy are both silent and distracted. Willow and Kennedy are sitting next to each other, with their arms around each other. Kennedy looks to Willow with a slight smile, but she's not totally pleased.

KENNEDY

You did it.

Willow smiles at her.

DAWN

Well if the police ask, I didn't have anything to do with it.

Everyone but Buffy and Xander smile at that. Giles looks to them.

GILES

It was a day that I don't think any of us will soon forget. Nor shall we forget those who didn't make it.

Those who are smiling suddenly feel guilty.

DAWN

I don't think I've even processed the fact that they're not here yet.

Dawn is starting to feel it now. She's feeling guilty for having smiled.

DAWN (CONT'D)

I'm sorry.

Dawn puts her arm around Buffy's, comforting her.

Kennedy watches the mourning carry on for a second as guilt fills her face. Soon, she stands up.

KENNEDY

I need to stretch.

WILLOW

Want me to come with?

KENNEDY

I'm okay.

Kennedy walks off. Willow knows that something is up, but she doesn't want to push it. She's left alone now.

GILES

I think we should try to sleep. We have a long day ahead of us tomorrow.

Willow and Dawn start to get up. Giles also starts to ready himself for sleep.

Buffy and Xander remain where they are.

XANDER

I think I'll just sit for a while.

BUFFY

Yeah.

Their friends are concerned for them, but they allow them to have their sadness as they move off. Buffy and Xander are left alone by the fire.

Soon, Buffy gets up and moves over to where Xander is sitting. She sits next to him. Without any looks or words, she just puts her head on his shoulder, and he puts an arm around her. There they sit, watching the fire.

ANGLE ON : KENNEDY

Away from camp, outside the reaches of the fire. She's by herself, staring off into the distance with a blank expression.

MR. HINKLEY/THE FIRST (O.S.)

Congratulations.

Kennedy looks back and sees The First standing behind her. She turns away from him.

MR. HINKLEY/THE FIRST (CONT'D)

You're a Slayer now. I'm proud of you.

KENNEDY

Go to Hell.

The First gets a confused look, and walks to stand next to Kennedy.

MR. HINKLEY/THE FIRST

Isn't this what you wanted?

KENNEDY

To watch people suffer and die? I never wanted that. You told me nobody would die.

MR. HINKLEY/THE FIRST

I told you that you wouldn't kill anyone, and you didn't. People die, Kennedy. It's a fact of life.

KENNEDY

We still beat you though.

MR. HINKLEY/THE FIRST

It was never that simple. I am eternal. Unbeatable.

KENNEDY

We sure put a hell of a dent in your company though.

The First nods thoughtfully.

MR. HINKLEY/THE FIRST

You fought well. You proved that I was right about you. You were meant to be the Slayer.

KENNEDY

Yeah, and I got here without you.

Kennedy smiles at the First.

KENNEDY (CONT'D)

She didn't cave. She didn't give into the evil like you wanted her to. She beat you back.

MR. HINKLEY/THE FIRST

Is that how you see it? The magic inside of your girlfriend is a powerful force. It's only a matter of time before it swallows her again.

KENNEDY

She's stronger than that.

MR. HINKLEY/THE FIRST
You've grown fond of her.

KENNEDY
And the lies stop here. It's over.
I'm telling her everything.

MR. HINKLEY/THE FIRST
How do you think she'll respond to that? Can you imagine the look on her face when you tell her that the only reason you showed any interest in her was to push her toward the magic?

Kennedy looks away.

KENNEDY
Things are different now.

MR. HINKLEY/THE FIRST
Regardless, I think you know how she'll react.

Kennedy's mind begins to wander as she imagines Willow's reaction.

MR. HINKLEY/THE FIRST (CONT'D)
I think you know what you have to do.

ANGLE ON : KENNEDY

As she ponders this last comment. Eventually, she turns to speak to the First, but he's gone. Kennedy remains silent. Her eyes eventually drift over to the camp. To where Willow is. Pain and regret fill her face as she realizes what she must do.

EXT. KENNEDY'S HOUSE - GARDEN - DAY

Kennedy is back home, in her garden. She's in training clothes and is sweaty. She takes a sip from a water bottle.

Ronald walks up behind her.

RONALD
You came back.

Kennedy turns around and sees him. He's different now. There's a large burn scar on the right side of his face.

KENNEDY
A few weeks ago.
(beat)
I thought you were...

RONALD

Dead? I came close. The First's attacks took out most of the Council. I was forced into hiding.

KENNEDY

Noble.

RONALD

(ignoring the last
remark)

I've been in England since June, helping in the rebuilding efforts. There are a lot of Slayers, and not many Watchers to teach them.

KENNEDY

They must be freaking out.

RONALD

You could put it that way. Most of them don't know how to handle their new roles in this world. Many of them wish it never happened.

(beat)

Needless to say, my job hasn't been easy.

Kennedy can't help but feel a little surprised at the reaction of the other Slayers.

KENNEDY

They really hate it?

RONALD

You sound surprised.

KENNEDY

I am, a little. I guess I've never seen it as anything that could be bad. I mean, I've done more to help this world since becoming a Slayer than I could even think of doing without it.

RONALD

But you were prepared. These other girls weren't. They've been pulled into a war that they don't understand.

(beat)

I suppose this is why there is usually only one Slayer.

KENNEDY

Yeah, well that really only works when the Slayer's not a bitch.

Ronald walks to a nearby bench and sits down.

RONALD

Personally, I've always thought you'd make an extraordinary Slayer. I see I was right. Perhaps if you'd been the Chosen One when this all happened, you could have stopped it.

Kennedy looks down, still feeling the guilt of her role in all of this. The fact that so many more lives were ruined isn't helping.

KENNEDY

I guess there's not much we can do about that now.

There's a long pause as the guilt builds in Kennedy.

RONALD

I have been looking into ways of helping these other girls. A way to make things right again.

Kennedy looks at him, confused.

KENNEDY

Take away their power?

RONALD

A power that they don't want. A power that is better left to someone who is capable of handling it.

(beat)

Some of these girls are still being hunted. Their blood is being sold in bars, their bodies being auctioned off in pieces. They can't protect themselves, and the demons can sense this.

Ronald stands and looks Kennedy in the eyes.

RONALD (CONT'D)

You could be the Slayer, Kennedy. The one and only. It's what you've always wanted, isn't it?

KENNEDY

Yeah, but... What about the girls who do want it?

RONALD

They are far and few between, believe me.

(MORE)

RONALD (CONT'D)

I have seen more suffering in the last month than I care to ever see again. If you come with me, I could show them to you.

Kennedy thinks this over for a moment. Finally, she looks at Ronald, still a little wary.

KENNEDY

I want to help them. What's your plan?

Ronald is relieved, but he is all business.

RONALD

As I said, you'll need to visit these girls, to see them face to face. Before you do that though, we must make immediate arrangements. Time is of utmost importance if we are to do this.

KENNEDY

What do we do?

RONALD

We're scheduled to meet an associate of mine tonight. We'll have to leave at once.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Kennedy and Ronald are waiting in the hotel room. It's a nice place, with an amazing view of New York.

Kennedy sits on the bed and glances back at the clock.

KENNEDY

It's eight-thirty. He's late.

RONALD

I'm sure there was some sort of flight delay. There's no need to worry.

KENNEDY

I kinda prefer people to be on time when we're planning our missions to change the world.

Ronald paces a little. He's starting to look a little uneasy himself.

RONALD

I'm going to get a drink of water. I'll be back in a moment.

Ronald walks into the bathroom.

A few moments after he leaves the room, there's a KNOCK on the door.

Kennedy looks back to see if Ronald is coming out yet, but he's not. She goes to the door and opens it.

ANGLE ON : KENNEDY

As she sees who is on the other side. When she does, a look of annoyance fills her face.

KENNEDY

You?

REVEAL AMY standing on the other side of the threshold. She's no happier to see Kennedy.

AMY

This is probably some kind of mistake.
It has to be.

KENNEDY

Damn straight it is.

Ronald returns from the bathroom.

RONALD

Amy, you're here.

Kennedy turns to Ronald.

KENNEDY

This is your associate?

Amy walks into the room.

AMY

What's she doing here?
(sees the view)
And can I just say, wow. That's a
view.

Kennedy closes the door and walks further into the room.

KENNEDY

What the hell's going on here?

RONALD

I assure you, this is no mistake.
I'm aware of your history, but I
think that our working together could
benefit us all.

Ronald leans in closer to Kennedy.

RONALD (CONT'D)

(whispers)

Unless you know of another powerful witch that would be willing to help us, I suggest you get used to the idea of Amy being here.

Amy turns around, smiling.

AMY

I can see the Empire State Building from here.

RONALD

Please girls, sit down. We need to get to business.

Reluctantly, Kennedy sits back down. She keeps a careful eye on Amy.

RONALD (CONT'D)

Kennedy, I've explained the situation to you. You know what must be done.

(to Amy)

Did you bring the rings?

Amy reaches into her pocket and pulls out a box. She opens it and pulls out two rings.

RONALD (CONT'D)

Good.

(to Kennedy)

These rings are vital to the plan. They'll link you and Amy to each other, and link you to the past, while linking her to the present.

AMY

Which means, I get to stay in the past, right?

KENNEDY

Why do you want to do that?

AMY

Well, for one thing, there was the three years I spent as a rat. Kinda wanna make up for them.

Kennedy doesn't really understand this. She's about to respond when Ronald speaks.

RONALD

Amy will remain in the past, learning to harness her powers. As she learns, she'll be able to provide us with other vital pieces of this puzzle.

KENNEDY

And those rings connect us?

RONALD

In order for Amy to remain in the past once her initial spell is completed, she'll need to have a link to the present.

KENNEDY

To trick the universe into thinking she's here.

AMY

And she managed to figure it out without pop-up pictures. I'm impressed.

KENNEDY

So, what's this get me?

RONALD

The beauty of this arrangement is that while Amy experiences years in the past, any amount of time that we desire can pass here.

(beat)

What Amy provides you is the key to our success.

Ronald gives Kennedy a grin that tells us that he's very impressed with himself.

FADE TO BLACK:

END OF ACT THREE

RONALD

It should be any moment now.

KENNEDY

She better not mess this up.

THUNDER ROARS. THE RING GLOWS for a moment, and then the glowing fades.

Kennedy stops pacing and looks up at Ronald.

KENNEDY (CONT'D)

It's done.

RONALD

We have a lot of preparations to make. You must begin the gathering at once.

Kennedy notices something in his voice.

KENNEDY

"You"? What about "we"? Where are you in all of this?

RONALD

I'll be doing the same thing as you, but there are too many Slayers and not enough time for us to travel together.

Kennedy thinks this over. She eventually sees the logic in it.

KENNEDY

Fine. Tell me what to do.

RONALD

I will in a moment, but I have to give you some information first. In case something happens to me.

KENNEDY

What's gonna happen to you?

RONALD

I don't know that anything will. I just think that we should be prepared for all outcomes.

(beat)

First, you need to know that there will be people who try to stop us from doing this. People won't understand, but you can't let that alter your willingness. You are the true Slayer, Kennedy.

(MORE)

RONALD (CONT'D)

It is your job to help these other girls, and to make sure that nobody stands in your way.

(beat)

If I don't survive, you'll need to find someone else to train you for the Night of Morel Divineh. Now, there is a man that I know of, but he's currently being held in a government facility. His name is Ethan Rayne.

Kennedy is listening carefully to this.

INT. SUNNYDALE HIGH - CLASSROOM - NIGHT

(straight from "Me Time")

Past Willow swings with all of her might, hitting the SHADOW DEMON. She continues to beat it. Finally, Willow is able to help her, and begins pounding the demon with her fist.

After much beating, the SHADOW DEMON VANISHES.

The Willows look at each other. Both confused. Normal Willow also full of deep thoughts..

PAST WILLOW

Is that it?

In a FLASH, WILLOW VANISHES.

Past Willow and JENNY look to Buffy.

BUFFY

I guess the spell's over.

AMY

Which means, I'm done here.

Amy starts to walk out. Buffy grabs her.

BUFFY

Where do you think you're going?

AMY

I got me some lost time to make up for. I figure I'll wait a year, then find a nice quiet town to finish high school in.

BUFFY

If you ever come near Willow, or any of us again--

AMY

Don't worry. I'll be good. I promise.

Amy smiles and starts to walk out. Before she walks through the door, she stops and turns around. She looks at Past Willow and Jenny.

AMY (CONT'D)

Do the vending machines still sell brownies?

(then)

Nevermind. I'll find out myself.

With that, she walks out of the room.

INT. SUNNYDALE HIGH - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Amy walks out of the classroom, into the hall. As she makes her way down the hallway, she looks down at her ring and smiles.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DESERT - DAY

The wind is blowing strong, causing a lot of sand to fly around the area. The sun is bright in the sky though, making this a very hot day.

Amy walks across the desert, carrying a backpack on her back and a map in her hands. A lot of time has passed. Her hair is longer now, and pulled into a ponytail. Her face is covered to keep the sand out.

She stops walking, and looks down at her map. She rolls it up, and takes her bag off of her back. She kneels down on the ground and puts the map into the bag. Then she pulls three smooth stones from the bag and holds them in her hands.

AMY

(over the wind)

Spirits of the wind that guard this temple, I beseech you! Grant me access to this place, that I might fulfill the purpose of that which rests within.

The WIND CHANGES. The SAND NOW BLOWS AROUND AMY, but leaves her in an oddly calm pocket of space.

She uncovers her face, and smiles.

AMY (CONT'D)

Thanks.

She places the three stones on the ground, about a foot and a half away from each other in a triangle, and then she draws a line in the sand to connect them.

She sits back, and closes her eyes.

AMY (CONT'D)

Guardians of the temple of Amahtet,
founders of the order of Arali, I
come before you seeking guidance
before your presence. I come to you
seeking knowledge so that I might
excel. Appear to me, and allow me to
make my plea.

The LINE IN THE SAND BEGINS TO GLOW. From inside this triangle, a BLUE ENERGY APPEARS, and hovers in front of Amy.

MYSTICAL ENERGY VOICE (V.O.)

(in demon speak)

Umbrutus, egnor. Tirilet Arali amhad
incentirillum?

(translation)

Visitor, speak. Why do you summon
the order of Arali?

Amy looks into the blue energy, trying to figure out what it just said.

AMY

Umm, right. Could you maybe speak
English... if you can? I mean, if
not, that's cool too, but--

MYSTICAL ENERGY VOICE (V.O.)

Silence!

Amy backs off.

AMY

Sorry.

MYSTICAL ENERGY VOICE (V.O.)

Why have you come before the order
of Arali?

AMY

I was hoping that you might help me
gain the power that I seek.

MYSTICAL ENERGY VOICE (V.O.)

Power is not to be given without
reason. What is your reason?

A LIGHTNING BOLT shoots from the energy, hitting Amy's ring.

MYSTICAL ENERGY VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 And why do you walk backwards in
 this world?

AMY
 I'm here because of a growing threat
 to both our kinds. I'm here because
 of the Night of Morel Divineh.

There is a long silence.

MYSTICAL ENERGY VOICE (V.O.)
 How does a human know of such things?

AMY
 Because I come from the future. I
 come from a time when millions of
 Slayers walk the planet, and the
 Night of Morel Divineh is pretty
 close to happening.
 (beat)
 There are challenges that must be
 overcome in order to ensure that
 this night is allowed to proceed as
 it must.

Suddenly, a GOLDEN ENERGY rushes over Amy. She gasps, and
 then looks at the ground.

MYSTICAL ENERGY VOICE (V.O.)
 What is this? Why has she been
 summoned?

Amy looks back to the blue energy.

AMY
 I don't know what it is, I promise
 you. I just... happens.
 (beat)
 But it doesn't change anything. I
 still need the power that you hold.

ANOTHER GOLDEN ENERGY rushes over her. Amy gets annoyed now.

AMY (CONT'D)
 What the hell is that?

INT. WILLOW'S BEDROOM (CIRCA SEASON 3) - DAY

Buffy and Willow (season 3 versions) are sitting on the floor
 with magic spell items sitting in front of them, along with
 a certain rat that we all know. Willow's eyes are closed and
 she's focusing hard.

WILLOW

Diana, Hecate, I hereby license thee
to depart. Goddess of creatures great
and small, I conjure thee to withdraw.

Willow opens her eyes expectantly, and looks down at the rat. Nothing happens. Buffy looks down at the rat too. After a moment, Buffy reaches into her purse and pulls out a paper bag. She hands it to Willow.

Willow opens it and pulls out a wheel for Amy's cage. She looks up at Buffy, who gives her a sympathetic look and a shrug.

BUFFY

Plan B.

EXT. DESERT - DAY

Where we left Amy.

AMY

I am worthy. I come from a line of
witches. I can see this through if
you'll just grant me what I'm asking
for.

There's a long silence as the blue energy thinks.

MYSTICAL ENERGY VOICE (V.O.)

What will be done with this power?
Tell us this, and we will consider
your request.

INT. HOTEL - NIGHT

Kennedy is pacing. She's starting to get impatient.

KENNEDY

(to self)
C'mon. Where the hell are you?

She looks at her watch.

MR. HINKLEY/THE FIRST (O.S.)

Your friend is rather late, isn't
he?

Kennedy turns around and sees the First behind her. She turns away again.

KENNEDY

Get out of here.

MR. HINKLEY/THE FIRST

Now, is that any way to greet an old
friend?

KENNEDY

You're not a friend.

MR. HINKLEY/THE FIRST

Think what you will, but just remember who got you to this point. Without me, you would be nothing.

Kennedy doesn't respond. The First waits a moment, then shrugs.

MR. HINKLEY/THE FIRST (CONT'D)

I just came to tell you that your friend wouldn't be joining you tonight. It would seem that he's met a rather unfortunate fate.

Kennedy turns to the First, angry.

KENNEDY

What did you do?

MR. HINKLEY/THE FIRST

Am I really to blame if a random mugging should happen to turn bloody?

(beat)

Well, I suppose I am. Either way, what's done is done.

KENNEDY

You're a liar.

MR. HINKLEY/THE FIRST

If you don't believe me, turn on the television. See for yourself.

Kennedy thinks for a moment, and then reaches for the remote. She turns on the TV. A news broadcast is playing. WE ONLY HEAR what Kennedy is watching.

NEWS REPORT (V.O.)

The witness came across the body late this afternoon as she was jogging through the park. Police say that it appears as though the man was stabbed during a mugging...

Kennedy can't take this. Her mind begins to race as she attempts to process this information.

MR. HINKLEY/THE FIRST

A shame. Killed in the prime of his life. Or, as close as a Watcher gets to that kind of thing.

Kennedy looks back at the First, and then walks out of the room.

Once she's gone, the First turns back to the TV, which continues it's report.

NEWS REPORT (V.O.)

...knife wound to the chest, which proved to be fatal. While the identity of the man remains unknown at this time, we're told that it appears as though he's been dead for at least four months. Officials are trying to compile a list of missing persons that fit the description of the victim at this time. We'll have more on this story in the next hour.

As the First listens to this, and watches the report, he smiles.

INT. HOTEL - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Kennedy walks down the hallway, still upset. She stops walking, and turns her head slightly, toward the room she just left. As she does this, we can tell that her head is full of all kinds of thoughts.

INT. GOVERNMENT PRISON - CELLBLOCK - NIGHT

It's not entirely unlike the Initiative cell that Spike was held in. White, bright, and with one clear wall which exposes the cell's occupant to whoever is keeping watch.

The occupant in this case is ETHAN RAYNE. He's sitting on his bunk, staring at the ceiling.

ETHAN

Guard? Are you out there?

There's no reply.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

I know you're out there. Your superior wouldn't leave someone like myself unguarded, would they?

Still no reply.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

Then again, I suppose they might. It's not as though I can let myself out of here, is it?

The First (in Buffy form) walks into view outside of the cell. She looks in at Ethan.

BUFFY/FIRST

You shouldn't complain, Ethan. It's not very becoming.

Ethan sits up and looks over. He sees what he believes to be Buffy and smiles.

ETHAN

Looks like I have a visitor. I was wondering when you'd show up. Honestly, I thought it would have been within the first year or two, but you always were a little slow.

BUFFY/FIRST

Don't get excited.

The First STEPS THROUGH the glass-like wall. Ethan sees this and is a little confused.

BUFFY/FIRST (CONT'D)

Nobody cares enough about you to pay a visit in here.

ETHAN

How did you...? You're not Buffy.

BUFFY/FIRST

Figure that out all by yourself?

ETHAN

What are you? A ghost? A spirit?

BUFFY/FIRST

We can get into that later. Right now, I come with a glimmer of hope for you.

ETHAN

Hope?

BUFFY/FIRST

You can get out of here, but you have to play along. You do what I say and you just might get a little bit of revenge while you're at it.

Ethan is paying attention, but he doesn't respond.

BUFFY/FIRST (CONT'D)

You'd like revenge, wouldn't you? On ol' Ripper, or that blond ditz who got you tossed in here?

ETHAN

For someone who looks exactly like that blond ditz, you'd think you'd have more respect.

The First smiles.

BUFFY/FIRST

You don't really wanna get on my bad side right now. I'm your ticket out of this place, remember?

ETHAN

Right. And what would I have to do in return?

BUFFY/FIRST

All I ask is that you help me. Train my girl so she'll know what to do on the Night of Morel Divineh. In return, she'll get you out of here.

Ethan thinks this over. Finally, he nods.

ETHAN

Fine. Just one question.

(beat)

What's The Night of Morel Divineh?

INT. ANCIENT TEMPLE - DAY

Amy is kneeling in the center of the room, which is filled with ancient mystical objects, and all kinds of old designs on the walls. She is focusing her energy hard, with closed eyes.

More time has passed by now. Amy's hair has changed once again. It's shorter now. Aside from her ring, she also wears a string of beads around her wrist and hand now.

A DARK WOMAN with black hair, and black clothes walks into the room. She walks to Amy.

DARK WOMAN

You have worked hard these past months. You are ready.

Amy doesn't move.

DARK WOMAN (CONT'D)

You have completed your training, child. You have learned a great deal.

(beat)

Rise.

Amy finally opens her eyes. We can see that they're completely black now.

Slowly, Amy stands up.

DARK WOMAN (CONT'D)

Dark energies are being called upon near the Hellmouth.

AMY

Is it time already?

DARK WOMAN

Four years. Four years, you've walked
this path. It is time.

Amy looks down at the ground. When she looks back up, HER
EYES ARE NORMAL.

AMY

Then let's do this.

EXT. WOODS NEAR BUFFY'S GRAVE - NIGHT

This is the night of Buffy's return from the dead.

Willow, Xander, ANYA and TARA are standing around Buffy's
grave. Xander and Tara have their lit candles, while Anya is
struggling to get hers lit.

WILLOW

Does everybody have their candles?

ANYA

I'm trying, but my lighter won't
stay lit.

WILLOW

Well, hurry. It has to--

TARA

What time is it?

Xander checks his watch.

XANDER

A minute 'til midnight.

WILLOW

C'mon, Anya. Do you have it?

Anya finally gets the candle lit.

ANYA

I got it. I got it. I got it.

WILLOW

Okay, start the circle. Now.

They all kneel, holding their candles. Willow has the Urn of
Osiris with her.

Willow pulls out the small jar of fawn's blood and pours it
into the urn.

WILLOW (CONT'D)

Osiris, keeper of the gate, master
of all fate, hear us.

She dips her finger into the urn and smears blood on her
forehead and both cheeks.

WILLOW (CONT'D)

Before time, and after. Before knowing
and nothing.

She pours the blood out of the urn.

WILLOW (CONT'D)

Accept our offering. Know our prayer.

Willow jolts back, panting. Her arms extend to both sides,
and GASHERS appear on them.

ANGLE ON : NEARBY BUSHES

From behind the bushes, Amy is watching the spell taking
place. Finally, she reaches into her backpack and pulls out
a small jar. She pours it's sand-like contents into her hand,
and kneels on the ground. She closes her eyes and mouths a
spell to herself.

ANGLE ON : AMY'S HAND

She lowers her hand to the ground, and it BEGINS TO GLOW.

WILLOW (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Osiris, here lies the warrior of the
people! Let her cross over!

When Amy opens her hand, a BALL OF ENERGY enters the ground,
and becomes a lump under it, moving toward Buffy's grave.

Amy opens her eyes and watches.

ANGLE ON : WILLOW

WILLOW (CONT'D)

Osiris, let her cross over! Ahg...

ANGLE ON : THE GROUND NEAR WILLOW

The lump that Amy sent makes it's way toward Willow. Finally,
it reaches her, and moves under her.

Willow is in a lot of pain here. She begins to make a choking
sound. WE CAN SEE LUMPS moving around under Willow's skin,
moving toward her neck.

TARA

Oh my god. Oh, my god.

Willow leans forward, putting her hands on the ground and gagging. A SNAKE HEAD APPEARS IN HER MOUTH.

ANGLE ON : WILLOW'S HANDS

Grabbing the grass tightly.

ANGLE ON : WILLOW

The snake slithers out of Willow's mouth, onto the ground.

ANGLE ON : THE SNAKE

Slithering across the ground

TARA (O.S.) (CONT'D)

It's a test. It's a test. Willow--

The snake continues to slither, leaving the Scoobies behind. It makes it's way back to the bushes where Amy is waiting.

Amy is still kneeling on the ground. She makes a fist, exposing her ring, and THE SNAKE SLITHERS INTO IT.

Once the snake is inside the ring, Amy holds the ring close to her. IT GLOWS. Once the GLOWING STOPS, Amy removes the ring. She puts it on the ground, and reaches for a nearby rock.

She smashes the ring.

EXT. ABANDONED HOUSE - BACKYARD - NIGHT

ANGLE ON : KENNEDY

Laying on the stairs, dead and bloody. Same as always.

ANGLE ON : HER RING

THE RING GLOWS.

ANGLE ON : KENNEDY'S FACE

The WOUNDS BEGIN TO HEAL. The BLOOD VANISHES.

Her eyes shoot open, and she takes a deep breath of air.

She crawls down to the level ground and sits up, still out of breath. Finally, she looks down at her ring (which no longer glows). After a beat, she takes the ring off. She puts it on the ground, and grabs a nearby log. She smashes the ring with all of the power she can muster.

There she sits on the ground, still a little dazed.

ANGLE ON : A HAND

Reaching out for Kennedy.

Kennedy looks up, and finally grabs the hand. She gets to her feet.

REVEAL AMY standing next to Kennedy now.

AMY
Jeez, you look like death.

FADE TO BLACK:

END OF EPISODE