

1. EXT. HYPERION HOTEL - NIGHT

Strange woman walks towards the hotel.

The massive, soaring edifice had a run-down glamour. Bits of condensation, the presage of rain, drip from its eaves. No lights shine from the inside of beaten up hotel. Rain begins to fall. Camera pans down to a puddle as drops hit it. A high heel shoe breaks up the puddle. Camera pans up from the disturbed puddle to the back of a heavy, dark trench coat just barely hanging to the end of a slender, panty-hose covered leg.

Cut to:

2. INT. HYPERION HOTEL - NIGHT

Avera drops her coat to the floor. Camera pans up her legs, over the black hose, up to her cut-off baggy chinos, ragged at the hem. Avera wears a peasant top, much of it covered in blood and soot. She glances around, then holds up her hand, mumbles a word. A bright blue light flares from her palm. Her face is lit up, showing scars down her cheeks, and shaven head. She is young-looking, but of indeterminate age. Someone unseen hides in the room

AVERA

Lux-in.

LINDSEY

I wondered. I didn't think it would be you.

Avera whirls in the direction LINDSEY's voice, raises both hands protectively, bringing up a shimmering shield.

LINDSEY cackles with derision.

AVERA

Who the shit fuck are you?

LINDSEY

You broke in to *my* house, little girl. I should be asking the questions...I..

AVERA

Sil-cen-ere.

LINDSEY

(LINDSEY's mouth slaps itself shut, but his eyes widen.)

AVERA

I don't have time for the Bond Villain
back and forth, that's so last season.
Where is the Icon?

LINDSEY

(pulls his hand across his mouth,
opening it.)

You really need to put more... oomph
behind the spell, sweetheart. Wait..
wait!

(Linsdsey raises his hand, palms out,
in supplication.)

Wait. Before you find the oomph, hear
me out. I can help you.

AVERA

How can *you* help *me*? I can kill you
where you barely stand.

LINDSEY

You could. But you won't. You're one of
them.

(His eyes cut to the tattoo on Avera's
hand.)

I've heard about it. The *end of magic*
they called it. And you stupid bitches
blaming the Slayer. Blaming...

AVERA

Don't say her fucking name.

LINDSEY

And yet here you stand. Radiating
magic. Some end. What exactly are you
angry with Ms. Summers about then?

(Avera presses her hands inside her peasant blouse, whispers. Lindsey flies backwards, slams into a wall, groans in pain.)

I used to be able to block that one. (groans as he sits up.) But you know... *end of magic* and all.

AVERA

Why are you here? This place was picked clean after the End. Unless... (Avera's eyes narrow) You're him. (Her hands fall to her side.) I...I didn't believe it. She said you would be here, but... you *died*.

LINDSEY

You, of all people, should understand what death is. And what it isn't. Nothing is final where the Powers That Be are concerned. Except maybe what they did to the Senior Partners. (a slightly pained expression crosses his face)

AVERA

The Powers That Be? They're gone. The End severed their connection to this world. They...

LINDSEY

(Laughs.) We're ba-aack. (sing-song.)

AVERA

Fin-na-te! (nothing happens. Avera grows visibly frightened. She tries to mumble something but it catches in her throat.)

LINDSEY

You're tapped, sweetheart. Your apocalypse was fab, wasn't it? But this new magic is... well. It's nothing to chant home to Momma about. Now the old stuff... have you ever touched it? (Lindsey twirls his hand and a dark red pulse shoots from it, narrowly missing Avera's head, to explode against the wall.)

AVERA

It's not possible. Willow said it was gone, said we couldn't...

LINDSEY

The Witch? She always did she what she wanted to see. It's a fatal flaw. Wouldn't you say, so, Dawn?

AVERA (DAWN)

How did you...

LINDSEY

I am more than I was. I see... things.

AVERA

No one else remembers who I am. They... they all forgot about me.

LINDSEY

Not everyone. (He smiles wolfish) So. Did you tell anyone else you were coming here?

DAWN

No. They think I'm just one of the Slayerette Witches. Some hanger-on trying to get mojo from The Witch. They...

LINDSEY

tsk-tsk. Everyone is always forgetting about poor little Dawn. But that's not why you're here, is it? You came for... *her*.

DAWN

Her? (She looks nervous and suspicious.) I don't know what...

LINDSEY

(Waves a hand for silence.) Don't lie to me, Key. I told you. I am more than I was. I can tell when you're lying...you *shine*. Now. What do you want with her?

DAWN

I..I... (she gulps) I wanted to bring her back. It all went wrong after she left. If she comes back, it can all change. I saw it. I did the spell. I used the Channox. It showed me the possibility. She never should have left, it through the entirety of existence out of whack...

LINDSEY

No, Dawn. You did that. By your very existence. The End of Magic was not what they told it was. The End of Magic was the Powers That Be trying to get you back. They want their power back, sweetheart. And I'm here to take it from you. (He moves incredibly fast, suddenly ends up with his arm wrapped around Dawn's neck. Tattoos run up his hairless arm. His hand clutches her head.)

DAWN

Let. Me. Go. (a blue energy seeps out of her body as her eyes roll into the back of her head and she shakes.)

LINDSEY

(He sucks in a ecstatic breath.) Ah. *That's* the good stuff. Everyone has been searching for it since The End, but it was here all along. In you. Idiots. The Key was under their noses the whole time.

DAWN

I stopped being The Key.. Willow said so! She...

LINDSEY

The Witch lied to you. And to herself. If she had wanted to know, she would have known. It was obvious. You *glow*. (He squeezes her neck with his arm.) Feel free to give me another shot of the good stuff, sweetheart. The Powers are *stingy*.

DAWN

(sounding weak.) What's happening? I...I feel...

LINDSEY

You're fading. Sorry, sweets. But The Powers brought you here, and me, for a reason. It has to be this way. Don't you understand? In order for The Powers to return, you have to...pass on.

DAWN

But...I'm... I...I'm not ready to... to die. I want... oh. OHHH.

LINDSEY

You're getting close to it. Go on, little girl. Give in. Flash out. It will be better that way. For you. For me. For everyone. The Powers are calling you, *that's* the high you're feeling. It feels nice, doesn't it... I...

DAWN

Buffy... Willow... I'm... T-tara? (Dawn flashes blue and fades away in a blink,)

LINDSEY

(Licks his lips and twists his head about in ecstasy, eyes closed. They flash open, entirely colored crystal blue.) The good stu... (His voice catches, as though his breath won't come. His chest pokes out as his shoulders arch downward. His eyes widened in utter, unrelieved shock.) What the fu...

CORDELIA

Time to go back to Hell, Lindsey. The Boss is back.

Cut to a new angle, as CORDELIA CHASE rises up from behind Lindsey, her hair straight and pulled back in severe pony tail. She grimaces at LINDSEY while his body dissolves into blue and red light, then pops out of existence. CORDELIA straightens, balls her fist and stares at the camera.

CORDELIA

Buffy.

CORDELIA darts away, running incredibly fast.

CUT to DESERTED STREET CORNER INTERSECTION

3. EXT. STREET CORNER

Rain patters down as light flicker in marquees above the shops on the corners. No one is out. A lone car drives by, splashing water on the curb. CORDELIA pulls a worn, dirty coat closer over her body, her hair is dripping with water, her face drawn with indecision or pain. She glances around, surveying. A row of cars is parked on the street. She wanders towards them. As she touches the handle of a door a police siren sounds, causing Cordelia to freeze. A police car zooms down the street, sending water flying past. Cordelia laughs. A couple comes out of one of the shops, opens an umbrella and walks down the street past her. Cordelia blinks as she considers them, then pulls the car handle. It breaks off in her hand. She nods, as if expecting such. Walking around to the other side of the

car, CORDELIA smashes the window in with her elbow, shattering glass. No one comes running. CORDELIA laughs.

CORDELIA

I could get used to this.

V.O.

I wouldn't. If I were...

CORDELIA twists and leaps at the sound of the voice attacking. She crashes into a young man, landing with both knees astride the stranger's head, a fist poised, vibrating death above the stranger's face.

CORDELIA

Why have you been following me?

The stranger blanches, looks CORDELIA directly in the eyes. He sighs. Longsufferingly. CORDELIA lets him up, throws him against a wall. CORDELIA backs away.

GOM

Took you long enough. I've been following you for... for a long time. You don't want to steal that car.

CORDELIA

But I do. I really do.

GOM

Why? There's a limo two streets over. You should take it. You'll get where you're going faster.

CORDELIA

You have no idea where I'm going. Don't try to trick me, little boy, I'm Cor... I'm from a higher place than you know. I *know* shit.

GOM

You don't know what I know. The Old Ones are the source of my knowledge. The Powers... have different ideas.

CORDELIA

Who are you, kid?

CORDELIA rushes towards GOM, presses the young man hard against the wall. The rain lets up. He coughs, struggles against her, but can't seem to out maneuver CORDELIA'S strength.

GOM

(purses his lips) I serve the Keeper.
She's...

CORDELIA

Great. I come back from the dead and the first cute guy that finds me serves some demon from some place that needs a keeper. This would **never** happen to Buffy.

GOM

The Slayer wouldn't be caught out here. Not like this. Alone. At night. She...

CORDELIA

What do you mean? Why not? Isn't that what she **does**? All blond hair and leapy-kicky in the night? Poor little super Buffy finally found an enemy she can't fight?

GOM

Well. Um. Yeah? Where have you been? Oh yeah. *There*. Guess you don't have access to like TV and Twitter up... *there*?

CORDELIA

Twitter? What is that? Some new spell or something? Some... wait. There's a new TV thing? (Cordelia smiles) I wonder how I can get on it...Maybe. Ugh. No. Whatever. Why wouldn't Buffy be caught out here alone? Some new super vampire or mega-sexy demon?

GOM

Well. Yes. And no. Mostly other slayers. And like everyone else. Buffy isn't well liked these days. Especially since *Harmony Bites* premiered. Not that Ma lets me watch much TV...she..

CORDELIA

Ugh. Not another teenager. What is this my curse? Buffy gets hot vampires, I get randy teen boys? Whatever. I need to find Buffy. You can help me get to her?

GOM

Yes. She's in San Francisco, at the Slayer HQ. I have a limo that can take us there. No one will know it's us.

CORDELIA

Good. I need one more thing first. (She leans in very close, seductively)

GOM

What? (He swallows, nervously, clearly excited.)

CORDELIA

Tell me what new monster hell this Twitter thing is?