

Fate
1x12: "Shadows and Light"

by

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Based on characters created by Joss Whedon

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TEASER

FADE IN:

INT. JASON'S APARTMENT, LOUNGE - DAY

SAMUEL and HUGHLY amicably play a game of chess over the kitchen counter. The game looks like it is quite far along.

DAWN and JASON sit on separate couches engaged in their own activities.

Dawn leans over a giant MAP plotting Xs on it. She's surrounded by pens, markers and stationery.

Jason wears reading glasses and buries his head within the pages of a newspaper, THE HOUSTON SUN.

JASON

Hey! The musical version of Lord of the rings is putting on a little show outside the theatre district for the kiddies tonight.

DAWN

(without looking up)
Wasn't your dragging me to the stage version punishment enough?

JASON

(shrugs)
Well, we've seen everything else.
("eureka"; claps hands)
How about we go to my granddad's ranch? Horse-riding!

Dawn leans back and stares at him.

DAWN

Isn't that ranch forty miles away?

JASON

Yeah. But I'm bored.

Dawn crosses her eyes at him over the map. She startles and looks back down at the map, squinting at it.

She grabs a RULER from the side.

DAWN

I don't think it's random.

Samuel turns to them and stands. Jason joins Dawn on the couch. He looks at the map.

INSERT: MAP OF HOUSTON

Dawn has crossed out numerous scattered POINTS on the map. She draws lines of best fit through the points to form a three-point triangle.

BACK TO SCENE

JASON

But Nadya says there's no trace of magic at the sites we've been to.

DAWN

I know. Maybe she's right. Maybe it is trying to find its way to the others, but I couldn't really feel the key in any of those places. There was something though.

Samuel stands to the side of the map.

SAMUEL

What did you feel? Is it similar to anything else you've experienced?

DAWN

It's almost like the last key we got. A misfire or a--

(emphatic movement of hands)

Have you ever stood at one side of the door and just known, without hearing or seeing, that someone else was on the other side? I feel like I'm wearing a blindfold and it's right there in front of me.

Samuel considers and comes to a conclusion.

SAMUEL

Dawn, I think there's a way. I have a theory--

BANG

NADYA (O.S.)

Blast it!

Nadya storms out of an open doorway, the training room.

She's only slightly comical in her appearance, though it is obvious she's been on the wrong side of a small explosion.

She still wears the AMULET KEY.

Jason leaps to his feet and runs over to her.

Samuel and Dawn aren't particularly affected by either display.

NADYA
 (overly trying to be
 calm)
 I give up. I've tried everything
 I know and even a few things I
 don't.

Jason holds her shoulders.

JASON
 Don't worry. It might be your
 lucky day.

He slings an arm around her shoulder and pulls her to his side. He raises eyebrows at Samuel: now would be a good time for the grand reveal.

SAMUEL
 (nodding)
 I think there's only one person
 with the abilities to retrieve
 this key now.

Nadya's face falls.

Samuel smiles sagely at Dawn. She squares her shoulders and puts on a brave face.

SAMUEL
 But I'll help you. Are you ready
 now?

The question refers to more than just timing. Dawn nods.

DAWN
 I am.

They smile at each other. Even Jason and Hughly seem proud. Nadya is perplexed.

NADYA
 Uhm. Excuse me. Why Dawn?

It's everyone else's turn to look confused.

FADE OUT.

END TEASER

ACT I

FADE IN:

INT. LOUNGE - DAY

NADYA'S FACE

More than a little disbelieving.

NADYA
Dawn is the Key.

The others glance amongst themselves, puzzled. Nadya is grappling with something inconceivable.

NADYA
Are you sure?
(waves a hand over
Dawn)
Because any vibe I got from you I
just put down to being a Slayer's
sister. Devon's vibes were
always... are you sure?

DAWN
Pretty sure.
(uncertain)
It hasn't been a secret... for a
while.

Jason CLICKS his fingers, deducing.

JASON
Right. You weren't there for the
show.
(off Nadya's look)
It was amazing. She made the bad
guys--
(gestures outward)
-- go away.

He sees that Nadya isn't particularly impressed or happy.

JASON
(subdued)
Of course, nothing beats lightning.

He wiggles his fingers like he's performing magic, sees it isn't helping so falls back into line beside her.

NADYA

(all business to
Samuel)

How can we use her to find the
last key?

SAMUEL

Have you ever heard of a sorcerer
named Cloutier?

Dawn shrugs. No clue.

NADYA

Heard of him, but never found
much use for his methods. Too
many trances.

SAMUEL

Well yes. He was an avid believer
that one's own mind was all the
power one needed. Many of his
spells dealt with sight, or
specifically one's inner sight. I
believe Dawn will be able to
access her unique connection to
these keys and see where it is.

DAWN

Yay. Magic.
(self-conscious)
Can I do that?

SAMUEL

Well, you aren't a witch nor you
have undertaken the same
concentration drills that your
sister would have, but luckily
Cloutier liked having many
disciples. He wanted his
particular branch of magic to be
the most prominent, but as you
can imagine, not everyone is
naturally suited to long hours of
concentration.

Nobody has the slightest idea why he's expositing this.

SAMUEL

(realising they're
bored)

I'll use another of his spells to
guide you towards the state of
seeing.

Dawn nods.

DAWN
Okay. Just tell me what to do and
I'll do it.

SAMUEL
I must be honest. There is some
risk involved. You will only break
out of the trance once you have
found what you are looking for. I
have no idea how this will affect
you.

DAWN
("oh great")
So what are we waiting for?

INT. TRAINING ROOM - LATER

Dawn sits cross-legged on the floor. Nadya pours a circle of
red powder around her.

Dawn looks briefly at the MOVIE POSTER with the safe hidden
behind it (episode 10).

DAWN
It's almost over.

NADYA
(non-committed)
Mmm hmm.

Dawn notices Nadya's silence.

DAWN
I'm sorry you didn't know. About
me. I didn't mean to keep it from
you.

Nadya stands and looks down at Dawn.

NADYA
I know. I just should have known.

DAWN
I'm so sorry--

NADYA
No. I don't mean you should have
told me. I should have sensed it.
I can't think why I couldn't.

She looks at the painting where the safe is. She gets a notion.

NADYA
(more to herself)
Regeneration.

DAWN
Pardon?

NADYA
Just a theory. But it doesn't
really matter, does it? This all
means there's one less problem to
deal with.

Dawn frowns; she doesn't know why. Nadya smiles.

NADYA
There's no reason to go looking
for Devon anymore.

EXT. BACK DOORWAY - DAY

DEVON stands against a wall; it is a gray granite wall in
good condition. It's not a bad part of town, wherever she is.
The door opens, but the person opening it can't be seen.

A GLOVED HAND reaches out from the door.

Devon pulls a VIAL of SWIRLING, GREEN MILKY liquid out of
her coat. She gives it to the gloved hand.

The door closes.

Devon turns and walks away.

INT. TRAINING ROOM - LATER

Dawn and Samuel sit opposite each other on the floor. He is
not encircled by any powder. Their eyes are closed.

Pale RED SMOKE wafts around Dawn. She keeps her eyes closed,
but her face shows a variety of "I'm bored" expressions.

Covertly, she squeezes an eye open and squints at Samuel.

SAMUEL
(eyes still closed)
Dawn.

Dawn quickly shuts her eye.

Samuel calmly focuses. Dawn concentrates hard; a mammoth task.

INT. LOUNGE - SAME

Jason sits on the couch. He leans on his hands as he stares at the closed door to the training room.

NADYA(O.S.)
That's the problem with those
types of spells.

She slips onto the couch beside him and slides an arm across his back.

NADYA
No amount of wishing makes them
go any faster.

He leans toward her and smiles.

JASON
How long do you think it'll take?

Nadya shrugs. She looks around.

NADYA
Where's Mister Brown?

JASON
Not here.

She grins and pulls herself into his lap.

JASON
Oh. You think it's going to take
that long.

Nadya arches over and starts nibbling his neck.

JASON
Uhm Nadya.
(chuckles)
Is this a good idea? Here? Now?

Nadya leans back on his legs.

NADYA
We're very rarely alone. Is there
a better time?

He gestures at the closed door to the training room.

JASON

There's smelly magic going on and we have one more toy to fish out of the cosmos. There's still work to do.

NADYA

One key. One. Not a dozen or ten or five. One. I'd hardly call that work.

JASON

I never count my favours until they're received.

Nadya runs a finger along the edges of his frown.

NADYA

You worry too much.

She moves forward again, snaking her hands down his back. He pushes gently on her waist. Sighing, she stops.

NADYA

Jason...

JASON

Look, when this is over, I'll take you to a sunny beach or a cosy cabin, I just--

She stops him with a KISS.

NADYA

Nothing is going to go wrong. I guarantee it.

With more force, she shoves him back against the sofa.

NADYA

Now. Make me happy. That's an order.

There's no fight in Jason.

JASON

Yes ma'am.

Smoochies.

NADYA

(mumbling against him)
Everything's perfect.

INT. PILLARED AREA - DAY

Not much can be seen of the area. The floor is bare concrete; the pillars are raw, INDUSTRIAL STEEL. It's very brightly lit.

Dust, leaves and small pieces of paper scurry along the concrete, as if there is a strong breeze. There is also the SOUND OF MACHINERY - drills, grinders, drivers.

Another sound, reminiscent of fabric being torn is soon followed by a high-pitched electric whine. The already brightly-lit area gets strobed by an intense white light.

It's a PORTAL.

VARJEN, the self-proclaimed empress from episode 2 steps through, followed by four turbaned SLAVES. The slaves bear BLACK TATTOOS on their faces.

She nods at someone directly in front of her, OFF CAMERA.

VARJEN

Is this the world that will
tremble before me?

(lifts a hand to quiet
the person before her)

Yes. The terms of the arrangement
please me. Show me where she is.

INT. TRAINING ROOM - DAY

Dawn sways unconsciously with the smoke; caught in some force that is greater than her.

Samuel is absolutely still, but there are beads of sweat running down his face.

Dawn's eyes flicker open. She's dazed, very much out of it.

HER POV

The room is SHIMMERING around her. The sounds are both muffled and loud.

It's as though she can hear the smoke HISSING as it SLOWLY SEPARATES ITSELF FROM THE POWDER.

She can hear Samuel's STEADY BREATHING. He doesn't stay in focus. There's almost a motion to him.

Dawn looks down at herself. She can hear her own BREATHING ACUTELY as well as her HEART BEAT.

DAWN
(muffled; drunken)
I'm gonna be sick.

She can't take it anymore. She drunkenly shoves her hands against the ground to lift herself up. She staggers forward, trying to exit the circle of powder. She falls and--

Samuel's eyes shoot open.

SAMUEL
Dawn? Dawn!

He frantically scans the room.

He is ALONE.

INT. TRAINING ROOM, GREEN - SAME

Dawn lies face-down on the carpet. Moaning, she lifts herself up to see--

She's alone. There's no smoke. No powder. No Samuel.

The major difference is that the colours in the room are all washed by a distinctive GREEN hue.

OFF Dawn's fear.

FADE OUT.

END ACT I

ACT II

FADE IN:

INT. JASON'S APARTMENT, LOUNGE - DAY

Samuel, Nadya and Jason meet up in the centre of the room.

JASON
She's definitely not here. Okay.
Other options?

SAMUEL
Given the nature of keys, she may
have moved across a great distance.

JASON
Or maybe even another world.

SAMUEL
It's possible.

NADYA
Are we sure she's still alive at
all?

Samuel and Jason stare at her; what the hell kind of a
question is that?

NADYA
What? A master key is essentially
energy. How do we know that Dawn's
reaction to higher thought isn't
to evolve herself back into her
natural state?

Samuel is floored.

INT. LOUNGE, GREEN - SAME

Dawn runs over to the exact same spot where the others are
in the normal universe. She's in a bit of a panic.

DAWN
Okay. They're not here. But it's
okay. It's okay. You've been alone
before. Just focus. And breathe.
And try not to remember that you
are alone, by yourself, without
help... in a bizarro Matrix world.

She shuts her eyes and takes a deep breath.

DAWN

Get key. Snap out of trance. Have
way home.

She nods and marches to the door, yanks open the door--

INT. LOUNGE - SAME

THE DOOR

It is still shut.

Jason stares at it, like something's wrong.

JASON

Did you...

He heads toward the door, completely ignoring the others.

NADYA (O.S.)

Well I can't feel her.

SAMUEL (O.S.)

That doesn't mean that she no
longer exists.

Jason opens the door and peers out. It's small, barely discernible, but there is a SLIVER OF BRIGHT GREEN LIGHT heading down the hallway.

DAWN'S SHADOW moves along the opposite wall as the light shines.

JASON

She's here!

He runs out the door.

Samuel and Nadya stare at the empty doorway for a moment. They decide to take his word for it, lacking anything else to believe.

Nadya walks a short distance away. Samuel watches, disapproving of whatever he sees.

She returns with a BAG, clutched tightly to her side.

SAMUEL

You still haven't told me what
they are.

NADYA
(bored)
Yes I have.

SAMUEL
Your answer was vague enough to
be a mere distraction.

Nadya turns to face him, chillingly slow.

NADYA
I have no more cause to answer
you about my choices than Jason,
Dawn or even Devon do. You are
not a Watcher and we are not your
charges.

She shakes her head.

NADYA
I have no doubt you will stop
questioning my methods once I
save your lives again.
(thinks about it)
Actually, I think it would be
better if you forget the matter
right now. We have more pressing
things to concern ourselves with.
Don't you think?

Samuel has no expression on his face. His eyes blankly regard her.

SAMUEL
Yes. We have things to do.

Nadya smiles.

EXT. GRAY BUILDING, GREEN - DAY

Dawn steps outside. The large swing door slowly and silently closes behind her. There is an underlying, but subtle, sound, almost like WHITE NOISE.

Even here, she is alone. The street is empty; devoid of life, cars, litter.

It's intimidating and Dawn feels it.

The green hue exists here too. She views the sky. It could be day, but the clouds and sky are dark green hues too. The sun itself isn't visible. There is no light source that doesn't seem a tone of green.

Which is how she notices it.

IT is a WHITE LIGHT, stark against the green. It shines from the top of a tall building a fair distance away.

For a moment, the white noise intensifies. It sounds like WHISPERS... coming from behind her. Getting louder. Closer.

She turns--

INSTANT SILENCE

Dawn shakes it off. There's work to do. She puts on her resolve face and heads in the direction of the light.

EXT. GRAY BUILDING - SAME

Jason exits the building and comes face to face with a forest of PEDESTRIANS.

The sun is bright. The cars are shining. It mostly annoys Jason.

He peers through the crowd, looking for a sign. A sign that doesn't seem to be there. He studies each gap; a frustrating process.

NADYA
 (quickly out of the
 door)
 What exactly are we looking for?

JASON
 (distracted)
 Dawn.

NADYA
 Yes, you said that already.

Samuel joins them.

JASON
 I saw...
 (seeing something)
 There. There!

He points. Nadya and Samuel both look but can't see anything.

NADYA
 Are you sure?

JASON
 Yes. Look, just trust me. It's
 her. She's going that way.

He charges off. Samuel shrugs and follows. Nadya frowns and looks around. Something's not right. Eventually, she follows too.

NADYA
(to herself)
A bloody ghost hunt.

INT. BOOKSTORE - DAY

Devon stands at a desk, poring over a few opened books; cross-referencing. She has an open journal and pen; occasionally she jots something down.

The bookstore in general is of the second-hand variety. Various browsers mull over titles in the narrow rows of the store. There's barely room to swing a cat. There is a large window to a bustling street outside directly across from her, but she's so far from it that it's difficult to gauge anything else.

A nerdy, mid-thirties STORE OWNER (Jitters) approaches her, holding a STACK OF BOOKS. He places them on the edge of the desk.

JITTERS
Okay, I've got these, which are close...

Devon looks up.

JITTERS
(admits)
But not the one you were looking for. I can put in a special order. We get a lot of that kind of stuff from LA. This town isn't really big on... well, you know.

Devon doesn't particularly react. Jitters smiles too wide, and looks down at what she's reading.

JITTERS
I could help. If-if you wanted. I'm pretty uh good at... reading.

He realises that he sounds like a complete moron. It might be her expression. Then again, it's probably because he's staring googly-eyed at her.

Devon gives him a polite, tight smile and moves her eyes back to the books. Spotting something across from her, she lifts one of the books and flips to the next page.

JITTERS

(backing away)

So I'll just uh... put an order
in and uh...

He stops, mortified, as his back collides with another stack of books, which comes tumbling to the ground.

The interruption causes Devon to look up again. She sees something in the street.

WARCRY, the muscle from episode seven, walks past the store. Only this time, he is wearing a WELL-TAILORED SUIT and a YELLOW CONSTRUCTION HAT to hide his demonic nature.

Without missing a beat or taking her eyes off the window, Devon packs her journal and pen into her bag and easily navigates around customers, book piles and Jitters.

He watches her exit the store; a little dejected. He starts clearing up her books.

EXT. BOOKSTORE - SAME

Devon steps out of the store and looks down the street. Warcry would be noticeable with his large frame, but the yellow hat makes him easier to find.

Devon heads in the same direction; not rushing, not concerned. She looks like she's out for a stroll. The crowd of pedestrians just seem to part for her.

Warcry is unaware.

EXT. STREET, GREEN - DAY

Dawn hugs herself. It's very bleak and more-than-a-smidge creepy.

There's a WHISPER--

Dawn shudders to a halt. She searches behind her. Nothing. Her breathing is heavier, but she's going to be brave if it kills her.

Keeping her eyes around her, she starts forward again, only to walk straight into--

A DARK SHAPE

A cow-shaped shape.

Dawn yelps and steps back. It's ominous and looks like it could become the psycho, bovine star of a scary movie at any moment.

Dawn is thoroughly freaked out by it. She side-steps and keeps going.

As she nears an intersection, the whispers GROW LOUDER.

Within the intersection, there is a perceived motion created from SHADOWS and LIGHT.

For a moment, Dawn sees a MAN ON A CELLPHONE surrounded by shadows. He's almost ghostlike - as though made from the shadows and light around him.

The VOICES instantly become very LOUD but virtually decipherable. Dawn clutches her ears in pain. She can't stand it, and turns into the street left of the intersection rather than go through it. She stumbles away into a long, dark alley.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Warcry crosses the intersection.

Devon strolls, unworried, behind.

Something catches her eye to the side.

A COW

It's cartoony, standing upright and holding a sign that gives the shop's latest specials.

Devon grimaces at it - an eyesore.

She reaches the intersection. She steps into it while the traffic light is still green.

A few steps behind her--

THE MAN ON THE CELLPHONE enters the intersection. The lights flash red.

MAN

No! I don't care. Charge them.
It's our time and our money. If
they don't like it, they can take
their business somewhere else.
Hello? Hello?
(shakes phone and
listens)
Can you hear me? Stupid cellphones.

THWACK

A car SCREECHES and SKIDS into him.

Devon stops safely on the very edge of the pavement - the car missed her by a mere fraction. She isn't the slightest bit affected by what almost happened to her, or by what she can see happening.

Pedestrians form a huge crowd around the intersection immediately.

ON WARCRY

A short distance ahead. He looks back at the commotion - but sees nothing of interest and moves on.

Devon turns back, and continues to follow him.

Warcry is still having a tough time getting through the number of people, despite his size. Devon is still a walking Moses with the sea of people parting before her without really noticing she is there.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - SAME

A corrugated iron, six foot wall almost circles the entire block. Warcry opens the corrugated gate and steps inside.

Devon reaches it and looks up. It is the shell of a skyscraper. There are floors, construction elevators and pillars, but not much in the way of walls or windows.

Devon spies a sign at the edge of the gate. It lists miscellaneous company and contractor names for the construction - nothing of importance - but they all fall under one logo that resembles THREE CLAWS (seen in episode 1 and 7).

The sign lists the name of the building as: "THE CITADEL"

Devon studies it for a moment, before opening the gate. She shuts the gate behind her.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Jason quickly passes the cow and reaches the intersection. There is a large crowd and the way is blocked. Worried, Jason tries to see past the people.

HIS POV

The man that Dawn and Devon saw is lying in the street; bloodied and unconscious.

The driver of the stalled car that hit him, paces frantically, shit-scared next to it. AMBULANCE SIRENS grow closer.

Samuel and Nadya catch up.

JASON
I guess maybe she's gone straight
across.

Nadya concentrates.

NADYA
I don't think so.

JASON
What? You can feel her now?

NADYA
(smiles)
I think so.

She heads left into the alley.

EXT. CITY - DAY

The gang exit the alley into a huge forgotten hole of the city. Ignoring the lack of carnivorous plant, let's call it the Lost World.

EXT. LOST WORLD - SAME

There are buildings bordering each side with alleys in-between. Overhead, there is a motor-way with support pillars providing handy nooks for the drugged out runaways, lounging underneath.

It is everything you'd imagine from a typical, ignored part of a bustling city: litter, miscreants, rude graffiti and people with nowhere else to go.

At the far end of this depravation is the corrugated iron railings - closing off the construction site. They are on another side of it, with no obvious entrances.

Samuel looks back at the shiny city - a small light at the end of this littered open tunnel. He's really worried and showing it.

SAMUEL
I hope she is safe.

Jason glances at a teenage girl spaced out beside a cardboard box. She has tracks along her arm. It's not a pleasant sight for any of them.

JASON

(trying to convince)

Oh yeah sure. She can take care of herself. It's probably just a walk in the park for her.

(to Nadya)

Right?

NADYA

Of course. If Dawn is in a sidelong universe, then there is probably nothing to worry about. Everything will be absolutely fine.

VARJEN (O.S.)

Are you referring to yourselves?

All three stop and stare at the sight in front of them. Varjen dominates the alley, surrounded by her four lackeys.

VARJEN

Because I am quite sure your circumstances are about to change.

She smiles.

FADE OUT.

END ACT II

ACT III

FADE IN:

EXT. LOST WORLD - DAY

It's a rabbit-in-the-headlights standoff. Varjen is perhaps the last person they ever expected to see again; not even a blip on the brain-scan. Varjen relishes their stunned silence.

VARJEN

I see your numbers have diminished.
Perhaps then, so has your luck.

Nadya is the first to recover; she's shocked, but not afraid.

NADYA

I didn't need luck to beat you.

Varjen gives a sharp laugh.

VARJEN

Oh come. Does that not sound as much a lie in your ears as it is to mine? We barely made a proper introduction. But I know your roles.

Her eyes briefly move to Samuel.

VARJEN

You. Reader of signs.
(sharply to Nadya)
You left your mark on my world.
There are no longer signs to be read.
(back to Samuel)
Is there any use for you at all?

She seems to be truly pondering the question. It's a chilly threat to Samuel.

Varjen turns a darker gaze on Jason. The type of look makes Nadya very, very uncomfortable.

VARJEN

My brother meant to mark you as a favour. A fit concubine to safeguard frivolous profit.

Varjen's studies Jason in excruciating detail. Jason wisely chooses to keep his mouth shut.

Nadya tightens her grip on her bag.

VARJEN

Perhaps I shall bend you to me instead. I see for certain you are a pleasing slave.

NADYA

(chilly)

Go.

It takes Jason a moment to realise she's talking to him.

JASON

I don't think it's a good-

NADYA

Go. Now. Both of you.

There is no mistaking her command. Jason starts backing away immediately. Samuel falters.

NADYA

You are no good to me. Go!

Samuel turns and runs with Jason.

Varjen simply smiles widely at Nadya - neither breaking eye contact. Varjen's slaves run out from behind her, pursuing Jason and Samuel.

VARJEN

There. Let the motes of dust collide as they will. It is time I finally wiped an ill stench from my boot.

(deadly cold)

You were wrong to make an enemy of me.

Nadya doesn't flinch.

EXT. LOST WORLD, GREEN - DAY

Dawn scurries along - heading toward the light at the end of the open space. The graffiti and litter play with moving shadows: a scary combination.

A sound, very much like a TRAIN SCREECHING PAST ON METAL startles Dawn.

She ducks and rolls as LIGHTNING TEARS A JAGGED SEAM in the atmosphere above her.

She crouches, both terrified and fascinated, as the bright light scratches disjointed patterns in the air.

DAWN

Stop. Being. A baby.

Forcing herself to ignore the light show, she gets up and steadily walks to the corrugated barrier between her and the inside of the site. There is a door, but it is CHAINED SHUT.

Where there's a will... Dawn searches around her and finds a steel rebar. She palms her weapon; nothing will stand in her way.

She shoves it in between the chain and gives it a good twist. And then again and again. She lacks the requisite Slayer strength that would make this look easy.

DAWN

(mumbles)

Don't worry Buffy. You don't have to come with us. I'm a girl with a plan.

(throwing the rebar away)

I'm a girl with weak girly arms.

Looking for another plan, she sees something and smiles.

DAWN

Don't worry Buffy. Guess who's taller.

She reaches a section of the wall where it meets one of the overpass pillars on a slope. She braces her leg against the pillar and pulls herself up and unsteadily over the wall.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE, THE CITADEL, GREEN - SAME

Dawn's feet land on dirt gravel. She looks ahead, proud of herself.

Now that there are no obstructions, she can see how mammoth the building is. It reaches up to a dark green and black sky. It gives the impression of night, though the surroundings are still clearly visible.

The top of the building, while unfinished, seems to curve into a dome. The pure white light that she was following comes from there.

Dawn heads across the empty site and reaches a construction elevator. She opens the cage and steps inside.

DAWN

Come on Xander. Be my Yoda.
(spies something)

Aha!

She presses a control button. Nothing happens. She jabs her finger at it a few more times, really hoping it doesn't mean what she thinks it does.

She's resigned. She steps out and heads to metal stairs off to one side. She peers up the stairwell...

A LONG WAY UP

Dawn could cry.

DAWN

Great.

Dragging her legs, she starts walking up the steps.

INT. THE CITADEL, UPPER FLOOR - DAY

Devon emerges from the construction elevator. She wears baggy, dusty OVERALLS, rolled up at the legs and the sleeves. Her hair is tucked under a hard hat.

She doesn't look like she's trying to blend in, but none of the CONSTRUCTION WORKERS going about their business give her a second glance.

Ignoring everyone, she reaches a pair of CLOSE-BY CONCRETE PILLARS (and there seem to be plenty of the support pillars to choose from) with exposed wires spilling out from one.

She grabs some nearby tools and wedges herself between the two pillars. She starts working with the wires, as if she's familiar with the job.

A CELLPHONE RINGS

ON WARCRY

He answers the phone.

WARCRY

Yes. She's here.

He stands within the centre of two semi-circular granite tables.

High above him, the sharp tips of FOUR TAPERED metal LANDINGS surround the table arrangement. Each landing starts from a circular walkway, which is the border of the entire upper deck.

There are no walls or windows, but presumably the metal arms that reach upward from the edges of the landings are supports for large sheets of glass. The landings each have a full 360° view of the horizon.

The top of the building somewhat resembles a sceptre awaiting its jewel.

WARCRY

She does her job. It is perhaps
time for you do yours.

Warcry does not look pleased.

WARCRY

Yes I grow impatient. This...
(he waves his arm
around the floor)
... game tires me.

He spits the words out.

WARCRY

It does nothing but prove this
world would watch itself end as
long as they received enough
silver.

(waits)

Yes. We are on schedule. The work
will continue through the nights.
Her watch-tower will be worthy of
a Goddess, and the world will die
and be reborn in every corner she
sees.

(shakes his head)

If you complete your task, the
first rite will begin tonight.

INT. BOOKSTORE, BACK - DAY

Jason leans against a bookshelf, sporadically staring through the gaps in the books to the front of the store. He breathes out heavily.

JASON

This is so very wrong.

SAMUEL

Well, I suppose worse things have--

JASON

We have no weapons.

Samuel is about to say something, but-

JASON

But then we're not meant to have weapons. Not here.

(holds his forehead)

Why did I leave her?

SAMUEL

She was right. There was nothing we could do there.

JASON

I shouldn't have left. I... don't know. I just felt I had to and now... I shouldn't have left.

(thumps his fist
against the bookshelf)

This shouldn't be happening. Not here. It's never meant to come...

SAMUEL

Home.

He smiles. Jason nods.

JASON

My parents - when they died - there was so much talk about the things they did. Mostly it was wrong... mostly. My grand-dad would've hated that. Our name was important to him. I'm the last one. I thought the least I could do was keep my real life away from here.

SAMUEL

(sad)

It isn't easy packaging oneself neatly into boxes. When events in one spiral beyond your control, it is very difficult to pick up the pieces if they are so far apart to begin with. You eventually discover, too late, that some parts were missing all along.

Jason reflects.

JASON

You were a Watcher, and...

SAMUEL

Yes. Watcher, husband, father. I devoted so much time to my "calling" that when my Slayer died, there was nothing left of the other things I had.

(small smile)

My daughter has not spoken to me in nine years.

There isn't really anything else they can say.

JASON

So your advice to me is to stop giving a damn about the family name?

SAMUEL

No. My advice is to cherish all you love equally.

Jason humorlessly smiles.

JITTERS (O.S.)

Uh excuse me.

Jitters peers at them around the corner. He waves over the bookshelves.

JITTERS

(cont.)

Can I help you find something?

JASON

(sighs)

Not unless you can have a book about why the stars are aligning to screw with my day--

JITTERS

(chuckling)

Actually, it's funny you mentioned that. I just put an order in--

Jason isn't actually listening.

JASON

Look, do you have a back entrance?

JITTERS

(slowly)

No.

(eyes darting)

Should I need a back entrance in
a next five minutes?

JASON

Don't worry about it. Be out of
your hair in seconds.

Jitters stands and stares.

JASON

I'd really love to read Harry
Potter and the...

(snaps his fingers)

Bad man. You know, the last one.

JITTERS

Oh that's in the front.

(off Jason's look)

I'm just going to go and get it.

He turns and skedaddles. Jason looks through the books to
the front door again.

JASON

Okay. New plan. These guys have
got markings on their faces, so
chances are Bavmorda is controlling
them through some sort of mind
voodoo.

SAMUEL

It makes sense. Powerful families
often have similar strengths. So
what do you suggest?

JASON

Odds are they're wired to return
to the one controlling them. So
we stop them from hurting anyone
and eventually they'll go away.

SAMUEL

(Trying to be
supportive)

That's your plan?

JASON

Nadya's probably kicking her ass
anyway. We're just cleaning up
loose ends.

He spots something on a bookshelf ahead of him and smiles.

JASON

I think I just figured out how.

Samuel looks at the book: LORD OF THE RINGS. He doesn't get it.

EXT. LOST WORLD - DAY

Nadya hides behind a pillar. She's hurt and breathing heavily.

The area surrounding her is not faring much better. There are fires and scorch marks. Runaways are crying and hiding. There doesn't appear to have been any concern over being subtle or discreet.

Varjen walks unhurt and unconcerned amongst the pillars - unhurriedly looking for Nadya.

VARJEN

And thus the truth is revealed.
You were never my equal.

Nadya ignores her and places her hand into her bag. She brings out a SPHERE and begins to mumble under her breath.

VARJEN

What is this? Silence. Has the
truth stunned you so completely?

Varjen laughs; a deep, rich insult. Nadya continues to mumble but there is an anger to her words.

VARJEN

How could you believe otherwise?
The weakest stone among great
monoliths.

Nadya pauses briefly.

VARJEN

I know of them. Of your shame.
Confess to me, do you truly
believe that you have eluded them
in your defiance? You are a child
with as little control over your
delusions as the gifts given to
your blood.

NADYA

Edo edi essum, voro...
(louder)
anima!

The SPHERE FLARES with RED ENERGY and Nadya's eyes instantly BURN TO BLACK. The sphere crumbles in her hand, falling to the ground as a silvery POWDER.

VARJEN

(disgusted)

How do you allow yourself to exist,
to wallow in the stench of your
weakness?

Nadya steps out from behind the pillar.

Varjen sees her, right before she's bit by a massive CHAIN OF LIGHTNING.

She's knocked flying, crashing THROUGH THE BARRIER TO THE CONSTRUCTION SITE.

Nadya smiles.

NADYA

Oh I get by.

INT. THE CITADEL, STAIRWELL, GREEN - DAY

Dawn soldiers up the stairs. The floors are more or less lacking walls.

DAWN

Forty-six bottles of beer on the
wall. Forty-six bottles of beer.
When the vampire takes. Grab your
stake-- hello?

Dawn pauses and goes down a few steps until she reaches the floor. She steps away from the stairs.

INT. THE CITADEL, 46TH FLOOR, GREEN - SAME

The floor is a concrete forest. A breeze ruffles Dawn's hair as she stares at something ahead of her; something disturbing, something that reflects a glimmering light on her face.

DAWN

Buffy?

A lone FIGURE with long hair stands at the edge of the floor. Hanging midair, the maw of a growing portal lies horizontal with the floor. For a moment, the figure turns and looks at Dawn.

DAWN

Buffy? Buffy no!

The figure takes off running toward the portal. Dawn doesn't hesitate, she runs forward, desperate. She is nowhere near the figure as she makes a perfect swan dive into the portal.

DAWN

No!

She doesn't stop running--

Reaches the edge of the building--

Stops

The toes of her shoes peek over the edge.

A bone-crunching drop.

No portal.

Dawn fumbles backward, breathing heavily. Distraught, Dawn looks ahead and grows cold at what she sees.

ON THE HORIZON

The sun, obscured as it already is, is low behind the cityscape. The usual city lights are nowhere to be seen; it's deathly silent. But, like maggots in a grave, SHADOWS AND LIGHT crawl all over the city. Some fast, some slow, some disappear like flashes in a pan.

Dawn stares in growing confusion as a small parcel of shadows and light move as one across the sky - like a twinkling airplane in the dark.

The whispers start to grow louder again.

FADE OUT.

END ACT III

ACT IV

FADE IN:

EXT. THEATRE DISTRICT - NIGHT

Jason peeks out from behind a wall. There are crowds of TOURISTS blanketing the landscape in front of him. Everyone is having a jolly old time.

Through the crowds, Jason spots Samuel walking slowly along. Behind him, entering from another side, the slaves follow; swords drawn, hunting. They are slowed by the freakishly unfamiliar surroundings. Kids are scary when they smile and laugh.

AN ORC JUMPS OUT

The slaves freak out and bring up their weapons.

The orc SINGS. Children laugh. The slaves can't reconcile the very different reactions.

ORC

I must admit my mother never fed
me fish.

THWAP

A shape rushes in-between them.

One slave is missing a weapon.

He and his companions dart around frantically, but all they see is SINGING ELVES, boxing them in.

ELF

What a dish to miss.

WHACK

Two slaves collide. A staff knocks their weapons out of their hands.

Quick-stepping warriors boogie the swords across the crowds and out of sight.

Stage crew run through and pick up the swords, along with other discarded "props".

The remaining slave moves forward through the crowd, angry and looking for a kill.

Hopping hobbits part ways and--

JASON

Hi there. Enjoying the show?

He punches the slave in the face--

The slave brings his fists up--

Jason is gone.

The slaves scan each face, each musical monster's. Unarmed and out of their world, they turn around and head out of the district.

Jason and Samuel watch from a distance. Looking across at each other, they nod and follow.

INT. THE CITADEL, 46TH FLOOR - NIGHT

Dawn stumbles forward; one hand searching around her, the other trying to block the BUZZ of angry noise attacking her. She's surrounded by a swirling soup of nebulous phantoms.

Dawn cuts off a SCREAM as she almost lurches right off the edge of the building again.

She scrambles backwards and tries to find a clear path through the muck.

The noise SCREECHES at her, like a freight train.

It's almost a physical force and knocks her to her knees. She wraps both her arms around her head, covering her eyes and ears.

DAWN

What do you want!?

The noise abruptly muffles, like someone put a pillow over the speakers.

Dawn pulls her arms away from her face. Her breath stutters out. Perhaps it would have been better to deal with the noise alone. Beneath her knees and hands--

SKULLS

made of shadow and light; ethereal and shimmering.

Dawn jumps to her feet, frantically looking for a path, but the ENTIRE FLOOR is covered in SKULLS AND BONES.

At the centre of the floor, A THRONE MADE OF BONES.

Dawn shakes her head. No nightmare could be this real.

MULTIPLE VOICES

Dimensions bleed. Order overthrown.
Chaos. Dark. Forever.

DAWN

That's not what I am.

A BRIGHT GREEN LIGHT FLICKERS in front of her - she has to shield her eyes against it.

It's a PORTAL - or at least a reasonable shadow and light induced facsimile of one.

Dawn startles as the skulls and bones have been replaced by a looming STONE ARMY.

They stare at the portal through dead stone eyes. Something moves on the face of the nearest soldier.

Steeling herself, Dawn moves forward slowly to see what it is.

ON THE SOLDIER'S FACE

Tiny flakes of the smooth skin PEEL OFF and get sucked towards the portal.

Dawn steps back. Larger chunks of the soldiers start breaking off, all flying toward the ravenous portal. The more soldiers that decay, the more she can see beyond them.

MOUNTAINS, OCEANS, LAND

BREAK UP and gets drawn into the portal. Slowly, as if the portal was a disease.

Dawn is horrified. She's almost to the point of tears.

DAWN

That's not who I am.

The WHISPERS INCREASE once more to painful levels.

Dawn clutches her head.

The WORLDS and SOLDIERS DECAY FASTER. The shadows and light CRAWL around her.

DAWN
(barely heard)
Stop it! Please stop it!

PFFFFFFFTT

The noise sounds like it's been sucked into a vacuum.

GENTLE VOICE
Fate is what I make it.

Dawn searches...

There.

THE SHAPE OF A WOMAN

It has no definitive features. It is simply the absence of shadow or light.

The woman drifts backward through the mist without actually moving. It parts the way through the nebulous cacophony for Dawn.

She follows.

INT. THE CITADEL, UPPER FLOOR - NIGHT

Construction workers continue soldering under portable lights. Warcry paces in front of some workers.

WARCRY
Then increase your fee. This must
finish on schedule.

Devon walks behind him, and reaches another pillar. S

he yanks open an electric circuit, and without much concern, removes a portion of the insulation from the wires with wire clippers.

She jams a crocodile clip into the panel, but there is no reaction.

Briefly, she looks across at some other panels. Each have been set up similarly.

ON HER EYES

They freeze to WHITE.

ON THE PANEL NEAREST TO HER

A shimmer of energy - almost like a heat haze - builds and grows. The wires seem to twitch until--

EACH AND EVERY ELECTRICAL CONDUIT EXPLODES

All the LIGHTS GO OUT.

There are some murmurs and questioning yells from the workers, until the backup generate juices up the red emergency lights by the stairs.

WARCRY

What is the meaning of this?! Who
is responsible for...

He is distracted by the same thing that is now holding the attention of the workers.

There should be total darkness, but instead, WHITE LIGHT is flickering from below.

Some of the workers move to the edge to see what it is--

A SNAKE OF LIGHTNING licks at their feet. Curiosity turns to fear, as the lightning trails grow larger.

Warcry moves to the edge of the building as the workers turn tail and flee down the stairs.

WARCRY

(off what he sees)
Doomed to failure.

Not a happy camper, he also turns toward the stairs.

As he leaves, Devon steps out of the shadows. She peers over the edge at--

EXT. THE CITADEL - SAME

Varjen collapses to the ground, bloodied.

Nadya walks around her - at a cautious distance - but she is almost giddy.

NADYA

What was that you were saying
about weakness?

Varjen pulls herself to her feet.

She wipes some blood from her mouth as she looks at Nadya, who appears quite triumphant. Varjen smiles.

NADYA

What?

Varjen lashes out with her hand. The bag around Nadya snaps and spills open.

The SPHERES fall out at her feet.

NADYA

(doesn't get it)

Was that it?

VARJEN

Tell me, have I truly underestimated you?

NADYA

I'd say that was obvious.

VARJEN

(this is a game)

No. I am willing to wager you deny your guilt by pretending you had no hand in their deaths.

Now Nadya gets it. She's knows exactly what Varjen is talking about.

VARJEN

You are one of those pitiful pretenders to power who bargain with themselves that they are righteous. One life for many. One evil to conquer one greater.

(laughs)

No. I have not underestimated you. You are worse than weak. You are a facade, a pretense, and emptiness that will fade from all sight and memory. I doubt you have even spent a soul with any real power. In fact, those you have collected are probably mere--

The wind is thoroughly knocked out of her as she is thrown to the ground.

NADYA

You don't know as much about me as you think. I make sure I only use the best.

Varjen looks up and sees--

A GLOW AROUND NADYA'S HAND

Nadya starts toward Varjen, her hand poised for... something.

NADYA

I bet your soul has one hell of a kick to it.

Varjen actually looks afraid. Nadya notices.

NADYA

What? It's not like your soul was going to go to heaven anyway. I'm doing you a favour. This way, it won't go to hell either. Just exactly where I--

SLAVE

Mistress. Mistress.

The FOUR SLAVES RUN INTO THE SITE. Not far behind them, Jason and Samuel.

NADYA

(under her breath)
Consider yourself lucky.

As the slaves near, Nadya angrily clutches the amulet around her neck.

A PORTAL OPENS

When it closes, Varjen and the slaves are gone.

Nadya stoops a little as Jason nears her. He grabs her head in his hands, looking at her wounds.

JASON

Are you okay?

NADYA

I'll be fine. I'm just a little winded.

She leans against his heavily. He tucks her under his shoulder.

JASON

(to Samuel)
I don't think there's much we can do for Dawn. Let's just head back. Recoup some. Do you think the royal witch will be back?

NADYA
 No. I really don't.
 (wrapping an arm around
 him)
 Let's just go.

He nods and guides her out.

Samuel stares at the spheres, still laying on the ground.
 There is the hint of a glow to them, but he still can't
 fathom them.

NADYA
 (looking back)
 Samuel?

He shakes his head for a moment; distracted. A moment later,
 it's all gone.

SAMUEL
 Yes. Yes, of course.

He turns and follows. As he walks past her, Nadya notices
 the THREE CLAW MARKS on the sign of the site.

She takes one last look at the building, looking up at the
 jagged spire in the darkness.

INT. THE CITADEL, UPPER FLOOR, GREEN - NIGHT

Dawn reaches the floor below the landings. The room is well
 lit by the BEACON on one of the semi-circles: the last key.

She walks in between the two semi-circles, looking up to the
 spire of the building. Green and black clouds race above the
 massive gaps, the key's light reflecting off all the jagged
 metal angles.

DAWN
 Okay, an architect from hell.

Tired, she reaches out and touches the light. It solidifies
 in her hand.

The light shudders around her.

INT. THE CITADEL, UPPER FLOOR - SAME

Devon watches as Dawn solidifies--

THEN DISAPPEARS

Devon smiles.

INT. TRAINING ROOM - NIGHT

Dawn squeezes her eyes against the sudden glare of the light in the room.

She sees the red circle of powder at her feet first.

DAWN
(weary)
There's no place like home.

A door UNLOCKS. Dawn looks toward the door, but that's when she notices-

SCORCH MARKS on the wall where the safe is. The art is completely toasted. The room is a total wreck.

Jason looks in.

JASON
Oh. Hey, look who's back.

He takes in the destruction.

DAWN
It wasn't me.

INT. TRAINING ROOM - LATER

Dawn hands Jason the demystified last key. He places it in the safe, where the other keys all reside, save the one around Nadya's neck. She clutches it thoughtfully as she leans on the doorway.

JASON
Well, least we know the safe is
as good as advertised.
(looks around the rest
of the room)
What a mess.

HUGHLY
There's always a good excuse for
re-decoration. I never liked that
painting anyway.

He smiles forcefully, handing Nadya and Dawn two sherry glasses.

DAWN
Ooh. Adult-drinkies.

She takes a glass as they all leave the room.

INT. JASON'S APARTMENT, LOUNGE - CONTINUOUS

Samuel mulls over a book on the sofa.

HUGHLY

Yes, I dare say you've all had a testing day and I missed it.

JASON

Rather absent than dead. That was a little too close for my liking.
(claps his hands)
But hey, it's over.

SAMUEL

Not quite.
(looking up from the book)
We still don't have everything we need to complete the ritual.

JASON

Okay, so we improvise and use gasoline. It's just a fire.

SAMUEL

It's more than that. We're stripping these keys of their power so they can't be reforged. We cannot have this threat hang over Dawn any longer.

DAWN

Amen.
(takes a sip)
Bleeughh.

SAMUEL

We do not know these foes or what knowledge they are privy too. I think it is safe to assume these are the same pursuants we have had since the beginning. Still, the timing...

(to Dawn)

Did anything strange happen when you found the key? You said earlier that you felt it had been purposefully moved.

Dawn looks uncomfortable.

DAWN

I uh... I still agree with that.
But I don't think it was anything
to do with whoever was here.

NADYA

Why not?

DAWN

It was - it is - the world inside
this world. I think...

(unsure)

I think it's where fate is made.
Okay, maybe not made... I can't
explain. I think they wanted me
to see them or feel what they
could do.

NADYA

And what exactly is that?

DAWN

Control. It's like they're the
voices at the back of your mind
telling you to steal the cookie,
or make you get up early on the
day the drunk driver skips the
light, or run late on the day you
have an important meeting because
there's a five-car pile-up.

NADYA

So it's some sort of evil "powers
that be"?

DAWN

No, that's just it. They're both
the same. Good. Evil. It's a game.
Cookie today. Lose everything
tomorrow. Control, it's all they
want. Of you, of me, of the puppy
crossing the street. It doesn't
matter which side it is. They
want it all. Who you love, who
you hate, how you're born, what
you do with the rest of life. I
feel...

Dawn freezes.

NADYA

(insistent)

You feel what? Dawn?

She looks closer, Dawn has literally frozen - no movement whatsoever. Everyone else in the room is similarly stuck in time.

Nadya clenches her jaw.

NADYA
So it was you behind today's
little surprise party.

VOICE #1
You had to know...

VOICE #2
(almost identical to
#1)
You couldn't hide forever.

Nadya turns--

CZAR and CAESER, two blond, virtually identical twins, early 30s, smile at her. They are almost ethereal in their grace.

Nadya folds her arms and begins idly playing with the amulet-key around her neck.

NADYA
I'm hardly hiding.

CZAR
Oh? Yet today was the first time
you've truly opened yourself since-

CAESER
You turned it against us.

CZAR
Curious.

Czar walks around the others.

CZAR
(cont.)
Mere mortals, yet they have the
resources to achieve what we could
not.

CAESER
(nearing Jason)
This insignificant one had the
means to keep us from the the keys.

NADYA
 (almost gloating)
 The keys I found.

CZAR
 (not impressed)
 Yes.

NADYA
 It took you over twenty-five years
 and I achieved it within months.
 You never believed in me.

CAESER
 (disgusted)
 Short-cuts. No discipline. No
 ritual-

NADYA
 Perhaps if you hadn't been so
 caught up in ritual, you wouldn't
 have lost the keys in the first
 place.

CZAR
 Lost? You aided the Human Key.
 Strange, since you went to so
 much trouble to thwart us and
 destroy it on the train. What
 changed your mind? You were so
 close.

CAESER
 We saw your handiwork, felt your
 shadow. Yet... the Key surely
 lives. Which one is it?

He closely studies Jason.

CZAR
 No. She would have no interest in
 this one if he were a mere tool.
 (looking at Samuel and
 Hughly)
 What use would a Key be at the
 end of its lifespan? It is this one.

He approaches Dawn.

CAESER
 Come sister. It is time to restore
her to her rightful place. She
 has waited for us.

NADYA

Give it up. She was immortal not invulnerable. She's been dead since she was taken.

CAESER

How could you dare give up! She is--

NADYA

She wanted to destroy the world. She got what she deserved.

CAESER

Please, tell us that you are not still attached to these... parasites.

(he waves a hand over Jason)

She will despise your lingering weakness. Do not make her hate you for your betrayal. Set aside this foolishness. Return to us with the keys. We can begin the first rite tonight.

Nadya shakes her head.

NADYA

You never listen. I have no-

CZAR

This is not the same one.

Caeser and Nadya both turn to Czar. His hands hover over Dawn.

CAESER

Regeneration?

CZAR

Yes, but the energies are more different than depleted...

(concentrates)

There is something else.

CAESER

The seekers found it by chance. Well done, sister. Had you remained with us, we may still be on the chase for the Key. Now we have everything once more.

The twins seem pleased and are including her within their celebrations. Nadya is not sharing the love.

CZAR

She will not be pleased if she cannot continue what she started. Do you suppose this one's energies are replenished enough to reach the deeper dimensions? It's energies have been used at least within the decade.

Nadya grabs the amulet.

NADYA

Let's find out.

Her eyes blaze BLACK.

Light shoots from the amulet toward Dawn. As it connects, the entire room turns white - too bright to actually see what's happening.

The colours return - the twins are gone.

Nadya smiles to herself.

NADYA

I guess the answer is yes.

Movement returns to the room.

Dawn abruptly staggers.

She shakily leaves her drink on the nearest surface and sits down on a chair.

SAMUEL

Dawn? Are you alright?

DAWN

(unsure)

Yeah, I think so. I guess I can't handle my liquor.

HUGHLY

Tea and hot chocolate all around?

Jason and Nadya shake their heads.

Samuel and Dawn nod.

Hughly walks off to the kitchen.

EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT

From a higher vantage point, someone looks into--

JASON'S APARTMENT

Jason wraps his arm around Nadya's waist. Dawn smiles with Samuel over something Jason has said.

THE KITCHEN

Hughly stands in front of two steaming porcelain cups of tea, and one very zany, colourful mug of hot chocolate.

Discreetly checking behind him, he slips something out of his jacket.

THE VIAL OF GREEN FOGGY LIQUID

He pours it into the cups of tea.

EXT. JASON'S APARTMENT, ROOFTOP - SAME

Devon watches as Hughly walks across the apartment and gives Samuel one of the cups.

OFF her.

FADE OUT.

END SHOW