

BUFFY THE VAMPIRE SLAYER

"Still Life"

by
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TEASER

FADE IN:

1 INT. BUFFY'S KITCHEN - NIGHT 1

Dark and spooky. Moonlight shoots shadows into the room. We float through the eerie silence out into:

2 INT. BUFFY'S HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS 2

The front door can barely be made out. MUTED VOICES just ahead. Then a window CRASHES. A bevy of SCREAMS. Rush down the hallway to:

3 INT. BUFFY'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS 3

Cast in the glow of the television the Slayerettes are mostly in various stages of cringing. XANDER, DAWN, and ANDREW sit on the couch in fearful contortions. BUFFY'S crosslegged on the floor unphased. KENNEDY and WILLOW clutch each other on the recliner. ANYA lingers nearby.

Another flash from the television and Dawn lets out a whimper. Buffy stares hard at the TV, studying.

BUFFY

She'd make a great Slayer.

DAWN

She cut the guy's arm off!

BUFFY

But the precision she did it with.
Plus she kinda had to.

DAWN

She cut the guy's arm off!

XANDER

Only before she beheaded him.

DAWN

(small voice)

She cut his head off too?

XANDER

It was kind of an implied off
screen thing.

Andrew tilts his head to look at the screen.

ANDREW

The infected don't shamle enough.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

XANDER

I have to agree. Nymphomaniac cheerleaders, they should run fast. But zombies -- shambling's half their charm.

BUFFY

Okay, I just got an insight into your personal life I did not need.

ANYA

I cursed someone once so that his nagging mother-in-law came back as a zombie. Kind of a disappointment. I wish the real ones were more crafty and vicious.

Everyone takes a moment to turn and glare at Anya. Then they all chuck popcorn through her.

BUFFY/XANDER/WILLOW/DAWN/KENNEDY

JINX!

4

EXT. GRAVEYARD - NIGHT

4

Moving overhead, ancient oaks, tombs so worn their occupants have been forgotten. The CLINK of shovels. Down through some branches to see: WILLIS, wearing a suit minus jacket with sleeves rolled up and tie thrown over his shoulder.

He's whistling "I've Been Working On the Railroad" while tearing out chunks of earth with his pickax. Similarly dressed yuppie fellows are digging up other graves nearby.

FATHER (O.S.)

Excuse me son.

Willis turns from his work to see an aged old priest standing nearby holding a lantern.

FATHER

What are you boys doing?

Willis steps out of the hole he's part way sunk into. Pickax over his shoulder.

WILLIS

We're digging father.

FATHER

Who told you to dig here? What's going on?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILLIS
So many fascinating questions in
this world and Catholics still
bother with the simple ones.

Willis drive's his pickax into the priest's forehead who
crumples to the ground dead.

Willis jumps back into the shallow hole. Keeps on whistling,
keeps on digging.

BLACK OUT.

END OF TEASER

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

5 INT. DINER - MORNING

5

The bustle of the breakfast crowd, bright and early. Willis walks in like he owns place, dapper well dressed and all dat. He slides into a booth with two of his fellow diggers, THOMAS two pounds short of being an entire offensive line and KYLE, orange haired frazzle who looks like his life consists of one unending caffeine fix. Both are suit and tied as well.

WILLIS

Hello gentleman, everyone sleep cozy?

KYLE

Sleep? Like we sleep.

THOMAS

What's with this required six A.M. breakfast fun? I don't think heavenly father got up this early unless it was to be tortured.

Willis picks up a menu, flips through.

WILLIS

Then consider it your daily suffering for our good work.

THOMAS

I need sleep.

WILLIS

You can sleep when you're dead.

THOMAS

Only if you two let me.

WILLIS

Exactly. How are our new recruits Kyle?

KYLE

Um, they're kind of disoriented, you know, not with the program yet. But, chanting, I've done some chanting and I think they'll come around.

WILLIS

Can we have them on the line by this afternoon?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KYLE

Doable doable. Definitely, I think,
we can do that.

WILLIS

I want them out in the
neighborhoods as soon as possible.
You help him Thomas.

THOMAS

(sighs)

You know I hate clocking in the
newsies. All that concentration and
those gosh darn herbs mess with my
allergies.

WILLIS

We each make our sacrifices.

THOMAS

What will you be doing?

WILLIS

Scoping out new meat.

6 INT. DAWN'S ROOM - MORNING

6

The alarm clock on her bedstand JANGLES She reaches over and
CLICKS it off. Hops out of bed disturbingly perky. She wears
pajama pants and a baby T with a rainbow snake on it.

Stretches her arms above her head, the bottom of her T
sliding up to reveal her tummy scars in the mirror. She
notices and rolls her eyes.

7 INT. DAWN'S BATHROOM - LATER

7

The shower's running and steam floats through the room. Her
reflection in the mirror is blurred over with condensation.
She draws a little flower with her finger.

On her shoulder blades as she pulls her shirt off over her
head. Fresh pink scars adorn her back but she doesn't notice.

She steps into the shower and closes the frosted glass door
behind her.

CUT TO:

8 INT. BLACKNESS

8

The locker door opens and we're looking out at Dawn's pretty
face.

9

INT. HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

9

Dawn gathers her books for first period. JODY slides up next to her.

JODY

Hey Dawn, how are you?

DAWN

Feeling like someone spiked my Cheerios with the happy.

JODY

Excellent, what'd you do last night?

DAWN

I saw a penis.

Jody looks more than a bit flummoxed for a few beats.

JODY

Yeah, um, that's well... educational I guess.

DAWN

My sister showed me.

His jaw gesticulates a bit but no sounds come out. Dawn gathers the last of her books and shuts her locker. She leans in and kisses him on the cheek.

DAWN (cont'd)

You're cute when you're confused.

She steps past him and heads down the hall. He turns to watch her go, still struggling to find the words.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - DAY

Buffy's got her snazzy work suit on. She trudges up a muddy incline in heels. Her Slayer-ness makes it look almost gracious.

She slips past a rather robust mausoleum to find Willow who stands inside a police tape perimeter amidst a dozen or so empty graves. Each has a open coffin still in the bottom.

BUFFY

Great way to spend a lunch hour.

WILLOW

I'm thinking we should stop watching the news altogether. And cancel the paper. And bury our heads in the sand.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BUFFY

These people probably thought they'd be safe underground too. Imagine their surprise to get dug up.

WILLOW

Hmm, I don't feel any bad magicks...

BUFFY

I'm sensing a but.

WILLOW

I don't feel anything, that's the big but. Not the grass or the trees. Nada. It's like everywhere around here someone hit life's mute button.

BUFFY

It is a graveyard. Did you check any of the coffins?

WILLOW

And steal all the fun from the Slayer. Why would I go and do that?

Buffy gives her a "you smarmy vixen" look. Looks at her work clothes, shrugs, then hops down into one of the ditches.

She examines the inside of the coffin. Inside the lid she see two grimy palm prints on the fabric liner.

BUFFY

Welcome to zombie fun time hour.

With one heave Buffy leaps straight up and out of the grave for a perfect ten landing.

BUFFY (cont'd)

Coffin opened from the inside. Thinking it's magic after all. Either that or the occupant had a hundred year hangover.

Willow kneels down at the edge of the grave. She runs her hands through a clump of grass.

WILLOW

This close and I only feel twinges. That's a pretty impressive glamour.

BUFFY

Can you see through it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

WILLOW

Some time and a little fun
chanting, I should be able to crack
it.

She grabs some of the dirt from the ground. Drops clumps of
it back into the hole.

WILLOW (cont'd)

Does it ever strike you as weird,
Buffy? Everything we do brings us
back to death.

BUFFY

It's far from comforting if that's
what you mean.

WILLOW

We're the front lines or sometimes
the only lines. Okay, big pressure,
freaking myself out. Having the
power over life and death. Not
quite the reassuring gig you'd
expect it to be is it?

BUFFY

I wouldn't know.

Willow makes a little Willow noise.

BUFFY (cont'd)

I protect people sure, save their
lives even. I use death. But you
can touch life, reach into it and
guide it home when it's lost.

WILLOW

When I brought you back I had
Xander and Anya and -- We did it
together is all.

BUFFY

You can play coy Wicca with the
others Will. I'm the Slayer, I know
power. We do not walk in this
world. We're visitors intruding. I
fight and I've died protecting a
humanity I can never really be a
part of. Because I was Chosen. I've
lived through death and the more I
see of what you can do, the more
I'm convinced you will too.

WILLOW

I won't.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

BUFFY

We'll see.

Willow's a tad flustered. She plops her butt down into the dirt.

WILLOW

I need to chant.

BUFFY

Okay, speechifying done. You know by now we've probably read all hundred and one twisted things to do with a corpse. Wonder what these are for?

WILLOW

Let's hope a friendly picnic.

10

INT. JACKSON'S FOYER - DAY

10

Jackson opens the door to reveal the priest from the teaser. He appears unblemished and now wears a suit like a man in black.

FATHER

Hello son. May I come in?

JACKSON

Sure thing, Father.

The man in black steps inside and Jackson closes the door.

FATHER

Tell me, have you accepted Jesus into your life?

Jackson's face scrunches in confusion.

JACKSON

Father Donovan, you baptized me. You presided over my confirmation.

Father looks at him blankly.

JACKSON (cont'd)

It's Jackson. Don't you remember me? Or my sister?

FATHER

Did you know that Christ came to America?

JACKSON

What happened to you? Where's your collar?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FATHER

These aren't the questions you should be asking, son. Greater things await. Even for someone like you.

JACKSON

Someone like me?

FATHER

A cursed Lamanite who's skin is burned to show his rebellious and violent nature. I offer you a chance for redemption from your wicked heritage.

Jackson's hit pretty hard by Father's comment.

JACKSON

You told me love "bears all things, believes all things, hopes all things, endures all things." Even madness. That helped me.

FATHER

It must have been a different time. I was wrong.

JACKSON

Get out of my house.

FATHER

Son, don't turn your back on God.

JACKSON

I'm only following your example. Get out!

11 EXT. GRAVEYARD - DAY

11

Buffy's no longer around. Willow sits in the lotus position at the edge of an open grave, her hands folded in her lap. An echoing hum emanates from her.

Willow stares down in the grave. The shadows, dark and deep, begin to separate and take on lighter tones. The hand prints on the inside lid shimmer. She gazes around the graveyard and all the colors are muted shades of grey.

She stands, watches the black and white world she sees. Catches sight of a glimmer of yellow wiggling in the grass nearby. Moves closer to see what looks like a shimmering kite string.

Though there's no wind, it lifts and hovers a few feet off the ground.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Willow's eyes follow one end of it to where it touches the grass again. It snakes through tombstones beckoning her to follow. Willow starts moving along the string.

12 EXT. GRAVEYARD GATES - MOMENTS LATER 12

She opens the creaking rusty gates and slips through following the yellow string. In places the string hovers, other sections wind across the pavement.

People move along the sidewalk in their day to day business. Each person has a pulsing yellow light within them. She keeps following the string.

13 INT. SOUP KITCHEN - DAY 13

A wide tableau of a run down industrial space. A few dozen men in black sit at long rickety tables. A variety of slurping noises come from them devouring their lunch.

14 INT. SOUP KITCHEN - KITCHEN - DAY 14

Our three cafe baddies all have their suit jackets off and aprons on. Several huge soup cisterns simmer on the stove. They stand in front of the serving counter.

WILLIS

Pretty good neuron overall.

KYLE

Not enough.

(mumbles, counts on his fingers)

Lunch definitely covered. Dinner, maybe half if we're lucky.

WILLIS

I went all over town to get that much. Ration them.

KYLE

Can't. Indoctrination simple. Maintaining it -- the longer they go, the more they think, the more they think the more they need. They gobble more and more to keep the same pathways active, to let us control them.

Willis steps up, thrusts his finger against Kyle's chest.

WILLIS

Joseph Smith got close. I'll go all the way. We'll fix this.

THOMAS

How?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILLIS
I don't know. What are the Baptists
doing this evening?

THOMAS
You're not funny.

WILLIS
Am I laughing?

A moment as his words sink in.

WILLIS (cont'd)
You want to spend your life under
the yoke...
(points upwards)
...of el goody two shoes, enjoy.
But already we've transcended His
barriers. We resurrected these
people to live the word how it
should be.

THOMAS
What about that priest you killed?
Last time I checked Catholics are
Christians too.

WILLIS
Following an imperfect line of
dogma. He could not realize the
full truth. Now he's become part of
it. We know because we were taught
we can become gods if we have the
power and perseverance to seize it.

THOMAS
And mass murder.

WILLIS
Sodom, Gomora. Stepping stones.
Punishment. He's killed to mold the
world to his vision. We can do the
same.

15 INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

15

Willow stands in front; the yellow string hovering around her
feet. The warehouse is rather nondescript and pretty scummy
looking, especially in tones of grey she sees.

MAN IN BLACK (O.S.)
Late for lunch. So hungry.

She barely catches a glimpse of him as he rushes past her
through the door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Willow looks at the ground, the yellow string she followed is no longer there. She takes a deep breath and pulls the door open.

16

INT. SOUP KITCHEN - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

16

THOMAS

So, what, we just crash some prayer meeting?

WILLIS

That would do.

KYLE

Mathematically speaking it makes total sense. Big city lots of wrongful just not teaching the right way to God kind of places. Low security no one expecting it; no risk max reward; our shepherdship continues.

The mib from outside walks up and scrapes his hand across the counter.

MAN IN BLACK

Hungry, very hungry.

Willis grabs a bowl and ladles out some nasty look gray soup into it. He walks over and hands it to the mib who eyes it lustily and walks off.

THOMAS

We've scoped out the opposition around here. Which place looks the best.

Willis keeps staring out past the serving counter.

WILLIS

I see a girl.

THOMAS

Focus Willis. You're our heavenly father with the plan remember.

WILLIS

We don't dig up girls.

The other two rush to the counter and look out.

WILLIS (cont'd)

I'll deal with her.

17 INT. SOUP KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

17

Willow wanders in a daze amidst the crowd. From her perspective the grey world is filled with pulsing light emanating from inside the people eating.

Their lights appear weaker than the people she saw along the street. Yellow chords are wrapped thickly around each person's neck and droop to the ground in long gooey lines. The ethereal strings tangle across the ground everywhere

Willow steps. Willow watches the shimmering kite strings begin to sway and move.

WILLIS (O.S.)

Hello miss. What can I do for you?

Willow doesn't look at him at first, she's still studying the strings, following the icky lines of them with her eyes. They seem to converge. She looks up.

Everything shows in Willow's expression. The lines of her face crack, terror unbound. Her eyes shift to the crowd.

Everyone stares at her with their mouths hanging open. Their lips not moving, shrieks fill her head.

CHILDLIKE (V.O.)

Help us!

GROGGY (V.O.)

Stop him...

PATHETIC (V.O.)

He won't let us rest.

MANIC (V.O.)

I can't move! I CAN'T
MOVE!

She clamps her hands to her ears.

WILLOW

(her scream echoing both
in her mind and out)

XANDER!

She tries to turn but stumbles, smashes her knee hard on the industrial tile floor. Her feet SQUEAK on the tile. She scrambles and bolts out the door.

Willis wears a scowl. Four mibs from the crowd stand around him now.

WILLIS

You want a brain? Taste that one.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He points and they tear out the door after Willow.

BLACK OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

18 INT. BUFFY'S LIVING ROOM - DAY 18

Xander's sprawled out in the arm chair sleeping. His arms hang over the edges, a remote in one hand. He shudders violently awake, the remote CLACKS to the floor.

XANDER

Willow?!

He jumps up and looks around catching his bearing.

XANDER (cont'd)

Weird dreams.

He wobbles on his feet. Blinks hard and grabs his head.

19 EXT. CITY STREET - DAY 19

SCRAMBLING POV

Silent, only images that are scratched and slightly blurred. Willow's feet hitting the pavement as she runs. Looks behind her to see four men in dark suits chasing her.

20 INT. BUFFY'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS 20

Xander covers his left eye with his hand. He gazes around the room. Everything appears as normal and boring as usual. He covers his right eye and opens his left.

21 EXT. CITY STREET - CONTINUOUS 21

SCRAMBLING POV

running, turns a corner. Glimpse of crossed street signs on a pole: Euclid Ave and Knowles St.

22 EXT. BUFFY'S PORCH/STREET - CONTINUOUS 22

Xander throws the door open and runs out. One hand covers his left eye, the other holds a baseball bat. A thirty-something man in black walks along the sidewalk. Xander rushes past to his car.

MAN IN BLACK

Excuse me, may I have a moment?

Xander's in mid-fumble between the bat, his keys, and avoiding vertigo by covering his left eye.

XANDER

Sorry, gotta go.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He gets the door open and hops in the car. The mib heads up the walk. Xander tears off.

23 INT. BUFFY'S FOYER/PORCH - CONTINUOUS

23

Andrew comes down the stairs to find the front door hanging open.

ANDREW
(calling out)
Global warming! Am I the only one
here who respects inside outside
boundaries?

He shuts the door but it catches on something before it closes.

MAN IN BLACK (O.S.)
Ow! Okay, that hurt.

Andrew opens the door to find the mib hopping and grabbing his foot.

ANDREW
Welcome, to Casa de Summers. I can
say that because I've been to
Mexico.

MAN IN BLACK
It's good to travel.

24 INT. BUFFY'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

24

The mib hops over the the couch and falls to a sit.

ANDREW
Is there anything I can get you.
Tasty beverage, pop tart?

MAN IN BLACK
No, I'm fine thank you.

Andrew walks over, sits in the arm chair.

ANDREW
Soooo, ummmmm, who are you?

MAN IN BLACK
I'm here to tell you how you can be
saved.

ANDREW
From what?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAN IN BLACK

Heavenly father smiles on all his children. Especially on those who have accepted His path. You seem like a very nice man. If I may ask have you found your faith?

ANDREW

I learned to summon demons once but I'm sort of over that now.

MAN IN BLACK

It's unfortunate that we all channel demons at some time. Avarice, lust, egotism. With heavenly father's guidance we can purge these faults in ourselves and be redeemed.

ANDREW

You can give me redemption?

MAN IN BLACK

I can't. Our Lord can. There is no sin so grievous it cannot be forgiven if you ask our Lord in the right way. He was once a humble man like you or I. In another world and place he ascended to a higher state. Became our Lord here. Any one of us through living rightly could do the same.

ANDREW

What do I have to do?

MAN IN BLACK

Love God with all your being. Slay the demons of which you spoke with the sword of His truth?

A KNOCK comes from the door. Andrew doesn't get up at first. KNOCKS again. Andrew goes over:

25 INT> BUFFY'S FOYER/PORCH - CONTINUOUS

25

Opens the door.

JODY

Hey man, how's it going?

ANDREW

I'm learning about redemption.

JODY

Uh, cool.

26

INT. BUFFY'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

26

Jody steps on inside. Sees the mib on the couch. The mib smiles and Jody just rolls his eyes.

JODY

Is this for real?

MAN IN BLACK

Come, sit with us. We were having a delightful conversation.

JODY

Yeah, I'm not much for the talking.

He throws his arm around Andrew. Andrew twitches a bit but doesn't shake it off.

JODY (cont'd)

Me and my bud here haven't been straight with the man upstairs for a while now.

MAN IN BLACK

Now is as good a time as any to start.

JODY

Tell me something, what do you think about marriage?

MAN IN BLACK

If a couple truly loves each other they should be joined in His sight.

JODY

Sweet, so will you marry us?

MAN IN BLACK

Excuse me?

JODY

We'd like to get married, right now. Hop to.

The mib stands, stares at Andrew. Andrew shakes Jody's arm off and takes a step away from him.

ANDREW

See, he has this condition, it's kind of like Tourets, only worse.

MAN IN BLACK

If you knowingly continue a life of sin the Lord cannot save you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JODY

Okay, this is the part where my fist will impact every square inch of your body if you don't make with the getting the hell out.

MAN IN BLACK

I'll pray for you both.

JODY

Ditto.

The mib heads out the door, slams it behind himself.

ANDREW

Okay, why did you make him leave?

JODY

Hello, religious freak.

ANDREW

Hello, guy who summoned demons and could be going to hell for it. I did things, I did bad bad things. What if he's right? What if I could be fine without some minor orientation issue?

JODY

What's going on here.

(motions his hand
indicating the two of
them)

Whatever the hell it is. It's who we are. Freako's like that guy try to make us ashamed because they can't deal with it. Don't let him mess with your head. The only person who can redeem you is you.

ANDREW

You're so sure of that.

JODY

I pretty much have to be.

27

INT. BUFFY'S FOYER - CONTINUOUS

27

Andrew tromps up the stairs. Jody stops following him at the bottom. A DOOR SLAMS somewhere above.

JODY

(calling up)

So, um, about that thing Dawn saw?

28

EXT. PARK - DAY

28

Willow tears across a narrow field and into some brambles and trees. Things catch on her clothes slowing her down but she keeps pushing through.

She looks back, only two mibs are in pursuit now. The forest rolls down an embankment and she runs with it. It's steep and she soon can't control how fast she's barreling down the hill.

She clips a tree and it spins her sending her tumbling down smashing through the brambles. She rolls to a painful stop, looks up. Sees a stream up ahead with a path running next to it.

Hustles to her feet and makes for the path. Runs full out fast as she can. The path and the stream run under a small overpass.

She dives into the shadows underneath, runs for the other side. The silhouettes of two mibs appear up ahead. She skids on her heels to a stop.

Turns back, the two other mibs are there. She's trapped under the bridge. Both sets walk toward her.

WILLOW

Circle of truth and beauty, I call
thee, no, that's not right. Circle
of truth and beauty, I ask -- No,
come on think. Circle...

(looks one way)

Truth.

(looks the other)

Ugly.

They're on her. A blonde man in black grabs her by the collar. He head butts her and her nose starts to bleed. He wraps his thumbs around her throat and chokes her.

Willow flails to fight him off. He trips as she squirms and they plummet into the water. He stands back up in the waist deep water and holds her under by the throat.

WILLOW'S POV

Sound is muffled from the water engulfing her. The face of the man killing her is distorted and indiscernible. She gasps but can't find air.

Somewhere above she hears a car SKID to a stop. Her eyes close. The other three watch from the bank, chanting:

MEN IN BLACK

Baptism! Baptism! Baptism!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PLONK! A bat impacts the back of one of their heads. He drops out cold. The other two turn to face Xander. One charges. Xander swings low slamming him in the knee.

The mib crumples. The next one charges. Willow's eyes pop open. Xander, who had both eyes open is thrown off his game. The mib tackles him and the bat skitters away.

Willow bares her teeth. The water around bubbles and scalds. The blonde mib let's go. He backs away shaking his burned hands. Xander grapples on the ground.

He gets an arm free and slams his elbow into the side of the mib's head, knocking him out. Xander pushes him off and gets up.

Blondie backhands Willow across the face. She stumbles but doesn't fall. He slaps again, but deflects off a magic barrier Willow manages to cast in time. The mib hit in the knee is halfway up.

Xander runs over and kicks him in the side knocking him back down. Xander kicks him twice more on the ground to keep him down. Blondie pounds on the barrier. Willow holds her hand up to maintain it but it won't last for long. The more he slams his fists against it the duller it appears.

Xander covers his left eye with one hand, grabs the bat with the other. He makes a mad dash for the stream and leaps into it splashing down behind Blondie. Three solid swings and Blondie's out and falls into the water, floating off with the current.

The barrier gives and Willow falls into Xander's arms. He hefts her out of the water and back to dry land. They catch their breath. Xander kneels by Willow. She lies on the ground. Close on Xander's mystic eye as it sees from:

WILLOW'S POV

looking up at Xander.

DISSOLVE TO:

XANDER'S POV

looking down at Willow, the spell ended.

WILLOW

I screamed your name. I hoped you'd find me.

XANDER

Whatever mojo that scream worked it got me here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

He helps her up and into a hug.

WILLOW
Thanks Xander.

XANDER
I told you practicing that Aquaman
lunge as a kid would come in handy.
Let's get you home.

29 INT. BUFFY'S LIVING ROOM - EVENING 29

Willow's wrapped in a towel on the couch with Kennedy's arm wrapped around her as well. The gang's convened.

WILLOW
They're not just animated corpses.

30 INT. BAPTIST CHURCH - CONTINUOUS 30

The whitewash is chipped and the walls themselves sag with the weight of the world. A few mibs appear from shadows along the street. More emerge and they move toward the front doors.

WILLOW (V.O.)
Somehow he brought their souls back
and pressed them into their maggot
ridden bodies; then used a glamour
to hide it.

31 INT. BUFFY'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS 31

Dawn kneels at the coffee table.

DAWN
I've read about soul binding
rituals. It's not for-dummies
magic. Souls naturally want to be
free. Controlling them's a toughy.
Did you see how he's doing it?

WILLIS
(her voice quavers)
His saliva strangles them. Long
gooey strings of it wind back to
him. I could hear them, begging
their bodies not to do what they
did. The strings yanked them along,
forced them.

DAWN
Essence chords, I've read about
them. I have to find the right
book. Hopefully it's not in
Aramaic. I suck at Aramaic.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She goes to shelves and starts digging.

WILLOW
That's not the worst part.

32 INT. BAPTIST CHURCH - CONTINUOUS

32

The double doors swing open. Willis strides down the center aisle, big smile.

WILLOW (V.O.)
I saw his face, not his flesh, but
his true face. Crooked razorblade
teeth in an enormous maw and eyes
like black holes.

BUFFY (V.O.)
He's a demon?

WILLOW (V.O.)
No, he's human. That's what makes
it worse.

A group of twenty or so people of all ages sit in the pews near the front. Willis strolls up nonchalantly.

WILLIS
Studying the good book I see.

BAPTIST PASTOR
Sit down, join us brother.

WILLIS
Nah, read that one. I prefer the
updated version.

He chucks a book at the Pastor's feet. It's the Book of Mormon.

BAPTIST PASTOR
You're a cult.

WILLIS
Well, this cult just hit big time.

Men in black pour in the front doors behind him. They file into the pews and keep walking, snaking back and forth along the wooden benches, getting closer row by row. As they move:

WILLIS (cont'd)
You have something we need.
Misguided faith. We feed off it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BAPTIST PRIEST

If you've come to argue theology
we'd be more than happy to oblige
you.

WILLIS

No, I haven't come to argue. I've
come to settle it.

He walks back toward the front doors. The men in black
continue snaking forward through the pews.

WILLIS (cont'd)

Enjoy your dinner boys. Save me a
wing.

WILLOW (V.O.)

I could feel their hunger...

33 INT. BUFFY'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

33

WILLOW

...when they attacked me. They
wanted to open my head and devour
my thoughts.

Kennedy hugs Willow tighter. Dawn's got a few large tomes out
now.

DAWN

We'll find a solution, Willow.

ANYA

See, Dawnie will read and we'll
follow the instructions and
everything will be solved. Besides,
you can't keep that much expired
life going. Not without taking life
to maintain it.

(off their looks)

What? That's supposed to be
comforting?

34 INT. BAPTIST CHURCH - CONTINUOUS

34

The massacre. Willis moves amongst his flock. They tear the
parishioners apart. Father Donovan takes shaky steps up to
the altar. The Baptist Pastor cowers on the ground near it.

BAPTIST PASTOR

Though I walk through the shadow of
the valley of death I will not
fear. I will not fear. I will
not...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Father Donovan ignores him and stares up at a cross set high in the wall behind the altar. His eyes twitch a little.

He drops to his knees. He looks at his hands like he's not quite sure what to do with them. Trembling ever so slightly, they come together in prayer.

Seeing this the Baptist Pastor crawls across the floor and to a side door. He slips out. Willis notices Father at the altar. He walks up and kicks him over.

WILLIS

What are you doing? Chase him!

Father stands and charges out the same door the Pastor took.

BLACK OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

35 INT. SUBURBIA - NIGHT

35

The Baptist Pastor tears along the sidewalk, his arms flailing, running full out. Father Donovan's gaining.

BAPTIST PASTOR

Help! Help!

Father dive tackles him. They struggle in the grass a moment before Father pins his arms. Father licks his lips.

BAPTIST PASTOR (cont'd)

Please, whatever your sins he will forgive you. He will accept you and he will love you. You need only ask.

Father scrunches his face.

FATHER

Jackson?

His grip lessens and the Baptist Pastor crawls out from underneath him and runs. Father stays kneeling for a moment.

FATHER (cont'd)

Jackson!

He stands up.

36 INT. BUFFY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

36

Gang's in full research mode. Dawn sits cross-legged on the carpet surrounded by books. Open tomes cover the coffee table, the floor, three are stacked in her lap. She jumps from book to book with ease, a cross referencing fiend.

DAWN

I have souls over here, death over there, afterlife dimensions in this one, and Tibetan chanting monks in that one.

BUFFY

Huh?

DAWN

Thought it might go somewhere but it turned out to be a dead end.

(beat)

Oh god, I'm becoming Xander.

Willow's clacking away on the laptop.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILLOW

Lot's of interesting random theories here. Low on the details or any relevant field experience.

ANDREW

All this research is giving me the runs. Let's watch some TV.

He clicks on the news. A REPORTER stands outside the whitewashed Baptist Church.

REPORTER (V.O.)

A Baptist prayer meeting gone horribly wrong. Over twenty are believed to be dead in what appears to be a cult ritual.

Quick shots of inside: White sheets on top of bodies everywhere, blood soaked through each sheet around the head area.

REPORTER (V.O.) (cont'd)

The victims' heads were bashed open and their brains removed. At this time police have only one lead: a bloody Book of Mormon found at the scene. If anyone has any information regarding this crime please call-

Andrew clicks it back off.

ANDREW

Okay, bad idea.

WILLOW

Didn't I say we should stop watching the news.

Buffy's fuming mad.

BUFFY

That's gross. You... you... Mormons!

WILLOW

That's the why for all the suits. They're on their mission.

ANDREW

One of them came by earlier.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

XANDER

A group of Mormons have taken up the necromantic arts and raised a horde of men in black to go out and convert people to their religion?

WILLOW

And they're eating the competition.

XANDER

Here I thought the Jehovah's Witnesses served ultimate evil.

DAWN

Those poor poor people. Buffy puts her hand on Dawn's shoulder.

BUFFY

We'll find who did this Dawnie. Before they eat more churchgoers.

Everyone shares a morose moment of silence. Anya isn't quite with them on it.

ANYA

Everybody look at me. I have a trick.

Anya floats to the center of the room.

ANYA (cont'd)

Watch carefully.

She holds her arms out to either side, wiggles her fingers. A moment and then Anya splits down the middle, half her torso leans one way, and half leans the other way, her body separating along the gash that killed her. Her fingers keep wiggling.

Everyone in the crowd gives a whimper, wince, or "oh my god you freak" noise. With a SLURPING sound Anya comes back together.

ANYA (cont'd)

Been practicing that for days. Got to look at the bright side of being dead.

WILLOW

I'm going to have Kennedy poke my eyes out with her tongue barb now.

KENNEDY

Sorry honey, wearing the blunt.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

WILLOW

Oh. Bummer.

BUFFY

Anya, why would you ever think we wanted to see that?

ANYA

I figured it would lighten the mood. You know cause I'm dead, you're not dead.

BUFFY

People skills still an issue then.

DAWN

Oh my gosh, I think I'm gonna hurl. Oh wait... no, that's me having an idea.

Dawn goes crazy with the book page flipping.

DAWN (cont'd)

Resonance.

She grabs a different book. Flips some more pages.

DAWN (cont'd)

Gateway.

Grabs yet another, flips.

DAWN (cont'd)

Eureka! Soul resonance.

Everyone stares at her not understanding. Willow's lightbulb pops first.

WILLOW

She's a passage point.

DAWN

Halfway here, halfway there.

WILLOW

We can siphon through her.

BUFFY

Okay, girls, dumb it down for the rest of us.

WILLOW

Think of the zombie souls as being held on this plane in one big icky bathtub.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

DAWN

Anya gets to be the drain.

WILLOW

Because of her not-quite-dead status her soul's in the same place spiritually with the zombies. So with Dawn's Watchery help...

DAWN

...and Willow's Wicca woo.

WILLOW

We can turn Anya into a gateway back to the soul ether.

BUFFY

There's a spell for that?

Dawn and Willow both make faces.

WILLOW

Not really.

DAWN

We'll have to combine a few. A bit more research. A ritual here.

WILLIS

A ritual there. Mix and match.

DAWN

We can totally make it work.

BUFFY

Then let's do it.

37 INT. JACKSON'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

37

Jackson works with notebooks and papers piled around him on the couch. Someone POUNDS on his door. He doesn't break off right away, checks something on a notebook. They POUND three more times.

JACKSON

Hold it a sec!

They keep POUNDING. He rushes over and yanks open the door.

JACKSON (cont'd)

What the f-

Father Donovan falls into his arms. Jackson pushes him off to the stairs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FATHER

You have to help me son.

JACKSON

Sorry, I might be a little too black for that.

FATHER

I'm dead.

JACKSON

That's an interesting excuse for becoming a racist bastard.

Father clutches Jackson's hand and pulls it to his forehead.

JACKSON (cont'd)

What are you-

Two of his fingers slip through the skin and inside the priest's head. Jackson jumps back and knocks into the door.

Stunned, on his fingertips he sees brownish blood. He looks at the priest's forehead but it appears perfect.

FATHER

They killed me my son, but I'm kept from the kingdom. Even now I feel their call pulling me further away from God. I almost did something horrible tonight. I can't resist much longer.

Jackson's hand starts to shake, clutches into a fist.

JACKSON

What should I do father?

FATHER

Avenge me. Be my guardian. A Mormon named Willis killed me and brought me back. Confused me with spells and sorcery. He's gathered an army and I can tell you where. You must find a way to stop them.

38 INT. BUFFY'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

38

Willow and Dawn kneel over the same huge tome. They point at things together, mumble. They nod to each other.

WILLOW

We got it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAWN

Really nifty actually. We combine an enjoining spell with this mojo to talk to the dead. Then we-

WILLOW

Dawnie.

DAWN

Sorry, giddy excitement. It's like a drug. Not that I would know.

WILLOW

What happens we do the spell and Anya become a physical gate to the afterlife attuned to the zombies. Which means she can touch them and they can touch her. She so much as brushes one and kapoof, it's the afterlife express.

ANYA

So I get to be the Buffy. I'll have the punch that knocks the bad guys into oblivion.

WILLOW

I like to see it more as offering them the eternal rest they deserve. But whatever works for you.

ANYA

Can I act all superior too?

BUFFY

Hey!

DAWN

(to Anya)

You could give us some kind of rousing long winded speech.

BUFFY

Right here, in the room right now!

WILLOW

Problem is, the gateway is sort of the temporary kind.

BUFFY

How temporary?

WILLOW

Kind of unpredictable.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BUFFY

So we wait until we're in striking distance. Now all we have to do is track them down.

A KNOCK comes from the door.

39 INT. BUFFY'S FOYER/PORCH - CONTINUOUS

39

She opens the door to reveal Jackson standing there with crowbar in hand.

JACKSON

You know how to take care of this, right?

BUFFY

Take care of what?

JACKSON

Whatever it is you're fighting. I know where they're gathering. I'm going. You coming?

BUFFY

Uh... sure.

40 EXT. GRAVEYARD - NIGHT

40

Willis stands atop the robust mausoleum on the hill. The men in black are arrayed around him amidst tombstones and the holes they rose from. Thomas and Kyle stand at the back of the group overseeing.

WILLIS

We have come far. Those who will not hear us will feed our power. Between their deaf ears shall be our strength. His army will not want. We come from all walks of life, all times. He brings us here for one purpose: to make His glory our glory. To show us that His power can be our power.

41 EXT. GRAVEYARD GATES - NIGHT

41

The Slayerettes converge. Dawn carries a huge duffel bag packed with their stuff.

BUFFY

Jackson and I will go in and make with the fisticuffs to get them to group around us. Andrew's on artillery.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BUFFY(cont'd)

When you hear the signal pump Anya
with the mojo and we'll knock 'em
dead, or, um, redead.

42

EXT. GRAVEYARD - NIGHT

42

Mist spins around the ankles of the Slayer. The ground makes
SOFT SUCKING SOUNDS as she marches in. Jackson keeps pace
behind her. They trudge up the same hill she did earlier.

She finds Willis sitting atop the robust mausoleum with his
pickax next to him. He appears to be alone now.

WILLIS

Interesting. I didn't expect a
blonde. Your redheaded friend ran
off so fast I didn't get a chance
to introduce myself. I'm Willis.

BUFFY

I'm Buffy. Hop on down. I think
it's time to bruise my knuckles
with your face.

JACKSON

My crowbar seconds that.

WILLIS

Sounds risky for me. Besides,
there's a nice breeze up here and
it allows me to survey the breadth
of my domain. You want to know the
wonderful thing about power?

(beat)

Not having to do the dirty work.

From one side of the mausoleum a man in black appears, broad
chested with a grimace. Another emerges from the other side,
smaller, sneering. More appear from behind larger
gravestones.

They charge. Jackson slams one in the face with his crowbar.
Buf throws one into two others. Sweeping roundhouse kicks
three more. Jackson checks two to the ground.

Andrew is just down the hill from where the battle has begun.
He's decked out in his cat burglar gear. He wears a utility
belt covered in bulging pouches.

ANDREW

Operation distract and signal to
commence.

(checking his pouches)

M-80s, firecracker strings, roman
candles, ooo sparklers.

He pulls out a Zippo. Finger snap lights it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANDREW (cont'd)
It's just you and me sweet flame of
loud noise.

He starts running up the hill giving out an astoundingly
girlish battlecry the whole way.

Back on the hilltop, Buffy and Jackson have been split up by
the horde of men in black. Jackson's holding his own with the
crowbar taking wide swings to thump as many as he can.

Buffy's grabs a mib by the arm, swings him, hurls him
knocking five more down. She leaps into a different group of
them. Her feet take out two as she comes in. A flurry of
punches as four more surround her.

A massive string of firecrackers lands in the middle of a
pack of six men in black. They look at it a moment. Then it
RATATATS off sending them reeling back.

ANDREW (cont'd)
Ah-ha, taste fourth of July fun!

He chucks a cherry bomb into another group of them.

43 EXT. GRAVEYARD WALL - CONTINUOUS

43

A distant BOOM of the fireworks.

XANDER
That's the signal.

Willows sit inside a circle of mystical purple dust laid out
on the sidewalk. Kennedy's got a crossbow out. Xander's got
his trusty baseball bat. Dawn kneels near another smaller
dust circle double checking everything in a large dusty tome.

DAWN
Okay, paint by number is paint by
done. Anya, you go in the smaller
circle over here.

Anya walks into place.

ANYA
Smaller is sometimes better.

XANDER
Hear, hear! Um, never mind.

WILLOW
Okay, interfering with the
concentration now.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KENNEDY

You two shut up. Willow, we got your back.

Willow nods but she's definitely nervous. She takes a deep breath. A brick lands on her head knocking her out cold.

Thomas stands on the outer wall holding a shovel. Four more just exhumed men in black stand with him.

THOMAS

Sky's falling.

They jump down on the attack.

44

EXT. GRAVEYARD - NIGHT

44

Buffy's providing quality Slayer smackdown. But she's being quickly overwhelmed and things are looking more desperate. Mibs are being hurled left and right but more show up to take their place.

Jackson slips in the mud and ass plants. He loses his crowbar in a dirty puddle. Mibs converge on him. He kicks out with his feet trying to keep them at bay.

Andrew's less charging in with fireworks as dropping them behind himself trying to keep the mibs from grabbing him. Willis slips down off the top of the mausoleum pickax in hand.

The horde parts out of his way as he approaches Buffy. The men in black break off her for a moment and he stands before the Slayer.

WILLIS

Don't you adore graveyards? They're so relaxing.

BUFFY

Until nimrods like you start poking holes in the ground.

She charges. An mib's fist lashes out smashing her in the face and breaking her attack. Willis swings the pickax for our Buffster. She sucks her midriff in but not quite fast enough.

A red trail gashes open across her stomach. She falls, tumbling backwards down the hill. Men in black part letting her roll past. A few yards down her back smashes into a tombstone bringing her to an abrupt and painful halt.

Willis follows and a dozen or so of his army group in behind him. Buffy clutches her wound breathing hard. Willis glowers over the fallen Slayer.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILLIS

So this is what you bring? You, a
Lamanite, and a boy who makes scary
noises. Really it's charming.

Willis swings his pickax for her head.

BLACK OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

45 GRAVEYARD - NIGHT

45

Buffy head ticks and the pickax point pierces the tombstone. It shatters and crumples.

WILLIS

(re: broken tombstone)

Whoever that was, they're nothing. Dead, gone and unremembered. Is that what you want to be? Buffy? I can give you a second chance to be resurrected. You can become part of my power or you can be overwhelmed by it.

Buffy lets out a coughing cackle, blood in her teeth.

BUFFY

Power? You think that's what you have cause you got a bunch of brain dead wannabes goose stepping your line? That doesn't make you powerful, it makes you a fraud in a badly tailored suit.

WILLIS

Says the bleeding girl on the ground.

BUFFY

Kill me. Do whatever you want. It won't make you any less pathetic.

WILLIS

It will provide a nice sense of closure.

He walks away.

WILLIS (cont'd)

Slurp out her skull. She's not worth changing.

46 EXT. GRAVEYARD WALL - CONTINUOUS

46

Willow lies unconscious in what's left of the spell circle; it's been pretty much trampled in purplely swirls. Xander desperately blocks shovel swings from Thomas. One of the mibs lies nearby, down and out.

Kennedy takes on the other three. Dawn puts herself between a mib and Kennedy. It steps past her like she's not even there. She kicks him in the shin.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He grabs his leg and looks around, oblivious. Anya shoots through the battle, taking ineffectual swings at the bad guys trying to distract them. Xander's being quickly knocked back by the bulldozer Thomas.

XANDER

Kennedy, little help here!

Two mibs lunge for Kennedy. She ducks under their attacks and swiftly reloads her crossbow. She shoots the third mib in the chest. He stumbles back.

She drops the crossbow down, catching his neck between the bow and string. A twist of the hip and she chucks him into Thomas. Both of them tumble to the ground.

KENNEDY

That work.

XANDER

It'll do.

Xander kneels down by Willow, his back turned for a moment. He brushes his hand across her cheek, shakes her a little.

Thomas chucks the mib off himself with ease. He uses his bulk to check Kennedy to the ground. He steps past her, raises the shovel over his head.

ANYA

Xander!

She whooshes forward and pushes Xander out of the way. The shovel CLANGS on the ground after passing harmlessly through her. Anya looks at her hands, stunned. She hurls punches at Thomas.

He goes to block one but her fists pass through him. He shrugs and walks right through her after Xander. Dawn clubs him one with a little girlish punch slap. He's almost amused. He pulls his fist back to wham her. Kennedy sweeps his feet out from under him.

But the other three mibs are back up and surround her. One pulls the crossbow bolt from his chest. Slashes at her. Willow's head lolls, groggy but coming too.

WILLOW

May nothing beyond our coil pass my
mortal sight.

Her eyes swim with divine light. Anya fades from view. The men in black engaging them drop to the ground. Their limbs flail like fish out of water.

Thomas props himself back to a stand with his shovel, sees Willow.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

He makes a wide arc with the shovel swinging straight for her head. Kennedy catches it dead with her Slayer strength. Willow staggers a bit.

WILLOW (cont'd)
I can't hold this for long.

KENNEDY
Just enough for me to kick this
punk's ass.

She drives her elbow into Thomas' sternum. She yanks the shovel from his grip, snaps it in two over her knee. Proceeds to beat the stinking tar out of him with her new found two weapon combo.

Xander grabs hold of Willow and keeps her on her feet.

WILLOW
Get me out of here, Xander!

Xander hefts Willow over his shoulder. Dawn picks up her big tome from the ground. They huff it for the graveyard gates. Kennedy chucks the two shovel pieces away by the battered Thomas. Runs after them.

Anya blinks back into existence. The mibs start getting back up around her.

ANYA
Typical, always leave the dead
people behind.

She walks right through the graveyard wall.

47 EXT. GRAVEYARD - CONTINUOUS

47

Andrew's being edged back by mibs. He's out of ammo.

ANDREW
Nice Mormons. Think of those
fireworks as a practical joke. A
fiesta of fun to liven up your day.
No harm. I mean you guys can just
reattach some of your fingers
right?

One of them grabs Andrew by the collar.

Jackson has managed to get back up and even has his crowbar a swinging again. He looks pretty torn up though. He slams a mib across the face. Swings the other way. Sparks fly as the bar deflects off Willis' pickax blade. They circle each other.

WILLIS
So, Lamanite.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACKSON

Where's Buffy?

WILLIS

The girl with the silly name is dead. Or well on her way anyway.

JACKSON

I'll kill you.

WILLIS

Your valiant. It's really kind of cute. I could use someone like you. Spread the proper word far and wide and silence the nay-sayers who won't believe. I am his form incarnate.

JACKSON

You think this is what Jesus was?

WILLIS

Jesus resurrected himself to show God's power and offer humanity a second chance. I resurrect humanity and give them that second chance directly.

JACKSON

They're shells filled with your hate. Jesus preached love.

WILLIS

How wonderfully Hallmark. He preached power. Love and suffering were his means. Rome knew this, the Jews knew this. That's why they crucified him. But Jesus won and was remembered. I'm about to do the same.

We're back with Xander as he sets Willow back down. The spell folks have grouped well into the graveyard near the bottom of the hill. Dawn's madly flipping through the book she has.

DAWN

Another spell. Find the page, little mojo. Gotta be something.

WILLOW

There's another way.

Everyone perks up at this.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

WILLOW (cont'd)

I learned about soul binding when I drained the Magic Box. Way's in which it can be done, what it costs. Dawnie found the friendliest way to send them back. But there are other, less cozy methods.

XANDER

I hate to say it Will, but we're kind of at Defcon one here and the finger's definitely on the button.

ANYA

I wonder if we lose and you all become ghosts if we'll be able to touch each other.

Willow puts her hand on Kennedy's shoulder.

WILLOW

You should help Buffy.

KENNEDY

I need to stay with you.

WILLOW

Case you haven't seen, it's three against a gazillion up there. Xander and Dawn have my back.

Kennedy nods. Gives Willow a quick kiss on the cheek and dashes off. Willow turns to Xander, her jaw tense.

WILLOW (cont'd)

Evil Arthur's generalling the army, but his Merlin's hiding somewhere nearby. I can feel it. We find him and I can make it stop.

Back with Andrew, and a group of mibs have grabbed and lifted him into the air.

ANDREW

Careful with the hands!

Kennedy slams into the mibs with the mother of all flying kicks. They flail at the impact and Andrew's dropped free.

KENNEDY

Where's Buffy?

ANDREW

(points in a seemingly random direction)
Over there maybe?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Kennedy runs off. The men in black she slammed down are already getting back up.

From above, a horde of dark suits and grabbing hands. Amidst them a wisp of blonde hair. We drop down into the melee.

Buffy slams her palm into the back of a mib's elbow making him painfully double jointed. She twists him and drives her knee low at his waist.

With a sickening CRACK his spine gives. She tosses him aside. She's hunched on a pile of mib bodies, a dozen so far. Some of them still twitch under her, most of their limbs broken and useless.

Kennedy hammers through the crowd with the crossbow. Makes it to Buffy. Sees the impressively large pile of carnage.

KENNEDY

Wow!

Buffy slides down the pile.

BUFFY

Kind of makes it a shame they
didn't have girls' varsity
wrestling.

They go back to back surrounded. Amongst various punches, parries and lunges:

BUFFY (cont'd)

Not that I'm not pleased as punch
to see ya. But I expected someone a
little deader.

KENNEDY

We kinda hit some static.

BUFFY

Lovely.

KENNEDY

Yeah, I thought it was a hoot too.

BUFFY

We have a plan B then?

KENNEDY

They're working on it.

BUFFY

Well, as long as we're on the verge
of being overwhelmed by a army of
the dead they should take their
time.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

Kyle peeks out from behind a grave, watching the hilltop.

XANDER (O.S.)

So...

He whips around at the sound of Xander's voice.

XANDER (cont'd)

Would this be considered a box seat
or general assembly?

KYLE

Um, yeah, you see, I was walking by
and then you know I got lost and-

XANDER

Stow it.

He pops Kyle in the gut with the tip of the bat. Kyle drops
to his knees gurgling. Xander kicks him in the face, knocking
him onto his back.

Dawn goes to his arms and sits on his hands, pinning them.
Xander grabs his legs. Willow gazes down at his prostrate
form. She appears solemn but determined.

WILLOW

I'm sorry. This'll kind of hurt.

KYLE

Hurt not good.

WILLOW

Shoulda thought of that before a
raised a zombie army don't ya
think?

He struggles but Dawn and Xander have him pinned well.

ANYA

Naughty boys get punished.

Willow kneels down at his chest.

XANDER

Like you said Will, we got your
back. No matter what.

She nods. Holds up her hand. Waves of heat move across it and
then it glows like molten metal. The roots of her hair darken
but the tips remain Willow red.

WILLOW

From the chest of the army's
creator I draw a bone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

Buffy and Kennedy are still surrounded. Kyle's BLOOD CURDLING SCREAM echoes through the battle.

The fight goes on pause for a moment, the mibs looking around. They part and Willis steps in. He chucks a battered Jackson at their feet.

WILLIS

You forgot your erstwhile friend.
Drives a hard bargain, hard to
persuade.

Buffy helps Jackson up.

JACKSON

He didn't seem to like "Get bent"
as an answer.

BUFFY

Bad guys are picky that way.

Back with Kyle, his suit jacket and shirt are burned through. A bright pink scar adorns his chest just above his stomach. He's unconscious but breathing steady.

Willow's hair is back to normal. She holds what looks like a rib in her hand. One side of it has a particularly nasty serrated edge. She goes to Anya.

WILLOW

A soul fragment inside will let you
hold the dagger. You'll see what I
saw. Cut the chords he uses to bind
them and they'll be free to go or
stay as they please.

Anya takes the ribknife from Willow.

ANYA

Neat.

She tears off up the hill.

XANDER

What do we do with this evil
missionary?

WILLOW

He paid his price. Dawn's checking
out Kyle's grody scar.

DAWN

Plus a healthy portion of interest.

Willow staggers a bit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

XANDER

Willow, are you...?

WILLOW

Pfft, I'm totally fine. She faints.

Anya reaches the hilltop. She holds the knife in front of her and passes near a group of baddies who have Andrew hefted into the air. The knife jerks in her hand a few times when she runs by them.

The glamour broken, most of the group crumples to the ground, a murder of decayed bodies. Andrew now lies on top of a pile of maggot infested ick.

ANDREW

(pinches his nose)

Ewwww, dead people stink.

A couple remain standing, rotting and wholly gruesome but still animated. One of the zombies looks at his hand, watches the bones move through holes in his leathery skin. He looks at the other zombie.

ZOMBIE

(loud rasping whisper)

I'm FREE!

Willis stands inside the tight ring of men in black who have our three heroes surrounded. Holding the knife above her head Anya whooshes through the outer ring into the circle.

BUFFY

Anya, finally!

ANYA

Blame Willow.

KENNEDY

Hey! Screwing up was a group effort.

ANYA

Whatever.

WILLIS

Excuse me, miss. I'm about to kill them. So if you don't mind.

Anya grimaces when she looks at Willis.

ANYA

Willow was right, that is not a face to woo the women.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (7)

WILLIS

Fine, I'll just have to kill you
too.

ANYA

Sorry, first evil already did that.
But I do have another neat trick
for you.

She swipes the knife the knife one way. A section of the
circle collapses with only a few still standing.

ANYA (cont'd)

And they all...

Swipes it another way. More fall, again a couple remain up.

ANYA (cont'd)

...fall down.

She does a little pirouette with her slash. The entire circle
collapses. Only a dozen or so are left standing in their full
dead glory.

ANYA (cont'd)

Except the ones who are really
pissed at you.

Willis eyes anxiously around. He's now staring down a bunch
of very angry dead people. He starts backing away.

WILLIS

Can't we discuss this like rational
human beings?

ZOMBIE

Brains!

WILLIS

Fair enough.

Willis turns and swings the pickax, knocking one of the
zombies behind him aside. He makes a dash for it.

Xander puts his arm around Dawn. They watch Willis at the
hilltop scream like a little girl. He's chased by the zombie
army.

XANDER

Ah, a lynch mob. Never thought I'd
see the day where that was a good.

48 EXT. CITY STREET - MOMENTS LATER

48

Willis hauls ass out of an alley. He charges across the street and ducks past a corner. He peeks back around the corner to see the zombies surge out from the alley.

They mob into the street, disoriented for a moment. One of their eyes catches him. It points and all the zombies turns to see him.

WILLIS

Fitting I would go out just like
Joseph Smith.

He runs. The zombies tear around the corner after him.

49 EXT. GRAVEYARD GATES - NIGHT

49

Kennedy holds Willow tight, helping the exhausted Wicca stumble along. Anya walks with Andrew who's now in a muddy and torn commando suit. Xander goes with Dawn and Buffy with Jackson bring up the back.

ANYA

I was amazing wasn't I? You too
Andrew, you had some quality crowd
control there.

ANDREW

I thought the M-eighties worked
quite well but the cherry bombs
left me wanting. But yes, I fought
quite valiantly this eve. So what
should we do with the rest of our
night?

WILLOW

(yawning wide)

Wicca girl will be making with the
sleepins.

KENNEDY

After all the punching and the dire
I just went through; don't think
you're getting off that easy, red.

Willow lips Kennedy's ear.

WILLOW

You always make it easy honey.

ANYA

Lesbian sex humor. It's nice.
(looks at Xander)
And really frustrating.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

XANDER

Willow, you can hijack my eyeball
later if you want.

Buffy notices Jackson is kind of in his own world.

BUFFY

Watcha thinking?

JACKSON

I just fought an army of the dead.
It doesn't really lend to the
thinking.

ANDREW

We could watch Army of Darkness.

DAWN

Are there naked guys in that one
too?

ANDREW

No, but it has a shotgun and Bruce
Campbell. Dear sweet Bruce
Campbell.

BUFFY

I've had my fill of dead things for
the evening, present company
excluded. I'm looking forward to a
nice shower, wash the graveyard off
me.

JACKSON

Lobotomies. You think they have it
to the point where they can figure
out what the precise section to
remove is?

BUFFY

You sound like you'd never hung
with the Slayerettes before. Go
home, get some sleep, it will all
make sense in the morning.

50 EXT. JACKSON'S PORCH - NIGHT

50

Jackson sits on his porch swing. It CREAKS a little but he's
too consumed by his thoughts to notice.

Buffy strolls up. She's had her shower, cleaned herself up,
changed clothes and looks a sort of rumpled cute.

BUFFY

Hey you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACKSON

Hi.

BUFFY

Can't sleep either?

JACKSON

Not a wink.

She sits down next to him. He still stares off into space. She leans in and nudges him with her shoulder.

BUFFY

Soooo, figure out which part of your brain to remove yet?

JACKSON

I met a dead person.

BUFFY

A whole bunch in fact.

JACKSON

I knew one in particular.

BUFFY

Who was it?

JACKSON

A priest. He helped me through some rough times when I was younger.

BUFFY

I'm sorry. You want to talk about it?

JACKSON

No, I really think I don't.

BUFFY

Okay.

She gets up to leave.

JACKSON

But it'd be nice to have you here, you know, not talking about it with me.

She smiles and sits back down. Makes a motion like she's zipping her lips. They both lean back and the seat starts to swing a little more.

Tentatively she reaches over and touches the back of his hand. He turns his hand over and their fingers intertwine.

51 INT. BUFFY'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

51

Dark all around. Xander's crashed out on the couch snoring profusely. Anya kneels by his side watching him. She looks at her hand.

Gingerly she moves it toward his face, braces herself for impact. Her fingers disappear inside his head without stopping. Her shoulders sag and she shakes her head.

FADE OUT.

END OF SHOW