

BUFFY THE VAMPIRE SLAYER

"Unearthing"

by
Waylon Wyche

TEASER

FADE IN:

1 EXT. HILLS - NIGHT

1

Looking down on the distant, shimmering lights of Cleveland, the typically dreary city actually looks picturesque from way up here.

As we take in the scene, however, our view is partially blocked as a figure steps into frame. The figure stands idly before us, motionless for several seconds, before a familiar voice eerily croaks out an exclamation.

VOICE (O.S)

If only they knew the plans that I
have in store for them. I wonder if
they, still, would lie peacefully
in their beds.

(beat)

Such chaos looms inside this mind
and it will all be unleashed upon
your peaceful city with the opening
of the gateway.

(laughing)

I doubt that they're even aware of
its location, that they've
witnessed the splendor of that
which will unlock their demise and
it's been there under their very
noses for so long now.

(beat)

Foolish children. A matter of hours
rests between yourselves and
eternity, and you'll never see it
coming.

The figure stays, looking down on the city below, and after a beat he speaks again.

VOICE (O.S) (cont'd)

(sighs)

And now I'm hungry.

The figure steps out of frame, and we dissolve to:

2 EXT. OUTSIDE POLICE STATION

2

From across the road, we watch a car park up in a desolate parking lot in front of the police station.

After a few moments, the car door swings open and JACKSON emerges from driver side with DAN quick to follow on the other side.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAN

So your sister just shows up on Buffy's doorstep? Then what?

JACKSON

(sighs)

She crashes out at my place. She hasn't left her room for a few days now except to eat and shower. I'm just gonna leave her to it. When she feels like talking to me again, she will. She's certainly...

He trails off, and Dan raises an eyebrow.

DAN

What?

JACKSON

(evasive)

Different. I think she's seen a lot more of the world than I realised.

DAN

(chuckles)

Heh, don't say she's become a religious convert like you! I don't need anybody else thinking that demons walk amongst us, or whatever you guys think!

Jackson glances at Dan - his partner's a lot closer to the truth than he realises! Dan shrugs and heads towards the police station, and a relieved Jackson lets the conversation topic pass.

DAN (cont'd)

'Nother fun filled day in Cuyahoga County.

JACKSON

Day isn't over yet. We've still got paperwork to entertain us until the morning hours.

DAN

(beat)

I should have taken that job offer with the Browns.

JACKSON

They definitely can't get any worse.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DAN

Hey! That's my team you're dissing
there, Jacks!

Jackson begins laughing as Dan begins what will most likely be a mighty rant, and they enter the station and quickly disappear from sight.

That same familiar figure comes into view once more to partially block our take of the police station, stepping fully into the street.

We finally reverse our view find ourselves eye to eye with JEREKOV!

JEREKOV

Soon. But first, there's an old
score I have to settle.

He grins wickedly, taking a step towards us as we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF TEASER

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

3 INT. AIRPORT - MORNING

3

We catch up with, what seems to be, an infinite number of people hurrying through the heavily flowing airport.

As we take into the flow ourselves, we begin weaving between the endless bodies, apparently searching for someone.

As we squeeze in between a heavy set woman, clinging for life to her children, we come up on a familiar back of someone's head.

XANDER (O.S)

So, Italy... this is like a whole other country!

We quickly reverse our view to find XANDER and GILES walking quickly in our direction, staying in with the constant flow of traffic.

Xander looks round the airport's interior with a sense of wonder, whereas Giles already looks like this has been a very long trip indeed.

GILES

That's the general idea.

XANDER

(beat)

Not everyone here speaks Italian, right? I mean, there's got be the occasional person that speaks American.

GILES

English.

XANDER

Huh?

GILES

You mean, 'there's got to be the occasional person that speaks English.'

XANDER

No, I mean that I want to converse with someone who comprehends what I'm saying when I tell them that I want some french fries, or that I've got to go to the bathroom. Not that I want 'chips' or to go to the 'charlie'.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Giles only goes as far as to shoot a quick scowl in Xander's direction.

GILES

(annoyed)

The word you're looking for is
'loo.'

(beat; proudly)

And English, not surprisingly, has
become somewhat of a world
language, save the most outlying
third world countries that lack the
resources for satellite television.

XANDER

(shaking his head)

Look at you.

GILES

What?

XANDER

You couldn't be more smug about
yourself, could you?

(mocking Giles)

Mr. 'I hail from the greatest
country in the land; one that is
responsible for the English
language'. Let us not forget that
if it wasn't for America, that
language would be German and you
would hail from the still recently
re-dubbed 'England, Germany's
bitch' country.

(spotting something)

Ooh, corndogs!

Giles shakes his head as Xander hurries off to a tiny cart
just out of reach from the swarming hive of people.

From Giles' bemused expression, we cut to:

4

INT. CAB

4

Xander is quickly devouring the last of his corndogs as Giles
watches in dismay, looking back down at his watch.

GILES

That's five corndogs you've eaten
in under two minutes!

XANDER

It reminds me of home.

(beat; swallowing)

So where are we supposed to start
looking for this book of Guacamole?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GILES

The book of Garulah, and I'm really not certain. It's rumored to have been hidden somewhere within the city's walls sometime around the same time frame as the Black Plague, its location known only by a select few.

XANDER

The Black Plague... correct me if I'm wrong, but that was a really long time ago.

GILES

Well-

XANDER

So in theory, it could be on an entirely different continent by now.

GILES

(reluctantly)

It is possible, but according to my research, it was used in the 1970s, so the most logical assumption is that it is still somewhere in the vicinity.

(beat)

And when did you start theorizing?

XANDER

Oh, since I was about fifteen and monsters tried day and night to kill me, my friends, and their Watchers. I've just picked up some bigger words along the way to make it sound more professional, but it's still just me throwing wild guesses into the air.

(beat)

So, while you're out looking for this book...

Xander pulls out a thick set of papers.

XANDER (cont'd)

... I'm going to start working on this.

GILES

(confused)

A translation?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

XANDER

If only. This is Anya's shopping list.

GILES

(eyes the papers)
Good God!

XANDER

Apparently Italy was one of her favorite hangouts in her more 'vindictive' days. You wouldn't believe how hard it was to instill the small 'third trimester' flying rule into that woman's head, or she would have been here with us.

GILES

I didn't enlist your coming along so you could go shopping! I'm going to need help in finding this book.

XANDER

You don't even know where to start looking for it yet! When you get a rough idea, page me and I'll come running like a young Flash Gordon.

GILES

We're overseas. Your pager may not even work here!

XANDER

One step ahead of you.
(reaching in his pocket)
I bought this one at the airport while you were in the charlie.

GILES

(exasperated)
It's 'loo'!

XANDER

(to the driver)
Could you stop here, please?

GILES

What are you doing?

XANDER

(looking around)
Is this not a shopping district?

GILES

You can't-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

XANDER

Giles, I know that it's a big world
out there and you're scared to be
alone, but you're a grown man.

Xander puts his hand on Giles' shoulder.

XANDER (cont'd)

Face your fears.

GILES

But-

The cab door SLAMS SHUT, with Xander holding up his pager and
mouthing the words 'page me.'

Giles sits back in his seat as a loud sigh escapes from his
mouth.

GILES (cont'd)

I should have brought Willow...

The cab drives away, and we cut to:

5

INT. SUMMERS RESIDENCE - LOUNGE - EVENING

5

WILLOW steps lightly in front of us, her face brightened with
a smile, as she deals out orders.

WILLOW

Just a little bit higher.

(beat)

We've got to hurry, people! He's
going to be home soon.

ANYA (O.S)

Why is it, again, that the pregnant
lady who is almost, quite
literally, bursting, the one
standing on a chair, hanging
'Welcome Home' banners?

We quickly swift around to find ANYA standing on a chair with
the aforementioned 'Welcome Home Andrew!' banner held firmly
upon the wall, with MARIE holding up the other side.

Back on Willow, she frowns for a moment before allowing an
answer.

WILLOW

Because you took it from my hands,
and said that you were 'pregnant,
not helpless.'

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANYA

(beat)

Well, I've changed my mind. Come take this. The baby may well drop from my uterus with the increased altitude... which would be fine, I'd love to get her out, but she might hit her head when she fell to the floor, and with all the horror stories that you hear from people being dropped upon their heads as children, my God! That might be all that it needs to knock the Harris gene firmly in place!

Willow displays her patented 'someone is talking badly about Xander in my presence' face as she walks over to relieve Anya from her duties.

Anya steps down from the chair as Willow takes her end of the banner, and steps back to begin the task of makeshift supervisor.

Willow holds the banner up almost as high as she can, looking back to Anya for confirmation, to which Anya only seems to be staring off into the distance, but before Willow can ask, BUFFY enters the room, walking directly underneath the banner in progress.

BUFFY

How goes things on the decorations front?

ANYA

Do you think that Xander was dropped on his head as a child?

BUFFY

(beat; shrugs)

Could explain some things.

WILLOW

(offended)

Hey! Xander is out risking his life for us, and you're debating on whether or not he experienced head trauma as a child?

BUFFY

It sounds so bad when you say it that way.

WILLOW

(seemingly angry)

That's because it is bad!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

WILLOW(cont'd)

(coyly)

Is this straight?

BUFFY

As an arrow.

(beat)

Though, not the arrow that I shot
at that demon the other night - you
know, the one in the-

Willow's blank stare forces Buffy to stop.

BUFFY (cont'd)

(sheepishly)

It's straight.

Willow and Marie both pin their respective ends to the wall
and step down from their chairs.

MARIE

(playfully)

Thank goodness. I thought my arm
might dislodge from its socket if I
held it in that position any
longer!

(beat)

You girls should cherish your youth
while you have it. Before you know
it, you'll be an old bat like me
who gets winded merely by hanging
signs.

WILLOW

Don't be so cynical, Marie. You're
a very attractive woman.

ANYA

And you're definitely not a bat. If
I saw you as any winged animal, it
would be a pigeon.

Anya receives confused stares all around.

ANYA (cont'd)

You know, pigeons. Not that Marie
poops a lot, but how they have
nicely curved bodies and... you
need to stay away from me, Willow.
Your deviant ways are starting to
take their toll on my sexuality!

WILLOW

(beat; apathetically)

I don't think it's contagious.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

BUFFY

(interrupting)

All lesbianism aside, is everything else ready?

WILLOW

Let's see. Cake, ice cream, new 'Lord of the Rings' box set. He won't want to leave the house for days! Okay, well he really couldn't, even if he wanted to, with the whole recovering from a near death experience thing, but it's nice to know that he'll be comfortable.

ANYA

I still feel kind of bad.

BUFFY

Anya, what happened to Andrew isn't your fault. We've been over this.

ANYA

Well, this is the second time that the little thing has saved my life. It's like he's my guardian angel. Granted, an ill conceived and oddly shaped guardian angel, but he fits the bill nonetheless.

(thinking)

Though I did save his life in Sunnydale.

(upbeat)

Screw it, we're even.

BUFFY

(beat)

So, who's supposed to be picking him up, anyway?

Everyone stops and stares at Buffy, leaving her to look curiously back at them until she realizes what's going on.

BUFFY (cont'd)

('oh')

I think I'll just be going to do that then.

WILLOW

Buffy-

BUFFY

I know what you're thinking and it didn't slip my mind!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

BUFFY(cont'd)

I was just trying to make sure that
everything was...

(pouting)

... I'm a bad person, aren't I?

Without waiting for a possible confirmation, Buffy grabs her coat and heads for the door before we cut to:

6

INT. LIBRARY - MORNING

6

Giles is wondering through a shelled out library. A few books are lying on vacant shelves here and there, but for the most part, nothing. Tables lie turned over in the midst of a vast open area and appear as though they've been like so for some time.

As he walks through the remnants, Giles is startled when a voice rings out, nearly falling backwards into an empty shelf.

VOICE (O.S)

If it is answers that you seek, you
should consider searching
elsewhere.

Giles whips around to see a well dressed MAN standing easily across the large room from him. Shaggy, dark hair hangs out from underneath a concealing hat.

His posture suggests a great deal of arrogance as he leans unusually to one side and smiles back at Giles.

MAN

Contrary to popular belief, the
world's knowledge lies within the
world, not within the pages of its
books. And certainly not within an
abandoned library.

GILES

This library was flourishing the
last time that I was here, one of
the finest in Italy.

MAN

Quite so, but that was nearly ten
years ago. Many an event has
befallen this city in the moons
since you've taken a breath within
its walls.

Giles stares back in disbelief.

GILES

How did you know that?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAN
(confidently)
It's what I do.

GILES
(suspicious)
Who are you?

MAN
You must forgive me.

Giles tenses up as the man walks across the dust laden floors of the building.

MAN (cont'd)
I have somewhat of a taste for
dramatic entrances. I am the
Immortal.

He raises his head and we get a look at his face at last - roughishly handsome, with a neatly trimmed beard and tanned skin.

GILES
The Immortal?

He nods. Giles double takes.

GILES (cont'd)
(in disbelief)
Wait, the Immortal?

IMMORTAL
Indeed.

GILES
(still in disbelief)
The Immortal who has been around in
one form or another since the dawn
of mankind?

IMMORTAL
Hence the immortality implications
that accompany the name, Mr. Giles.

GILES
(surprised)
And... you know my name.

IMMORTAL
As I stated before, it is what I
do. My apologies if it unsettles
you, which I see it does.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

GILES

(beat)

How do I know that you're really the Immortal, as you claim you are, and not a common thief who somehow got their hands upon my personal information?

IMMORTAL

Would you rather argue sincerity, or find the Book of Garulah, which you seek?

GILES

(confused)

How did you-

IMMORTAL

It's a dreadful side effect of the aforementioned immortality. I'm allowed inside a person's mind whether I wish it or not, I'm afraid.

GILES

Then you know where I can find the book?

IMMORTAL

I do.

GILES

Are you willing to tell me where?

IMMORTAL

(beat)

I can sense that you are well intentioned even without allowing myself passage within your mind. I shall provide you with assistance in any form that I may.

GILES

(still skeptical)

Any help is much appreciated, but-

IMMORTAL

Excellent. Now that we've gotten the formalities behind us, we can retrieve your book.

The Immortal begins to walk quickly from the building and toward the door.

Giles hurries along behind him and stops short as he ventures the question:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

GILES

Do we have time to make a call?

Off of Giles' hopeful expression, we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

7 INT. SUMMERS RESIDENCE - EVENING

7

The front door slowly swings open to reveal a crutched ANDREW hobbling uneasily through the doorway.

Before he can even look up a collective 'SURPRISE!!' rings out as though it was a birthday party, nearly sending him back onto the floor until Buffy catches him.

BUFFY
(to Andrew)
You okay?

She helps him back on his crutches and then looks back to everyone else.

BUFFY (cont'd)
I think we could have done without
the collective screaming at the
hobbling wonder!

ANDREW
Hey!

BUFFY
Sorry... reflex.

ANDREW
(to everyone)
No, it's great! I didn't even think
you guys realized that I was gone.
(quickly)
Is there cake?

WILLOW
Damn right there is!

Everyone stops and looks at Willow for a moment - did Willow just curse?

WILLOW (cont'd)
(innocently)
What? I'm just a little excited.
That's all.

BUFFY
(cheerfully)
And rightfully so, Will. We've
gotten back one of our own.

ANDREW
Ah, you guys. I don't know what to
say.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANDREW(cont'd)

(beat)

Except, could you move out of the way? My legs are still feeling weak, and all this standing is making me kind of dizzy.

WILLOW

Oh, sorry.

Everyone realizes that they're in the way and quickly begin shuffling out of the way, allowing Andrew to make his way toward the lounge.

Willow smiles gleefully and waves as he passes, with everyone else giving their hellos.

MARIE

Welcome back, Andrew.

ANDREW

Uh, thanks, but I really need to tell you guys about this dream I had, because I think I figured-

ANYA

(interrupts)

I'm happy that you're not dead!

Anya goes in and hugs Andrew, awkwardly, his crutches and her stomach.

JEREKOV (O.S)

Give it time. I've only just arrived.

Everyone quickly whips around to wide open door to see a confident Jerekov standing in the doorway.

Buffy sees him and quickly turns back to the others.

BUFFY

(arrogantly)

Oh look, it's the guy whose ass we kicked back into another dimension!

She turns back around to stare at him with a cocky tilt of the head.

BUFFY (cont'd)

Let me guess, you're a masochist. Can't get enough of the pain, right?

Jerekov stands defiantly, staring back at her with a small smile on his face.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BUFFY (cont'd)
(shrugs)
At least you came to the right
place.

With that, Buffy swings around with a heavy BACKHAND that
does little to effect him.

BUFFY (cont'd)
Oh wait, that was a different guy.
(turns back to the others)
Is this the demon or the warlock?
(to Jerekov)
There are just so many of you evil,
dark overlord types that we come
across and after a while you all
just do kind of a blendy thing.

JEREKOV
(smirks)
Your arrogance, I find amusing.
Your powers, I find lacking and
your witch, I find useless.

WILLOW
Hey, mister! I'll have you know
that I'm the one that-

Before Willow can finish her sentence, a familiar red light
FLASHES forth from Jerekov's palm and hits Willow.

WILLOW (cont'd)
(beat; worried)
...is useless!

Willow looks down at her hands, knowing what's wrong straight
away. She throws a worried look at Buffy.

WILLOW (cont'd)
Buffy, my powers!

BUFFY
What-

Jerekov picks her up by the throat.

JEREKOV
It's very tempting to kill you now,
only then you wouldn't be around to
witness the death of your friends,
and that...
(grins)
That would take the fun out of it
all.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

The smile on his face quickly disappears, and with a FLARE of green light, Jerekov DISAPPEARS, dropping Buffy to her feet as she gasps for air.

As Buffy raises her head back up from a deep gasp, Jerekov is gone, and Marie breathes a sigh of relief, closing a spell book.

MARIE

Are you okay? I didn't think I'd
get that incantation out in time!

BUFFY

(rubbing her throat)
Of course. Not the first time I've
been strangled.
(beat)
And how creepy did that come out?

MARIE

That spell should have sent him a
few miles away, we're safe for the
time being.

Buffy stands and hurries to Willow.

BUFFY

Will, are you okay?

ANYA

This is just great! You know, back
in the old days, when a demon was
vanquished, that meant that it was
vanquished in the sense that it's
not coming back!
(thinking)
I really miss those days.

ANDREW

I thought he was a warlock?

WILLOW

He is. Jerekov? Come on, guys, it
was just last year that Buffy stuck
the scythe in his back.

BUFFY

(realizing)
And it didn't kill him... he tried
to get Xander's soul! Why didn't I
remember that?
(beat; confused)
How did he get out?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

WILLOW

How did he take my powers would be the more pertinent question.

ANYA

Are you sure they're gone? Have you tried them?

WILLOW

I don't have to try them. I can feel them... or the lack of them, anyway.

BUFFY

Gone for good?

WILLOW

(worried)

I don't know. I don't think so. I still feel kind of tingly.

BUFFY

Okay, you figure that out, I'll call Jackson and try to track Jerekov down, but, Will... hurry. If this goes down anything like last time, we're probably going to need some major portalage.

Willow nods as Buffy reaches for her phone.

8

INT. JACKSON'S CAR

8

Jackson is driving speedily through a suburban neighborhood as both he and Buffy are steadily scouring the streets.

BUFFY

He could be anywhere by now.

JACKSON

No need for pessimism. We'll find him. We always do.

BUFFY

Don't go all 'shiny, happy guy' on me. Something is really up with this one. Stopping by to drain Willow of her powers? Not thinking it can be a good sign.

JACKSON

What do you think he's up to?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BUFFY

Something that he doesn't want
disturbed by being sucked back into
a portal.

JACKSON

You think Marie's spell slowed him
down?

BUFFY

An axe buried in his back only
pissed him off last time. I think
being banished was just an
appetizer.

(beat)

But still... thanks for helping me
out. I know you've probably got
police stuff to be doing, and the
last thing you need is me dragging
you back into all my problems all
over again, but-

JACKSON

I'm always here to help, Buffy, you
know that.

BUFFY

(smiles)

Maybe there's someone out there who
wants me alive after all.

JACKSON

There is.

Buffy inquisitively looks back to him, waiting for a
response. Jackson glances across at her and grins.

JACKSON (cont'd)

Me.

Buffy can't help but crack a small smile at Jackson's
comment, quickly turning away to look back out the window.

As we watch a warm smile spread across her face, we cut to:

9 INT. ITALY - CAFE - DAY

9

A small cafe is bustling with activity as workers hurry out
orders to their respective tables.

As we take notice of a cute waitress standing just on screen,
the front door opens and a stack of boxes emerge from the
daylight with legs carrying them in.

As the boxes continue toward us, a voice rings out to
redirect the packages.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GILES (O.S)

Xander!

Xander's head pokes out from behind one of the boxes, and he spots Giles sitting with the Immortal in a corner booth.

He hurries over, sitting the boxes promptly on the ground before sighing loudly and taking a seat. He looks over at the Immortal, and then back to Giles.

XANDER

You hired a guide?

The Immortal motions to the stack of boxes with his head.

IMMORTAL

For Anya?

Xander forces a chuckle and quickly looks back to Giles.

XANDER

I think 'my friend Xander' would have been an appropriate allowance of information for a complete stranger, not a full marital history!

IMMORTAL

I often observe people complaining that this world is void of justice, but if a former demon can find a husband as devoted as yourself based on the goodness of her soul, then those people must be nothing more than whiny little bitches.

A beat, then Xander forces another quick laugh and turns furiously to Giles.

XANDER

(to Immortal)

Excuse me.

(angrily to Giles)

You told the guide my life story?!

GILES

(annoyed)

He's not our guide - well in the strictest sense of the word, I suppose that he is, but he's also got a slight case of omnipotence.

XANDER

So you tell him the story of your friend Xander who's having a baby to rub it in his face?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

XANDER(cont'd)

Jesus, Giles, you really can't be
left alone, can you?

GILES

(wearily)

Xander, the man's not sterile, he's
all knowing.

XANDER

Oh... omnipotent.

(beat)

Wait, what's the word for dead
tadpoles then?

The Immortal smiles and brings things back on topic.

IMMORTAL

My name is the Immortal.

XANDER

Of course it is. I'm 'Walks on
Water'...

(motioning to Giles)

...and this is my trusty sidekick
'he who can't tell a guide from a
crazy homeless man on the street'.

(to Immortal)

No offense.

IMMORTAL

None taken.

GILES

(to Xander)

If you're quite finished, I'd like
to be on our way. We are working on
somewhat of a time frame here.

XANDER

Fine, but when we end up in
Australia, I want you to remember
who hired the potentially sadistic
and most likely drug impaired
guide.

GILES

(to Immortal)

May we go now?

IMMORTAL

At your discretion.

The trio stand from the booth, and we cut to:

10 EXT. ITALY - STREETS. DAY.

10

The Immortal walks along the crowded streets, a few steps ahead of Giles and Xander, as Xander interrogates Giles.

XANDER

Why didn't you tell me that the man was some sort of a demi-god before I insulted him countless times?

GILES

I'm not really certain what he is, and besides, I did. If you were to release your asinine sense of sarcasm for a moment's time, you might have heard it.

XANDER

He's going to kill me, isn't he? He's luring us off to some remote location so he can take his time in doing it!

GILES

He's not going to kill you. He's one of the good guys... as far as I'm aware, anyhow.

XANDER

(beat; to Immortal)

Excuse me! Where did you say that the book was located again?

IMMORTAL

In an underground labyrinth, well outside of town.

XANDER

(quietly to Giles)

Labyrinth... he used the word 'labyrinth'!

(worried)

I'm so dead.

Off of Xander's pale expression, we cut to:

11 INT. JACKSON'S CAR - NIGHT

11

Buffy and Jackson are still on the lookout, but coming up short, with each of them looking as though they are tiring.

JACKSON

Okay... I'm starting to think that maybe your pessimistic attitude was the way to go after all.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACKSON(cont'd)

Not counting trees and your random shrubberies, there hasn't been anything resembling a six foot five warlock roaming the streets.

BUFFY

I didn't need help with the 'not so sure' attitude, Jackson. One of us has to at least act like we believe we're going to find him. And I, for one, vote for that person to be you.

JACKSON

(playfully)

Fine, but just know that I don't like it.

BUFFY

Anyway, off topic for a second, how's Shanna?

JACKSON

Honestly? I have no idea. Dan asked me earlier, and I'll say what I said to him. She's seen a lot more of the world than I realised since she's been gone.

BUFFY

No kidding! Recognising a demon that had laid an egg in my stomach, and then knowing how to get it out without hurting me?

(sighs)

Has she spoken to you about it yet?

JACKSON

No, and I'm not going to push her for an explanation 'till she's ready. I don't want her running out on me again just yet, at least not till she's told me where she's been!

Jackson concentrates on his driving, and there's a moment of silence before Buffy speaks again.

BUFFY

(sighing)

Still, he's got to be out there somewhere. Surely he didn't just come to town to wreak vengeance on Willow by taking her powers!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JEREKOV (O.S)
Maybe not, but don't call me
Shirley.

Buffy and Jackson whip around to see Jerekov sitting calmly in the back seat, smiling.

Jackson instinctively goes for his gun, but before he can get anywhere close Jerekov sends a patented RED FLASH through him, leaving him unconscious and the car speeding toward a street light.

The car CRASHES into the street light, the windscreen SMASHING as Buffy and Jackson are thrown around by the impact.

We stay inside the car for a second, looking in on the stunned duo, cut and bloody from the smash, before we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ACT THREE

12

INT. JACKSON'S CAR. NIGHT.

12

Shaking her head as she recovers from the impact, Buffy quickly looks around. With Jerekov nowhere in sight, she switches her attention quickly back to Jackson.

BUFFY

Jackson, are you alright? Jackson!!

After the outburst, Jackson slowly begins to stir, looking helplessly around at his environment.

JACKSON

(groggy)

I'm fine.

(beat)

Where's the... thingy?

BUFFY

I don't know. He Houdinied out on us again. Are you sure you're okay? There's blood.

JACKSON

(smiling)

I'm good. Not the first time I've wrecked into something.

Buffy forces a smile back, but concern is boldly present upon her face. She starts to open her mouth again, but before she can get a syllable out, she's interrupted by:

JEREKOV (O.S)

Just because I don't plan on killing you just yet, doesn't mean that we can't have a little fun before it starts.

Buffy sighs, throws a last glance at the stunned Jackson and then steps out of the car. Jerekov waits for her to make her way over to him.

BUFFY

(angrily)

Before what starts?! The ass kicking? You'd better make it quick, because this time, I'm the one who's really pissed off.

JEREKOV

Foolish-

Buffy doesn't give him time to finish an insult when she jumps across the hood of the car and lands a heavy ROUNDHOUSE to his face.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The warlock stumbles back a step, She quickly follows with a combination of PUNCHES and a nasty KNEE to his groin, actually allowing a yelp of pain from Jerekov's mouth.

Before he can recover from that, Buffy lands an almighty UPPERCUT to the warlock's jaw, sending him sprawling, flat on his back.

Buffy stands over his body for a moment's time, observing the lifelessness before she quickly rushes back over to Jackson's side of the smoking car.

BUFFY

Jackson!

JACKSON

(still dazed)

Yeah?

BUFFY

We've got to get Willow here, now! He's out, but I don't know for how long. If there's one thing that I've learned from almost a decade of slaying, it's that the bad guys are never really dead until I see dust, flames, or some kind of dimensional portal.

JACKSON

(out of it)

I-

BUFFY

Jackson! We don't have time for comas. Do you have your cell phone?!

Jackson raises up all of a sudden, as though he'd been struck by lightning.

JACKSON

Buffy!

Before Buffy can even turn around, a BOLT OF ENERGY hits her, throwing her violently to the ground.

Jerekov walks slowly into view and takes his turn at standing over Buffy.

JEREKOV

Had it not been for your arrogance, you might have defeated me. Now this world will be overran with hell spawn from the gateway that has laid beneath you all along!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Jerekov's dramatic moment is interrupted by close to a dozen GUNSHOTS firing off, penetrating Jerekov's skin, one by one.

Though he looks affected, he closes his eyes for a moment and is quickly overtaken by a red glow.

Moments later, the bullets slowly emerge from his body and hover in front of him until he opens his eyes again, leaving the bullets to fall the ground.

Jerekov turns to see Jackson standing uneasily, propped up in the corner of the driver side door, and begins laughing.

JEREKOV (cont'd)
(shaking head)
Humans and your guns. Did you
honestly believe that something as
futile as a bullet could end my
life?

BUFFY (O.S)
No, but they got you to give up the
rest of your plan.

Jerekov falls as a recovered Buffy SWEEP KICKS him to the ground.

BUFFY (cont'd)
Opening the Hellmouth? Why don't
you just build a giant laser to
blow up the world, Dr. Evil?

JEREKOV
You're going to-

BUFFY
Pay? Yeah, I get that a lot. I
never was the kind of girl to keep
her mouth shut. Some men just can't
handle that.

Jerekov raises his hand to use a spell, but as soon as he does, another GUNSHOT cries out, leaving Jerekov's hand back on the ground. Buffy turns back to Jackson with a smile.

BUFFY (cont'd)
(happily)
Thank you.

JACKSON
No problem.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

BUFFY

(to Jerekov)

So, what we're going to do now is
wait for Willow to get here, and
when she does, you'll be sucked
back into that dimensional void.
Yay us!

Jerekov ducks his head, looking as though he's been defeated,
closing his eyes.

BUFFY (cont'd)

Oh, don't cry. You had to have saw
this coming. I'm the...

Before Buffy can finish, Jerekov DISAPPEARS before our eyes.

BUFFY (cont'd)

... Slayer.

(beat; blinks)

Great! He could be in Cambodia by
now!

JACKSON

Or, he could be stealing a car out
in front of the house.

There's a SMASH of breaking glass, and Buffy looks round to
see Jerekov breaking the window out of a car parked along the
street.

She starts to run over, but Jerekov touches the ignition to
magically start the car, speeding away in a cloud of tire
smoke.

Sirens begin to ring out in the distance and we see a fire
truck quickly approaching. Buffy turns back to Jackson.

BUFFY

Are you going to be-

JACKSON

I'm fine. Go. Someone's got to be
here to explain what happened.

Buffy forces a smile at him and takes off in a dead sprint
down the road, leaving Jackson leaning up against the car,
looking around at the scene.

JACKSON (cont'd)

(to himself)

Though I have no idea what I'm
going to tell them...

Off of Jackson's wondering gaze, we cut to:

13 INT. UNDERGROUND LABYRINTH - DAY

13

Xander and Giles are standing uneasily in front of a complex maze, staring in disdain at what they know lies before them.

The place looks like a scene from Indiana Jones with walls ten feet high, closing off the narrow corridors.

GILES

(to Immortal)

And you're certain that this is where the Book of Garulah is housed?

IMMORTAL

Utterly certain. I've seen it with my own eyes, read from its pages, and absorbed all of the knowledge within.

XANDER

So, really, we don't even have to go through this hell-like maze. I mean, you could just tell us what the book says and we could be on our way... after I find a 13th century Pendant of Teretnalum, that is.

Giles looks curiously back to Xander.

XANDER (cont'd)

It's the last thing on the list.

IMMORTAL

It is not my place to divulge such information. Only completion of the journey may deem you worthy of the riches that lie within.

XANDER

(excitedly)

Riches?

GILES

He means in the book.

XANDER

Like a treasure map?

IMMORTAL

Each section of the maze is based on separate mental and physical challenges. You should make certain that you use each of your assets to the utmost of your abilities.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

XANDER
(beat; to Giles)
After you.

IMMORTAL
Good luck.

Giles and Xander step to the edge of the first section of the maze and inspect the insignias etched into the wall.

GILES
It's a derivative of an ancient
Sumerian dialect...
(sighing)
... known best for the tricky
subtext that typically lies within
its passages.
(to Immortal)
Can you...

When Giles turns back, the Immortal is gone.

GILES (cont'd)
Well, that wasn't entirely
unexpected...

XANDER
Maybe the subtext is that we're
wasting our time. How do we know
that the book is even here? This
guy could be yanking our respective
chains!

GILES
It's the only lead that we've got
to go on. Until proven otherwise,
we'll treat this as the real thing.
(beat)
I'm not overly sure what this text
is trying to tell us.

XANDER
Maybe this isn't a mental test. The
guy said that there were mental and
physical tests. This one could be a
physical test, where we're supposed
to jump from that statue onto the
top of the walls.

GILES
I don't-

Xander gets anxious and takes a step into the corridor, but no sooner has he done so, than a spear is released from a hidden patch in the wall, missing Xander by inches.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

XANDER

(beat)

Or... it could be a mental test.

From Xander's increasingly nervous look, we cut to:

14

INT. SUMMERS RESIDENCE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

14

Willow is standing alone in the kitchen. She's leaned firmly against the bar, focusing all her attentions on a large bowl on the counter.

Anya enters the room and stops as she takes note of Willow's concentration.

ANYA

Still no luck?

WILLOW

Unless you count bad luck. It's useless, I've been trying for over two hours and I can't even move a piece of stupid tupperware. Look at it, mocking me with its dumb little handles.

ANYA

Huh...

(beat)

Marie! Willow's gone crazy.

Willow rolls her eyes as Marie enters the kitchen.

MARIE

Still nothing?

ANYA

She's talking to bowls... calling them names.

WILLOW

I don't know what he did to me, but I can't focus my energies onto anything. It's like I've been stripped of the very essence of wicca. I'm wiccaless!

MARIE

There's got to be a way to reverse the process. I've been scouring every passage that I can think of on the subject. I haven't found anything yet, but I will.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANYA

Until then, someone should keep an eye on her because the last time that she went all crazy, she sprouted veins and got all fillet happy with people.

WILLOW

I'm not going to turn evil!

ANYA

That's what you said last time!

Willow starts to retort, but Marie interrupts her.

MARIE

Anya, dear, come help me in the living room.

Anya reluctantly follows Marie from the room, but turns back to Willow before going to far.

ANYA

I'm watching you!

Anya and Marie disappear, leaving Willow alone again, staring relentlessly at the bowl before her.

WILLOW

(angrily)

Stupid bowl...

15 INT. SUMMERS RESIDENCE - LOUNGE

15

Andrew is sitting alone in the lounge, watching his newly acquired 'Lord of the Rings' DVDs, mouthing out all the words along with the actors when the front door flies open.

Jackson rushes through the door and stops when he sees Andrew.

JACKSON

Where is everyone?

ANDREW

(sighs; sulkily)

Seeing as none of them wanted to listen to what I've got to tell them, I'm sitting here and watching my movies.

JACKSON

(urgent)

Andrew, where is everyone?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANDREW

(agitated)

I don't know, I'm kind of on
crutches here! It's hard to get up
and down!

JACKSON

Are they in the house?

ANDREW

(looks up at last)

What happened to your head?

JACKSON

Andrew!!

ANDREW

Okay, fine! I think Willow's in the
kitchen but I'm not fetching her,
Frodo is trying to complete his
seemingly impossible quest and I'm
trying to watch him do so in 5.1
Dolby Digital Surround Sound, so
come back later!

Jackson angrily shakes his head and runs out of the room.

16 INT. SUMMERS RESIDENCE - KITCHEN

16

Willow is still facing off with the bowl with no more luck
than she had before when Jackson runs in. She takes in his
frantic expression and knows something's up.

WILLOW

Jackson, what happened? Where's
Buffy?

JACKSON

We ran into Jerekov again and she
went after him. We need your help,
are you all magicked up?

WILLOW

(pouts)

No. I can't even do a simple
levitation spell!

JACKSON

You'll have to work on it in the
car, then, 'cause we don't have
much time.

WILLOW

(worried)

What happened? Is Buffy alright?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACKSON

Yeah, Buffy kicked his ass, but he got away. We're not going to be able to stop him for long, Willow. We're going to need a portal or some kind of powerful mojo, fast.

WILLOW

Hey, I'm right there with you, but I just can't do anything. I'm useless.

JACKSON

You can tell Buffy that when we get there. Let's go.

Almost reluctantly, Willow follows Jackson out of the kitchen. As they disappear from view, we cut to:

17 INT. UNDERGROUND LABYRINTH - DAY

17

After staring at an empty spot of floor for a few moments, we see Xander and Giles both FLY into view, rolling across the floor just before a large wall of flames comes dashing in just behind them.

Both men stop and lie dead on their backs as they stare up at the ceiling, panting for breath.

GILES

That went well...

XANDER

What? I couldn't hear you over the voices in my head that keep screaming for me to get the hell out of here!

GILES

Don't be such a pessimist, we've still got each of our body parts and we've completed a great deal of the maze. This venture is a success, no matter how you look at it.

XANDER

(beat)

What do you think is next?

GILES

Hard to say, really.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

XANDER

As long as it's not fire, I'm good.
I don't want to ever witness the
act of fire again unless it's to
flame grill my Whopper.

GILES

Better than the poison arrows from
the second phase.

XANDER

Those were poison?! One nicked me
in the leg!

GILES

I wouldn't worry too much about it.
If it was meant to kill you, it
would have done so by now.

XANDER

(groans)
I hate my life.

As they stand up, they see what appears to be the final task
as a book lies upon an empty table at the path's end.

GILES

See? I told you that all is well.
This is the last task.

XANDER

Being at the end isn't necessarily
a good thing. The tests have been
getting harder as we've gone along.
We'll probably have to face an army
of midgets.

GILES

At least we would have a height
advantage. It would be the first of
its kind that we've had today.

(beat)
Ready?

XANDER

Would it change things if I said
no?

Without giving any kind of answer, Giles steps into the final
section with Xander following closely behind.

A few cautious steps later, they find that nothing is
happening.

GILES

That can't be good.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

XANDER
(nervous)
It can't?

GILES
One would assume...

Giles is interrupted by a deep GROWL that comes from somewhere just behind them and off screen.

XANDER
If I pretend that I didn't hear
that, do you think it will go away?

GILES
Not likely.

Xander and Giles slowly turn around to see an extraordinarily large DEMON standing before them, its razor like teeth overlapping its bottom lip and hanging down nearly to its chin. Long black hair covers the beast from top to bottom, glowing red eyes stare angrily at the two men, and though it doesn't appear to need it, the demon bears a massive broadsword in its right hand.

XANDER
You think this is a mental test?

GILES
I think this is a run for your life
test.

XANDER
There's nowhere to run!

GILES
That's the test then, isn't it?

Xander and Giles look to one another for a moment and quickly turn around and run to the back wall, searching desperately for some kind of plan.

After that goes all to hell, they lean up against the wall and look to one another again.

XANDER
I left my cheat sheet at home. Any
ideas?

On the wall, next to Giles, rests a couple of short swords, like a coat of arms. Giles grabs them both and tosses one to Xander.

GILES
Not dying would be a sufficient
starting point!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

XANDER

Sounds simple enough...

Just as he gets the words out, he has to duck underneath the swinging sword of the quickly approaching demon.

He retreats to the center of the room as he and Giles come to stand side by side.

The demon charges once more, this time at Giles. Giles avoids the attack and swings around with the sword, SLICING through the demon's skin and forcing a dark ROAR.

The demon spins around, knocking Giles to the ground as he does so.

As the demon raises his sword for the kill, however, Xander THRUSTS his sword into the demon's side, driving the blade thoroughly into the demon's inner workings.

The demon falls to the ground as Giles quickly stands up, looking immensely happy.

GILES

Nicely done.

XANDER

If I do say so my-

Xander is interrupted by GROAN that comes from just off screen. The demon is slowly making its way to its feet, pulling the sword from its side and tossing it upon the ground as it stands up.

XANDER (cont'd)

(apathetically)

Ah, hamburgers.

The demon takes another SWING of its sword which narrowly misses Giles, once more.

Both men are unarmed, trying only to avoid being struck as the beast swings furiously at them both.

After several more attempts, Xander has to jump quickly out of the way to slightly avoid the sword, but in doing so, trips and falls to the ground.

As he tries frantically to make it to his feet, he stumbles and the demon has prime opportunity to strike and does just that.

As the demon swings, it appears as though Xander is done for until Giles DIVES and knocks Xander to the ground.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

In doing so, however, Giles is left directly in the path of the sword.

As the sword gets closer and closer to Giles, with nowhere for the Watcher to dodge, we push right in on him and:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

18

INT. UNDERGROUND LABYRINTH. DAY.

18

The demon's sword starts to slice through Giles - but as it connects with him, both the demon and the sword DISAPPEAR.

Giles jumps from the ground and grabs his side, but there's nothing. He looks over to Xander and the two share a bemused look for several moments before:

IMMORTAL

Excellent!

XANDER

(beat; confused)

What the hell just happened?!

IMMORTAL

You passed the test.

XANDER

And the demon was what, an illusion?

IMMORTAL

Something of the sort. Why don't you enlighten him, Mr. Giles?

Giles looks slowly back at the Immortal and then to Xander.

GILES

(catching on)

It was all just for show.

IMMORTAL

Precisely. And when your friend forfeited his own life in order to save your own, that show ended.

XANDER

So what you're telling me is that the whole point of this little sadist's fairy tale is to die?

IMMORTAL

It's different for every person, actually. Its entire design functions based solely upon a person's, or team in your case, focal points. In your case, it was your ability to work as a team and to show compassion for one another, despite the incessant bickering.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

XANDER

What kind of maniac built this thing?

IMMORTAL

I did.

GILES

This is...
(beat)
... what?

IMMORTAL

The book of Garulah belongs to me, Mr. Giles. I bartered a deal that allowed it to be first written in the 14th century - two goats and an anointed pig's tongue, if I do recall.

XANDER

Wait, so you just send people on your sick little missions when they want one of your books?

IMMORTAL

No. Typically, I do not allow such a valuable piece of historical text to leave my possession. You are the third and fourth persons to ever grace these halls in search of something I have to offer. The first two were looking for the treasure of the Knights Templar.

GILES

(amazed)
You possessed the treasure of the Knights Templar?

IMMORTAL

They were under the impression that I did.

(beat)

In truth, Alexander, I use the test as a way to better learn a person. I'm allowed inside a person's mind quite readily, but what a person thinks of him or herself is an entirely different matter than how he or she may handle themselves when placed in a situation of peril.

GILES

Why us?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

IMMORTAL

Because you have something that I require as well. The test wasn't the determining factor in you acquiring the book.

XANDER

(to Giles)

Are you following this? Because he lost me at 'Excellent!'

GILES

And what is it that you require of us?

IMMORTAL

Your assistance.

GILES

In what?

IMMORTAL

An acquisition. When I learned of a Watcher coming to Italy, not only a Watcher, but the Watcher of the true slayer, I saw opportunity to gain assistance in a matter that has recently come to my attention.

(beat)

So I offer you the Book of Garulah in exchange for your uncompromising assistance in an area that you can most surely prove useful.

(beat)

Do we have an accord?

As Giles and Xander exchange curious looks, we cut to:

19

EXT. OUTSIDE POLICE STATION - NIGHT

19

The car that we saw Jerekov lifting SCREECHES into the parking lot of the police station, and he hurries out the best he can, hobbling a bit as he does so.

He starts up the steps leading to the police station's entrance, but looks up and stop sharply, seeing something he didn't expect.

Buffy stands on the steps to the police station, arms crossed, a smirk on her face.

BUFFY

Tell me you didn't think you were going to win, because that's just kind of pathetic.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JEREKOV

How could you-

BUFFY

Beat you here on foot? This is my town now, or didn't you get that memo in your dimension? Shortest distance between point 'A' and point 'B' is a straight line.

(smiling)

I learned that in college. It's true, I'm a dropout, but I like to think that my time there was well spent.

JEREKOV

But you...

BUFFY

Knew where to find the Hellmouth? Yeah, here's a little advice. Next time you go 'casing a joint,' don't do it in a free flowing wizard's cape dragging the ground behind you. We don't have a lot of Harry Potter wannabes around here and it looks kind of suspicious.

JEREKOV

(beat; angrily)

I'm going to peel the flesh from your bones, you insolent little wench!!

BUFFY

Let me know how that works out for you.

With that, Jerekov releases a lightning-like blast from his palms that Buffy narrowly avoids, jumping from the steps and rolling from harm's way.

The blast hits the front doors of the police station and DETONATES the entrance.

Buffy quickly jumps to her feet and runs across the front lawn of the station, just a hair in front of the constant attack of lightning bolts.

With Buffy on the run, Jerekov hurries into the station, still limping, but ignoring the pain in his mad dash.

20 INT. POLICE STATION - LOBBY 20

Jerekov rushes through the police station that stands eerily empty. Not a soul is in sight as he rushes through the main lobby and through a set of large doors.

21 INT. POLICE STATION - BASEMENT 21

The door to the basement FLIES open and Jerekov quickly descends the stairs.

The second that he hits the bottom of the stairs and turns the corner, however, he's met by Jackson and a 12 gauge.

Jackson allows himself a quick grin, then FIRES, letting off three rounds that work to send Jerekov flying violently to the ground once more.

Jerekov lies, coughing weakly, on the ground as Jackson comes to stand above him.

JACKSON
Buckshot's a little different,
isn't it? Might take a little
longer to get all those tiny pieces
out of your system.

A noise grabs Jerekov's attention, and he slowly moves his head to see Willow kneeling in the middle of the room, in deep concentration.

JEREKOV
(laughing)
You brought the witch? I hate to be
the bearer of bad news, but she is
weak and powerless. You may as well
have brought another of your guns!

With that, Jerekov closes his eyes and the red light forms around him once more... and after a few moments, the tiny pieces of lead begin to spring forth from his body, one by one. Jackson aims the shotgun at him again.

JACKSON
Let's see if we can't make your job
a little harder.

Before Jackson can fire off another round, however, Jerekov GLOWS RED and disappears again.

JEREKOV (O.S)
And let's see if we can't send you
to the afterlife!

Jackson swings around, but it's too late. Jerekov releases a massive UPPERCUT that sends him sailing through the air.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Before he can even hit the ground, Jerekov sends another bolt that's a direct hit. Jackson finally hits the ground and appears down for the count.

JEREKOV (cont'd)
Now for the witch.

He starts walking toward Willow who doesn't look up from her concentration.

JEREKOV (cont'd)
Your little group of lackeys has proven more troublesome than I might have thought. It's of no matter. Directly beneath you is the Hellmouth that waits only for my command. This day is inevitable. Your fight means nothing. You-

In mid-sentence, a sword SLICES through Jerekov's throat, leaving his head to tumble to the ground, followed shortly thereafter by his body.

BUFFY
I am tired of hearing you speak!
You're evil. We get it!

Buffy drops the sword and hurries over to Jackson, but before she can get more than two steps into her path, she senses something and quickly turns around to find Jerekov standing before her again.

BUFFY (cont'd)
Why can't this ever be easy?

She goes to punch him, but he easily deflects the punch and deals a heavy BACKHAND which knocks Buffy to the floor.

She's quick to get up, but before she can do anything, Jerekov kicks her legs out from underneath her. Buffy hits the ground hard, an audible gasp from her mouth.

JEREKOV
Weak! I thought that you might have learned by now that your primitive methods are useless against me. I'm the bringer of death, and you are but an insect at my feet!

WILLOW (O.S)
Why don't you pick on someone your own size, then?

Jerekov whips around to find Willow standing behind him, no longer looking unsure of herself.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Her stance exudes confidence, as she waits for him to make any kind of a move.

JEREKOV

Witch.

WILLOW

Sorcerer.

JEREKOV

(nods)

So you broke the lock I had placed on your powers. Impressive! And now, you wish to watch the final moments of your friends' lives. I respect that. One moment, and I'll give you a preview.

He turns back to Buffy and raises his hand to slap her again, but is interrupted:

WILLOW

I've got a better idea. Sit.

As Willow releases the last word, Jerekov quickly slumps down to the floor, against his own will. He glares back up at Willow, dumbfounded by her actions.

JEREKOV

You cannot do this to me, you have no comprehension of what-

WILLOW

Quiet.

Jerekov's mouth shuts tightly as he continues trying to talk, but accomplishes nothing in doing so.

WILLOW (cont'd)

This is what's going to happen. You're not going to bother us ever again. Your time is up, and for good this time. I'm not going to send you another dimension. That's too lenient for something like you. Instead, I'm going to skip all the normal pleasantries... and send you straight to Hell.

Willow smiles, almost sadistically, at Jerekov who is trying furiously to move.

A moment later, she closes her eyes and takes a deep breath and a bright, radiant LIGHT begins to encompass her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Buffy shakes off the thump to the head and slowly begins to look up from the floor to see willow glowing.

BUFFY

Will?!

The ground beneath them begins to RUMBLE, leaving Buffy to near freak out, pulling herself up against the wall.

Willow is unscathed, however, as the floor beneath her feet begins to uproot itself and fly violently throughout the room.

After a few moments and a several layers of brick and dirt, we're able to see the HELLMOUTH!

With almost identical engravings as the old seal in Sunnydale, the gateway takes on that same glowing aura that encircles Willow. She finally opens her eyes and stares at a horrifically frightened Jerekov.

A moment later, Jerekov is swept from the ground and sucked downward into the hole that lies underneath a now floating Willow, screaming all the way.

With a blink of her eyes, Willow finds herself standing back on the ground, all cleaned up. No debris, no mess... everything is just as it was.

Buffy stares at Willow in awe, leaving Willow smiling warmly back at her.

WILLOW

Now try and tell me that wasn't cool.

Buffy looks more concerned than happy as we dissolve to:

22

INT. SUMMERS RESIDENCE - LOUNGE - LATER

22

The entire gang is gathered around the lounge, listening to willow's story.

ANYA

And you just sent him back to Hell? That's genius. Why haven't you been doing that all along?

WILLOW

I would... if I had any idea that I could!

MARIE

So your powers just came back to you, just like that?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILLOW

(beat)

I don't think they were ever really gone. I mean, I know that he hit me with some kind of spell and I could feel the powers draining out of me, but when I sat down in the basement at the police station and finally got semi-calm, I could feel them... that they had never really left; and that they couldn't leave. I know that doesn't make much sense, but it was amazing.

MARIE

Well, they're back. That's all that matters.

ANYA

And you sent that bastard back to the Hell from whence he came!

Everyone glances over at Anya's declaration.

ANYA (cont'd)

What? I'm a thousand years old, I can use the word 'whence!'

ANDREW

I think it's cool, Willow. It's like this new side of you that you didn't even know you had.

(excitedly)

You're like Peter Parker when he gets bit by the genetically mutated spider. You're Spider- Wicca!

ANYA

Andrew, sweetie, I know that you're recently out of the hospital, but I'm still going to call you a dumbass when you deserve it.

ANDREW

Um, yeah, about the hospital, when I was in my coma, I had this, uh, vision thing, or something, kind of like when Spider-Man got taken out to Africa by Ezekiel to learn more about his powers, and I saw-

Before Andrew can finish his story, the doorbell rings. He sighs, exasperated, as the others look thankful for the interruption.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

WILLOW

I got it!

Willow jumps up and quickly exits the room.

MARIE

She seems so happy.

ANYA

We're not dead and she's one step closer to becoming the most powerful being on earth. It's a good time to be a redheaded, lesbian witch.

WILLOW

Andrew...

Willow walks in the room, followed by JODY.

ANDREW

(surprised)

Oh, uh, hey.

JODY

Hey. Sorry I couldn't make the homecoming party, my parents were kinda pissed at me for skipping school to stay with you so I had to do some damage control.

Willow smiles, turns, and walks from the room. Marie is quick to follow her example, leaving only Anya to stay behind and watch intently, the events that are about to unfold.

MARIE (O.S.)

Anya!

Anya rolls her eyes and slowly stands up.

ANYA

(apathetically)

Fine.

(to Andrew)

But I want details.

Anya slowly makes her out of the room, leaving Jody and Andrew in an uneasy moment of silence for only a moment.

ANYA (O.S) (cont'd)

And no sex on my chair!

Jody laughs as Andrew squirms uncomfortably. There's an awkward silence for a moment.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ANDREW

So...

JODY

Good to see you up and about.

ANDREW

I wouldn't necessarily say that I've been up or about, but it's good to be back in reality. Capt. Picard talked in really funny riddles and got mad at me when I couldn't answer them. I've been trying to tell the others about what I figured out, but, uh, they've all been too busy to listen to me.

JODY

Yeah, I hate when that happens.

Off of Andrew's hopeful smile, we cut to:

23

INT. SUMMERS RESIDENCE - KITCHEN

23

Anya, Willow, and Marie are gathered around at the kitchen table, each eating a different piece of fruit, Anya's with a topping of peanut butter.

MARIE

I guess this day has gotten its happy ending after all.

WILLOW

It was a long way coming.

ANYA

(thinks)

You don't think they'll have sex on my chair, do you?

Buffy enters the room with the phone in her hand and stands over the table for a minute.

BUFFY

Did you guys know that Jody was here?

WILLOW

Yeah.

BUFFY

I just walked in there looking you guys, but it looks like there might be a little getting back together about to take place.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANYA

But not on my chair, right?!

BUFFY

I think they have the common decency to take it elsewhere if it comes down to that.

(beat)

Anyway, I just talked to Giles.

ANYA

What about Xander?

BUFFY

And Xander.

ANYA

(pouts)

He didn't want to talk to me?!

BUFFY

(annoyed)

He said he'll call back!

(beat)

So, he and Giles are staying an extra day or two in Italy.

ANYA

Did he say if he found everything on my list?

BUFFY

(ignoring Anya)

They've got some kind of situation with an undead guy, or something.

WILLOW

'Undead guy'?

BUFFY

He said that he didn't have time to talk about it, just that they would call us when they knew something.

ANYA

So, for dinner...

BUFFY

It's almost three o'clock in the morning!

ANYA

I haven't eaten since midnight. The baby could starve.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

WILLOW

I could go for a little something
to eat.

MARIE

Well, if there's going to be
something made, I could-

BUFFY

Fine! You people are going to have
me looking like Anya before it's
all said and done.

ANYA

Hey!

As we watch, with a smile, the small argument unfolding
before us, we slowly dissolve to:

24

INT. DUNGEON. NIGHT.

24

Inside a dark and dreary dungeon cell, complete with dirt
floors, lies a teenage girl. Her long, blonde hair is very
nearly turned black with the dirt and she's dressed in rags
and she lies curled up in the fetal position, shivering.

A long and horrible CREAK rings out through the cell and we
see the heavy steel door swing slowly open.

From the other side of that door, emerges a gruesome DEMON,
its face greatly disfigured with jet black skin.

It smiles, revealing a nasty set of fangs, and the girl tries
to push herself away from him.

The demon takes a step towards her, soaking up the fear
radiating off her before it speaks.

DEMON

Congratulations, number fifteen,
your new master is here.

The girl's lip starts to tremble, and after a moment she
starts to SOB.

Off the Demon's wicked smile, we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF SHOW