

Episode # 7ABB21
Story # EO1938

BUFFY THE VAMPIRE SLAYER

"End of Days"

Written By

Douglas Petrie

and

Jane Espenson

Directed By

Marita Grabiak

SHOOTING DRAFT

March 13, 2003 (WHITE)

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. COPYRIGHT © 2003 TWENTIETH CENTURY FOX FILM CORPORATION. NO PORTION OF THIS SCRIPT MAY BE PERFORMED, PUBLISHED, REPRODUCED, SOLD OR DISTRIBUTED BY ANY MEANS OR QUOTED OR PUBLISHED IN ANY MEDIUM, INCLUDING ON ANY WEB SITE, WITHOUT THE PRIOR WRITTEN CONSENT OF TWENTIETH CENTURY FOX FILM CORPORATION. DISPOSAL OF THIS SCRIPT COPY DOES NOT ALTER ANY OF THE RESTRICTIONS SET FORTH ABOVE.

"End of Days"

CAST LIST

BUFFY SUMMERS.....	Sarah Michelle Gellar
XANDER HARRIS.....	Nicholas Brendon
WILLOW ROSENBERG.....	Alyson Hannigan
SPIKE.....	James Marsters
ANYA.....	Emma Caulfield
DAWN.....	Michelle Trachtenberg

RUPERT GILES.....	
ANGEL.....	
FAITH.....	
ANDREW.....	
KENNEDY.....	
RONA.....	
AMANDA.....	
VI.....	
CALEB.....	
SHE.....	
CARIDAD.....	
INJURED GIRL.....	

"End of Days"

SET LIST

INTERIORS

SEWER

SEWER ANNEX

VINEYARD

SECRET CHAMBER

BUFFY'S HOUSE

FOYER

LIVING ROOM

ENTRYWAY

HALLWAY

BUFFY'S ROOM

WILLOW'S ROOM

KITCHEN

DINING ROOM

XANDER'S CAR

VINEYARD

HOSPITAL

TOMB

EXTERIORS

UNCONSECRATED BURIAL GROUND

DESERT ROAD

XANDER'S CAR

BUFFY THE VAMPIRE SLAYER

"End of Days"

TEASER

1 INT. SEWER ANNEX - DAY

1

Following a big fat "Previously on Buffy," we cut back into the end of episode 20:

A BOMB. Ticking down, "4, 3, 2..."

We see FAITH. She's standing right before the bomb, behind her are KENNEDY, VI, AMANDA, CARIDAD and the EIGHT ND POTENTIALS (from ep. 20). Faith DIVES instantly, yelling as she goes:

FAITH

Get DOWN!

As Faith dives, the bomb EXPLODES.

A FIREBALL ERUPTS, blasting two ND Potentials STRAIGHT BACK, their bodies taking the explosion's impact directly - and they're still flying toward us when we cut to:

2 INT. VINEYARD - SECRET CHAMBER - DAY

2

BUFFY. She stands still, looking on in awe at something before her.

Buffy's POV. She's looking at THE SCYTHER, its blade embedded in rock. We hold on this quasi-religious image for an unadulterated Grail-y moment.

Then, Buffy walks toward the scythe.

She reaches a hand out toward it.

And as she does so, CALEB DROPS DOWN behind her. She whirls to face him. He approaches, never breaking stride.

CALEB

So? You found it.

(shrugs)

Not impressed. Because the question now, girly girl is: can you pry that out of solid rock before...

Buffy grips the scythe's handle and, as easily as pulling a knife from butter, PULLS it from the rock.

NOW Caleb stops short.

He's facing a pissed-off Slayer holding one big weapon.

CONTINUED

2 CONTINUED:

2

CALEB (cont'd)

Darn.

CUT TO BLACK

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

3 INT. VINEYARD - SECRET CHAMBER - DAY

3

Right where we left off: Caleb stands blocking Buffy's only way out. But she's got that scythe, and it is the only thing between them.

CALEB

Now, before you go hurting yourself, why don't you do yourself a courtesy...

He steps forward, holding his hand out.

CALEB (cont'd)

And hand it over now.

BUFFY

Yeah? You want it?

She flips the scythe over in her hand, as if she's done it a thousand times. And now it's a weapon, pointed right at Caleb's throat.

BUFFY (cont'd)

In the head or the gut?

CALEB

You don't even know what you've got there.

BUFFY

I know you're backing away.

Buffy side-steps AROUND Caleb - and he's keeping his distance. So he goes for attitude:

CALEB

You think wielding some two-sided doo-dad's gonna make a difference?

We're on Caleb when we hear what seems to be Buffy speaking again.

FIRST/BUFFY

Let her go, Caleb.

ANOTHER ANGLE

REVEALS that The First is standing behind Caleb, in the form of Buffy.

CONTINUED

3 CONTINUED:

3

FIRST/BUFFY (O.S.)

I said, let her go.

Caleb talks to The First, but keeps his eyes fixed on Buffy and the scythe.

CALEB

I let her go, she slices me open with that thing.

FIRST/BUFFY

No, she doesn't. She hasn't got time. She's got friends - and her friends are in trouble.

Buffy's eyes flicker to The First.

FIRST/BUFFY (cont'd)

(to Buffy)

Faith go boom.

CALEB

(to the First)

I'm not letting her out of here with that thing.

FIRST/BUFFY

Sure you are. And then you're coming back for it later.

(to Buffy)

When she's got her back turned.

CALEB

After all the work we did to free it?

FIRST/BUFFY

It's hers for now. Let her go.

Seething with anger, Caleb steps back.

Buffy shifts her weapon to one hand, then (in a fantastic stunt) jumps up, and with the free hand she catches the edge of the trap-door-opening above her. Still one handed, she swings herself up through the opening and disappears.

4 INT. SEWER ANNEX - DAY

4

Smoke swirls about, just clearing enough to give us a look at the sewer annex - which is devastated. Bits of brick and cement fall from the ceiling. A support beam, exposed from the wall, falls halfway and sticks up grotesquely.

CONTINUED

4 CONTINUED:

4

Metal groans, we can hear water rushing alarmingly some distance away, girls scream, some cough, bricks continue to crash down, even the explosion itself seems to still be echoing. It's loud and dark and twisted and horrible in here. Vietnam if it was in a sewer.

We find an N.D. Potential pinned, clearly dead. Another is struggling, badly injured, calling out...

Among them, Amanda is laboring, barely on her feet, supporting herself with one arm against the wall, bleeding and terrified.

AMANDA

Hey! Hey! Faith? Anybody?

(panic)

Is anybody here?

She comes upon CARIDAD, also looking banged up, but breathing.

CARIDAD

Me.

AMANDA

Is anybody else alive?

Caridad shakes her head, "dunno." They move on together, passing through the destruction, smoke and twisted metal, we move with them from the annex back into the main sewer...

CARIDAD

Hello? Anyone?

5 INT. SEWER - CONTINUING...

5

Which is also loud and dusty. We come upon Vi, also struggling to her feet, cradling her arm.

VI

I'm...

(cough, cough)

I'm here!

Vi looks around, confused, can't see... A hand closes over her arm. She turns... it's Amanda, who has made her way out here.

A few other girls' voices call out, but they're swallowed by the general cacophony. This all happens fast, terror and confusion making the Potentials overlap one another.

CONTINUED

5 CONTINUED:

5

CARIDAD
Who else we got?

AMANDA
Dunno.
(to Vi)
You okay?

VI
I think my arm is broken.

Amanda points silently to something nearby... two DEAD BODIES
of the Potentials caught in the blast.

VI (cont'd)
(weakly)
Guess I'm lucky.

Kennedy joins them, limping.

KENNEDY
Where's Faith?

VI
Don't know...

KENNEDY
Find her.

CARIDAD
Maybe we should get the hell out of
this place, they could be...

KENNEDY
Find her!

6 OMITTED

6

ANGLE ON: FAITH, unconscious, as her dripping body is pulled
from the water by three ND Potentials.

VI
Oh, God.

The girls turn, approach the body of Faith.

KENNEDY
She alive?

Amanda checks vitals.

CONTINUED

5 CONTINUED: (2)

5

AMANDA
Breathing. Pulse.

CARIDAD
We gotta get her out of here.

VI
Which way's out?

AMANDA
There's other girls. There's more
than Faith, we don't even know how
many of us are still...

And she's shut off by the sound, echoing in the darkness, of
a GROWL. They all turn to face the source of the sound, but
cannot see through the smoke and dark.

AMANDA (cont'd)
(tiny, shit-scared)
Alive.

CARIDAD
Oh, what was that?

VI
It could have been grinding metal, it
could have been...

Again, the GROWL.

KENNEDY
No. It's one of them.

CARIDAD
That's not possible.

AMANDA
How'd it get in here?

VI
(to Kennedy)
Plans?

KENNEDY
Run.

Beat. Then, as one, they all RUN, as best they can, back out
of the annex, toward the sewer pipe leading out of here.
Other N.D. Potentials are making their way there too.

7 INT. SEWER - CONTINUING

7

Kennedy is leading the ambulatory girls here, the team helping carry Faith... there is confused shouting...

VI

This isn't the way!

KENNEDY

Yes, it is!

CARIDAD

We're heading in the wrong direction!

KENNEDY

No! This is it -

(unsure)

It's just... It looks different...

ANGLE TO REVEAL... fallen pipes and bricks clutter the way out. It's a PILE OF DEBRIS.

KENNEDY (cont'd)

Cut the chatter, up and over it!

Wounded first, let's go!

Kennedy half-helps, half-shoves Vi up the pile. Vi climbs up on some of the debris... peeking over... just as an UBERVAMP pops up, right in her face. She SCREAMS and falls back.

VI

Aaah!

Much yelling and confusion. Vi scrambles back into the group, Kennedy grabs hold of her and pulls her into the CLUSTER of Potentials.

KENNEDY

Group together, form a circle.

Nobody panic! It's all of us - one of him.

(re: pile of debris)

And he's gotta get over that.

But as she finishes this sentence, she does not see the SECOND UBERVAMP emerge from the darkness behind them (on this side of the debris).

KENNEDY (cont'd)

We can take one of these things.

8 INT. SUMMERS' HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY 8

A large excited group (15?) of N.D. POTENTIAL SLAYERS is gathered around ANDREW, who is unloading groceries from a large duffle bag onto the coffee table. Some of the girls have gotten into another similar bag... they grab at the things they want most. (Not a riot, just kids.)

ANDREW

It was pretty exciting. A whole grocery store, just abandoned. Food lying around everywhere. The produce was on its way to funky town, but the other stuff was just--

GILES (O.S.)

Oh for god's sake!

Angle on: Giles, who has entered and is surveying the scene.

ANDREW

Hi Mr. Giles. Okay, I did a little looting, which is technically unethical, but these girls need to eat--

GILES

(impatient)

Andrew, things are getting very dire around here, and we've got more important things to worry about than--
Ooh! Jaffa Cakes!

Giles gets into the groceries.

ANDREW

(general announcement)

The apples still looked pretty good, so everyone make sure they check those out--

There's a clatter at the door as ANYA, XANDER, WILLOW and DAWN return. Xander is first into the living room. Giles swallows what he's eating to ask:

GILES

Did you find Buffy?

XANDER

No.

ANDREW

But you did that spell with the little lights. The locator.

CONTINUED

8 CONTINUED:

8

ANYA

It crapped out on us.

DAWN

No, it didn't... exactly.

WILLOW

It just took us to an empty house.
She must've moved on already.

GILES

Well, I'm afraid there's rather worse
news here...

He glances toward the Potentials, who are still involved with
the food. He leads the principals off to the side for more
privacy. Andrew tags along.

GILES (cont'd)

Faith hasn't returned with the other
girls. Something's gone wrong.

ANDREW

I've been keeping morale up, because
that's important.

WILLOW

We have to go to her.

XANDER

Guess so.

ANDREW

Yes.

(then)

I'll stay here, keep working on that
morale thing.

CUT TO:

9 INT. SEWER ANNEX - DAY

9

The Potentials stay clustered together in their tightening
circle, all facing the pile of debris... defense mode.

KENNEDY

Remember the training - everybody get
ready!

Before she can finish this sentence, Kennedy gets JUMPED from
behind by the second Ubervamp. She screams, and, purely on
instinct, FLIPS the attacking Uber over her shoulder.

CONTINUED

9 CONTINUED:

9

AMANDA
There's another one!

KENNEDY
Move, move, move! Up and over!

Kennedy ushers the Potentials past her, shoving them forward, past the Uber she just flipped.

AMANDA
Not that one -

Amanda PULLS Kennedy around by the shoulder.

AMANDA (cont'd)
That one!

Kennedy looks up to see a THIRD UBERVAMP as it scrambles up a tilted metal beam atop the pile. It stops atop the beam and crouches down, perched like some bird of prey, eyeing the Potentials, and opens its mouth to HISS.

The girls back away from it.

CARIDAD
Weapons! Over there.

The Ubervamps are now POURING over the debris into this area. They LUNGE as one upon the tight pack of Potentials. The Potentials RUN as the trio of Ubers converge. Some make it past them and get over the debris.

One doesn't. Amanda stops, turns back and looks to see:

Amanda's POV: The Ubers SURROUND the Potential, literally RIPPING HER APART with animalistic brutality and speed. Caridad grabs hold of Amanda and pulls her along.

ANGLE ON: MAIN SEWER

One of the WEAPONS left over from the Bringers lies on the floor. Kennedy runs for it. Kennedy grabs the weapon, holds it up, protecting the others, waiting for the Ubers.

She waits all of one second. Their mouths bloody from their fresh kill, the Ubervamps make their way toward the Potentials. The Potentials are literally backed up against a wall. The FIRST UBER comes upon Kennedy and, lightning-fast, RIPS the weapon from her hand.

He slaps a long-fingered hand around her throat. LIFTS her up above him with ridiculous ease.

CONTINUED

9 CONTINUED: (2)

9

When we hear a loud CRASH of cement, mortar and dust falling hard on the metal grate behind her. LIGHT streams in from above as BUFFY lands on the grate, having crashed down from above. And she's holding the scythe.

This all happens fast: Uber One DROPS Kennedy and lunges for Buffy. Buffy, holding the scythe by its handle, PUNCHES Uber One right in the throat - with the scythe's BLADE.

The Blade goes right through its NECK in one solid motion. Decapitated, the Uber DUSTS before Buffy can even pull back her fist.

And while this punch is still extended, Ubers Two and Three rush Buffy from behind. They move fast - but Buffy spins and the STAKE end of the scythe goes right through Uber Two with a hideous CRUNCH - passing through his stone-hard breast bone and into his heart.

ROARING, Uber Two DUSTS. Leaving only Uber Three, who GRABS Buffy and in the same motion HURLS HER hard onto the metal grating. Then JUMPS HER.

Buffy ROLLS BACKWARD, out of Uber Three's reach, and, coming up, FLIPS THE scythe over into position so once she's on her feet facing Uber Three ---

She's in perfect position to use the thing as an AXE. Which she does, cutting Uber Three's HEAD OFF.

It DUSTS instantly.

Buffy, still holding the scythe, looks below her to see:

The Potentials looking up at her with awe and reverence. (Buffy's being backlit by the cathedral-like streams of light from the sewer ceiling don't hurt none.)

BUFFY

Get the wounded. We're leaving.

KENNEDY

Are there more?

BUFFY

There's always more. Let's move.

And... BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

10 INT. SUMMERS' HOME - ENTRYWAY / LIVING ROOM - DAY 10

It's fairly chaotic here. Conscious wounded N.D. Potentials mill around in the living room. Dawn is busy bandaging these girls. Three unconscious girls are laid out on make-shift pallets. Willow is attending to them. Buffy bends over a hurt girl, trying to staunch a wound with her bare hand.

BUFFY
Willow! C'mere. This girl's losing blood.

Willow joins Buffy, staunches the girl's wound with cloth.

WILLOW
Got it.

Buffy stands up, looking over the scene. She wipes her bloody hands on the blanket on the floor, then picks up something, and for the first time we realize SHE HAS THE SCYTHE WITH HER. Her attention is drawn to the open front door where Xander and Giles enter carrying the unconscious Faith (Faith is turned away from us -- no need for Eliza) Buffy steps over to join them, carrying the scythe.

BUFFY
The room upstairs is ready for her.

GILES
Good.

XANDER
Hope we're in time.

Kennedy and Amanda trail in after Faith, and look on worriedly. They all have cuts and scrapes and bruises. Kennedy (neck already bandaged) is wrapping another bandage around her arm during this scene.

The Potentials talk to each other:

AMANDA
(re: Faith)
Is she okay? Is she gonna be okay?

KENNEDY
I'm sure she'll be fine. Right?

Giles and Xander are climbing the stairs with Faith. Buffy stops in the entryway with the Potentials.

CONTINUED

10 CONTINUED:

10

Throughout this conversation, Willow, Dawn and other girls will pass through the entryway with water, bandages, etc.

BUFFY
I'll be up in a second.

XANDER
(to Giles)
Careful...

GILES
Watch her head.

Buffy looks up after them.

KENNEDY
You guys heal fast, right? You
Slayers?

BUFFY
(absently)
Yeah.

KENNEDY
So... she'll be okay?

BUFFY
I don't know.

CARIDAD
(re: scythe)
What's with the axe-thing?

Buffy is still looking up the stairs.

BUFFY
I took it from Caleb. Might be
important.

VI
Let's hope.

AMANDA
I think we got punished.

That gets Buffy's attention. She looks at Amanda.

BUFFY
What?

KENNEDY
We... we followed her. And it was...

CONTINUED

10 CONTINUED: (2)

10

VI

It didn't work out.

BUFFY

That wasn't her fault. It was a trap. I could've fallen for it as easy as her.

CARIDAD

So... are you... are you, like, back?

BUFFY

I don't know. I guess I'm not leaving.

Kennedy nods, satisfied.

KENNEDY

So... we got a plan now or anything?

Buffy heads up the stairs. She calls back:

BUFFY

Yeah, there's a plan. Get ready. Time's up.

As she goes farther we hear, receding behind her:

AMANDA

I still think we got punished.

11 INT. SUMMERS' HOME - HALLWAY / BUFFY'S ROOM - CONTINUING 11

Buffy arrives at the top of the stairs, makes her way to her old room and stands in the doorway...

Looking in, she sees Xander and Giles tending to Faith. Three more N.D. Potentials stand watching.

XANDER

Is she breathing okay?

GILES

(nods)

Still not conscious, though.

Buffy almost lets the emotion of it take over, but she steels herself.

BUFFY

We've still got work to do.

12 INT. SUMMERS' HOME - WILLOW'S ROOM - DAY

12

Buffy stands, every inch the general, watching as Willow and Giles examine the scythe. This is all urgent:

BUFFY

I think it's... maybe some kind of scythe? Only thing I know for sure is, it made Caleb back off in a hurry.

WILLOW

So it's true. Scythe matters.

Giles tries very hard to ignore that, and continues examining the scythe.

GILES

And, ignoring that, I'd like to point out:

(re: scythe)

It's really quite ingenious.

BUFFY

Kills strong bodies three ways.

WILLOW

And you say you sense something when you hold it?

BUFFY

Not much, just... it's strong. And I knew it belonged to me. I mean, I just knew it.

GILES

So in addition to being ancient, it's clearly mystical.

BUFFY

Yeah, I figured that when I King-Arthur'd it out of that stone.

WILLOW

Sounds like maybe some kind of traditional Slayer weapon?

GILES

It's hard to imagine something like that could exist without my having heard of it.

BUFFY

Yeah, well, the good guys aren't traditionally known for their communication skills.

CONTINUED

12 CONTINUED:

12

She says this without making eye contact with Giles. He swallows it, moves on:

GILES

Right. Is there any chance it's something besides a tool to kill things?

Buffy shrugs, "who knows."

BUFFY

The First's guys were clearly trying to get it out of that stone. It's not just some tool; it's important. Find out whatever you can: Who made it, why. And when. Does it have a name? And, I dunno, a credit report? Find out fast.

GILES

We'll start work immediately.

WILLOW

Don't worry, Buff. We'll find out everything there is to know.

BUFFY

Thanks, because right now, this thing's all we've got going for us.

13 INT. SUMMERS' HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

13

Two injured N.D. Potentials lie on the floor, on makeshift pallets, covered in blankets.

Anya is tending to one of the girls. Andrew is trying to bandage the shoulder of the other with strips of cloth -- clearly torn from a flowered bed sheet.

ANDREW

I liked the real bandages better.
This bed sheet is awfully festive.

ANYA

I know. They're all gonna look like mortally wounded Easter baskets.

INJURED GIRL

(weak, alarmed)

What?

Anya is taking a swig from a bottle of Scotch.

CONTINUED

13 CONTINUED:

13

ANDREW

Hey! We're supposed to use that to sterilize wounds! Mr. Giles said!

ANYA

Oh, what does it matter?

ANDREW

Hmm. Good point.

She hands the bottle to Andrew, who drinks.

ANYA

Giles knows his single-malt antiseptics.

ANDREW

Bleahh. Everything is horrible.

ANYA

Yup. Many of these girls will die. Slaughter-house, is what it is.

INJURED GIRL

(weak, more alarmed)

What?

ANYA

(to girl, kindly)

Trying to talk will just kill you sooner.

ANDREW

We need supplies. And not just bandages and junk. These girls need stitches and pain killers...

ANYA

And I could use a cookie. But I'm not making reckless wishes.

ANDREW

No, we can do it. The hospital. It's gotta be all abandoned like the grocery store was. Stuff just lying there for the taking.

(heroic)

I'm going in.

ANYA

You are?

CONTINUED

13 CONTINUED: (2)

13

ANDREW

And you're coming with me.

ANYA

I am?

ANDREW

Well, I think you should drive 'cuz
that scotch made me a little dizzy.

ANYA

I'll get Kennedy to watch these
girls. She's tough. Imminent death
won't bother her.

Anya and Andrew exit.

INJURED GIRL

(weak, alarmed,
looking around)

What?

14 INT. SUMMERS' HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY (SAME TIME)

14

Buffy and Xander (wearing his eyepatch) are in the middle of
an intense conversation. (By the way, the scythe is not
present for this scene.)

BUFFY

You got it?

XANDER

Wait. I'm not to the "got it" place
yet. I'm still in the neighborhood
of "you've got to be kidding."

BUFFY

You know it's for the good.

XANDER

I don't... Buffy, do you get that, if
I do this, that's it for me for this
fight?

(beat)

I feel like you're putting me out to
pasture.

BUFFY

Of course I'm not putting you out to
pasture...

(beat)

What does that even mean?

CONTINUED

14 CONTINUED:

14

XANDER

(searching)

Oh, you know, it's like... when a cow gets old and loses an eye or its ability to be milked, the farmer takes it and puts it in a different pasture where it won't have to...

(more searching)

Fight... with priests...

(recovering)

You don't have to protect me.

BUFFY

I'm not.

XANDER

I got hurt. But I'm not done. I can still fight.

BUFFY

I know. That's why you're doing this. I need someone I can count on. No matter what happens.

XANDER

I just... always thought I'd be here for the end with you.

BUFFY

Hey --

XANDER

(quickly)

Not that this is the end.

BUFFY

Thanks a lot.

XANDER

No no no no. I meant "end" in a heroic, uplifting way.

(beat)

I'm still optimistic! You're just thrown off by this gritty looking eyepatch.

She smiles.

BUFFY

I know what you meant.

CONTINUED

14 CONTINUED: (2)

14

XANDER

I should be at your side. That's all
I'm saying.

BUFFY

You will be.

(beat)

You're my strength, Xander. I never
would have made it this far without
you.

Her words move Xander, but he tries not to show it.

BUFFY (cont'd)

I trust you with my life. That's why
I need you to do this for me.

On Xander, as this sinks in. Then:

XANDER

Okay.

BUFFY

Also, you can't shoot a bow and arrow
anymore and every time you swing a
sword I worry you're gonna break one
of our good lamps.

XANDER

Hey --

Buffy starts to walk out of the kitchen.

BUFFY

Don't look at me. You're the one who
said I'm gonna die.

XANDER

I didn't say you're gonna die. I -
I... implied you're gonna die.
Totally different.

BUFFY

Yeah, okay. Sure.

Xander follows her out.

XANDER

Besides... If you die I'll just bring
you back to life.

(beat)

That's what I do.

15 INT. SUMMERS' HOME - WILLOW'S ROOM - NIGHT

15

Willow sits at her computer. Giles consults old texts. The scythe sits prominently in the foreground.

WILLOW

Okay, before the vineyard was just, you know, a vineyard? It was a monastery.

(re: scythe)

It coulda been put there then. Creepy monks, messing with powers they don't understand...?

GILES

No. It's far older. Pre-Christian.

WILLOW

Well, I found a reference to stories the monks used to tell about something older... like, maybe some kind of pagan temple.

GILES

Native American?

WILLOW

No... I don't know... maybe we're coming at this the wrong way. Maybe we need to research the weapon itself. I mean... look... maybe it's the Axe of Dekeron,

(reads)

said to have been forged in Hell itself. Lost since the Children's Crusade, where it killed a lot of... oh... children.

(looks up)

I hope that's not it.

GILES

I've found reference to the Sword of Moskva, and the Reaper of the Tigris. I don't see how we're going to narrow this down. There's never a clear enough illustration.

He slams a book closed.

GILES (cont'd)

Damn. We're running out of time and we've nothing useful.

Willow crosses to the scythe, picks it up.

CONTINUED

15 CONTINUED:

15

WILLOW

It doesn't have any markings. Would it be so hard to include a little sticker? "Hello, my name is the Blank of Blankthuselah, consult operating instructions before wielding."

She closes her eyes, looks meditative.

GILES

Willow? Do you feel the power Buffy talked about?

Willow opens her eyes.

WILLOW

Gotta say no. Must be a Slayer thing.

GILES

Tapping into some Magicks might help with that.

WILLOW

It might. But this... thing... I mean, if Caleb is scared of it, it's something pretty dangerous, and tapping into that...

She puts the scythe down, a little scared of it.

GILES

Willow... you know there's a way to do it without endangering yourself. Drawing positive power from the earth, the power that connects everything...

WILLOW

I know. And when I was in England I got it. But here... I can't do it. If I tried something big... I just know I'd change and then it's all black hair and veins and lightning bolts. I mean, I can barely do the locator spells without getting dark roots.

GILES

But if it's necessary...?

WILLOW

Giles, honestly... I don't know.

CONTINUED

15 CONTINUED: (2)

15

Giles hesitates, deciding how much to push. Finally...

GILES

Do what you can, Willow. That's all
any of us can do.

WILLOW

I guess so...

Willow goes back to the computer, looks at the screen again.

WILLOW (cont'd)

Man. None of these sound right.
Look at this, something just called
"m" with a question mark, what the
heck's that?

GILES

I can't imagine-- Wait. Let me see.

He looks at the screen.

GILES (cont'd)

That's not a question mark. That's
the International Phonetic Alphabet
sign for a glottal stop.

WILLOW

A who-y?

GILES

It's a sort of... gulpy noise. I'm
remembering something here...
hieroglyphs... hieroglyphs stand for
sets of consonants, as you know.

WILLOW

(no one knows that)

Yes, absolutely.

GILES

The consonants "m" plus glottal stop,
are represented by a little picture
commonly thought to represent a
sickle or scythe. It appears in
thousands of carvings, in Egypt and
throughout the ancient world.

It's starting to dawn...

WILLOW

Carvings? Like you'd have on a pagan
temple?

CONTINUED

15 CONTINUED: (3)

15

GILES

Let's go back... see what else we can
find about that temple.

He picks up the scythe.

GILES (cont'd)

A scythe is a symbol of death. Find
out where these pagans buried their
dead.

16 INT. XANDER'S CAR - NIGHT

16

The car is sitting parked in the DRIVEWAY, doors open. Dawn
sits in back looking around and under the seats with a
flashlight. She has a small weapon bag with her. Xander is
in front, looking around the front passenger seat. He is
wearing his eye-patch and also uses a flashlight.

DAWN

Xander, my crossbow is not out here.
I told you, I don't leave crossbows
around all willy-nilly.

(beat)

Not since that time with Miss Kitty
Fantastico.

XANDER

Did you know I have to take a
driver's test every year now?

DAWN

Because you're old?

XANDER

No. Because of my eye. It's a whole
state law. They don't trust my depth
perception anymore.

DAWN

That sucks.

Xander gets out of the car, moves around to the open door
next to Dawn.

XANDER

You know what's even worse? All the
stupid "It's all fun and games until
someone loses an eye" jokes.

(beat)

CONTINUED

16 CONTINUED:

16

XANDER (cont'd)

"I guess the fun and games are over,
eh Xander?"

[Note: The above line should not be spoken with an English
accent.]

DAWN

Giles was just having fun with you.

XANDER

That's not the point! It's an
obvious joke. It'd be like if
someone called me a cyclops.

DAWN

(laughing)

Oh right! I didn't even --

(off his look)

That's not funny at all.

XANDER

I mean, give me an "eye of the
beholder" joke or an "eye for an eye"
joke or maybe even a weird postmodern
"I, Claudius" joke.

(beat)

It's about standards, Dawn.

She gets up out of the car.

DAWN

I know.

XANDER

Just be creative.

DAWN

You know, everyone's still a little
on guard around you. Give 'em time.

Dawn turns around, back to Xander, moving to shut the front
door...

DAWN (cont'd)

Before you know it they'll be --

WHAM -- out of nowhere Xander clamps a HANDKERCHIEF over her
nose and mouth. She tries to scream, but it's muffled. She
struggles against him, but he holds her firm, his face cold,
impassive. After a moment, she slumps unconscious. Xander
releases her gently onto the car seat. He looks at her
grimly.

17 INT. VINEYARD - NIGHT

17

We see The First, in the form of Buffy, standing amidst two dead Bringers and some wine barrels. CRASH! A WINE BARREL comes smashing beside her/it. The First barely gives it a glance, then:

FIRST/BUFFY

Not that I care personally, but
you're wasting a lot of robust, full-
bodied merlot.

We see Caleb, out of breath, having heaved the barrel,
standing amidst some more smashed barrels and a broken chair.

CALEB

Why did you let her go? You know I
could take that girl in a fight.

FIRST/BUFFY

We'll get her. Calm down.

CALEB

I'm calm. You should see me when I
get angry.

FIRST/BUFFY

She's powerful now. And you're weak.

CALEB

All of a sudden I'm getting less calm.

FIRST/BUFFY

Face it. Your strength is waning.
It's been a while since we've...
merged.

Caleb looks around, thinks about it.

CALEB

Suppose you're right...

(beat)

Okay. Let's do it.

FIRST/BUFFY

(rolls her eyes)

Boy, you really know how to romance
a girl. No flowers, no dinner, no
tour of the rectory... just "let's do
it." Help me. My knees are weak.

CALEB

Watch what you say now. You're
starting to sound like her. This is
a sacred experience for me.

CONTINUED

17 CONTINUED:

17

FIRST/BUFFY

Oh, for me as well...

(beat)

When this is over -- when our armies
spring forth and our will sweeps the
world -- I'll be able to enter every
man, woman and child on the face of
this Earth.

She gives him a seductive look.

FIRST/BUFFY (cont'd)

Just as I can enter you.

CALEB

(coy)

Are you trying to make me jealous?

FIRST/BUFFY

I'm trying to make you a god.

Caleb smiles. He tilts his head back and holds his arms out.

First/Buffy does the same. A moment as they stand there, and
then...

The First EXPLODES out of its form as Buffy, becoming its
TRUE SELF (see "Amends"). Caleb watches as THE FIRST rises
up to the top of the vineyard.

CALEB

(a whisper)

I am thy humble servant.

And The First DIVES INTO CALEB'S BODY, filling him with The
First. It's a violent process, but for Caleb, borders on
orgasmic. He FALLS TO HIS KNEES.

And stays there. Head bowed, kneeling, looking like a figure
in prayer. Then slowly his head rises and he looks up
directly in camera, eyes BLACK.

CALEB (cont'd)

And I am ready to serve thee.

Caleb RISES to his feet and stands, a figure of power.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

18 INT. SUMMERS' HOME - BUFFY'S ROOM - NIGHT

18

Faith sits up in bed, still looking beat up, but much better. She is holding the scythe and her eyes are closed, in the same reverie Buffy enjoyed when she first found it. Buffy stands by the bed, watching.

BUFFY

You feel it too, don't you.

Faith opens her eyes.

FAITH

Damn. And DAMN. That's something.

BUFFY

I know.

FAITH

It's old. Strong. And it feels like... like it's mine.

She tosses it to Buffy, a slight mixture of shame and resentment under her reasonable tone.

FAITH (cont'd)

So I guess that means it's yours.

BUFFY

It belongs to the Slayer.

FAITH

Slayer In Charge, which I'm guessing is you.

BUFFY

(sits on the bed)

I honestly don't know. Does it matter?

FAITH

Never mattered to me. But somebody has to lead. Let's vote for Chao-Ahn. Harder to lead people into a death-trap if you don't speak English.

BUFFY

It's not your fault.

FAITH

Really not looking for forgiveness.

CONTINUED

18 CONTINUED:

18

BUFFY
You're not?

FAITH
What do you want me to say? I blew
it.

BUFFY
You didn't blow it.

FAITH
Tell that to the --

BUFFY
People die. You lead them into
battle, they die. No matter how
smart you are, or how ready, war is
about death. Needless, stupid death.

Faith looks at Buffy a moment.

FAITH
So here's the laugh-riot. My whole
life, I've been a loner.

Beat.

BUFFY
Was that the funny part? Did I
miss --

FAITH
I'm trying to --

BUFFY
No no. Sorry. Go.

FAITH
No ties, no buddies, no relationships
that lasted longer than... well I
guess Robin lasted pretty long; boy's
got stamina.

BUFFY
(wide-eyed)
Principal Wood? And you? And on
my...

She gingerly rises from the bed, takes step from it.

FAITH
Don't tell me you two got wiggly --

CONTINUED

18 CONTINUED: (2)

18

BUFFY
(flustered)

No! No! We're just good friends.
Or mortal enemies, depending on which
day of the... is **this** the funny part?

FAITH

Okay. The point? Me, by myself all
the time, and looking at you,
everything you have, and I don't
know... Jealous. And then there I
am, everybody looking to me, trusting
me to lead 'em... and I never felt
more alone in my life.

BUFFY

Yeah.

FAITH

And that's you every day, isn't it?

BUFFY

I love my friends, and I'm grateful
for them, but yeah, that's the price.
Being the Slayer.

FAITH

There's only supposed to be one.
Maybe that's why you and I can never
get along. We're not supposed to
exist together.

BUFFY

Also, you went evil and were killing
people.

FAITH

(nodding, thoughtful)

Good point. Also a factor.

BUFFY

But you're right. I mean, I guess
everyone's alone, but... Being a
Slayer. There's a burden we can't
share.

FAITH

And no one else can feel it.

Beat.

CONTINUED

18 CONTINUED: (3)

18

FAITH (cont'd)
Thank god we're hot chicks with super powers.

BUFFY
(agreeing)
Takes the edge off.

FAITH
Just comforting.

BUFFY
Uh huh.

19 INT. SUMMERS' HOME - FOYER/HALL/KITCHEN - NIGHT

19

Buffy is walking downstairs as Spike comes in the door. She looks at him, not sure how he'll be. (Note: They'll speak in slightly low tones, as there are sleepers about, though we might not see them.)

SPIKE
Honey, you're home.

BUFFY
Yeah.

SPIKE
And you did it. Fulfilled your mission, found the holy grail, or the holy hand grenade, or whatever the hell that is.

BUFFY
(coming down)
Right now we're going with scythe. You like?

SPIKE
Pointy and wooden is not exactly the look I want to know better, but it does have flair. I can see how a girl would ditch a guy for one of these.

BUFFY
I'm sorry about that.

She heads to the back space between the kitchen and the living room, Spike following.

CONTINUED

19 CONTINUED:

19

SPIKE

Doesn't matter. You're back in the bosom, all's forgiven, and last night was just a glitch. A little cold comfort from the cellar dweller, let's don't make a thing out of it.

BUFFY

Great. I got work to do.

SPIKE

Another solo mission, of course.

BUFFY

(turning, annoyed)

Yeah. It is.

SPIKE

It's fine. Don't have to get shirty about it.

BUFFY

I'm not shirty. What is even shirty, that's not a word!

SPIKE

(not annoyed)

All right, all right. Big secret mission. It's fine.

BUFFY

It's not a secret. I mean it is, but that's the point of the mission, find the secret. This was forged by... we don't know, something about a tomb on unconsecrated ground... I gotta find out what this is, why I have it.

SPIKE

And this is the thing Preacher Man was so anxious to keep out of your mitts.

BUFFY

That it is.

SPIKE

Well, maybe I'll swing by his place while you go, make sure he's sitting tight.

BUFFY

Great.

CONTINUED

19 CONTINUED: (2)

19

SPIKE

Okay.

A beat, and he heads for the back door. Buffy starts going the other way, but turns and goes after him, just to call out:

BUFFY

You're a dope!

He turns, baffled.

SPIKE

I'm what?

BUFFY

You're a dope, and a bonehead, and, and you're shirty.

SPIKE

Have you gone **completely** Carrot-top?

She holds up the scythe. Goes on a stage-whisper rant.

BUFFY

You see this? This may actually help me fight my war. It may be the key to everything and the reason I'm holding it is 'cause of you. Because of last night, the strength you gave me. I'm tired of defensiveness and weird mixed signals -- I've got Faith for that. Let's just get to the truth. I don't know how you feel about last night, but I'm not gonna --

SPIKE

Terrified.

She stops. This is definitely truth time.

BUFFY

Of what?

SPIKE

Last night was... God, I'm such a jerk. I can't do this.

BUFFY

Spike...

SPIKE

(not looking at her)

It was the best night of my life.

CONTINUED

19 CONTINUED: (3)

19

Now he does look at her, eyes welling up defiantly.

SPIKE (cont'd)

(re: scythe)

If you poke fun at me you bloody well
better use that 'cause I couldn't
bear it. It may not mean that much
to you --

BUFFY

(softly)

I just told you it did.

SPIKE

I know, I hear you say it, but...
I've lived for sodding ever, Buffy,
I've done everything -- I've done
things with you I can't **spell**, but
I've never... been close. To anyone,
least of all you... Until last night.
All I did was hold you, and watch you
sleep, and it was the best night of
my life. So I'm, yeah. Terrified.

She comes closer.

BUFFY

You don't have to be.

SPIKE

Were you there with me?

BUFFY

I was.

A beat. Closeness.

SPIKE

What does that mean?

BUFFY

I don't know. Does it have to mean
something?

This kind of breaks the spell. He backs off, not upset so
much as withdrawn.

SPIKE

No. Not right now.

BUFFY

Maybe, when --

CONTINUED

19 CONTINUED: (4)

19

SPIKE
No. Let's just leave it.

BUFFY
'kay.

SPIKE
We'll go be heroes.

A beat, and he leaves, Buffy watching him go.

20 INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

20

The hallway of the deserted Sunnydale Hospital. A few wheelchairs sit empty at the edge of the hall, doors stand open, some file folders lie in a toppled stack near an abandoned nurses' station, etc.

Anya and Andrew round a corner and enter our hallway. They're each carrying a pillowcase from the same flowered sheet set we saw earlier. Their pillowcases are each about half-full of pilfered supplies.

ANDREW
Okay, so if the supply closet on this floor is exactly above the last one, it should... be...
(pointing victoriously)
Here!

He is in fact now pointing at a door marked "SUPPLIES."

ANYA
(patient)
Yes, that is consistent with the six floors we already did.

Andrew opens the door and looks inside.

ANDREW
Oooh! This one has oxygen tanks.

ANYA
They'd only be useful if something big was attacking and then we could throw one down their throat and blow 'em up like Roy Scheider did with the shark in Jaws.

Andrew is staring at her.

CONTINUED

20 CONTINUED:

20

ANYA (cont'd)
What?

ANDREW
You are the perfect woman.

ANYA
I've often thought so.
(then, re: supply closet)
Wanna rob?

ANDREW
Let's rob!

Here they can either ENTER THE SUPPLY CLOSET and take things off the shelves, or, depending on set design, Andrew can reach into the closet and HAND THINGS OUT TO ANYA. Either way, they are still close together.

ANDREW (cont'd)
Cool. Gauze and alcohol and tape and sutures in case we need to get stitchy with it. Oh, and there's a box full of ointments... I used one a' these on a rash once.

ANYA
Show me.

ANDREW
Well, it's healed up, but it was sort of red and crusty with little itchy places--

ANYA
Show me the box full of ointments, you little freak.

Andrew hands it out to her and she dumps it all out into her pillowcase.

ANYA (cont'd)
Get cotton packing for the biggest wounds.

Andrew stops and looks at Anya.

ANDREW
This is gonna be bad, isn't it?

ANYA
Yeah.

CONTINUED

20 CONTINUED: (2)

20

ANDREW

So, how come you're here? I mean,
you could just go, right?

ANYA

Yeah. I did before.

ANDREW

Before what?

ANYA

There was this other apocalypse this
one time. And I took off. But this
time...

ANDREW

What's different?

ANYA

Well, I was kinda new to being around
humans before. And now I've seen a
lot more, gotten to know people, seen
what they're capable of and I realize
now that they're just so...
amazingly... screwed up! I mean, so
really, really screwed up in a
monumental fashion!

ANDREW

Oh.

ANYA

They have no purpose that unites them
so they drift around, blundering
through life until they die. Which
they know is coming and yet every
single one of them is surprised when
it happens to them. They're
incapable of thinking beyond what
they want at that moment. They kill
each other, which is clearly insane,
but here's the thing. When it's
something real, they fight. I mean,
they're lame morons to keep fighting.
But they do. They... They never
quit. And so I guess I'll fight too.

ANDREW

That was kinda beautiful. You love
humans.

ANYA

No I don't.

CONTINUED

20 CONTINUED: (3)

20

ANDREW

Yes, you do. You luuuuve them.

ANYA

Stop it. I don't love them and I'll kill you if you tell anybody.

ANDREW

I won't tell anybody. Won't get a chance to, anyway.

She avoids his eyes.

ANYA

I don't know. You might survive.

ANDREW

No. You might survive. You can handle a weapon, you've been in this world for, like, a thousand years. I'm not so... I don't think I'll be okay. I'm cool with it. I think I'd like to finish out as one of those lame humans trying to do what's right.

ANYA

(sympathetic and honest)

Yeah.

After a beat...

ANDREW

So. Wheelchair fight?

CUT TO:

21 INT. HOSPITAL - MOMENTS LATER

21

A single static shot:

Andrew and Anya are seated in wheelchairs, in the middle of a fight: wheeling their chairs at each other, clashing and crashing, intent on the fight.

22 EXT. UNCONSECRATED BURIAL GROUND - NIGHT

22

Buffy, holding the scythe, walks to the edge of the clean, well-kept cemetery and gets to...

CONTINUED

22 CONTINUED:

22

...the unconsecrated burial ground. Distinctly unkempt. Weedy, thistly. Overgrown. Gravestones are tilted and sparse and untended.

She looks around, finally seeing A TOMB. Egyptian-looking in design.

Buffy walks toward the tomb.

23 INT. TOMB - NIGHT

23

WHUMP! A heavy STONE DOOR crashes to the floor, sending up a plume of dust. It swirls and dissipates, revealing Buffy, holding the scythe, standing in the doorway.

She enters, cautiously, looking around.

Buffy's POV: Everything in the Egyptian-style tomb is covered in DUST. We hear a VOICE echo in the dark:

SHE (O.S.)

I'd forgotten.

Buffy WHIRLS, scythe poised to strike, and she sees: an OLD WOMAN, dressed entirely in white, her clothes so old and faded she practically blends in with her dusty, white surroundings. We'll call her SHE.

SHE

I'd forgotten how young you would be.
It comes from the waiting. Mind
plays tricks.

Buffy walks forward.

SHE (cont'd)

I see you found our weapon.

BUFFY

Who are you?

SHE

One of many. Well, time was. Now
I'm alone in the world. I'd gamble
you know what that's like.

She stands, approaches Buffy. Buffy stiffens, defensive.

SHE (cont'd)

Don't worry. You hit me, I'd just
about crack in half, but then...

CONTINUED

23 CONTINUED:

23

She examines the scythe from her distance.

SHE (cont'd)
You've been doing some killing lately. And you're going to do a lot more. Not a wonder you're anxious.

BUFFY
So, what are you? Some kind of ghost?

SHE
Nope. I'm as real as you are, just ...well put it this way: I look good for my age. I've been waiting.

She holds out her hand. Beat. Buffy HANDS HER the scythe.

SHE (cont'd)
You pulled it out of the rock. I was one of those who put it in there, and don't think that was easy.

BUFFY
What is it?

SHE
Weapon. A scythe. We forged it in secrecy for one like you, who...

She stops, smiles at Buffy, still holding the scythe.

SHE (cont'd)
I'm sorry, what's your name?

BUFFY
Buffy.

SHE
No, really.

Buffy shrugs.

SHE (cont'd)
Buffy. We forged it in secrecy, kept it hidden from the Shadow Men, who --

BUFFY
Yeah. Met them. Didn't care for 'em.

She looks at Buffy with new respect, hands the scythe back to Buffy.

CONTINUED

23 CONTINUED: (2)

23

SHE

Yes. Then you know. And they became the Watchers. And the Watchers watched the Slayers. But we were watching them.

BUFFY

Oh! So you're like... What are you?

SHE

Guardians. Women who want to help and protect you. This...
(re: scythe)
...was forged, centuries ago, by us. Halfway around the world.

BUFFY

Hence, the Luxor Casino theme.

SHE

Forged there, it was put to use right here. Only once, to kill the last pure demon that walked upon the earth. The rest were already driven under. And then there were men here, and then there were monks, and the first men died and were sent away, and then there was a town, and now there is you. And the scythe remained hidden.

BUFFY

Does this mean I can win?

SHE

That's really up to you. This...

She reaches out, runs a finger along the flat side of the scythe.

SHE (cont'd)

...is a powerful weapon.

BUFFY

Yes.

SHE

But you already have weapons.

BUFFY

Oh.

CONTINUED

23 CONTINUED: (3)

23

SHE

Use it wisely... and perhaps you can
beat back the rising dark. One way
or the other, it can only mean an end
is truly near.

And just as She finishes this sentence, two HANDS reach in
from the darkness behind her, and with blinding speed, SNAP
her neck. She falls to the ground, dead.

CALEB steps forward, over the body.

CALEB

I'm sorry, I didn't catch that last
part on account of her neck snapping
and all. Did she say the end is
"near? Or "here?"

And on that we:

CUT TO BLACK

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

24 EXT. DESERT ROAD - NIGHT 24

Xander's car drives down the lone highway.

25 INT. XANDER'S CAR - NIGHT 25

Xander is driving. Dawn is just regaining consciousness in the passenger seat. Her weapon bag is nearby.

DAWN
Mmm. Grrph.

XANDER
Dawn. You awake?

DAWN
What happened?

XANDER
Um... thought you might say that.

DAWN
Actually, I meant to say "what the
hell happened."

XANDER
It was chloroform.

DAWN
Color forms? What?

XANDER
Chloroform.
(re: her mistake)
Are you still loopy?

DAWN
(dry)
Sorry about that. Someone knocked me
out with chloroform.
(then)
Xander! Talk to me! Where are we
going?

XANDER
Away.

Xander hands her a sealed envelope.

CONTINUED

25 CONTINUED:

25

DAWN
What's this?

XANDER
Open it.

Dawn opens the letter, starts to read it. Over her, we hear:

BUFFY (V.O.)
Dearest Dawn. Don't be angry with Xander. He only did what I told him to do. This isn't the place for either of you right now. Please know that I love you and that everything I do is for you. I promised once to show you this beautiful world, and I'm going to do everything I can to make that--

ZZZZZZOT. Xander goes rigid and SLUMPS, and we see now that, while reading, Dawn has calmly used a STUN GUN from her weapon bag to zap him.

She just-as-calmly puts her foot on the brake while crumpling up the letter and tossing it in the back seat. No need to read more.

26 EXT. XANDER'S CAR - NIGHT

26

The desert road again. The car STOPS. After a beat, it U's and heads back the other way.

27 INT. TOMB - NIGHT

27

Buffy looks stunned as Caleb, hand on the scythe, tries to wrest control from her. Buffy recovers, and fast, she WHACKS him in the side of the head with one end of the weapon, then hits him with the other side, then again with the first side - three shots fast.

Caleb lets go. Buffy leaps back.

Caleb rushes at her and unleashes a PUNCH that SHATTERS a big chunk of stone column to dust on contact.

CALEB
You're not slipping out of this fight, girl. Don't you see? You can't stop me... I can just keep going back for more.
(more)

CONTINUED

27 CONTINUED:

27

CALEB (cont'd)
(grins)
Like being re-born.

Buffy LUNGES at Caleb with the scythe, and this time, HE DUCKS under its blade - avoiding contact. Buffy presses the attack, swinging and thrusting. Caleb can't be touched.

He smiles - stands upright - a target.

Buffy SWINGS the axe-blade right at his neck - and Caleb, without looking, SHOOTS a hand up and CATCHES the scythe in mid-swing, stopping it cold.

Beat. And with the other hand, Caleb PUNCHES Buffy so hard she goes flying back, into a far wall, sending up a cloud of dust. She DROPS the scythe on impact.

Caleb and Buffy both RUSH for the scythe simultaneously. Caleb gets there first. Holds the scythe up.

For all of a split-second, as Buffy KICKS the scythe from his grip and catches it in the same motion.

She spins, catching Caleb behind the knees with the scythe's shaft and lifting him off his feet. He goes CRASHING to the dusty floor.

Buffy spins the scythe, stake-end first, and THRUSTS it straight to Caleb's throat...

He CATCHES IT an inch before his face. Twists the scythe hard, sideways, sending Buffy FLIPPING over, and now it's her turn to hit the ground.

Caleb leaps to his feet. Buffy staggers to hers - just in time to receive a hard PUNCH IN THE FACE. It sends her back, and Caleb, grinning, just keeps hitting her.

Buffy tries to defend herself with the scythe, but she's running out of steam.

CALEB (cont'd)
I gave you ample warning. I told you
not to interfere. And you chose not
to heed. But you know what?

WHACK! He punctuates this last thought with a punch that sends Buffy THROUGH a stone column, raising dust. She's nearly unconscious.

CALEB (cont'd)
I was kinda hopin' it'd go this way.

CONTINUED

27 CONTINUED: (2)

27

Caleb lifts the scythe up over her head, when:

ANGEL (O.S.)

Hey.

Caleb turns and WHAM! He gets HIT in the face with a CRUSHING BLOW struck from a source we cannot see.

Caleb hits the far wall of the tomb, momentarily dazed. The scythe clatters to the ground.

Buffy looks up to see: ANGEL. Standing over her, hand held out to her. Buffy takes it. Angel lifts her to her feet, and the two of them stand, side by side.

ANGEL

I never was much for Preachers.

BUFFY

Angel.

ANGEL

You look good.

BUFFY

You look timely.

(beat)

And also good.

ANGEL

Heard you maybe needed a hand.

Caleb gets to his feet. Angel moves toward him, but Buffy places a hand on Angel's arm, holds him back.

ANGEL (cont'd)

Ah. This one of those things you just have to finish yourself?

BUFFY

Really kinda is.

Caleb, pissed, is now on his feet and moving forward. Buffy PLUCKS the scythe up from the ground and stands her ground.

Caleb RUSHES Buffy. Rains down a series of fast-as-the-eye-can-follow BLOWS upon her. She blocks each and every one of them with the scythe's shaft.

Angel, real nonchalant-like, leans up against a wall. Enjoying the show.

CONTINUED

27 CONTINUED: (3)

27

ANGEL
(to Caleb)
You're so gonna lose. She does this
thing where --

As she dodges Caleb...

ANGEL (cont'd)
Ooooh, yeah. I've missed watching
this.

She swings the blade-end of the scythe at him. And for the third time, he CATCHES it. But this time, he SHOVES it back at her, and she twists out of the way... the stake end barely misses her as it embeds in the wall behind her.

She pulls it free, then LOWERS it down, and in one brutal motion...

RIPS the scythe straight up. We hold close on Caleb's face as he realizes he's been GUTTED from below.

Buffy retracts the blade. Caleb FALLS to the floor, raising dust, apparently dead. Buffy addresses Angel without looking.

BUFFY
See?

Buffy, exhausted, takes a step back, unsteady.

BUFFY (cont'd)
Under control.

She walks into Angel, who steadies her.

ANGEL
Well at least tell me you're glad to
see me.

Weary, Buffy turns to him. Lets him enfold her in his arms.

She hugs him, letting go of the scythe and putting both arms around his frame for support.

They stand together a moment, then Buffy pulls back, looking Angel in the eyes - and she KISSES HIM. It's tender at first, but builds, a real kiss.

And as they kiss we PULL BACK to reveal SPIKE, watching, alone. He is stunned.

We see The First standing just behind Spike, in the form of Buffy, arms folded, looking judgemental.

CONTINUED

27 CONTINUED: (4)

27

FIRST/BUFFY
That bitch.

And on Spike's pained face, we BLACKOUT.

END OF SHOW