

BUFFY THE VAMPIRE SLAYER

TEASER

INT. CEREMONIAL CHAMBER - NIGHT

BILL has brought the two ceremonial jars here to begin preparations for the ritual of summoning Havoc. There is a five pointed design carved into a heavy stone table in the center of the chamber. Bill places each jar at a point. He turns to retrieve a two tined fork made from the talons he purchased at the Magic Box. He picks up the fork and turns to face the altar.

The jars have disappeared.

LOKI  
(invisible)  
Are we missing something,  
William?

BILL  
Return the sacred vessels, damn  
you Loki!

LOKI  
You're far to late to damn me,  
but here you go! Have fun.

In a big smoky flash, the entire chamber is filled with nearly identical Canopic jars. Every available surface is crowded with them.

BILL  
Loki, I will make you pay for  
this! I swear it!

LOKI  
Do you take checks?

We fade out on Bill's scream of slightly crazed rage.

BLACK OUT

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

INT. XANDER'S HOSPITAL ROOM - MORNING

The room is bright, and XANDER wakes up slowly. ANYA and WILLOW have waited with him through the night, and are there in the room. They are exhausted, but happy to see him awake. They both move to hug him. He sits up to hug them both in return, but when he wraps his arms around them and squeezes, they both cry out in pain.

WILLOW

Hey. Watch it there, big guy.  
You're still recovering.

ANYA

Yes, Xander. Be careful of your  
stitches.

XANDER

Sorry, ladies. Guess I'm just  
happy see you.

He gingerly squeezes Willow's hand, and kisses Anya's.

ANYA

We're happy to see you too.

WILLOW

I'll get the doctor. See when we  
get to take you home.

Willow disappears out the door.

ANYA

Xander- Oh, Xander! When that car  
hit you, there was this horrible  
pain in my chest. I thought I was  
going to die. I love you so much.

She lays across his chest.

XANDER

I love you too. I- Are we all  
better?

ANYA

We're better. We're certainly  
very much better, but we're not -  
all better. I . . .

XANDER

You what?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANYA

I - I've made a terrible mistake.

XANDER

With Spike, I know. I forgive you. I understand.

ANYA

No, it's not that. I mean, yes, that was bad, but this is worse.

XANDER

What could be worse?

ANYA

I've become a demon again. A vengeance demon.

XANDER

I know that. - Oh. Right. So this was. . .

ANYA

Oh, no! No! I promise, no!

XANDER

Okay, then what's so bad?

ANYA

Xander, up until yesterday the only thing that had ever scared me was my mortality. But now there's another thing. Maybe a worse thing.

XANDER

What's that?

ANYA

Your mortality. Losing you is the worst thing I can imagine.

XANDER

I'm okay.

ANYA

Yes, but you're mortal. And if I remain immortal, I'll lose you. - But if I become human again, I could still lose you. No matter what I choose, there's this terrible fear, and I just can't . . .

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Xander grabs her, and gently pulls her close.

XANDER

Sh. Sh. Sh. I'm here. And I'm  
always going to love you. No  
matter what.

ANYA

Even if I'm a demon.

XANDER

Even if you're a demon.

ANYA

And even if I never change while  
you grow old and wrinkly?

XANDER

I can think of worse things.  
Anya, the smartest thing I've  
ever done is ask you to spend  
your life with me. And I think we  
both know the stupidest.

Willow enters.

WILLOW

Did somebody say stupid? Hmmm,  
wonder who they could be talking  
about? Check him out, Doc. Don't  
he look perky?

DOCTOR

Yes, in fact he does. Mr. Harris,  
if you don't mind, we'll have a  
look at that injury.

XANDER

Be my guest.

The doctor approaches and removes the bandages from Xander's  
upper arm.

DOCTOR

Now, Mr. Harris, don't be  
frightened. This will look a  
little grisly until the swelling  
goes down, but I assure you the  
damage has been repaired.

As the bandages come off, we see that there is no visible  
evidence whatsoever of a wound.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Oh, forget it!  
(smacks Xander's arm)  
Did that hurt?

XANDER

Um, no. What's going on?

DOCTOR

Who the hell knows around here.  
Flex your arm.  
(Xander does)  
Feel okay?

XANDER

Feels great.

DOCTOR

Then go home. Come back in if  
something else breaks.

XANDER

You betcha. Thanks for the good  
work, Doc.

DOCTOR

Whatever.

He exits. Anya and Willow look at each other.

XANDER

Okay, what's up? What happened?

WILLOW

Well, you were hit by a car. . .

ANYA

Spike's car.

WILLOW

But Spike wasn't driving.

ANYA

So he says.

WILLOW

And you lost a lot of blood.

ANYA

And you have a very rare kind of  
blood. I wanted to give you my  
blood, but . . .

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

WILLOW

Only Buffy and Dawn had the right blood type, so you . . .

XANDER

You mean I've got Slayer blood in me?

BOTH

Um, yeah.

XANDER

Hence the speedy healing. And the super hug action grip. This is so cool. I've got super strength. And who knows what else? Maybe super speed, or maybe I can fly, or shoot laser beams . . .

WILLOW

She's the Slayer, not Superman.

XANDER

Yeah, but still, way cool. Let's go check it out.

INT. CEREMONIAL CHAMBER - SAME TIME

Bill and his two lackeys sort through the decoy jars. They examine each jar attempting to decipher the runes written thereon.

The decoys are something like English Christmas crackers, each popping out a different surprise. The effects include spurts of confetti, rude noises, nasty smells, light shows, illusory attacking animals, and combinations thereof.

The men are not entertained. As each decoy jar is opened, it is hurtled against a stone wall where a noticeable pile of shattered ceramic is already visible. Bill rises and moves aside.

BILL

You two stay here. It's time to retrieve the third jar.

He exits.

INT. MAGIC BOX - SAME TIME

SPIKE, GILES, DAWN, and BUFFY are gathered about the store, talking shop.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GILES

The rancor demons have no reason to be here, despite the presence of the Hellmouth. They dislike this dimension.

SPIKE

Right. Somebody's bringin'em here. But there's something weird. They're letting the beasties run amok. Not keepin'em in check.

BUFFY

So what? A diversion? Random destruction?

GILES

Spike, do you recall the small urn I gave you to look after?

SPIKE

Yeah.

GILES

Have you kept it safe?

SPIKE

'Course I have. Got it hid in my basement.

GILES

We may need to retrieve it. Anya sold a pair of gryphon's talons, and this may be a trifle alarmist, but those talons could be used in the summoning ritual for Havoc.

DAWN

Havoc?

GILES

The ancient god of devastation. So ancient in fact, that the only written record of him is the rite of his resurrection. Gryphon's talons are among the two or three substances capable of manipulating his remains, which are stored in five magically sealed Canopic jars, one of which I've entrusted to Spike.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SPIKE

Right. I'll just go and fetch it,  
shall I, what with the sun out  
and all?

GILES

Buffy can do that, just tell her  
where exactly it is.

SPIKE

It's in the catacomb, to the left  
of the ladder, hidden in a skull.  
You can't miss it.

BUFFY

Right.

She moves for the door, but is stopped before she can leave by  
the sight of Xander carrying Willow and Anya upon his shoulders  
like Charles Atlas.

BUFFY (CONT'D)

Giles, Dawn, check this out.  
Looks like Xander is pretty good  
at the healing thing.

DAWN

Comes from lots of practice.

GILES

I suspect, rather, that it comes  
from another source entirely.  
Xander! You seem in fine form.  
It's good to see you well.

XANDER

And it's well do be so good. Or  
something.

Buffy and Dawn hug him.

XANDER (CONT'D)

Hey, Buffster, feel like  
training?

GILES

Buffy was just on her way to . .

DAWN

That's okay, I'll get it.

Buffy opens her mouth to speak.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

DAWN (CONT'D)

And I'll be careful.

She runs off before anyone can stop her. The remainder of the group moves back into the store.

BLACK OUT

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. TRAINING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Giles, Xander and Buffy spar, with the others watching. Starting slowly and moving from swords to staffs, they accelerate until Giles is winded and has to withdraw. Xander and Buffy continue the battle, escalating in speed and power until Xander knocks Buffy across the room.

XANDER

Oh, jeez, Buffy! I'm sorry! Are you okay?

BUFFY

I'm fine. Just surprised. Giles, all this from just a little of my blood?

GILES

Yours, and Dawns.

WILLOW

Wow. Xander's got super powers.

GILES

I think we should do some tests. Some comparisons. Buffy, Xander, would you mind?

They start with an arm wrestling contest, which Xander wins, then they race around the block, with Xander winning. Finally, they have an endurance contest for push-ups, which Xander wins. We rejoin conversation back in the store with Buffy winded, Xander ecstatic, and Giles flustered.

GILES (CONT'D)

Xander, while I'm very impressed with your performance, I'm also very worried for you. Your body was never meant to handle this level of strain.

XANDER

I've never felt better.

BUFFY

Just don't over do it. I don't want to see you hurt yourself.

XANDER

Jealous?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BUFFY

No, Xander. No one will be happier for you if this turns out to be a good thing. But remember our favorite magic words.

XANDER

Be careful. Yeah. Gotcha. I think I'm gonna go work out.

GILES

Do you mind if one of us follows along to keep an eye on you?

WILLOW

I'll do it.

XANDER

Fair enough.

GILES

Anya, will you assist us with research?

ANYA

I suppose.

They all exit the training room, and Xander and Willow continue all the way out to the street.

EXT. NEAR SPIKE'S LAIR - SAME TIME

Dawn approaches the lair. The door still lies where it fell when Buffy kicked it in. She enters.

INT. SPIKE'S LAIR - SAME TIME

Dawn comes down the ladder into the lower level, and looks around. She sees the small alcove that Spike mentioned, but there are two skulls.

She approaches and lifts both skulls. Inside each skull is a small urn. Touching the lids, she finds that one is sealed, while the other is not. She puts them both in her bag and starts up the ladder. As she tries to step across the threshold, Bill steps in front of her, blocking her path.

BILL

My dear young lady, I'll take that small jar you're carrying.

DAWN

Like Hell you will.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She backs up a step, and he matches her. He backs her across the room until she rests against Spike's crypt. Fumbling behind her, she grabs a broken piece of masonry. She swings with all her might and crunches Bill upside the head. He reels just long enough for Dawn to slip around him and bolt for the exit.

Bill charges after her, and as he's gaining, we see Dawn fumbling in her bag. She pulls out an urn and heaves it into the air.

DAWN (CONT'D)

Here! Take it!

Bill stops dead. He maneuvers himself to catch the plummeting jar, but immediately recognizes that it's a decoy. He stops, then draws a finger across the bleeding gash in his head, making it disappear.

A moment later, he turns to face Dawn's retreating back and hurtles the jar like a bullet. It strikes the back of Dawn's head, shattering and throwing her unconscious to the ground.

EXT. SUNNYDALE STREET - LATER

Xander and Willow wander down the street, talking.

WILLOW

Feels pretty good, huh? The superpowers thing?

XANDER

Feels great. Feels like I can make a difference. Must be kinda what it feels like when you do magic, huh?

WILLOW

Yeah, probably, but remember what they say about power. Power corrupts and super power corrupts, um, superly.

XANDER

Yeah, but you know me. I'm like the must un-evil guy you know.

WILLOW

I suppose you kinda are, but still . . .

She is interrupted by a cry for help. They spin around and see a man running with a purse, a woman behind him shouting.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Xander straight arms the mugger, sending him flying backward to land unconscious at the feet of the wronged woman. She takes her purse from his slack hands, nods a curt thanks to Xander, and walks away. The mugger does not get up.

XANDER

See? See? That was amazing. I just stopped that mugger guy.

WILLOW

I think we'd better call an ambulance.

INT. GYMNASIUM - LATER

Xander is in the weight room trying to decide where to start. Willow follows him, concerned. He finds an empty bench press station, and starts with 135 pounds. Two large plates. This wouldn't have been much of a challenge for him without super powers, so he's just warming up. After a very quick ten or twenty repetitions, he bumps it up to 225 pounds. We quickly see him progress through 315, 405, 495, and 585 pounds, each of which is the addition of two full sized plates. He finishes several repetitions of 585, and stops, not even winded.

XANDER

Willow, are you seeing this? This is amazing. I'm really going to be able to help out now, with all the smacking around and butt whoopin. Y'know, of demons. This is great.

WILLOW

Yeah, it's great, Xander, but I'm still worried.

XANDER

Hey, Willow, check this out.

He has put the weights away, and now holds the bar outstretched. With a mighty heave, he folds it in half. With a second heave, he pulls it all the way around, making a loop in the thick steel bar. He then leaves the bar on the bench, just as he found it.

XANDER (CONT'D)

C'mon. Let's get out of here.

WILLOW

I mean I don't want to nag, but I am sorta the poster girl for abuse of power, remember?

INT. BUFFY'S HOUSE - LATER

Xander and Willow enter the house.

WILLOW

Just a minute, I want to get a  
book for Giles.

She runs up the stairs, and Xander fidgets. A moment later, she comes back down the stairs.

WILLOW (CONT'D)

I found this with Tara's things.  
I think she borrowed it from  
Giles.

We hear a single tapping sound. After a moment we hear it again. Then three quicker taps. They look down, and the ring is tapping itself against Willow's shoe. A glowing inscription flashes out on the top of the ring. Always on the top. It reads, "Willow."

She bends to retrieve the ring, and rises, pinching it between thumb and forefinger, so that no edges are covered. The inscription flashes out, and an instant later, returns, repeated around the entire circumference of the ring. The light fades, and the inscription remains, as a standard engraved inscription.

XANDER

I think it's for you.

WILLOW

Um, yeah.

She turns the ring, now holding it by the edge, and as she looks through it, there is another flash. The face of Tara appears, tiny within the previously empty circle.

TARA

Hello, Willow. Happy birthday! I  
love you so much, and you have no  
idea how hard it's been keeping  
this ring a secret. I hope you  
like it. I made it for you for a  
special reason.

By now, Willow is crying a little bit, and Xander places a hand on her shoulder.

TARA (CONT'D)

I know how much you miss using  
your magic, and I know how much  
good you can do. This ring will  
help you with that.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TARA (CONT'D)

Whenever you are using magic for good, and in a selfless way, it's just an ordinary ring, but if you use magic wrongly, or selfishly, it will become cold. Really, really cold. It's a sort of reminder. You know, like a string around your finger. Only prettier.

WILLOW

(whispering)

Thank you.

TARA

You're welcome. Happy Birthday. I love you.

WILLOW

I love you too.

The figure recedes a little, and waves. With her free hand, Willow wiggles her fingers in return. Xander does the same.

XANDER

Wow. That's a really nice birthday present.

Willow squinches her face to keep from crying. And in a jagged breath says:

WILLOW

Yeah.

INT. MAGIC BOX - SAME TIME

Dawn returns. Anya is in the storeroom. Not realizing that the customer in the store is Loki incognito, the gang speaks quietly.

GILES

Did you find it, Dawn?

DAWN

No. Yeah. I had it, but a guy took it from me. He looked human, but I don't think so. I smacked him with a big chunk of stone and it barely even shook him.

Giles notices a bead of blood rolling down the back of Dawn's neck, behind her ear.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GILES

Dawn, you're bleeding.

DAWN

It's nothing. He threw something at me. Knocked me out.

Giles begins examining the small gash.

GILES

It's as bad as I'd feared.

LOKI

It's worse than you feared, mate.

SPIKE

Loki, damn it. Either make yourself useful, or piss off.

LOKI

(returns to red form)

Hey. I like this world as much as you do. It's fun. I don't want some crybaby wanker like William the Small stompin' about my playground and wreckin' all the toys.

SPIKE

Right. You two at it again, eh? So what? You're offering us your help?

LOKI

Already am helping. I set 'im on his ears. You should see it. He was stomping around and screaming. It was fantastic. I swiped his poncy little jars.

GILES

Excellent thinking. May we have them, please?

LOKI

Now what fun would that be? I gave them back, along with about fifteen thousand decoys. They'll be a while sorting them out.

BUFFY

You useless schmuck! Stop wasting our time.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LOKI

Hey, take it easy, Buff'n'stuff.  
I'm here to help.

BUFFY

So long as we keep you  
entertained?

LOKI

Yeah, pretty much, and you're  
doing a fine job of it so far,  
sweet thing.

BUFFY

(growls)  
Ugh!

GILES

So how do you know this William  
the Small person?

SPIKE

It's really William Little.

LOKI

Yeah. He's got this grudge  
against me.

DAWN

Against you? Color me shocked.

LOKI

Look, it was really harmless. It  
was 1532 or 1533. He was a  
shepherd in France. All I did was  
sneak in a couple of times and  
stow his sheep in this big oak  
tree. It was really funny. He got  
them all back and everything.  
He's just a truly amazing  
sourpuss. Still hasn't got the  
faintest shred of a sense of  
humor. He made some stupid vow to  
get even with whoever did it. I  
mean, can you believe that? A vow  
of revenge over a silly joke? The  
man's just not right.

DAWN

And he's been what, obsessing  
ever since.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

LOKI

That, and studying the black magics.

BUFFY

Look, Giles says he needs five components to summon this demon.  
. .

GILES

He's a god.

BUFFY

Whatever. How many jars does he have so far?

LOKI

Two when I was there.

SPIKE

Which makes three.

LOKI

Oh, Spike! You've finally learned to add. I'm so proud of you!

SPIKE

Dimwit.

At that moment, Anya returns from the storeroom and sees Loki. He sees her a second later.

LOKI

Anyanka? Do my eyes deceive me? They do that some times.

ANYA

Oh, hey, don't I know you? Locust, Lexus, Lucas, Luscious, Loser, Lobster, Lester, Lockjaw, something? No. I must be thinking of someone else.

LOKI

Ooh, you vixen! I always did have the hots for you, Anyanka.

Steam shoots from his ears on the word "Hots".

Just about then, Xander and Willow arrive.

XANDER

Who's got the hots for huh?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

ANYA

Oh, nothing, dear. This is Loki.

LOKI

The guy who ran you over. . .

ANYA

What? You did what? Why, you. . .

At this point, she breaks into the most profane kind of demonic cursing known to any of them, spins Loki by the shoulder, and punches him right through the still open door.

SPIKE

Well, now!

Anya follows him out, still shouting. All but Spike follow her. He follows right to the edge of the sunlight.

ANYA

That's my boyfriend you nearly killed, you (demonic curse). How dare you! You inconsiderate, selfish, ass!

As he lays stunned on the pavement, she places her foot on his chest, bends down, tears his arm off, and starts to beat him with it. After a few moments of this:

GILES

Alright, Anya. Anya, enough!  
That's enough. Much as it sickens me to say it, we are going to need his help.

Anya is crying, and spent, and she drops Loki's arm. As he rises to pick it up, both Buffy and Xander step right up and punch him, sending him flying completely across the street. The gang watches impassively as he picks himself up, dusts himself off one-handed, and returns to pick up his fallen arm. As he reattaches it:

GILES (CONT'D)

Oh, alright. Anyone else?

Willow steps up and kicks him as hard as she can in the shin. As he cries out and bends to grab it, Dawn kicks him right in the face, landing him flat on his back.

GILES (CONT'D)

Right then. Now, can we please get back to business.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

As they head back inside, Giles makes a point of stomping on Loki's groin as he passes. Loki is, of course, the last one inside. He approaches Xander.

LOKI

As I was going to say before I was interrupted; I'm really sorry about that. I know you humans are fragile, and I had no intention of hurting anyone. These automobile things are just so much fun.

He extends his hand. Xander grabs it, and shakes once.

XANDER

Yeah.

When he releases Loki's hand, it is smashed into a thin strip. Loki's face reveals his discomfort before he blows on his thumb to reinflate his hand, like a cartoon. Xander finds this extremely funny, but tries not to laugh.

LOKI

I learned that on the teeee  
veeee. Quite humorous, no?

GILES

No. Please do try to concentrate. Now fortunately I placed a beacon enchantment on the jar. We should easily be able to locate it, however. . .

INT. CEREMONIAL CHAMBER - SAME TIME

Bill and his lackeys are still sorting through the decoy urns. One of the men thinks he has found an authentic jar.

HENCHMAN

Master, I think I have found the liver.

Bill takes the jar from him, and examines it in detail.

BILL

Keep working. Find the other jar. I'll go out and retrieve the fourth.

HENCHMEN

Yes, Master.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They resume their search, and we see a frightening grimness in Bill's countenance as he exits.

INT. SEWER - DAY

We can see a few small spears of light stabbing down through the holes in a manhole cover. After a moment, the cover is dragged aside and Bill jumps down. He carries a flare, and as he steps into the darkness, he pops it. After a few moments of walking, he comes to a junction. A robed and hooded figure awaits.

FIGURE

This way.

Bill nods and follows silently.

INT. ANOTHER DARK ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

There is just enough light to see the two figures as they walk into the room. The hooded figure stops and Bill stops right behind him.

FIGURE

Wait here.

The figure walks away and disappears.

After a moment, the room begins to slowly fill with light. We soon see that Bill stands alone upon a path. To the left of the path is a sheer drop that falls away to a dark abyss. To the right of the path are bricks, each engraved with a number. Bill walks until he sees a number one. He tests it with his right foot and it holds solid. Each stone is large enough only for one foot, so he is left straddling the gap between his number one and the original path.

Very carefully, he shifts his left foot toward a nearby number two, which holds. Number three is a success, but his first tentative touch upon the stone numbered four sends it plummeting into the untold depths below, and nearly sends him following it. He is left standing one footed upon the number three.

Very cautiously, he tests the number five. It's good. He goes from five to seven to eleven to thirteen, safely following the prime numbers up to thirty-seven. Then the colors of the bricks change. He has reached a border.

He tests a brick, and finds it safe. All of these new bricks appear to be safe, so he picks up his pace, and is barely able to stop himself when he reaches a row of bricks of a slightly lighter color. Testing it, he finds it trapped, but only this one row appears to be trapped, so he steps over it, again accelerating.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He soon finds that the areas of trapped bricks are steadily widening as the areas of safe bricks shrink, until he is finally required to step over several rows at a time of trapped bricks onto a single row of safe ones.

Soon, he reaches a platform. Crossing to the far edge of it, he can see a pedestal across a stretch of the abyss upon which sits the jar he seeks. A single large rope is stretched across the abyss at this point, and to either side, a pair of smaller hanging ropes have their ends tied to pegs. They are apparently intended for swinging across the gap.

Bill examines the scene for a moment, grabs the rope on the left and gives it a tug. It holds. He does the same for the rope on the right, which also holds. Keeping one rope in each hand, he approaches the impossibly narrow bridge. Using the hanging ropes to steady himself, Bill has no trouble crossing the gap.

After gently seizing the jar, he steps upon the pedestal, which rises, depositing him once again in the sewers of Sunnydale.

INT. TRAINING ROOM - SAME TIME

Xander and Dawn are sparring, switching weapons frequently. Xander is taking it easy, but Dawn is really serious.

DAWN

Thanks for this, Xander. Every time I ask Buffy to spar with me, she tells me "Training is not a game." Do I look like I'm playing games to you?

XANDER

Not at all. In fact, I'm impressed. You been practicing by yourself, or just paying close attention?

DAWN

Little of both. Do you think Buffy will ever let me grow up?

XANDER

Nope. You're going to have to fight for every inch. But it's only because she loves you. She loves you and you're all she's got. She has to protect you.

DAWN

You're as much Buffy's family as I am. All of you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

XANDER

No, Dawnie, Buffy really loves you.

DAWN

I know she does. I didn't mean that like you are and I'm not. We're all a family. Closer than a lot of "normal" families.

XANDER

Yeah. No kidding. Hey, you had enough?

DAWN

Not hardly.

XANDER

Alright. Give it your best shot, kiddo.

She stops, giving him a rather miffed stare.

XANDER (CONT'D)

Right. Sorry. Give it your best shot.

They volley back and forth, Dawn surprising Xander with her skill.

XANDER (CONT'D)

Wow! You're getting really good. I'm seriously impressed. Buffy's got to notice soon. Hey, I need to get moving. I'm taking patrol tonight, so you guys can figure out a plan. See you later?

DAWN

Later. And thanks. I'll put everything away.

Xander hands her his weapon and exits. Dawn begins cleaning up with great satisfaction.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - NIGHT

Xander, still pumped up over his new powers, patrols on his own, but is frustrated by the continued lack of opponents. After a short while he finds himself at Spike's place. The door, not yet repaired, leans against the interior wall, providing some shelter. Xander approaches, and with one finger, pushes the door forward. He steps in.

INT. SPIKE'S LAIR - SAME TIME

Spike sits with his back to the door, and is not fazed by the crash.

SPIKE  
Hello, Slayer.

XANDER  
Hey, Spike.

Now Spike is fazed. He turns.

SPIKE  
Xander. You smell like the  
Slayer.

XANDER  
(smells himself)  
Yeah. I kinda do. Hey! I can even  
tell that I do. That's cool.  
Super senses.

SPIKE  
Give it a rest, would you?

XANDER  
(sniffs)  
Hey. I can smell you too. And I  
smell Dawn. And something else.  
Whoah do you think it's that guy  
who took the jar from her? That  
William guy? Yeah. He smells  
human. Let's go after him.

SPIKE  
Or perhaps we could send for  
reenforcements first?

XANDER  
(climbing up)  
Nah. We can take'im.

SPIKE  
I think I'll stay here if it's  
all the same to you.

XANDER  
Fine, be a little wussy. I'll do  
it myself.

EXT. NEAR ANGEL'S OLD MANSION - A LITTLE LATER

Xander has followed his nose to this location, and follows it into Angel's old home. Following it further, he comes to a gaping hole in a wall, through which he hears the sounds of shattering pottery. Stepping into the ceremonial chamber, he finds the henchmen rapidly working through their task. Two of the jars are in the case. Xander strides up to the case. We see Bill behind him, the newest jar in hand.

XANDER

I'll just be taking this.

BILL

No, you wont.

XANDER

And you think you're going to stop me?

BILL

I do.

XANDER

Step up then.

Bill steps up to Xander, still cradling the jar, and delivers a vicious backhanded punch that sends him staggering back.

BILL

Go home, Xander. You're just the sidekick. Third string sidekick at that. You shouldn't be here.

XANDER

(rises)

Well, somebody's got to do it. How do you know my name anyway?

BILL

Magic. Lots and lots of magic.

Xander cockily punches Bill in the face, expecting him to be thrown across the room. Bill barely staggers.

BILL (CONT'D)

You're a man of admirable determination and loyalty, Mr. Harris, but you will not stand against me. You should turn around and leave. Leave this place, leave this town.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BILL (CONT'D)

Get as far from Sunnydale as you  
can and live as long as you can.

Xander lets loose with his full super strength, right into Bill's center. Bill staggers down two steps, sighs, sets the jar into the hands of one of the henchmen, and steps back up. He backhands Xander all the way back to wall beside the hole through which he entered. Bill advances on Xander, who still reels from the impact. Spike pops briefly out of the hole, grabs Xander by the collar, and drags him out.

SPIKE

Time to go, hero.

ANGLE: BILL AND THE HENCHMAN

Bill reaches out his hand, and the henchman reverently surrenders the jar. Bill places it into the case.

BILL

Dispense with this task. We need  
the four jars together. We must  
summon the spirit of Havoc, and  
it must be soon. He will give me  
the fifth jar. I have proven  
myself worthy to be his vessel.

INT. MAGIC BOX - LATER

Spike and Xander enter, Xander showing signs of his recent beating. The gang are finalizing plans.

GILES

Good, you're both here. Xander,  
your face - what happened?

SPIKE

Playin' hero, of course. Showin'  
off.

XANDER

Yeah. Being stupid. But I found  
our bad guys. Are we ready to  
move out?

BUFFY

Just about. We were just waiting  
for you two. Come here and look  
at this.

INT. CEREMONIAL CHAMBER - LATER

One of the henchmen has found the final jar. He brings it to Bill for his inspection.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BILL

Good. This is it. Prepare the altar.

Bill kneels and begins to chant. The henchmen begin straightening the altar. They clean the dust from it and place each of the jars upon its appropriate point in the diagram. They produce a tray made from some material resembling obsidian. Next to the tray, they place the gryphon's claw fork. When they are finished, they step to the ends of the table and kneel. After a moment, Bill finishes his chanting, rises, and approaches the altar. He kneels and waits. Moments later, a hulking, yet ghostly figure steps forth from the shadow. This is the spirit of Havoc.

BILL (CONT'D)

Master, I have recovered your sacred organs, and I humbly beg the privilege of receiving from you the corporeal remains of your brain, that I might do your mighty will. I alone have passed the trials, I and no other. I beg your judgement, Lord Havoc. Am I worthy to inherit your might?

HAVOC

I have observed your mettle. I have seen the demonstration of your wit. And I have felt your determination. Through the eons, few humans have undertaken the challenge of returning me to this dimension, and none of those with such success. I find you worthy, and I grant what you seek. Do not shrink from your final task, and you will inherit my power.

The ghost dissipates, leaving behind the fifth and final jar. Bill fetches it, and puts it into the final place on the altar. He sits at the prepared chair, and reaches for the first jar. He opens it and pours its contents onto the tray. Picking up the fork, he begins to consume the heart of Havoc.

LATER

Bill is finishing his meal. He has no sooner swallowed the last bite than he spasms, and collapses backward with his chair. He is still shaking as we fade to black.

BLACK OUT

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. THE MAGIC BOX - NIGHT

The gang has gathered weapons and formed a plan. They still hope to find the bad guys before they've completed their ritual.

GILES

Is everyone ready?

There are general noises of assent. They move out

INT. CEREMONIAL CHAMBER - DARK

The gang arrives to find scads of broken pottery, and the remains of the ceremony, which include the empty jars, the tray, and the fork made of gryphon's talons. The tray and the talons have mostly melted away.

ANYA

Oh, my! Giles, what could possibly do that to gryphon talons?

GILES

Havoc is the god of devastation. The ritual required the practitioner to consume his physical remains, which by their nature were extremely corrosive.

XANDER

I think I'm going to be sick.

BUFFY

No time for that. Giles, where did they go?

GILES

I've no idea, but we must find out. He's gone off to metamorphose. He'll be in a cocoon for a couple of hours at best. After that, God knows how powerful he'll be.

ANYA

Ooh. The cave! The cave where we fought those rancor demons! They must have been protecting something.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BUFFY  
Right. Let's go.

EXT. THE CAVE - LATER

The gang is set upon by the demons. There could be as many as two dozen, but with Super Xander and Loki in snarly form, the fight is won quickly. The gang moves into the cave to find nothing. It's empty, except for the detritus accumulated by the rancor demons.

BUFFY  
Damn it! Where are they?

At that moment, a series of sirens go past nearby.

DAWN  
Think we should follow those?

GILES  
I have no better alternative.

They depart, following the wailing sirens, to find a path of destruction leading straight through Sunnydale to:

WILLOW  
The Hellmouth!

DAWN  
What?

WILLOW  
The Hellmouth! He's heading straight for it.

GILES  
He must be planning to wrench it open. All the way open.

SPIKE  
Bloody Hell!

BUFFY  
Let's go.

INT. NEAR THE RUINS SURROUNDING THE HELLMOUTH - MINUTES LATER

The gang approaches.

GILES  
Alright. Is everyone prepared? Do we know what to do?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

There are nods and silent assent.

INT. THE HELLMOUTH - MOMENTS LATER

Bill has transformed himself into Havoc. He is huge. Vaguely human shaped, but with short powerful legs, overly long arms and a thick spiked tail.. He is covered in armor and claws with four massive horns sweeping forward in pairs from the sides of his head. He will soon have scoured the ground about the Hellmouth clear of any obstruction.

The gang arrives. The humans are taken aback by the scale of Havoc, while Loki looks forward to the challenge, shouting as he charges.

LOKI  
Whaaahaaahaahaha!

SPIKE  
Oh, bugger it!

Spike charges in with an axe.

GILES  
Right.

Giles flourishes a broadsword, and joins the fray. Dawn, Anya, and Willow exchange apprehensive glances and bring various weapons to bear on Havoc.

BUFFY  
After you.

Xander charges the monster, and swings a couple of whacks with an axe before he gets flipped aside by a crushing backhand. Buffy charges with him, wielding a spear.

The battle is fierce, with Loki taking Havoc head on, and slowly but steadily being beaten down and torn limb from limb. The rest of the gang are hard pressed even to penetrate the tough armor of Havoc, only sparsely wringing bellows of enraged pain from him.

After a brief period of feigned unconsciousness, Xander slowly rises and sneaks behind the beast. When he is in position, he springs, landing on its back, clinging with fierce determination. With a tremendous heave, he begins tearing off plates of armor, one by one, enraging the creature.

The beast reaches back, plucks Xander from his body, and is just about to bite his head off when Dawn throws a dagger, striking it in the left eye, sending it's head reeling.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A split second later, Buffy hurtles her spear into one of the holes in the beast's armor.

The blow causes Havoc to drop Xander to the floor. Spike chops off half of it's left foot with a mighty heave of his axe, while Dawn, Willow and Anya chop through its right Achilles' tendon as though it were an oak.

The monster topples forward, on top of Xander. A moment later, it bellows anew and thrashes backward, revealing Xander clutching two more plates of its armor.

With the monster's soft belly exposed, Buffy pounces, tearing its beating heart from it's chest, as Spike does the same for the liver, and Giles the lungs. The girls remove the intestines, amid expressions of the most heinous disgust. With all this injury, Havoc rises to one elbow, screaming. Xander rises, grabs his trusty axe, and cuts the monster's head off in one mighty swipe.

BLACK OUT

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

LATER

The gang are catching their breath and treating their wounds as they prepare the ritual to permanently destroy Havoc. They have spread the organs to the points of a pentagram. Giles is sprinkling a prepared mixture over the various organs while Anya finishes drawing the pentagram with another preparation.

As they finish, the gang gathers around the pentagram.

GILES  
(to Xander)  
Would you care to do the honors?

XANDER  
You betcha!

Giles nudges Spike, who hands his lighter to Giles, who hands it in turn to Xander, who lights a point of the pentagram.

The lines of the pentagram ignite into a bright red flame, and an instant later, the prepared organs ignite in green.

GILES  
No, not like that!

XANDER  
What'd I do? What'd I do?

GILES  
Nothing. I was only kidding.

XANDER  
Oh, very funny, British Man.

Xander nudges Giles a little harder than necessary. Noticing Loki, who still has no arms, Xander tosses the lighter back to Spike, picks up a sword and approaches Loki.

XANDER (CONT'D)  
(affected British accent)  
You are indeed brave, Sir Knight,  
but the fight is mine!

The gang chuckles, but Loki surprises them by knowing the lines.

LOKI  
Oh, had enough, eh?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

XANDER

Look, you stupid bastard, you've got no arms left.

LOKI

Yes I have.

XANDER

Look!

LOKI

Just a flesh wound.

He head butts Xander in the chest, mindful of his horns.

XANDER

Look, stop that.

LOKI

Chicken! Chicken!

XANDER

I'll have your leg. Right!

He chops off one of Loki's legs.

LOKI

Right! I'll do you for that.

XANDER

You'll what?

LOKI

Come'ere!

XANDER

What're you going to do, bleed on me?

(drops accent)

Ew, please don't bleed on me.

LOKI

I'm invincible!

XANDER

You're a looney.

LOKI

The black knight always triumphs!  
Have at you! Come on then.

Xander chops off his other leg.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LOKI (CONT'D)

All right. We'll call it a draw.

XANDER

Come, scoobies.

By now, the gang are laughing hysterically. They wander off.

GILES

You two could have a future doing that.

WILLOW

One of your better efforts at comedy. Oh, and plagiarism.

LOKI

Oh, I see. Running away, eh? Come back here and get what's comin' to you. Hey! Wait! Come back here. Somebody put me back together! Spike! Help!

Spike saunters back to Loki, smacks his legs on, puts a couple of arms in the wrong places, hands him the remaining two and says:

SPIKE

Come on, you daft git!

They catch up to the group.

BUFFY

So where did you learn that?

XANDER

Are you kidding? I've seen "Holy Grail" like a billion times.

DAWN

No, him dufus.

LOKI

Picked it up on that funny little telly-box at Spike's place.

INT. THE BRONZE - THE NEXT NIGHT

Loki is on stage in human form. Having found that he enjoys entertaining others more than he enjoys entertaining himself, he has decided to try his hand at stand-up comedy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LOKI

So who can tell me how many  
french archers it takes to churn  
a pound of butter?

There is deathly silence in the audience.

LOKI (CONT'D)

So maybe I should update my  
material?

There is a smattering of laughter, as our attention turns to the  
gang, sitting together at a table.

BUFFY

So maybe he hasn't found his  
calling after all?

XANDER

I'm telling you, prop comedy.  
It's all about the props.

DAWN

Or maybe impersonations. I bet he  
could do wicked impersonations.

ANYA

I thought the joke about the  
butter churning was very funny.

WILLOW

It's all about your frame of  
reference, I suppose.

SPIKE

You lot don't spend much time  
shutting up, do you?

GILES

About as much time as you spend  
on self-censorship, I'm afraid,  
Spike.

By this time, the audience is laughing wildly, and clapping. In  
the background, Loki bows, throws the audience a kiss, and steps  
off stage. He approaches the gang.

LOKI

I can't thank you all enough for  
what you've done. I've found just  
what I needed. This performing  
thing - what a rush! I've got to  
dash. Got another gig.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DAWN

Where?

LOKI

I don't think you'd know it,  
sweetness.

(eyes flash red)

It's an underground kind of club.

XANDER

Break a leg!

BUFFY

Break two!

GILES

Break an arm for me!

ANYA

Good luck!

DAWN

Knock 'em deader!

SPIKE

Piss off, already!

XANDER

Y'know, it's a lot easier being  
brave when you have super powers.

There's a moment of silence.

BUFFY

I think "Duh" just about sums it  
up.

XANDER

Yeah, but the thing is, it's that  
much scarier when you get your  
ass kicked.

BUFFY

Yeah.

BLACK OUT

END OF ACT FOUR