

Kennedy

"The Bold and the Bloodthirsty"

by
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TEASER

FADE IN:

INT. CAVE - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

We pan around a small but cozy cave, where a fire blazes merrily. An (unfamiliar looking) animal is spitted and roasting over the open flames.

BEDROS sits on the floor nearby, eyes closed in meditation, his gnarled staff placed across his folded legs. Wrapped in a tattered blanket near Bedros is MOIRA. She is sound asleep, eyes closed and snoring lightly.

Engaged in conversation in front of the fire is our heroine KENNEDY and WADE. Wade is polishing his sword, at the same time taking in everything Kennedy is saying.

WADE

(envious)

Wish I could have been there!

KENNEDY

Yeah. It was something else.

Wade casts a sly glance over at Kennedy, a lock of hair falling in his eyes.

WADE

So, Kennedy... Is there a special man in your life?

KENNEDY

(laughs)

No, Wade, I can definitely say there is no special man in my life.

Wade looks pleased with this answer, again turning his attention back to his sword.

WADE

Tell me again of this "Buffy."
She sounds like a warrior I would love to meet... and perhaps spar with!

Kennedy smiles.

KENNEDY

You would be surprised how often I hear that, Wade.

(beat)

I don't know what that girl has, but she has it in spades!

In the corner of the frame, unseen by Wade and Kennedy, Moira awakens with a start. She sits up, wrapping the tattered blanket around herself even further. Her gaze drifts to Wade, who is still engrossed in talking to Kennedy.

KENNEDY (CONT'D)

But, Moira, on the other hand,
she has true untapped potential.

Wade nods, noncommittally. We see Moira's face become downcast at Wade's apparent dismissal of her. Wade leans forward, removing the skewer from the flames.

WADE

Dinner is ready. Would you mind
waking Moira and Bedros?

Wiping his sword clean with his cape, he proceeds to slice off pieces of the meat, putting them into a makeshift plate.

Kennedy nods, and stands up, stretching. She heads first towards Moira...

KENNEDY

(surprised)

Moira, you're awake.

(beat: off Moira's sad
face)

Is something wrong?

Moira's face crumbles further, and tears bead in her eyes as her eyes lock on to Wade. Kennedy nods knowingly.

KENNEDY (CONT'D)

Wade, we'll be right back. We're
going to go...

(beat)

Tend to the horses.

WADE

Got a weapon?

KENNEDY

That was rhetorical, right?

She pulls out a sharpened stake from her right boot, and twirls it deftly between her fingers.

KENNEDY (CONT'D)

Never leave home without one!

Kennedy throws her arm around Moira, and the two exit the cave. We FOLLOW the two of them outside the cave into the small clearing outside.

EXT. CLEARING - NIGHT

The light of the moon shines down through the foliage, illuminating the ground in patches of silver. Four horses are tethered together outside: they whicker softly as Moira and Kennedy approach.

Kennedy motions towards one of the horses.

KENNEDY

Grab a brush from the pack, and start tending that one.

Moira takes a brush out of the saddlebag, and starts currying the horse. Kennedy does the same, moving to the horse next to Moira.

A few moments pass.

KENNEDY (CONT'D)

You like him, don't you?

Moira starts, dropping the brush. Blushing, she picks it up and resumes currying.

MOIRA

Is it that obvious?

KENNEDY

Only to me.

(beat)

I've been through it before, y'know... Lusting after someone who barely knows you exist.

(beat)

Kinda sucks.

Moira nods in agreement.

MOIRA

So, what happened?

Kennedy's face tightens: she's obviously uncomfortable sharing this level of detail with Moira.

KENNEDY

What happens at the end of every story?

(shrugs)

I died.

CUT TO:

INT. CAVE - NIGHT

Wade moves towards Bedros, waving his hands.

WADE
Bedros? Dinner's ready.

No response from the wizened Shaman, not even acknowledgement of the younger mans presence.

WADE (CONT'D)
(louder)
Bedros?

Still no answer.

WADE (CONT'D)
(shrugs)
Fine. Let your dinner get cold.

Wade turns, heading back towards the fire and his dinner.

Unseen by Wade, Bedros's eyes POP OPEN, and a small, crooked, (and perhaps slightly menacing) smile lights up his face.

BEDROS
(excited)
I know!

He stands, his staff fairly pulsating with power.

BEDROS (CONT'D)
I. KNOW.

Wade stands, looking confused.

WADE
(to Bedros)
You know what?
(to Moira and Kennedy;
loud; off Bedros'
"crazy eyes")
Guys? You may want to get in
here!

BEDROS
At long last, I have divined the
answer.

Moira and Kennedy run in, each with a stake in their hands.

KENNEDY
(wary)
What's wrong?

BEDROS
Wrong! Why, nothing!

KENNEDY
Ummm... OK.

BEDROS

It has taken far more time than I
thought it would, but I never
doubted in my success.

Bedros whips his cloak ostentatiously.

BEDROS (CONT'D)

I have succeeded in diving the
location of the Henge!

We pan around, and see that neither Kennedy, Wade, or Moira
look particularly pleased with this statement.

Off Bedros' wild-eyed stare, we:

BLACK OUT:

END TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. CAVE - NIGHT

As before. Moira has lowered her stake, but Kennedy still has hers poised and ready.

KENNEDY

(suspicious)

What do you mean, the Henge? I thought we knew it was in Clitheroe.

BEDROS

He sought to mislead us, but with the artifacts I took from him - I have discerned it's true resting place.

(beat)

And once we have the Henge, we'll find my brethren.

KENNEDY

You're brethren?

BEDROS

(scornfully)

Silly child! I mean the other Creators, of course.

WADE

The ones who created the original Slayer, you mean?

BEDROS

(exasperated)

Do none of you ignorant whelps listen when I speak?

KENNEDY

(mutters)

Not if we can help it.

Bedros ignores Kennedy's pointed remark and presses on.

BEDROS

With the Henge, we will be able to divine the whereabouts of my brethren, and I fully intend to free them.

KENNEDY

Whoa, there! I don't think that's necessarily the best idea!

It's obvious that Kennedy has some deep-seated reservations about this idea, and we have a good idea why.

Bedros flamboyantly places his hands on his hips.

BEDROS

And whyever not, may I ask?

Kennedy hesitates.

KENNEDY

The Powers That Be didn't seem to think that it was a good idea.

BEDROS

Pshaw! We've already altered the future that you saw.

Kennedy doesn't look convinced, but Moira steps forward to interject.

MOIRA

Before we go any further, why not tell us a little about these guys first? Then, we can move on to finding the Henge, figuring out where your friends are being held, and what, if anything, we can do to help them. Agreed?

She moves to the fire, taking a plate and loading it with food, before sitting down, her back to the wall.

BEDROS

(nods)

Agreed.

He also takes a plate of food, and uses one of the bones to illustrate his story with dramatic gestures.

BEDROS (CONT'D)

You all know the story of how we created the first Slayer, I presume?

Wade and Moira both nod; but not Kennedy.

KENNEDY

(growls)

You mean how you literally kidnapped and chained a poor girl to the ground, forcing her to bond with a Demon?

BEDROS

(clears throat)

Yes, well, be that as it may.

BEDROS (CONT'D)

The bonding ritual was quite potent, as you can imagine. I realized that I was not strong enough by myself to conduct the ceremony. So I called upon my brothers, Machtos and Lyros.

(beat)

The bond was successful beyond our wildest dreams. But in doing so, we had nearly tipped the scales of the Great Balance.

Kennedy nods; she is familiar with the laws of Cosmic Balance. Wade and Moira, however, look puzzled.

BEDROS (CONT'D)

(to Wade and Moira)

Good and Evil must always be balanced; it's one of the most basic laws of the universe. If evil gets the upper hand, as it has here, reality itself attempts to correct the imbalance. Hence, the reason why our newfound friend is here.

Wade and Moira exchange wondering "How did we get ourselves into this" looks.

BEDROS (CONT'D)

By creating the Slayer line, we nearly upset the balance. To rectify that, and to preserve our knowledge for future generations, we three decided to voluntarily place ourselves into stasis. We headed in opposite directions, and, at the pre-appointed time, we entered stasis, there to stay until our powers were needed once more.

KENNEDY

(scoffs)

That's gotta be the dumbest thing I've ever heard! So, thanks to your interference, you nearly let the vampires annihilate the world in your absence! And you were nowhere to be found to lead these people! And why would you not tell each other where you were, anyway?

BEDROS

(snaps warningly)

Our ways are not yours to question, Slayer though you may be. All you need know is that I have learned how to find where my brethren are, and that means that their help is needed in this struggle.

Moira steps forward, placing a calming hand on Kennedy's shoulder.

MOIRA

He's right, Kennedy. We need all the help we can get if we are to bring down the Wolf, Ram and Hart.

When Kennedy doesn't immediately reply, Wade steps forward and turns to Bedros,

WADE

Pray continue, noble sir.

BEDROS

As I was saying...

(beat)

I know where the Henge is. But, even once we find it and rescue my friends - getting there will be an arduous journey, and will require a full frontal attack. An attack that even I, with three Slayers and two peers at my side, will not be able to muster.

KENNEDY

(mutters)

Great. It's Sunnydale all over again!

(normal voice)

So, what? You want backup?

BEDROS

If it can be arranged.

Kennedy closes her eyes, deep in thought.

Bedros sits placidly, awaiting Kennedy's reply. Moira and Wade take a step back, realizing they're in over their heads as these two personalities clash.

KENNEDY

I think I know how it can be arranged.

BEDROS
Excellent.

KENNEDY
But there's something I need from
you in exchange.

Off Bedros' intrigued look, we:

CUT TO:

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

A peaceful, bucolic countryside whizzes by; there's no sign of vampiric infestation, or indeed, habitation at all. Lush foliage and verdant trees line the road, creating shade from the sun overhead. The sounds of birds chirping can be heard in the background.

Kennedy and Moira gallop down the dirt road towards their destination.

MOIRA
What do you mean, we're supposed
to enlist their help?

KENNEDY
(patiently)
We need more manpower, Moira.
It's as simple as that.

MOIRA
(suspiciously)
I thought you didn't trust
Bedros.

KENNEDY
(matter-of-factly)
I don't. But as long as I know
what he's doing, I can keep him
in check.

MOIRA
And you really think after the
assault, they would be foolish
enough to return here?

KENNEDY
(deadpan)
Yep.

Moira looks poised to say something else, but it
interrupted by Kennedy.

KENNEDY (CONT'D)
(pointing)
We've arrived.

We follow her finger, and see that she is pointing towards a village. The road continues straight into the village proper. The village looks familiar: it is, in fact, the same village that we saw in Episode 1.02.

Only it's as if a pall now surrounds the village. The ambient sounds in the background have diminished, and the trees and foliage surrounding the village seem less healthy, and more stunted. Even the sun overhead doesn't seem to want to touch this village.

KENNEDY (CONT'D)

No time like the present.

She spurs her horse forward, and rides into the village. With a sigh, Moira reluctantly does the same.

EXT. VILLAGE - DAY

The village is much as it was the last time we saw it, though the houses seem more decrepit and ramshackle. No-one moves in the streets, and there's still no sign of life.

Kennedy tears down the road, her eyes drawn to one of the largest structure in town: so intent is she that she fails to notice the black-clad FIGURES that move in the shadows!

The figures slip past her unseen, moving towards the mounted figure of Moira, who is unable to keep up with the furious pace that Kennedy is setting...

As she passes, the figures LEAP OUT: as we get our first good look at them, we can see that they are Vampires, in full vamp-face! Two of them savagely rake the horses side, drawing blood. The beast neighs furiously, bucking wildly, and spilling Moira from her seat.

With a THUD she falls to the ground, but is on her feet in a fraction of a second, her Slayer reflexes kicking fully in.

The two vamps CHARGE Moira: they are joined by more of the vamps, who come out of the shadows!

MOIRA

(yells)

Kennedy!

Moira swings her stake wildly, actually staking one vampire in the progress. His ashes spiral up into the air, obscuring our view of the battle momentarily.

CUT TO:

EXT. VILLAGE STREET - DAY

Kennedy is hell-bent on her destination. She spurs the horse wildly forward, unaware that her protégé has fallen behind.

She is just approaching her destination, when...

MOIRA (O.S.)
(faint)
Kennedy!

Kennedy whirls around, realizing in a heartbeat that Moira is nowhere to be seen!

Unfortunately, that split-second is all that the forces lying-in-wait need. From the shadows, a peasant wielding a pitchfork steps in front of the charging horse bearing Kennedy.

In a single fluid motion, he bends down in the middle of the road, stabbing the butt of the farm tool into the ground, using it as a makeshift lance.

Senses heightened, Kennedy hears the telltale noise, and whirls back around, but too late!

Unable to stop the charging horse in time, she watches in horror as the beast impales itself on the pitchfork!

With a piteous whinny, the horse crumbles to the ground spilling Kennedy to the ground, hard.

In a flash, before Kennedy can right herself, the villager is on her with unnatural speed, the triple tines of the pitchfork at her throat!

KENNEDY
You're not an ordinary villager,
are you?

The villager smiles, a gap-toothed grin.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE - DAY

We pan around a lavishly furnished room. A four poster bed dominates the room. A thin veil of gauze surrounds the bed, and we see that Moira is lying in the bed, asleep (or perhaps unconscious.)

The door to the room opens, and a youngish (early-20's) woman enters, bearing a tray of food. She places the food on the bedside table nearby, before pulling back the covers and taking Moira's pulse.

Moira stirs, and the woman hastily withdraws from the room.

Moira sits up, shaking her head and looking around.

MOIRA

What happened? Where am I?

VOICE (O.S.)

I have a better question: what are you doing here?

There's a momentary pause, and KENNADRIUS enters the room. She's a dead-ringer for Kennedy, save for the archaic clothing she wears—a medieval style jerkin, in black, covered with a flowing red cape.

MOIRA

(confused)

Kennedy?

(BEAT)

What do you mean?

Kennadrius smiles, and we see another difference between Kennadrius and her counterpart. The smile Kennadrius offers is harder-edged, and doesn't quite reach her face.

KENNADRIUS

We'll get to that in a moment, my dear.

Kennadrius casually walks to the bed, pulling back the gauze, and deposits herself at the foot of the bed. She motions to the food.

KENNADRIUS (CONT'D)

Please. You must be starving after your long journey.

MOIRA

(suspicious)

You're not Kennedy!

KENNADRIUS

I guess we can't slip anything past you, can we, sweetie?

Moira pulls the covers up to her chin, nervous.

MOIRA

What do you want with me?

KENNADRIUS

(sighs)

Now, my darling, there's no need for that. I certainly harbor no impure designs on you.

KENNADRIUS (CONT'D)

And if I wanted you dead? Would
you be standing here right now?

MOIRA

So, what then?

Off Kennadrius' mischievous look, we:

CUT TO:

INT. CHURCH - DAY

PAN around the desecrated remnants of a church. Broken windows of stained glass cast an eerie cascade of rainbow light around the room. A tipped-over altar dominates one-corner of the room, stained in urine and feces. Behind the altar is the station of the cross, though the cross is now-upside down, to signify "Death" rather than "Life".

Facing the altar are row upon row of filthy pews, many covered in dust, others in blood, and some are broken completely.

Kennedy lies on one of the pews, rigid, her arms crossed over her chest, in conscious mockery of vampiric slumber.

As one of the colored beam reaches Kennedy, she stirs, covering her face with her hand to block out the intrusion.

VOICE (O.S.)

(sinister)

I'm afraid I don't have anything
to offer you to drink.

Kennedy jumps to her feet, though slightly lethargically. She reaches for her stake, but finds it missing...

We pan around once more, and from out of the shadows in the doorway steps a familiar figure.

KENNEDY

(spits)

Angel.

Indeed it is Angel, or rather, ANGELUS.

He looks much the same as we remember, if slightly more feral. He is also clad in unadorned black: black pants, black shirt, slicked back black hair. We see a cross around Angelus's neck, and we see that where it contacts his flesh through his open shirt, there is a scar.

ANGELUS

Please. Call me Angelus. Not a
big fan of nicknames.

He VAMPS OUT, and lunges forward, hoping to intimidate the Slayer. Kennedy stands her ground.

ANGELUS (CONT'D)
I'm very impressed.

He leans in closer, and walks around Kennedy twice. He SNIFFS her.

ANGELUS (CONT'D)
You look like her. You smell like her.
(beat)
But you're not her.

KENNEDY
I'm not who?

Angelus ignores the question.

ANGELUS
So, what do you want here?

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE - DAY

Kennadrius and Moira are still talking.

MOIRA
(nervous)
Right now? I just want to get out of here.

KENNADRIUS
That can be arranged. For a price.

She chuckles, a sound that fills the small room with a blistering cold.

MOIRA
What kind of price?

KENNADRIUS
I need the help of the Slayer.

CUT TO:

INT. CHURCH - DAY

Kennedy and Angelus conversing.

KENNEDY
What do you need my help for?

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE - DAY

As before - Moira and Kennadrius conversing.

KENNADRIUS

I don't know how much you know of the history of this area. But I've been locked in conflict with this creature, named Angelus.

CUT TO:

INT. CHURCH - DAY

As before, Angelus and Kennedy conversing.

ANGEL

Kennadrius, for far too long.

KENNEDY

Kennadrius?

Angelus grins.

ANGELUS

Oh, that's right, I did skimp on the details the last time we spoke! Kennadrius..

(beat for effect)

is YOU!

(beat)

Or you're her, depending on how you look at it.

Off Angelus's sinister chuckle, and Kennedy's astounded look, we:

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE - DAY

As before, Kennadrius and Moira conversing.

KENNADRIUS

We've long since reached a stalemate, Angelus and I. But now..

(beat)

There's another player in the game. And I need to make sure that he's either on my side, or he's out of play for good.

MOIRA

(getting clued in)

So you want Kennedy to pay a visit to this guy?

KENNADRIUS

No, no, my darling. I want Kennedy - and I - to "pay a visit to this guy" as you so eloquently put it.

CUT TO:

INT. CHURCH - DAY

Kennedy paces nervously.

KENNEDY

And what do I get out of this?

ANGELUS

You mean, aside from me letting you live?

He takes a few paces forward, and stands behind Kennedy, his hand on her shoulder, their flesh barely touching. He runs his hand over Kennedy's neck.

ANGELUS (CONT'D)

Once this new player is either dead or on my side, it will leave me free to annihilate your vampiric doppelganger, after all.

KENNEDY

So you want me to take this guy out for you?

ANGELUS

Well, two corrections to your hypothesis. First, I want us to "take this guy out," as you call it. And second, it's not really a "guy" at all.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE - DAY

As before.

KENNADRIUS

(casually)

Of course, when I say "guy", you do realize that I mean "big, mean, evil tempered demon", right? Head of the Demon Underworld and all that?

Moira tries to look unimpressed, but an inadvertent gulp gives her lack of composure away.

MOIRA
I figured.

Off Moira's worried look, we:

CUT TO:

EXT. DESERT - DAY

OVERHEAD VIEW of the area. The sun blazes down mercilessly, baking the desert sands that lie below. The sand swirls about in the light breeze, and dunes burst periodically out of the ground.

ZOOM IN closer, and we see that Wade and Bedros are riding camel-like creatures through the desert.

Behind the dunes, we see robed figures (their features completely indistinguishable due to the voluminous robes they wear) following the pair.

WADE
Are you sure that it's here?

BEDROS
Of course I'm sure! I've had centuries of experience in just this kind of thing!

WADE
Just asking!

BEDROS
Just keep your eyes peeled!

The two travel in silence through the sun-baked desert some time longer, until they find the trail passing through a pair of large sand-dunes on either side of them.

At last, Bedros points to an area of shimmering sands directly in their path some distance ahead, beyond the dunes.

WADE
Could that be it?

BEDROS
Might be, lad. It just might be!

Bedros spurs his camel ahead, and Wade follows suit.

At that moment, there's a FLURRY OF MOTION! From atop either dune, appears dozens of the robed figures, each wielding a wickedly-sharp, harpoon-like weapon. The path ahead is similarly blocked, and Bedros and Wade halt their mounts.

WADE
 (to Bedros; quiet)
 Now what, Mr. "Centuries of
 Experience"?

Bedros raises his hands.

BEDROS
 We wait.

Off Wade's disgruntled look, we:

CUT TO:

EXT. VILLAGE - DAY

PAN around the deserted park in the center of the village. Wind rustles through the trees, and the sun has begun to set, casting shadows over the gazebo that looms in the center of the park. From one end of the park, emerging from the copse of trees steps Moira and Kennadrius.

Kennadrius is in traveling gear (which is similar to what she is wearing before, expect that she now has her hair tied back, has added a traveling cloak, and a sharp scimitar hangs at her waist). From the tips of her thigh-high black boots, we see the hilts of daggers protruding.

KENNADRIUS
 (hisses)
 They're late.

MOIRA
 (calming)
 They'll be here.

KENNADRIUS
 (grunts)
 I should have expected as much
 from that undisciplined lout!

ANGELUS (O.S.)
 Never fear, darlin'. Daddy's
 here.

From the opposite end of the parks steps Angelus, flanked by Kennedy. The two approach, Kennedy with weapon drawn, Angelus visibly unarmed.

Moira and Kennedy also step forward, until the pairs are only a few short paces apart.

ANGELUS (CONT'D)
 Now. Why not tell us what you
 want, before I start to lose my
 temper?

He grins, the tips of his canines just beginning to protrude.

Kennedy and Kennadrius, meanwhile, have caught their first real sight of each other and they are transfixed by each other! They slowly circle each other, taking in the similarities and the differences

KENNEDY

So... you're me.

(beat)

Funny. I was expecting something more. And certainly someone better looking!

Kennadrius grins, her canines fully exposed.

KENNADRIUS

You have guts to speak to me so. If you were anyone else, I would have sliced you open from head to toe and eaten the organs from your carcass!

Angelus clears his throat, obviously amused.

Kennadrius clenches her fist: it's obviously taking an effort of will for her not to attack Angelus.

KENNEDY

Well, not to cut short the small talk...

(beat)

Actually, that's exactly what I'm doing!

(beat)

Anyway, it seems that both of you need my help.

Kennadrius and Angelus glare at each other.

KENNEDY (CONT'D)

And it seems like you both have the same problem, no less. Now, I'm willing to help, but there's two conditions: you both will accompany me on this mission and you will both have to grant me future considerations.

KENNADRIUS

What kind of future considerations?

ANGELUS

What kind of future considerations?

KENNEDY (CONT'D)
 (evasively)
 We can discuss that later. Are
 you in?

Off Angelus and Kennadrius's suspicious looks, we:

CUT TO:

INT. TENT - DAY

Wade and Bedros kneel on a colorful rug in the center of this lavishly decorated tent: their hands are bound behind their backs, and a half-dozen spear wielding nomads ring the perimeter of the room.

Seated atop a throne against the far wall is the Caliph, OMICROM. He is a distinguished looking older man (late-60's) in a loose-fitting caftan, and he has a serious mien as he regards his "guests".

OMICROM
 Why do you invade our land?

WADE
 We-

BEDROS
 (interrupting)
 We meant no disrespect to you,
 your people, or your land.

Bedros stands with a flourish, though the effect is diminished by the fact that the nomads step forward menacingly, spears brandished. Omicron makes a small gesture with a finger, and the nomads step back.

BEDROS (CONT'D)
 As I was saying-

Bedros makes a flamboyant hand gesture at the nomads.

BEDROS (CONT'D)
 Before I was so rudely
 interrupted.

He pulls himself up to his full height.

BEDROS (CONT'D)
 We are on...
 (beat)
 ... a quest.

Wade smacks himself in the head in frustration, and a small smile crosses Omicron's face.

OMICRON

(amused)

Do go on.

BEDROS

We are looking for material components for a spell of great power. A spell that will shift the very fabric of this universe!

OMICRON

("You're crazy, aren't you?")

Is that so?

Bedros stands stiffly, locking eyes with the Caliph. The Caliph stands, dismounting from the throne. As he stands, we see that he has a master worked scimitar hanging loosely from his belt. He approaches Bedros, who stands motionless.

The two stand, less than dozen paces apart. Tension fills the air, and Wade looks ready to stand and give his life to defend Bedros, if need be.

Omicron laughs. The sound echoes in the enclosed space.

OMICRON (CONT'D)

I knew you were coming. And the power you seek is close at hand.

Wade looks flabbergasted, while Bedros looks as if he was expecting this all along.

OMICRON (CONT'D)

It can be found in a nearby temple, as a matter of fact.

Omicron steps to the tent flap and opens it, pointing. Outside, in the distance, we can just make out the image of a black pyramid nearly shadowed in darkness despite the beating sun.

OMICRON (CONT'D)

That is your destination.

Wade scrabbles to his feet.

WADE

(to Bedros)

What are we waiting for? Let's go!

Omicron waggles an admonishing finger.

OMICRON

Fair warning. The temple is dangerous. Many have ventured there, seeking wealth and power, even slayers seeking justice - but none have returned.

(beat)

Even I am not foolish enough to go there.

This time, it's Bedros who looks oddly daunted by this statement, though all it does to Wade is further his bloodlust.

WADE

(laughs)

I don't fear the denizens of the temple!

CUT TO:

INT. TEMPLE - DAY

CLOSE UP of a skeletal hand wrapped around Wade's neck, slowly choking the life out of him!

FADE OUT:

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. TEMPLE - DAY

Flickering torchlight illuminates the large chamber, which is reminiscent of ancient Egyptian tombs. Bedros and Wade stand back-to-back in the center of the chamber.

They are surrounded by dozens of USHBATI, skeletal creatures clad in golden armor and wielding short, scythe-like weapons. Our heroes are easily outnumbered 5 to 1, and they are having a tough time fending the creatures off.

Bedros thrusts out with his staff (which is now sparking wildly at the tip), as, at the same time, Wade lunges with his sword.

The creatures (eerily silent) begin to advance, trapping the two inside a tightening ring of ivory and gold.

WADE

I gotta confess, Bedros. This isn't how I wanted to go out! I've never even truly been in love!

BEDROS

(grimly)
Keep fighting, Wade. Let's sell our lives at as high a cost as possible! Let the bards sing stories of our glorious deaths!

Wade grunts as one of the creatures gets in a blow with his scythe, dragging it down Wade's arm, blood spilling to the stone floor below.

We catch a brief glimpse of something black, and suddenly, one of the Ushbati COLLAPSES to the ground, shattering into pieces! And a hole opens in the ring of skeletons...

Another, longer glimpse of black: it looks like a cape, and metal glints underneath it, and a second Ushbati falls to the ground, fragmenting into hundreds of pieces.

Heartened, Wade and Bedros redouble their attack.

Through the loosening ring of skeletons, we get our first full glimpse of the mysterious figure, who is now standing in the doorway

Tall, rangy, wearing a knee-length jacket over chain mail armor of forest green, his eyes burning, this is HADRIAN. In his hand is a carved longbow, and strapped to his back is a quiver of black-fletched arrows.

In one fluid, preternaturally quick motion, Hadrian reaches into the quiver, pulls out a black arrow, nocks it to his bow, aims and fires, connecting with one of the Ushbati, who literally EXPLODES, fragments of bone flying in all directions.

Wade looks in shock and awe at the figure. The two trade looks, and a shy smile crosses Wade's face.

WADE
(to Bedros)
Who is THAT?

BEDROS
Let us not question our good
fortune, my friend.
(under his breath)
At least not right now.

He shoots a suspicious glance at Hadrian.

The tides turned, the trio is able to quickly dispose of the remaining Ushbati through sword, sorcery, and archery.

Hadrian steps forward, slinging the bow over his back. He claps Wade on the back.

HADRIAN
Well fought, my friends, well
fought.
(to Wade)
Quite a sword arm you have there,
my friend!

Wade again smiles, pleased by the compliment. Hadrian smiles back, and begins to traverse the chamber, picking up the spent arrows and depositing them back into his quiver.

Bedros, however, merely glares at the tall ranger suspiciously.

BEDROS
(suspicious)
How did you know we were here?

HADRIAN
(matter-of-fact)
I talk to the Gods.

Wade nods, still in awe of the ranger, but Bedros merely scoffs.

HADRIAN (CONT'D)
They told me that a mighty
warrior would be coming here.
(beat)
That would be you.

BEDROS
 (blushes; modest)
 Me? I'm flattered, but I'm no
 great warrior.

HADRIAN
 (coolly; points to Wade)
 Actually, I was talking to him.

BEDROS
 (indignant)
 Him?

WADE
 (blushes)
 Me? I'm no great warrior,
 either.

HADRIAN
 (shrugs; shy smile)
 Could've fooled me.
 (beat)
 Anyway, the Gods told me that I
 would assist you in this quest.
 So, here I am.
 (beat)
 Name's Hadrian, by the way.

Hadrian extends his hand to Wade, pointedly ignoring Bedros. The two clasp hands, hand to elbow, and linger that way for a long moment.

WADE
 I'm Wade. That's Bedros.

HADRIAN
 Shall we? After you.

He points to an archway leading deeper into the pyramid. Wade enters the archway, sword still drawn. Hadrian follows closely behind.

At last, Bedros, with eyes shooting daggers at Hadrian, lifts the hem of his robe, and steps over the remnants of the Ushbati, following the two warriors deeper into the pyramid.

CUT TO:

INT. UNDERGROUND CAVES - NIGHT

We have a MONTAGE of scenes, with each member of the team showing off their expertise in various fields.

- In what appears to be a burial chamber (we can tell by the large sarcophagus in the center of the room), we see the group each taking a traditional Egyptian weapon from the display affixed to the walls. (Kennedy takes a bow and arrow, Kennadrius takes a kukri (a small curved knife), and Angelus takes a scimitar.)

- Kennedy, with Kennadrius and Angelus looking on, talks to a Sphinx-like figure carved of stone, which prevents them from traveling further into the caves. Kennedy is deep in thought, until she says something to the creature, and it crumbles into a pile of dust.

- Kennadrius works her way through a large room in which the floor is filled with holes. From these holes, spikes intermittently surge upwards in a random pattern. Kennadrius is nearly impaled more than once, but it always able to save herself, thanks to her unnatural vampiric reflexes. When she reaches the far end, she pulls a lever located in the wall, and motions for the other two to cross.

- Angelus, in true "pulp-hero" style, fights what appears to be an enormous bull: only this bull has coal-black skin, and flames wreath his head, and sprout from his flaring nostrils. Rather than his familiar natural weapons, Angelus is wielding the scimitar we saw him pick up earlier. It seems that Angelus is getting the worst end of the battle: his shirt is torn and burnt, hanging off his muscular frame, and several fresh wounds bleed through his leather pants. At last, though, Angel's agility advantage comes into play, and he is able to maneuver the beast into a corner, and STABS it through the heart repeatedly.

CUT TO:

INT. SEEDY BAR - DAY

We PAN around a seedy bar. (Think 'Willy's' from Buffy, mixed with the Mos Eisley cantina from "Star Wars"). Music blares, an odd mixture of modern rock, classical symphony, and other, unidentifiable sources. Demons and humans mix freely, imbibing liquor, and other, more dubious, substances.

As the camera pans through the crowd, we see Moira, sitting alone at a table in the corner. An empty glass is in front of her, and she has her elbow on the table, and rests her head forlornly on her raised fist.

In the corner of the frame, we see a trio of relatively nondescript robed figures watching her intently.

MOIRA

(sighs)

I can't believe they thought
Kennedy would betray them! To be
kept here as "insurance!"

Moira stands and begins to pace nervously.

MOIRA (CONT'D)

After all, I can be just as
useful as Wade or Bedros!

The three figures talk amongst themselves, and as one, they
head towards Moira's table.

INT. UNDERGROUND CAVES - NIGHT

Kennedy, Kennadrius and Angelus walk through the shadowed
caverns, each with a weapon in hand.

ANGELUS

I still find it hard to credit
that I have a soul. That I fell
in love with a Slayer. And not
just any Slayer... the queen of
the Slayers! Or that I like this
"Barry Manilow." Good thing I
have no access to that realm, or
this "lounge singer's" days would
be numbered!

KENNADRIUS

You think you have it bad? Look
at my alter-ego!

She motions to Kennedy.

KENNADRIUS (CONT'D)

She barely looks like more than a
mouthful! Not even worth the
effort of killing! And so pasty
white!

(wistfully)

You'd think that, as a human,
she'd be able to get out and
enjoy the sun once in a while!

She reaches out and pinches Kennedy.

KENNEDY

(to herself)

Now I know why these two have
been fighting for all these
years! Neither can think of
anything but themselves.

Kennadrius, in a blur of motion, leaps forward, fangs bared, and GRABS Kennedy by the throat.

ANGELUS

(casual)

Tsk, tsk, tsk. As a Slayer, you should know that one of the perks of being a vampire. Preternatural heating.

Kennedy, meanwhile, places the sharpened point of her stake against Kennadrius's sternum.

KENNADRIUS

You wouldn't!

KENNEDY

(grim)

Try me!

The standoff continues for a tense moment...until there's a EXPLOSION of dust that fills the screen! As it clears, we see that, where Kennadrius stood a moment ago, there is now a pile of dust billowing through the chamber!

ANGELUS

I suppose I should thank you for getting that bitch out of my hair.

Kennedy stands.

KENNEDY

(grim)

I didn't do anything.

She bends down and picks up the stake from where it fell.

KENNEDY (CONT'D)

Something else killed her.

VOICE (O.S.)

That's right.

And, suddenly, without warning, there is a figure standing behind Kennedy! The figure is a tall, lankly, human-looking man. He is clad in traditional Egyptian clothing, and his robe is covered in glyphs, prominent amongst them the image of a scarab. His face is made up with kohl, and an elaborate golden headdress completes the ensemble, inscribed with the symbol of an upside-down ankh.

Before Kennedy can react, there is a double-bladed Urgrosh battle-axe at her throat!

FADE OUT:

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. UNDERGROUND CAVE - NIGHT

As before. The faux-Egyptian priest snarls mutters a few words, and a set of crimson bands encircle Kennedy rendering her motionless! The priest growls, baring pointed (but not vampire) teeth at Angelus.

PRIEST
 (to Angel)
 Back! Back, foul beast! Lest I
 slit her throat!

Angelus laughs.

ANGELUS
 That's it? That's your big
 threat? OOOH!, You'll kill a
 Slayer?
 (laughs)
 I'm a vampire! I really couldn't
 care less.

The priest seems bewildered by Angelus's response to the situation.

PRIEST
 Taunt me not, Hellspawn!

The priest's hands shake, and the metal of the axe (accidentally) pierces Kennedy's flesh, drawing a fine line of blood. We see Angelus lick his lips, fangs extending involuntarily.

ANGELUS
 Y'know, that's not the smartest
 thing you could have done.

Angelus takes a few menacing steps forward, and the man takes the same amount of halting steps backward, still dragging Kennedy, axe at her throat.

PRIEST
 Stay back, I said!

ANGELUS
 (to himself)
 I knew it! You can't kill her!
 You need her.
 (Con conversationally; to
 priest)
 It's been awhile since I've seen
 a really good "Summoning Spell."
 Which one is it? The incantation
 of Acatlha?

ANGELUS (CONT'D)

The incendiary flame of Kith-Kanan? The roiling ball of abysmal flame?

(looks around)

Only, I don't see the necessary equipment for any rituals. Where's your ceremonial athame? The burning brazier? The sacred chalice to hold the slayers blood?

(beat)

Yeah, as evil priests go? The Catholics have you beat, hands down.

With his free hand, the priest reaches into his robe, pulling out his holy symbol. It unfurls from his hand as Angelus recoils, and we see that it is an ankh!

Angelus stares at the priest and then LAUGHS, which seems to enrage the priest even further!

The priest TOSSES Kennedy aside. Still wrapped in the mystical crimson bonds, she hits the ground with a bone jarring thud!

The priest pulls out a curved knife from the sash of his robe, and looks at it. He seems like he might CHARGE Angelus.

PRIEST

I am sorry I could not complete the appointed rituals, Lord, but please accept the sacrifice of your willing servant, my Master. Yaiiii, Glabrezu!

He draws the blade across his own palm! Blood begins to well up in his cupped hand.

Realizing this could be trouble, Angelus LUNGES at the priest.

At the same moment, we HEAR a whistling noise, and we SEE an arrow protruding from the priest's neck!

Angelus reaches the priest at the same time that Hadrian, Wade, and Bedros enter the room. Angelus, now a mindless killing machine, sinks his teeth into the priest's neck with a feral snarl!

In SLOW MOTION, we see the man's hand twitch, and with his last breath he turns it, bleeding palm now facing downwards. We see blood bead and FALL from his palm towards the dry ground beneath.

BEDROS

NO! Don't let the blood touch
the ground!

Wade leaps forward, removing his cloak in one fluid motion as he does, trying to catch the droplets of blood before they hit the ground.

He's too late.

A rumbling sound fills the chamber.

BEDROS (CONT'D)

Well, that's not good.

CUT TO:

INT. SEEDY BAR - NIGHT

Back in the bar. The bar is slightly less-crowded, and there's now a band playing on the stage. The only thing significantly different is that Moira is seated at the table with the three robed figures, and they seem to be playing some sort of drinking game akin to quarters!

The trio laughs, and Moira takes a drink from the shot glass in front of her. She drops the glass on the table.

MOIRA

(voice slurred)

What did you guys say this stuff
was?

FIGURE #1

We didn't.

MOIRA

Well, whatever it is, it sure
packs a kick!

The trio nods as one.

MOIRA (CONT'D)

(looks out window)

Wow, it's getting late! I should
be going!

One of the figures lays a hand on her shoulder.

FIGURE #2

(hisses)

You'll stay right where you are.

Moira shakes his hand free.

MOIRA

Who... who the devil do you think
you are?

As Moira makes a fuss, we see another of the robed figures pour Moira another shot of the amber liquid, only he stealthily drops some powder inside of it, shaking the glass vigorously as he does.

FIGURE #3

We're friends of-
(looks around)
You-Know-Who, and we're here to
ensure your safety until your
friend gets back. So sit back,
relax, and-

He offers the Moira the glass with a grin, revealing even, white teeth.

FIGURE #3 (CONT'D)

Drink up!

MOIRA

(shrugs)
Cheers!

She picks up the drink, downing it in one gulp.

CUT TO:

INT. UNDERGROUND CAVES - NIGHT

The rumbling continues, omnipresent now, as Wade, Hadrian, Bedros, Angelus and Kennedy nimbly race through the underground catacombs, lithely dodging falling bits of debris from above, and leaping over the small obstructions on the ground below.

The ground behind them is cracked and broken, and falls in pieces into the yawning chasm below. The spiderweb of cracks continues to overtake the small band, until, one after another, they fall into the abyss:

INT. UNDERGROUND CAVE - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

We open on a BLACK SCREEN.

We hear the sound of people moving, and then a female groan.

KENNEDY (O.S.)

Is everyone OK?

There's a metallic sound, a small orange flicker lights the screen for a brief moment, but not enough for us to see anything.

The metallic rasp again, and the orange flame lights the screen: we see that it's Hadrian, holding a makeshift torch.

We PAN around the room, and see that we are in an underground temple. A veritable stream of blood from all corners drips from the cracks above into the room, the occasional drop hitting our party members.

Beyond that, our eyes are immediately drawn to the black marble altar in the corner of the room; it actually seems to absorb the ambient light of the room, drawing it into itself. An oddly shaped

WADE

Surely the priest didn't spill
THAT much blood?

KENNEDY

Meddle not in the affairs of
wizards, for they are subtle, and
quick to anger.

Bedros stares at Kennedy, an inscrutable look on his face.

KENNEDY (CONT'D)

(off Bedros' look)

What? I heard it from Xander. Or
maybe Andrew.

(beat)

Always seemed to piss Willow off,
though.

The group falls silent, looking around the seemingly unoccupied chamber. The only sound is the eerie sound of the blood hitting the floor, or occasionally, exposed flesh.

KENNEDY (CONT'D)

(points)

Is it just me, or is that statue
moving?

We follow Kennedy's pointing finger, and see that the statue atop the altar is indeed moving. The statue is that of some type of demon.

It is tall and slender, and looks very much like a human female, except for the coal-black skin, and the vestigial wings protruding from it's shoulderblade. Long white hair flows down it's back, and it is clad in form-fitted plate mail, with holes to expose much of the nubile flesh underneath. A serrated sword is in one of her dainty hands, and a whip in the other.

Kennedy is immediately on guard, as is Wade and Hadrian. Bedros and Angelus, however, stand, open-mouthed and slack-jawed as this vision of beauty comes to life before them!

The she-demon laughs, an oddly feminine sound in such an environment.

SHE-DEMON
 Visitors!
 (claps hands excitedly)
 It's been SO long!

She seductively steps forward to where Bedros and Angelus stand, motionless and enthralled. She runs a clawed hand over Angelus' chest.

SHE-DEMON (CONT'D)
 And so handsome!

Wade presents himself to her, blade raised in a "guard" position.

WADE
 Back! Back, beast! Your wily
 ways tempt us not!

The she-demon sighs, and glances at Bedros and Angelus, who still stand motionless.

SHE-DEMON
 Well, I would I beg to differ.

She turns to Wade.

SHE-DEMON (CONT'D)
 (puzzled)
 It's only too bad you weren't
 affected!

She runs a hand up his arm, only to have it SLASHED by Hadrian, now wielding a small silver dagger.

HADRIAN
 Get away from him!

The she-demon hisses, black blood dripping from the small wound to pool, hissing like acid as it hits the ground.

SHE-DEMON
 (knowingly)
 Well, that explains a lot.

Wade looks puzzled, but Hadrian merely glowers at the beast, weapon at the ready.

The she-demon's attention diverted, Kennedy stealthily approaches Angelus and Bedros, attempting to rouse them with a firm shake, but to no avail.

SHE-DEMON (CONT'D)

(petulant)

It's unfortunate that I'm going to have to kill you all: we could have had such fun together.

In one fluid motion, the demon changes shape: she now had a snake-like bottom half, attached to a female torso and head. Six arms protrude from her torso, each wielding a different bladed weapon, which whirl about her, in an intricate pattern of stone and steel. An eerie humming noise fills the air, and she slithers forward towards the two men.

Hadrian drops his dagger, opting for the bow. As Wade begins slicing with his sword, Hadrian unleashes quarrel after quarrel, most of which are deflected by the intricate defensive patterns of the she-demon.

HADRIAN

Whatever you're gonna do,
Kennedy, make it quick!

The she-demon easily penetrates Wade's defense, scoring a telling hit, as blood begin to seep through the armor.

Kennedy, still standing by Bedros and Angelus, not sure how to break the spell.

CUT TO:

INT. SUMMERS HOUSE - DAY

Title over: 2003

Kennedy and WILLOW sit on the bed together. Sandwiched between them is a tiny Calico kitten.

WILLOW

I think Miss Kitty Fantastico
Junior likes you!

Indeed, the kitten seems to have a fascination with the brunette.

KENNEDY

I think it's only because I read
to her.

Kennedy picks up a book from the table beside them, and flips to a page that is bookmarked.

She picks up the cat, depositing it in her lap, and shows the cat the picture in the book: that of Sleeping Beauty, about to be kissed by the Prince.

KENNEDY (CONT'D)

(reading to Kitty)

And so, through hardships untold,
and evils unnumbered, the Prince
at last reached the tower where
the Princess lay sleeping.
Seeing the princess, her beauty
caught his heart, and he leaned
in, planting a kiss upon her fair
lips.

CUT TO:

INT. UNDERGROUND CAVES - NIGHT

KENNEDY (V.O.)

This better work!

In the background, we HEAR the sounds of fighting, but we see only Kennedy. She leans in and we see Angelus's face come into view, and Kennedy proceeds to KISS Angelus full on the lips.

For a long moment, nothing happens.

Then, a GROAN from Angelus, and his hands wrap around Kennedy, dragging her closer to him.

Kennedy struggles, finally landing a swift kick, which drives Angelus away.

KENNEDY (CONT'D)

GO! Help them fight the demon!

She SHOVES Angelus, and he exits the frame, leaving Kennedy alone with Bedros. She grimaces as she realizes what she is about to do.

KENNEDY (CONT'D)

Think about Willow, think about
Willow!

Thus steeled, she leans in, pressing her lips to his. This time, it's Bedros who jerks away!

BEDROS

What is the meaning of this,
young lady?

(sees what's going on)

If you'll excuse me, I have work
to do!

He wades off into battle, staff swinging, indigo light emanating from the tip.

Kennedy sighs, quickly following suit into battle.

CUT TO:

INT. SUNNYDALE HELLMOUTH - NIGHT

Title over: 2003

We are at the battle of the Sunnydale Hellmouth. We are looking out over the cliff, and seeing the thousands of TUROK HAN massed below, preparing to attack. Hovering over them all is the ethereal being known as THE FIRST.

We PAN around the shelf, and see perhaps two dozen POTENTIALS, (some, like Vi, Rona, and Cho-Ahn, familiar, others we don't recognize) all wielding weapons and looking terrified. Standing at the lead of this small party is BUFFY SUMMERS, FAITH, and SPIKE.

We pan further, and see that Moira is standing in the back, wielding a wooden stake. She looks scared, but grim and determined.

And the battle is joined! The throng of Turok-Han crest the ledge, and lunge viciously at the party. Soon, Moira is surrounded by Turok-Han, but she is no longer scared. This is what she was born for! It was a small price to pay, your life for that of thousands of others!

Moira abandons herself to the battle, not noticing the wounds that are inflicted upon her...

CUT TO:

INT. SUMMERS HOUSE (CLEVELAND) - NIGHT

We are in the Summers' house, as seen in Episode 8.17. Moira stands and observes all that is transpiring..

DAWN SUMMERS is standing right behind Kennedy, eyes a glowing RED. She looks at Kennedy with a more than sinister look... it's evil.

DAWN

You have seen it.

KENNEDY

Dawn?

DAWN

They cannot know.

KENNEDY

What-

Dawn swiftly brings the axe up from out of view and SWINGS it at Kennedy, implanting it in her chest. Kennedy SCREAMS, falling back to the floor.

CUT TO:

EXT. WHITE ROOM - DAY

We are in a blank white room. Moira stands, looking around, even though there is nothing to see.

VOICE (O.S.)
Depressing, isn't it?

A FIGURE materializes, standing in front of Moira; it is an androgynous figure with gold skin that virtually shines against the white background.

MOIRA
Who are you? Where am I?

TED
(faintly satisfied)
You can call me "Ted", for lack of a better name. As to where you are? You're in the waiting room.

MOIRA
(bewildered)
How did I get here? And what am I waiting for?

TED
Age-old questions, neither of which are easily answered in the time we have available to us.
(looks pointedly at Moira)
The Powers have taken an interest in you.

MOIRA
The... Powers?

Ted nods slightly, and makes a gesture. Immediately, a door-shaped HOLE appears before Moira.

TED
What are you waiting for?

Moira look about nervously, but there's no other visible exits from the "room" she's standing in.

TED (CONT'D)
Don't worry. All will be well.

He flashes a toothy smile at Moira, who takes a deep breath and steps through the rent in space.

WHITE OUT:

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. UNDERGROUND CAVES - DAY

MONTAGE of fangs gnashing, enchanted bolts from Bedros flying into exposed flesh, arrows raining like hail in the small chamber, and blades glinting in the dim torchlight, against a background of whirling reptilian arms.

At last, with a final stroke from Kennedy's trusty stake, the she-demon is defeated! She crumples to the ground in a pile of black ash!

A wail, like the souls of the damned reverberates through the small chamber as the survivors take a moment to catch their breath.

BEDROS

A-ha! I think we've found what
we were looking for!

He gestures with the now-blackened end of the staff towards the center of the room. There, we see, amidst the pile of ash, a perfectly formed and faceted diamond.

KENNEDY

That?!? That's what we were
looking for? How is that going to
help us?

BEDROS

(triumphant)
The Henge of Ramos!
(beat)
After all these years.

An odd look of greed fills his eyes, and he starts towards the diamond, hands outstretched.

Only to have his prize stolen from underneath him by the deft fingers of Hadrian!

Bedros WHIRLS.

BEDROS (CONT'D)

(menacing)
Give that back!

HADRIAN

Relax, old man. I think it's
best if I hold on to this. At
least until we get out of here.

He speaks casually, but his ebony bow and arrows shorn of ivory are still in his other hand. The underlying threat is crystal clear.

WADE
 (breaking the silence)
 How we get out of here?

All eyes turn to Bedros, who folds his arms across his chest petulantly, still staring at Hadrian and the Henge.

KENNEDY
 (to herself)
 These guys are worse than the Potentials back home! It's like a freaking kindergarten.
 (to Bedros)
 Can you get us out of here, or not?

Bedros doesn't respond, still staring hatred at Hadrian.

KENNEDY (CONT'D)
 Oh, for chrissake, I'll hold the damn diamond, as long as you get us the hell out of here.

Bedros strokes his beard, then nods his slow assent.

BEDROS
 That is acceptable.

Kennedy turns to Hadrian.

KENNEDY
 Hadrian?

Hadrian nonchalantly tosses the diamond to Kennedy, but not before tossing an imperious smirk in Bedros's direction.

Kennedy pockets the diamond.

KENNEDY (CONT'D)
 Everyone happy now?
 (to Bedros)
 Can we go?

Bedros leans down, drawing a circle on the ground with a piece of chalk from his belt-pouch.

BEDROS
 Everyone step into the circle.
 (warningly)
 Be careful not to break the lines.

As the group enters the circle, Bedros begins to chant, and white light begins to fill the room. It continues until we:

WHITE OUT.

EXT. VILLAGE - DAY

We see the now-familiar village, quiet and peaceful seeming.

There's a FLASH OF LIGHT, and we see our quartet materialize.

ANGELUS

(to Kennedy)

Well, as loath as I am to admit it, you've done me a great favor.

(beat; evil smile)

Two if you consider getting your doppelganger killed.

(off Kennedy's angry glare)

So, I suppose I am obligated to lend you the troops you requested. And, since we already established that Kennadrius is rotting in hell, I'll take command of HER troops as well.

He turns to depart.

ANGELUS (CONT'D)

We'll meet just before sun up tomorrow in the church?

Bedros rubs his hands together.

BEDROS

Excellent. Things are coming together nicely. If I can just have the Henge, I'll begin to study it and make plans for the assault.

KENNEDY

("I don't trust you")

Good. I think I'll join you.

Wade looks around.

WADE

Guess I'll go grab a drink and maybe some shut-eye.

HADRIAN

Mind if I join you?

WADE

(surprised but pleased)

No, of course not! I just figured that you'd have someplace to be!

HADRIAN

Not especially. And you seem to
be a pretty interesting group.
So I figured I'd tag with you-
(looks at Wade)
-for as long as you'd have me.

The looks aren't lost on the group, and an uncomfortable
silence falls over the group: Bedros, especially doesn't
look pleased by this prospect.

KENNEDY

Fine by me! Welcome aboard,
Hadrian.
(beat)
Let's go, Bedros.

The groups disperses, leaving Wade and Hadrian alone in the
square.

HADRIAN

(motions to tavern)
Shall we?

WADE

I've been dying for a pint. And
I think I deserve it after the
crazy day we've had.

HADRIAN

(laughs)
No arguments here!

The two laugh companionably, taking a step closer together
as they enter the tavern.

CUT TO:

INT. SEEDY BAR - NIGHT

Moira lifts her head up off the table and looks around.

MOIRA

Wha... what happened?

WADE

Someone needs to learn to hold
their liquor better.

MOIRA

WADE! You're okay!

Moira stands, jumping up and launching herself into Wade's
arms! Wade chuckles, giving her a hug in return. We see
a quick flash of JEALOUSY on Hadrian's face.

WADE
 (smiles)
 Was there ever any doubt?

Hadrian clears his throat.

WADE (CONT'D)
 Oh, and this?

He grabs Hadrian by the shoulder pulling him close, a move not missed by Moira.

WADE (CONT'D)
 This is Hadrian.
 (beat)
 I wouldn't be here right now if
 it weren't for him.

MOIRA
 (chilly)
 Really?
 (beat)
 A pleasure to meet you.

Hadrian nods and bows, not missing the chilly tone to Moira's voice.

HADRIAN
 (mocking)
 And you. Any friend of Wade's is
 a friend of mine.

Wade, typically, is oblivious to all the subtext.

WADE
 Drinks are on me.

He heads towards the bar, and off the pained expressions of Wade and Hadrian, WE:

KENNEDY (O.S.)
 One thing I've been meaning to
 ask, how did we get all the way
 from here to Egypt that fast?

BEDROS (O.S.)
 (sarcastic)
 I'll explain later.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHURCH - MORNING

The group (Angelus, Bedros, Moira, Kennedy, and Hadrian) gather outside the church, the shadow of the cross in the early morning sun hanging heavily over them.

Before them are two contingents of troops, clad in piece-meal armor, and wielding an array of weapons, covered in rust, and scratched and pitted from hard-use.

KENNEDY

Our army, such as it is.

The rest of the group nod silently, and off their pensive expression, we:

FADE OUT:

END OF SHOW