

BUFFY THE VAMPIRE SLAYER

"A Simple Day In Hell"

by
Matt Thompson

TEASER

FADE IN:

1 EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING 1

The three-story building stands tall in the night, back-lit by the rising moon. Somewhere a DOG HOWLS.

2 INT. HIGH SCHOOL - NORTH HALLWAY - NIGHT 2

A greasy JANITOR swabs the mud-covered floor. He wipes the sweat from his face and continues on.

3 INT. ART CLASSROOM - NIGHT 3

She adds the finishing touches to a colorful drawing. It's obvious that she's not doing this in a strive for perfection - she's in trouble.

MRS. DERN is at her desk, working her way through various student works. Her eyes occasionally rise to look at Skye. Finally, she speaks:

MRS. DERN
Do you know why you're being
punished?

SKYE
Yes.

MRS. DERN
Are you sorry?

A beat. Skye continues drawing.

MRS. DERN (cont'd)
This isn't a joke, Skye. This is
the last straw before suspension.
You have to stop fighting with your
classmates.

SKYE
But they always start it.

MRS. DERN
And you certainly finish it, don't
you? You could have broken
Melissa's arm.

SKYE
But I didn't!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MRS. DERN
Because I stopped you.

Skye doesn't answer. She takes a yellow-colored pencil and fills in someone's hair color. Mrs. Dern rises.

MRS. DERN (cont'd)
It's six o'clock. You can go home.
But please, try to control yourself
from now on.

Skye stands and takes her drawing. She crosses to the door and pushes through, not even looking at her teacher.

Mrs. Dern sinks into her chair, shaking her head in disappointment.

4 INT. NORTH HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

4

Skye walks to her locker and pops it open. She rearranges a few books set upon a shelf. She takes out her jacket and quickly slides into it. Closes the locker --

THE JANITOR is staring at her. A grin on his face. Skye eyes him strangely. What's this guy's problem?

Then his face contorts in hideous fashion! A vampire! Skye SCREAMS. She tries to sprint away and down the hall, but the Janitor is on her.

He tackles her from behind. His fangs bare out, ready for the kill. Skye, in a last ditch effort, DECKS him. He flies back ten feet. She gets up and tries to run for it again.

The Janitor kicks off of one of the lockers and manages to reach Skye's back. Drags her down. He buries his fangs in her neck! Skye SCREAMS again, before:

FAITH (O.S.)
Kids are still makin' out in the
hallways? Nothin' ever changes.

The Janitor drops Skye, who slides to the floor. Looks at FAITH, stake ready and poised for the kill. He grins.

JANITOR
Another little girl? I never had a
problem with buffets.

FAITH
Fine, you know what? I'm totally
terrified. I'll let Buffy take care
of this.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A figure appears behind the Janitor. His body still faces Faith, but his head turns to see the other Slayer: BUFFY, looking just as deadly as her counterpart.

A beat, then:

JANITOR

What kind of name is Buffy?

He charges at Buffy. She punches him against the locker, then moves in and nails him hard in the face.

Buffy raises her stake and, parrying the Janitor's attack, drives it hard into his chest. Nothing but dust.

FAITH

That's what, five tonight?

BUFFY

Thanks for finally letting me get a piece of the action.

FAITH

Hey, it's no problem, B.

Buffy wipes the dust from her jacket. Faith tucks her stake into her jeans and notices something on the floor. Kneels down. Buffy follows her gaze down to where Skye had fallen.

But there's no one there. Just a trail of blood leading down the hall. Both girls follow the trail with their eyes, stunned.

FAITH (cont'd)

Now where'd she hurry off to?

BUFFY

It took us what, twenty seconds to kill that vamp? There's no way she could've gotten away without us seeing.

FAITH

Not unless she was fast, B.

Faith looks down the hall. It stretches out at least a hundred feet. No sign of the injured girl.

FAITH (cont'd)

Real fast.

Their eyes meet, and we can tell now that they're at least a little freaked.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ON their gaze, as we:

BLACK OUT.

END OF TEASER

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

5 INT. SUMMERS HOUSE - DAWN'S ROOM - MORNING

5

The motionless form of DAWN lays upon her bed. Sheets are held over her head... she SNORES quietly. A beat, then an annoying ALARM BLARES -- continuously unleashing its STRAINING NOISE.

Dawn stirs and almost unconsciously looks at the alarm. With seemingly no end to the ALARM, Dawn fumbles for the "off" switch. Can't find it.

Finally she takes the alarm and tosses it away. It SMASHES into the wall and finally goes silent. Dawn rolls onto her side and, as though nothing ever happened, goes back to sleep.

6 INT. DOWNSTAIRS - MORNING

6

Faith is sprawled out on the couch, awake but not happy about it. ANDREW is slumped against the wall, sound asleep. He clutches a toy lightsaber as though it were a teddy bear.

In the kitchen we can HEAR the sounds of a cooking stove. Pans set upon the burners. XANDER is trying his hand at cooking breakfast. An all-together unnatural smoke rises from one of the burners.

Xander notices, thinks for a moment. Then he takes one of the pans and moves it onto the smoking section, cutting off the flow.

FAITH

You havin' fun there, Xander?

XANDER

More than you'll ever know. You might look at this --

The smoke FLARES upon again. In a panic, Xander reaches over and turns that burner off, then takes the red-hot pan and moves it onto the counter. Waves away the smoke.

XANDER (cont'd)

(undaunted)

You might look at this set-up and laugh, Faith, but this'll be the best damn breakfast you ever had.

FAITH

I had to eat a dead rat once. From the look 'a things, you ain't no Iron Chef.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Xander moves away from the stove. Looks at Faith with his hands to his sides.

XANDER
Say what you will, Slayer-
numerodos, but I'm better at
cooking than you ever were in bed.

This registers with Faith. She sits up, a rather stunned look on her face. She takes a second to re-set her jaw, then crosses her arms ready to rebuke.

FAITH
And how would you ever know that?

XANDER
Forgot the best lay you ever had?
Senior year. I ravaged you.

FAITH
(thinks)
Oh, right!

Xander smiles...

FAITH (cont'd)
You're the one that lulled me to
sleep, huh?

...then his face falls. Without a witty comeback he retreats back into the kitchen to tend to his "masterpiece."

Slowly but surely, BUFFY makes her way downstairs. Her hair is a mess and her eyes are blue bags. She's exhausted.

FAITH (cont'd)
Mornin', B. Xander hates us and is
gonna burn the house down.

Xander sticks his head out from the kitchen. His eyes fall on Buffy.

XANDER
Long night, Buff?

BUFFY
The counseling and slaying hours
don't go together too well.
(yawns)
You'd think the top bosses at
Charleston & Smithe would be more
considerate of employees'
extracurricular activities.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

FAITH

Buffy, it's way too early in the morning for me to understand what you just said.

XANDER

You're wearing her out, Faith.

FAITH

I do that to people.
(to Xander)
Wore you out quicker than most, though.

Buffy's tired as well. She looks at Faith, then Xander. Finally realization hits her. She shrugs it off, then yawns.

ANDREW

I shall defend you, Princess!

Buffy looks over at Andrew, who wakes with a start. On instinct he swings his plastic lightsaber. The green beam swipes at Buffy's legs... and BREAKS the minute it makes contact.

Buffy can't even react. It takes Andrew a moment to register what's real and what isn't. Finally he notices his broken weapon.

ANDREW (cont'd)

I broke my saber...

CUT TO:

7

EXT. ROCKWELL AVENUE - TEN MINUTES LATER

7

The neighborhood is alive with morning activity. Cars pull out of driveways, the operators making for work.

A six year- old BOY walks out the front door carrying a lunch bag. Life as usual for anyone but our heroes.

8

INT. SUMMERS HOUSE - DINING ROOM - MORNING

8

Buffy, Faith, Andrew, and ANYA are seated at the table. Plates are set out as though it were dinner time. Andrew holds his fork, his eyes on Xander, almost like a dog salivating over a bone. Buffy notices something.

BUFFY

I'm way too tired this morning.
Where's Dawn?

The others look at each other. They haven't noticed either. Xander tends to the stove, looking at his finished meal. It's Anya that breaks the silence:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANYA

She probably snuck out early to meet a boy and have before-school sex. Like most children do these days according to the news man.

BUFFY

Never in her life could Dawn wake up early. 7:30 and I guarantee she's still snoring away.
(beat)
Guess I gotta lecture.

She rises.

XANDER

But the food's done!

Buffy sits. Collects herself.

BUFFY

You're right. Food first. Then lecture.

XANDER

That's the spirit, Buffmeister.

Xander moves to the table, holding a hot cooking pan. He carefully scrapes the contents -- in this case, eggs -- onto the plates of everyone present at the table. Then puts some on his own plate. He sets the pan aside and sits.

Andrew digs in. Munches on the eggs like a man possessed. Faith doesn't even pick up her fork. She just stares at the guy.

FAITH

Like 'em?

The question was for Andrew, but her eyes are on Xander. Andrew doesn't stop to answer, but Xander raises his eyebrows and gives Faith an "I told you so" look.

He scoops up a portion of eggs swallows. Then spits them up in disgust.

9

INT. DAWN'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

9

Dawn is still quite obviously asleep. Three loud KNOCKS come from the door. Dawn stirs... the KNOCKING continues... and finally she just grabs a pillow and uses it to block out the sound.

The door opens. Buffy charges in and pulls the blanket off of her younger sister.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BUFFY

Dawn, get up. Now.

Dawn kicks her feet up, angrily stirs. She releases the pillow and -- very groggily -- looks at Buffy.

DAWN

(drowzy)

It's... too... early.

BUFFY

No, it's late. What is this, the fourth time in two weeks? You have to quit doing this.

DAWN

Well, maybe school shouldn't start so early.

BUFFY

Maybe if you'd done well enough in class you could've picked up a Late Start. You made your bed, now you have to lie in it.

(beat)

And that does not mean you can keep sleeping.

Dawn sits up. Her hair is a tangled mess, but she hardly notices. She fixes a cold stare on her sister.

DAWN

Why can't I just take one day off?

Buffy prepares to speak, but it's as though another voice is answering...

MRS. CANNES (V.O.)

You can't keep doing this! You can't keep skipping!

10 EXT. SKYE'S HOUSE - MORNING

10

A pretty Victorian home in the heart of the suburbs. A PAPERBOY rides by and tosses the morning paper onto the porch. No one comes out to collect.

11 INT. SKYE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

11

MRS. CANNES sits on the couch, continuing her lecture. We don't SEE the victim, but the woman is very much into her little spiel.

We're TIGHT ON her face, almost as though she is speaking to us. Or yelling, rather.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MRS. CANNES

So many times this year. What happened to you? You used to be so good with school! Now you blow it off? You have to graduate this year, Skye! And you know what I found yesterday in the trash? A condom! It had to be you, since myself and your father - that's not the point! You're too young to be doing things like this. STDs, pregnancy... are you ready to take on that responsibility?

(beat)

Answer me!

Finally we PULL BACK. Mrs. Cannes is on the couch, with 40-something MR. CANNES beside her, tightly holding her hand. They stare ahead for another beat. Mrs. Cannes sighs, then releases her husband's hand.

MRS. CANNES (cont'd)

Do you think that's too much? Am I being too hard on her?

MR. CANNES

Sweetie, I don't think so. She needs to hear this. She's seventeen... you need to give her the talk sometime.

MRS. CANNES

But I don't want to pressure her. I read in "Cosmo" that girls these days hate being pressured.

MR. CANNES

Some things you just have to do, honey.

Mrs. Cannes nods. Then she stands and, after taking a deep breath, walks towards the stairs.

12 INT. SKYE'S ROOM - MORNING

12

The door opens. Mrs. Cannes enters, obviously still building confidence in her mind.

MRS. CANNES

Skye, honey?

But the room is empty. The bed is still made. The blinds are open, allowing sunlight to pour inside. Mrs. Cannes approaches the bed. Doesn't seem to understand.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MRS. CANNES (cont'd)

Skye?

Mrs. Cannes notices something on the wall. A few sheets of paper have been thumb-tacked in place. She pulls free one of the sheets and examines it, curious.

It's a very detailed drawing of a long, sharp, wooden "shape." Familiar to anyone who's spent a few years in Sunnydale, but not to Skye's mother.

Mrs. Cannes drops the sheet of paper onto the desk, a little freaked. Definitely concerned. But after one last look at the room she exits, making sure to close the door behind her. But we don't go with her.

Instead, we PAN DOWN... slowly... LOWER and lower... until we are actually under the bed. There we can SEE Skye. Her arms are held tightly together -- she's hugging herself as though she's deathly cold.

Her shivering is intense. She tries to control it. Closes her eyes and seems to calm a bit. A moment of silence, then...

FLASH TO:

A woman in a glamorous chamber. A seductive man approaches -- a vampire -- prepares to sink his fangs into her neck. She doesn't struggle... it's Buffy and Dracula!

BACK TO:

13 INT. SKYE'S ROOM - MORNING

13

Under the bed, Skye's shivering begins anew. Her eyes dart around, very much freaked out.

BLACK OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

14 EXT. SUMMERS HOUSE - MORNING 14

The door is open. Dawn appears, but not willingly -- it's almost as though she's being forced out of the house. Once on the porch she turns her head to say something...

DAWN

Can't I wait just a few -- ?

...but the door is slammed shut in her face

DAWN (cont'd)

Figures.

She shoulders her book-bag. Begins down the sidewalk. The neighborhood is almost barren now. Dawn is very obviously late. Regardless, she walks at a normal pace, in no hurry to get to class.

15 EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - TEN MINUTES LATER 15

Dawn continues her trek through suburbia. The homes are beautiful, groomed to perfection in a Stepford sort of way. She readjusts her pack, then notices something. In the front yard of the house to her right --

A TODDLER fumbles around, walking yet not comfortable with it. His PARENTS stand in the doorway, kissing quite deeply. The toddler takes a few more steps and starts to get the hang of it. Smiles. A few more steps...

The toddler falls to the ground. Nothing serious, but enough to get the waterworks flowing. Tears stream down his face. The parents immediately break contact and hurry to their wounded child.

Dawn watches from the sidewalk. She follows their movements as the mother scoops the child off the grass and hugs him. The schoolgirl cocks her head to the side, curious.

16 INT. SKYE'S ROOM - MORNING 16

We're at a LOW ANGLE, just above the bottom of the mattress. Beams of sunlight filter in and stop just before the bed.

A hand reaches out into the light and stays still for a moment. Then snaps back. We can HEAR Skye YELP.

Skye rolls out from under her bed. Brings her arm up and inspects it -- smoke rises from the flesh, but the skin itself seems fine. The girl rises and moves to her dresser, careful to stay out of the sun's light.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Opens a drawer and pulls out a small towel. She wraps it around the wound. Skye looks again at the window, then the dresser.

SKYE
School... school...

She rips open the drawer.

17

INT. SUMMERS HOUSE - MORNING

17

Xander clears plates off the dining room table. Buffy reaches into the closet and pulls out a jacket, putting it on. She frees her hair and moves into the living room, passing Faith on the sofa.

FAITH
Hold up, B.

BUFFY
Can't. If I don't hurry I'm gonna be late... and that'd make me hypocritical, which is the worst part.

FAITH
Just take a sec. But what about the girl last night?

BUFFY
What about her?

FAITH
Well, you're the one who's all "help the helpless." She was a young girl, B. Whaddya think happened to her?

BUFFY
Truth is, Faith, I have no idea. And I don't care --

Buffy catches herself mid-sentences. She takes a breath and looks at Faith calmly.

BUFFY (cont'd)
I mean, I do care. But we have our own immediate problems, Faith. I have work, you have television. I hope she wasn't hurt too bad, but if she turned... I'm sure we'll see her again.

FAITH
There was somethin' weird about her, that's for sure.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

But Buffy is already out the door. Faith laughs to herself, then falls back onto the couch.

FAITH (cont'd)
Ya know what's funny, Xander?

Xander sets the last of the plates into the sink. He moves back into the living room and looks at Faith.

XANDER
What's that?

FAITH
I really think I care more about that girl than Buffy does.

XANDER
That is funny. And knowing you two, completely impossible, I assure you.

18

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - MORNING

18

Dawn approaches from the street. She passes an over-hanging tree, then catches sight of the high school. Police cruisers line the side of the building.

An OFFICER stands at the door. Maybe a normal day at Sunnydale High, but not here. She crosses to the front doors. Tries to take hold of the door, but the Officer moves in her way.

OFFICER
One moment, miss. Gotta check your things.

DAWN
Why?

OFFICER
There's a crime scene in the school. We can't have any students escalating the situation.

Dawn looks at him for a moment. Then hands him her book-bag.

DAWN
I'll be sure not to, um... escalate.

The Officer opens her bag and looks inside. Seems satisfied. He hands it back to her, and then, in a deadly serious tone, says:

OFFICER
Thank you for your cooperation.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Dawn fakes a smile. Is this guy for real?

19

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY - TEN MINUTES LATER

19

Dawn moves into the main hallway. At one end police lines are drawn up -- yellow tape with "Do Not Cross" markings. A GROUP OF POLICE handle the crime scene.

Dawn pauses for a moment and looks. She can just make out a trail of blood. Maybe a little spooked, Dawn moves off in the other direction.

At the end of the hall, two OFFICERS continue to inspect the crime scene -- these are MEYERS and PARKER. Myers holds a flashlight, its beam falling on the reflective blood.

MEYERS

It doesn't make sense. Blood trail,
yeah, but no signs of a struggle
otherwise...

He moves the beam to the locker wall. Two of the lockers have been crushed inward.

MEYERS

...save for that. No missing person
report.

PARKER

And the school won't tell us a damn
thing.

MEYERS

I knew I shoulda been a fireman.

PARKER

Or a subway repairman. What's with
holding the flashlight in broad
daylight?

Myers looks at the flashlight, almost as if he didn't realize anything was odd.

Then he clicks it off, tucks it in his jacket, and looks at Parker as if there was never anything to see.

MEYERS

Oh, well... habit, I guess.

PARKER

You're gonna scare the chicks away.

MEYERS

What?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PARKER

Looney cop with a flashlight?
Bright as hell anyway? None of the
hot ones will come near us.

MEYERS

You're a sick, sick man.

Parker shrugs. He turns around --

And bumps right into Skye. She wears heavy clothing and her hair is a tangled mess. She looks at him with a strange kind of look in her eyes. Both confused and insightful.

PARKER

Girl, are you okay?
(beat)
I mean, how did you even get this
far? The police lines --

He places his hand on her shoulder. She looks at it, then brings her head up and stares him dead in the eyes.

20

INT. ENGLISH CLASSROOM - MORNING

20

Dawn sits in her desk, twenty or so STUDENTS all around her. MS. COLLINS stands at the blackboard, scribbling a few unimportant words onto the surface with black chalk. She turns to her students, all looking rather miserable.

MS. COLLINS

Now, some of you may find poetry
unimportant. Maybe it's boring or
dull --

A LARGE JOCK yawns.

MS. COLLINS (cont'd)

-- maybe it just simply doesn't
interest you --

We look down on a notebook as a TEENAGER'S hand continues the current sketch. Ms. Collins is being chewed on by ravenous birds.

MS. COLLINS (cont'd)

-- or maybe you're just not smart
enough to "get it," so to speak.
Either way, class, we're going to
be working on basic poems this
week, and I'd like to start with --

The teacher is interrupted by the SOUND of the opening door.

Skye enters, a thick notebook held tight against her chest. The desperate eyes of the students look at her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A few GIRLS laugh at her unkempt hair. Ms. Collins looks at her, a little displeased.

MS. COLLINS (cont'd)
Skye, you're late. Again.

A beat. Then --

SKYE
Sorry.

MS. COLLINS
You will be. See me after class.
Now take your seat.

Skye moves into the empty seat next to Dawn. The teacher again looks at her class.

MS. COLLINS (cont'd)
As I was saying before being so
rudely interrupted, we'll be
working with poems today. People
see them in different ways -- and
no, they don't all have to rhyme.
Now take our a sheet of paper and a
pen, and for the next ten minutes
I'd like you to write your own
poem. Anything you want.

Silence. Then Ms. Collins raises her hands, giving the students the cue to begin working. She smiles, begins to slide into her desk, then stops --

MS. COLLINS (cont'd)
Except sex.

A few audible GROANS. Skye pulls out a sheet of paper from her notebook. Takes out a pen and brings the tip to the sheet. Pauses for a brief moment. What to write? Then it hits her almost immediately. She puts pen to paper.

21 INT. ENGLISH CLASSROOM - LATER

21

Ms. Collins casually flips through the latest Anne Rice novel. Paying no attention to her students. The BELL RINGS.

Students quickly flip shut their notebooks and make for the door. The teacher finally puts the novel down.

MS. COLLINS
Now, I expect three more poems just
like those by the beginning of
class tomorrow!

But most are already out the door. Skye pushes through a few laggards, trying to make it through -- and fails.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MS. COLLINS (cont'd)
Skye, I thought I told you to stay
behind.

Skye freezes. Then she forces a smile and turns around,
looking at her teacher.

SKYE
I'm sorry. I thought you didn't.

The room is empty. Ms. Collins certainly doesn't look very
pleased.

MS. COLLINS
Not funny. Have a seat.

Skye takes one of the student desks and drags it towards her
teacher. She releases it, then takes a seat in one of the
blue plastic chairs. Ms. Collin's arms are crossed.

MS. COLLINS (cont'd)
What's wrong, Skye?

SKYE
Well... things are quite a bit
different... lately.

MS. COLLINS
What do you mean?
(no response)
I'm your friend here, Skye. I want
to help. Is there something going
on at your house?

SKYE
Like what?

MS. COLLINS
You're constantly late for school --
again today. Your quality of work
has dropped off rapidly in the last
few months. And now this poem you
turned in... are you being abused?

Skye raises her eyebrows. She understands, but she's too
stunned to answer. Ms. Collins reaches her hand out and
gently touches Skye's wrist.

MS. COLLINS (cont'd)
Just remember -- I'm your friend
here, Skye. You can tell me.

SKYE
(laughs)
Wh -- what the hell would make you
think somethin' like that?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Ms. Collins' gaze is steely now. She's still for a beat. A stack of student papers is right in front of her.

She reaches in and searches for the right paper. The teacher takes a pair of glasses off the desk and reads:

MS. COLLINS

(reading)

"In every generation a Slayer is born..."

(to Skye)

Interesting start.

(reading)

"...because a bunch of guys that died thousands of years ago made up that rule."

(to Skye)

Very off-beat type of poetry, I must say.

(reading)

"What if you could have that power? Now. So I say we change the rules. I say my power should be our power."

(to Skye)

There's flow to it, I must say, but it also comes off like a rather cliched speech.

(reading)

"From now on, every girl in the world that might be a Slayer, will be a Slayer. Every girl who could have the power, will have the power. Who can stand up, will stand up. They will have strength they never dreamed of."

(to Skye)

And this is the line I find to be most interesting --

(reading)

"Are you ready to be strong?"

Ms. Collins lets go of the paper and takes off her reading glasses. She looks at Skye, who sits quietly.

MS. COLLINS (cont'd)

"Are you ready to be strong?" What does that mean, Skye? This entire poem reads like it's something you want. A power your need. Why do you need that power, Skye?

A beat.

SKYE

It's not power I need.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Skye lowers her head. It's almost as if she's weeping. Ms. Collins seems to sympathize. She rises from her chair and walks over to the girl. Puts her hand on Skye's shoulder.

She raises her head... ...and her face is the hideous visage of a vampire!

SKYE (cont'd)
It's power I already have.

She jumps up and buries her fangs into Ms. Collins' neck. The teacher doesn't even have time to scream before going limp in Skye's arms.

CUT TO:

22

INT. SUMMERS HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

22

Faith is parked on the couch. Xander sits next to her, glued to the screen. His hand is stroking locks of Anya's hair -- she SNORES, laid out on the floor.

FAITH
I never thought too much of TV
but... damn. There's some really
good stuff on this.

XANDER
I always thought the TV was great.

FAITH
You have too much time on your
hands, Xand.

XANDER
So you'd like me to turn "Passions"
off, then?

FAITH
Touch the remote and I break your
friggin' neck, boy.

The front door opens. Buffy steps into the house, looking thoroughly exhausted. She tosses her keys onto the first stair and closes the door.

FAITH
Back early, B.

BUFFY
Terrible, terrible day. So I took a
few hours off and decided to come
home.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

XANDER

Skipping? Buffy, you'd think you learned your lesson after high school.

BUFFY

I never skipped -- well, I did. But I still graduated.

XANDER

Hardly the point. Now sit down and watch this fine bit of television.

Buffy slowly moves into the living room. She slides her shoes off and sits next to Xander. Notices Anya snoozing on the floor.

Buffy shrugs, then lifts her feet and uses Anya as a cushion. Anya barely even stirs. Buffy stretches.

BUFFY

I swear, no one's had a day this bad. Ever. I've had the single worst day on the planet.

23

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - GIRLS' LOCKER ROOM - DAY

23

The female GYM TEACHER enters. The locker room is empty, though it's obvious it was filled to capacity no more than fifteen minutes earlier. Gym Teacher prepares to enter the side office, but something catches her eye.

She makes for the shower room. The shower stalls are composed in circular fashion -- each "stall" features outward walls, allowing five people to shower at a time while still being separated. The teacher approaches the stall...

The dead eyes of Meyers stare out at her. Next to him, we can just make out the corpse of Parker, throat ripped to shreds.

The Gym Teacher SCREAMS, then runs the other way and out of the locker room.

We DOLLY around the stall. Myers, Parker... and finally Ms. Collins, two very large fang marks visible in her neck.

ON her shocked expression, eyes wide open in terror, we --

BLACK OUT.**END OF ACT TWO**

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ACT THREE

FADE IN ON:

A TOMBSTONE. Polished stone set firmly in the ground. The inscription reads: "JOHNNY LUCAS. 1986-2003. He Rests In Our Hearts Forever." We PAN UP from this item and find ourselves in:

24 EXT. GRAVEYARD - NIGHT

24

Lines and lines of graves set in orderly rows. Oak trees stand tall, their thick branches hanging downwards towards the grass. All we need is a howling wolf to complete the cliché.

A wolf HOWLS. Buffy and JACKSON patrol the area. She holds a stake but doesn't seem anxious to use it.

BUFFY

You know what I mean, though?

JACKSON

Let me double-check. Vampires, werewolves, and demons are okay. But life is terrible when a teenager doesn't like your skirt?

BUFFY

No, that's not it! It's not!
(beat)

Well, okay, it kinda is. But there's more to it than that. It's like I'm completely falling out of touch with my entire generation.

JACKSON

You're twenty-three, and already suffering a mid-life crisis.

BUFFY

Well, I have this nasty habit of surviving. Or, dying and coming back. Whatever. But what if one day I'm Granny-Slayer and I have to kill vampires at the Bingo Hall?

JACKSON

There are plenty of Slayers, Buffy. That last little encounter kind of proved it. But I'd like to think that, eventually, they'll all pick up the slack and do the right thing.

He stops. She follows suit as Jackson stands in front of her, looking Buffy in the eyes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACKSON (cont'd)

So eventually, Granny-Slayer can retire and teach her grandchildren how to brutally slaughter evil monsters.

She laughs, then smiles at Jackson. Suddenly the bushes sway - a VAMPIRE leaps out! He prepares to strike at Jackson, but Buffy already has her stake poised to kill.

She buries it in his chest, causing an explosion of dust. She looks at Jackson who collects himself.

BUFFY

Sorry about that.

JACKSON

I would've had him. Buffy turns.

BUFFY

(calling out)

Okay. Who's next?

Behind the bushes, two other vampires -- MAGID and ZAHN -- look at each other. Neither wants to spring after the Slayer. They point hastily at each other, desperately trying to get the other to attack. Finally it comes down to a game of Paper, Rock, Scissors. It begins...

Buffy is waiting. Obviously bored, she taps her foot. Jackson waits beside her, leaning against a tree. The bushes begin to shake... and both Magid and Zahn dive out!

They don't stand a chance. Buffy and Jackson stake them before their feet hit the ground.

BUFFY (cont'd)

Such a romantic evening, isn't it?

KENNEDY (V.O.)

C'mon, Will! We can't be a little smoochy tonight?

CUT TO:

25

INT. WILLOW & KENNEDY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

25

WILLOW is sprawled out on the bed. She looks out of it -- tired, with her hair all over the place. KENNEDY sits beside her, touching her arm. Willow enjoys it, but it's obvious she knows it's a ploy.

WILLOW

No... no smoochies. Tired doesn't begin to describe how I feel.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KENNEDY

And 'rejected' doesn't begin to describe how I feel.

WILLOW

Oh -- no! You haven't been rejected! Just, put on the bench for a day, y'know? Pretty soon it'll be all --

(mock-macho voice)

"Kennedy, get in the game! Hustle! Hustle!"

Kennedy leans in and kisses Willow on the lips.

KENNEDY

Do I have to start the game on the bench? I was always a quick learner...

She rubs Willow's stomach.

WILLOW

Woah, time-out on the field.

KENNEDY

You're pretty good with the sports analogies.

WILLOW

And you're really good at ignoring them.

Kennedy pauses for a moment. The hint has broadcasted over a loud-speaker. She backs off.

KENNEDY

Gotcha, Red. I'll just have a night out on the town by myself, then.

WILLOW

You're leaving?

Kennedy grabs her jacket. Quickly puts it on, never losing sight of Willow.

KENNEDY

You know the drill -- places to go, vampires to kill.

WILLOW

But two seconds ago you were --

KENNEDY

I changed my mind. It's okay, Will. I won't be gone too long.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

She approaches the bed and kisses Willow, who returns it. Then Kennedy is out the door before Willow can get another word in.

26

INT. SUMMERS HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

26

Dawn is stretched out on the floor, nose buried in a school textbook. Anya sits on the couch, watching the television with a bowl of popcorn at her side. She MUNCHES anxiously... the suspense is obviously killing her.

ANYA

How do I do it? I just don't understand how I do it.

A beat. Dawn skims the text with the aide of her index finger.

ANYA (cont'd)

Aren't you going to ask what I do that I can't understand?

Dawn's head shoots up, almost as if noticing Anya for the first time. She shakes it off, then responds:

DAWN

Oh, well... what is it you do that you can't understand?

ANYA

Watch these stupid horror movies! I mean, I know the man in the cute Captain Kirk mask is going to murder the girl, and yet I can't help but be fascinated by it.

DAWN

Murder can be fascinating at times.

Anya sets the bowl of popcorn aside... or more specifically, out of reach.

ANYA

That's rather a rather disturbing thing to say. I'm disturbed. What do you mean?

Dawn closes the textbook.

DAWN

Alright. The movie you're watching. It's about a guy butchering people. It spawned more movies about brutal murders. Yet they all make money, and the sequels keep coming.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAWN(cont'd)

Humans are fascinated by the idea of death. Always have been, always will be.

ANYA

I'm not fascinated by it.

DAWN

How often is it that you consider the possibility that you might die?

ANYA

I don't know... not too much... only once or twice a day, at most!

DAWN

How else would you define fascination?

Anya ponders Dawn's rather cryptic response. Then, almost as if spooked, she curls up with her popcorn and sets her eyes on the television screen.

27

EXT. GRAVEYARD - NIGHT

27

Buffy and Jackson continue their patrol. The pale moon backlights overhanging branches. To anyone else -- a nightmare. For these two, romantic. They move towards a particularly "lovely" angel gravestone. Buffy sits.

JACKSON

You do realize, of course, that any vampire still alive after we disposed of the moronic triplets back there has probably high-tailed it for a nicer piece of cemetery scenery, right?

BUFFY

I'm taking it easy. Just going to focus on the newbies who can't get out of their mud-plots for the time being.

FEMALE (O.S.)

New? New to what?

Buffy spins. There's nobody within twenty feet in either direction. She stands, not entirely convinced they're alone.

BUFFY

Did you hear that?

JACKSON

Yeah.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BUFFY
Manage to see who said it?

JACKSON
Of course not.

BUFFY
Damn. I hate the eerie playful
ones.

FEMALE (O.S.)
If it's a game, I want to play!

Buffy scans. Once again, nothing. But there's the SOUND of TREES SWAYING. Branches rubbing against each other... maybe something hitting them? Buffy reaches into her jacket and retrieves a stake.

BUFFY
(calling out)
This isn't funny. I'm not kidding --
if you play your spooky little
games, I'm going to have to stake
you by way of your stomach.

FEMALE (O.S.)
Stake me? Stake me?

But now the sound is closer. Both Buffy and Jackson turn.

Standing directly behind them -- almost impossibly close considering they had no idea she was there -- stands Skye. She sizes both of them up and smiles.

SKYE
Why would you want to stake me?

BUFFY
I know you...

SKYE
You do? I don't think we've ever
met. I'm Skye, by the way.

JACKSON
Funny that a vampire would be nice
enough to introduce herself.

SKYE
What makes you think I'm a vampire?

JACKSON
The way you smell.

SKYE
That's Chanel, you moron.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BUFFY

So you're skankier than a vampire?
Wow. Guess I have to write Dracula
an apology.

SKYE

What's with the insults? All talk
and no game?
(beat)
I'm not a vampire, Buffy.

Buffy crosses her arms.

BUFFY

Gee, another demon? Maybe an
ancient evil? A Hell God? Been
there, done --

But Skye is gone.

SKYE (O.S.)

Nope...

She's standing right behind Buffy! Buffy tries to spin but
doesn't have time to counter as Skye LAUNCHES her into a
headstone, smashing it to bits.

SKYE (cont'd)

...I'm something else.

Jackson swipes. Skye catches his fist and and grabs his arm
with her free hand. Twists... he tries to break free but
can't... CRIES OUT in pain...

SKYE (cont'd)

Now who are you? My little visions
certainly helped me get up-to-date
with Buffy in the last few hours...
but you weren't involved. Just what
are you, 'cuz she only goes for the
monsters.

Buffy recovers from Skye's attack. She brushes off a few
loose pieces of rubble. Finally manages to stand -- though a
bit groggily -- and catches sight of Skye and Jackson.

SKYE (cont'd)

Angel I know about. Spike I know
about. And boy, are they having fun
these days. But you?

She twists harder... he SCREAMS...

SKYE (cont'd)

I don't know anything.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JACKSON

(pained)

Well, what can I say exactly? I can give you a nice piece of property on Josephine...

SKYE

What?

Jackson breaks out of her hold! He kicks his legs under Skye, sending her to the ground. Without a moment's hesitation he retrieves a stake from his belt. Buries it into Skye's chest!

JACKSON

Have to warn you though, making the payments can be a real pain in the ass.

Buffy runs to Jackson. He smiles at her, hero of the moment. But she doesn't seem pleased...

Jackson turns... Skye rises, pulling the stake out of her heart.

SKYE

Like I said...

(tosses the stake away)

I'm something different.

She backhands Jackson, sending him flying across the graveyard. He hits the ground hard. Alive, but knocked completely cold.

Buffy slowly circles her enemy. Skye returns the gesture. Neither seems ready to strike prematurely.

BUFFY

What are you?

SKYE

I'm the Slayer.

Buffy is taken aback.

BUFFY

You're a Slayer?

SKYE

The Slayer. "Into each generation a Slayer is born..."

BUFFY

I know the drill.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

SKYE

And so do I. The weird dreams began when I was a child. Couldn't make much of them, of course. Then last May... wow, the power! It was so new. So strange.

BUFFY

You're welcome.

SKYE

Why should I thank you? My life went to hell. School, friends... who wants to hang with a freak of nature, right?

(beat)

Maybe I should thank you, though, for taking out that janitor. Do you know what it's like to be dying on the floor, and then having the first droplet of a new life fall on your tongue?

FLASH TO:

28 INT. HIGH SCHOOL - NORTH HALLWAY - NIGHT

28

Buffy nails the Janitor hard in the face -- hard enough to shatter a few teeth, anyway. Blood trickles downward...

Skye is slumped against the locker. Breathing heavily. The droplet rolls down her forehead and onto her tongue.

A few more drops follow. She actually seems to be enjoying it.

BACK TO:

29 EXT. GRAVEYARD - NIGHT

29

Skye and Buffy continue to circle each other.

SKYE

It's strange. I know I'm not a vampire. I just... feel it. But at the same time it's like I'm connected to some massive energy force, beckoning me to hurt others.

BUFFY

That's no different from any other vampire.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SKYE

But does any other vampire have
that energy source flowing right
back into their head?

BUFFY

(beat)

No. Something else coming at your
head, though.

Skye glances away. A heavy branch CRASHES into her face,
sending her hard to the earth.

Kennedy wields the weapon. Drops it. Skye doesn't have a
chance to recover before the two Slayers take her by the arms
and legs.

KENNEDY

Any ideas?

Buffy notices something OFF-SCREEN.

BUFFY

Just one.

30 EXT. GRAVEYARD - MOMENTS LATER

30

Jackson is finally starting to come to. Buffy and Kennedy
hurry to him. He gingerly places a hand to his aching head.

JACKSON

Damn. Girl can hit, that's for
sure.

BUFFY

Are you okay?

JACKSON

Save the hit my wallet's going to
take for all the Tylenol, I'm fine.

He shakes his head.

JACKSON (cont'd)

Did she really pull a stake out of
her chest, or is that just the
groggy memory thing?

Buffy and Kennedy help him to his feet. It takes a moment for
Jackson to find his balance.

JACKSON

What'd you do with her?

KENNEDY

She's tied up, so-to-speak.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BUFFY

What are you doing? That was so my
pun opportunity.

KENNEDY

Don't be so slow to take advantage
next time.

Buffy, Jackson, and Kennedy hurry off. We HOLD for a
moment... and then finally we DOLLY towards the other
direction.

A grove of large trees stand ominously in the night. And Skye
is among them. A massive branch protrudes from her chest,
welded upwards forming a kind of cage. A crucifix is held
tight to the girl's chest... no visible damage, though Buffy
and Kennedy obviously went all out.

Skye's eyes flutter open. She checks her surroundings... the
graveyard... then finally notices the large wooden object
that impales her.

Without much thought she snaps the branch in two, freeing
herself.

SKYE

Better hurry home, Slayer. Before
Dawn.

31 INT. SUMMERS HOUSE - NIGHT

31

Buffy hurries in. Kennedy and Jackson follow, the door
slamming shut behind them. Anya SNAPS awake, spilling her
popcorn. Dawn casually looks up from her book to find her
sister approaching.

DAWN

What's up, Buffy?

Buffy moves to the window. Quickly closes the curtain. Faith
looks in from the kitchen, a sandwich in hand.

FAITH

Something goin' on, B.? You look
freaked.

BUFFY

We're being followed.

DAWN

By who?

BUFFY

Some kind of twisted vampire-
like...

(beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BUFFY(cont'd)

-- well, a vampire-like Vampire Slayer.

ANDREW (O.S.)

A slayer of the Vampyres...

Andrew slowly makes his way down the stairs. He looks regally, almost like Sherlock Holmes... but still very much Andrew.

ANDREW (cont'd)

...who is also a Vampyre? Very interesting, my dear fellow.

BUFFY

Andrew, go back up stairs and close all the windows.

ANDREW

Why?

BUFFY

I just have a really bad feeling about this. Skye said she was connected to the First. And we all know what the First thinks of Buffy and the Household of Doom.

FAITH

Who's Skye?

BUFFY

The Slayer.

JACKSON

What's the First?

BUFFY

Pure evil. What else? Go, Andrew.

Andrew sighs. Then he turns around and heads up to the second floor. Kennedy moves round to stand next to Buffy.

KENNEDY

So the First is back in business, then? Big bad apocalypse?

BUFFY

I don't think so. A vampire in Sunnydale sort of told me that they're all connected to an all-powerful evil. Now, a Slayer who's been turned into a vampire with influence from the First Evil. How do you think that's going to turn out?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ANYA

She'll be almost as terrifying as
the Easter bunny.

BUFFY

Exactly.

(thinks)

What? Anyway, I'm pretty sure she's
acting on her own, but she has the
rundown on me... and all of you.
Stay on your guard till the sun
comes up.

A long beat. An almost terrifying silence. You could cut
through the undercurrent with a knife --

ANYA

I want more popcorn.

32 INT. UPSTAIRS - NIGHT

32

Andrew crosses through the hall. He pops open a door and
moves into Dawn's bedroom. The window is hanging open.
Curtains are caught up in the soothing nighttime WIND.

Andrew approaches cautiously, reaching his hand out...

An agonizing moment as his fingertips approach the window.
Finally he makes contact and closes it. Steps back and takes
a deep breath.

ANDREW

This is just like "Halloween IV."
Without the crappy sequel.

A bed spring SOUNDS. Andrew YELPS.

33 INT. DOWNSTAIRS - NIGHT

33

Buffy, Faith, Dawn, Anya, Kennedy, Xander, and Jackson are
sitting around the dinner table. Buffy looks very direct --
determined. Something has her going.

XANDER

So the plan, Buff, is to let this
Super-Slayer walk right in her, to
you, and then you kill her?

FAITH

It's more complicated than --

BUFFY

Pretty much, yeah.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KENNEDY

How are you planning this one? She wasn't too affected by a stake to the heart. We know damn well that branch only slowed her down. Exactly how are you going to kill her?

BUFFY

I learned one thing in high school, Kennedy. When you're faced with a pretty challenging Pop Quiz -- improvise.

34 INT. UPSTAIRS - NIGHT

34

Andrew closes Dawn's door. Quickly makes the mark of the cross across his chest. He turns down the hall -- And bumps right into Skye. She grabs him by the throat.

SKYE

Y'know, if you're going to take an hour to close each window, chances are you aren't going to stop anything, stud.

She lifts him into the air. He struggles... can't breathe. She slowly moves him against the wall, her long fangs desperate for the kill.

SKYE (cont'd)

(smiles)

Close your eyes and I might tell you a story.

Skye draws close...

FLASH TO:

35 INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY (VISION)

35

The CAMERA ZOOMS IN and OUT in a RAPID MOVEMENT. The IMAGES are distorted... blurred. But pools of blood stain the walls. A dying hand reaches out. We HEAR a sickening THUNK and the hand falls. Motionless.

BACK TO:

36 INT. UPSTAIRS - NIGHT (REALITY)

36

Skye stumbles backward in pain. Her grip on Andrew lessons for a moment. He seizes the opportunity -- KICKS her away! She releases him! Andrew backs off.

Skye, utterly enraged, charges at him. Fangs bared and ready for blood. He DECKS her!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Before Skye can shake off the shock, Andrew is out of the hallway and down the stairs.

37

INT. DOWNSTAIRS - CONTINUOUS

37

Andrew hurls himself down the staircase.

ANDREW

Buffy!

He rounds the corner. Our gang stands there, ready for blood -
- Buffy the most of all. Her eyes are fixed on the bottom of the staircase, waiting patiently for her enemy to approach. Nothing... nothing...

Finally Skye appears. She moves into the living room and pauses, taking in the sight of the group ready for action. She smiles a horrible smile.

Buffy moves into attack position.

SKYE

Bring it, bitch.

Buffy charges forward -- and Skye BACKHANDS her across the face! Buffy is launched across the room, unconscious!

The others look at Skye in disbelief. Even Faith is a bit freaked.

SKYE (cont'd)

Now, who's next?

BLACK OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

38 INT. SUMMERS HOUSE - PREDAWN

38

We DOLLY around the area. The Scooby Gang are all laid out, unconscious. Faith and Kennedy next to each other, slumped against the wall. Dawn sprawled out behind Xander.

And Buffy tied up on the couch. A hand moves out and shakes Buffy. It takes a moment, but finally she STIRS. Skye is before her.

SKYE

Wake up. Come on, Slayer, wake up.

Buffy looks at Skye, her eyes hazed. They try to focus.

BUFFY

Is this hell?

SKYE

Not yet. But give it time.

BUFFY

What is it with you evil people?
You always have to gloat and taunt
to the tied-up would-be victim.

SKYE

I'm not going to gloat or taunt.
(beat)
Well, maybe a little. But that's
not the point.

BUFFY

What do you want?

SKYE

Answers.

BUFFY

What makes you think I have any?

SKYE

What makes you think you don't?
(beat)
You friends were... interesting.
The other two Slayers did well.
Your friend Xander? Not so well.
Dawn, on the other hand, put up a
fight.

BUFFY

What do you expect from a high
school student?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Skye stands and smiles. Looks at Buffy in a curious sort of way.

SKYE

You think you know, don't you?
What's to come. What you are. You
haven't even begun.

(beat)

This little encounter isn't going
to go out with a bang. You won't
stake me, and I won't eat the
annoying nerd.

BUFFY

Funny. I'm used to fighting at
about this time each crisis.

SKYE

Things change. So will you. Don't
get me wrong. I fully intended to
kill you when I met you in the
graveyard. And when I entered your
house.

BUFFY

How exactly does that work, by the
way? Don't recall the sign out from
that said, "Enter All Ye Blood-
Suckers."

SKYE

You might have missed the memo, but
typical vampire charms don't seem
to have much of an effect on me. I
wanted to kill you. I needed to
kill you.

(beat)

I don't hate you, Buffy. Hell, I
don't even know you. But I hate
what you are.

BUFFY

You hate what you are.

Skye begins to slowly pace.

SKYE

I've seen things in the last twenty-
four hours. Images sent to me by a
higher power. One I know is evil.

BUFFY

Shouldn't that make you all warm
and fuzzy inside?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SKYE

Oh, it does. But it also feels...
wrong. Just so terribly wrong.

BUFFY

Slayer instincts take a little
getting used to, don't they?

SKYE

This wasn't meant to be. You know
that. A Slayer should never be a
demon. When a vampire is created, a
demon enters the human's body, but
the soul escapes.

(beat)

I feel. I enjoyed hitting you. I
enjoyed hurting the other two...
but I hated hurting Dawn.

Skye stops. She falls back and sits on the sofa next to
Buffy.

SKYE (cont'd)

Do I have a soul?

BUFFY

No vampires are born with souls.

SKYE

I'm not a vampire.

BUFFY

Then I guess I don't have any
answers.

SKYE

But you're sure intrigued by the
question.

BUFFY

I'm intrigued by the idea that I
can kill the first of whatever you
are.

SKYE

Liar. You could've broken free from
those ropes at any time and you
know it.

For the first time, Buffy is silent. She looks at the other
girl. Skye's right.

Finally, Buffy moves. Her arms shoot out and her bonds are
cut. The ropes peacefully fall to the carpet. But Buffy
doesn't advance on Skye.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

BUFFY

What do you want from us?

SKYE

I... I don't know now. At first I wanted death. But I know it's wrong.

(beat)

What should I want?

BUFFY

A life.

(stands)

But that's something you have to make for yourself on your own.

SKYE

Like this?

BUFFY

I take it you won't be too thrilled to go back to mom and dad?

SKYE

They'd never understand.

BUFFY

Well then... if you can get there, I have a friend. In Los Angeles. If there's somebody who knows a thing or two about existing with what you are, it's him.

SKYE

Angel?

BUFFY

You've heard of him?

SKYE

I was given the Cliff Notes on everything until last year.

BUFFY

Then Skye, find Angel. He's at Wolfram & Hart. Not the most trustworthy of places, but I trust him more than anyone.

Skye rises. Looks around.

BUFFY (cont'd)

And you'd better hurry. Sunrise is in twenty minutes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

SKYE

What if I can survive it?

BUFFY

What if you can't? Make for the sewers. Not the most fashionable of places, but you can move during the daylight.

SKYE

And your friends?

BUFFY

They'll each have a hell of a headache. God knows. But I should be able to explain.

Buffy walks to the front door. Opens it for Skye, revealing beautiful clouds pregnant with storm.

BUFFY (cont'd)

And good luck.

SKYE

Thank you.

Skye steps through the doorway. Takes her first steps outside. Buffy slowly draws the door to a close --

SKYE (cont'd)

Buffy.

Buffy opens the door.

SKYE (cont'd)

I mean what I said. The power said that I'd see things of the past, present, and future. Beware the inner circle, and remember this: "Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God and him only shalt thou serve."

And with that, Skye bolts away, ready to make for a new beginning. Buffy turns away from the door. She examines her friends -- who to wake first? How to tell the truth?

Instinctively she walks to Dawn and kneels. Buffy reaches her hand out, ready to wake her sister. But Dawn's eyes open a brief instant before Buffy touches her.

DISSOLVE TO:

39

EXT. HILLTOP - SUNRISE

39

The first few beams of sunlight burst over the horizon. Skye stands next to a tree, its long shadow more than enough protection. The rays stretch out over the hill and past the tree.

Skye takes a deep breath. Then sets out one foot into the light. And the other.

Soon she is fully bathed in sunlight with no ill effects. Her eyes are a shallow blue, almost illuminated by the beautiful sight. The first signs of a smile form on Skye's lips.

But then -- MS. COLLINS/THE FIRST steps into FRAME, right beside her. Skye's face drops as she looks at one of her first victims from a life that already seems so long ago.

MS. COLLINS/THE FIRST
You've been a very, very naughty
girl, Skye.

SKYE
What the-

MS. COLLINS
(grins)
You know what I am.

A beat. Skye's eyes narrow as she stares back at Ms. Collins, who smiles warmly back at her.

SKYE
The First.

MS. COLLINS
And only. We've got a lot of work
to do, Skye, so let's start by-

SKYE
No!

Skye steps back and turns away from Ms. Collins. That warm smile drops in a second, replaced by a look of utter contempt.

MS. COLLINS
What did you say?

SKYE
I said 'no.' I'm not going to let
you turn me into...

MS. COLLINS
Something evil?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SKYE

I don't have to be like that. Buffy told me, she said there are people who can help me, people who-

MS. COLLINS

Oh, you mean Angel? Oh yes, he knows all about what it feels like to have killed another human. To have felt their heart slowly stop beating as you drain the lifeblood from their veins.

Skye closes her eyes and shivers as Ms. Collins walks round to face her.

MS. COLLINS (cont'd)

I mean, you've only killed three people, Angel's quite a long way ahead of you in that respect, but he-

SKYE

(firm)

He can help. He has to.

MS. COLLINS

Face facts, Skye. You're not fully a vampire or a Slayer. You're a hybrid. A crossbreed. A mutant. By rights, you should be staking yourself!

SKYE

Yeah, tried that. Me and wooden stakes seem to get on better than you'd expect.

Ms. Collins chuckles - and Skye suddenly LASHES OUT, her fist flying round at blinding speed.

But it passes straight through Ms. Collins, who bursts into guffaws of mocking laughter.

MS. COLLINS

Oh, I'm afraid there's no way to get rid of me, my dear.

Skye glares back at the First, then turns her back and marches away, heading towards the city buildings down below.

Ms. Collins watches her walk, hands on hips as she calls out after the departing Slayer.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MS. COLLINS (cont'd)

So is that what you're going to do?
Keep running? How long do you think
you can resist your true nature,
Skye? How long can you ignore what
you're meant to become?

SKYE

(quietly)

As long as it takes.

Skye's face is a mask of determination, and as she walks out
of frame, leaving Ms. Collins staring after her, we:

BLACK OUT.

END OF SHOW