

Unaired Pilot

Writer's First Draft

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Teaser

EXT. BERRYMAN HIGHSCHOOL - NIGHT

The buildings of the affluent Southern California school gleam darkly in the moonlight. We TRACK about the campus - it's deserted.

CUT TO:

INT. HALL - CONTINUOUS

TRACK through the halls. Nothing.

CUT TO:

INT. CLASSROOMS - CONTINUOUS

Silent.

We track along the wall, past the maps and drawings tacked up on it, past the window, which SHATTERS in our faces!

It's just a single pane, knocked in by someone's hand. It unlocks the window and slides it up.

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE THE BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

The intruder is a college age BOY, a timid GIRL beside him. She looks about nervously.

GIRL

Are you sure this is a good idea?

BOY

It's a great idea! Come on.

CUT TO:



INT. CLASSROOM - CONTINUOUS

As they climb in. She peers around some more as he shuts the window behind them.

GIRL
You go to school here?
BOY
Used to.
GIRL
It's nice.
BOY
It gets better. Come on.

CUT TO:

INT. BACKSTAGE - A BIT LATER

He leads her through the back of the school theater and

ANGLE: ON STAGE

which is lavishly dressed as an oversized alley set: a huge wooden fence, trash cans, etc. It looks suspiciously like the set of CATS.

She wanders through it a bit.

GIRL
Wow...

Suddenly the curtains open, revealing the empty auditorium, and the foot lights come up. The boy has worked all this from the side of the stage. He comes up to her.

BOY
Cool, huh?
GIRL
I'm sure we're not supposed to be here...

He moves to kiss her, but she turns suddenly, real fear crossing her face.

GIRL
What was that?
BOY
What was what?
GIRL
I heard a noise.
BOY
It's nothing.
GIRL



Maybe it's something...
BOY
Maybe it's some Thing...
GIRL
That's not funny.

He looks about them. The place is dark shadowy. She covers behind him.

BOY
Hello...?

Silence.

BOY
There's nobody here.
GIRL
Are you sure?
BOY
I'm sure.
GIRL
Okay...

She bares HORRIBLE FANGS and BURIES them in his neck.

BLACK OUT.

END OF TEASER

Act One

EXT. BERRYMAN HIGHSCHOOL - MORNING

A day as bright and colorful as the night was black and eerie. Students pour in before first bell, talking, laughing. They could be from anywhere in America, but for the extremity of their dress and the esoteric mania of their slang. This is definitely So Cal.

We see definite grouping here: surfers, jocks, etc. One small group of grungily clad girls makes a path through the rest, parting them like the red sea. Nobody gets too near them.

As we TRACK through the mass of kids, we pick up snatches of conversations:

Two guys:

GUY
My parents grounded me! It's so not fair.
OTHER GUY
You should sue.
GUY
No way. My dad's lawyer is way better than mine.



Two girls:

GIRL

So I ordered a halfcaf mochachino
with nonfat milk, and the guy brings
me a cup of coffee!

OTHER GIRL

What's that all about?

ANGLE: A SKATEBOARD

Weaving along the road. On it is XANDER, dressed with the shaggy indifference common to skateboarders. He is bright, funny, and will one day be suave and handsome. Till that day arrives he'll do the best he can with bright and funny.

He weaves through a thickening mass of students toward the school.

XANDER

Coming through... Coming through...
(as the crowd increases)
Not certain how to stop...

A few people do scatter as he comes up to the side walk, stopping with assured grace. He kicks the board up with his foot to catch it, only he misses and the board clatters to the ground, along with his books. Looking around to make sure nobody noticed that part, he bends down to pick them up.

He straightens up to see before him WILLOW. She is shy, bookish and very possibly dressed by her mother. The intelligence in her eyes and the sweetness of her smile belie a genuine charm that is lost on the unsubtle highschool mind.

It's certainly lost on Xander, though he brightens considerably to see her.

XANDER

Willow! How're you doing?

WILLOW

Okay.

XANDER

You're so very much
the person I wanted to see.

Her excitement at that sentiment is sweetly pathetic, and typically unnoticed.

WILLOW

Really?

XANDER

Yeah. You know, I kind of had
a problem with the math.

WILLOW

Which part?



XANDER
The math. Can you help me out third period?
Please? Be my study buddy?
WILLOW
Well, what's in it for me?
XANDER
A shiny nickel...
WILLOW
Okay. But you shouldn't be having
a problem with it, Xander. Mr. Worth
says you never pay attention.
XANDER
I pay attention... Just not to him.

As they enter the building, the camera TRACKS away, again following groups of students.

Two guys:

GUY
No, for the real experience
you have to see Tesh live.
OTHER GUY
Really?
GUY
It changed me.

Pass two more students, hucking a frisbee back and forth, and finally fall into line behind the feet of a girl, a girl walking alone toward the entrance. Come up and around her - hey, stylish outfit - to see her face.

BUFFY SUMMERS is sixteen, just turned. Blonde, pretty, a good portion of her deceptively insouciant face hidden behind the bubble she's just blown. It pops as she looks around, getting her bearings in an unfamiliar place.

She enters the building.

CUT TO:

INT. MAIN BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

She looks about again, a few students pushing past her. She goes left, away from the bustle of the kids, toward the administration offices.

She passes HAL the janitor. He mops the floor with an absent, twitchy expression. As she passes:

HAL
You want to live forever?



She turns, slowly.

BUFFY

What?

HAL

I'm gonna live forever,
'cause I'm invisible. The
CIA doesn't know where
I'm at. You know what CIA
stands for? It stands for
"We're always watching
what you're doing you guys".
They watch me when I go
to the bathroom.

Beat.

BUFFY

Okay. Gotta go.

She walks off, calmly, avoiding eye contact.

HAL

I'm gonna live forever...

ANGLE: THE PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE

BOB FLUTIE is stenciled on the frosted glass, right above PRINCIPAL. Buffy pushes the door open to see a secretary typing by another door. Buffy steps in just as MR FLUTIE comes through the other door.

MR FLUTIE

Mrs. Marowski, what happened
to the detention records? I know
you did something to them.

(seeing Buffy)

You better get to class if - do I know you?

BUFFY

I'm Buffy Summers...

MR FLUTIE

Yes? Oh! Bunny!

BUFFY

Buffy.

MR FLUTIE

Hey, welcome! Come on in.

He beckons her into:

INT. MR FLUTIE'S OFFICE



Where he dodges the considerable clutter to go around his desk and dig up her file.

MR FLUTIE

Good to have you with us.
You nervous? First day jitters?

BUFFY

Well I guess -

MR FLUTIE

You better be nervous,
these kids'll eat you alive.

I'm just funning you.

You're gonna fit right in.

He comes around his desk, opening the door, holding a trashcan under Buffy's chin and talking all at once.

MR FLUTIE

You know, here at Berryman
we have a saying - gum - But
it's in Latin and I don't know
what the hell it means. Gum.

Finally understanding, Buffy spits her gum into the trashcan as Mr Flutie calls out the door:

MR FLUTIE

Mrs. Marowski, can I get
the schedule for Bitsy Summers -
(it's handed to him)

Thank you very much. Let's see -
Crossing back, sniffing the trashcan -

MR FLUTIE

Spearmint.

(looking at the schedule)

You've got Ms. Ramsey for history
first period. She's tough. Cruel but fair,
you'll like her.

(hands her the schedule)

It's on the second floor, room 217.

BUFFY

Thank you.

MR FLUTIE

You're gonna do just fine here, Bambi.
We don't have a lot of personal rules
except no gang colors, no fur and
you already know the part about
the gum. As far as conduct is concerned,
well, I'm confident there won't be any
incidents like at your old school -

BUFFY

Mr. Flutie, you have my word.



The last thing in the world I want is trouble.

CUT TO:

INT. HALL - CONTINUOUS

Striding through the hall is CORDELIA. Confident, beautiful and relentlessly cruel, she never goes anywhere without a babbling posse of hander-ons. Chief among them is HARMONY, her confidant/whipping girl.

Cordy (as few are permitted to call her) stops by her locker, the Cordettes milling about her. A good-looking boy passes.

BOY

Hey, Cordelia, you going to the Bronze tonight?

CORDELIA

Not with you...

She watches him pass.

HARMONY

I thought you liked him.

CORDELIA

Harmony, please. He's such a bongwater.

HARMONY

But we're going tonight, right?

A CORDETTE

Who's playing?

HARMONY

Dingoes Ate My Baby.

A CORDETTE

They rock!

Xander approaches, pulls some stuff out of his locker nearby. Another girl passes, Cordelia offering:

CORDELIA

Wow, grunge! What a new look!

(to Harmony)

I know plaid is over -

I just can't tell what's coming next.

XANDER

(leaning in)

I don't know about you, but I'm scared!

CORDELIA

Excuse me, was I talking to you?

Has any girl ever talked to you
of her own free will? I don't think so.

XANDER

You know, I've often wondered why that is.

CORDELIA



Got a mirror?

She strides off, posse in tow. Xander hides the hurt fairly well.

XANDER
(call after them)
Check back tomorrow,
I'll have that devastating comeback ready...

He watches them a moment, somewhat defeated. Turns to go and BUMPS right into Buffy. Her bag falls to the floor, stuff spilling out everywhere.

She kneels down, starts scooping it back in. Xander helps her.

XANDER
Sorry about that.
BUFFY
It's okay. I wasn't paying attention.
XANDER
Here you go.
BUFFY
Thanks.

She stuffs it all in her bag and hurries to class. He watches her. It's fair to say he's smitten.

He notices something on the floor, bends down to get it. Calls after her:

XANDER
Oh, hey, you forgot your...
(looks at the thing in his hand)
...stake...

But she's too far off to hear. He looks at the wooden stake, puzzled.

CUT TO:

INT. HISTORY CLASS - CONTINUOUS

Students mill about before second bell, settling, chatting. In the middle sits Cordelia, holding court with her friends.

At the front of the class is KATE RAMSEY, 10th grade history teacher. Youngish, sweet tempered, but no pushover. She unloads her books, ignoring the pre-class cacophony.

Willow enters, passes Cordy on her way to a seat.

CORDELIA
Willow, nice dress. Good to know



you've finally seen the softer side of Sears.

Willow sheepishly takes her place as the Cordettes all crack up. The second bell rings.

MS RAMSEY

All right, settle. Who are we missing?

The door opens and Buffy sticks her head in.

MS RAMSEY

Can I help you?

BUFFY

Is this Eurocentric History?

MS RAMSEY

Oh, you're the new student! Come on in.

Buffy does, handing her schedule to Ms. Ramsey.

Xander bustles in after, sitting near the back. He leans forward to Willow, never taking his eyes off Buffy.

XANDER

Who is that girl?

WILLOW

She's new.

XANDER

(admiringly)

She's new and improved...

Ms. Ramsey hands Buffy back her schedule.

MS RAMSEY

Yep, you're in the right place.

You can sit there, there's a desk...

(as Buffy puts her stuff down)

Kids, we're up by one starting today.

This is Buffy.

(to Buffy)

Do you want come up here and introduce yourself to the class, or is that your personal vision of Hell?

BUFFY

No, that's okay.

(to the kids)

I'm Buffy Summers...

I went to Hemery High in the Valley until...

I didn't. Let's see, I'm... a girl...

STUDENT

Are you sure?

BUFFY



Mostly... Uh, I think your school is really pretty, except I'm fairly wiggled by the whole stucco experience in the lobby. I hope you're not all dread brainiacs that I can't keep up with, 'cause I know this school has a really good rep and I'm nervous about that.

MS RAMSEY

Anything you want to tell us about yourself?
Besides that you're a girl?

BUFFY

I'm sixteen - duh - I'm a Sagittarius with my moon in Gemini which means nothing, as far as I can tell. But my mom seems to think it explains a lot. I don't eat meat, except for cheeseburgers.
I think Jill Sobule should be leader of the free world.

STUDENT

Turn-ons?

Assorted titters at that.

MS RAMSEY

(shoots him a look)

Any hobbies? What do you do in your spare time?

ANGLE: XANDER

Holding the stake, waiting for a reply.

Buffy almost looks uncomfortable; there's ground here she doesn't care to tread.

BUFFY

Uh, shopping. Largely. Shopping and ancillary shopping activities such as browsing.

MS RAMSEY

You should fit right in here.

CORDELIA

It's like we're sisters.

STUDENT

Any dark secrets?

She pauses, looks down.

BUFFY

For a while I, um, I thought

David Hasselhoff was cute.

You should probably know that right off.

Silence. People look at each other uncomfortably. Finally...

XANDER

Knightrider or Baywatch?

BUFFY

Oh, Knightrider.



A general murmur of acceptance. Ms. Ramsey smiles. She likes this girl pretty well already.

MS RAMSEY

All right. Why don't we learn some history, while we're here.

CUT TO:

INT. SAME - AFTER CLASS

The bell is ringing as the students swarm out of their chairs. Cordelia approaches Buffy.

CORDELIA

Hey. I'm Cordelia.

BUFFY

Hey.

CORDELIA

After careful consideration we've decided that you're okay and we give you leave to hang with us.

BUFFY

(smiling)

That's a relief.

CORDELIA

I knew it would be. So listen, tonight everyone's going to the Bronze. You should show.

BUFFY

The Bronze?

CORDELIA

It's a club.

HARMONY

It's like three blocks from campus. Across the park.

CORDELIA

It should be rageous. Quality bands and a total absence of designer coffee.

BUFFY

Gracious thanks, I'll try to show.

CORDELIA

Good.

Exeunt Cordettes, after most everyone. Buffy packs up the rest of her stuff as well, as Ms. Ramsey calls her to the front of the class.

MS RAMSEY

Buffy, this is Willow.

WILLOW

Hi.

BUFFY



Hi.
MS RAMSEY
She's the person to talk to to get caught up.
She's my best student, or she would be if
she ever spoke in class.
WILLOW
I plan to. I'm gearing up.
BUFFY
(to Ms. Ramsey)
Thanks.
MS RAMSEY
I'll see you tomorrow.
Buffy and Willow start off together.
WILLOW
That's a really great outfit.
BUFFY
Thanks. I'm jamming on your dress.
WILLOW
Oh, no. It's dorky. I'm aware that it's dorky.
BUFFY
Not a jot! It's lush. Laura Ashley is definitely back.
WILLOW
You think?
BUFFY
She's back, and this time it's personal.
See, they mated her with the Home Depot guy,
and that's how we got Martha Stewart.
WILLOW
Ohhh...

ANGLE: CORDY

Watching the two girls from across the quad.

CORDELIA
Ooh, hanging with Willow.
The judges are gonna have to take off points for that.

ANGLE: WILLOW AND BUFFY

Willow points at a building a way away.

WILLOW
That's the library. A lot of the stuff is there
and you can get the rest at the school store.

ANGLE: THE LIBRARY

A beautiful old building with a somewhat musty air.



Buffy looks at it and a shadow runs across her expression. She knits her brows briefly, then lets it go.

BUFFY
It's beautiful.

WILLOW
It's the oldest building on campus.

BUFFY
Well, thanks.

WILLOW
I'll see you at lunch.

Buffy starts toward the building as Willow goes off in the other direction.

As the Library looms at her, Buffy's distracted expression returns. Something about it bothers her.

A figure APPEARS right next to her - she starts slightly to see Xander at her side.

XANDER
Hi. I'm Xander. You bumped into me...

BUFFY
Oh, hi.

XANDER
So, I've been thinking it over -
(produces the stake)
and all I can figure is that
you're building a really little fence.
He hands her the stake. She looks at it glumly.

BUFFY
Oh.

XANDER
You dropped it. I didn't get a chance to - what's it for?

BUFFY
Nothing.

XANDER
Come on, you can trust me with anything except money.

BUFFY
It's nothing. It's the past.

She throws it hard, out of frame. Watches it sail for a moment before turning to Xander.

BUFFY
And you can't live in the past.

She passes him, entering the library. As he watches her go, puzzled, we see the stake thirty yards behind him sail right into a garbage can.

CUT TO:



"Twentieth Century Perspectives-"
GILES
I think I know what you're after.

He leads her to the check-out desk by the door. His office can be seen behind it.

He pulls a book out and slides it toward Buffy. Huge, leatherbound, with a single word set in gild on the cover.

"VAMPYR".

Real concern floods Buffy's face, along with understanding. She steps back from the desk, eyes on the librarian.

BUFFY
That's not what I'm looking for.
GILES
Are you quite sure?
BUFFY
I'm way sure.
GILES
My mistake.

He replaces the book under the counter.

GILES
So, what is it you said -
BUFFY
Forget it.

She backs out of the library without another word.

Giles watches her go.

CUT TO:

INT. WOMENS' LOCKER ROOM - AFTERNOON

Two GIRLS approach their lockers, talking. They begin undressing (just shoes and coats and stuff. Get your mind out of the gutter.)

GIRL #1
The new kid? Her mom got some
cool job, so they moved.
GIRL #2
Well, the chatter in the caf is that
she got kicked out and that's why
her mom had to get a new job.
GIRL #1
Neg.



GIRL #2

Pos.

(opens her locker)

She was starting fights.

GIRL #1

(opening hers)

Negly! She's sporting a hardcore Mizrahi.

No one starts a fight in that outfit. If I could
get my hands on -

Something FLIES OUT of the locker at her! She SCREAMS as the dead body of
the boy from the opening collapses on her, eyes horribly wide.

ANGLE: FROM ABOVE

The body sprawls out on the floor as the girl steps back, screaming for all she's
worth.

BLACK OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

Act Two

EXT. CAMPUS - MIDDAY

Lunchtime. Buffy is walking with Xander, as he points out the fine points of
campus social life.

XANDER

We're probably not much different
than the kids at Hemery. You know.

They pass a group of boys in the gangsta regalia, talking.

XANDER

Those are the Howsers. They'd be
genuine hardcore gangstas, except
for the "upperclass white guy" stigma.
Total wannabes, but they're okay.

He points to a group of dimwitted surfdudes.

XANDER

The Topanga inbreeds.
(to one, as they pass)

Hey, surf's always up somewhere in the world.

The inbreeds all stop to OOOOH at this pearl of wisdom as Xander and Buffy
continue on.

BUFFY



Yeah, it's pretty much the same one my side of the hill.

XANDER

Well, try your hand.

She looks over a group of kids talking animatedly.

BUFFY

Let's see, that would have to be the theatre club.

XANDER

Well spotted. What gave it away?

BUFFY

They're always way gestury.

(gesturing wildly)

Would you like some more salt?

XANDER

(also gesturing)

Thank you for the salt.

(normal, pointing elsewhere)

And them?

BUFFY

Film club?

XANDER

(nodding)

The li'l auteurs. They spend their time
deciding that every movie is an existential
meditation on Freudian sexuality.

BUFFY

Even "Muppets Take Manhattan"?

XANDER

Especially "Muppets Take Manhattan".

Ah! The Dirty Girls.

They are approaching the group of grungy girls we saw earlier. As before,
everyone gets out of their way.

BUFFY

Why do you call them the -

(as they pass)

Oh! Wow.

XANDER

They have views on hygiene. It's pretty intense.

They see Cordy and her friends approaching from a distance. As they do, a
student runs urgently by them to a nearby group. All they overhear is:

STUDENT

Have you guys heard?

They found some guy -

BUFFY

(to Xander)

What about Cordelia and her friends -

Do you have a name for them?

XANDER

(bitterly)

Oh yeah.



BUFFY

Uh, I gotta book. I'll see you guys later.

She takes off. Willow watches her, a bit puzzled.

Behind Willow, we see a student telling the Theatre Club, all of whom react with enormous gestures.

CUT TO:

INT. WOMENS' LOCKER ROOM - LATER

The body has been covered with a blanket. Mr. Flutie is talking quietly with Ms. Ramsey.

MR FLUTIE

I think it's Chris Boal. He was here before your time.

MS RAMSEY

I just can't believe it.

MR FLUTIE

Just tell the kids gym is canceled.
We'll have an assembly in the morning.
Do you think that's good? An assembly?

MS RAMSEY

I do.

MR FLUTIE

I'll wait here for the police.
Someone did call the police, right?
Oh. I did. Okay.

She goes off. He looks back at the body, then steps out.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE LOCKER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Mr. Flutie closes the door quietly. He turns to see Buffy before him.

MR FLUTIE

Bambi! Uh, Betty - dyeh - Betty. Wilma?

BUFFY

Buffy.

MR FLUTIE

I'm so sorry about this;
I know it's your first day.
But let me just say that
we very seldom - we
almost never - have dead
kids stuffed in lockers.
In fact I have a strict policy about that -

BUFFY

(pointing at the door)

Is he still in there?



He nods. As he continues to babble on, Buffy knits her brow thinking.

MR FLUTIE

I know this is hard, it's not the welcome
I was planning for you. I know you're
upset, confused, you probably have
that thing, like when you burp and
then you get a little vomitty taste in
your mouth, but I would like to point
out that the boy was not currently a student.
The important thing is we're all here for
you and if there's anything you need -

BUFFY

Can I look at the body?

MR FLUTIE

Ah - whah - who? What?

BUFFY

I think I should look at the body. Don't you?

MR FLUTIE

Do I?

BUFFY

Well, you know, it's like you say,
I'm having kind of an emotional wiggins right now -

MR FLUTIE

But I think you'd be more upset -
it's a very painful thing -

BUFFY

(craning her neck to see in)

But I think I should embrace the pain -

MR FLUTIE

I have to respect the boy's dignity.

Also he's getting stinky.

BUFFY

Mr. Flutie. Can I call you Bob?

MR FLUTIE

No -

BUFFY

Bob, I could deal with this on
a superficial level by talking it
over with the reporters that are
probably on their way -

MR FLUTIE

Reporters? But -

BUFFY

But Bobby -

MR FLUTIE

Bambi -

BUFFY

Bob. I need closure. You know.

I need to be alone with my grief.

And the dead guy.

MR FLUTIE



Well, okay. For a minute.
Do you really think there'll be reporters?

BUFFY

I wouldn't worry about it.

She stands by the door. Reluctant and confused, Mr. Flutie opens it for her.

MR FLUTIE

Just for a minute.

BUFFY

I'm embracing the pain.

CUT TO:

INT. WOMENS' LOCKER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The door closes behind her as Buffy approaches the body laid out under a blanket.

She hesitates, sure she's not going to like what she sees. Pulls the blanket from his head and shoulders.

ANGLE: HIS NECK

Has two big ol' bite marks in it.

What floods onto Buffy's face is not horror, but grim frustration. She stares down at the body another moment, nearly seething.

BUFFY

Oh, great!

CUT TO:

INT LIBRARY - MOMENTS LATER

Buffy strides back in, attitude high.

BUFFY

Okay? What's the sitch?

She spies Giles up on the second level and starts up toward him.

GILES

Sorry?

BUFFY

What is the sitch here?

You heard about the dead guy, right?

The dead guy in the locker?

GILES

Yes.

BUFFY

Well, it's the weirdest thing.



He's got two little little holes
in his neck and all his blood's
been drained. Isn't that bizarre?
Aren't you just going, "Ooooh..."?
GILES

I was afraid of this.

BUFFY

Well, I wasn't! It's my first day.
I was afraid that I'd be behind in
all the classes, that I wouldn't
make any friends, that I'd have
last month's hair. I didn't think
there would be vampires on campus.

And I don't care.

GILES

Then why are you here?

She's stopped for a moment.

BUFFY

To tell you that I don't care.
Which I don't, and...have
now told you. So bye.

She starts down the spiral staircase, maybe a little unsatisfied with her exit.
Giles leans out over the railing as she hits the floor.

GILES

You cannot escape your destiny!

BUFFY

Just watch me.

GILES

Buffy!

BUFFY

(turning)

Why can't you people just leave me alone?

GILES

Because you are the Slayer.

She stops. No comeback just now. He starts down after her, solemnly intoning:

GILES

Into every generation, a Slayer is born.
One girl in all the world, a Chosen One.

BUFFY

(a groan)

Oh, you're gonna do the speech, too?

She finishes along with him:

BUFFY & GILES

One born with the strength
and skill to hunt the vampires -

BUFFY

To stop the spread of their evil



blah blah blah I've heard it, okay?

GILES

I don't understand this attitude.

You've accepted your duty,
you've slain vampires before -

BUFFY

Well I have both been there
and done that. And I'm moving on.
Growing as a person, watch it happen.
New school, new life, and baby's got
a new pair of shoes.

GILES

What does that mean?

BUFFY

Not really sure. I think it's a metaphor.
But in the blunt way of leaving, I'm laterized. Bye.

GILES

You have no idea what's going on, do you?

BUFFY

There's vampires. Big johnson. You kill 'em.

GILES

You think vampires are the only threat we face here?

BUFFY

What do you mean?

GILES

"There are more things in heaven
and earth than are dreamt of in
your philosophy."

She tries to move past him and he pulls a book off the shelf, hands it to her. It resembles the vampire book he showed her earlier. He continues to pull more off, piling them up in her arms.

GILES

Werewolves. Zombies. Ghouls.
Succubi, incubi, everything you
ever dreaded under your bed and
told yourself couldn't be by the light
of day. They're all real.

BUFFY

What, did you send away for the Time Life series?

GILES

Uh, yes.

She turns one over: TIME LIFE is one the spine.

BUFFY

Did you get the free phone?

GILES

The calendar.

BUFFY

Cool.

(reads)



"Zombies."

She suddenly remembers her agenda, unloads the pile back onto Giles.

BUFFY

Okay, first of all, I'm a vampire Slayer.
And secondly I'm retired.

GILES

But your work is not finished.

BUFFY

My work? I'm sixteen!
I don't have work. I have homework.

GILES

And you haven't been properly trained.

BUFFY

Which is why you're here.

GILES

I am a Watcher. A Watcher serves
by finding the Slayer, leading her
on her path. It's my destiny to guide you.

BUFFY

Yeah, well the last guy they sent
to guide me - you should see what
happened to him.

GILES

I know all about it.

BUFFY

(truly upset)

You don't know anything about it!
You don't know what it's like! I was
perfectly happy, I was Cindy Lou Hoo
just singing through my life when
everything exploded in my face.
Vampires, which are only supposed
to be in cheesy movies, move into town.
I find out I'm the Slayer, the only one in
the world, and I gotta stop them. And I do.
I train, I hunt. It becomes my whole life.
I can do things no other kid can and that's
fairly lush. I'm into that. I kill the vampires
good for me, and when it's all over what's left?
My grades are crap, my friends all think
I'm bizarro and won't come near me, and
I get thrown out of school for making trouble.
It's not exactly a medal and a book deal,
you know what I mean?

GILES

I do.

BUFFY

I just want to be like everybody else
(quietly)

Like anybody else.

GILES



(quietly)

But you're not.

BUFFY

Well, I'm gonna be.

GILES

(suddenly harsh)

How can you worry so much about
your social calendar when there are
lives at stake? That's pretty damn
superficial. No wonder you were
such a substandard slayer -

BUFFY

Don't you call me subsandwich!

I kicked undead butt!

GILES

Headstrong, irresponsible,
it's just like they warned me -

BUFFY

Hey!

GILES

It's because you never finished your training.

BUFFY

I did things different, sure, but
I'm the best Slayer you'll ever see!
You'll never find anyone as good
as me and you know it!

Beat. She realizes where he's taken her.

BUFFY

Golly. I walked right into that, didn't I.

GILES

Yes. It was kind of exciting.

BUFFY

Well, it doesn't change anything.

GILES

Sooner or later you're going
to have to face this threat.

I want you to be ready when you do.

BUFFY

I'll keep my eyes open.

GILES

You'll have to do more than that.

Think about what I've said. I'll be in touch.

BUFFY

I'll sit by the phone every minute.

She starts to exit.

GILES

Buffy, remember that you are the Slayer.

It is a great gift.

BUFFY



Yeah? You think I could
return it for store credit?

She leaves. Giles watches her go. After a moment, he retreats into his office,
shaking his head.

ANGLE: IN THE STACKS

A shadowy figure moves about back there, emerges into the light. It's Xander,
excitement, amusement and disbelief dancing about his face.

XANDER
Oohhhhkaaaay...

BLACK OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

Act Three

INT. BUFFY'S ROOM - AFTERNOON

She is in the agony of outfit choosage, getting ready to go out. She has two, one
scanty, the other somewhat plain. She holds them alternatively in front of her,
looking in the mirror.

BUFFY
(holding up one)
Hi! I'm an enormous slut!
(the other)
Hi! Would you like a copy of the Watchtower?
(throws them both down)
I used to be so good at this...

From behind the door, we hear her MOTHER's voice.

MOTHER (OS)
Are you going out tonight, honey?
BUFFY
Yeah, Mom. I'm going to a club.
MOTHER (OS)
Will there be boys there?
BUFFY
No, Mom; it's a nun club.
MOTHER (OS)
Well, just be careful.
BUFFY
I will.

She crosses to her dresser.



BUFFY
(to herself)
I guess I better take some protection...

She rummages through a drawer of toiletries. Instead of a condom, she pulls out an ornate cross. Slips it in her purse.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE BRONZE - NIGHT

A decent crowd mills aimlessly around the joint, highschool students and older. The place has an appealingly dive-y earthiness; no waiting in line for the bouncer to decide whether you're cool or not. Those that are in line wait only to pay the four bucks and get their hands stamped if they're old enough to drink.

Buffy moves her way up the line, scanning about for a familiar face. She doesn't find one. As she is let in we

CUT TO:

INT. THE BRONZE - CONTINUOUS

It's dark, crowded and noisy. A fairly thrashsome band holds forth on stage, blasting the kind of music that would cause major moshing in a rowdier crowd. Bars at either end, and a balcony ringing the place with tables for two.

Buffy makes her way through, still looking about. A good looking guy spies her and waves, smiling.

GUY
Hey!

Buffy smiles vaguely, waving back. A moment before she realizes he's waving to a guy right behind her. She attempts to turn her wave into fixing her hair, looking embarrassed.

More wandering. She bumps into one of the students from her history class. They nod vaguely at each other.

BUFFY
Hi. Uh, have you seen Cordelia?
STUDENT
What?
BUFFY
Do you know Cordelia?
STUDENT
Haven't seen her.
BUFFY
Thought she might -



she said she was gonna be here.

The student nods, and the conversation fizzles completely.

Buffy watches the band for a moment when she is suddenly accosted by the hulking figure of MURPH, a relentlessly party-minded jock.

MURPH
Hey, you're the new chick! Cool!
BUFFY
Buffy. Hi.
MURPH
I'm Mike Murphy.
They call me Murph.
The Murph man!
From another corner, a fellow football player brays:
FOOTBALL GUY
Murph!
MURPH
Whoah!

Having exchanged pleasantries, he turns his attention back to Buffy.

MURPH
What's your name?
BUFFY
It's still Buffy.
MURPH
You're a hotty.
BUFFY
Thanks.
MURPH
You're a Hottentot!
I felt the earth move under my feet.
You like this band?
BUFFY
Uh -
MURPH
They're cool.
(yells at the band)
You suck!

Buffy looks to move on, but she's kind of pinned in the corner, right under the balcony.

MURPH
You want a brugle?
I got stamped with my bro's I.D.
BUFFY
Passage, thanks.
MURPH



No, you gotta party a brugle,
you're my Hottentot!
BUFFY
Really. I'll Pasa doble.
MURPH
(sings)
I've been waiting so long
To be where I'm going
In the sunshine of your loooooove...
BUFFY
(to herself, abject)
Take me now, lord.
MURPH
There's the waitress.
Hey! Hey! Serving Wench!

As he turns away from Buffy to call out, Buffy grabs the railing above her head. With impossible strength and grace, she swings herself up over the rail onto the balcony, unseen by anyone.

Murph turns back, is completely confused by Buffy's absence.

MURPH
There was a girl! I know there was!

ANGLE: BUFFY

Leaning over the railing, watching the band. Happy to be alone - until Giles leans out on the railing next to her. He also looks out at the band, not at her.

GILES
Impressive. Not wildly subtle...
BUFFY
So, you like to party with the students?
Isn't that kind of skanky?
GILES
(witheringly)
Right. This is me having fun.
(looking out on stage)
Watching Clown-hair prance
about is hardly my idea of a party.
I'd much prefer to be home with
a cup of bovril and a good book.
BUFFY
You need a personality, STAT.
GILES
I'm here because this is
the likeliest place for a
vampire to appear. Dark,
crowded, full of ripe subjects.
To a vampire, this is Burger King.



Giles digs in his pocket, produces a flask and a roughly carved stake.

GILES
I want you to take these.
Holy water, and this.

He hands them to her. She looks at the stake critically - and amused.

BUFFY
What is this?
GILES
Well, it's a stake.
BUFFY
Yeah. You whittle this puppy yourself?
GILES
It's not good?
BUFFY
No, it's great. Not stylin', per se...
GILES
But it's sturdy - it's cherrywood -
BUFFY
I could get a splinter from this.

ANGLE: THE MURPH

Clutching his beer in maudlin reverie.

MURPH
Maybe she was just a crazy dream...

ANGLE: BUFFY AND GILES

In mid-conversation

BUFFY
I didn't say I'd never slay
another vampire. It's not
like I have fluffy bunny
feelings for them. I'm just
not gonna get way extracurricular
with it. If I run into one, sure...
GILES
But will you be ready?
There's so much you
don't know, about them
and about your own powers.
Can you tell me if there is
a vampire in this building?
BUFFY
Maybe?



GILES

You should know. Without looking,
without thinking. Even through this
mass and this din you should be able
to sense them. Try. Reach out with your mind.

She looks down at the mass of kids on the floor. Furrows her brow.

GILES

You have to hone your senses,
focus until the energy washes
over you, till you can feel every particle of -

BUFFY

There's one.

Giles stops, nonplussed.

GILES

What? Where?

BUFFY

(pointing)

Down there. Talking to that girl.

ANGLE: THEIR POV

In the corner stands a good-looking young man, talking to a girl we can't really see.

GILES

But you don't know -

BUFFY

Oh, please. Look at his jacket.
He's got the sleeves rolled up.
And the torn shirt... Deal with
that outfit for a moment.

GILES

It's dated?

BUFFY

It's carbon dated! Trust me:
only someone who's been
living underground for ten
years would think that was
the look. Well, here we go...

She starts down toward the floor. Giles looks fairly bemused.

GILES

But...you didn't hone...

ANGLE: THE VAMPIRE

Is leading the girl out the door by the stage. Still we cannot see her clearly.



Buffy hits the crowded floor, seeing them exit. She makes her way as quickly as possible to the other side.

Giles tries to follow, but the crowd is too much for him. He cranes his neck to see as Buffy exits.

ANGLE: MURPH

He also sees her exit, starts plowing his way through to her as well.

MURPH
She's real! She's really real!

CUT TO:

INT. BACKSTAGE - CONTINUOUS

It's dark here, and somewhat labyrinthine. Buffy moves slowly, cautiously. There is no one about.

A shadow glides past, down the hall. Buffy starts after it. A NOISE behind her and she spins - to see nothing.

BUFFY
Minion of Hell?
(as to a kitty)
Here, minion...

She's getting a teensy bit wiggled. Pulls the stake out of her purse. Keeps going...

BUFFY
Okay...I know you're there,
you evil bloodsucking...guy...
come on out and I'll send [you]
back to the grave and we'll call it a night, okay?

She turns the corner and he's ON HER! She grabs him, throws him up against the wall, holding him two feet off the ground -

Well, holding her, actually. Holding Cordelia, who has the same dumbfounded gape that Harmony and the other girl with them have.

CORDELIA
Excuse me...could you be any weirder?
Is there a more weirdness that you could have?

Buffy lets her down, lowering the stake.

HARMONY



God, what is your childhood trauma?

BUFFY

I, uh...uh...sorry...I was just...

CORDELIA

...completely dosed?

BUFFY

No, I...

But she can't come up with anything. Face red with every emotion that makes your face red, she retreats back the way she came, throwing the stake to the ground.

Cordy and the others are still agape. After a moment, Cordy regains her composure.

CORDELIA

Excuse me. I have to call everyone
that I've ever met right now.

CUT TO:

INT. CLUB - CONTINUOUS

Buffy SLAMS the doors open as she strikes back in. Giles stops her right by the door.

GILES

Did you find him?

BUFFY

No!

Murph muscles his way up to her as well, still toting two plastic cups of beer.

MURPH

Hey! Hotty! Check it out, I got you a beer -
(sees Mr. Giles, finishes:)
- flavored drink.

GILES

(ignoring Murph)

Where did you go? Why didn't you follow?

BUFFY

I was busy making an idiot
of myself in front of my new
friends. Oh God, this is such
a Nam flashback! It's my old
school all over again. Forget it!
Forget you! Forget everything!

MURPH

I don't think you're supposed
to talk to school staff that way...

GILES

What about the vampire

BUFFY



It probably wasn't even!
I was wrong. Anyway it
doesn't matter. Whatever
he was, he's long gone by now.

CUT TO:

EXT. SCHOOL - CONTINUOUS

As we see this sartorially challenged Vampire forcing a window open. The scene mirrors the opening, except that this boy is no victim.

VAMPIRE

See, I told you we could get in. Come on...

He motions for the girl with him to climb in first. As she approaches the window, looking about nervously, we see her face for the first time.

It's Willow.

BLACK OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

Act Four

EXT. OUTSIDE THE BRONZE - NIGHT

As Buffy comes grimly out the door. Xander is heading in - he spies her and approaches.

XANDER

Hey! Buffy! How come you're leaving?

BUFFY

I'm just not in party mode, I guess.

XANDER

Well, don't be a quitter!

You just don't know enough
people. I'll introduce you around.
No one will talk to me, but they'll
probably talk to you...

BUFFY

Thanks, I think I'm sleepybound.

XANDER

Yeah, you're probably tired
from all that vampire slaying.

BUFFY

What?

XANDER

I was in the library today
and it's the funniest thing,



this girl comes in and starts
arguing with the school librarian
all about how she's a Slayer and
he's a Watcher and it's deep,
I mean I couldn't tear myself away.

BUFFY

You were spying on me!

XANDER

I was checking out books!
And hey, it's a library!
You're supposed to whisper.

BUFFY

Oh, I hate this whole day!

XANDER

Relax, I'm not gonna tell anyone
your dark secret. I'm not even sure
what your dark secret is.

BUFFY

That I'm an idiot.

XANDER

Then we should have lots to talk about.

Buffy smiles wryly.

XANDER

Listen, if you don't feel like
catching the band, do you
want to take a walk or something?

BUFFY

I don't know...

XANDER

We could break into the school.
It's really cool. If you go up on
top of the gym you can see a lot
more smog. It's a great place
to make out, or so they tell me.

BUFFY

That's definitely my cue to book.

XANDER

Oh! I didn't mean that we would -
I mean...Bad idea. Too crowded
on campus anyway; I think Willow's
there with some loser.

BUFFY

Willow? With who?

XANDER

I didn't know the guy but nice outfit -
if you're Lionel Ritchie.

BUFFY

Oh no...

XANDER

Yeah, they'll be dancing
on the ceiling any minute now -



She bolts. Takes off toward school with incredible speed, Xander wide-eyed in her wake.

XANDER
What is she...

A moment more and he jumps on his skateboard, starts speeding after her.

ANGLE: MAN ON A MOTORCYCLE

He's just old enough to be called a man - maybe twenty. Handsome and intense, he watches them leave from the shadows. Thinks a moment, then kicks his cycle to life.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARK - CONTINUOUS

As Buffy tears along, leaping hedges and benches anything else in her way.

CUT TO:

INT. AUDITORIUM - CONTINUOUS

The access door opens and Willow meekly sticks her head out, the vampire right behind.

VAMPIRE
Pretty cool, huh?
WILLOW
Uh, yeah...

He leads her out on stage.

VAMPIRE
Are you ready to perform?

The door slams shut behind them.

CUT TO:

EXT. SCHOOL - CONTINUOUS

As Buffy continues to race toward it, not slowing down at all.

She crosses a street and a moment later Xander zips by on his skateboard. He's making terrific time on the thing and he still can't keep up with her.



XANDER
Hey, wait up!

She reaches a gate and leaps up, grabbing the top and pulling herself up.

A moment later Xander SLAMS into the gate at top speed.

He shakes it off, pulling himself under the gate as Buffy drops to the ground.

XANDER
Buffy, what's the sitch here?
BUFFY
I gotta find Willow.
XANDER
Why?
BUFFY
She's in danger.
XANDER
Danger? Like "danger" danger?
(suspiciously)
This isn't a vampire issue, is it?

She hands him her purse.

BUFFY
You may need this.
Now where would they go?
XANDER
I don't know - there's a few places.
BUFFY
Show me.

They take off.

CUT TO:

INT. AUDITORIUM - CONTINUOUS

Willow is still wandering about the stage, nervous.

WILLOW
I don't usually do this sort of thing.
(quietly)
I don't usually get asked...
(louder)
But I'm having a good time.
Where did you say you went to school?
VAMPIRE
Crossroads.



He comes up behind her, starts rubbing her shoulders seductively.

WILLOW

So. Time for some kissing, huh?

VAMPIRE

Relax...

WILLOW

We probably shouldn't even be here.
Especially after what happened to that poor boy.

VAMPIRE

He had it coming.

Alarm blooms on Willows face.

WILLOW

What do you mean?

VAMPIRE

Coming here alone at night
with a complete stranger -
what kind of an idiot would
do a thing like that?

She turns to see pure evil grinning at her. She steps back.

WILLOW

Oh, God...

VAMPIRE

What's the matter?
Don't you wanna snuggle?

CUT TO:

EXT. SCILABS - CONTINUOUS

Buffy races out of one just as Xander catches up to her.

BUFFY

Nothing.

XANDER

They gotta be on top of the gym.

A distant scream rises from the building across the campus.

XANDER

The auditorium!

CUT TO:



INT. AUDITORIUM - CONTINUOUS

The vampire's hand grabs Willow's throat, cutting off her scream.

The vampire bears his fangs.

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE THE AUDITORIUM - CONTINUOUS

Xander tries a door on the far left, Buffy an identical one on the far right.

XANDER
Locked!
BUFFY
Locked.

She steps back, lifts her leg.

ANGLE: THE DOOR FROM INSIDE

It CRASHES open, the lock splintering off.

ANGLE: OUTSIDE

Buffy enters. Xander watches from his end, then steps back, lifts his leg.

ANGLE: THE OTHER DOOR FROM INSIDE

There is a hollow thud, followed by a particularly piteous

XANDER
Owwwwwww...

CUT TO:

INT. AUDITORIUM - CONTINUOUS

The vampire bites down on the feebly struggling Willow. Blood runs down her shoulder as the vampire closes his eyes in ecstasy.

The doors at the back of the auditorium FLY open. Buffy steps forward.

BUFFY
Get off of her!

The vampire stops feeding to look up. He smiles.

VAMPIRE



Ohh...Seconds.

Willow takes the moment to wrench herself from his grasp. At that moment, Buffy starts running down the center aisle, picking up speed, leaping onto the stage and jumping, flipping, soaring with precision right at him - he struggles with Willow a moment too long, looks up just as Buffy's feet SLAM into his chest.

Both he and Buffy hit the ground on their backs, but she is up in a second, standing over him as he gasps and clutches his chest.

WILLOW
(incredulous)
Buffy?
BUFFY
Willow, bail.
(to the vampire)
You really shouldn't be here. A vampire
All alone at night - it isn't safe.
VAMPIRE
You got me wrong...
BUFFY
(sarcastically)
Oh, my bad. You're not a vampire?
VAMPIRE
I'm not alone.

At one end of the stage, the GIRL VAMPIRE from the opening steps out of the shadows. At the other end a disconcertingly BEEFY VAMPIRE mirrors her, and SKINNY VAMPIRE slides down a rope behind Buffy.

BUFFY
Oops...

CUT TO:

INT. THEATER FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Xander limps in through the door Buffy kicked. He reaches the double doors of the auditorium just as they swing shut again. He pulls at them fiercely, but they've relocked.

XANDER
Dammit!

He runs to the side to find an other entrance. Turns the corner and runs smack into:

XANDER
AHH!!
HAL
AHH!!



- Hal the janitor, complete with mop.

HAL

Not allowed here, regulations clearly state,
school hours from eight to four -

XANDER

Tell me about it sometime.

And he takes off.

CUT TO:

INT. STAGE - CONTINUOUS

The four nasties start circling Buffy. Willow, for the moment forgotten, is still lying dazed in one corner.

BUFFY

I don't suppose you guys
would be sweeties and
attack me one at a time?

VAMPIRE

You watch too many movies.

BUFFY

You can never watch too -

They rush her, all four.

Buffy spins, her leg up in a crushing roundhouse kick that connects with two jaws. The girl and Skinny go down as Beefy grabs Buffy from behind. He bares 'em and leans in at her neck, but a backwards headbutt dazes him just as the head vampire comes in at her.

She brings her legs up in a double kick, slamming into the head vampire's jaw and continuing up, flipping herself all the way over so she is behind Beefy, comes to the ground and lands him a stupefying punch in the kidneys.

Xander comes in from the wings, stops when he sees the situation.

Hal also runs up, bumping into Xander from behind.

XANDER

AHH!! Stop that, will ya?

BUFFY

Xander, get Willow out of here!

She is fighting even as she is speaking, barely fending off the group.



Xander looks over at Willow, lying all the way across the stage. He takes a step toward her and Beefy hisses at him menacingly. Showing prodigious fangs. Xander's eyes widen with realization.

XANDER
(calls out)
Willow! Get out of here!
(to Hal)
We need to get help.
HAL
I'm invisible.
XANDER
That's useful...

Vampire rips a large plank off the giant fence from the set, swings at Buffy with it. Hits her solidly, and she flies back.

Xander grabs Hal's mop, tosses it to Buffy.

HAL
Need a requisition order for that -

Buffy catches the mop and she and Vampire go at it. She's hell with a mop, Buffy is.

Xander races over to Willow, hoists her up.

XANDER
Can you walk?
WILLOW
(dazed, feeling her neck)
Mom was right about boys...

ANGLE: BUFFY

Is holding the four of them off with her mop. She looks at it a moment.

BUFFY
I'm beating you guys with a mop.
I really feel there's a pun here
I should be making.

The head vampire sees Xander and Willow limping off, shouts to the girl:

VAMPIRE
Get 'em!

As she goes after the kids, Beefy charges Buffy. She spins, using his momentum to send him flying.



She spars with the head vampire for a bit, finally breaking his board in two. She brings the mop up -

- Beefy leaps at her from behind, seething -

- Buffy slams the mop down on the vampire's head - it breaks into two - Buffy keeps swinging and brings the broken half under her arm like a swagger stick, the jagged end sticking out the back -

- And Beefy slams right onto it. Falls.

As he hits the ground, his body has already crumbled to dust.

ANGLE: XANDER AND WILLOW

As they are just backstage, the girl drops down in front of them from the scenery.

Smiling, she grabs them both by the necks. Xander lets the purse fall from his hand. The girls looks at Willow's neck a moment, at the twin trickles of blood.

GIRL
I hate leftovers.

She hurls Willow aside, bringing the futilely struggling Xander closer.

XANDER
The purse...

He indicates it to Willow. She digs out some useless items, landing on a cross. Looks at Xander who nods.

Standing up unsteadily, she holds it before the girl.

GIRL
You fool! That puny thing
can't hurt meOOOWWWWWW!!!

Her boast ends in genuine pain as Willow presses the cross against her face. She lets go of Xander, clawing at the smoking mark the cross leave there.

XANDER
Way to bluff.

ANGLE: BUFFY

Still held down by her two. Skinny has given up trying to get at her throat. He grabs her leg and goes for her nice juicy Achilles tendon.



He gets a face full of foot - though not quite in the way he'd intended - and flies back. Buffy extricates herself from the head vampire's grasp as well, stands facing him, battle stance. Blood trickling from her nose.

ANGLE: SKINNY

Feels in his mouth.

SKINNY

She knocked a tooth out!

(looking at it)

Oh, it's a fang!

VAMPIRE

Who are you?

BUFFY

(smiling)

Guess what? There's a new Slayer in town.

SKINNY

(eyes wide)

A Slayer...

After a moment he turns tail and absolutely bolts out of the building. Buffy turns to the head vampire.

BUFFY

Better face facts. You've run out
of friends...you've run out of time...
and nobody likes your outfit.

A beat.

They charge each other, the vampire howling with hate.

CUT TO:

EXT. THEATER - CONTINUOUS

Skinny comes crashing through a window, hits the ground at a dead run. He is twenty feet from the building when a figure steps in front of him.

It's the man we saw on the motorcycle. Skinny looks up at him, horrified recognition flooding onto his face.

SKINNY

Angel...

The man puts a stake through Skinny's heart. Skinny's eyes widen as it drives home, then he gently falls to earth. To dust.



CUT TO:

INT. BACKSTAGE - CONTINUOUS

The girl is thrashing about, knocking things over - she's really pissed. Xander pulls the flask of holy water out of the purse, looks at it.

XANDER
This better be holy...

Willow is still warding the girl off with the cross. The girls back into Xander, who grabs her, holds her as he upends the flask into her mouth.

She screams, smoke pouring out of her mouth and nose. Xander and Willow shrink back in horror as she stands, shaking violently, then falls and crumbles.

WILLOW
Eeeeyuu.

CUT TO:

ANGLE: ON STAGE

As Buffy is smashed into a bit of scenery. The vampire seems to be getting the better of her, as the two of them trade crushing blows.

A vicious punch sends her flying, half buries her under garbage bags. The vampire looms over her.

VAMPIRE
Aren't you gonna say something funny?
The master taught us to fear Slayers.
What a joke.

She plants a wailing kick between his legs. He sags, eyes popwide.

VAMPIRE
Oooh, look at all the spots...
WILLOW
FREEZE!

She bellows it with as much conviction as she can muster. She stands in classic cop stance, arms forward, butt sticking out, with the cross held before her with two hands like a pistol. It shakes only slightly.

Xander also comes into view, holding the flask at the ready.

WILLOW
I know how to use this...I think...



The vampire looks at the three of them. They're a shaky bunch, but they do have the edge on him. He looks about for an avenue of escape. He grabs the rope the Skinny one came down on and climbs with incredible speed straight up.

Buffy looks around, grabs another rope.

ANGLE: THE ROPE

One end is tied to the wall, the other goes up to a pulley, holding a large piece of scenery up.

She grabs a broken board and slices the rope from the wall - instantly the scenery plummets to the ground and Buffy is hauled straight up.

ANGLE: THE CATWALK

High above the stage, the vampire climbs onto the catwalk. It's narrow, with a wooden rail on either side. He's making his way across it when Buffy comes up into view, letting go of the rope and landing right in front of him.

BUFFY

Did I say anyone could leave?

He comes at her, she parries his blow but he's ready for her, knocks her arms aside and grabs her throat with brutal force. She thrashes, grabbing his arms - he smashes her into the railing, splintering it and holding her out over the stage.

Below her, the jagged beams of the wooden fence. Thirty feet down.

She hooks her feet over a pole just under the cat walk. He lets go - but she still has hold of his arms and she pulls him, he goes over and down, Buffy holding on by her feet, dangling upside down as he plummets straight for the fence.

ANGLE: WILLOW AND XANDER

We don't see him land, but they do. Their faces speak volumes.

After a moment, Buffy slides wearily down on the rope. She looks at the other two, then sits on stage. The other sit also, way beat.

XANDER

So, Buffy...what does
a Vampire Slayer do, exactly?

WILLOW

I'm sorry about all this...

BUFFY

That's okay. It's kind of a destiny thing.



And as they sit, we

CUT TO:

INT. THE MASTER'S LAIR - NIGHT

Not that we would know day from night in this shadowy crypt. It is hard enough to get a sense of the dimensions of the place. Candelabras throw huge, rippling shadows on the wall. Silent, robed figures scurry about.

At one end of the room sits the Master, his face largely in shadow. From what little we can see, the face is not very nice. Or human.

THE MASTER
One girl killed them all?
Four of my children taken
from me by a single human?

ANGLE: BEFORE THE MASTER

Stands HAL, the janitor. He regards the Master with fear and awe, working his hands nervously as he reports.

HAL
She had help. And she was
very strong, very healthy,
good cardiovascular circulation...
jumped like a jackrabbit, jumped like...

THE MASTER
A Slayer.

He pauses, contemplatively.

THE MASTER
The last Slayer I faced
was a duchess, during the
Spanish war. What a fighter.
Her blood was so rich I was
sick for a week.

(to Hal)

Watch her. I want to know
everything about her.

HAL

You betchya.

THE MASTER

She does not suspect you?

HAL

Nobody sees me. They all think I'm crazy.
(sudden wiggins)
Snakes! Snakes!



Calm again in a second, he smiles conspiratorially at the Master.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAMPUS - THE NEXT DAY

Buffy sits alone, reading. Cordelia approaches her.

CORDELIA

Hey, Buffy.

BUFFY

Oh, Hi.

CORDELIA

Listen, sorry about last night.
I got a little wigged when you grabbed me.

BUFFY

It's so not an issue.

CORDELIA

Cool. Listen, I was thinking
maybe this weekend if you're
not busy we could do something.

BUFFY

Really?

CORDELIA

Yeah, go shopping maybe,
or hunt down the minions of Hell...

She cracks up, as do the group of her friends gathered around.

Buffy looks around at the group laughing at her. She quietly gets up and walks away. Xander approaches Cordy as she and the others laugh Buffy off.

CORDELIA

(still laughing)

Come on guys, let's go look
for the evil bloodsuckers from
beyond the grave.

XANDER

Got a mirror?

This stops Cordy in her tracks. Xander strolls off without another word, though he is silently very psyched about his comeback.

Harmony calls out after him:

HARMONY

That was real funny...not.

Silently, all her friends turn to her, appalled. Harmony looks back at them in fear.



CORDELIA
Are you like, trapped in 1992?
Update your slanguage, please.

ANGLE: BUFFY

Buffy approaches Giles and Willow (who saw the exchange with Cordy) as Xander comes up behind, completing their little circle.

WILLOW
Sorry about Cordelia. She [is]
kind of a fair weather friend,
except for the part where she's
nice during fair weather.
BUFFY
All in a day's work for the Vampire Slayer.
GILES
You're just lucky nobody was hurt last night.
BUFFY
I wasn't lucky! I was extremely skilly.
GILES
That is in no way an actual word.
Anyway, I just hope you get off
as easy next time.
XANDER
(worried) There's a next time?
Giles looks at Buffy.
GILES
That's really up to you.
BUFFY
(after a moment)
Yeah, I guess I'm your guy.

She starts for the library, Giles at her side, the others behind. We TRACK before them as they stride along, speaking rapidfire:

BUFFY
But if I'm gonna be fighting
the forces of evil I want
a few ground rules.
GILES
Fair enough.
BUFFY
You keep it a secret.
Nobody finds out who doesn't have to.
GILES
Yes.
BUFFY
You give me time for my homework.
I don't want to flunk out and I got PSATs coming up.
GILES



Yes.
BUFFY
You dress up and sing "I'm the Lady in the Tutti Fruity Hat".
GILES
No.
BUFFY
Had to try.

BLACK OUT.