

Welcome to the Hellmouth

(September 10, 1996)

Written by: Joss Whedon

Teaser

FADE IN:

EXT. SUNNYDALE HIGH SCHOOL – NIGHT

The front of the affluent Southern California school gleams darkly in the moonlight.

CUT TO:

INT. HALL – CONTINUOUS

TRACK through the hall. Nothing.

CUT TO:

INT. CLASSROOM – 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.

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.

As they climb in.

CUT TO:

INT. HALL – A MOMENT LATER

He leads her out here. It's even darker than the classroom

GIRL

You go to school here?

BOY

Used to.

On top of the gym, it's so cool – you can see the whole town.

GIRL

I don't want to go up there.

BOY
Oh, you can't wait, huh?

He moves to kiss her.

GIRL
We're just gonna get in trouble

BOY
Count on it.

He kisses 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 cowers 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.

BLACKOUT.

END OF TEASER

CREDITS

Act One

EXT. NIGHT – AN ALLEY (THE DREAM)

CLOSE UP: SHOES

A poor man's shoes, walking down the alley. Echoing in the emptiness.

ANGLE: THE MAN

Walking tentatively, far away. Suddenly the camera RUSHES at him like a predator – he turns just as it reaches him and –

ANGLE: A CANDLE BLOWING OUT.

We HEAR CHILDREN CHANTING a schoolyard song eerily in the blackness, on top of sinister WHISPERS, and we see

ANGLE: THE ALLEY

And the man, face down, unable to crawl, clawing his way along the ground in terror – and his body is YANKED out of frame with incredible speed.

ANGLE: A GIRL IN BED

Tossing and turning, as the camera moves down to reveal the shadow of someone – something – approaching her – and we hear an impossibly low voice:

VOICE (O.S.)

I'll take you... like a cancer...

I'll get inside you and **eat my way out...**

ANGLE: A POOL OF BLOOD

ANGLE: A DEMONIC FACE

ROARS out of the shadows and we

CUT TO:

INT. BUFFY'S BEDROOM – MORNING

Her eyes snap open. Despite the morning light, we recognize the girl – and the bed – from the dream. A moment, as she gets her bearings, shakes off the immediacy of the dream.

BUFFY'S MOM (O.S.)

Buffy...

BUFFY

I'm up, mom.

BUFFY'S MOM (O.S.)
Don't want to be late for your first day.

BUFFY
(to herself)
No... wouldn't want that...

Her voice betrays her uncertainty. She sits up. A wider angle on her room reveals that it's only half decorated: there are still boxes as yet unpacked in the corner.

CUT TO:

EXT. SUNNYDALE HIGH SCHOOL – 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.

ANGLE: A CAR

Pulls up outside the school. Buffy's mom, JOYCE, is driving. Buffy gets out the passenger side.

JOYCE
Now, you have a good time. I know you'll make friends right away.
Think positive. And honey... try not to get kicked out.

BUFFY
I promise.

The girl turns, looks at the school. She starts in as her mother drives away.

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...

But he's doing okay until he passes Buffy – intrigued by the new face, he cranes to look at her, and nearly takes a header. He saves himself from falling, however, coming to a stop just in front of:

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 high school mind. It's certainly lost on Xander, though he brightens considerably to see her. The new face forgotten, at least for now.

XANDER

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

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

WILLOW

Really?

XANDER

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

WILLOW

(hiding disappointment)

Which part?

XANDER

The math. Can you help me tonight?

Please? Be my study buddy?

WILLOW

Well, what's in it for me?

XANDER

A shiny nickel...

WILLOW

Okay. Do you have "Theories in Trig?" You should check it out.

XANDER

Check it out?

WILLOW

From the library. Where the books live.

XANDER

Right. I'm there. See, I **want** to change.

INT. SCHOOL HALL – CONTINUOUS

They are approached by JESSE, their bud. He is a little more awkward than Xander, a little less likely to become a lady killer in his later years.

JESSE

Hey.

XANDER

Jesse! What's what.

JESSE

New girl!

XANDER

That's right, I saw her. She's pretty much a hotty.

WILLOW

I heard someone was transferring here.

XANDER

So. Tell.

JESSE

Tell what?

XANDER

What's the sitch? What do you know about her?

JESSE

("that's all")

New girl.

XANDER

Well, you're certainly a font of nothing.

CUT TO:

INT. BOB FLUTIE'S OFFICE – CONTINUOUS

Buffy sits before principal FLUTIE. He is middle aged, a tad officious. Caught between the old school of strict discipline and the new school of sensitivity.

He pulls her transcript from a folder. He looks at it, looks at her.

MR FLUTIE

Buffy Summers. Sophomore, late of Hemery High in Los Angeles.
Interesting record. Quite a career.

He smiles, and carefully tears up her transcript up into four pieces.

MR FLUTIE

Welcome to Sunnydale. A clean slate, Buffy, that's what you get here. What's
past is past.

We're not interested in what it says on a piece of paper.

Even if it says

(looks down at a piece, reacts)

-- whoa. At Sunnydale we nurture the whole student. The inner student.

He is taking the pieces of the transcript as he talks and carefully placing them together again.

MR FLUTIE

Other schools might look at the incredible decline in grade point average – we
look at the
struggling young **woman** with the incredible decline in grade point average. Other
schools might
look at the reports of gang fights –

BUFFY

Mr. Flutie –

MR FLUTIE

All the kids here are free to call me Bob –

BUFFY

Bob –

MR FLUTIE

--but they don't.

He pulls out a piece of tape, starts taping the transcript back together.

BUFFY

Mr. Flutie. I know my transcripts are a little colorful –

MR FLUTIE

Hey, we're not caring about that! Do you think "colorful" is the word? Not "dismal"? Just off hand, I'd go with "dismal."

BUFFY

It wasn't that bad.

MR FLUTIE

You burned down the gym.

BUFFY

I did. I really did. But you gotta see the big picture. I mean, the gym was full of vamp... uh, asbestos.

MR FLUTIE

Buffy. Don't worry. Any other school, they might say "watch your step", or, "we'll be watching you" or, "get within a hundred yards of the gym with a book of matches and you'll grow up in juvie hall" but that's just not the way here. We want to service your needs, and help you to respect our needs. And if you needs and our needs don't mesh...

Still smiling blandly, he slips the taped up transcript back in her folder.

CUT TO:

INT. HALL – A MOMENT LATER

Buffy exits to office, looking a bit depressed. She starts rummaging through her bag and a student runs by, bumps into her. Her books and stuff spill out. Frustrated, she kneels down, starts scooping it back in.

Xander sees this, goes up to her, kneeling.

XANDER

Can I have you? Dyeh – can I help you?

BUFFY

Oh, thanks...

He starts picking things up, handing them to her.

XANDER

I don't know you, do I?

BUFFY

I'm new. I'm Buffy.

XANDER

Xander. Is me. Hi.

BUFFY

Thanks.

XANDER

Maybe I'll see you around. Maybe at school, since we both... go there...

BUFFY

Great. Nice to meet you.

He gives her the rest of her books. She stuffs it all in her bag and hurries away.

XANDER

"We both go to school..." Very suave. Very not pathetic.

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 – MORNING

THE TEACHER is in front, lecturing. We hear her mostly in voice over as we see Buffy near the back, earnestly taking notes. Trying to keep up.

TEACHER

It's estimated that about 25 million people died in that one four year span. But the fun part of the Black Plague is that it originated in Europe how? As an early form of germ warfare. The plague was first found in Asia, and a Kipchak army actually catapulted plague-infested corpses into a Genoese trading post. Ingenious. If you look at the map on page 63 you can trace the spread of the disease...

Buffy looks about as kids open their books – she hasn't got one. The girl next to

her, CORDELIA, leans over. She is pretty, self assured. Killer outfit.

CORDELIA

Here.

She moves her book over so Buffy can read off it as well.

BUFFY

Thanks.

TEACHER

And this popular plague led to what social changes?

CUT TO:

INT. SAME – END OF CLASS

Kids are piling up their books and leaving as the bell RINGS. Cordelia introduces herself:

CORDELIA

Hi, I'm Cordelia.

BUFFY

I'm Buffy.

CORDELIA

If you're looking for a textbook of your very own, there's probably a few in the Library.

BUFFY

Oh, great. Thanks. Where would that be?

CORDELIA

I'll show you.

As the girls walk through the crowded hall.

CORDELIA

You transferred from Hemery, right? In L.A.?

BUFFY

Yeah.

CORDELIA

Oh! I would kill to live in L.A.

Being that close to that many shoes... Why'd you come here?

BUFFY

Because my Mom moved, is the reason. I mean we both moved. But my Mom wanted to.

CUT TO:

INT. HALL – CONTINUOUS

CORDELIA

Well, you'll be okay here. If you hang with me and mine you'll be accepted in no time. Of

course we do have to test your coolness factor. You're from L.A., so you can skip

the written,
but, let's see... Vamp nail polish.

BUFFY
(tentatively)
Over?

CORDELIA
SO over. James Spader.

BUFFY
He **needs** to call me.

CORDELIA
Trendy but tasty.
John Tesh.

BUFFY
The Devil?

CORDELIA
Well, that was pretty much a gimme, but you passed.

BUFFY
Oh, good.

They stop at the water fountain, which is being used by:

CORDELIA
Willow! Nice dress
(off Willow's smile)
Good to know you've seen the softer side of Sears.

That hurt. Buffy says nothing, surprised by Cordelia's sudden viciousness. Willow says, almost apologetically:

WILLOW
Well my Mom picked it out.

CORDELIA
(witheringly)
No wonder you're such a guy-magnet.
Are you done?

WILLOW
Oh.

She vacates the fountain. Cordy steps up to it, looking at Buffy.

CORDELIA
You wanna fit in here, the first rule is "know your losers". Once you can identify them all by sight, they're a lot easier to avoid.

She bends down to drink. Buffy looks at the departing Willow, unhappily.

CUT TO:

INT. ANOTHER HALL – A MINUTE LATER

As Buffy and Cordelia walk toward the library.

CORDELIA

--and if you're not too swamped with catching up you should come out to the Bronze tonight.

BUFFY

The who?

CORDELIA

The Bronze. It's the only club worth going to around here. They let anybody in but it's still the scene. It's in the bad part of town.

BUFFY

Where's that?

CORDELIA

About half a block from the good part of town. We don't have a whole lot of town. You should show.

They arrive at the entrance to the library.

BUFFY

Well, I'll try, thanks.

CORDELIA

Good. I'll see you at gym and you can tell me absolutely everything there is to know about yourself.

She goes off.

BUFFY

(thrown by the notion)

That sounds like fun...

CUT TO:

INT. THE LIBRARY – CONTINUOUS

Buffy enters, looking about her. It's elegant, full of dark wood, streaming sunlight, and (duhh) books. It's also empty. Buffy steps in, looking around. She looks down at the check-out counter to see:

ANGLE: A NEWSPAPER

Folded, with an article on the first page circled in red. The headline reads: LOCAL BOYS STILL MISSING, with a blurry picture of three brothers.

Buffy wanders further in. She peers around a bookcase –

BUFFY
Hello... Is anybody here?

And **someone touches her** from behind. Startled, she spins.

GILES
Can I help you?

He is British, of middle age, with a quiet intensity.

BUFFY
I was looking for some, well, books. I'm new.

GILES
Miss Summers.

BUFFY
Good call. I guess I'm the only new kid.

GILES
I'm Mr. Giles, the librarian.

BUFFY
Great. So you have, uh, --

GILES
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 leather bound, with a single word set in gild in the cover.

“VAMPYR”

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

BUFFY
That's not what I'm looking for.

GILES
Are you sure?

BUFFY
I'm way sure.

GILES
My mistake.

He replaces the book under the counter.

GILES
So, what is it you said –

But she's gone.

CUT TO:

INT. WOMEN'S 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? She seems kind of weird to me. And what kind of name is Buffy?

GIRL #2

Hey, Aphrodesia.

GIRL #1

Hey.

GIRL #3

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 #3

Pos. She was starting fights.

GIRL #1

(opening her locker)

Negly!

GIRL #3 [hand written: "- AURA"]

(opening hers)

Well, I heard it from Blue, and she saw the transcripts –

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. FOUNTAIN QUAD – DAY

Willow is carefully taking out her packed lunch (and how **healthy it is**). Buffy approaches her.

BUFFY

Uh, hi. Willow, right?

WILLOW

Why? I mean Hi. Did you want me to move?

BUFFY

Why don't we start with "hi, I'm Buffy."

(sits by her)

And then let's segue directly into me asking you for a favor. It doesn't involve moving, but it does involve you hanging out with me for a while.

WILLOW

But aren't you... hanging with Cordelia?

BUFFY

I can't do both?

WILLOW

Not legally.

BUFFY

Look, I really want to get by here. New school... Cordelia's been really nice – to me, anyway – but I have this burning desire not to flunk all my classes, and I heard a rumor that you were the person to talk to if I wanted to get caught up.

WILLOW

Oh, I could totally help you out! If you have sixth period free we could meet in the library –

BUFFY

–or not. Or, you know, we could meet somewhere quieter. Louder. That place kind of gives me a wiggins.

WILLOW

It has that effect on most kids. I love it, though. It's a great collection, and the new librarian's really cool.

BUFFY

He's new?

WILLOW

Yeah, he just started. He was a curator of some British Museum. Or **the** British museum, I'm not sure. But he knows everything and he brought all these historical volumes and biographies and am I the single dullest person alive?

BUFFY

Not at all!

XANDER

(entering with Jesse)

Hey. Are you guys busy? Can we interrupt? We're interrupting.

BUFFY

Hey.

JESSE

Hey there.

WILLOW

Buffy, this is Jesse, and that's Xander.

XANDER

Oh, me and Buffy go way back. Old friends, very close. Then there was that period of estrangement, I think we were both changing as people, but here we are and it's like old times, I'm quite moved.

JESSE

Is it me, or are you turning into a bibbling idiot?

XANDER

(a little embarrassed)

It's not you.

BUFFY

It's nice to meeting you guys... I think.

JESSE

Well, we wanted to welcome you, make you feel at home. Unless you have a scary home.

XANDER

And to return this.

He produces the stake.

[Handwritten to the left side - "She takes it"]

XANDER

The only thing I can figure is that you're building a really little fence.

BUFFY Oh. No. That was for self defense. Everyone has them in L.A. Pepper spray is so passe.

XANDER

So. What do you like, what do you do for fun, what do you look for in a man... Let's hear it.

JESSE

If you have any dark, painful secrets that we could publish...

BUFFY

Gee, everybody wants to know about me. How keen.

XANDER

Well, not a lot happens in a one-Starbucks town like Sunnydale. You're big news.

BUFFY

I'm not. Really.

CORDELIA

Are these people bothering you?

She has appeared behind Jesse, all disdain on her face.

BUFFY

Oh! No.

WILLOW

(covering for her)

She's not hanging out with us.

JESSE

(smitten)

Hey, Cordelia.

CORDELIA

Oh, please.

(to Buffy)

I don't want to interrupt your downward mobility. I just thought I'd tell you that you won't be meeting Coach Foster, the woman with chest hair, because gym has been canceled due to the extreme dead guy in the locker.

BUFFY

What?

WILLOW

What are you talking about?

CORDELIA

Some guy was stuffed in Aura's locker.

BUFFY

Dead.

CORDELIA

Way dead.

XANDER

So not just a little dead then.

CORDELIA

Don't you have an elsewhere to be?

JESSE

(to Cordelia)

If you need a shoulder to cry on, or just to nibble on –

BUFFY

How did he die?

CORDELIA

I don't know...

BUFFY

Well, were there any marks?

CORDELIA

Morbid much? I didn't ask!

BUFFY

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

She takes off, the others watching her.

CORDELIA

What's her deal?

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE LOCKER ROOM – CONTINUOUS

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

MR FLUTIE

Oh! Buffy! Uh, what do you want?

BUFFY

Um, is there a guy in there that's dead?

MR FLUTIE

Where did you hear that? Okay. Yes. But he's not a student! Not currently.

BUFFY

Do you know how he died?

MR FLUTIE

What?

BUFFY

I mean – how could this have happened?

MR FLUTIE

Well, that's for the police to determine when they get here. But this structure is safe, we have inspections, and I think there's no grounds for a lawsuit.

BUFFY

Was there a lot of blood? Was there **any** blood?

MR FLUTIE

I would think you wouldn't want to involve yourself in this kind of thing.

BUFFY

I don't. Could I just take a peek?

MR FLUTIE

Unless you already **are** involved...

BUFFY

Never mind.

MR FLUTIE

(being nicer)

Buffy, I understand this is confusing. You're probably feeling a lot right now. You should share those feelings. With someone else.

Buffy smiles wanly, backs off.

CUT TO:

EXT. SIDE OF GYM – CONTINUOUS

Buffy comes around the side of the gym. There is a door to the locker room and she tries it. It's locked.

She looks around to make sure she's alone, and then PULLS the door open with a quick tug, splintering the lock. One last look around and she slips inside.

CUT TO:

INT. WOMEN'S LOCKER ROOM – CONTINUOUS

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, 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 and starts up toward him.

GILES
Sorry?

BUFFY
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 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 out, maybe a little unsatisfied with her exit.

GILES
Will he rise again?

BUFFY
Who?

GILES
The boy.

BUFFY
No, he's just dead.

GILES
Can you be sure?

BUFFY

To make you a vampire they have to suck your blood and then you have to suck their blood, it's a whole big sucking thing. Mostly they'll just take **all** your blood and then you just die – why am I still talking to you?

GILES

You have no idea what's going on, do you? Do you think it's coincidence, your coming here?
That boy was just the beginning.

BUFFY

(turning)

Oh, why can't you 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.
One born with the –

She finishes along with him:

BUFFY & GILES

--the strength and skill to hunt the vampires –

BUFFY

The stop the spread of their evil 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 am moving on.

GILES

What do you know about this town?

BUFFY

It's two hours on the freeway from Neiman Marcus.

GILES

Dig a bit in the history of this place and you'll find there've been a steady stream of fairly odd occurrences. I believe this area is a center of mystical energy. Things gravitate toward it that you might not find elsewhere.

BUFFY

Like Vampires.

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

Like werewolves. Zombies. Succubi, incubi... Everything you ever dreaded under your bed and told yourself couldn't be by the light of day.

BUFFY

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

GILES

Uh, yes.

BUFFY

Did you get the free phone?

GILES

The calendar.

BUFFY

Cool.

(remembering her agenda)

Okay, first of all, I'm a **vampire** slayer. And secondly, I'm retired. Hey, I know!

Why don't **you** kill them?

GILES

I'm a watcher. I haven't the skill.

BUFFY

Oh, come on. Stake through the heart, a little sunlight – it's like falling off a log.

GILES

The Slayer slays. The Watcher –

BUFFY

Watches?

GILES

Yes. No! He – he – trains her, he prepares her –

BUFFY

Prepares me for what? For getting kicked out of school? Losing all my friends? Having to spend all my time fighting for my life and never getting to tell anyone because it might 'endanger' them? Go ahead. Prepare me.

A beat, and she leaves. Giles heads out after her.

ANGLE: IN THE STACKS

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

He tries for a long time to form a word. When he does, it is merely:

XANDER
WHAT?

CUT TO:

INT. HALL – CONTINUOUS

Giles comes out of the library, calls out to Buffy.

GILES
It's getting worse.

She stops, turns. There are people about, so they are forced to whisper.

BUFFY
What's getting worse?

GILES
The influx of the undead, the supernatural occurrences. It's been building for years and now...
There's a reason why you're here, and there's a reason why it's now.

BUFFY
Because **now** is the time my mom moved **here**.

GILES
Something is coming. Something is going to happen here soon.

BUFFY
Gee, can you vague that up for me...?

GILES
As far as I can tell, the signs point to a crucial mystical upheaval very soon – days, possibly less.

BUFFY
Come on. This is Sunnydale. How bad an evil can there be here?

CUT TO:

INT. DARK PLACE – NIGHT

The camera TRACKS silently through a dark and eerie place. We see candles, broken statuary. A few figures bent in supplication. An ominous CHANTING fills the chamber.

As we move up, we see a single figure kneeling, well ahead of the rest. He is large, powerful, appears to be in his late twenties. In fact, LUKE is much older

than that. His dress speaks of many eras, but definitely of none.

The CHANTING increases in intensity as the camera continues to move about the place, passing over Luke and we see what he is kneeling before for the first time.

A pool of blood.

LUKE
The sleeper will awaken.

As he speaks, we see his face clearly. Vampire. Not pretty.

LUKE
The sleeper will awaken. And the world will bleed.

He dips his finger in the blood.

LUKE
Amen.

And now we see:

WIDER ANGLE: THE CHURCH

It's a bizarre ruin we're in, buried beneath the ground. The stanchions and arches stand at haphazard angles, sheeted rock pushing in at all sides. The pool of blood is on what would be the altar.

The CHANTING fills the vast room as we

BLACK OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

Act Three

INT. BUFFY'S BEDROOM – NIGHT

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...

Joyce enters, watches her.

JOYCE
Are you going out tonight, honey?

BUFFY

Yeah, Mom. I'm going to a club.

JOYCE

Will there be boys there?

BUFFY

No, Mom; it's a nun club.

JOYCE

Well, just be careful.

BUFFY

I will.

As the conversation segues into serious territory, both women become somewhat uncomfortable with each other.

JOYCE

I think we can make it work here. I've got my positive energy flowing. I'm gonna get the gallery on its feet – We may already have found a space.

BUFFY

Great.

JOYCE

And that school is a very nurturing environment, which is what you need.

BUFFY

Mom...

JOYCE

Oh, not too nurturing. I know. You're sixteen, I read all about the dangers of overnurturing.

(honestly)

It's hard. New town, and all. For me, too. I'm trying to make it work.

(correcting herself)

I'm **going** to make it work.

BUFFY

I know.

JOYCE

You're a good girl, Buffy. You just fell in with the wrong crowd. But that's all behind us now.

BUFFY

It is. From now on, I'm only hanging out with the living. I – I mean, the lively... people.

JOYCE

Okay, have fun.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET – NIGHT

Buffy makes her way on foot to the Bronze. She leaves the suburban area the house is in for the deserted city streets on the edge of town.

She turns a corner, walks down the street, lost in thought – until she HEARS FOOTSTEPS behind her.

She stops, turns slowly.

A figure stands in the dark behind her. Far enough away that she doesn't feel right saying anything to it. It doesn't move – she can't see its face but it seems to be looking at her.

Buffy turns to go.

The figure follows.

CUT TO:

EXT. ANOTHER STREET – A MOMENT LATER

Buffy turns the corner, somewhat worried – moving faster. The figure follows, always at a discreet distance.

CUT TO:

EXT. AN ALLEY – A MOMENT LATER

Buffy turns in. She looks about her. A pipe runs across the narrow alley some ten feet above her. Garbage cans cluster at the other end.

ANGLE: THE FIGURE

Turns into the now-empty alley, starts down it.

Buffy suddenly DROPS down on him, legs locked over his neck. She throws herself back, tipping him over, rolling herself and SLAMMING his body onto the ground.

He's on his feet quickly, but she grabs him and throws him up against the wall. She closes in, but he makes no move to attack. Puts up his hands.

ANGEL

Is there a problem, ma'am?

He seems faintly amused. Buffy eyes him suspiciously, getting her first good look at him.

ANGEL is strikingly handsome, with intelligence and a kind of distance in his eyes. Moves with a fighter's grace.

BUFFY

There's a problem. Why are you following me?

ANGEL

I know what you're thinking, but don't worry. I don't bite.

She backs off a bit, perplexed.

ANGEL

Truth is, I thought you'd be taller. Or bigger, muscles and all that. You're pretty spry, though.

BUFFY

What do you want?

ANGEL

Same thing you do.

BUFFY

Okay, what do **I** want?

The amusement leaves his face.

ANGEL

To kill 'em. To kill 'em all.

BUFFY

(game show:)

Sorry! That's incorrect but you do get this lovely watch and a year's worth of Turtle Wax what I **want**... is to be left alone.

ANGEL

You really think that's an option anymore? You're standing at the mouth of Hell. And it's about to open.

He reaches into his coat for something. It's a jewelry box. He throws it to her.

ANGEL

Don't turn your back on this. You've got to be ready.

BUFFY

For what?

ANGEL

The Harvest.

He starts out.

BUFFY

Who are you?

ANGEL

Let's just say I'm a friend.

BUFFY

(exasperated)

Well, maybe I don't want a friend.

ANGEL

I didn't say I was **yours**...

He goes. Buffy watches him go, then opens the box.

ANGLE: IN THE BOX

Is a cross. Small, antique, on a gold chain, [Handwritten to the side: "Silver", 'gold chain' is circled]

WIDER ANGLE: BUFFY ALONE IN THE ALLEY

Buffy looks at the cross, at the departing figure of the mysterious man.

And as she walks slowly away, the camera TRACKS past the corner, past another group of garbage cans.

In front of them, right before us but unseen by Buffy, are two figures. The poor man we saw in her dream, and a vampire. The beast has its face burrowing in his neck, as the last of his life shudders out.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE BRONZE – NIGHT

A decent crowd mills aimlessly around the joint, high school 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 to 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 FOLLOW HER INTO:

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. Coffee bar in the back, and a balcony above with tables for two.

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

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.

ANGLE: WILLOW

Is getting a soda at the bar. She turns back to look at the band just as Buffy comes up to her.

BUFFY
Hi!

WILLOW

Oh, hi! Hi.

BUFFY

Are you here with someone?

WILLOW

No, I'm just here. I thought Xander was gonna show up...

BUFFY

Oh, are you guys going out?

WILLOW

No. We're just friends. We used to go out, but we broke up.

BUFFY

How come?

WILLOW

He stole my barbie.

(off Buffy's look)

We were five.

BUFFY

Oh.

WILLOW

I don't actually date a whole lot... lately.

BUFFY

Why not?

WILLOW

Well, when I'm with a boy I like, it's hard for me to say anything cool, or witty, or at all... I can usually make a few vowel sounds, and then I have to go away.

BUFFY

(laughing)

It's not that bad.

It is. I think boys are more interested in a girl who can talk.

BUFFY

You really **haven't** been dating lately.

WILLOW

It's probably easy for you.

BUFFY

(a little forlornly)

Oh, yeah. Real easy.

WILLOW

I mean, you don't seem too shy.

BUFFY
Well, my philosophy is – do you wanna hear my philosophy?

WILLOW
I do.

BUFFY
Life is short.

WILLOW
Life is short.

BUFFY
Not original, I'll grant you. But it's true. Why waste time being all shy? Why worry about some guy and if he's gonna laugh at you? You know? Seize the moment. 'Cause tomorrow you might be dead.

WILLOW
Oh... That's nice...

Buffy sees somebody moving about on the balcony. Her brow furrows.

BUFFY
Uh, I'll be back in a minute.

WILLOW
That's okay. You don't have to come back.

BUFFY
(smiling at her self-effacing attitude)
I'll be back in a **minute**.

She takes off, leaving Willow at the bar.

WILLOW
(to herself)
Seize the moment...

ANGLE: ATOP THE BALCONY

Buffy comes up, makes her way to the railing overlooking the stage. She leans on it, and we see that Giles is standing beside her. He doesn't even look at her.

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

STAT.

GILES

This is a perfect breeding ground for Vampire activity. Dark, crowded... Besides, I knew you were likely to show up. And I have to make you understand –

BUFFY

That the Harvest is coming, I know, your friend told me.

GILES

(thrown)

What did you say?

BUFFY

The... Harvest. That means something to you? 'Cause I'm drawing a blank.

GILES

I'm not sure... Who told you this?

BUFFY

This guy. Dark, gorgeous in an annoying sort of way. I figured you were buds.

GILES

No... The Harvest... Did he say anything else?

BUFFY

Something about the mouth of Hell. I really didn't like him.

They both look down at the floor for a moment, at the dancing kids.

GILES

Look at them. Throwing themselves about... Completely unaware of the danger that surrounds them.

BUFFY

Lucky them...

GILES

Or perhaps you're right. Perhaps there is no trouble coming. The signs could be wrong. It's not as though you're having the nightmares...

And we MOVE IN on Buffy's face, clouding over. She says nothing, just looks down at the dancing kids.

ANGLE: THE FLOOR

Kids writhe about to the music with healthy abandon.

We find Cordelia off to the side, watching with her friends.

CORDELIA

My mom doesn't even get out of bed anymore. The doctor says it's Epstein Barr,

I'm like,
“**please**, it's chronic hepatitis or at **least** Chronic Fatigue Syndrome.” I mean
nobody cool has
Epstein Barr anymore.

Jesse approaches her, smiling.

JESSE
Cordelia!

CORDELIA
Oh, yay, it's my stalker.

JESSE
Hey, you look great.

CORDELIA
Well, I'm glad we had this chat –

JESSE
Listen, I, um, do you wanna dance?

CORDELIA
(witheringly)
With you?

JESSE
Well, uh, yeah.

CORDELIA
Well, uh, no.

She takes off, posse in tow. Jesse just soaks up the pain.

JESSE
Fine. Plenty of other fish in the sea. Oh yeah. I'm on the prowl. Witness me
prowling.

He looks around at the throng, officially beginning his prowl.

ANGLE: BUFFY AND GILES

In mid-conversation. Shaken by the dreams thing, Buffy is giving ground.

BUFFY
I didn't say I'd never slay another vampire. 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. A vampire appears to be a normal person, until the feed is upon them.
Only then do they
reveal their true demonic visage.

BUFFY

You're like a textbook with arms! I know this!

GILES

The point is, a Slayer should be able to see them anyway. Without looking, without thinking. Can you tell me if there's a vampire in this building?

BUFFY

Maybe?

GILES

You should know! 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, nonplused.

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 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.

GILES

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

BUFFY
(noticing something)
Oh, no...

ANGLE: THE VAMPIRE

Is still chatting with the girl. He motions for her to come with him, and she comes into view.

It's Willow.

GILES
Isn't that –

BUFFY
Willow.

GILES
What is she doing?

BUFFY
Seizing the moment.

She starts toward the stairs.

ANGLE: WILLOW AND THE VAMPIRE BOY

Head out the back door by the stage.

Buffy fights her way down the stairs. She looks toward where they were and sees they're gone. She looks about a moment, and then, guessing correctly, heads for the backstage door as well.

But it's a struggle: the closer she gets to the stage, the more crowded it gets. She finally pushes to the door.

CUT TO:

INT. BACKSTAGE – CONTINUOUS

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

She finds an old chair, snaps the leg off, a makeshift stake.

There is no one about. Buffy heads for the exit door. Sticks her head out it but there's no one in the alley either.

Slowly, perturbed, she starts back for the main door.

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 the other girls coming out of the bathroom have.

BUFFY
Cordelia!

CORDELIA

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

Buffy lets her down, lowering the stake.

CORDELIA
God, what is your childhood trauma?

BUFFY
(trying to be chipper)
Did you guys see Willow? Did she come by here?

CORDELIA
Why? Did you need to attack her with a stick?

Buffy gives up. Face red, she retreats back the way she came.

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. THE BRONZE – CONTINUOUS

Buffy comes back out, finds Giles at the bottom of the stairs. She looks around as he says:

GILES
Is he dead?
That was fast. Well done. I'd best go to the library. This "Harvest" is –

BUFFY
I didn't find them.

GILES
The vampire's not dead?

BUFFY
No, but my social life is on the critical list.

GILES
What do we do?

BUFFY
You go on. I'll take care of it.

GILES
I should come with you, no?

BUFFY
(heading out)
Don't worry. One vampire I can handle.

As she exits, she brushes past Jesse. The camera STAYS on him, as we see he is chatting up a girl.

JESSE
What did you say your name was?

And the camera comes around to show the girl he's talking to: it's the **vampire** from the opening. Needless to say, she has her normal face on. And she'll be known from now on as:

DARLA
Darla.

JESSE
Darla. I haven't seen you before.
Are you from around here?

DARLA
No, but I've got family here.

JESSE
Have I met them?

DARLA
You probably will.

CUT TO:

INT. THE CHURCH – CONTINUOUS

The CHANTING we heard earlier continues, peaking in intensity. By the altar, Luke suddenly looks up.

He starts moving slowly back, eyes wide with religious fervor. All the figures in the church start moving back, almost as one.

ANGLE: THE POOL OF BLOOD

We are low, right above the surface, as Luke prays before it. Suddenly a **HEAD shoots up** from in the blood. Luke starts, looks at it. He moves back, away from the pool.

Something breaks the surface of the liquid. Something rises.

It is THE MASTER, the most powerful of vampires. Born Heinrich Joseph Nest (some six hundred years ago,) he wears a vaguely SS-like outfit.

What he does not wear is anything resembling a human face. He is as much demon as man. As powerful as Luke is, it's clear that this man is much more so, both from his bearing and from the reverence with which Luke looks upon him.

LUKE

Master...

BLACK OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

Act Four

INT. THE CHURCH – MOMENTS LATER

The Master steps forward, his face still in relative darkness. Luke steps back reverentially. The Master looks about him for a moment.

THE MASTER

Luke.

LUKE

Master...

THE MASTER

I am weak.

LUKE

Come the Harvest, you'll be restored.

THE MASTER

The Harvest...

LUKE

We're almost there. Soon you'll be free.

The Master takes another step forward, past Luke. He reaches his hand out slowly. As he does, the air in front of him starts to ripple slightly – a kind of mystical wall. He pulls his hand back.

THE MASTER

I must be ready. I need my strength.

LUKE

I've sent your servants to bring you some food.

THE MASTER

Good.

Luke starts out.

THE MASTER

Luke...

LUKE

(stopping)

Yes?

THE MASTER

Bring me something... young.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET BY WOODED GLADE – NIGHT

Willow and the Vampire Boy walk along, alone in the dark. She is clearly nervous, though not for the reason she should be.

WILLOW
Sure is dark...

VAMPIRE BOY
It's night.

WILLOW
That's a dark time. Night. Traditionally.

They walk a bit more.

WILLOW
I still can't believe I've never seen you at school. Do you have Mr. Chomsky for History.

He doesn't answer. Stops.

WILLOW
The ice cream bar's down this way – it's past Hamilton street.

He takes her hand.

VAMPIRE BOY
I know a shortcut.

He leads her into the dark of wood.

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE THE BRONZE – NIGHT

Buffy comes from around the back, looking around. Xander comes up to her, carrying his skateboard.

XANDER
You're leaving already?

BUFFY
Xander, have you seen Willow?

XANDER
Not tonight.

BUFFY
I need to find her. She left with a guy.

XANDER
We are talking about Willow, right?
(impressed)
Scoring at the Bronze. Work it, girlfriend.

BUFFY

(looking around)
Where would they go?

XANDER

Why, you know something about Mr. Goodbar that she doesn't? Oh! Hey. I hope he's not a **vampire**. 'Cause then you'd have to **slay** him.

She turns back to him, surprised and miffed.

BUFFY

Was there a school bulletin? Was it in the news? Is there anybody in this town who **doesn't** know I'm a slayer?

XANDER

I only know that you **think** you're a slayer, and I only know that 'cause I was in the library today.

BUFFY

Whatever. Just tell me where Willow would go.

XANDER

You're serious.

BUFFY

We don't find her, there's gonna be another dead body in the morning.

A beat, as he looks at her. Sees she isn't kidding. Isn't wrong.

XANDER

Come on.

As they head off.

CUT TO:

EXT. GRAVEYARD – CONTINUOUS

Willow is still walking with Vampire Boy, but getting increasingly creeped out.

WILLOW

Okay, this is nice and... scary...
Are you sure this is faster?

He says nothing. She keeps walking beside him, uncertain.

He stops at a small mausoleum. The entrance is a well of black.

VAMPIRE BOY

Hey. You ever been in one of these?

WILLOW

No thank you.

He moves in close, holding her intimately.

VAMPIRE BOY
Come on. What are you afraid of?

He pushes her into the blackness of the entrance.

CUT TO:

INT. MAUSOLEUM – CONTINUOUS

Willow stumbles in. She looks about her frightenedly, adjusting to the increased dark.

The place is small, with carved stone walls. A large tomb takes up much of the middle, the stone figure of a man lying atop it. Behind her is the doorway she came in, ahead, a much smaller, iron door, locked shut.

She spins all the way round to see the boy filling the entrance.

WILLOW
That wasn't funny.

No response. He steps closer, his face in shadow. She circles away from him, moving closer to the doorway.

WILLOW
I think I'm gonna go.

VAMPIRE BOY
Is that what you think?

All the playfulness has drained out of his voice. She takes a step back, another, turns and moves WHAM – right into DARLA.

Emitting something between a scream and a squeak, Willow steps back. Darla looks at her, at the boy.

DARLA
(to him; re: her)
Is this the best you could do?

VAMPIRE BOY
She's fresh.

DARLA
Hardly enough to share.

VAMPIRE BOY
Why didn't you bring your own?

DARLA
I did.

She indicates the doorway behind her, as Jesse stumbles dazed from the darkness.

JESSE
Hey, wait up...

WILLOW

Jesse!

She goes over to him, relieved. He is clutching his neck.

JESSE
(to Darla)

I think you gave me a hickey...

He takes his hand away. There is blood on it, on his neck. Willow looks over at the other two, eyes wide.

DARLA
(off the boy's look)
I got hungry on the way.

WILLOW
Jesse, let's get out of here.

DARLA
You're not going anywhere.

WILLOW
Leave us alone.

DARLA
(in Willow's face)
You're not going anywhere until **we've FED!**

And on the last word she brings her face right up to Willow's and it CHANGES, snaps right before our eyes into the grotesque demon-face we saw before.

Willow SCREAMS, takes a stumbled step back and falls.

The boy laughs, circling, and we see that he has changed as well.

BUFFY
Well, this is nice.

She steps in, Xander following her. Everybody stops.

BUFFY
A little bare, but a dash of paint, a few throw pillows – call it home.

DARLA
Who the hell are you?

BUFFY
Wow, you mean there's actually somebody around here who doesn't know already? That's a relief. I'm telling you, having a secret identity in this town is a job of work.

He is moving between the two Vampires, who loosen their grip on their respective victims.

XANDER
Buffy, we bail now, right?

VAMPIRE BOY

Not yet.

BUFFY

Okay, first of all, what's with this outfit? Live in the now, okay? You look like DeBarge.

(turning to Darla)

Now, we can do this the hard way, or... well, actually, there's just the hard way.

DARLA

Fine with me.

BUFFY

You sure? It's not gonna be pretty. We're talking violence, strong language, adult content.

As she speaks, the Boy Vampire RUSHES her from behind, charging at her with incredible speed and momentum –

Buffy whips a stake out from her jacket and in one graceful motion sticks it out behind her, letting the boy impale himself on it. He stops, eyes wide, and falls back.

Buffy never even faces him.

ANGLE: THE BOY VAMPIRE

As he hits the ground, his body crumbles to dust.

BUFFY

(to Darla)

See what happens when you roughhouse?

Xander and Willow are speechless, staring at the ground where a body used to be.

Darla is wide eyed, exceedingly wary. But not cowed. She moves slowly around, preparing to fight herself.

DARLA

He was young. And stupid.

BUFFY

Xander, go.

DARLA

Don't go far.

She lunges at Buffy, who parries her blows with martial arts precision.

Xander herds the others out.

CUT TO:

EXT. GRAVEYARD – CONTINUOUS

The three kids run out of the mausoleum, Willow and Xander supporting Jesse.

All three are totally freaked – Jesse the least so, since he’s still weak and dazed.
CUT TO:

INT. MAUSOLEUM – CONTINUOUS

Darla hit the ground with a painful thud.

Buffy stands over her. She’s a bit out of breath, and the humor is gone from her visage.

BUFFY

You know, I just wanted to start over. Be like everybody else. Have some friends,
maybe a dog...

But no. You had to come here. You couldn’t go suck on some other town.

DARLA

Who **are** you?

BUFFY

Don’t you know?

HANDS suddenly grab Buffy by the throat, lift her bodily from the ground.

LUKE

I don’t care.

He steps out of the shadows from behind her – his bulk dwarfing her – and throws her a good fifteen feet. She hits the wall face first, landing badly.

Luke turns on Darla, who is getting up.

LUKE

You were supposed to be bringing an offering for the Master. We’re almost at
Harvest and you
dally with this child?

DARLA

We had someone. But **she** came and... she killed Thomas... Luke, she’s strong.

LUKE

(contemptuously)

You go. I’ll see if I can handle the little girl.

ANGLE: BUFFY

She lifts herself off the floor just as Luke suddenly closes on her, grabs her. She’s ready this time, though, and she knocks his arms away, kicks him in the face. It sends him back a bit but he recovers in a second, landing a solid punch to her jaw.

LUKE

You **are** strong.

He **slams** her back to the ground.

LUKE

I’m stronger.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE FOREST – CONTINUOUS

The three kids are making pretty good time, despite having to support Jesse.

WILLOW

We'll get the police – it's just a few blocks up –

They stop. They stare, despair creeping onto their faces.

Three Vampires stand waiting for them.

CUT TO:

INT. THE MAUSOLEUM – CONTINUOUS

Buffy looks like she's been kicked around a bit. She circles around the tomb, keeping it between her and Luke.

LUKE

You're wasting my time.

BUFFY

Hey, I had other plans, too, okay?

He **SHOVES** the top of the tomb with all his might, sends it flying at her.

She **LEAPS** over it – jumps up onto the tomb, leaps off it, flipping, and **WHAM** – plants both feet solidly in Luke's chest.

He falls back, as does she – she gets up first and pulls out her stake, dries it toward his chest – but he grabs just before it reaches.

LUKE

You think you can stop me? Stop us?

He squeezes – and the stake **splinters** in his powerful grip. He **PUNCHES** Buffy, knocks her back.

LUKE

You have no idea what you're dealing with.

He stands, triumphant, over her. Begins intoning the sacred text:

LUKE

And like a plague of boils, the race of Man covered the earth. But on the third day
of the newest
light will come over the Harvest...

CUT TO:

INT. LIBRARY – CONTINUOUS

Giles has his ancient texts out, is studying them in growing consternation.

LUKE (V.O.)
... when the blood of men will flow as wine...

ANGLE: GILES' BOOK

Shows a Dore-like engraving: a massacre. People writhing, blood everywhere – in the center of them all, a Demon with a three-pointed star on his forehead, feeding off a woman.

CUT TO:

INT. THE CHURCH – CONTINUOUS

We TRACK IN on the Master sitting, his face in darkness.

LUKE (V.O.)
... when the Master will walk among them once more...

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST – CONTINUOUS

Xander, Willow and Jesse back away from the vampires –

LUKE (V.O.)
... the world will belong to the Old Ones...

--to find Darla right behind them!

CUT TO:

INT. MAUSOLEUM – CONTINUOUS

Buffy is getting up, keeping her eyes on Luke –

...and Hell itself will come to town.

She tries to move to the side, to get away – he backhands Buffy with all the force he has. She flies back – right into the tomb!

ANGLE: IN THE TOMB

Buffy falls and lands HARD on her back, the wind knocked out of her. She looks beside her – and sees the **withered corpse** of the tomb's owner.

She's hurt pretty bad. She looks up but no Luke. Only the walls of the tomb. He could be anywhere.

Slowly, achingly slowly, she lifts her head. Truly scared. Looks over one side of the tomb – nothing. Looks over the other.

Luke **FILLS THE FRAME**, roaring, jumping into the crypt on top of her.

She tries to fight him off but she's well pinned. He contemplates her a moment with gleeful animal hunger. ~~Teeth dripping~~. [Hand written: "Not"].

LUKE
Amen.

He bears down.

BLACK OUT.

TO BE CONTINUED