



TEASER

FADE IN:

INT. - WATCHER'S COUNCIL - CORNER OFFICE

We open on a painting...a painting of the WATCHER'S COUNCIL circa 2002. The painting is scorched and has obviously been damaged in the fire that destroyed the original Council. Quentin Travers is in the picture, as are some of the other Watchers we met over the course of *Buffy* and *Angel*.

Pulling back slightly, we see a young man (**Sam Huntington**) of about 25 looking at the picture. He is dressed casually, wearing a light brown jacket and a faded jeans with a dark t-shirt underneath. He has a slight amount of stubble and spikey hair - very punk rock. Everything about him screams Slacker.

Behind him, a large mahogany door opens and an older man with glasses and a pullover sweater enters. We recognize him immediately - GILES from *Buffy* (**Anthony Stewart Head**). He sees the young man and smiles warmly.

GILES

David? I don't believe we've met.
I'm Rupert Giles.
(extends a hand for David to
shake)

David takes the hand and shakes it, though something in his expression tells him he'd rather not be in this office.

DAVID

David Kohler.

(beat)

Guess you already knew that. Mr. Giles, I can appreciate you wanting to take the time to talk to me, but I'm fine. Really. I'm just taking some time off before coming back to active duty.

GILES

Yes, of course.

(pauses)

I'm afraid we need you a bit sooner than that.

David cocks an eyebrow quizzically at Giles, who offers him a seat in front of a large wooden desk. David takes it as Giles sits on the other side.

GILES

I'm sure you've noticed that we're very busy here at Headquarters.

DAVID

It hasn't escaped my attention.

GILES

Good. I can't really divulge any more information, but Buffy and most of the senior staff are preparing for a rather large fight.

DAVID

A Hellmouthy kind of fight?

GILES

More like a "Save the Entire World Again" kind of fight. As you can imagine, that doesn't leave a lot of time for recruiting and training fresh blood.

DAVID

Right. So you want me to go out and pick up Slayers? I told you, I'm fine. You don't need to bench me.

GILES

I would never dream of it. No, the fact of the matter is that we've been focusing on the big picture here...and ignoring the smaller one.

David, confused, sits up in his chair.

DAVID

What do you mean?

GILES

While Buffy is busy keeping the world safe, thousands of people are dying at the hands of vampires and demons who *don't* have a stake in the New World Order. No pun intended.

(pauses)

The Old Council did their best to combat this problem, but unfortunately for them, they only had one Slayer-

DAVID

-And we've got thousands. What's this got to do with me?

GILES

I'm getting to that. We're starting a special division of the Council - a field division. The pilot program will consist of you and nine other Watchers. Have a look, if you'd like.

Giles removes a folder on his desk and hands it to David, who peruses it quickly. It contains several sheets of paper, all with photos and statistics.

DAVID

(mildly surprised)

"Will Kirschner, Tom West, Andy Travis?" I know most of these guys.

A little young, don't you think?

GILES

Actually, everyone on that list is a senior member of the Council...with the obvious exceptions, of course.

DAVID

What's that, a fancy way of saying I'm the weakest link?

GILES

It's a tactful way of saying that you have the most experience but inspire the least amount of confidence. I won't beat around the bush: you've been having a fair amount of difficulty lately and we're worried it will affect your performance.

DAVID

"We?" Who are you kidding - the Council's just you sitting in this room giving orders.

Giles narrows his eyes.

GILES

Very well then. *I* am worried about your performance, and since we've never had a chance to...talk...consider this your interview.

David sighs and slouches back in the chair.

DAVID

(unethused)

Great. Where do we begin?

GILES

Let's go backwards a bit. In fact, why don't we start...

cut to:

FLASHBACK

INT. - APARTMENT - CHICAGO 1997

We're in a run down apartment, inside which a terrified YOUNG WOMAN (**Natalie Portman**) scrambles backwards across the dirty carpet. Looming over her is a rather large VAMPIRE. Tears stream down her cheeks as the vampire edges closer, taking his time; after all, there's no need for him to hurry.

GILES (VO)

...with your *sister*.

The young woman, DAVID'S SISTER (MEREDITH KOHLER), is lifted into the air by the vampire. He holds her with ONE HAND by the throat and runs a bloody finger over her cheek.

CRUCIAMENTUM VAMPIRE

(growls)

That's it, *Slayer*. Scream for me.

MEREDITH

(gasping for breath)

hurk Bite me.

Even now, at her weakest moment, she's still strong...still the Slayer. The vampire just smiles a toothy grin and moves his hand to expose her neck.

CRUCIAMENTUM VAMPIRE

If you insist.

We pan off just as he DESCENDS upon her neck, but we do see a SPRAY OF BLOOD coat the wall behind her. We hear her kicking and struggling as he slurps noisily at her jugular. It's brutal. It's painful. It's not for kids.

As we continue panning across, we move into the KITCHEN, where a YOUNG TEENAGE BOY, perhaps 13 or 14, hides behind the kitchen counter clutching a long butcher knife. His eyes are frozen, looking straight ahead, as he listens to the girl being devoured. This is DAVID as a young man...and he can do nothing as his sister is killed.

BLACKOUT

END TEASER

ROLL OPENING CREDITS

FADE IN:

ACT I

INT. - WATCHER'S COUNCIL - CORNER OFFICE

Back in the corner office, David raises an eyebrow at Giles' suggestion.

DAVID

My sister?

GILES

Meredith Kohler. She was the Slayer before Buffy was called, yes?

DAVID

(shrugs)

I guess so. You'd know better than me.

GILES

She died during the Cruciamentum, didn't she?

(genuinely compassionate)

I'm sorry.

DAVID

(shrugs)

She was a Slayer. It was her job.

GILES

It wasn't one she chose.

(shakes himself out of his reverie)

Her Watcher was...

(checks papers again)

Byron MacElroy?

cut to:

INT. - APARTMENT - CHICAGO 1997

The same shot that we ended the teaser on, with a young DAVID staring vacantly ahead as his sister is murdered behind him.

CRUNCH! The main door of the apartment FLIES off its hinges, the doorjamb splintering apart from the force of the opening.

Inside the doorway, we see a tall, lanky man holding a crossbow and wearing a tweed suit (**HUGH LAURIE**). This is, of course, BYRON MACELROY, Meredith's Wacher.

The vampire drops Meredith's body and turns to face the newcomer, but Byron simply aims, fires, and plants a crossbow bolt deep in the vampire's heart.

With a loud WHOOSH!, the vampire erupts into dust, leaving only the dead body of his former charge in the room.

MacElroy drops the crossbow and runs over to Meredith's lifeless corpse, hoping to revive her. However, upon closer inspection, we can see that there's no way to do that - her throat has been savagely ripped apart; much more grotesque than a normal vampire attack.

YOUNG DAVID (OS)

She couldn't even fight back.

MacElroy looks up sharply to see David, still holding the knife, standing at the edge of the counter.

MACELROY

(shocked)

David?...what are...how did you get here?

YOUNG DAVID

(quietly)

I got here right after she woke up...she told me to hide. I did. Then he found her.

(beat)

She couldn't even fight back.

MACELROY

David, you must listen to me. I need to know - did she feed from him? Did he turn her?

David, still traumatized by what he's seen, doesn't answer.

MACELROY

David, it's important. Please; did he *turn* her?!

YOUNG DAVID

I don't...I couldn't see. I was over there.

He points back to his hiding spot with the knife, and for the first time MacElroy notices the dangerous weapon in the hands of the boy.

MACELROY

Where'd you get that knife?

YOUNG DAVID

I found it. In the kitchen.
(pause)
It's sharp.

MacElroy stands and slowly advances to David, holding out his hand for the knife.

MACELROY

Give me the knife.

YOUNG DAVID

I need it.

MACELROY

No you don't. He's dead. Give it to me.

MacElroy stops just short of David, who is contemplating the knife in his hand. Finally, after an interminably long time, David HANDS the knife off to the Watcher. Byron quickly TOSSES the knife away, then pulls David into a strong HUG.

David loses it. He starts crying uncontrollably. Sobbing

and screaming, tears pouring down his face, he-
cut to:

INT. - WATCHER'S COUNCIL - CORNER OFFICE

Back again, and this time David just nods.

DAVID

Yeah. He was a good guy. After
Meredith died, my parents sort of
went numb to the whole thing.

(pause)

It must have been hard for them.

Giles nods, making some notes.

GILES

And that's when you went to Academy,
yes?

DAVID

Right. Byron helped me get in. I
think he felt like he owed it to me,
but the truth was that I would've
done anything to get out of that
city after she died. I mean, Slayers
are great...while they're alive.
Once they're gone all hell breaks
loose.

(beat)

Figuratively speaking.

GILES

Really? How so?

David looks out the window for a moment, as if trying to
remember what those days were like...after all, it was over
a decade in the past.

DAVID

The way I remembered it, when she
started? There were a couple of
vamps a week, tops. By the time she
died, she was fighting off demons
and the undead almost every day. It
was like they knew...just knew that

she was there. They all came to fight her, to be the one who offed the Slayer. After she was gone, that left a whole lot of evil beasties walking around Chicago at night.

(pause)

At least until they heard about Sunnydale. Unfortunately, we didn't have the option of blowing up our town.

Giles doesn't respond to the thinly veiled challenge, but continues the interview as if he hadn't heard that last part.

GILES

Wonderful. You were promoted to full Watcher status in 2002, correct?

DAVID

Yeah. A lot of the new Watchers were put on the grunt work - filing and rearranging the card catalog. I did that for about a week, then they sent me off to Istanbul to pick up some magical doohickey. I did that sort of stuff right up until the Big Bang.

GILES

So you spent most of your time away from Council Headquarters, then?

DAVID

Pretty much. I don't think I came back to England more than a couple times a year...at least not for longer than to pick up my next assignment.

GILES

And when the First attacked? Where were you?

DAVID

I was on assignment in Mongolia. Picking up an artifact for Travers.

GILES

Of course. I'd like to move forward a bit, if that's all right. Let's talk about Ms. Erickson.

David freezes and tenses up immediately. Giles has obviously struck a nerve.

DAVID

Mr. Giles, you already know about that.

GILES

I only know what I've read. I know that you corresponded with Ms. Rosenberg over the course of the girl's training, but it appears her records are...incomplete. I'd like to hear your version of events.

Danny sighs and looks off at the picture of the "old guard" again. After a moment's contemplation, he turns back to Giles. When he begins speaking, it's as if he's memorized his lines and is simply talking on autopilot.

DAVID

We were in Germany on assignment. I was tasked with leading a squad of Slayers into-

GILES

(waves hand impatiently)

No, no, no. Start at the beginning. The very beginning.

cut to:

FLASHBACK

INT. - GATWICK AIRPORT - DAY

Now we're in the waiting queue of an airport. We start with the camera at ground level, watching pairs of legs walk back and forth across the screen. After a moment, a set of legs covered in black slacks walks into frame and stops.

We pan upwards, revealing a young man wearing a nice black suit and holding a card that reads RACHEL ERICKSON - this is David in the past, but he looks much the same as he does now (except for the suit and tie, of course.)

David looks around impatiently. As he does, we cut over to a young WOMAN with long black hair and a denim jacket (**Shannon Woodward**). She is young - about 16 - and out of her element. She clutches the handle of her suitcase in nervous anticipation. She spots David's sign and slowly walks over to him.

RACHEL

I...uh, I'm Rachel Erickson.

David perks up instantly and flashes her a smile.

DAVID

Excellent. Let's get started, then.

RACHEL

"Started?"

David doesn't answer, but takes her suitcase and motions to the door outside.

DAVID

This way - I'm double parked.

cut to:

EXT. - GATWICK AIRPORT - PICKUP ZONE

Rachel follows David outside, clutching the bag slung over her shoulder and looking for all the world like a little lost puppy. Her expression betrays her sense of loss - she's totally out of her depth.

David stops on the sidewalk of the unloading zone. Rachel follows to stand beside him and waits with him. After a few moments, when no car pulls up, Rachel looks from side to side hoping to spot their vehicle.

RACHEL

Where's your car?

In response, David pulls out an ornate pocket watch and

checks the time.

DAVID

Oh, I didn't drive. That "double parked" thing was a joke.

(beat)

It'll be funnier in a couple seconds.

RACHEL

What? Why?

DAVID

Not to get all "Harry Potter" on you, but-

INT. - LONDON WATCHER'S COUNCIL - CONTROL ROOM

The background scene (pedestrians, airport patrons, pilots) instantly changes around the pair, leaving them standing in the exact same position...just in a completely different location.

Rachel doesn't even have time to realize what has happened before a lump of bile rises in her throat.

DAVID

(continuing uninterrupted)

- it's magic. You'll get used to it.

(points)

Trashcan right there.

Nodding, Rachel rushes to the trash can and VOMITS. After a good heave, she wipes her mouth and stands up.

RACHEL

Sorry...

DAVID

Don't be. Everybody does that the first time.

RACHEL

Did you?

DAVID

No, but only because I'm awesome.

Rachel isn't quite sure how to respond to that.

DAVID

It's a joke, Rachel. If we're gonna be partners, you've got to grow a sense of humor.

RACHEL

(irritated)

I *do* have a sense of humor. I'm just worried about the baby.

David freezes in place, surprised at this news.

DAVID

You...you're pregnant?

RACHEL

(smiles widely)

It's a joke, *David*. If we're gonna be partners...

DAVID

(rolls eyes)

Great. Are all Slayers such smartasses?

RACHEL

I wouldn't know - I've never met another one.

DAVID

You're about to: you're going to be joined by four other girls during your time here at the Complex.

RACHEL

(looks around)

"The Complex?" What is this, *Alias*?

DAVID

(ignores her)

I'm picking up the rest of the new arrivals this weekend. Until then, it's just you and me.

(pause)

I suggest we make the best of it.

David smiles at Rachel, who still looks out of her element, but more confident because of his bravado. As he picks up her luggage, we

cut back to:

INT. - WATCHER'S COUNCIL - CORNER OFFICE

David stops talking and instead, cocks his head at Giles.

DAVID

What's really going on here?

Giles, for his part, plays innocent.

GILES

I'm sure I don't know what you mean.
I am merely hoping to get a better
feel as to the extent of your
training-

DAVID

Cut the bull, Giles.

(beat)

Mr. Giles, sorry. You know all about
Rachel and the girls at The Complex.
You know all about my sister.

(long pause)

What do you *really* want to know?

Giles doesn't answer, but simply stares at David for an extremely long time. David stares right back. Soon enough, Giles relaxes and LEANS back in his chair.

GILES

Tell me about Mongolia.

DAVID

Well, it's a land-locked country.
Mountains, desert. Really quite
pleasant, in spite of-

GILES

That's not what I meant.

DAVID

I know. You want to know about the
Amulet.

cut to:

EXT. - OUTER MONGOLIA - MOUNTAIN RANGE

Another flashback shot, but this time of the current DAVID. He is standing in ankle deep snow, with blood trickling from a cut above his left eyebrow. He clutches a long broadsword in his right hand, but it is obvious he is in no condition to use it effectively.

Behind him, a fire rages, as what's left of an old Mongolian bar burns in the night. It's very Indiana Jones.

DAVID

(panting heavily)

Who the hell are you?

We change angles to reveal LINDSEY MCDONALD (**Christian Kane**) standing across from David. He is wearing a button up shirt and wool jacket. In addition, he also has several days growth of a beard and looks as if he's been on the road for quite some time. His shirt has been sliced open, revealing the outlines of the tattoos he has in the 5th season of *Angel*. They're not quite finished, but he has obviously had some work done.

LINDSEY

I'm one of the bad guys. Give me the
Amulet, kid.

DAVID

"Kid?" Here's a tip - don't talk
down to me.

(waves sword around)

This isn't just for show. You could
lose an eye-

LINDSEY

- or a hand. Since you're so
generous with free advice, let me
give you some: When I tell you to do
something, you do it. Give. Me. The

Amulet.

We now see that David is clutching a large gem on a chain thick enough to be worn around the neck. Upon further examination, we realize it is the AMULET that Spike will wear when he destroys the Sunnydale Hellmouth.

DAVID

Why don't you come over here and take it from me?

LINDSEY

Listen, I don't want to kill you, but I've got big plans for a friend of mine that specifically involve that hunk of jewelry, and if I don't get it? Six months of sneaking around libraries and stealing Nyazian Scrolls goes to waste, so be a good little Watcher and hand it over.

DAVID

Like I'm going to give something this powerful to you. Do you have any idea what this thing can do?

LINDSEY

Do you?

David falters for a moment, realizing that he does not, in fact, know what the Amulet does.

DAVID

...Probably something evil? That's what the safe money's on.

LINDSEY

Kudos all around, you got it. No I'm gonna count to three...

(produces a gun and aims it at David's head)

...and you're gonna drop the Amulet and walk away.

David, now with a firearm leveled at him, has little choice

in the matter. However, he still has a mission to accomplish.

DAVID

No. I can't let this go without a fight.

LINDSEY

Not to be difficult, but what the hell do you call the last twenty minutes?

Lindsey gestures with the gun towards the burning bar behind David, who simply grins.

DAVID

That? That was just a warm up.

Lindsey cocks the gun and, for a moment, looks as if he is simply going to shoot David and be done with it. However, he lowers the gun and relaxes slightly.

LINDSEY

Fine. I don't want to kill you. For one thing, they can trace the bullet. For another...I don't really do that anymore. I may be one of the bad guys, but I'm not one of the *bad* guys.

(pause)

Maybe we can work something out?

David relaxes and stands up, cocking an eyebrow at Lindsey. After a tense stand off, he takes a step forward.

DAVID

What did you have in mind?

cut to:

INT. - WATCHER'S COUNCIL - CORNER OFFICE

David explaining the story to Giles in the office again.

DAVID

So he made me an offer - told me he could bring back my sister. He told

me that he'd brought someone back from the dead before and that it really wasn't that hard...despite all opinions to the contrary.

Giles, his face serious, keeps his voice level.

GILES

And...?

DAVID

And as soon as he reached out to shake my hand, I tried to take his gun. Didn't work. He shot me in the shoulder and stole the Amulet.

Giles furrows his eyebrows in frustration.

GILES

Why didn't you file a report?

DAVID

(chuckles)

To who? Don't know if you checked the time stamp, but while I was in Mongolia 90% of the Watchers around the world were being systematically murdered. You remember that, don't you?

GILES

(quietly)

Of course I remember.

DAVID

I spent the next week just getting back to civilization, and the next few month avoiding blind assassins. Now *you* know about the Amulet what *I* know about the Amulet. Do I get to take the training wheels off or not?

GILES

(smiles thinly)

I'll arrange for your flight first thing in the morning.

David nods and stands up, extending a hand for Giles to shake.

DAVID

The pleasure's been all on this side
of the table, I can tell.

David finishes the handshake and turns to leave, throwing up the "peace" sign behind him as he does.

DAVID

(calls back over shoulder)

Later, G.

Giles rolls his eyes at the gesture, watching as the cocky youth exits the office. Instead of following our protagonist away, we instead focus on Giles' desk...where he has a LARGE black and white PHOTO of two women. The women?

David's supposedly DEAD SISTER and Lindsey McDonald's old girlfriend EVE (**Sarah Thompson**), talking just inside the front lobby of Wolfram & Hart.

BLACKOUT

END OF ACT I

ACT II

FADE IN:

INT. - DAVID'S APARTMENT - DAY

We open up on an interior shot of a nice one bedroom apartment. (See website for details.) After a quick pan-around of the apartment's living room, we settle on DAVID standing in front of the BAY WINDOW that looks out into the courtyard.

He only has a few boxes with him, not including the furniture that will eventually be brought in. He is holding a package in his hand. After looking around around the apartment, he pulls out a typed letter and begins reading it.

ANDREW WELLS (VO)

To Mr. David Kohler - I hope you find the apartment to your liking. It was all that was available in your price range. The first and last month's rent have been paid in full, as have the costs of shipping your belongings from England to Kansas. It was a lot of money, so I hope you can appreciate it. Enclosed you will find a picture of the Slayer you have been assigned to and a copy of the Slayer Handbook. We are working on updating the text, but it is a slow process. Any input you can give will be helpful. As your direct superior, I expect weekly updates on your progress. My email address is *watcherboy@council.net...*

There's a knock on the door. David closes the letter and goes to answer the door, setting the package on the kitchen counter.

He opens the door to find a young woman, mid-twenties, with dark brown hair and tanned skin with her hair done up in a loose ponytail. (Missy Peregryn) David is struck by her appearance and finds himself at a loss for words.

She realizes he is just standing there staring at her and begins to get uncomfortable.

LUCY

Uh...hello?

David snaps out it and nods.

DAVID

Oh, yeah. Hi.

(pauses)

Do I know you?

Lucy laughs and shakes her head.

LUCY

No, of course not. I'm Lucy Gennaro

and I just live right across the courtyard, in 2A. I just saw the truck and thought I'd come say "hi."
(points at moving truck)
So...hi.

DAVID

Wow, great.
(extends a hand for her to shake)
David Kohler.

LUCY

(shakes hand)
Nice to meet you, David. What brings you to Allenwood?

David hesitates for a split-second before answering:

DAVID

Work. I just got a job up at the High School.

LUCY

Really? That's great! What do you teach?

David, realizing he has no idea what subject he's supposed to be "teaching," panics and begins to open the letter.

DAVID

Uh, well, I'm teaching...
(reads)
Library?
(pauses, realizes you can't "teach" library)
I mean, I'm the new Librarian.
(to himself)
Librarian?

Lucy has a giggle at his befuddlement.

LUCY

Really? I've always wondered how someone gets to be a librarian. Where'd you study?

DAVID
(thinks quickly)
Oxford. Yeah, I got my degree in
"librarianomics" there, then finished
up up my Masters in the States.

LUCY
England? So why come to Kansas, of
all places? Why not New York or L.A.
or...Des Moines, even?

DAVID
(smiles thinly)
No reason. Just thought I'd try
something new.

LUCY
(eyes him, then decides not to
pursue it)
Ok. Well, I'm right over there if
you need anything. See you later,
David.

DAVID
Right. Thanks for coming over.

She smiles and walks away. David steps back into the apartment and is about to close the door, when he catches sight of Lucy's retreating posterior. Her ass is *phenomenal*. David cocks his head to the side, watching her go, then smiles to himself and closes the door.

cut to:

EXT. - WALTERS' HOME - DRIVEWAY

To the outside of the WALTERS' HOME, where a couple of teenage girls are hanging out. One of them - ERIN (**Alona Tal**) - is a somewhat tall blonde who is shooting hoops. The other - KRISTEN (**Lucy Hale**) - is a short brunette wearing a jean jacket and playing with a GameBoy.

They are in the driveway, where there is a basketball hoop mounted on the garage. Erin lines up at the free throw line and, after aiming carefully, SINKS a perfect shot.

KRISTEN
(not paying attention)
Nice shot.

ERIN
Thanks.

Erin retrieves her rebound then steps back further, to the three point line. Another second of aiming and another perfect swish.

KRISTEN
Nice shot.
(beat)
When's Jared getting here?

Erin, ball in hand, backs up further, to the very edge of the driveway and aims.

ERIN
He's not.
(shoots)
We broke up.

Swish. An impossible shot. Kristen is unfazed - she's seen her sister do this before.

KRISTEN
You did? Why?

ERIN
Let's just say I'm not the only member of the basketball team he's been "tutoring."

KRISTEN
Ouch.
(pause)
So...can I still-

ERIN
No.

KRISTEN
Oh, come on!

ERIN

No!

KRISTEN

Look, I know your boyfriend just dumped you and that sucks-

ERIN

I dumped *him*.

KRISTEN

(ignoring her)

- but Jared's back to school parties are legendary. We have to be there; if we're not, everybody's going to think that you lost the breakup and that I'm an asexual mess. Do you know how damaging that is for a freshman?

ERIN

Hey, I don't like it anymore than you do, but the second I show up at my ex's house without a rebound guy? I might as well wear a target and paint "Loser" on my forehead. Now what I really need is some sisterly solidarity. You with me?

Kristen pouts but nods anyway.

KRISTEN

(exasperated)

Fine. But if anybody asks, I was still on vacation in Cancun. Deal?

Erin laughs and puts up another three pointer.

ERIN

Deal.

Swish!

DAVID (OS)

Nice shot.

Erin and Kristen both turn to look at David, who is walking up the driveway towards the house. Erin catches the rebound

wihtout looking...with one hand.

ERIN

Hi. Can we help you?

DAVID

(nods)

Probably. You're Erin Walters,
right?

ERIN

Yeah, and this is my sister Kristen.
What's up?

DAVID

About a month ago, you saw an ad on
television and called the number,
didn't you? 1-800-CHOSEN-1?

ERIN

Uh huh. I gave my information to the
lady who answered, but I never heard
back from anyone. I thought it was a
scam or something.

DAVID

It's not a scam.

(pause)

Maybe you should sit down.

cut to:

INT. - REESE INDUSTRIES - JACK REESE'S OFFICE

Reese Industries is a multi-million dollar computer company led by one JACK REESE (**Ryan Reynolds**), a 32 year old wunderkind who led the revolution in dot com technology. At the moment, however, he is standing in front of his desk practicing his short-game.

As REESE lines up his shot and tests the weight of the putter on the mini-green, we change angles to reveal a young man, about 19, standing behind him. It takes a second to notice that he is standing just beyond the sunlight pouring in through the window.

REESE

You know I hate it when you come bother me at work. Can't we do this another time? I'm just swamped here.

The young man - SILAS (**Joseph Gordon-Levitt**), smirks and shakes his head.

SILAS

Yeah, you look busy. We've got a problem. Remember the Slayer I told you about?

REESE

Super-girl, kills vampires? I vaguely recall.

SILAS

Well you didn't take care of her like I told you to, and now she's got a Watcher.

REESE

A Watcher? So the Slayer slays and the Watcher...watches? I'm shaking in my \$4000 dollar Italian loafers.

SILAS

My point is that people are gonna notice if she goes missing now. Before, we could have eliminated her without much fuss...no one would have found it odd. Now, if she turns up dead, we've got a whole chain of interested parties, all of which are very capable of finding out what you're up to here.

REESE

So kill the Watcher. Jeez, do I gotta think of everything?

SILAS

It's not that simple-

REESE

You know what the problem is with

you vampires? You overthink things.
Sometimes, you gotta just go with
your instincts.

And with that, he TAPS the golf ball...sending it RIGHT
into the glass cup laid down on the carpet.

REESE

That's two under par, by the way.

SILAS

(sarcastic)

Congratulations. My point is, he's
going to be with the Slayer most of
the time, and when he's not, he'll
be at home - Vampires can't enter a
dwelling uninvited.

REESE

And I'm guessing there's no chance
of you pulling a damsel in distress
act and scoring an invite?

SILAS

These guys are pros - He's going to
be waiting for an attack. Now my
boys and I can take care of the
Slayer, no problem..but I was hoping
you could take care of her handler.

REESE

(sighs)

Silas, you know I hate killing
people on the company dime.

SILAS

And I hate getting stabbed in the
heart with a piece of wood. It's a
real deal-breaker for me. Can I
count on you?

REESE

No problem. I'll put Murray on it.
I've been meaning to talk to him
anyway - it's been months since he
last checked in.

(pause)

Now watch this shot.

Reese DROPS another golf ball and takes aim, just as we cut back to:

INT. - WALTERS' HOME - KITCHEN

Now back at the Walters' home. We're in the kitchen; a modest room, very cozy, full of eggshell paint and light wooden cabinets. It feels very new...as if it has not quite had a woman's touch. David, Kristen, and Erin all sit at a small round table. David leans forward while the girls lean back in their chairs, shocked. He has obviously just finished telling them that Erin is-

ERIN

...a Slayer?
(beat)
Of vampires?

DAVID

And demons. And sometimes
hellgods...though admittedly, to a
much lesser extent.

Erin stands up and walks away from the table, putting her hands on her head in exasperation.

ERIN

Woah. Just...woah.

KRISTEN

I don't buy it.

DAVID

"Don't buy it?"

KRISTEN

No. Just because you show up at our
house and tell us Erin's some
mystical freakshow -

ERIN

Hey!

KRISTEN

- doesn't mean it's true. We have no

idea who you are and we've got no reason to believe you.

Erin turns around at this, excited, and nods vigorously.

ERIN

Yes, what she said. That is an excellent point.

David leans back in his chair and exhales, trying to think of a way to convince the two that he's telling the truth. His eyes wander over the kitchen...until they spot the cutlery rack on a nearby shelf. After a second glance towards Erin, he reaches over, GRABS the thickest knife in the bunch, and HURLS it at the blonde.

Kristen DUCKS, even though the knife is no where near her, and Erin reacts with typical Slayer speed - she simply GRABS onto the hilt of the knife an inch before it skewers her eyeball. David raises his hands in a "See?" gesture.

DAVID

Thoughts?

KRISTEN

(angry)

You can't just throw knives at people! You could put someone's eye out?

ERIN

(quietly)

I caught it...

DAVID

It's because of your powers. Only a Slayer could catch that knife.

(stands up)

Erin, I know it's not something you want to hear, but you're special. You've got a destiny, a calling, a higher purpose. Now we could spend the next few hours talking this out and helping you come to terms with your abilities, but in the end, it only boils down to one thing: You've been Chosen, with an emphasis on the

capital 'C'.

KRISTEN

Chosen for what? World's Strongest Woman, Teen Edition?

DAVID

To be a force of good. To change the world. To protect those who can't protect themselves. The world's a dark place, Erin...it needs guardians. I can train you, help you use your powers to their most efficient.

Erin, unsure of how to respond, looks to her little sister. Kristen shrugs her shoulders slightly, unable to help make the decision. Confused, she turns back to David.

ERIN

But...vampires? Demons? We don't have any of that stuff here. This is *Kansas*. The most trouble we've had in the past two years was when someone robbed the Tastee Treat...

DAVID

(cocks an eyebrow)

Really? I don't believe that. In a town this size, no one even bothers to look for ulterior motives. Everyone just assumes accidental death or natural causes...but that's where we're different.

ERIN

What...what do you mean?

DAVID

It's the curse of the job. Where others see a suicide, you'll see a demonic sacrifice. Where the authorities find gang murders you'll find bloody fang marks. You'll learn to see everything as it really is, simply because you're a part of it, now.

(pause)

It's started already, hasn't it?

Erin looks trapped...caught in the cage that David has built with his words. There's truth in them...too much truth, in fact. Erin and Kristen exchange a look; they both know what David's talking about.

DAVID

Tell me everything.

Erin heaves a sigh and leans back against the wall, setting the knife down on the counter. She takes a second to collect her thoughts, then opens her eyes and begins speaking.

ERIN

Sometimes, in the fall, pheasant hunters will find deer carcasses down by the creek. It's not unusual - mountain lions looking for food will sometimes migrate down from Colorado and Wyoming. A few weeks ago, this kid in Kristen's class was attacked while putting in a new fence about ten miles outside of town. Everyone's sure it's just a stray cat looking for food, but no one's been able to find it.

DAVID

What makes you think it's not?

KRISTEN

(butting in)

Because whatever attacked this kid chewed his arm off. Mountain lions don't do that, not even when they're starving.

DAVID

He survived?

ERIN

He just got out of the hospital last week. No one's seen him since, and his parents won't talk to anyone

about what happened.

DAVID

Then we should investigate. Can either of you drive?

ERIN

(incredulous)

Can't you?

DAVID

Of course, but my car's still in London.

Kristen, enthused, grabs a set of keys hanging from a keyrack and spins them on her finger.

KRISTEN

(brightly)

I'll drive! I only need another twenty hours before I get my learner's permit.

Erin SNATCHES the keys from Kristen and reaches for her coat.

ERIN

I don't think so. This isn't happening.

KRISTEN

What? Why not?

Erin takes a deep breath, preparing herself for her next speech. She turns to David, conflict betrayed over every muscle in her body.

ERIN

Listen, I'm sure you've only got the best intentions, really...but I'm not *that* girl. I don't care what powers I have or what I know or what you want me to do. I just *can't* be a superhero. I can't believe in vampires and ghosts and the Boogeyman. I don't have that destiny - I don't know what my destiny is,

but that's not it. I want to go to college and get a degree and have a life, and being Shanna the She-Devil doesn't fit into that anywhere.

David does not look surprised at all by this information. Instead, he simply nods thoughtfully.

DAVID

I see.

(beat)

Are you sure there's nothing I can do to change your mind?

Erin, surprised that he is so calm, hesitates before answering.

ERIN

Um...no.

(pause)

Is that okay?

DAVID

Of course it is. No one asked you to do this - it was forced on you. If you are unwilling to participate then there's nothing I can do to make you.

(writes down something on a piece of paper)

However, I will leave you with this - my cell phone number. Should you need anything, feel free to contact me. You are, after all, my responsibility.

(stands)

Thanks for your time.

And just like that, he leaves the Walters' home, possibly leaving us with a very boring series. However...

cut to:

EXT. - WALTERS' HOME - DRIVEWAY

David is walking away from the house when the front door flies open and Kristen runs out after him.

KRISTEN

Hey! Hey, wait!

David stops and we zoom in on the corner of his mouth - he smiles. He quickly regains his composure and turns to face the brunette, his face a mask.

DAVID

What?

KRISTEN

You're not seriously leaving, are you?

DAVID

(shrugs)

If your sister doesn't want my help, I can't force her to accept. I'll be in town until I can get assigned to another Slayer, but after that you're on your own.

KRISTEN

Then can't you train me or something? Maybe I've got super powers too!

DAVID

(shakes his head)

It doesn't work like that. Either you're Chosen or you're not. If I could control it...

KRISTEN

Just let me talk to her, all right? She'll come around to this, I know she will.

David appraises the young woman in front of him, deciding whether or not she has what it takes to convince her sister to fight in this war. He comes to a decision and, reaching into his pack, REVEALS a large wooden cross.

DAVID

A stake to the heart, holy water, decapitation, or direct sunlight.

These are the only things that can
kill them. Take this...just in case.

He HANDS Kristen the cross, then turns on his heel and
strides away, leaving the freshman standing in the driveway
looking extremely small.

As he walks away, we pull out across the street...to see
two figures in a parked car beneath a tree. One of the
figures is SILAS - the vampire from earlier. He is in the
backseat of the car, protected from sunlight. The DRIVER,
however...is an older gentleman, probably in his late
thirties, with a squared jaw, grizzled beard, and shaved
head. A long SCAR is cut across his left eye, a wound
inflicted by a former target, perhaps? His voice, gravelly
and hard, cuts through the air.

SCAR

I'll do it tonight at his place.
Make it look like a robbery.

SILAS

Good. Now that he's lead me to the
Slayer, we can finish what your boss
started.

As Silas watches Kristen, we realize that he thinks that
she's the Slayer. A predatory grin comes across his
features as he watches the young girl go back into the
house. Just as he changes into Vamp-face, we

BLACKOUT

ACT III

FADE IN:

INT. - ALLENWOOD HIGH SCHOOL - LIBRARY

With the loud RING of a school bell, we open up on a shot
or Erin sitting at a table in the school library and
looking straight at the camera. She looks confused...lost.
She looks down at the open book in front of her and we can
plainly see it has an old drawing of a vampire feeding off
a young woman. The opposite page has a bunch of words, but

since they're all written in ancient Sumerian we can't read them.

That's our first clue this may be a dream. The second is that, now that we can see outside, the sky is completely white.

KRISTEN (OS)

Hey, big sis.

Erin, surprised to hear her sister's voice, turns around...only to find her LYING on another of the tables on her back. She is surrounded by lit candles that flicker in a nonexistent breeze, and someone has painted her face with blood. There are markings underneath her eyes and across her nose, as well as symbols inscribed on her neck.

KRISTEN

Looks like I'm the main course.

From behind her, DAVID approaches...only this isn't the same David we saw before. He's dressed like Giles, in a sweater vest, tweed coat, glasses, combed hair, etc. He has open a large book, but when we change angles we can see the pages are blank.

DAVID

Hungry? I've prepared something special for you tonight.

ERIN

(looks back to Kristen, then stands up)

No...thanks. I've already eaten.

And when Erin turns to face the camera again, we can see the barest hint of blood at the corner of her mouth. She wipes it away quickly, then moves to Kristen. David follows, moving to the other side of the table.

ERIN

(to Kristen)

This is so like you. Always getting yourself into trouble, and then who has to get you out?

KRISTEN

(whispered)
Big Sis.
(normal voice)
But it's not my fault this time.

ERIN
Oh, really? Then whose is it?

Erin POINTS to someone off camera. As Erin TURNS To look at who she's pointing at, we cut to:

INT. - WALTERS' HOME - ERIN'S ROOM

Erin wakes up in her room in a cold sweat, the sheets tangled around her body. Moonlight filters in through the half-covered window, casting eerie shadows around the room. She sits up in her bed, wiping her forehead. Clearly the whole thing was just a dream.

The door to her bedroom opens, revealing Erin's FATHER, a 40-something balding gentleman with a kind smile and world-weary expression. He pokes his head in the room and, seeing Erin is awake, opens the door completely.

MR. WALTERS
Hey, sports fan. You okay? I thought I heard you moving stuff around in here.

Erin looks around and now realizes that most of the loose objects and knick knacks in the vicinity of the bed have been tossed onto the ground; she must have hit them when she was having her dream.

ERIN
(smiles weakly)
I'm fine, Dad. Just a nightmare.
(notices her dad is still wearing regular clothes)
Are you just now getting home?

Mr. Walters looks down at his clothing, then nods sheepishly.

MR. WALTERS
Yeah, sorry. I've been having to go a 150% on this new project at

work...but that's no excuse. It won't happen again.

ERIN

Dad, it's okay. I'm seventeen, Kristen's fifteen. We're old enough that we don't need you babying us all the time.

MR. WALTERS

(smiles)

What happened to that little girl who used to play tea party in the backyard with those raccoons?

ERIN

In my defense, I thought they were puppies and you never told me any different.

MR. WALTERS

(laughs)

Good night, sweets. You want me to wake you up in the morning?

ERIN

Nah. I've got it covered.

MR. WALTERS

Just checking.

Erin's dad closes the door and we hear him walk away down the hall. Erin, confused by her dream, puts her head in her hands and sighs heavily.

cut to:

INT. - DAVID'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

David sits at the desk in the bedroom with a lamp on and writing in a spiral notebook. We can't see what he's writing but we assume it's something about Erin. Midway through a sentence, the pencil he is using snaps. Frustrated, he leans over to grab a new one, brushing a long SWORD leaning against the desk. He stops and looks at the sword...

and FLASHBACK to:

INT. - LONDON WATCHER'S COUNCIL - TRAINING ROOM

KWANG! David, using that same sword, DEFLECTS an attack from Rachel and spins around her, slicing a tear in the hem of her shirt as he does.

She growls in anger, then fingers the rip in her blouse.

RACHEL

What the hell?!

DAVID

(shrugs, twirls sword)

'Coulda cut your stomach open with that one. You're parrying way too high and letting me draw your guard from your body.

(demonstrates with his sword)

You're going to be stronger than most of your opponents - use that to your advantage.

(points sword at her)

Ready?

Rachel doesn't answer, but this time ATTACKS, both hands on the blade. Her first attack nearly makes David drop his blade, but he just steps out of the way and stabs again. She dodges this attack and knocks his sword away.

DAVID

(still moving, nods)

Good!

She swings overhand, but instead of stepping out of her range, like she expects, he steps *in* and tries to knee her in the stomach. To his surprise, however, she puts a hand down and stops him cold. With a mild SHOVE, he stumbles back. She finishes the move by holding the point of her blade at David's chest. Seeing she's beaten him, he nods approvingly.

DAVID

Not bad. In fact, I'd have to say that was pretty damn excellent.

Rachel, proud of herself, offers him a hand. He takes it and she pulls him to his feet.

DAVID

You're coming along much faster than the others.

RACHEL

Even Donna?

DAVID

(nods)

But don't tell her that. She frightens me.

(beat)

I've called in one of Buffy's recruits to help with the next phase of your training. Your technique is far from perfect, but there's little more I can teach you one on one.

RACHEL

So you want me to fight real Slayers? Like, *trained* Slayers?

DAVID

(nods)

Eventually. For now, we'll start nightly patrols. I've been mapping possible vampiric activity since you and the others arrived. Make up some stakes and be ready to leave at sundown.

RACHEL

Jawohl, mein fuhrer.

(snaps a salute sarcastically,
then turns on her heel and
walks away)

Oh, and you owe me a new shirt.

DAVID

Noted.

David turns away to grab his sword, but is stopped by WILLOW right behind him. He flinches and jerks back. The

red-headed Wiccan smiles and waves.

WILLOW

Jumpy much?

DAVID

How do you do that?

WILLOW

Sorry, I've only got a couple of minutes before my next drum circle and Kennedy just jumped in the shower.

David picks up the sword and walks THROUGH Willow. She turns around to look at him.

WILLOW

You know that makes me queasy when you do that.

David, who has grabbed a towel from a nearby bench, wipes the sweat from his brow.

DAVID

Okay, so what's up? You want a status report?

WILLOW

I've already been through the other areas of the compound; I've got a pretty good handle on how you're running things here.

DAVID

Awesome. So have you talked to Buffy about letting one of her trainees off duty for a little field trip or-

WILLOW

David, we need to talk.

Sensing something's wrong, he cocks an eyebrow.

DAVID

About...?

WILLOW

I was watching that fight. You're coddling her.

DAVID

"Coddling?" Jesus, I thought *I* was supposed to be the British one here.

WILLOW

You should have sent her and the others out into the field weeks ago. They've been ready for days. And why didn't you tell me about Donna? She's been dropping you one-on-one since your second session with her.

DAVID

I wrote it up. She's too aggressive - all muscle, no heart. Rachel's going to lead this team.

WILLOW

So you've said - repeatedly - but I haven't seen anything to back that opinion up, and I know a little something about Slayers.

DAVID

And I know a little something about not being a pompous bitch.

WILLOW

Wow, someone woke up on the wrong side of the military complex this morning.

DAVID

Willow, if you're just here to armchair-Watcher me, save it. Rachel's tough, she's resourceful and she's got something that I can't even define. You can either get behind me on this or get out of my way, but we both know no one's going to take my ball and make me go home.

WILLOW

You're all up on the sports metaphors - don't often see that in Englanders. All I'm saying is that I'd appreciate you being a little more involved with the other S.I.T's; you're focusing too much on Rachel and neglecting their training.

DAVID

(sighs, then nods)

I'll make a point to spend more time with Donna and the girls. I just...I just *know* Rachel's going to be one of the best if I keep pushing her.

WILLOW

Are you sure that's all it is?

DAVID

(snaps his head up)

What's that supposed to mean?

WILLOW

I think she reminds you of your sister.

DAVID

(shrugs)

So? My sister was a great Slayer, and she'd still be around if it wasn't for the Old Guard's unfortunate penchant for murdering teenage girls.

WILLOW

I know, David, and I know you miss her. I just worry you're getting too involved with her because of her resemblance to Meredith. Be careful about getting too close.

DAVID

(sighs)

Fine. Duly noted. You want me to give you the night schedule before you go?

WILLOW

(looks to her left)

Just email it to me. Kennedy dropped the soap on a rope and wants me to pick it up.

DAVID

But...it's on a *rope*.

WILLOW

(grins wolfishly)

I know. Willow out!

She does a mock Star Trek salute and evaporates. As she does, Rachel bounces back into the room, breathless.

RACHEL

Hey, I just ran into Donna and she is *pissed*. Apparently Beth recorded over her Grey's Anatomy tapes with old episodes of Manimal. Just wanted to give you a head's up.

(notices David's upset expression)

What's wrong?

He shakes his head, trying to throw off the uncertainly Willow's visit has left him, and manages a weak smile.

DAVID

It's nothing. Tell Donna she's coming with us tonight; that oughta make her happy.

RACHEL

(knows something's wrong, but decides not to pursue it)

Okay. You're the boss.

(pause)

But if, hypothetically, something was bothering you, you could totally talk to me about it.

DAVID

I'll keep that in mind.

He tosses the towel over his shoulder and walks past Rachel.

DAVID

But really, I'm fine.

She can only watch him as he leaves, biting her lip worriedly. From this shot of Rachel, we

END FLASHBACK

INT. - DAVID'S APARTMENT - DAY

And end up back in David's apartment, where SCAR is standing in the doorway just outside of David's bedroom. David doesn't notice, but continues writing in his journal. Scar reaches into the waistband of his pants and pulls out a wicked looking HUNTING KNIFE. He takes a quiet step forward.

The second his foot crosses the plane of the doorway, however, the entire floor LIGHTS UP, casting dark shadows on the ceiling. David, surprised, stands up and reaches for the sword. Scar reacts within a second, TOSSING the knife at David's left hand and tearing open a thick line of flesh just below the knuckles. David hisses in pain and pulls his hand back while the knife THUNKS into the wall and quivers there for a second.

Scar charges in, swinging at David with a right hook. David takes the punch and is knocked back into his desk, knocking his books and other paraphenalia onto the floor. He reacts by STOMPING down on Scar's instep and SHOVING the bigger man backwards onto the bed. David grabs for the sword and tries to stab at Scar, but Scar dodges and squeezes David's wounded hand.

The Watcher cries out in pain, then PUNCHES Scar in the gut with his good arm. Scar grunts, but doesn't let go. Instead, he reaches with his other hand for David's neck and begins choking the younger man. David quickly TWISTS out of his grasp and throws himself into the hallway, knocking a couple of framed pictures off the wall...ironic, since he probably only hung them a couple of hours ago.

David lurches away from the bedroom and into the kitchen, with Scar hot on his heels.

SCAR
Get back here, you little punk!

DAVID
(sarcastic)
Yeah, that'll work.

Desperate, David, grabs an unopened box and swings it around, NAILING Scar in the face. Blood pours from the bad guy's nose like a faucet. Angered, he punches David again, this time drawing blood.

DAVID
(yells, cups his nose)
Dammit, that *hurt*.

SCAR
Kinda the point. You shouldn't of
took my knife.

DAVID
You threw it at *me*. How is that my
fault?

Scar doesn't respond, but instead punches David again, this time knocking him over the bar and into the living room. Lying on the floor, he coughs and pushes himself over as the muscled mobster comes over to him, kicking the dropped pictures out of his way. One of them lands next to David, who immediately grabs it.

Springing to his feet, he SMASHES the picture against Scar's face. Glass flies all over the room like raindrops and Scar screams in pain as several pieces cut through his face.

Unfortunately, the wounded man shakes off his pain quickly enough and actually seems to get *madder*. Seeing his opponent's bloody visage, David pales.

DAVID
Oh hell.

Scar attacks again, grabbing for David and throwing him into a headlock with little effort. He SLAMS the Watcher's head against the bar counter once, twice, three times!

Dazed, David tries to mutter something, but it only comes out as gibberish.

SCAR

(grinning maniacally)

You got something to say to me?

DAVID

(punchy)

Yeah...

David KICKS out behind him at one stack of un-knocked-over boxes, making them topple over. One of the boxes spills open, revealing a purple powder that coats David and Scar's feet. Confused, the larger man looks down and David grabs onto the meaty arm holding him captive.

DAVID

(angrily)

Azerath Metrion ZINTHOS!

FWASH! The air around David implodes and Scar disappears with a surprised YELP. Now free, he stumbles over to the phone lying on the floor. Rubbing his sore head, he picks it up and dials a number, then waits for a second. After letting it ring a couple of times, an answering machine picks up. We don't hear who's on the other end, but David speaks into it anyway.

DAVID

(into phone)

Andrew, hi. David Kohler here, you told me to call if I had any problems? Well, I've got a *big* problem - someone tried to kill me tonight. Yeah, call me back as soon as you get this message, we definitely need to talk.

David hangs up the phone and sets it on the counter, just as we hear a knocking on the door. He looks up, surprised, then checks the clock. Realizing how late it is, he GRABS for a loose stake and goes to answer the door - better safe than sorry, especially considering what just happened.

On the other side is, of all people, the neighbor from earlier - Lucy. She is wearing her pajamas too, and

obviously has just been woken up by something. David quickly drops the stake out of sight.

DAVID

Uh...yes?

LUCY

Hi, we met earlier, remember?

Her tone is much more severe - apparently she's not that friendly this late/early.

DAVID

Lucy, right?

LUCY

Bingo. Listen, I hate to be "that neighbor", but can you keep it down? Some of us have work in the morning.

DAVID

(nods feverishly)

Right, sorry. My bad. I'll be more quiet. Okay, good night!

He tries to close the door, but it's too late - Lucy stops him. She is looking past him towards the bay window, which has been broken into. The hole is large enough for a good-sized man to get through.

LUCY

Holy crap. Were you robbed?!

DAVID

No, no. Nothing like that. I was just...

(blinks, then thinking quickly)
practicing my short game.

LUCY

Short game? You play golf?

DAVID

(shrugs)

It's a sickness.

Lucy looks around, then cocks an eyebrow suspiciously.

LUCY
Where are your clubs?

David mentally kicks himself.

DAVID
In the bedroom. I hid them when I
heard you knocking.

LUCY
You did? Why?

DAVID
I thought you might be the landlord.
I was just gonna tell him that
someone tried to break in.

They both have a good laugh at that, though David's is more
of nervous laughter than actual humor.

LUCY
Okay, well, sorry about busting your
balls...
(eyes broken glass again)
...such as it were. See you later?

DAVID
Sure. Uh, I'll keep it down.

Lucy smiles and leaves, heading back to her apartment
across the courtyard. David closes the door behind her and
leans up against it, then lets out a monster sigh. Off of
his tired expression, we cut to:

EXT. - ALLENWOOD HIGH SCHOOL - MORNING

Allenwood High looks NOTHING like Sunnydale High. It's
basically just two large buildings connected by a hallway
at ground level. Out front, several students mill around
waiting for the first bell to ring.

Kristen and Erin pull up into the student parking lot in
Erin's car, a POWDER BLUE STANZA, and get out. Kristen is
already speaking excitedly to Erin about the older girl's
experience the night before.

KRISTEN

A dream? You think it was real?

ERIN

It *felt* real. As real as this does,
anyway. And it's not the first -
I've had others.

KRISTEN

You have? Why didn't you say
something?

ERIN

Like what? They're just dreams,
aren't they? They don't mean
anything.

KRISTEN

They might. I'm telling you, you
should talk to that guy, find out
what's going on. He could have an
explanation.

DAVID (OS)

An explanation for what?

Erin and Kristen both turn to see David approaching from
the other side of the parking lot...wearing a tweed jacket.
While he's not wearing a sweater vest, he is wearing a nice
shirt and tie. Erin shakes her head, not believing what
she's seeing.

ERIN

Okay, that's creepy. What are you
doing here?

DAVID

(points to school)

I'm the new Librarian. It's part of
my cover.

ERIN

Wow, so your cover for being a weird
British guy who hangs out with books
all day is to be a weird British guy
who hangs out with books all day? No
wonder the forces of darkness are

winning.

DAVID
Hardy har har. Seriously, what's up?

ERIN
(quickly)
Nothing.

Kristen glares at her sister disapprovingly.

KRISTEN
She had a nightmare last night and
is freaking out about it.

ERIN
What the hell, Kris?

KRISTEN
We needed to tell him! Besides, it's
probably nothing.
(to David)
Right?

DAVID
(worried)
Not necessarily. Slayer Dreams are
often prophetic in nature. Tell me
what happened - every detail.

ERIN
Wait, so in addition to being super
strong and ridiculously good at
catching sharp objects, I also get
nightmares from the future?
(mock surprise)
And it's all *free*?!

DAVID
Listen, a Slayer only has one of
these "visions" when something big
is about to go down. Your dream,
coupled with what happened to me
last night, does not bode well for
any of us.

KRISTEN

Why, what happened to you last night?

DAVID

(displays his bandaged left hand)

Oh, didn't I tell you? Someone broke into my apartment and tried to murder me.

Erin and Kristen's mouths drop open in shock. The bell rings, signalling that classes are beginning.

DAVID

(looks toward school)

You're both late. See me later?

ERIN

Uh...yeah. Okay.

David nods and heads off to the library, leaving Erin and Kristen behind. Shrugging, Erin hurries off to her class, not bothering to look behind at her sister.

A little shell-shocked by David's nonchalant attitude, Kristen goes off in the opposite direction...but the second she's in the shade of the building, Silas reaches out of a doorway and SNATCHES her, covering her mouth with his hand and slamming the door shut behind them as she tries to scream.

cut to:

INT. - REESE INDUSTRIES - JACK REESE'S OFFICE

Back in the same office, Reese is filling out paperwork while a pretty assistant sits on the edge of his desk. Every so often, he checks out her breasts. Before she can catch him, he goes back to the papers.

REESE

(casually)

You know the worst part about running a multi-million dollar equities corporation?

ASSISTANT

(bored)

What's that, Mr. Reese?

REESE

Absolutely nothing. You seem bored,
Jessica. Am I boring you?

ASSISTANT

No, Mr. Reese.

REESE

Good. Because if I was, I'd have to
fire you.

Without warning, the main door of the office BURSTS OPEN and Scar enters. He has a few freshly bandaged wounds, as well as a black eye. Reese takes it in stride, simply closing the folder and making a glib comment.

REESE

And that must be my 11:30. Be a dear
and hold my calls, would you?

ASSISTANT

Yes, Mr. Reese.

The assistant slides off the desk and saunters away past Scar...who does not even spare her a second look. He is practically seething with rage. Reese appears not to notice.

REESE

(re: the cuts)

You look like you lost a fight to a
lawnmower...

(sees the look on Scar's face)

...or a British Librarian.

SCAR

He had a spell on the bedroom. He
heard me coming.

REESE

You've killed *lots* of guys who were
ready for you before. Remember Kwan?

SCAR

This was different. I would have gotten this one, but he-

REESE

(holds up a hand, interrupts Scar)

Wait, he's not dead? After all of...

(gestures to Scar's face)

that, he's still alive? Who the hell is this guy; Steven Seagal?

(mock serious)

You didn't poach any wildlife, did you? I hear he hates that.

SCAR

(ignores the last jab, continue)

Look, one second I've got this guy in a headlock, the next thing I know I'm in a holding cell at the police station.

REESE

(suddenly attentive)

The police are involved?

SCAR

Relax. I got out before anyone even knew I was there. We've got bigger problems than the cops.

REESE

Like what?

SCAR

Like we now got a dude with his finger on a superhuman trigger that knows we're gunnin' for him.

REESE

"We?" No, friend, unless you mentioned my name, he knows *you're* gunning for him.

(thinks)

This could work out to our advantage.

SCAR

It could?

REESE

Oh, don't get me wrong, you have just cocked this whole thing up colossally, really. That'll be reflected in your paycheck.

(stands up)

But, as outlined in the article *TIME* did on me, problem solving is one of my many skills.

Reese opens the drawer of his desk and pulls out a glittering silver KNIFE - one we immediately recognize. It's as important in the Buffy lore as the amulet we saw earlier. In fact, one might say it's *the* most important unaccounted for weapon in the entire Buffyverse. It's the knife that Buffy stabbed Faith with.

REESE

I've been doing some research on Slayers - have been for years, in fact. And a thought occurred to me. Do you know what that thought was?

SCAR

"Damn, these chicks are strong?"

REESE

Ha!

(serious)

But no. No, Murray, that thought was how ridiculous it is to waste so much power on a teenage girl.

(examines knife)

Wouldn't that kind of power be better served in, say, the hands of an enterprising young businessman?

SCAR

By which you mean you?

REESE

(nods, smiles)

See? I knew you weren't as dumb as

everyone says. You got lucky last night - it's come to my attention that David Kohler and the Slayer's survival is vital to my plan. Silas is too valuable an ally to burn just yet; in order to keep him sated, we'll have to at least appear to be going after the Watcher.

(sinister smile, looks down at the knife)

But don't worry...their days are numbered.

Off of this ominous line, we pan down Reese's body to the knife held confidently in his hand...to see that it is, impossibly, DRIPPING BLOOD.

BLACKOUT

ROLL END CREDITS