

Buffy The Vampire Slayer

Season 8

Episode 18

"The Road To Hell, Part 2"

WARNING: This script contains some graphic storylines. It is intended for mature readers only... Well, and older Buffy fans.

TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

PARTY MUSIC plays in the distance. The woods are dark, with the faint glow of moonlight creeping through the bare tree branches.

It's winter. Cold. JAKE (16 years old, tough-guy wannabe) is angrily pinning a girl, LAURA (same age, small, poor) against a tree. There is nobody else around. They are far away from the party, and nobody can hear them.

Jake stares Laura down.

JAKE

No? Is that what you said to me, you little bitch?

He punches her in the face, causing her to slam into the tree behind her. She falls to the ground, and curls into a ball. Her lip begins to bleed as she attempts to reclaim her senses.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Nobody says "no" to me. Especially little nothing whores like you.

Jake bends down, and grabs Laura's face with one hand. He turns her head so that she is facing him.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Now, be a good little slut and make this a "fun date".

Laura looks up at him, still scared and weak. Through all of this, there is a defiance in her eyes.

LAURA

G--Go to hell, you piece of shi--

Jake smacks her with the back of his hand. Laura looks back at him, and spits blood in his face.

Jake is already off balance, so this causes him to stumble back a step or two when he recoils out of reflex. Laura uses this opportunity to get to her feet.

Before she can get away, Jake is back. He pins her up against the tree again.

JAKE

That wasn't very nice.

He puts a hand on her face, and slowly slides it down her neck, toward the neckline of her dress. He slides her dress off of one shoulder.

JAKE (CONT'D)

How do you think you can make that
up to me?

Jake rips the dress, further revealing the slip under it, and her bare arm. He laughs, making a sound that only someone as disgusting as this could possibly make.

Tears flow down Laura's cheeks. She can hardly breath.

As he gets closer to her, to lick her neck, she pulls together all of her energy and pushes him away. She tries to run, but she's not fast enough. He grabs onto her dress, and starts to pull on it.

She tries to free herself, but she can't. Finally, her dress begins to rip even more. Realizing this, Laura decides to rip open the dress, and let him have it.

As she does this, she stumbles slightly, now free of his grasp. Jake falls backwards, slamming into a fallen branch.

Laura, now in only her slip, takes off running.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Stupid bitch!

Jake scrambles to get up.

ANGLE ON : LAURA

Running as fast as she can to escape, but she's lost. She doesn't know where to go. The music can still be heard in the distance, but she doesn't want to go back there. She can't go back there.

She comes to a clearing, and stops. She's out of breath, and trying to figure out her next move. As she looks around the area, it's suddenly very familiar to her.

She turns around, already knowing what she'll see.

REVEAL : A CAVE OPENING

Laura can't help but smile. A new strength fills her, and she rushes into the darkness of the cave.

INT. CAVE - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

The cave is pitch black.

Laura walks into the cave. She is no longer running from Jake. She is now totally fixated on what is in front of her.

She can't see it, but she knows it's there.

She walks through the darkness, feeling her way as she walks. She knows where she's going. She knows what she's doing. She's seen it all before.

There's a NOISE BEHIND HER. Laura turns, suddenly remembering what led her here. She's been found.

She looks to the mouth of the cave, but sees nothing. She can hear him though. FOOTSTEPS, slowly making their way toward her.

JAKE (O.S.)

I know you're in here. I can hear you breathing.

(beat)

I'm gonna find you.

Laura's not sure what to do. She stays where she is. Then she hears another NOISE BEHIND HER. She turns to see what it was, but obviously can't. It wouldn't matter anyway, because it was just a distraction.

As she turns back around, Jake is standing directly in front of her. He smiles.

JAKE (CONT'D)

What'd I tell ya?

He grabs her. She screams, but this only makes him smile.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Nobody's coming to save you. You're all alone. So, scream.

He pulls her close and whispers into her ear.

JAKE (CONT'D)

In fact, I kinda like it when they scream.

(beat)

But first...

He punches her in the stomach, and pushes her to the ground violently.

JAKE (CONT'D)

I owed you that one.

He steps toward her.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Now that that's out of the way, how 'bout we get to business?

LAURA

(weakly)

Please.

Jake smiles. He pulls out a Zippo lighter and ignites it. A new glow fills the cave.

JAKE

You really are polite, aren't you?

He squats down next to her. She tries to push him away, but he holds her off with his free hand. As he does this, he sets the lighter down, and then uses both hands to hold her down. She screams. He smiles.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Scream all you want. This is a cave,
in the middle of nowhere. Best you'll
do is give me a headache.

He pins her to the ground, and climbs on top of her. Laura is crying so hard, she can hardly move, let alone scream. She looks away, wanting to escape this whole thing.

As she turns her head, something catches her eye.

LAURA'S POV

Blurred, due to tears, there is something on the wall. Something that is reflecting the faint glimmer of the lighter on the ground.

Laura knows what it is already. She looks back to Jake, who is trying to get his pants off.

She uses this as a chance to take action, and drives her knee as hard as she can into his crotch. Jake falls over, unable to move, trying to catch his breath.

Laura scrambles to get up, and rushes to the wall where she grabs onto the object and seems to pull it out without any effort at all. She holds it in her hands, looking at it, feeling a new power surge through her. Of course, we know what this is already. It is the Scythe.

She wields her new weapon, and looks back to Jake. He looks back.

JAKE (CONT'D)

What the hell is that thing?

She steps toward him. As she does, he can see this new look in her eyes, and it scares him.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Stay away from me, freak!

LAURA

Leave. Don't come back. If I ever
see you again, I will kill you.

Jake gets to his feet and runs out of the cave. Laura looks at the Scythe, and takes in its beauty. She can't help but give a small smile.

LAURA (CONT'D)

Chosen One.

As she looks at the Scythe, something else catches her eye. Something that she can hardly see, on the opposite wall.

She goes to the lighter and picks it up. She carries it over to the wall, and leans down, examining what she's found.

ANGLE ON : A SKELETON

All that remains of the person that it belonged to is some shreds of clothes, and a tarnished cross around its neck.

Laura looks at it carefully. She puts the lighter down, and touches the cross. Then, her eyes fill with what almost looks like anger, and she pulls the necklace off of the skeleton.

The force pulls the chain right through the neck of the skeleton, separating the head from the rest of the body. It rolls to the ground.

ANGLE ON : THE SKELETON HEAD

Settling next to the lighter, looking ever so creepy in its glow.

FADE TO BLACK:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

Where we left off in the last episode. SARA is standing over the trunk, looking into it. Her eyes wide, and her mouth open in shock.

She bends down, and reaches into the trunk. When she straightens up again, she is holding the Scythe in her hands.

She's still shocked by this. It's real. All of these fantastic stories that she's read and didn't quite know whether or not to believe. She's still not sure, but this is something amazing.

She looks the Scythe over carefully. She feels the weight of it. Truth be told, it's a lot heavier than she imagined, and her hand is still hurting from her recent fall.

She puts the Scythe down on her bed, and just stares at it for a moment. After a beat, she pulls her eyes off of it, and looks back into the trunk, to see if anything else is in there.

ANGLE ON : THE INSIDE OF THE TRUNK

There are some crumpled newspapers, and chunks of styrofoam, used to pad the Scythe, and a few more diaries. That seems to be all at first, except... there is something else. Buried under all of that, and hard to make out at all, there is something shiny.

Sara reaches into the trunk and pulls the object out. It's the cross that Laura pulled off of the skeleton. More polished now than before, but still on the same chain and everything. While the cross remains the same, there are some additions made to this necklace. Disturbing additions.

Nine human teeth have been strung onto the chain beside the cross. Eight on the right side, and one on the left.

Sara holds up the necklace, and looks at the teeth. She's very confused by this. In all of her daydreams about finding her mother, she never really pictured a necklace made of human teeth!

SARA

(barely a whisper)

What the hell...?

She looks back to the trunk, at the diaries. She knows that if any of this can be explained, those are her only hope.

She puts the necklace down on top of the Scythe, and reaches into the trunk.

FLASH TO:

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Your standard coffee shop. Full of tables for the normal people, and couches for the people who feel the need to be hipper than the others.

CUSTOMERS are scattered throughout, mostly drinking coffee, but some drinking ice cream sodas, or malts.

Laura walks into the coffee shop and stops to look around. She's dressed in old, worn jeans and a zipped up sweat shirt. Her hair is pulled back into a ponytail, and she carries one of those soft, heavily padded guitar gig cases over her shoulder.

LAURA (V.O.)

"For months, I hunted. Waiting for that moment when I would see my first real demon, and feel the surge of energy as I sent it from this world.

(beat)

But something wasn't right. Each night, I would walk the streets of whatever town I found myself in, but they never came. There was nothing to hunt. What was I supposed to do? How could someone be born to hunt the demons, and never even meet one?

(beat)

I finally realized what I had to do. I'd seen him mentioned in a newspaper that I slept on one night. He could help me, but I would have to convince him."

Laura walks to the center of the room.

LAURA (CONT'D)

(loudly)

I'm looking for Mike Holligan.

Nobody replies for a moment, but then a man, MIKE HOLLIGAN (late 20's, dressed like he's on his way to shoot a cover for GQ Magazine) speaks up. He's standing at the counter, picking up his drink. He doesn't even turn around.

MIKE

That's *Doctor* Mike Holligan, actually.

There's a definite arrogance in his voice and the way he carries himself as he walks back to a couch and sits down.

Laura walks to where he is, and sets her guitar case down.

LAURA

I'll call you "Doctor" when you call me "Princess", Mike.

She sits next to him. He looks her over, taking special note of her slightly unzipped sweatshirt. She notices this and is a little disgusted.

MIKE

Can I hel... What do you want from me?

(looking at her guitar case)

Come to play me a song?

LAURA

(ignoring him)

I read about you. Paper said that you do a work with stem cells, or some crap like that. Like, taking DNA from old stuff and bringing it back to life.

MIKE

To put it incredibly crudely... Still no. What I do isn't akin to raising the dead, I simply use embryonic stem cells to produce patient-specific blood using their own DNA.

Yes, he did want that to sound as impressive as possible

LAURA

Like I said... Anyway, I got some DNA, needs reproducing.

He looks at her, wondering who this crazy woman is.

MIKE

You're kidding me, right?

LAURA

If I were in for lighthearted fun, I'd be stuffing kittens in a microwave right now.

He gives her a look that tells her that she isn't getting very far here. When she sees this, she decides to play the only angle she can think of.

She reaches over and snatches his coffee from him. He tries to take it back, but she's too fast.

LAURA (CONT'D)
Be a good boy, and you'll get it
back.

She takes a sip, and winces.

LAURA (CONT'D)
Cherry flavored coffee? Seriously?

MIKE
At least I can afford to buy coffee.

She leans over, and hands it back, softening her look. As she gives him the coffee, she runs her hand down his, feeling his arm beneath his sleeve. She smiles at him coyly.

LAURA
So what do you say? Think we can
reach some kind of arrangement?

He looks at her, and she looks into his eyes. His eyes slowly drift down to her sweatshirt again. His interest is piqued.

INT. LAB - NIGHT

Mike and Laura enter the lab. She's still carrying the guitar case.

Mike flips on some lights and leads the way into this complicated looking room, filled with all kinds of medical gadgets.

Laura looks around the place.

MIKE
Don't touch anything.

LAURA
I thought the big deal about your
machine was that it was portable.
(gestures to the
machines)
This doesn't look portable to me.

MIKE
These things take time. I can't just
make really small versions of the
same machine parts we've been using
for the past two decades.

LAURA
Mm-hmm. Just as long as it works.

MIKE
I'll need the DNA that you want used.

LAURA

Yeah.

Laura puts the guitar case down on one of the lab tables and unzips it. She pulls out the Scythe. Mike's eyes widen when he sees it.

LAURA (CONT'D)

You should be able to get some off of this.

MIKE

What is that?

LAURA

What's it look like?

MIKE

An ax.

LAURA

Then that's what it is.

MIKE

With human DNA on it?

LAURA

Are you gonna interview me about it, or do you wanna get on with this?

MIKE

Fine.

(beat)

The less I know, the better.

Mike grabs some test tubes, and medical gloves from another table. He puts the gloves on, and takes the lid off of one of the tubes, pulling a swab out of it.

Laura points to the stake end of the Scythe.

LAURA

Try down there first.

MIKE

(confused)

But, wouldn't the... Nevermind.

He takes a sample from the stake, and then puts the swab back into the tube for safe keeping. Using another swab, he takes a sample from the blade.

When he's done, he walks to the other side of the room with the samples.

LAURA

That it?

MIKE

For that part.

Laura puts the Scythe away.

Mike takes one of the swabs out of it's tube, and puts a few drops of some blue liquid on it. He then places the swab into a small machine, and hits a button on it.

Laura walks over to him.

LAURA

What's it doing?

MIKE

Looking for samples.

A computer screen displays the results. Mike reads them. He's not exactly sure what he's looking at.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Good news is, I found something.

He taps a few buttons, to read more of the results.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Bad news is, the test must have been tainted. There's no way this could have been from a human.

(beat)

It couldn't have been from any living creature. The sequences are just... wrong. I've never seen anything like it before.

LAURA

Use it.

MIKE

What? I can't. The blood would be useless. It's--

LAURA

Just do what I tell you, or you don't get paid. You do still want to get paid, right?

He looks back at her. She gives him a flirty look. Finally, he nods and swallows hard.

MIKE

It'll take a little while to finish.

Laura nods. She puts a hand on his shoulder, and squeezes it.

LAURA

After I have the blood in my hands,
you can do whatever you want until
morning.

INT. LAB - LATER

ANGLE ON : BLOOD MAKING MACHINE

A standard i.v. style blood bag fills with freshly made blood.

INT. MIKE'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - DAY

Laura is standing in front of the mirror, staring into it blankly as the water in the sink runs. An empty bottle of Vodka rests on the side of the sink.

INT. MIKE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

It's morning now. The apartment appears to have been an old factory or warehouse at some point. It has cement walls, and high ceilings. The floors are wood, but they undoubtedly have cement underneath.

It's well decorated, and has a nice view of Boston's skyline, which looks pretty much the same as it does today, with maybe a new building here and there. Dr. Mike is not a poor man. Anyone who sees this apartment would know that.

The sound of RUNNING WATER can be heard coming from the bathroom.

PAN OVER to the bed, where we now see that Mike is asleep. He's covered only by rumpled sheets, and his hands are tied to the bed posts. He begins to wake up. When he realizes that he can't move, he suddenly becomes very awake. He pulls at the shirts that have been used to tie him to the posts.

The running water stops. The bathroom door opens, and Laura walks out. She's wearing only a man's button-down dress shirt.

Mike looks at her. He's not too worried about being tied up.

MIKE

Isn't it a little early for bondage?

Laura smirks.

LAURA

You suddenly have standards? You
just had sex with a sixteen year
old!

Mike tries to look surprised.

MIKE

Hey, I didn't... Fine, whatever.
Just untie me.

LAURA

I liked how you almost tried to act
shocked there. Very convincing.

Laura walks out of the bedroom, into the outer room of the
apartment.

MIKE

(calling out)
What are you gonna do now? Rob me,
or something?

Laura walks back into he room. When she does, she's holding
the Scythe in one hand, and a small glass in the other. The
glass is filled about a quarter of the way with the freshly
made blood.

LAURA

Or something.

Mike looks at the Scythe.

MIKE

What's the ax for?
(then, calling out)
Somebody help me! Please!

LAURA

Scream all you want. This is a
warehouse in the middle of nowhere.
Best you'll do is give me a headache.

He pulls at his bindings as she walks closer to him. She
sets the Scythe down at the foot of the bed, and brings the
glass of blood to the side of the bed, where she stands next
to Mike. He looks at it.

MIKE

What are you doing with that?

LAURA

You had a long night. I thought I'd
make you breakfast.

He doesn't know what that means, but he doesn't like it. She
sets the blood down on the nightstand.

MIKE

You're sick.

LAURA

This coming from a perv like you?

She jumps on top of him, straddling him. She pinches his nose, holding it shut with one hand. As he attempts to struggle and scream, she grabs the glass of blood and starts to pour it into his mouth.

He gags and spits it out at her. She hits him in the ribs, knocking the air out of him. As she continues to pour the blood, he can't help but take it in now.

LAURA (CONT'D)

Good boy. Drink up.

When she's done pouring the blood into his mouth, she gets off of him. He spits out what little blood is left in his mouth.

MIKE

What... Why did you...? So, what now? You leave me here to get indigestion?

She starts to walk toward a chair that has some freshly laundered clothes in plastic bags draped over it's shoulder. She removes one of the plastic bags.

LAURA

No. Now I'm gonna kill you.

She turns back to him, and rushes over to him, putting the plastic bag over his head. He struggles to get free, but can't. He tries to breath, but only gets a mouthful of plastic.

Finally, he stops struggling. He stops moving altogether, and goes limp. Laura waits a moment, and then removes the bag. She throws it to the ground and looks at Mike for a second, waiting to see if he tries to breath. He doesn't.

She steps back, and grabs the Scythe.

LAURA (CONT'D)

Now we wait.

She stands, watching him. Waiting for something to happen. Anticipation fills her. She's waited so long for this.

ANGLE ON : MIKE

Still. Quiet. Then something happens. A small jerking in his leg.

His eyes suddenly shoot open as he takes a deep breath.

Laura jumps. At first, she's shocked, but that quickly turns to excitement as she raises the Scythe into the air, and quickly brings the wooden stake down, plunging it into Mike's chest.

She quickly pulls it out. As she does, he goes limp again, and blood sprays all over the place, including onto her.

She looks at him for a moment, confused.

LAURA (CONT'D)
That's not right.

FADE TO BLACK:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. MIKE'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - DAY

Laura is washing up now, getting the blood cleaned off of her.

LAURA (V.O.)
Something went wrong. I must have
used too little blood.

She dries herself off, and starts to put on her own clothes.

LAURA (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I should use more next time.

After putting on her pants, she looks back into the mirror and sees that she has blood in her hair.

LAURA (CONT'D)
Damn it.

She turns around and looks at the shower.

INT. MIKE'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - LATER

Laura's sitting at the kitchen table eating, and writing in her diary.

LAURA (V.O.)
It'll work though. I know it will.
It has to. This is what the Chosen
One is meant to do, right?

INT. MIKE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Laura is now going through Mike's wallet. She pulls out a bunch of bills, and tosses the wallet aside. After doing this, she grabs her guitar case and walks out of the apartment.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - NIGHT

Laura makes her way down this residential street, the guitar case slung over her shoulder again. The street is lined with brownstones. It's obviously a ritzy neighborhood.

WOMAN (O.S.)
Go to hell, Jimmy.

JIMMY (O.S.)
Don't ever talk to me like that.

WOMAN (O.S.)
Or what? You'll hit me?

Laura stops walking when she hears this. She scans the area and eventually sees the couple.

ANGLE ON : JIMMY'S HOUSE

Standing on the front steps of one of the brownstones is JIMMY (mid-20's, rich, but sloppy) and his GIRLFRIEND (the yelling woman. Same age, pretty). He's trying to pull her back toward the house, away from a taxi, which is parked in the street in front of them.

An OLD LADY is walking her dog not too far away from this.

JIMMY

You think I won't? Don't tempt me.

WOMAN

Do I think you won't? Why do you think I'm leaving you, you drunk bastard?

She tries to remain strong, but the emotion finally gets to her and she begins to weaken.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

What you've done...

Jimmy smacks his girlfriend across the face, causing her to stumble down the stairs.

The old lady walking her dog stops for a moment to watch this, and then quickly rushes by the steps, getting out of the area.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

(strongly)

Never again.

The girlfriend turns and rushes into the cab, and drives off.

JIMMY

Crawl back to the slums you came from.

Jimmy watches for a second, sucking on one of his knuckles that was hurt in the slapping. As he turns to walk back into his house, a voice stops him.

LAURA (O.S.)

No offense, Jimmy, but you hit like a girl.

Jimmy stops and starts to turn around.

Laura is standing at the bottom of the stairs now.

LAURA (CONT'D)

If you got a minute, I'll teach you
how to really throw a punch.

Jimmy looks at Laura, not believing that she would bother him. He steps down a couple of stairs, but remains high enough to tower over her, giving her a threatening look.

JIMMY

Get out of my face, and mind your
own business or I just might take
you up on that offer

He turns to walk back up the stairs. As he does, she grabs his arm.

LAURA

Hey, I was just trying to break the
ice. The girl obviously deserved
what she got.

She lets go of his arm and starts to walk away.

LAURA (CONT'D)

But, if you're not feeling up to
some *company*, I'll just take off.

JIMMY

(beat)
Wait.

Laura turns around, knowing she played him for the fool he is.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

You like overpriced French food?
'Cause I got a whole table full of
it inside.

Laura starts to walk back toward the house, taking him up on his offer.

INT. JIMMY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jimmy leads the way into the room, showing Laura in.

JIMMY

In here.

Laura looks around the swanky house. It's a little too well decorated to be his own place. She puts the guitar case down.

LAURA

So, I guess the food's in the kitchen?

JIMMY

Actually, I lied.

Jimmy walks up behind her, and removes her jacket.

ANGLE ON : THE FLOOR

The jacket falls onto the floor.

CLOSE ON : LAURA'S FACE

With Jimmy close behind her. She isn't very surprised by any of this. As Jimmy obviously gets a little grabby O.S., Laura's face fills with disgust and anger. She tries to repress this as she moves away from him.

She takes a few steps away and turns around, acting more nervous than she is.

LAURA

Does anyone else live here?

JIMMY

Nobody here but you, me, and the ghosts.

(beat)

Boo.

He takes a step toward her.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Take off your clothes.

LAURA

Umm- *Jimmy*, right? Maybe we should slow down a little. You're coming on a bit strong.

He stops walking, getting a little upset now.

JIMMY

You're the one who came onto me.

(beat)

You're all alike. You sluts are all alike.

LAURA

I just mean--

JIMMY

How about you shut your mouth?

Laura's expression hardens. She's dropping the shy-girl act.

LAURA

How about I kick the living crap out of you instead? We can see how you like being slapped around.

She takes a defensive stance, readying herself for a fight.

Jimmy looks at her and chuckles.

JIMMY

Did you- a fragile little girl- just threaten me?

He pushes up his sleeves.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Hell, that almost sounds tempting.
(beat)

But, y'know what? I kinda like doing the hitting myself.

He backhands her as hard as he can sending her crashing onto the couch.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

It's good for the stress relief.

She quickly gets up. She was caught off guard by that hit, but she won't let it happen again.

She quickly slams into him with all of her weight, causing him to stumble backward a little. She then closes her fist, and swings with every ounce of strength that she has. Her fist hits his face, and a rush of pain surges through her.

He's hurt, but not very much. She pauses, wondering what went wrong. In her dreams, she was so strong. A punch like this would have sent him flying, and yet he was hardly hurt, and her hand felt like she just put it through a blender.

This pause is not a very good idea, of course. Jimmy comes back with a punch of his own, which actually knocks her totally off her feet. She hits the coffee table hard, now bleeding from a pretty nasty wound on her face (thanks to a ring he wears).

She tries to hold on, but can't. Soon, she falls into unconsciousness.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. JIMMY'S HOUSE - JIMMY'S BEDROOM - DAY

The night has passed now. Rays of sunlight are shooting through the window, directly into Laura's eyes. She is asleep on the bed. Her eye is swollen and bruised. Her wound isn't bleeding anymore, but it's still nasty looking.

While she's conveniently covered by a sheet, it's obvious that she is topless.

She slowly starts to wake up. As she tries to open her eyes, the sunlight hurts them. She flinches and puts a hand up, trying to gain her senses.

Slowly, she looks around the room, realizing where she is, and in what condition. She looks down at her unclothed self, quite disturbed by it. For a moment, she seems almost vulnerable.

LAURA

(whispered)

Oh, God.

She gets off of the bed, and looks around the room. Luckily, she's got pants on. She finally sees her shirt on the floor and rushes to it, putting it on. Just as she gets it on, she hears a NOISE.

She pauses and looks toward the door. Someone's coming. When she realizes this, she looks around the room for a weapon. She will not lose another fight.

She grabs a lamp (which doesn't have a cord for some futuristic reason) and raises it to head-smashing level.

FOOTSTEPS gets closer and closer, until they are just outside the door.

JIMMY (O.S.)

You awake yet, darlin'?

The door is slowly pushed open. Jimmy walks into the room, and notices that the bed is empty. As he realizes this, and starts to turn his head toward Laura, she hits him over the head with the lamp, causing him to stumble forward a little.

He regains his balance and starts to come toward her. She swings the lamp again, hitting him in the face. The lamp shatters this time. Laura drops the now-useless weapon.

LAURA

Yup. I'm awake.

Jimmy falls to the ground, unconscious and bloody. Laura looks at him triumphantly for a moment before losing her own balance. She puts a hand on her head-wound and regains her balance. She then goes to Jimmy and grabs his hands, pulling him toward the bed.

INT. JIMMY'S HOUSE - JIMMY'S BEDROOM - LATER

Jimmy is now tied to the bed with sheets and cables from the window blinds. He's still out of it when Laura walks into the room. She is holding a good sized cup, full of blood, and has her guitar case slung over her shoulder.

She walks to the bed, still feeling weak, and slumps the guitar case down near Jimmy's feet. She then walks to him, and opens his mouth. She pours the blood into it, stopping only to give him time to swallow. Since he's not awake, this is much easier than the last time she tried it.

When the glass is empty, she puts it on the nightstand. She grabs one of the pillows off of the bed, and holds it over Jimmy's face, suffocating him.

Though he's not awake, he does twitch and struggle slightly, out of reflex, but she holds the pillow firmly until he stops moving completely. When he's still, she tosses the pillow aside and looks at him. Soon, he will reveal himself as the demon he is, and she will slay him.

INT. JIMMY'S HOUSE - JIMMY'S BEDROOM - LATER

It's almost night now. No rays of sunlight on the bed.

Laura is staring at Jimmy's still body as she paces back and forth. The Scythe is now out of it's case, sitting on the bed.

She stops pacing and looks at a clock. It's 6:15. Hours have passed, and he hasn't risen yet. Why? She is getting impatient.

Just as she is about to take a seat in a nearby chair, something happens.

JIMMY VAMPS OUT.

When Laura sees this, she pauses, just watching him. This is what she's always waited for, and yet she isn't moving. She's just taking in the reality of the situation. Validation for everything she's believed. She can't help but give the smallest of smiles at this.

His eyes shoot open and he looks at her, pulling on his bindings.

JIMMY

Let me out of here, you stupid little whore.

He continues to struggle.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

When I get out of this, I'm gonna suck you dry.

Laura rushes to the Scythe and raises it over him. He struggles even harder.

Just as she's about to bring the stake down into his chest, she stops. She lowers the Scythe, and looks at him for a moment, thinking.

She puts the Scythe on the nearby chair, and rushes out of the room.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
Run away, little girl! I'm still
gonna find you! You can't hide from
me!

He pulls on the bindings some more.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
I will get free of this.

After a moment, Laura rushes back into the room. She walks to the side of the bed and looks down at Jimmy. He smiles at her, showing his fangs.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
You should have run while you could.
I'm gonna rip your neck off with my
teeth.

LAURA
Kinda doubt that.

She reveals a pair of pliers in her hands.

LAURA (CONT'D)
Found 'em in the kitchen. Figured I
should mark the occasion somehow.

JIMMY
What are you--?

Before he can finish that sentence, Laura sticks the pliers into his mouth, and latches onto one of his fangs.

He tries to struggle, but he's limited by the fact that he's tied up. After a few seconds, Laura pulls one of the fangs from his mouth, causing him to bleed.

She backs off and looks at the fang.

He sticks his tongue in the empty space where his fang used to be, and finds that he actually enjoys the taste. Laura cringes at this.

She sticks the fang in her pocket and grabs the Scythe. She goes to Jimmy and slices his arm with the blade of the Scythe. It begins to bleed.

Laura takes the empty glass that she used to feed Jimmy the blood, and holds it under the bleeding wound. Fresh blood begins to drip into the glass, but it soon stops. Vampires clot quickly.

LAURA
Damn it.

Laura sets the cup down and brings the Scythe back to his arm. Before she slices again, she stops and studies the weapon, noticing the small spike on the top of the blade head. She thinks for a moment, and then decides to use this in her next attempt. She plunges the spike into Jimmy's arm, causing blood to flow more freely now. She grabs the glass and holds it under the freshly tapped wound, filling it with vampire blood.

JIMMY

What the hell are you doing?

LAURA

Shut up.

JIMMY

You bitch. Who do you think you are?

Laura places the filled glass on the nightstand, and readies herself for the kill, bringing the Scythe back up.

LAURA

I'm the Chosen One.

She plunges the stake into his chest, and watches as he POOFS.

She stands back and looks at the now-empty bed. She tries to process all of this. She is happy, relieved, and a little scared, but most of all, she's buzzed!

She crawls into the bed, placing the Scythe down next to her. She lays there, in the vampire dust, staring at her beloved Scythe.

INT. JIMMY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Laura is in the kitchen, raiding the refrigerator and the pantry. She has an apple in her mouth, and is shoving more food into her guitar case, where it will fit.

In the case, we can see the Scythe, cleaned of any blood that remained on it. We can also see a jar (jelly, mayo, whatever) that has been cleaned out and is now filled with the vampire blood and sealed tight.

She zips up the bag, with what food she can get away with, and hefts the heavy thing over her shoulder.

She stops for a moment to deal with the fact that her head is still bugging her and she's a little off balance, but then she starts to walk out of the room.

INT. JIMMY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS - DAY

Laura walks out of the kitchen, into the living room. She's on her way toward the front door when it opens.

A man, MR. RYAN and a woman, MRS. RYAN (both in their mid-50's, and nice looking) walk into the house. They're Jimmy's parents.

They stop when they see Laura, and the mess from the fight she had the night before in the living room.

Mrs. Ryan can't take her eyes off of Laura's battered face.

MRS. RYAN

Oh my-- What happened here?

MR. RYAN

Who are you?

LAURA

I-- I should go.

Laura tries to walk past the couple, but Mrs. Ryan stops her, and takes a closer look at the wound on Laura's head. She wants to cry.

MRS. RYAN

(weakly)

He's done it again.

(to Mr. Ryan)

He told us it wouldn't happen again.

MR. RYAN

(to Laura)

Where is he now?

LAURA

I'm... I mean, I don't really know.

I should just get out of here.

MRS. RYAN

You need help. What he's done... I'm so sorry.

Mrs. Ryan puts a hand over her mouth and starts to cry. When Laura sees this, her own bottom lip begins to tremble, and her eyes tear up.

Mr. Ryan walks toward Laura, causing her to stiffen up a bit. He walks past her, toward the kitchen.

MR. RYAN

(angry)

This stops here.

He walks into the kitchen, leaving the two woman alone.

Mrs. Ryan can't take her eyes off of Laura's face. Laura doesn't like the fact that she's allowing herself to get emotional in front of these strangers, but she can't stop that damned lip from trembling.

LAURA

I should get out of here. I need to go.

Laura starts to walk toward the door again.

MRS. RYAN

Is he here?

Laura stops and turns around. She looks at the crying woman in front of her. She shakes her head.

LAURA

(softly)

No.

Mr. Ryan walks back through the living room.

MR. RYAN

I told Donte not to bother coming to work today, and I canceled dinner with the Lamberts.

He walks to Laura and speaks softly to her.

MR. RYAN (CONT'D)

What's your name.

Laura isn't sure she wants to respond. She takes a second to just look at this couple that actually seems nice. How can they be nice? Finally, she replies.

LAURA

Laura.

For some reason, this causes Mrs. Ryan to cry harder. Laura looks at her.

LAURA (CONT'D)

I really--

Laura tries to walk away, but Mrs. Ryan grabs her and hugs her.

Laura is disturbed by this at first, not wanting to be weak. Soon, however, she can't help it. She finds herself falling apart in the strange woman's arms, and hugging her back.

Mr. Ryan is getting angrier now.

MR. RYAN

Where is that... Where is he?

Mrs. Ryan doesn't stop hugging Laura. Laura is comforted by this mother figure, and Mrs. Ryan wants to comfort her.

MRS. RYAN

He's not here. We have to call the police.

MR. RYAN

The police? If this gets out, we're ruined.

As soon as he says that, Mr. Ryan wishes he could take it back and not sound like an ass. He looks at Laura again, feeling bad.

MR. RYAN (CONT'D)

I'll make the call.

Laura steps back. She knows the police would be a bad idea.

LAURA

No. I don't want police.

She looks at Mrs. Ryan, hoping that she will understand.

LAURA (CONT'D)

I don't want anyone to know.

Mrs. Ryan puts her hand on Laura's face. Laura finds herself once again comforted by the woman, and tilts her head slightly, into the hand.

MRS. RYAN

Sweetie, you have nothing to be ashamed of. If we let him get away with this, he will do it again. We've-
(troubled pause)

We've helped him out of this too many times already. We can't let that happen again. It needs to end.

Laura pulls back again.

LAURA

But... Please, I just want to go home.

MR. RYAN

You need help. You need to see a doctor. If you'll let us, I'll take you to the hospital.

LAURA

No.

MR. RYAN

Then, let me call *our* doctor. He's a family friend, he could come--

LAURA

No. Please. I just want to leave. I can't stay here anymore.

She looks at the couple, feeling as though she sounds too anxious to leave.

LAURA (CONT'D)

I don't wanna be here when he comes back.

MRS. RYAN

You need to see a doctor. If not now, then on your own.

Mrs. Ryan looks at Laura's clothes and realizes that she's probably a runaway.

MRS. RYAN (CONT'D)

Let us help.

Mr. Ryan disappears into the living room for a moment, and then returns. He hands Laura some cash. A lot of cash.

MR. RYAN

At least take this. Please. Let us do something.

LAURA

I don't want any--

MR. RYAN

It's the least we can do after raising such a... I don't know how he could have turned out so evil. I'm so sorry for what he's--

Mr. Ryan starts to tear up now. He tries to force it back.

MR. RYAN (CONT'D)

Please.

Mrs. Ryan takes Laura's hand.

MRS. RYAN

You should go home. To your family. The streets are no place for a girl like you.

Laura smiles weakly at her, quickly remembering that she has no home or family to return to. She tries to maintain the smile, for the sake of these nice people.

She can't think of anything to say, so she just walks toward the door. She stops one last time to look back at them. Finally, she walks through the door, and out of the house.

Mrs. Ryan breaks down in her husbands arms.

EXT. JIMMY'S HOUSE - DAY

Laura walks away from the house with a blank expression on her face.

She slips the cash into her pocket.

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

A dark, dirty alley, even during the day. Garbage is scattered around the area. Dumpsters overflow with the garbage from the nearby businesses. This isn't a pretty place.

ANGLE ON : A DOOR

On one of the buildings. A metal door with many locks, most of which look too rusted to be of any use. The door is slightly open and we can hear a male voice inside. The voice has a thick Vietnamese accent.

MAN (O.S.)

Rent due at first of month. No being late, or you find new place.

INT. LAURA'S APARTMENT - DAY

We now see the inside of the place. A small apartment with old, peeling paint. The living room, and the bedroom are the same room, and there is a small kitchenette off to the side. It also has a closet, but the door is leaning against the wall, off of the broken hinges.

Laura (still with the cuts and bruises) is looking at the place with wide eyes. To her, it's beautiful. The LANDLORD (small Vietnamese man with tattoos visible on his arms which seem to be remains of a reckless youth)

LAURA

I won't be late.

(beat)

As a matter of fact, here.

She pulls out the wad of cash, and counts off a few bills. She stuffs them in her pocket, and hands the rest to the landlord.

LAURA (CONT'D)

This should keep me in this place for at least six months, right?

The landlord counts it, a little shocked that she has this money.

LANDLORD

Seven month.

(beat)

I don't want prostitute here.

LAURA

Don't worry, I'm not a whore. Just a simple girl, trying to make it in the big city.

The landlord eyes her, still a little wary. He grunts, accepting that reply, and walks out of the apartment, leaving her alone.

LANDLORD

(under breath)

Same as whore.

Laura looks around with a smile.

LAURA

Welcome home.

FADE TO BLACK:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. LAURA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Laura is sitting at a little table near the kitchenette, eating a bowl of cereal. She has the cross necklace in her non-spoon holding hand, mindlessly rolling the teeth in her fingers as she eats. There are four teeth on the chain by now. A few days have passed and her wounds have healed a little, but they're still obvious. The RADIO is on in the background. It's playing MUSIC at the moment, but that soon ends. A newscaster comes on.

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)

You're listening to Pop Radio, your source for news and music all day, and all night. What more could you need? I'm Todd Savini, you're host for the next hour, and I'll be taking you back to the music in just a few seconds. First, let's check out the news headlines.

(beat)

A three car pileup brought traffic to a halt this afternoon, just north of Holder Street, near the I-93 onramp. One man was taken to the hospital for a head wound, but he's reported as already being released.

(beat)

Across town, supporters once again lined the stairs of city hall to back the mayor's plans for building a memorial to honor those lost in the world quake. We should know for sure whether or not those plans will be approved sometime next week.

(beat)

And finally, police are still questioning local business owners to see if anyone can help them track down the owner of an abandoned car that was found in an alley on Shore Street last week. 31-year-old Andre Martinez was last seen leaving a party last Thursday, and hasn't been seen since. The family is, of course, still holding out hope of his safe return.

Laura finishes up her cereal and walks into the kitchen area, placing her bowl in the sink.

NEWSCASTER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

It's seven o'clock. Time to be getting back to the music. Here's an oldie for you--

A SONG BEGINS TO PLAY. Laura slips on the necklace, preparing herself for the hunt. She turns off the radio as she makes her way back to the bed where the guitar case is resting. She picks it up, and takes one last look around the room to make sure everything is in check. Once she's sure she's good for go, she walks out of the apartment, locking the door behind her.

THE SONG FROM THE RADIO RISES AGAIN.

EXT. ALLEY - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Laura walks out of her apartment into the darkness of the alley. She is nothing more than a shadow as she makes her way down the alley with the guitar case on her back.

She reaches the end of the alley, and turns the corner.

INT. LAURA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Laura is sitting on the bed, with the Scythe in front of her. She's holding the cross necklace in front of her. It's got five fangs strung on it like beads.

Laura slides a sixth fang onto the chain, and stares at them. The look in her eyes is one of pride. She's fulfilling her destiny here. Each fang is another victory. Another demon killed.

A cool breeze pushes it's way through the tiny window near the door. Laura puts the necklace on, and then she closes her eyes and takes in the feel of it on her skin. She smiles and takes a deep breath.

THE MUSIC DISSOLVES INTO THE INNOCENT MUSIC FROM AN ICE CREAM TRUCK.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

It's a bright, sunny day. The grass would be blowing in the gentle breeze... y'know, if there was grass. Kids play in the street. There's an ice cream truck playing the music. Simple, sweet tunes what would cause anyone nearby to flash back to their youth.

A man, GREG (late 20's, dressed in a cheap suit, good looking) is walking with his wife, ARIEL (same age, very pregnant, beautiful) and his very young daughter, SARAH.

ARIEL

So, will you be home for dinner tonight?

GREG

Count on it. This should only take a couple of hours. We just have to take another look at the property.

(then)

With any luck, we'll be celebrating tonight.

Ariel smiles at Greg, seeing the look of joy in his face.

ARIEL

I'm happy. Happy for you, for all of this.

(beat)

Happy that you'll be cooking dinner and not me.

Greg smiles back.

GREG

I'll need the practice.

They stop walking, and Greg waves his hand for a cab. One pulls up almost right away. Greg opens the door for his wife.

GREG (CONT'D)

Think about it. My own restaurant.

ARIEL

You deserve it. You've worked hard.

He kisses her.

ANGLE ON : LAURA

Walking down the street. She's not too close to them yet. She's eating an ice cream cone, and carrying a bag full of groceries.

She's wearing a sun dress, and has her hair pulled back nicely. She looks like a happy young woman, enjoying a beautiful day. Which she is.

She stops when she sees the small family. She can't help but watch them. Admiring the family unit, and their smiles.

ANGLE ON : THE FAMILY

Greg helps Ariel into the car.

GREG

I'll see you tonight.

He gives Ariel one last kiss before she gets into the car.

Greg then turns around and takes little Sarah's hand. He bends down to talk to her.

GREG (CONT'D)
See you tonight, Sarah?

Sarah nods happily.

ANGLE ON : LAURA

Smiling at the father/daughter interaction. Also, kinda liking the name of the girl.

ANGLE ON : GREG AND SARAH

GREG (CONT'D)
Kiss for daddy?

Sarah kisses him. He smiles.

GREG (CONT'D)
That's my girl. Now, go with Mommy.

Sarah turns and gets into the car.

ARIEL
(calling back)
Love you.

GREG
You too.

Greg closes the cab door, and the cab pulls away. Greg watches them go.

Laura starts walking again. She's just finishing up her ice cream, so she walks toward a trash can to throw her napkin away. As she tries to toss it, the napkin sticks to her hand. She tries to reach over with the other hand and pull it free, but this only causes more trouble. She loses her grip on the bag, and it's contents spill onto the sidewalk.

She looks down, not believing what just happened. As she bends down to pick it up, Greg bends down next to her.

GREG (CONT'D)
Let me help with that.

Laura looks up at him and smiles.

LAURA
I can get it, thanks.

GREG
Don't worry about it. I have time.

He helps her gather the items, but when they look back at the bag, they see that it's torn. Greg looks at this for a second, then looks at his watch.

GREG (CONT'D)

Hmm. Y'know, I can help you carry this stuff. Do you live around here?

LAURA

No, that's okay. I got it.

GREG

(smiling)

You can't carry it all.

Laura thinks about this. Finally, she gives in.

LAURA

Yeah, okay. Thanks. I just live down the street.

Greg gathers an armful of groceries and stands up. Laura does the same.

GREG

Lead the way.

INT. LAURA'S APARTMENT - DAY

The door opens, and Laura leads the way into the apartment. She goes to the kitchenette, and sets down her groceries.

LAURA

You can just drop that stuff over here.

Greg goes to where she is and puts the stuff down. Laura looks around the place.

LAURA (CONT'D)

Sorry for the mess.

(beat)

And for the crappy apartment.

Greg looks around and shrugs.

GREG

Beats my first place.

Laura smiles. She knows he's just being nice. Greg extends a hand.

GREG (CONT'D)

I'm Greg, by the way.

She shakes his hand.

LAURA

Laura.

GREG

Well, it was nice meeting you, Laura.

LAURA

Yeah, you too.

She looks at his suit.

LAURA (CONT'D)

I didn't keep you from something,
did I?

Greg looks at his suit and then his watch.

GREG

Uhm... No. I have a meeting in a few
minutes though. Trying to open my
own restaurant.

LAURA

Wow.

(gesturing toward the
groceries)

And I'm trying to cook my own dinner.

GREG

Small world.

(beat)

Anyway, I should probably be going.

LAURA

Well, thanks again for the help.

GREG

My mother always told me to help out
a stranger in need. Never know when
someone's actually an angel.

Laura grins at the thought.

GREG (CONT'D)

See ya later.

Laura walks Greg to the door. As they walk, Laura looks to
the bed. On it, the guitar case is resting.

Laura's grin fades. She shakes her head slightly, as though
fighting with the unseen Scythe.

ANGLE ON : GREG

As he walks through the doorway.

LAURA (O.S.)

Hey. Greg.

Greg stops and turns around. He leans back through the door.

GREG

Hmm?

As he sticks his head through the doorway, he is struck by the side of the Scythe blade. He falls to the floor, unconscious.

ANGLE ON : LAURA

Horrified by what happened, holding onto the Scythe. A tear rolls down her cheek as she puts the Scythe down, and pulls Greg into the apartment.

She closes the door.

INT. LAURA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

THUNDER ROARS outside. Through that tiny window, we can HEAR RAIN falling.

Laura sits on her bed, weeping. In front of her, the Scythe rests. This object, which was once a tool for slaying the evils of the world has now taken on a whole new personality. One that scares her.

On top of the Scythe is the cross necklace, with the fangs strung onto it. A new fang has recently been added. One that will forever haunt Laura.

Laura looks down at the Scythe, and the necklace. She stops weeping, and just stares at them for a moment.

LAURA

(weak whisper)

Why? Was he evil?

(beat)

What did he do?

Of course, there is no answer. More tears stream down Laura's cheeks.

Finally, she makes a decision. She stands up, and looks down at the Scythe for a moment before grabbing the guitar case and placing the Scythe and the cross in it. She zips it up, and puts the case into the closet (she'd close the door if she could).

She goes back to the bed and sits on it, pulling her legs close to her chest, looking away from the Scythe.

ANGLE ON : THE GUITAR CASE

We slowly PUSH IN on it, as though being drawn toward it.

ANGLE ON : LAURA

Still on the bed, ignoring the Scythe. She begins to rock, trying to ease her mind.

ANGLE ON : THE GUITAR CASE

Once again, PUSH IN on it, slowly. It's calling to her. Summoning her.

ANGLE ON : LAURA

Getting more and more restless. She begins to hum to herself, trying to block out this force that's begging her to turn around and face the Scythe.

ANGLE ON : THE GUITAR CASE

Closer and closer we go.

ANGLE ON : LAURA

Her crying begins to get harder as the pull gets stronger within her.

She stops humming and rocking. Her crying stops. She turns her head slightly, about to fully turn around, but then she stops herself.

She stands up, and pauses. She's trying to figure out what to do next, but that damn Scythe is begging her.

Finally, she opens the door and rushes out of her apartment, into the dark, wet, cold night.

ANGLE ON : THE GUITAR CASE

Sitting in the closet.

FADE TO BLACK:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

The club is crazy with LOUD MUSIC and FLASHING LIGHTS. YOUNG PEOPLE dance, and make merry all around.

ANGLE ON : A DARK CORNER OF THE ROOM

Laura stands in the corner of the room, watching the young people having their fun. Her face is blank as she watches them. She isn't watching out of amusement, she's watching out of habit. She's patrolling. Looking for a demon that is about to pounce on a helpless girl.

Something catches her eye.

ANGLE ON : A COUPLE

Not too far away from Laura. The BOY is holding onto the GIRL's arm tightly, saying something to her that we cannot hear. They are fighting.

The girl pulls her arm away from him, and pushes him away. To this, the boy obviously replies with the word "Bitch", though we still can't hear it.

ANGLE ON : LAURA

Watching them. She's getting a little angry at this. Especially that word.

Just when she would normally walk over there and do something about this, she snaps herself out of it. She doesn't want to do that. She doesn't want to hunt anymore.

This was a bad idea. She shouldn't be here. She decides to leave.

As she walks across the floor, toward the exit, a hand reaches out and touches her shoulder. She stops and turns around, not knowing quite how to react to this. Is she angry, or just confused that someone made contact with her?

When she turns, she looks at the boy, DAVE (same age as her, good looking, but very out of place in a club like this), wondering what he wants.

DAVE
(over the music)
Excuse me.

She doesn't reply. He holds up a cup of punch, obviously nervous.

DAVE (CONT'D)

You don't want some punch, do you?

Laura takes a moment to think of a response to this odd situation. This is new to her. She can't remember ever being part of this world. A young person.

She looks at the cup.

LAURA

You know the punch is laced, right?

DAVE

(confused)

Laced?

(beat)

Oh. *Laced*. Like, with drugs?

He smells the drink as though doing so would tell him what was in the drink.

Laura takes the cup from him, and also another one that he'd kept for himself. She sets them on a nearby table.

LAURA

I don't think we need any artificial stimulation, do we?

DAVE

Um-- No. I guess... Uh-uh.

(then)

Though, I think I could probably use a little artificial intelligence.

As soon as he says that, he regrets it. He looks away, not believing how dorkish he must sound right now.

When Laura sees this, she can't help but grin. For that moment, she totally forgets what's going on in her life at the moment.

LAURA

I'm Laura.

(beat)

And don't worry, you're doing fine.

I like 'em on the dumb side.

DAVE

Oh, good. I pretty much *am* the dumb side, I think.

(then)

Most people just call me Dave though.

Be nervously bites on his lower lip as he extends a hand to shake hers. As he does, he starts to wonder if this is how you go about introducing yourself to a girl and is suddenly very unsure of the hand-shaking idea.

Laura notices this, and takes his hand. She shakes it.

LAURA

I'd love to stay, Dave, but I gotta go. I'm kinda on business.

DAVE

Oh. Yeah, okay.

Laura starts to walk away. Dave is let down. He's probably been through this before.

After she takes a few steps, Laura stops herself. She turns around.

LAURA

Y'know what? Screw it. Wanna buy me a burger.

Dave looks up at her and smiles. This part is new.

INT. DINER - MORNING

Laura and Dave are sitting in a booth in this retro-style diner. They have coffee in front of them, and Laura's picking at a piece of pie as she listens to Dave speak.

DAVE

I think I was about five years old.

LAURA

Five?

DAVE

Yeah. That's when I knew what I wanted to be. I mean, it sounds lame, I know, but it's true. The first time I saw someone say "Ready two. Go to two", I wanted to direct the Oscars. I used to have dreams about it.

(beat)

Have you ever felt like that?

LAURA

Like what?

DAVE

Like, you just knew what you were meant to do, and you couldn't stop thinking about it.

Laura thinks about her answer.

LAURA

Yeah. I guess everyone does, right?

DAVE

I guess.
 (beat)
 Okay, favorite oldies band.

LAURA

Nirvana.

DAVE

Good pick. I'd probably pick
Metallica.

LAURA

Also a good choice.
 (then)
 Favorite movie.

DAVE

Hard one. I guess, if I had to pick,
 I'd probably go with **Star Trek 4.**

LAURA

You're kidding me, right?

DAVE

Nuh-uh. I mean, I'm not a Trekkie or
 anything, and I'm not saying it's
 award quality, but it's...
 (thinks)

Okay, you know how sometimes, there's
 a movie, or an album, or an old TV
 show that's just like a safety
 blanket? Like, you've seen it so
 many times since you were a kid that
 whenever you see it now, you're
 instantly back in **Pokemon** underwear,
 eating a bowl of some sugary kiddie
 cereal. It's just... Safe.

As Laura listens to Dave explaining this, she's fascinated
 by him. She doesn't even notice when he's done speaking.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Laura?

LAURA

Hmm?

DAVE

Have you ever felt like that?

She snaps out of it.

LAURA

I never wore **Pokemon** underwear.

DAVE

You know what I mean. Aren't there any movies that are like that for you? Like, you can just get a pizza, or a bowl of junk food and just sit there all day, totally forgetting the rest of the crap that's going on in your life?

LAURA

I don't know. I guess. I mean, everyone loves **The Wizard Of Oz**, right? Isn't that the ultimate junk food movie?

DAVE

Solid pick.

Laura finds herself thinking back, remembering.

LAURA

I used to watch it all the time with my foster sister.

(then)

God, I haven't even spoken to her in months.

DAVE

You should call her. I'm sure she'd wanna catch up.

LAURA

Yeah, I-- It's a little complicated these days.

Laura looks out the window and sees that the sun is starting to rise.

LAURA (CONT'D)

Sun's coming up. I should go.

DAVE

You're not gonna turn into a pumpkin, are you?

LAURA

I thought we decided to quit with the lame jokes.

DAVE

Yeah, but that's why you love me--
Like! Like me.

(beat)

Like.

Laura stands up.

LAURA

Bye, Dave.

DAVE

Will I see you again?

She thinks about it.

LAURA

Yeah. Meet me here.

DAVE

When?

LAURA

You figure it out.

She smiles at him one last time and walks out of the diner. Dave is left sitting there, trying to figure out when he's supposed to meet her there.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Laura runs through the woods as fast as she can, carrying a stake in her hand. She's dressed in dark jeans, boots, and a black leather jacket. The look on her face is one of fierce determination.

She comes to a clearing and stops running. She looks around.

LAURA

I know you're here. Come out and face me.

There's no response.

LAURA (CONT'D)

You can't hide forever. I will find you. This is what I'm made for.

She remains there, watching the trees.

There's a NOISE behind her, like a stick breaking. Laura turns around. She smiles.

LAURA (CONT'D)

There you are.

ANGLE ON : THE TREES

From behind a tree steps Laura's prey... Which happens to also be Laura. This one is dressed in a light, flowery sun dress. She has the wounds on her face that we've seen Laura with for a while now.

The Laura with the stake in her hand starts to walk toward the sunnier Laura.

Sunny Laura begins to cry as her alternate self jams the stake into her heart. SUNNY LAURA POOFS.

HARD CUT TO:

INT. LAURA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Laura's eyes shoot open. She is in her bed, with the covers pulled up to her chin. She isn't out of breath, or sweating or anything like that. She's used to this by now.

Slowly, she sits up.

INT. LAURA'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Laura splashes some water onto her face, and then stops to look at herself in the mirror. Her head wound is still there, but it seems to be healing pretty well. She stares at it.

INT. DINER - MORNING

Laura walks into the diner, and pauses. She's dressed pretty nice, but it's plain to see that she hasn't slept very well lately.

She looks around the diner, for Dave. She doesn't see him. A little disappointed by this, she walks to the counter and sits on a stool there.

A WAITRESS walks to her.

WAITRESS

Can I get you something, sweetie?

LAURA

Coffee. Strong.

The waitress nods, and pulls a cup and saucer from behind the counter. She sets it down and then turns and grabs the coffee pot. She pours the coffee. When she's done, she looks back to Laura, taking note of how bad she looks before walking away.

Laura takes the coffee and sips it. She turns and takes another look around the room for Dave, but he's still nowhere to be seen. She looks at her watch.

The mens room door behind her opens, and Dave walks out. He sees her right away and walks to her. She doesn't see him at first, since she's facing the opposite direction.

DAVE

'Morning.

Laura turns around. When she sees him, her eyes light up, though she tries to remain cool.

LAURA

Didn't know if you were coming.

DAVE

Took me a while to figure out. The whole story with your foster family and their pancake breakfast every Thursday morning.

(beat)

I didn't remember the exact time, so I've kinda been here since five.

Laura smiles. Dave sits next to her.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Are you okay? You look a little tired.

LAURA

Just haven't slept very well lately. Bad dreams.

DAVE

You should try drinking warm milk before bed. It'll calm the nerves.

The waitress returns, and places a plate of pancakes down in front of Laura. Laura looks at her, wondering why she has pancakes now.

WAITRESS

On the house. You're looking sickly.

Without even waiting for a "thank you", the waitress walks away again. Laura looks down at the pancakes, taking in the act of kindness.

DAVE

That was nice.

LAURA

Yeah.

Laura is actually pretty hungry, so she digs into the pancakes.

LAURA (CONT'D)

You can have some if you want.

DAVE

Thanks, but I had three platefuls already.

Laura looks at Dave, a little amazed by this. He shrugs.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Five a.m., remember?

(MORE)

DAVE (CONT'D)

(beat)

So, are you free today? I thought we could do something.

LAURA

Like what?

DAVE

They're having a marathon at the movie house. All five **Indiana Jones** movies.

LAURA

Sounds cool, as long as we can skip the second one.

DAVE

(smiles)

You're not a fan either?

LAURA

Is anyone?

They continue to talk as we PULL BACK and MUSIC BEGINS TO PLAY. They laugh and have fun. It's a good time.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Laura and Dave walk down the street, talking. It's a different day now. Her face is almost totally healed.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Yet another day. Her face is even more healed as Laura and Dave sit on the ground, watching birds and eating sandwiches.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

And still another day. They once again walk down the street together. Her face is totally healed now. Any sign of her hunting days is gone, and she looks both happy and well rested.

They pass an OLD MAN who is selling roses. Dave picks one out and holds it out for Laura to take. She looks down at it, and then back to Dave, shaking her head. (hey, this isn't a gum commercial. The girl doesn't like roses, okay?)

INT. LAURA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The two are standing next to the bed. Laura takes Dave's hand, and slowly leans in to kiss him. He kisses her back as they slowly lower onto the bed.

The MUSIC LOWERS.

LAURA

I love you.

They continue to make out.

INT. LAURA'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Laura and Dave are now asleep in the bed, both only covered by the sheets.

Laura begins to stir, and her eyes finally open. She looks over at Dave, who is sleeping peacefully and can't help but smile. Life is good.

She gently climbs out of bed, grabbing some nearby clothes, and makes her way into the bathroom, shutting the door behind her. We can HEAR THE SHOWER as it turns on.

After a moment, Dave begins to wake up. His eyes open and he looks around the room. It's not pretty, but he doesn't see any of that. It looks good to him.

He smiles and stretches. He rests in the bed for a moment, listening to the sound of the running water, and then he sits up. He grabs some pants, and puts them on. He stands up, and starts to walk toward the kitchenette area.

A breeze comes through the tiny window and hits him. Without a shirt on, it's a little chilly, so he walks over to the window and closes it. As he turns back around, he sees the closet. He looks at the door, still leaning up against the wall, and then notices the guitar case. He starts to walk toward it.

INT. LAURA'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - MORNING

Laura slips into a dress, and wipes the steam off of the mirror so that she can see herself. She smiles, and fixes her hair a little. Then she opens the bathroom door and walks out.

INT. LAURA'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

She walks into the main area of the apartment, and notices that Dave isn't in bed anymore.

LAURA

You're up.

She looks toward the kitchenette.

LAURA (CONT'D)

If you're looking for breakfast, I don't think you'll find any--

DAVE

I wanted to see what kind of guitar you had. Thought I might play you a song.

Laura stops cold. Her smile fades as she turns around, and looks toward the closet. She sees Dave now, holding the Scythe in his hands.

LAURA

Dave...

DAVE

I know that people call them axes, but this is pretty extreme, isn't it?

LAURA

I can explain that.

He nods and walks over to the bed. He puts the Scythe down, and picks up the cross. He holds it up.

DAVE

These are teeth, Laura. Human teeth.

Laura is in shock. She can barely remember how to speak, but somehow, words come from her mouth.

LAURA

It's... They're collectables. They're worth money. I found them in a pawn shop. I might be able to sell them to a collector.

Dave looks back to the Scythe.

DAVE

There's blood on it. Don't try to tell me you bought it that way. Even the crappiest pawn shop will clean off the blood first.

He walks around to the other side of the bed, putting some space between himself and Laura. He tosses the necklace onto the bed.

Laura stares at the bed, and the objects that she wishes she never had to see again. Tears form in her eyes as this part of her life comes back to her.

She looks to Dave and speaks softly.

LAURA

In each generation...

(MORE)

LAURA (CONT'D)

(beat)

In each generation, a Chosen One is born. One woman- at least I think it's only women... She's born with the power to fight the forces of evil. Demons.

(beat)

Vampires.

Dave can't believe what he's hearing. He puts his head in his hands for a second, and then looks back to Laura.

DAVE

Vampires?

LAURA

They're real.

Dave shakes his head, trying to make sense of this. He looks back to her, and sees that she actually believes this. He walks to her and puts his hands on her shoulders.

DAVE

No they're not. All of that crap is make believe.

She shakes her head.

LAURA

It's not. I've seen them, Dave.

He hugs her. Holding onto her lovingly.

DAVE

No you haven't.

(beat)

Laura, you need help.

She pulls away.

LAURA

Help?! I'm not sick. I'm not making this up.

He doesn't respond, but he obviously doesn't believe her.

LAURA (CONT'D)

What about the fangs?

She goes to the necklace and picks it up.

LAURA (CONT'D)

They're vampire fangs.

She looks at the teeth, horrified to see that they are normal human teeth. She drops the necklace, trying to think.

LAURA (CONT'D)

The blood. What about the blood in the fridge?

She rushes to the fridge and pulls out the jar of blood. She holds it up.

LAURA (CONT'D)

It's vampire blood.

Dave walks to her.

DAVE

That's not blood, Laura. It's fake. It's strawberry syrup or cow blood from the butcher- I don't know, but it's not vampire blood. Vampires don't exist.

LAURA

You're wrong.

DAVE

Why would you have vampire blood anyway? Think about it.

LAURA

Because... This is how they're made. Someone drinks this blood in order to become a vampire.

DAVE

You're not making sense. Why would you create vampires?

She pauses.

LAURA

They're demons. They're evil.

DAVE

So, if I drink this blood, I'll become a vampire.

He grabs the blood from her and looks at it.

LAURA

Dave--

DAVE

No. If this is what it takes to prove to you that this is all in your head, then I'll do it.

He takes a deep breath and then opens the jar and gulps about half of the blood. When he swallows, he stops and looks at the jar in his hand, wincing.

DAVE (CONT'D)
Cow blood. Definitely not strawberry
syrup.

He looks at her.

DAVE (CONT'D)
But I'm fine, see? I'm not a vampire.

LAURA
It doesn't work like that.

DAVE
Of course not. It'd need to be a
full moon, right?

She looks at the ground and speaks weakly.

LAURA
You'd need to die. In order to become
a vampire, you'd need to die.

He can't believe what she's saying. He just wants this to
end.

DAVE
Look, I don't know what you've done,
but we can run. We can start a new
life and forget about this.

A tear rolls down her cheek.

LAURA
I want to.

DAVE
Then we will.

He walks to the kitchenette sink.

LAURA
What are you doing?

DAVE
Getting rid of this.

LAURA
No!

She rushes to him.

LAURA (CONT'D)
You can't.

DAVE
I thought you said this was over.

LAURA

It is. I-- I just need this.

Dave pauses, feeling a lot of emotional pain for the girl he loves.

DAVE

No. You don't.

He moves to pour the blood into the sink. She can't stand the sight of this, so she reaches for the jar before he can pour it. As she reaches, she pushes Dave out of the way, and out of the shot.

She looks at the jar in her hand and smiles.

LAURA

It's okay. I saved it. We can put it away.

There's no reply. Laura freezes, unable to move for a moment. Slowly she puts the jar down and turns her head. When she sees him, her smile fades.

LAURA (CONT'D)

Dave?

ANGLE ON : DAVE

On the floor. His head is bloody after having hit the nearby radiator. He's dead.

ANGLE ON : LAURA

She can't move. She can't cry. She can't scream. She can't breath. All she can do is look at him.

INT. LAURA'S APARTMENT - LATER

ANGLE ON : DAVE

Still very dead. In the same place as before. His mouth is caked in dry blood. He VAMPS OUT. After a moment, his eyes open. He looks up and exposes his fang (he only has one).

ANGLE ON : LAURA

Standing over him, holding the Scythe. Her face is blank.

LAURA

(softly)
I'm sorry.

With that, she plunges the stake side of the Scythe into his chest.

His eyes widen. Laura pulls out the Scythe and throws it aside. She quickly kneels down and puts her hand on Dave's face as HE TURNS TO DUST.

Once he's gone, she collapses into the spot where he was laying, sobbing uncontrollably.

SARA

(prelap)

A few weeks later, she found out she was pregnant, but by then she was already back on the streets.

EXT. SEASIDE CLIFF - DAY

ANGLE ON : SARA

Looking out over the ocean from high above. She's holding a diary in her hands. She looks down at it.

SARA

I guess that's when she went to live with Rachael.

ANGLE ON : MARIA

Holding the cross, looking at the teeth on it. Eight on the right side, one on the left. She's looking closely at the back of the cross, not at the teeth.

MARIA

Who are "R.A." and "I.A."?

Sara doesn't reply.

MARIA (CONT'D)

You don't buy into this stuff, do you? The whole vampire thing?

SARA

She believed it.

MARIA

Yeah, well... She was kinda insane, incase you didn't notice.

(then)

Hey, check it out.

Maria puts the necklace around her neck. Sara sees this and cringes.

SARA

Those are teeth!

MARIA

They're not real. Hello! They're prop teeth or something.

Maria smiles, goofing off.

MARIA (CONT'D)
Does it match my outfit?

Sara grins a little at the disgusting joke, but then her eyes widen and her face drops.

SARA
Maria!

She rushes to Maria and yanks the cross from her neck. She holds it up and looks at it.

ANGLE ON : THE NECKLACE

The eight teeth to the right have turned into sharp fangs!
(the one on the left remains human)

Maria's freaked out now.

MARIA
How did they...? What the hell is
going on here?

Sara stares at the necklace.

SARA
I don't know.
(beat)
It happened when they got close to
your neck.

MARIA
This is seriously starting to freak
me out, Sara.

SARA
I know the feeling.

They continue to look at the necklace for a moment. Maria calms down enough to think of another question.

MARIA
Does this mean... Are you a Chosen
One?

Sara looks at Maria.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

It's a cold, rainy night. THUNDER ROARS.

A very pregnant Laura stands in an alley, letting the rain wash over her. She looks like hell. Tired and worn out. She's looking down.

LAURA (V.O.)

My last entry. I know that no matter how much I write, there will still be so many questions in your mind. Is this real? Did I make it all up? Truth is, I wish I had.

(beat)

There's only one way for this to play out, Sara. Each generation has one Chosen One. I figure that's why my mother died having me. By the time you read this, you'll probably have the dreams. You can't ignore them. This is your calling. You are the Chosen One now. I only hope that you're able to follow your destiny without suffering as I have.

(beat)

I love you, Sara. You represent the one moment in my life when I was actually happy. I wish I could see you grow up, but there's that whole rule about me passing this on, so I guess that won't happen. Just remember, you have a destiny. You are the Chosen One now.

ANGLE ON : A DEAD MAN

Slumped against the wall in front of Laura, with the empty blood jar next to him. He is an older looking fellow, frail and dirty.

He VAMPS OUT. His eyes open and he looks up at Laura.

Laura stumbles back a few steps. She is unarmed this time. The Scythe isn't with her.

The old man vamp gets to his feet and looks her over.

OLD MAN VAMP

Aren't you a pretty little thing.

LAURA

Can't argue with that.

Laura looks down at her hands, getting a little nervous. She needs a weapon!

The vamp smiles at her and takes a step closer. Laura takes a deep breath.

OLD MAN VAMP

Give an old man a drink?

Laura freaks out. She rushes out of the alley. The old man vamp pursues.

EXT. CITY STREET/PARK - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Laura runs across the street as fast as her pregnant body will allow her to. She makes it into a dark, tree-filled area of the park, where she is cut off by the old man vamp.

She looks around, but nobody else is there. She takes another look around, this time for a weapon.

LAURA
(to self)
Wood. I need wood.

She doesn't have time to find anything though. The vampire grabs her, and violently throws her to the ground. He jumps on top of her and sinks his teeth into her neck. Helpless, she just lays there, unable to move.

While she can't move, she desperately reaches for some kind of weapon. She finally grabs onto a fallen tree branch, and squeezes it. Using it for more of a pain killer than a weapon.

Slowly, Laura's eyelids begin to grow heavier as she starts to lose her grip on life.

The SOUND OF A HEARTBEAT can be heard. It echoes through Laura's head, growing louder and louder, but slower.

Suddenly her eyes widen and energy fills her again.

LAURA (CONT'D)
Sara.
(then)
No.

Laura pushes the old man vamp away from her with every ounce of energy she has left.

OLD MAN VAMP
Hey, I wasn't finished.

LAURA
You can't have her.

The old man vamp attacks again. Laura struggles with him, trying to save the baby inside of her. Finally, she manages to reach around him, and plunge the tree branch (which is pointed, of course, duh) into his back.

He looks up at her and POOFS.

Laura struggles to get to her feet, though incredibly weak. Her neck is still bleeding. She stumbles back, toward the street.

When she gets to the sidewalk, she collapses. A car stops short as the driver sees this. A CROWD gathers.

A woman in the crowd calls out.

WOMAN IN CROWD
Someone call 911!

The rain continues to pour down on Laura as people try to help her.

EXT. SEASIDE CLIFF - DAY

Where we left Sara and Maria. Sara looks at Maria with resolve.

SARA
No. I'm not the Chosen One. She was insane.

MARIA
But, the fangs.

Sara grabs the eight fangs off of the right side of the chain, and throws them off the cliff.

MARIA (CONT'D)
Can you do that?

SARA
Let's just go home.
(beat)
I wanna go home.

MARIA
Are you sure?

Sara looks down, and sees the Scythe resting on a nearby bench.

SARA
I'm positive.

She walks to the bench, still holding the necklace. She looks at the necklace one last time, and finally slides the one human tooth off of it. She slips the tooth into her pocket, and then picks up the Scythe.

She wraps the cross around the Scythe handle and stands there, holding it for a moment before taking a few steps to the edge of the cliff. Maria walks to her side. She doesn't know what to say, so she just puts a hand on Sara's shoulder.

Sara looks up, away from the Scythe, and toward the ocean. She holds her arms out ever so slightly, and releases the Scythe.

ANGLE ON : THE SCYTHER

It falls toward the rocks and water below.

ANGLE ON : SARA AND MARIA

MARIA

You okay?

SARA

Getting there.

They stare out, over the ocean for a few moments, then Sara turns and starts to walk away. Maria follows.

SARA (CONT'D)

Let's go home.

They walk away, and out of frame.

We stay with this shot for a while, as we HEAR THEM DRIVE OFF.

A few moments after they're gone, TWO MEN IN SUITS walks into the frame. They walk toward the edge of the cliff.

MAN IN SUIT 1

You have to admit, that was fortunate.
Last thing we need is another girl
who thinks she's a Slayer running
around killing people.

When they reach the edge of the cliff, they look down.

MAN IN SUIT 1 (CONT'D)

You know we have to go get that thing,
right?

The second man looks at the first man.

MAN IN SUIT 2

(with a strong English
accent)
Bloody hell.

FADE TO BLACK:

END OF EPISODE