

KENNEDY

"Viva La Resistance"

by
Michael Jay

TEASER

FADE IN.

EXT. TOWN - DAY

An overhead shot of a market square pans down to the various merchants. One old lady holds a squawking chicken by its neck as she tries to make a sale. A young man directly across from her is gutting a fish with a gaggle of fish behind him.

We pick up KENNEDY and MOIRA strolling through the area, each pulling their horses by the reigns. Kennedy is taking in her surroundings. Moira, having seen this all before, doesn't look interested in the slightest.

MOIRA

I'll venture a guess that the markets where you're from aren't like this.

KENNEDY

Good call. Unless there's a Banana Republic I'm missing.

A beat.

KENNEDY (CONT'D)

I'll explain later.

MOIRA

You'll explain later.

They share a quick grin.

KENNEDY (CONT'D)

(wry)

Haven't said that too often, have I?

MOIRA

You don't want me to answer that.

Kennedy isn't listening anymore. She's staring off to her right. Over her shoulder, we see a couple of vampires in full on vamp face hassling a local blacksmith.

Kennedy stretches her arms behind her back and rolls her neck.

KENNEDY

Didn't think I was gonna get any exercise today.

MOIRA

(wary)

Kennedy-

Too late. Kennedy's off like a bullet, pulling a stake from her waist as she runs.

VAMPIRE'S POV

We hear a guttural yell and pan up just in time to see Kennedy flying through the air, feet first.

ON SCENE

WHAM! Our vampire is sent sprawling from Kennedy's flying kick. Kennedy flips her stake so she's holding the sharp end and flicks it like a dart. It hits the vamp square in the heart. Dust.

The other vampire tries to grab her, but she catches one arm, rolls, and hip tosses him over her shoulder into the sunlight.

Kennedy allows a quick smile at her triumph...until the vampire gets right back up, looking seven shades of pissed.

KENNEDY

(to herself)

Still not used to that.

Now surrounded, Kennedy picks up a nearby sword the blacksmith was working on.

KENNEDY (CONT'D)

When in doubt...

The vamp lands a sidekick to her ribs, knocking her into the door. He goes in for another hit, but Kennedy spins to her right and connects with a kick to the back of his head as he passes.

The vamp slams into the door. Kennedy spins him around and impales him through the chest with the sword, nailing him to the door.

The vamp tries to pull the sword, then looks up and his jaw drops.

VAMPIRE POV

Kennedy swings a sledgehammer into frame.

ON SCENE

BAM! The vampire dusts. The sledgehammer has left a gaping hole in the door where his head was.

KENNEDY (CONT'D)
 (smirking)
 Improvise. Thank you, Buffy.

She walks over to the blacksmith and hands the sledgehammer back.

KENNEDY (CONT'D)
 (smiling)
 Thanks.

The blacksmith takes the hammer into his trembling hands, then runs into his house and slams the door.

KENNEDY (CONT'D)
 (calling out to him)
 You're welcome!

Moira runs up to Kennedy, surveying the damage.

MOIRA
 What have you done?

KENNEDY
 Pretty sure I just did my job.
 Thanks for the help, by the way.

MOIRA
 Kennedy, you just can't kill every vampire in sight.

Kennedy just stares at her blankly. Is she serious?

KENNEDY
 I'm going to try to articulate this question as best as I can.
 (beat)
 Huh?

MOIRA
 The vampires basically run everything here, Kennedy. You kill one today, a dozen show up on your threshold tomorrow.

KENNEDY
 So don't invite them in, or does that rule not apply here too?

They start walking back towards their horses. Unseen by our girls, two vampires watch their movements. One whispers in the other's ear, then they move off in separate directions.

MOIRA

You know what I mean. Word will get out of this and there could be retaliation.

KENNEDY

So we'll take care of them when they show up. We're Slayers.

MOIRA

I know, I know. It's just...it's sort of an understood rule here. Vampires routinely extort goods and services from the townsfolk. Momma used to tell me stories of whole villages being burned to the ground when they tried to revolt.

KENNEDY

So it's like the mafia?

Moira answers with a blank stare.

MOIRA

The whofia?

KENNEDY

Nevermind.
(pointing to a nearby bar)
Let's try there.

MOIRA

A tavern?

They walk away and we DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BAR - DAY

Kennedy and Moira walk in, Kennedy looking a bit more confident.

KENNEDY

Little thing I picked up back home. You want information, hit a bar and talk to the bartender.

They stroll up to the bar and Kennedy sits down. Moira is still a little fidgety and keeps looking around. It's apparent she's never been in a bar.

The BARTENDER comes up, cleaning a glass with a rag.

BARTENDER
What do ya fancy?

Kennedy leans in, her best intimidation glare in full effect.

KENNEDY
Need some information.

MOIRA
(tapping Kennedy's
shoulder)
Kennedy-

KENNEDY
Not now, Moira.

BARTENDER
Didn't hear a please in there,
little lady?

KENNEDY
I wasn't asking.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
Maybe we can help?

Kennedy turns around to see three vampires.

KENNEDY
(to Moira)
Why didn't you tell me?

BARTENDER
Excuse me, ma'am?

KENNEDY'S POV

We turn back to the bartender just as he swings a club into frame.

BLACK.

INT. BAR - BACK ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

CLOSE UP ON Kennedy's face and the huge bruise on her right cheek where she got hit. She slowly opens her eyes and groans.

Pull back to reveal both her and Moira tied up in chairs. Moira looks unharmed.

MOIRA
You awake?

KENNEDY
I'll let you know in a couple of
minutes.

A beat.

MOIRA
(emphatic)
I told you so, Kennedy.

KENNEDY
(sarcastic)
I told you so, Kennedy.

Kennedy rolls her eyes.

MOIRA
Well I did.

UNKNOWN MALE VOICE (O.S.)
Those were good men you killed.

Kennedy and Moira look to a nearby corner. A man stands in
the shadow, his face concealed.

KENNEDY
Word travels fast around here.

The man steps out of the shadows and we see his familiar
face, grinning from ear to ear.

It's ANGELUS!

There's a chilling silence in the room as Kennedy and Moira
stare at him.

We zoom in on Kennedy's face. A beat.

KENNEDY (CONT'D)
And you are?

As Angelus's grin drops, we:

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN.

INT. BAR - BACK ROOM - DAY

ANGELUS
I'm Angelus.

KENNEDY
Oookay. That supposed to mean
anything?

Angelus turns his head sideways and narrows his eyes at Kennedy. Is she for real?

ANGELUS
You're a Slayer.

KENNEDY
Yep.

ANGELUS
(off Moira)
And well as her.

KENNEDY
You're on a roll.

A beat.

ANGELUS
Interesting.

Angelus steps forward, circling the two and never taking his eyes off them.

ANGELUS (CONT'D)
I have an offer for you.

MOIRA
We're not in the business of making
accords with demons. Your kind
can't be trusted.

ANGELUS
Speak for yourself. I believe your
companion might be interested.

KENNEDY
How do you figure that?

ANGELUS

Because you've been undoing your
bonds since you woke up and you
haven't attacked me yet.

The ropes holding Kennedy fall to the ground as she casually
stands up. Moira looks at her in shock.

ANGELUS (CONT'D)

Not to mention that we all know if
I wanted you dead, I certainly
wouldn't be in this room with you,
alone and unarmed.

Kennedy's speechless. That's a hell of a point. She starts
to release Moira.

MOIRA

You're going to show me how to do
that, right?

KENNEDY

Later.

Moira gets out of her chair, still warily watching Angelus.

ANGELUS

(holding his arms out)
Not going to attack me?

KENNEDY

Well, you sort of took the fun out
of the whole sneak attack idea I
was running with.

ANGELUS

Touche.

Angelus takes a seat in a nearby chair. He's putting himself
in a submissive position, trying to appear harmless.

ANGELUS (CONT'D)

So the way I understand it, you
killed some vampires a couple of
hours ago.

KENNEDY

Bullying's a pet peeve of mine.
Vamps are too. Put the two
together and I'm all fired up.

MOIRA

You don't seem too put off at the loss of your friends.

ANGELUS

(waves his hand dismissively)

Ah, they weren't friends. More like lackeys. Plenty more to be made where they came from.

(beat)

What interested me was the speed and precision you dispatched them in. I don't run across many fighters that could give me a good go.

Kennedy smiles as does Angelus. He's buttering her up and she's playing right into it.

ANGELUS (CONT'D)

To the point, I run something of a resistance to Wolfram and Hart.

MOIRA

I thought all the vampires were under their command.

He stands up. Kennedy and Moira noticeably stiffen, but he puts his hands up to say he's not threatening them.

ANGELUS

No, child. We're not. There are quite a few of us that would like to see them out of power.

KENNEDY

So where do I come in?

ANGELUS

Garrett's forces outnumber my own. A full frontal assault would be suicide. We've tried before with no success. A surgical strike is the best course of action.

KENNEDY

Still not seeing my significance.

ANGELUS

Instead of attacking the beast as a whole, we simply go for the head. The Vampire Queen.

MOIRA

Who?

ANGELUS

She leads all the vampires
alongside Garrett, the main pawn
for Wolfram and Hart in this
dimension. If we were to kill her,
our adversaries would be weakened
and easier to overthrow.

Moira seems to be taking all of this in. Kennedy's got the
classic thousand yard stare.

MOIRA

And you want Kennedy to kill this
Vampire Queen?

ANGELUS

Aye.

KENNEDY

Dimension?

Both Angelus and Moira turn to Kennedy.

KENNEDY (CONT'D)

You said dimension.

ANGELUS

Yes. Wolfram and Hart holds domain
over several different dimensions.

KENNEDY

How is that possible?

ANGELUS

They employ the services of dark
mages. Mages with the powers to
traverse the different worlds. Or
so the stories go.

Moira looks at Kennedy incredulously. She's twiggling to
where Kennedy's going with this.

KENNEDY

(reluctant)

Agreed.

They tentatively shake hands. Angelus can't help letting out
a little smirk. Kennedy still doesn't look too sure of
herself. Moira is alternating between confused and angry.

Off the shaking hands, we DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BAR

Kennedy and Moira walk out of a hallway into the main bar area. Angelus follows them out.

ANGELUS

My camp is a few kilometers in the woods to the north. Come there after nightfall. Until then, have a pint on me.

He nods to the bartender and exits. Kennedy's brow furrows as she looks at the bartender too. She strides right up to him.

Moira grabs Kennedy's arm and whirls her around to face her.

MOIRA

What in the world-

KENNEDY

I'll explain a second.
(turns back around)
Hey barkeep.

POW! She decks him with a punch.

KENNEDY (CONT'D)

(pointing to her bruise)
That. Hurt.
(beat)
Now give me a beer.

We pull back to the edge of the bar to show a lone patron staring at the girls. It's one of the vampires that came up on them earlier. Off him, we CUT TO:

INT. BAR - MOMENTS LATER

Kennedy and Moira are sitting at a table now. Kennedy's about halfway through her second drink, while Moira is nursing a glass of water.

KENNEDY

You're being quiet.

MOIRA

I don't make any claims of knowing you all too well, but I didn't imagine you the type to make deals with vampires.

KENNEDY

Believe me, I'm not proud of it. But if it gets me one step closer to home, I'm not against it. We take out this Vampire Queen and hopefully I can convince one of those mages to send me home.

MOIRA

And just how did you intend to do that?

KENNEDY

(cracks knuckles)
I'm very persuasive.

A beat.

MOIRA

Is that all you care about?
Getting back to your world?

KENNEDY

That was the whole point of this little quest or had you forgotten?

MOIRA

No, it's just...
(beat)
Well, you could stay here.

KENNEDY

(incredulous)
Now why the hell would I want to stay here?

Moira's lip starts trembling and Kennedy's face softens. That foot's tasting mighty good right about now.

KENNEDY (CONT'D)

Moira, I'm sorry. I didn't mean it like that. It's just-

Kennedy trails off. Her words failing her. Moira looks up at her again, waiting for the explanation.

KENNEDY (CONT'D)

This isn't my world. I have no place here. You're the resident Slayer, the protector. You're a good kid and I like you, but I don't have any place here.

MOIRA

How am I supposed to protect this world on my own? I don't have a Watcher anymore. And Momma and Daddy...

(eyes brimming with tears)

I don't...I don't have anyone anymore.

Moira covers her mouth and looks away, fighting the tears off. Kennedy lays her hand on Moira's and gives it a squeeze.

KENNEDY

You have me.

MOIRA

But you're leaving. When you're gone, I won't have anyone here or any place to go.

KENNEDY

You still have the farm.

MOIRA

I can't go back there. Not after what happened. Everyday I'll wake up and that day will cycle in my head.

Moira tears her hand away from Kennedy's and buries her face in her hands.

Kennedy looks away, trying desperately to come up with something to say. Finally, she lets out a sigh and turns back to Moira.

KENNEDY

You can come with me.

MOIRA

(looking up)

What?

KENNEDY

Come back to my dimension with me. You said it yourself. There's nothing here for you anymore.

MOIRA

(disbelieving)

You really mean that?

KENNEDY

Sure. Might be a bit of a culture shock at first, but I think you'd adjust.

Moira smiles. It's a little smile, but it's encouraging.

MOIRA

Really?

KENNEDY

(chuckling)

Yes, really. Stop asking me that.

Kennedy takes the last swig of her beer.

KENNEDY (CONT'D)

So what do ya say? Let's kill this vamp queen and get the hell out of dodge.

MOIRA

(confused)

We're not in Dodge.

Kennedy shakes her head and smiles. Moira returns the smile, but only briefly.

MOIRA (CONT'D)

Are you sure we can trust them? I mean, I've got a bad feeling about the whole notion.

KENNEDY

Oh come on, bad feelings are only true in Star Wars movies.

Blank stare from Moira. A beat.

MOIRA

You'll explain later?

KENNEDY

(nodding)

Yeah. Can't see I'm in love with the idea myself. Not that I'm against taking down a legion of vampires.

(whimsical)

Been about a year since I did that.

MOIRA

Yes, but you're dismantling one
evil empire only to allow for
another to take its place.

KENNEDY

(somber)
Yeah, I know.
(cheery)
But who the hell cares? We're
leaving right?

Moira perks up at that idea. Our two girls share a smile.

We pull back up to the vampire at the bar, stilling watching
them, his face showing no emotion. Off his face, we DISSOLVE
TO:

INT. WOLFRAM AND HART FORTRESS - EVENING

GARRETT and SAMANTHA are in bed together. Samantha
straddling Garrett's hips. They're fully clothed, but it's
obvious where this is going.

Garrett sits up and licks her neck, Samantha craning to give
him better access. He vamps out and sinks his fangs in.
Samantha moans in pleasure.

There's a loud knock. Samantha vamps out as she looks
towards the door.

SAMANTHA

(angry)
What is it?!?

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

(outside the door)
Excuse me, mistress. I bring
pertinent news.

GARRETT

Enter.

Samantha looks down at Garrett in disbelief. Is he serious?

Garrett pushes her off his lap and slides off the bed as the
unknown figure enters. It's the guy (we'll name him GREGORY)
from the bar. He bows as Garrett approaches him.

GREGORY

(bowing to Garrett)
My apologies for the intrusion,
sire, but I-

His words are cut off as Garrett picks him up by the neck with one arm, doing so with virtually no effort.

GARRETT
 (tightening his grip)
 For your sake, I hope you bring
 good news.

Garrett drops him. Gregory takes a moment to compose himself before continuing.

GREGORY
 It's about the resistance.

SAMANTHA
 (approaching from the bed)
 Angelus's little band is of no
 concern to us. You've warned us
 before each assault and we've
 crushed them.

GREGORY
 Yes, but now he has brought the
 dark haired slayer into the fold.

SAMANTHA
 The one from another land?

GREGORY
 Yes, mistress. Both her and the
 other slayer actually.

Samantha and Garrett exchange a look. Samantha's looking concerned. Garrett looks intrigued.

GARRETT
 That's interesting.
 (stroking his chin)
 That's very very interesting.
 (to Samantha)
 I believe it's time we mounted our
 own offensive.

Samantha looks surprised at that idea.

SAMANTHA
 (questioning)
 Why?

GARRETT
 From the way you describe this new
 Slayer, I'm dying to make her
 acquaintance personally.

Garrett walks away from the other two, deep in thought.

GARRETT (CONT'D)

(to Gregory)

You've done well, Gregory. You shall be rewarded for this. Now leave us.

GREGORY

(bowing again)

Yes, sire.

Gregory exits, shutting the door behind him. Samantha comes up to Garrett.

SAMANTHA

Shall I mobilize a squad for the attack?

Garrett suddenly grabs her by the hair and yanks her head back.

GARRETT

Later.

He vamps again and digs in. Samantha grabs his hand and pulls him in tighter, starting to moan again. Off that slightly disturbing scene, we:

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN.

EXT. REBEL CAMP - NIGHT

Kennedy and Moira approach the camp, a makeshift collection of tents, huts, and bonfires in the middle of the woods.

KENNEDY

This is all very spartan.

MOIRA

I'm just glad they haven't assaulted us yet.

They walk through the camp, being suspicious of several vampires leering at them as they pass. Moira moves closer to Kennedy, a little on edge.

MOIRA (CONT'D)

You recall when I said I had a bad feeling about this?

KENNEDY

Just relax.

MOIRA

You're disturbingly calm about this whole arrangement.

Angelus stands from a nearby campfire and makes his way over to them.

ANGELUS

Ah, I was beginning to think you wouldn't show.

He extends his hand for a shake. Kennedy and Moira just stare at it. Sheepishly, he withdraws.

KENNEDY

I like to be fashionably late. It's a thing.

ANGELUS

(off the camp)

I know it seems a far cry from where you come from.

KENNEDY

(wry)

You have no idea how far.

ANGELUS

Aye, I'm accustomed to more palatial accommodations myself, but we make due. We just bleed the locals if we need anything.

Moira glares at him. Bad choice of words.

KENNEDY

So you've briefed them on the deal here?

ANGELUS

Aye, they're all aware. Any who lays a finger on either of you loses the finger.

Moira relaxes a little at that.

MOIRA

One thing still puzzles me.

Angelus turns to her.

MOIRA (CONT'D)

We were ambushed mere moments after Kennedy's fight in the market. How did you know we were there?

ANGELUS

A couple of my boys were in town and saw the skirmish. One of them instructed the others in town to incapacitate you until I could get there.

KENNEDY

All that communication in a matter of minutes? That's actually...pretty impressive.

ANGELUS

The vampires in this world are very well connected. And it's rare to see a girl stand up to any of us, let alone defeat us.

As Kennedy and Moira take that in, we DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. REBEL CAMP - LATER

Kennedy and Moira are sparring off in a secluded area. A nearby fire provides the only source of light.

Moira lunges with a right haymaker that Kennedy ducks other and counters with a hip toss.

Moira hits the ground hard and rolls to her feet. Pan up to show Kennedy in a boxing stance.

KENNEDY

Apparently basic boxing hasn't evolved here either.

Kennedy offers her hand to Moira, who accepts and gets to her feet.

KENNEDY (CONT'D)

I can see your punches coming a mile away. You're out thinking yourself. In a fight, it's all instinct, reaction, and balance. Lose any of those and you lose the fight.

(beat)

Let me see your stance.

Moira drops into a stance. She's completely square to Kennedy and her left hand is down by her chest.

KENNEDY (CONT'D)

(shaking her head)

With all due respect, Mr. Wallace didn't know squat about real fighting.

Kennedy walks behind Moira and repositions her into an orthodox (right handed) boxing stance, left foot forward.

KENNEDY (CONT'D)

You want to give your opponent as little surface area to hit as possible while still giving yourself enough range to get your stuff off.

Kennedy walks back around and holds her hands up, palms out.

KENNEDY (CONT'D)

Hit my hand.

MOIRA

Are you sure?

KENNEDY

Positive.

Moira throws a quick jab. Kennedy's arm hardly moves.

KENNEDY (CONT'D)
 You'll break your wrist jabbing
 like that. Everything from your
 forearm to your knuckles has to be
 completely straight. Try it again.

Moira jabs again. This one's a little better.

KENNEDY (CONT'D)
 Good.

Moira allows herself a smile and we DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. REBEL CAMP - MOMENTS LATER

More sparring. Moira's keeping up now, but Kennedy is still outmoving her.

KENNEDY
 Where's your weight?
 (ducks a kick)
 Where's your balance?
 (deflects a punch)
 You don't throw your whole body
 into every attack. Quickest way to
 get out of position to defend the
 counter.

Kennedy illustrates this by pushing Moira after sidestepping a punch. Moira stumbles past her. She tries a spinning backfist, but Kennedy ducks and sweeps her legs, taking her down.

KENNEDY (CONT'D)
 (helps Moira up)
 Your legs looked like a pretzel
 just now. We need to work on your
 footwork.

Moira gets back up and drops into her stance. Kennedy sizes her up.

KENNEDY (CONT'D)
 All of your weight is on your front
 leg. You can't keep your balance
 because your weight will carry you
 too far when you throw. Stand as
 still as you can.

Moira positions herself as best she can. Kennedy lightly pushes her and she goes down.

KENNEDY (CONT'D)
 (helps her up again)
 See what I mean? You need a base
 to start your attack from.

Kennedy drops into her own stance.

KENNEDY (CONT'D)
 Push me.

Moira gives her a hard shove. Kennedy barely budes.

KENNEDY (CONT'D)
 See the difference? All my weight
 is here...
 (taps her rear leg)
 ...so it's harder to move me.

They repeat the exercise. Moira doesn't move when shoved
 this time.

KENNEDY (CONT'D)
 Much better.

EXT. REBEL CAMP - MOMENTS LATER

Kennedy is on her back with Moira sitting in her guard.
 Imagine a missionary position without the sexual connotation.

KENNEDY
 Some creep gets you on your back,
 don't bother trying to hit him.
 All you want to do is not get hit
 and get back up. See, if you throw
 a punch...

Kennedy pulls Moira's arm down to simulate a punch. She
 shifts her hips and pushes Moira's body down.

KENNEDY (CONT'D)
 ...I shift my hips and roll. I've
 barely moved, but you completely
 miss. The idea is to stay calm.
 You can completely control a larger
 person with your legs if you know
 what you're doing.

They reverse position. Now Kennedy's on top. Moira has her
 legs crossed around Kennedy's back, high up by her shoulder
 blades.

MOIRA

So I want to keep you close? I thought the idea was to create distance.

KENNEDY

No, I want to create distance to hit you. You want to keep me from hitting you until you can get back up.

MOIRA

This is certainly different from how I was trained.

KENNEDY

Okay, let's try that escape.

Kennedy throws a slow moving punch. Moira dodges and hooks Kennedy's head under her arm. She simultaneously pushes Kennedy to her right and shifts her hips to her left.

Quick as a cat, Moira snakes around to Kennedy's back.

KENNEDY (CONT'D)

Now look where you are.

(pats Moira's legs)

Be sure to get your hooks in.

Again, use your legs to control when on the ground. Limit his range of motion.

MOIRA

Can I choke from here?

KENNEDY

Yeah, but most of the time you're fighting a vampire. It's kind of pointless to bother with chokes.

MOIRA

Oh, right. Of course. Can we try the body sweep?

They reset position. Moira grabs Kennedy's wrists.

KENNEDY

Maintain the grip. Control the arms until you try to get out.

MOIRA

Right.

Moira puts her feet on Kennedy's hips and pushes her away. Kennedy drives back in, but Moira has gotten up to one knee. She gets her arms up to keep Kennedy off her as she gets back to her feet.

KENNEDY

That's good. That's real good.

EXT. REBEL CAMP - LATER

Moira drops a trough of water in front of her horse. As the horse drinks, she absentmindedly strokes the mane.

CLOSE ON: Moira's eyes. Her thoughts elsewhere.

Off Moira's eyes, we DISSOLVE TO:

INT. KENNEDY'S TENT - NIGHT

Aerial shot of Kennedy lying on her back, also deep in thought. She picks up a nearby picture and looks at it.

ANGLE ON: The picture. It's Willow.

Kennedy softly runs her hand over the picture.

KENNEDY

I'm coming baby.

Close in on Willow's picture before we CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

ANGLE ON: An arrow with the tip wrapped in a wet rag. A torch comes into frame and IGNITES the arrow.

PULL BACK to show several arrows being lit up and strung into bows.

Simultaneously, all of the bows are raised and fired. We follow the stream of flaming arrows into the air and into:

EXT. REBEL CAMP - NIGHT

The arrows land throughout the camp, setting several tents ablaze. Several of the rebel vampires scramble to action as we CUT TO:

INT. KENNEDY'S TENT - NIGHT

Two flaming arrows penetrate the tent and it instantly starts burning.

Kennedy snaps out of her trance. As her eyes widen in surprise, we:

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN.

EXT. REBEL CAMP - NIGHT

We come in on a scene of utter chaos. Flaming arrows soar in from all directions, dusting some of the rebel vampires. The ones lucky enough not to get hit are scrambling to escape.

Kennedy exits her tent, heaving the smoke out of her lungs. She frantically looks around.

KENNEDY
(calling out)
Moira!

In another part of the rebel base, Moira is still tending to their horses. She yelps and jumps to her right, barely dodging an incoming arrow.

She looks back in the direction of the arrow to see Garrett's forces charging in, armed to the teeth.

MOIRA
My God.

KENNEDY (O.S.)
(distant)
Moira!

Moira whips around to see Kennedy simultaneously fighting off vampires and looking for her.

MOIRA
Kennedy!

Moira grabs a couple of stakes off of Kennedy's horse and takes off towards her.

ANGLE ON: A vampire's back as it dusts, its head rolling off to the side.

REVEAL Angelus with a sword. He turns just in time to catch an arrow heading for his heart.

The offending vampire is a few feet away, scrambling to reload his crossbow. Angelus calmly walks up, knocks the crossbow away, and stakes him with the arrow.

ANGELUS
Amateurs.

He takes one step to the side and a vampire lands on the ground where he was standing. He casually swipes down with his sword, decapitating the attacker.

ANGELUS (CONT'D)

Rank amateurs.

Kennedy sweeps one vampire to the ground and dusts it from behind. She rolls away as a sword clanks the ground by her head.

Moira continues making her way to Kennedy. She's tackled from the side by a vampire.

Rotating to her back before she lands, she puts her feet on the vampire's hips and pushes him off. The vampire rushes back in as she gets to one knee. She meets him head on with her stake, dusting him.

Angelus is striding through the melee, stopping to behead the occasional vampire as he moves.

We see his target. Garrett.

GARRETT

Angelus.

ANGELUS

Fancy meeting you here.

GARRETT

Needed a spot of fresh air.

ANGELUS

I would say it's good to see you again, Garrett, but I'd be lying.

Garrett draws a sword.

GARRETT

Do you really mean to test me again? I bested you the last time we battled.

ANGELUS

What I can?

Angelus takes a swing that Garrett parries with ease.

ANGELUS (CONT'D)

I like a challenge.

They back off and circle each other. Angelus mindlessly deflects an incoming arrow with his sword.

Almost all of the tents are on fire now.

Kennedy sidesteps a sword swing, then circles and jumps on the back of the offending vampire. Wrapping her legs around its waist, she stakes it from behind, landing on her butt.

Moira lands a stake assisted uppercut to a vampire's heart. She looks in Kennedy's direction to see a vampire on a horse bearing down on her from behind, sword outstretched.

THWIP. Moira spins as an arrow comes flying at her. She catches it with her hand as she turns.

She completes her spin to her original position and hurls the arrow like a dart towards Kennedy.

ANGLE ON: Kennedy as the vampire behind her dusts just before reaching her.

Moira smiles, pleased with her performance.

Kennedy looks behind her, then to Moira and gives a thumbs up. Then she cups her hands to her mouth.

KENNEDY

Get the horses!

Moira dashes back towards the horses.

Swords clang and clash as Angelus and Garrett are fully engaged in a heated battle. No more arrows are coming in their direction, Garrett's forces being smarter than to fire at him.

Angelus is mixing up his attacks, going high and low as Garrett struggles to defend. He nicks Garrett on the leg with a glancing blow and follows up with a swipe across his stomach.

Garrett staggers back and drops his hands. Angelus spins with his sword high, going for the neck.

Garrett swings with all of his might, knocking Angelus's sword in the opposite direction. He spins and kicks Angelus in the back.

Angelus stumbles forward from the kick, rolls to his knees, and gets his sword up just in time to block Garrett's follow up.

Moira has gotten back to the horses. Or horse, rather. Kennedy's horse is laid out on its side, a sword sticking out of its side.

Kennedy is now heading towards the horses herself. She casually stakes one vampire coming at her from her left, catching its sword as it dusts and using it to decapitate another coming from her right.

Moira is securing her belongings onto her horse as Kennedy comes up.

KENNEDY (CONT'D)

Time to go.

MOIRA

Past it, I'd say.

Kennedy mounts the horse and Moira gets on behind her.

ANGLE ON: A burning tent with vampires locked in battle in front of it. Samantha steps into frame, watching Kennedy and Moira escape.

SAMANTHA

(to her troops)

After them! Bring me the Slayers alive!

Several vampires take off after Kennedy on horseback. Samantha smiles.

Kennedy and Moira ride through the center of the camp, ducking to dodge any arrows.

MOIRA

Kennedy, why don't we go back into town?

KENNEDY

They'll know to look for us there.

SMACK. Moira howls in pain as an arrow embeds itself into her shoulder.

Kennedy looks back to see a vampire gaining on them.

KENNEDY (CONT'D)

No matter what happens, you keep going, okay?

MOIRA

Kennedy?

Kennedy draws the sword she acquired earlier. She pushes off the horse with her hand, pulling her feet up to the saddle.

KENNEDY
No matter what.

Without another word, Kennedy BACKFLIPS off the horse.

SLOW MOTION

She twists and contorts in midair like a gymnast so she's facing their pursuer.

Lashing out with her sword, she beheads the vampire in midair, landing on her knees on the ground, a rain of dust showering over her.

END SLOW MOTION

She turns to see Moira has stopped the horse and turned around.

KENNEDY (CONT'D)
Keep going! I'll catch up!

Moira lingers for a moment, then turns and gallops off into the woods.

ANGLE ON: Kennedy watching her leave. A foot snaps into frame from the left, catching her in the jaw and sending her to the ground.

ARC around to reveal Samantha standing over her.

KENNEDY (CONT'D)
You.

SAMANTHA
Where were we?

Kennedy kicks her in the stomach to drive her back, then kips up to her feet and decks her with a left cross.

KENNEDY
Right about there.

Angelus and Garrett are face to face, their swords pressed against one another. A deadlock.

Both vampires strain with exertion trying not to give any ground.

Garrett drops to his back, letting Angelus fall forward. He kicks Angelus in the chest and sends him flying overhead.

Angelus lands on his back and rolls to his knees. Garrett quickly kicks Angelus's sword away and raises his overhead for a killing blow.

Angelus fires an uppercut right into Garrett's groin. The great equalizer. Garrett doubles over and Angelus jumps to his feet.

He runs and slides to his knees in the dirt to retrieve his sword. Garrett is on him in a flash. Angelus, still on his knees, deflects an overhead strike to the side, both swords hitting the ground.

ANGELUS

You've gotten slower.

Garrett yanks his sword up and feints another overhead strike. Angelus falls for it and moves to parry. Garrett twists and kneels so his back is to Angelus.

With Angelus off balance and defenseless, Garrett STABS his sword backwards into Angelus's chest.

GARRETT

No. Just smarter.

Garrett stands and Angelus slumps to the ground, sword still embedded in his chest.

ANGELUS

(pained)

Do you mean to kill me now?

GARRETT

No, I don't. My point has been made and your rebellion is no more.

ANGELUS

You know I'll be back. I always come back.

GARRETT

You're no threat to me now.

(grabs the sword)

Pitiful.

Garrett violently pulls the sword out of Angelus's chest. Angelus yells in absolute agony.

GARRETT (CONT'D)
 You never really were. Now if you
 excuse me, I have a Slayer to
 collect.

Garrett stalks off. Angelus tries to stand, but the best he
 can do is sit up.

ANGELUS
 (calling after Garrett)
 This isn't over!

A few rebel vampires rush over to Angelus and help him up.
 Our friend Gregory is among them.

REBEL VAMPIRE
 Our camp is lost. We have to pull
 out.

ANGELUS
 I'll not be defeated by him.

REBEL VAMPIRE
 Angelus, we can return later to
 rebuild, but for now we need to
 regroup.

Angelus relents, letting his cohorts drag him away.

MONTAGE

- 1) Kennedy lands a snapping jab to Samantha's face.
- 2) Kennedy catches a punch and counters with a back elbow.
- 3) Kennedy rocks Samantha with a headbutt.
- 4) Kennedy connects with a left kick to Samantha's stomach.
- 5) Kennedy holds the back of Samantha's head and pummels her
 with three successive uppercuts.
- 6) Kennedy pops a right shin kick to Samantha's jaw.
- 7) Kennedy decks Samantha with a flying knee/front kick
 combination

END MONTAGE

Samantha slides on her back through the dirt. She rolls her
 to stomach and pushes up with her hands.

Kennedy stalks over, fists clenched and ready to finish the job. As she walks into frame, we cut to:

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Moira is riding hard, yanking the reigns of her horse left and right to dodge the arrows of the pursuing vampires.

Sweat flies off her body and she's breathing hard. Her face a mask of determination.

The arrow is still sticking out of her shoulder.

Close in on her as we cut to:

EXT. REBEL CAMP - NIGHT

Samantha is back on her feet, her legs resembling a tower of Jell-O.

Kennedy pulls a stake from her waist.

KENNEDY

Any last words?

In the blink of an eye, Samantha flicks her hand forward. DUST flies out of her hand and into Kennedy's eyes.

KENNEDY (CONT'D)

(rubbing her eyes)

You dirty-

She's cut off as Samantha finally scores with a punch, knocking Kennedy to her knees.

Samantha presses her advantage, landing damaging blows that Kennedy only partially blocks with her arms.

Finally Samantha lands a low kick that buckles Kennedy's legs and send her to one knee.

Samantha fires off a front kick, but Kennedy manages to grab the leg before it connects. She strains with all her might and hurls Samantha ten feet into the air. Samantha lands hard several feet away.

Kennedy continues trying to clear her eyes until she's hit from behind and goes down.

Garrett stands over her with his sword as she crawls to all fours.

He strikes down with an elbow to the base of her spine, knocking her flat again. Finally, he takes the hilt of his sword and cracks her in the back of the neck with it.

Kennedy lies still. She's out cold.

PAN up to Garrett's emotionless face and on that we:

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN.

INT. WOLFRAM AND HART FORTRESS - DUNGEON - NIGHT

CLOSE ON: Kennedy's unconscious face slumped to the side. A splash of water doses and wakes her up.

We pull back to see Samantha standing with a now empty bucket. She's sporting a nasty shiner on her right eye. Garrett is occupying himself hovering over a table in the back of the room.

There's a furnace in another part of the room. Various torture devices are scattered all over the place.

Kennedy coughs and sputters as she regains her senses. Her face drops when she sees her predicament. She's shackled to a wall in classic medieval fashion.

KENNEDY

Conked out two times in a day?
This is getting redundant.

SAMANTHA

Perhaps your infamous Slayer
reflexes are not as quick as you
would have everyone believe.

KENNEDY

Mmm hmm.
(off chains)
I would ask you to take these off
so we can test them, but you want
none of this.

SAMANTHA

I'd say it's fairly obvious who was
victorious in our last encounter.

KENNEDY

Oh please. I was beating that ass
until he bailed you out.

Quick as a cat, Samantha closes the distance and fires a right hook into Kennedy's ribs. Kennedy grunts, but her body doesn't move.

KENNEDY (CONT'D)

(deadpan)
You hit like a girl.

Samantha pops her with a elbow to the jaw. Kennedy just smirks like a girl.

KENNEDY (CONT'D)
I take it back. I've met girls who
hit harder.
(beat)
You hit like a bitch.

Samantha winds up for another blow. Garrett appears in a flash and stops her in mid swing.

GARRETT
Samantha, leave us.

SAMANTHA
No.

GARRETT
She's goading you. And doing quite
the marvelous job of it, I might
add. Leave the child to me.

Samantha hesitates for a second, then nods obediently and leaves the room.

KENNEDY
(calling to Samantha)
Might want to put something on that
eye. I've heard raw steaks do
wonders.

Samantha doesn't turn around until she opens the door to leave.

KENNEDY (CONT'D)
I'll see you later, sweetie. We
need our rubber match.

SAMANTHA
I would say I'm looking forward to
it...
(off Garrett)
...but somehow I doubt we'll see
each other again.

With one lingering look between them, she exits.

GARRETT
I apologize for her brashness. Her
methods are crude, to say the
least.

KENNEDY

I like it a little rough sometimes.

GARRETT

A woman after my own heart.

KENNEDY

Get me a stake and I will be.

GARRETT

Your bravado is quite endearing,
however false it may be.

He leans in close to her ear.

GARRETT (CONT'D)

(whispering)

I can smell the scent of fear
radiating from your very soul.

KENNEDY

I think a vampire would get it more
than most. You die once and you
tend to not be afraid of anything
else.

Garrett takes a step back, a creepy grin on his face. He's
thoroughly amused by this woman.

GARRETT

Do you know the origin of your
name, Kennedy?

KENNEDY

Umm...my parents?

GARRETT

It's Gaelic. I believe the literal
translation is helmeted head.

KENNEDY

Heh. Well that's fitting. I've
always been a little hardheaded.

GARRETT

That may be true...

Garrett uncurls a whip from his hand.

GARRETT (CONT'D)

...but I shall get through.
Everyone succumbs to the pain
eventually.

For the first time, Kennedy looks a little spooked.

GARRETT (CONT'D)
(taking a deep bow)
I am Garrett, despot for Wolfram
and Hart in this world. Learn my
name well.

He snaps the whip on the ground.

GARRETT (CONT'D)
You'll be screaming it soon.

KENNEDY
Never been much of a screamer.

As Garrett lashes the whip towards Kennedy, we CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Moira is on her horse riding hard through the forest. In the distance behind her, Garrett's raiding party can be heard in hot pursuit.

Each time the horse hits the ground, she winces in pain, the arrow still sticking out of her left shoulder.

Finally, she can't take it anymore. She pulls the horse to a stop and dismounts.

Looking back, she can see the torches of the party bearing down on her. She wipes some of the dripping blood from her wound onto her right hand and smears it into the fur of the horse.

MOIRA
(to the horse)
Heaven help me, I hope they don't
like animal blood.

She sharply pats the horse on the rear and it takes off to her right. Taking a moment to gather herself, she continues to move on foot.

MOIRA (CONT'D)
You saved me once. Come tomorrow,
I will return the favor.

Off Moira's determined look, we cut to:

INT. WOLFRAM AND HART FORTRESS - DUNGEON - NIGHT

SLAP. The whip connects to Kennedy once again. Garrett grunts as he exerts all of his strength into his attacks.

Kennedy is wincing with each blow, biting her bottom lip to keep from crying out. She won't give him the satisfaction.

GARRETT
 Stupid child!
 (another hit)
 Why do you not cry?

He's passed grunting at this point. Instead he's yelling in frustration.

Kennedy has her eyes closed now. Her clothes are tattered beyond repair and she's bleeding all over her body.

CLOSE ON: Kennedy's face as a single tear rolls down her left cheek.

ON SCENE

GARRETT (CONT'D)
 (yelling)
 Cry!
 (another hit)
 Cry, damn you!
 (another hit)
 Cry for mercy!

Finally, he stops. The sweat pours off his body as he gasps for air. Given he's a vampire and doesn't really need the oxygen, he must really be out of it.

KENNEDY
 (through gritted teeth)
 You're not worth my tears.

Garrett whips her again, but there's nothing on it. He's rapidly running out of patience and energy. Kennedy picks up on it.

Kennedy's entire body is heaving. She's weakening too, but refusing to give an inch.

KENNEDY (CONT'D)
 Only ten minutes, your stamina's
 pathetic.

Garrett looks back up at her.

KENNEDY (CONT'D)

Thank you for reminding why I don't
go for men.

Garrett is on her in a flash, resorting to a good old fashioned choke. He vamps out, his yellow eyes blazing with anger.

GARRETT

You insolent harlot. I've
personally seen to the death of
dozens of your kind!
(squeezes tighter)
Scream my name!

Kennedy is turning a ghastly shade of purple, but she's still holding on. Much to Garrett's chagrin, she even manages to smile.

With a howl of fury, Garrett lets go.

Kennedy takes the opportunity to egg him on.

KENNEDY

Choking? That's sad. You gonna
pull my hair next?

Garrett turns and lands a massive punch to her jaw. She turns back only to spit out a mouthful of blood.

KENNEDY (CONT'D)

That's even sadder. Your little
skank hits harder.

Garrett's entire body is shaking with fury. He knocks over his table of torture devices. The contents spill all over the floor.

Kennedy's body looks worse than when she was chopped to death, but you couldn't tell by the smile on her face.

Garrett visibly relaxes and his face returns to human visage. He lets out a small laugh and starts clapping.

GARRETT

I must applaud your efforts,
Kennedy. It's rare to meet a woman
with your will. Very few have
lasted this long with me.

KENNEDY

(dryly)
I can go all night, baby.

GARRETT

We shall see.

He walks over to the furnace and pulls out a RED HOT POKER.

While he's looking away, Kennedy manages to get her foot under a small metal pin from the table. She flicks it up and catches it in her right hand.

As Garrett slowly makes his way towards her, we cut to:

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

POW. Gregory staggers back into frame holding his jaw. Angelus stalks into frame after him. He's flanked by a few of the rebels.

GREGORY

What is the meaning of this?

ANGELUS

Garrett. His stench is all over you.

GREGORY

Angelus, that's impossible.

ANGELUS

Why? Because you bathed?

Gregory pauses at this. Crap.

GREGORY

(caught)

Well, yes.

Before he can blink, Angelus has him by the throat, pressed up against a tree.

ANGELUS

We're monsters, each and every one of us. I make no efforts to the contrary. But even a herd of cattle shows a speck of loyalty.

GREGORY

I am being loyal, to the winning side. This rebellion is futile, Angelus. Garrett and his forces will destroy you sooner or later. At best, you'll never be more than common.

Angelus releases him, but doesn't step back.

GREGORY (CONT'D)
You mean to kill me now?

ANGELUS
I've years in expertise on how to extract the most exquisite levels of anguish from my victims. How to keep them alive as long as possible to extend that sensation of pain.

Gregory gulps. Then he gasps as Angelus STAKES him.

ANGELUS (CONT'D)
But the art would be wasted on you.
(to the other vampires)
We'll regroup. Gather what others are still alive.

REBEL VAMPIRE
What of the Slayers, Angelus?

ANGELUS
The young one was being chased by Garrett's forces. I doubt she'll survive the night.

REBEL VAMPIRE
And what of Kennedy? I saw Garrett carrying her off.

ANGELUS
(smiling)
Somehow, I believe Garrett will have his hands full with that one.

Off Angelus's smile, we cut to:

INT. WOLFRAM AND HART FORTRESS - DUNGEON - NIGHT

Kennedy's body shakes as the sizzling sound of her flesh being burned is heard just out of frame. She's back to biting her lip again.

Pull back to see Garrett just as he rips the poker from her bicep. There's a gaping hole indicating where he stuck it.

GARRETT
No words now?

KENNEDY
 (gritted teeth)
 Thank you.

GARRETT
 Come again?

KENNEDY
 You went for the right arm instead
 of the left.
 (beat)
 I needed more time to pick the lock
 on that side.

Kennedy lands a swift roundhouse kick to Garrett's jaw,
 driving him back.

KENNEDY (CONT'D)
 Never underestimate a Slayer.

Before Garrett can recover from the surprise attack, Kennedy
 charges him and tackles him THROUGH the dungeon door into:

INT. WOLFRAM AND HART FORTRESS - CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

They land in a heap in the hallway. Kennedy recuperates
 first and lands a spinning kick on the ground to Garrett's
 face. She continues spinning and cracks him again with the
 back of her other foot.

Garrett rolls away and staggers to his feet. Kennedy charges
 in again, launching punch after punch. Garrett's taking
 damage, but he's starting to roll with the punches.

Finally, he sidesteps and catches her upper right arm. He
 digs his thumb into the poker wound.

Kennedy howls in pain.

GARRETT
 (blissfully)
 Oh yes.

He picks her up and slams her into the brick wall, almost
 putting her clear through the whole thing. Stone crumples to
 dust from the impact.

Kennedy drops to her knees. Garrett grabs the back of her
 head and yanks it down as he brings his knee up to her face.

SMACK. Kennedy is sent sprawling to the ground. She rolls
 backwards to her feet. Garrett comes in with a big haymaker.
 She ducks and catches him with a reverse elbow to the ribs.

He staggers back and she follows up with a massive uppercut that sends him to the ground.

Kennedy quickly mounts him and cuts loose with a barrage of punches to his face.

Garrett tries to buck her off with his hips, but her balance on top is perfect.

Kennedy whips her entire body into a right elbow that lands on Garrett's nose, a loud crack letting her know she broke it.

Garrett flips his legs up and scissors them under Kennedy's legs, pulling her flat on her back.

He catches her right foot under his armpit, slips his forearm under the leg and his right leg over the knee. Then he cranks back with his shoulder.

Kennedy screams as the bones in her ankle pop and shatter. Still pinned to the ground by his other leg, she rolls over to her stomach, and pushes off his butt with her free leg to escape the hold.

Garrett gets to his feet. His nose is spurting blood, but he doesn't seem to care.

Kennedy has her hands up. All of her weight is on her left leg.

KENNEDY'S POV: Garrett's form blurs in and out in front of her.

ON SCENE: Kennedy's battered and bloody, but she's still standing ready to fight.

KENNEDY

Bring it.

Garrett feints a left punch. She shifts her weight to her right side to block and instantly slips on the injured foot.

Garrett quickly ducks and:

SLOW MOTION

Garrett's foot sweeps Kennedy's right leg out from under her. Before she can land, he continues his spin, coming up and nailing her in the chest with a spinning back kick.

END SLOW MOTION

Kennedy flies down to the end of the hallway. Garrett runs in and shoulder rams her into the door at the end of the corridor.

She bounces off it and falls face first.

Garrett stands, proud of himself.

Kennedy slowly pushes herself up. Blood dripping through her gritted teeth as she expends all of her energy to regain her legs.

Garrett wastes no time, landing a front kick that knocks her THROUGH the door into:

INT. WOLFRAM AND HART FORTRESS - DUNGEON - NIGHT

We're in another dungeon. This one has a large pool of water in the middle of it. In the center of the pool is a giant wheel with shackles on it.

Kennedy slides to a stops just at the edge of the pool. As she once again rises to her feet, we cut to:

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Moira is resting by a tree. The only sounds around her are a hooting owl and chirping crickets. She reaches around to her back and grabs the arrow still protruding from her arm and winces as she breaks off the back end.

Pausing to get a few breaths in to steel herself, she grabs the front end and YANKS it out of her shoulder, screaming in pain as she does.

She wheezes as the pain slowly leaves her body. Off her, we cut to:

INT. WOLFRAM AND HART FORTRESS - DUNGEON - NIGHT

Kennedy is back on her feet, panting from exhaustion.

Garrett's looking pretty smug now despite the blood still dripping from his nose. He has his arms crossed.

GARRETT

Such fire. It's almost a shame to have to kill you.

KENNEDY

(gasping)

Been there. Done that. Didn't bother with the t-shirt.

Kennedy throws a wild punch. Garrett easily dodges and catches the arm under his armpit. Kennedy's eyes widen.

Uh oh.

GARRETT
(smirking)
Almost a shame.

He slams his free fist into the back of her elbow, instantly knocking it out of socket.

Kennedy's legs give out, her body finally failing. Garrett picks her up by the throat and SLAMS her into the water.

ANGLE ON: Kennedy underwater struggling to free herself.

GARRETT (CONT'D)
(mumbles)
Never underestimate a Slayer.

SLOW MOTION

Kennedy continues to struggle, her hair thrashing through the water. Air bubbles escape her mouth as Garrett continues to throttle her.

KENNEDY (V.O.)
They say everyone deserves a second chance. Well, I got mine. For all the good it did me.

Kennedy's struggles cease. Her hands drop from Garrett's wrists. Her eyes remain open, but there's no life in them anymore.

KENNEDY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
(softly)
At least this time, I went down swinging.

Off Kennedy's floating corpse, we:

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF SHOW