

(Name of Show)

("Title of Episode")

by  
(Name of First Writer)

(Based on, If Any)

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(Names of Subsequent Writers,  
in Order of Work Performed)

Current Revisions by  
(Current Writer, date)

Name (of company, if applicable)  
Address  
Phone Number

**WEBISODE**

FADE IN:

1

INT. CAMPUS - INFIRMARY - DAY

1

TIA folds the sheets down of an empty bed, pulling the clean sheets taut. She smiles at a job well done, and looks up:

THE INFIRMARY, barring a few nurses and one or two sleeping patients, is almost empty compared to last term. She picks up a stack of sheets and makes her way to another stripped bed.

TIA

(muttering)

The radial pulse is located on the thumb side of the wrist. The apical pulse -

VOICE (O.S.)

Tia?

Tia looks up to see DR. MANU CAIRNS approaching. She eyes the papers in his arms with barely-hidden excitement, and returns to making the bed, doing a poor job of trying to seem normal.

TIA

Good afternoon, doc.

Manu smiles, friendly, and looks over her work.

MANU

Good afternoon, Tia. And while I appreciate how tidy all the beds look, I think you.

TIA

(grin)

I have to keep busy, at least until the end of the week.

MANU

(nods)

Of course.

He walks on. Tia fidgets, unable to stop herself blurting out:

TIA

Was there...

Manu turns. Raises an eyebrow.

TIA (cont'd)

Um, you know... anything else?

(CONTINUED)

MANU

(smiles)

Yes, Tia. I've looked over your proposal. You know, the one you left so surreptitiously on my desk.

Tia chuckles, Manu enjoying this chance to tease her. Tia keeps her head down as she pulls the sheet up.

TIA

(shrugs)

So...

(hopeful)

What did you think?

MANU

I loved it. Training a Slayer in each squad to also work as a medic is something we should have logically put into place years ago, and if the Virus hadn't distracted us last year...

(smiles)

Grace agreed with me.

Tia's smile breaks out into a full-on grin, and she steps forward and HUGS Manu tightly.

TIA

Thank you.

She steps back, grabbing the remaining sheets and hugging them to her body.

TIA (cont'd)

Thank you, Manu. You won't be disappointed.

MANU

She spoke to Clarissa, and they agreed that your C Squad secondment can wait a fortnight while you run the first class.

(beat)

Provided this place stays as quiet, I can run such a course once a month for more Slayers.

TIA

Let's hope.

They start to walk across the infirmary together.

MANU

I have to say, your proposal was very comprehensive.

(CONTINUED)

TIA

Just wanted to cover all the bases.  
I mean, it's not just everyday  
bumps and sprains we'll be needing  
to teach people how to fix, is it?

MANU

It certainly isn't. I was  
particularly impressed with the  
sections covering mystical poisons  
and afflictions - very well  
researched.

TIA

Oh, I had a little help.

(off look)

Delaney. She's really kicking her  
heels at the moment, you know, what  
with it being months since she lost  
the use of her magic and all.

MANU

Wherever you took your information  
from, it made for a suitably  
involving read.

(beat)

Do you have any ideas for the first  
candidates?

Tia nods quickly, turning and pulling a STACK of papers from  
within the bedsheets she was carrying.

TIA

(speaking quickly)

I've got signed forms and class  
fees from a Slayer in each of the  
core squads already. All they need  
are yours and Grace's okay.

Manu blinks, surprised, as he takes the forms. Tia glances at  
her watch as he flicks through them.

MANU

Have you given much thought to the  
idea of getting any sleep lately?

TIA

(grins)

I'll be representing C Squad, Fran  
St. James will be in for B Squad,  
and...

(deep breath)

Sofia Romero for A Squad.

MANU

She's agreed to this?

VOICE (O.S.)  
Are my ears burning?

Manu looks up, to see SOFIA entering the infirmary with a smile.

SOFIA  
Hello, both. Tia asked me to swing  
past...  
(sees the papers)  
... and I think I know what it's  
about.

She stands before them, registering Manu's expression.

SOFIA (cont'd)  
It's about my application to join  
the field medic scheme, right? The  
one that's not official yet, but  
thanks to the ever-persuasive Tia I  
signed myself up for anyway?  
(off look)  
You seem a little... nonplussed.

MANU  
What? Oh, no, not at all, I'm  
just...

SOFIA  
I've spent three years trying to do  
some good, save lives. This way, I  
won't just be killing things.  
(beat)  
It's what I needed.

Sofia moves forward and SHAKES Tia's hand.

SOFIA (cont'd)  
And Tia's going to change this  
Academy someday. Congratulations on  
the squad position.

TIA  
(shrugs)  
Thanks. I guess. Sometimes I think  
I'd be doing more good here.

SOFIA  
(smiles)  
We go where we go, and do good  
where we can.  
(to Manu)  
So what do you think?

MANU  
About which part?

SOFIA

Any of it, really.

MANU

I think Tia's idea is a sound one,  
and that if we can have Slayers in  
every squad trained in basic field  
medicine within the next six  
months, we'll go a great way  
towards limiting our casualties in  
the future.

(beat; to Sofia)

And if this is something you feel  
will fill in... a missing piece,  
let's say, of your own path, then  
you have my support.

He offers his hand - she SHAKES it.

SOFIA

Thank you. Both.

Manu turns to Tia, holding up the papers:

MANU

So could you find me a pen? I  
believe I have some documents to  
sign.

Tia beams, scurrying off as we:

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF WEBISODE**