

**SLAYER ACADEMY**

"Scary Monsters"

by  
Lee A. Chrimes

**(c) 2005 Monster Zero Productions**

TEASER

FADE IN:

1 EXT. QUIET ROAD. NIGHT. 1

Panning down across a long, lonesome stretch of road, a pair of headlights appear in the distance, making their way towards us.

TITLE OVER: England - Monday.

As the coach draws nearer, we cut to:

2 INT. COACH. NIGHT. 2

The coach is fairly full despite the obviously late hour, but pretty much everyone on it is asleep.

Walking down the aisle, taking in the various passengers - families, overweight tourists and the like - eventually brings us to the back row.

Sitting squashed up in one corner, a huge stack of somebody else's luggage alongside her, is SOFIA. She's seventeen with long, dark hair and a European hint to her features. She's listening to a Discman to pass the time, giving us the soundtrack of "Neighbourhood" by Space.

Sofia looks idly out through the back windows as the coach rolls on through the night, before recognising a landmark and starting to sit up.

Grabbing her backpack with a stretch up to the luggage rack overhead, she extracts herself from the pile of suitcases next to her and makes her way down the aisle.

3 EXT. DESERTED ROAD. NIGHT. 3

The coach pulls out of frame, leaving Sofia alone on an empty stretch of road. She looks up and down - nothing in sight. Either side of her are wide, open fields, a few houses and farms dotted around, but not exactly a bustling metropolis.

She hefts her backpack over one shoulder and brings out a map, using a small torch on her keyring to read it.

Looking up, and seeing that her path takes her through a thick forest up ahead, she sighs, tucks the map away and starts towards the woods.

4 EXT. WOODS. NIGHT. 4

There's a path worn through the forest, and Sofia follows it, pushing the occasional branch out of the way as she walks on, the full moon overhead lighting up her journey.

(CONTINUED)

After a few moments travel, it becomes clear that someone or *something* is following her. Watching Sofia from about twenty feet away, we can hear ragged breathing as her unseen observer shoves through the increasingly thick trees to keep her in sight.

Sofia pauses, looking around her. The forest around her is almost silent, a distant owl's hooting and a few ambient insect sounds all that can be heard.

She starts off again - and her observer is now much closer, matching her pace as it tracks her. The observer lets out a barely suppressed SNICKER as it watches her.

Sofia freezes. She definitely heard that. She reaches for the small torch on her keys again and shines it in a slow circle around her - it doesn't do much good, but it's a start. She calls out, her accent crisp and British.

SOFIA

Hello? Who's there?

A pack of birds are disturbed by something over to her right, and she whips round - but she can't see anything. Sofia sighs, almost impatiently.

SOFIA (cont'd)

I know there's someone out there,  
so you may as well stop hiding and  
just come out now.

Still nothing. Sofia bites her lip, thoughtful, then tucks the torch away.

SOFIA (cont'd)

Alright, have it your way.

She starts on her way again.

This time, the stalker is just a few feet away, separated from her only by a few trees and bushes, managing to stay out of sight.

In its haste to keep up with her, it steps on a twig which SNAPS loudly.

Sofia freezes, and shrugs her bag off and onto the floor. She puts her hands on her hips defiantly.

SOFIA (cont'd)

Right! Come out here in five  
seconds, or I'm coming looking for  
you. Five... Four... Three...

And with a SNARL, the stalker LEAPS OUT from the trees to land just in front of her.

(CONTINUED)

It's a feral-looking male, taller than her, hunched over slightly, grinning broadly, his eyes twinkling in the moonlight and his wild hair flowing out from his head.

Sofia looks less than impressed, and the Man frowns.

STALKER

Come on, little girl! You're the one here acting all brave, walking through the woods by yourself at night... Don't you have anything to say to the Big, Bad Wolf now he's here?

The Stalker HISSES at her - he's a VAMPIRE! Licking his lips and his fangs, he starts to circle her. Sofia still looks nonplussed by the whole thing.

The vampire starts to look a little unnerved by Sofia's defiance, his smile fading.

STALKER (cont'd)

Well, what are you waiting for?  
Run, or something! I'll tear your damn throat out if you don't start moving! Come on, girl, give me a-

The vampire GULPS suddenly, and looks down at his chest.

Cool as ice, Sofia has planted a wooden stake firmly into the vampire's chest. It starts to shudder as it looks back up at her - and now, she's smiling.

SOFIA

Give you a reason? There you go.  
(waves)  
Cheerio.

With a HOWL, the vampire DUSTS and crumbles away, and Sofia smooths her outfit back down with a satisfied grin.

A torch beam suddenly shines on her, and Sofia turns, shielding her eyes as someone else makes their way towards her. The figure with the torch stops a few feet away.

WOMAN'S VOICE

Sofia Romero, I presume?

SOFIA

That's me, who's asking?

The woman steps forward - this is BARBARA, a middle aged woman with curly red hair, a quiet authority about her features as she grins at Sofia.

(CONTINUED)

BARBARA

Glad I found you! When the bus didn't drop you off at the gates I had a feeling you'd be out here somewhere. I'm Barbara Griffin, your new Headmistress. You, ah, missed your stop on the coach back there, you know.

SOFIA

Yes, sorry about that, but as you can see...

Sofia puts her backpack over her shoulder and tucks the stake away.

SOFIA (cont'd)

Everything's under control now.

Barbara smiles and motions for Sofia to follow as she turns and heads back out of the woods.

BARBARA

Oh, and before I forget - welcome to Slayer Academy.

Sofia grins at her, and as she jogs out of frame to catch up, we:

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF TEASER**

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

5 EXT. FIELDS. NIGHT.

5

Barbara and Sofia have left the forest, and now walk on across a long, well-groomed field, Barbara's torch leading the way.

Sofia glances down and sees occasional white lines running across the grass, marking it out as some kind of playing field.

BARBARA

We're just over this next hill. You may have gone the long way round, but you do at least get a great view of the campus before we get there!

SOFIA

Well, that's me, never doing things the easy way.

They start up a small hill, Barbara pausing at the top to look out at something off screen. Sofia joins her, a look of wonder in her eyes.

SOFIA (cont'd)

Wow... Is that it?

BARBARA

That's it. The Rupert Giles Academy for Girls. As far as the outside world is concerned, anyway.

SOFIA

Oh, yes, Buffy told me all about what Giles wanted to do with that. You know, keeping it hidden in plain sight and all that.

Barbara starts down the hill, heading off screen, but Sofia stays for a moment, and we slowly pan round to take in her view - and the Academy is revealed in all its glory.

Two tall blocks are joined by a long central section, which has a spire rising from the middle, the whole campus lit up outside and in to mark off the rest of the grounds.

From up here, Sofia can see the playing fields surrounding it more clearly, along with other clusters of smaller buildings dotted around the grounds.

(CONTINUED)

BARBARA (O.S.)  
Come on, Sofia! Plenty more to see  
yet!

Sofia nods and jogs down the hill after Barbara.

Sofia follows Barbara up towards the main campus building,  
looking all around her as she soaks the scene up.

SOFIA  
I had no idea it was all so...

BARBARA  
(grins)  
Big? Neither did I, first time I  
got here. You'll soon get used to  
it. Hopefully, you won't get as  
lost around here as I still do!

Barbara throws a warm smile at Sofia as they walk up to the  
main entrance. Thick glass doors lead into the reception  
area, and either side of the driveway leading up to it are  
small gardens and ponds, the sound of flowing water filtering  
into the evening air.

Barbara fiddles with a set of keys to open the glass doors,  
motioning for Sofia to head on inside. There are some lights  
on inside, but only enough to put up a dim glow.

The reception area leads off three ways, with large framed  
photos and portraits lining its walls. They're all fairly  
generic - class photographs, grinning pupils at sporting  
events, nothing spectacular. Barbara notices Sofia studying  
the photos and steps over.

BARBARA  
Just for show. We can't exactly  
advertise what it is we're doing  
here, for everyone's safety, so  
what you're standing in now is all  
part of our disguise!

SOFIA  
You're disguised as a normal  
school?  
(nods)  
Clever.

BARBARA  
Follow me. Most of the campus is  
locked up, but I'll give you a  
brief look round.

Barbara heads straight on, and Sofia follows.

BARBARA (cont'd)

Oh, and before I forget - the Scythe should be arriving back here in a few days or so. I know it must have seemed a little off to have someone from the Council take it away from you not longer after Buffy had passed it on, but-

SOFIA

(raises hand)

It's fine, I understand. The lady who took it explained it to me - they just wanted to run some tests and things on it, see what had happened when Buffy unlocked all that new power inside it.

(smiles)

Can't say I'm not looking forward to getting it back, though.

Barbara smiles back and waves for Sofia to follow, into:

INT. ASSEMBLY HALL. NIGHT.

Barbara leads Sofia through a high-ceilinged room, filled with rows of chairs all facing a raised stage, with a set of tall windows forming one wall. The windows look out across the centre of the campus, and Barbara points to landmarks as she talks.

BARBARA

This is the main assembly hall, any special meetings or things will be held in here, along with a general assembly once a week. Out through those windows is the quadrangle, and you can see the teaching rooms either side on the lower and middle floors, with the dorms up on the top.

SOFIA

So we're all staying on campus?

BARBARA

That's the plan.

SOFIA

(nods)

Nice.

BARBARA

Just 'nice'?



SOFIA

(grins)

Very nice, then. Are you the only staff member here right now or something? This whole place seems a little... well, empty.

BARBARA

There are a few more staff, but they're all tucked up in bed. Staff housing is all round the grounds, nobody's ever more than a few hundred yards away. As for pupils, three of your classmates are already here, and we were waiting on number five, but...

(checks watch)

Let's head over to the dorms and get you settled in.

Barbara heads back out, and with another look round the assembly hall, Sofia follows.

INT. DORMS. NIGHT.

Barbara throws open a thick door to reveal the girls' new sleeping quarters, a long, rectangular room with several beds laid out along it. Each bed has a small wardrobe next to it, a foot locker at the end of the bed and a small sink and vanity mirror alongside, with a bedside lamp.

There are three more girls in the room - a short, reserved-looking Asian girl, a tall, fashion model beautiful blonde and a redhead with long, straight hair and a curvy figure. There are piles of bags heaped at the foot of each bed - the girls' various luggage.

BARBARA

Well, then! Good evening, girls. Sorry we're all starting so late, but I'm sure you can appreciate how we need to take plenty of precautions in these early days.

The blonde steps forward, looking Barbara up and down - this is FRANCOISE DuCONT. She speaks with a thick French accent, absently chewing some gum.

FRANCOISE

Actually, no, I don't, *mademoiselle*. We have been up half the night travelling all the way out 'ere, but I don't see why we couldn't just *marche* up to the front door at a proper hour - preferably, in the morning!

(CONTINUED)

Barbara blinks, and Sofia smirks at Frankie's sass. All professional, Barbara fixes on her best disarming smile.

BARBARA

Sofia, I'd like you to meet  
Francoise. Her father and I used to  
know each other from college, and  
he made sure to tell me all about  
her before she arrived.

SOFIA

(under her breath)  
Sounds like you needed the  
warning...

FRANCOISE

(waves dismissively)  
Please, call me 'Frankie.' Everyone  
does it, only my parents bother to  
call me 'Francoise' any more. And  
even then only when I am in  
trouble.

BARBARA

Frankie's come all the way from  
France, her father owns a chain of  
luxury resorts and has also made  
several very generous donations to  
the Academy, although he did make  
me promise that we'd knock some  
discipline into his daughter in  
return!

Sofia chuckles but Frankie doesn't look too amused, striding  
back over to her bed and opening her second suitcase.

Barbara motions towards the petite Asian girl, ALITA, who  
steps closer.

BARBARA (cont'd)

And this is Alita Kagemura.

ALITA

(bows)  
Yes, I am Alita.

There's a beat as Barbara waits to see if she'll say anything  
else, but it's pretty clear that Alita is the quiet type.

Finally, the redhead steps forward, holding out her hand.  
This is EMMA PRESTON, complete with twangy Texan accent.

(CONTINUED)

EMMA

Howdy! I'm Emma, Emma Preston. Darn nice of you Brits to put this place up for us girls, I was beginning to wonder if I'd ever get any proper training in how to kick ass!

Emma beams at Sofia as she shakes her hand, and Barbara puts that smile on again. She steps back and motions towards Sofia for the rest of the room's benefit.

BARBARA

And this is Sofia Romero, she's another new recruit like you three.

SOFIA

(waves)

Um, hello.

Alita nods, Emma waves back, but Frankie just looks Sofia up and down - a fairly typical move, it seems.

FRANKIE

*Merde*, the ride over here must 'ave been *tres* rough for you, no? You look like you've been up half the night already!

Sofia looks down at her clothes - realising that she's still got a little dirt from her trek through the forest dashed across her.

She looks up to see Frankie smirking, and a dark look crosses Sofia's face.

Barbara senses the tension and clears her throat.

BARBARA

(checks watch)

We're still waiting on the last one of you to show up, but we'll send her up when she arrives. So! Go ahead, get settled in, I know you've all had long trips to get out here so my advice is to just crash out. We won't be starting your induction until ten a.m. tomorrow. Good night, ladies.

Barbara closes the door, leaving the girls to it. Frankie carries on unpacking, Alita starts to fold her modest clothes into her wardrobe and Emma takes a set on the edge of Sofia's bed, beaming warmly at her.

(CONTINUED)

EMMA

So! How're y'all doin' tonight anyway, Limey? Helluva ride out here, I tried to get to sleep but man, there was this baby on the coach who just would not shut up!

SOFIA

My ride was pretty quiet, I know people over here already so I just stayed with them for a week or two before I had to ride out here.

EMMA

You did? Well, you are one lucky girlie, I've flown non stop, Texas to Heathrow, then it's been coaches all the way since then!

Emma glances over her shoulder at Alita, then whispers.

EMMA (cont'd)

See that one back there? She's hardly said two words since we picked her up at the airport. Reckon she's one of those 'strong, silent' types myself.

Emma then throws a glance to Frankie.

EMMA (cont'd)

And that Gucci-wearin' bundle of 'tude didn't shut up complaining the whole way out here either. It's a good job we arrived when we did, five more minutes of that and I think I'd have thrown her out the damn window! You know?

Emma chuckles, and Sofia can't help but giggle - to which Frankie's head whips round and she shoots a glare at them both. This just makes the girls laugh even more.

Frankie throws open her third suitcase, casting a critical eye around the dorms and wrinkling up her nose.

FRANKIE

Zut. I'm sure my father would not be pleased to see me having to sleep in these conditions!

Emma throws Sofia a smirk before turning to Frankie.

(CONTINUED)

EMMA

What's the matter, honey, you too used to your creature comforts back at the palace?

FRANKIE

*Absolument!* These rooms are not fit for the servants!

SOFIA

We're sleeping in here too, Frankie! You don't hear any of us complaining, do you? And anyway, I happen to think this place is rather nice.

Frankie raises an incredulous eyebrow at Sofia, but with a mutter and a shake of her head she goes back to unpacking.

EMMA

So what did you think of that Barbara girl?

SOFIA

The headmistress? She seems nice enough.

EMMA

Yeah, she seems real sweet, don't she? I was expecting one of those battle axes you always see in old British movies about schools and stuff!

SOFIA

Yeah, she seems okay. There'll probably be a bunch of teachers who are real idiots, though, just to balance it out. Buffy always said her high school years were just like that!

Emma grins and settles onto her bed, lying on her back and staring up at the ceiling.

Sofia glances towards Frankie, who is dragging two beds together with a series of piercing metallic SCREECHES.

SOFIA (cont'd)

What are you doing?

FRANKIE

Making my bed! I cannot sleep on just one of these mattresses, I 'ave a delicate back!

(CONTINUED)

EMMA

Sugar, y'all are in the wrong business if you're gonna use words like 'delicate.'

Frankie shoots a look over to Emma, who sits up in bed and stares right back. Alita cranes forward a little, listening in but trying not to stand out.

FRANKIE

And what is *that* supposed to mean?

EMMA

Didn't you read the memo? We're *vampire slayers*, princess. It's our job to rid the world of evil, fight the good fight and all that other cliched crap, and last time I checked, gettin' two mattresses when you're meant to just have *one* wasn't a major concern in the whole Slayer hierarchy thing.

Sofia looks back to Frankie - who backs down with a pout, shoving her beds together at last and settling down on them, her back to Sofia and Emma.

Sofia turns to Emma, who grins and lies back down.

EMMA (cont'd)

Yep, I can see we're all gonna have some fun here.

Sofia lies back on her bed too, staring up at the ceiling.

EMMA (cont'd)

So what did you want to do with your life, Limey?

SOFIA

I'm sorry?

Emma grins and pushes herself up on one elbow.

EMMA

Oh, it's just a little thing I came up with. You know, like an icebreaker. Girls like us - Slayers, I mean - we all wanted to be something. A doctor, a scientist, an athlete, whatever. When we all got ourselves summoned up to fight the bad guys and save the world, that all changed.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

EMMA (cont'd)

So what I ask people isn't 'what do you want to be?' Because there's only one answer. I like to ask what did you want to be, before you found out you were a Slayer.

SOFIA

Oh, I see. That's quite clever!

EMMA

(shrugs)

It's a gift.

SOFIA

(giggles)

Well, there are two things I'm alright at, and those are writing and music. I play guitar, although I haven't for a long time, and I'd like to start writing again, get myself out of that bad teenage poetry phase once and for all. How about you?

EMMA

I always figured I'd grow up to be a singer, like my mom. I mean, pop owns a ranch so me and the rest of the family were always there, helping out, but three nights a week my mom'd drive out into town and sing her heart out. She had an agent, bookings, a regular crowd who always showed up to see her - she was a real local celebrity! How about your folks?

Sofia falls quiet, and Emma picks up on what's left unsaid.

SOFIA

They're, ah, they're both dead.

EMMA

(beat)

Sorry to hear that, honey. Not my place to pry.

Emma reaches under her pillow and pulls out her nightclothes - a baggy hockey jersey and a pair of shorts.

EMMA (cont'd)

Well, time to hit the hay. I think Kato and the princess are gonna be asleep any minute, we may as well join them!

(CONTINUED)

Sofia nods and opens her own bag, rooting through for her nightdress as Emma hops up off her bed to get changed.

Sofia looks back round as Emma climbs into bed and closes her eyes, and Sofia turns to look over to where Alita is sitting. Alita briefly looks up, then averts her eyes again and turns her lamp off.

Sofia looks over to her for a beat, then turns and lies back on her bed, a thoughtful expression playing across her face.

We push in on her as her eyelids slowly become heavy, and she drifts off to sleep, we cut to:

10

EXT. FOREST. NIGHT.

10

With a CRACK of thunder, Sofia is suddenly standing in the middle of the same forest she walked through earlier. This time, a vicious storm has kicked up, and she darts for cover against the pounding rain.

Sofia looks round, confused, trying to work out where she is amid the howling wind and lightning flashes overhead.

SOFIA

Hello? Hello! Is anyone there?

A wolf's HOWL off screen makes her whip round, and she backs up until she's against a tree, starting to get freaked out as she keeps looking round.

Unseen by Sofia, a clawed HAND starts to reach slowly round the tree, and in the shadows beyond it, a tall figure can just about be seen, with two red eyes peering down at her.

Sofia suddenly twigs that someone's there, and after a beat she DIVES forward, just as the clawed hand SWIPES down after her, missing the back of her head by inches but snagging a lock of her hair, which is pulled loose.

Sofia stumbles to the muddy floor, shuffling backwards as she tries to see who just attacked her.

All she can see amongst the trees are more shadows, some of which seem to be moving, as the rustle of the windswept branches starts to gradually form words... her name!

VOICES

Sofia... Sofia! Sofia!

She clamps her hands to her ears and closes her eyes.

SOFIA

Dream. Just a dream. I'm asleep,  
it's just a dream. Just a-

(CONTINUED)



THUD! Something heavy splashes into the mud in front of her, and with a YELP she scrambles to her feet, turns and runs.

As she pushes through the branches, the trees seeming to fight against her, she can hear the sound of LAUGHTER - a low, throaty laugh that makes her look round.

She turns back again to continue running - and dashes headfirst into a tree trunk.

Sofia is knocked flat on her back into the mud, out cold.

We stay on her for a few beats as the rain continues to lash down, before the shadow of a tall figure steps into frame, looming over her.

Speaking with the same gruff voice that was just laughing, the figure chuckles:

VOICE

Oh, yes... I can see I'm going to  
have some fun here.

After another beat, the figure walks away, bursting into LAUGHTER again as the shadow disappears, and from that, we:

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF ACT ONE**

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

11 INT. DORMS. MORNING.

11

TITLE OVER - Tuesday.

Sofia wakes up with a start, jerking bolt upright in her bed, breathing quickly. She's still in her clothes from the night before, and she blinks for a few moments, disorientated.

She looks round the rest of the dorm - Alita is up and washing, dressed in plain, dark clothes, while Frankie is trying and failing to squeeze several dozen clothes on hangers into the small wardrobe by her bed, cursing in French as she does so.

Sofia looks to her side and sees Emma, dressed in her bedclothes and still fast asleep, although the heavy frown on her face makes Sofia step over and gently shake her till she wakes up.

EMMA

(blinks)

Whu- what the... that you, Limey?

SOFIA

(grins)

Yes, it's me. Are you alright? You looked like you were having a bad dream.

Emma sits up, wiping her brow, surprised to find that she's been sweating. She looks round the dorm, blinking.

EMMA

Darn! Helluva thing. Coulda sworn I was back on my daddy's ranch, but... something wasn't right, there was this big old storm kicking up a fuss, and all the animals were real spooked, like, and...

Sofia glances to the side, and Emma notices something, squinting. Sofia registers the look and shrinks back a little, confused.

SOFIA

What?

EMMA

You always wear your hair like that, Limey? It looks a little uneven at the back there.

(CONTINUED)

Sofia frowns and reaches round behind her head - and finds that a lock of her hair is missing, in exactly the same place as where she was almost diced in her dream!

Sofia stands, looking concerned, as Frankie saunters over, somehow looking fabulous despite only having been awake for ten minutes.

FRANKIE

May I make a *petit* suggestion?

EMMA

That depends, is it going to involve you moving to another room?

FRANKIE

(ignores her)

Next time you two ladies are planning on 'aving nightmares, try to keep the noise down! Some of us need our sleep, *n'est pas*?

Frankie starts to walk away, but Sofia stands and grabs her arm to stop her.

SOFIA

Wait - you heard us? What were we doing?

FRANKIE

I do not know, you were making all these strange noises, like a wounded animal or something! Then, I 'eard you say very clearly 'I'm asleep, it's just a dream,' over and over again.

(sighs)

It was *tres* distracting.

Frankie goes back to muttering in her native language, as Sofia looks down at Emma.

EMMA

Something funky happened last night, Sofia. I mean, I know I ain't been a Slayer long, but I've already seen enough crazy stuff to turn your hair white and make you wish you were dead already, and those dreams sure fell into that category!

SOFIA

You and me both, Emma. Look, we'll go talk to Barbara about it later, okay? What time is it?

11 CONTINUED: (2)

11

FRANKIE  
(walking past)  
It is almost ten, time for our  
first assembly, non?

They watch Frankie go, before Sofia turns back to Emma.

SOFIA  
Okay, after assembly. It's probably  
nothing, but like you said...

EMMA  
(nods)  
Lotta crazy things out there.

As Emma hops out of bed, Sofia looks over to Alita as she  
walks past them.

SOFIA  
How about you, Alita? Did you have  
bad dreams last night?

ALITA  
No, I slept well, thank you.

Alita shuffles on out of the dorm, and Sofia looks back at  
Emma, who just shrugs, as we cut to:

12 INT. ASSEMBLY HALL. MORNING.

12

Barbara is stood behind a lectern on the stage as the four  
girls file in. Sofia sits first, in the front row, directly  
before Barbara, and the others follow her lead, sitting in a  
neat line.

Barbara nods down at them, then looks round the large,  
currently virtually empty hall, and with a grin steps down  
from behind the lectern, sitting on the lip of the stage.

BARBARA  
Seems a little too formal to  
address just you four from way up  
there!

EMMA  
(grins)  
I don't mind, makes me feel all  
important, like.

BARBARA  
There's only a few things I need to  
run through with you today, the  
rest of the day will be spent  
sorting out your timetables, both  
academic and otherwise.

(CONTINUED)

Frankie raises a hand, and Barbara nods at her.

BARBARA (cont'd)  
Yes, Frankie?

FRANKIE  
What is the difference?

BARBARA  
What do you mean?

FRANKIE  
'Academic or otherwise,' you said.  
Which covers what?

Barbara reaches behind her and scoops up four bound information packs, reasonably thick, and she hands one out to each girl. The girls don't look too thrilled to be getting paperwork this early in the day.

ALITA  
Excuse me, but what is all this?

BARBARA  
Well, it's part of the brief for this campus to provide all of you new Slayers with a full, formal education in addition to training you in combat, weapons and all the other skills you'll need out in the field.

SOFIA  
Don't tell me, I think I know where this is going...

BARBARA  
Which means, you'll be receiving the same lessons and tutoring that pupils at a normal college would. Literature, maths, science - the full monty. It's the Watcher's Council's belief that too many Slayers have been forced to neglect this aspect of their education in the past, and it's something they'd like to remedy now they have the chance.

SOFIA  
(nods)  
And this is also to help us if we get assigned to a particular city, so that we can support ourselves without needing Council handouts, right?

(CONTINUED)

BARBARA

Exactly. Slayers typically have to operate undercover, so if you've got enough in the way of qualifications to get yourselves a job and a place to live, then we've done our job.

EMMA

Isn't learning our A, B, C's going to be kinda tough if we're doin' all our fightin' training as well?

BARBARA

I'll admit, it may take us a while to get the balance right. But this is where you girls come on. Your feedback and advice will help us shape the courses for future students here, so you four are the-

VOICE (O.S.)

Don't you mean 'you *five*'?

Everyone turns - and standing in the doorway of the assembly, shades halfway down her nose, black hair braided and hanging loosely round her shoulders and smirk already firmly in place, is SKYE UNDERWOOD.

BARBARA

Ah, Skye! I was wondering when you were going to show up. Angel said I could expect you any time from yesterday afternoon, so you're running a little late.

SOFIA

(frowns; quietly)  
Angel?

SKYE

(shrugs)  
Traffic.

A beat. Barbara already knows she won't get a better excuse out of her, so she motions for Skye to sit. She does so - three rows back from the others.

Sofia watches her, curious, and when Skye catches her gaze, she just stares blankly back at her. Sofia turns to face the front again as Emma leans over to whisper to her.

EMMA

Looks like we've got ourselves two classmates with chips on their shoulders, huh?

(CONTINUED)

Sofia nods, turning her attention back to Barbara as she winds down her first speech of the term.

BARBARA

Alright then, that covers the basics.

(check watch)

It's lunchtime, pretty much, and it's safe to say you girls will have the canteen to yourselves. After lunch, we'll make a start on getting you signed up at the library and with the school nurse.

Barbara nods to the girls, then turns and walks across to the rear of the stage, disappearing through a door in the far wall.

The girls stand and start to file towards the adjacent canteen, and Sofia hangs back to speak to Skye, although Skye doesn't look like she feels like sharing much today.

SOFIA

Skye, right?

SKYE

That's the rumour.

SOFIA

I'm Sofia, I heard about you from Buffy, she told me about your... well, your unusual situation.

Skye is silent, and Sofia waits for an awkward beat before trying to continue the conversation.

SOFIA (cont'd)

So... you were out in Los Angeles working with Angel, huh?

SKYE

Yeah, and?

SOFIA

Oh, nothing, really, just wondering what he was like, is all.

SKYE

(shrugs)

He was alright. Kinda uptight. All of his crew were pretty weird in their own way.

Sofia waits for more of the story, but Skye is quiet again, looking around like she wants to move on. Sofia grins wryly at her.

(CONTINUED)

SOFIA

You're not very easy to talk to,  
are you, Skye?

Skye pauses, sighs and lowers her shades.

SKYE

Listen, Sofia, don't take this the  
wrong way, but I didn't come here  
to make friends. I came here  
because there was nothing left for  
me in LA, thanks to a certain  
bleached-haired vampire *dick*, so my  
plan is to blend into the scenery,  
do my time, and move on.

Skye walks off, leaving Sofia standing. Sofia folds her arms  
and watches Skye walk away, that thoughtful look back on her  
face. We stay on her for a beat before we cut to:

The five girls are sat round a table in the canteen, the only  
people in the spacious, cleanly-tiled room. Each one has a  
tray with their lunch on before them, a mixture of  
sandwiches, drinks and fruit.

SOFIA

Alright, I'll go first. I spent the  
last six months in Cleveland,  
helping Buffy and her friends out  
and learning the ropes of the  
Slayer business a bit better.

EMMA

(impressed)

Get out! The Buffy Summers?

SOFIA

That's her.

SKYE

Yeah, heard a lot about her,  
believe me.

SOFIA

How so?

SKYE

Because, princess, I've spent the  
last year in Los Angeles working  
with her ex-boyfriend. Big,  
brooding vampire with a soul, name  
of Angel. Maybe you've heard of  
him?



EMMA

No way! The Angel?

SKYE

(eyes her)

Are you gonna do that a lot?

EMMA

(tongue in cheek)

Well, gosh, I guess I'm just too darn excited to be here, sugar.

Skye HUFFS and gets back to her lunch - which only consists of a can of Pepsi - as Sofia turns to Frankie.

SOFIA

Alright, Frankie, your turn.

FRANKIE

Just over two years ago, I woke up one morning and realised something was different about me, but I just put it down to my new exercise regime and thought little more of it. It was another year before anyone from the Council managed to find their way to talk to me and my father, and it was 'is bright idea to send me 'ere, 'oping that I would learn some 'discipline and respect.'

SKYE

Something tells me there's no danger of that happening any time soon.

FRANKIE

Just like there is no danger of you learning how to dress yourself each morning?

Skye blinks, looks down at her clothes - then registers the snideness of Frankie's remark at last, scowling at her.

SKYE

At least I look further than what the hookers at the end of my street are wearing when I'm picking my outfit for the day.

FRANKIE

(indignat)

Why, you-

SOFIA

Girls! Come on, we're all in this together. It's going to be a very long term if we're at each other's throats on the first day! Now can we call a truce?

Skye and Frankie exchange dark looks, but Skye nods.

SKYE

Whatever. Long as Frenchie promises not to try another remark like that.

FRANKIE

You 'ave my word.

SOFIA

Good. Alita?

Alita looks up - she's kept her head down for the duration of the conversation so far, and blushes when she realises the focus has turned on to her.

ALITA

Er...

SKYE

Come on, Alita. We just need a few words about what you were doing before you came here, same as the rest of us.

ALITA

I was training. In my village. My family has always known we would produce a Slayer one day, and when it was discovered that I might one day be one of the Chosen, my training began.

EMMA

Wow. How old were you when they started your training?

ALITA

Seven.

Sofia and Emma exchange surprised looks, as Alita lowers her head again. She's obviously not too keen to sit and chat, and Sofia picks up on this.

SOFIA

Well! I think that's the initial round of introductions over and done with.

(CONTINUED)

She opens her bag and takes out the info pack Barbara handed out, flipping through the pages and reading.

SOFIA (cont'd)

According to this, Alita, you and I are to go and register at the campus library, while Emma and Frankie go and see the school nurse. After that, we swap round.

SKYE

What about me?

SOFIA

(checks handbook)

Er, I'm afraid you're not down in here. I think they printed these off this morning, so they must not have thought you were going to show up.

SKYE

Suits me.

She stands, picking up her bag.

SKYE (cont'd)

I'm gonna go get lost for a few hours. Guess I'll see you all later.

With that, she walks away, leaving the girls watching her.

EMMA

Man! That girls' going to be one hundred per cent hard work, ain't she?

SOFIA

I'm afraid you may be right there...

Sofia thoughtfully watches Skye exit the canteen, before we cut across to:

Inside the small room that leads into the library proper is just a desk, some benches and a few shelves with assorted books dotted along them.

Behind the desk is CATHERINE PRENTICE, a tall woman with short, dark hair, tapping away at her computer and muttering under her breath.

Sofia and Alita enter the library, Sofia clearing her throat to get Catherine's attention. The librarian turns, smiles and steps away from the PC.

CATHERINE

Sorry about that! Bloody thing, never seems to do what I tell it, spend more time fixing problems than doing work! You must be the new class, or rather, half of it.

SOFIA

Uh, yeah, I'm Sofia, this is Alita. Hello.

They shake hands, Alita bowing again.

ALITA

Pleased to meet you.

SOFIA

I went by to see Mrs. Griffin, but she was too busy so she sent us up here, we're supposed to get library cards sorted out and take a look round, is that going to be okay?

CATHERINE

Yes, yes, of course! Follow me.

As Catherine leads the girls into the main section of the library, we cut to:

The campus medical centre is larger than a normal college's sick room, but then again, this is the sort of campus where injuries will be more common! It's painted in clear, clinical whites and pastel blues, and looks well-equipped, with two long tables and plenty of expensive-looking medical equipment scattered around.

A petite young Indian girl, JASMINDER 'JAZ' PAL, is putting stock away in the filing cabinets on one wall as Emma and Frankie enter.

EMMA

Hi there, are y'all the nurse?

JAZ

Sorry? Oh, yes, I'm the school nurse. I'm Jasminder, everyone calls me 'Jaz.'

EMMA

Hey there. I'm Emma, and this little bundle of sunshine is Frankie.

FRANKIE

How do you do.

JAZ

Oh, you're French, aren't you?

FRANKIE

(nods)

*Oui.*

JAZ

I love France, such a beautiful country. I always wanted to move over there one day, but I think that's going to have to wait while I'm working here!

Frankie just nods and smiles dismissively, not interested.

EMMA

We've been sent up here to sign up, give you our details, allergies, stuff like that, just so y'all don't shoot us full of the wrong kinds of painkillers when we get a headache, you know?

JAZ

(smiles)

Please, take a seat. I won't be a minute. I'm just putting some new stock away, they've sent me enough to cater for a campus of six hundred, but so far, there's just you few here!

The girls sit, Frankie obviously a little unnerved by the clinical environment, before we cut back to:

The campus library is huge, a second floor overhead linked to the ground by a staircase. There are several desks and chairs laid out, and plenty of well-stocked bookshelves.

Catherine leads Sofia and Alita out across the floor.

CATHERINE

You should be able to find just about anything you need in here, and any books you can't find can be ordered in for you. There's a quieter work area upstairs if you need it, and I'll always be around to answer any questions!

The phone RINGS back in reception.

CATHERINE (cont'd)

Oh, excuse me, I just need to get that. Have a nose round, get a feel for the place. Chances are you'll be spending a while in here!

Catherine dashes back into reception, and Sofia starts to browse the shelves.

She glances over her shoulder to make sure Alita isn't nearby, then checks a list on one of the bookshelves to point her towards a specific section.

Finding what she wants, Sofia takes a book out from the shelf and studies the cover - it's called 'Demons Of The Unconscious Mind - Death In Your Dreams.'

As Sofia bites her lip and opens the book up, we:

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF ACT TWO**

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

17 INT. DORMS. MORNING. 17

Sofia YAWNS as she wakes up, stretching out in her bed. She's dressed for bed this time, and rubs her eyes as she squints against the sunlight filtering into the dorms.

She sits up in bed, but when she scans the dorms, she sees that she's alone - Emma, Frankie and Alita's beds are all empty, while Skye's bag sits at the foot of her unused bed.

Frowning, Sofia slides out of bed and reaches over for her wardrobe to grab some clothes.

18 EXT. QUADRANGLE. MORNING. 18

Fully dressed now, Sofia walks out onto the quadrangle, a small square of concrete that links the two halves of the main campus building, with the playing fields visible towards the rear.

The campus is as quiet as you'd expect, given the low population, but something about the silence strikes Sofia as odd. She glances round a few times but sees no signs of life anywhere.

SOFIA

Hello?

(beat)

Where is everyone?

She hears a door open and close off screen, and heads off to investigate.

19 INT. CLASSROOM. MORNING. 19

Sofia opens the door into the small teaching room.

SOFIA

Okay, I know I'm a little late for  
'Slayer History,' but the strangest  
thing just-

Sofia FREEZES as she sees what's inside the room.

Alita sits at one of the desks, her throat cut. She's slumped in her chair, her skin deathly pale and her eyes dull and lifeless.

Sofia's hand goes to her mouth in shock, and she stumbles back out the classroom.

20 INT. LIBRARY - RECEPTION. MORNING. 20

Sofia bursts into the library, frantic.

SOFIA  
Miss Prentice! I need your-

Sofia skids to a halt - Catherine is dead too, lying across her desk in an undignified heap, an ugly red wound on her chest. Sofia gasps and stumbles back out of the library, and we quickly cut to:

21 INT. ASSEMBLY HALL. MORNING. 21

Sofia dashes into the assembly hall, but slows to a stop, starting to sob as she sees the mess in front of her.

Frankie and Barbara are sprawled across the stage, pools of blood around their bodies.

Sofia walks slowly up to them, looking down on their still forms as tears start to roll down her cheek.

She hears a noise behind her and spins round - and there's Skye, standing at the edge of the small balcony at the back of the hall. Skye's head is down, and she doesn't look up as Sofia hurries towards her.

SOFIA  
Skye? Skye! What happened? Who did this?

Skye slowly looks up, her eyes closed - and then, with a sudden HISS, she VAMPS OUT, growing a vicious set of fangs, her eyes turning a terrible, sickly yellow.

Sofia SHOUTS in fear and stumbles backwards, helpless as Skye LEAPS from the balcony to land with a CRASH a few feet away from her.

Sofia tries to shuffle back, away from Skye, but Skye just grins and starts to walk calmly towards her.

SKYE  
(sinister)  
Four down, one to go, huh, Sofia?

SOFIA  
You... you did it! You killed them, all of them!

SKYE  
Sorry, sweetheart, what can I say?  
Guess it must be something in my blood.

(CONTINUED)



Skye SNARLS at Sofia, who starts looking round desperately for a weapon - but suddenly, all the chairs in the hall are stacked up and lined against either wall.

Sofia blinks - they weren't like that a second ago! She slowly looks back at Skye as the penny starts to drop.

SOFIA

Wait a minute...

Skye starts to SNIGGER - then throws her head back in a full on laugh, only it's not her voice. It's the gruff voice Sofia's heard once before.

SOFIA (cont'd)

(groans)

Oh, no...

As Skye continues to howl with laughter, we SMASH CUT to:

TITLE OVER - Wednesday.

We're looking down on the sleeping Sofia in her bed, with Jaz and Barbara standing over her. Barbara is shaking Sofia urgently as Jaz prepares a needle of something.

Pulling back a little, we can see Emma is in a similar state in the bed next to her. Frankie is shaking her, yelling at her to wake up, but as Alita tears a strip of her bedclothes away, we can see Emma is worse off - there's a gaping wound in her side, which Alita is frantically trying to cover with the makeshift bandage.

BARBARA

Sofia? Sofia! Come on, Sofia, wake up!

JAZ

(holds up needle)

This may help, but if it doesn't, then we're going to have to try some kind of incantation, maybe a barrier spell, something like that.

BARBARA

I'll go and find Catherine, you do whatever you can!

Barbara races out of the dorms, leaving the chaos behind, and as we turn our focus back to Sofia, we push in on her face and cut back to:

23 INT. CAMPUS - CORRIDOR. MORNING.

23

Frantic, Sofia runs into frame, taking a sharp left as she nears the campus reception and entering the canteen.

As she disappears from view, Skye strides into frame, smirking as she strolls leisurely after her.

SKYE

Keep on running, Sofia! There's  
nowhere left to go!

Skye chuckles to herself and speeds up her pursuit, as we cut across to:

24 INT. CAMPUS - CANTEEN. CONTINUOUS.

24

Sofia tries to cross the wide, tiled canteen area, but every table and set of chairs she nears seems to SLIDE ACROSS and block her path, herding her into taking a torturously long route across the room.

Sofia shoves as hard as she can at the tables, watching with growing panic as Skye, or whatever's using Skye's appearance, paces into the canteen.

No matter how hard Sofia pushes at the tables, they keep pushing back, until she's trapped against the windows that make up one wall of the canteen.

Sofia fights to stay calm as Skye draws closer, Skye's eyes now replaced by the glinting red we last saw in the forest of Sofia's last nightmare.

Sofia clenches her fists as Skye stops a few feet away, still chuckling to herself.

SOFIA

(defiant)

So is this what you want? Fear?  
You're just going to chase me  
around, use tricks like these  
tables to keep me trapped?

Skye thinks for a moment, then shrugs and nods.

SKYE

That's about the sum of it, little  
girl. Soon as I laid eyes on you, I  
knew you'd bring me plenty of fun.  
I was looking forward to getting a  
chance to play with you again!

Sofia grits her teeth, but both of them turn round as the doors at the far end of the canteen SLAM open.

(CONTINUED)

EMMA (O.S.)

Hey! We're not done yet!

Emma staggers into the canteen, one hand pressed against a wound in her side. She's pale, but an inferno of determination and pure Southern grit burns in her eyes. She shouts over to Skye.

EMMA (cont'd)

Now you get away from her and come  
finish what we started!

Skye glances at Sofia, winks, and then starts to walk casually over towards Emma.

Sofia tries to push her way over to her, but with a wave of Skye's hand, the tables and chairs shift again, blocking Sofia off.

EMMA (cont'd)

(to Sofia)

You alright, Limey?

SOFIA

Emma, go! Just run! I'll slow it  
down, you've got to get out of  
here! You've got to wake up!

Emma grins and shakes her head.

EMMA

No dice, Sofia. Tried that.  
Whatever this thing is, it's  
keeping us here for the long haul.  
(to Skye)  
Not had enough playtime yet, have  
ya, you piece of-

SKYE

(interrupts)

Please. Look at you! You're  
bleeding out, you wouldn't last  
five seconds against me now. But  
her?

(points at Sofia)

Plenty of life left in that one  
yet. *Much* more fun.

As Sofia carries on shoving desperately against the tables fencing her in, we cut back to:

Barbara and Catherine burst back into the dorms, Catherine carrying several thick books.

Alita is now soaked in blood from Emma's wound, but she's doing her best to keep pressure on it.

ALITA  
(desperate)  
Please, help!

CATHERINE  
Oh, my... what's going on? Are they under attack? Is it a sonho demon?

JAZ  
(flustered)  
I don't know, this is a little out of my usual field!

BARBARA  
Alright, Jaz, you concentrate on keeping Emma stabilised, Catherine, you find something that can help us wake them up. And keep an eye on Emma, it's hurt her badly already.

Jaz nods and scoots round to Emma's bed, nudging Alita out of the way and quickly rolling fresh bandages out of a leather bag, pressing it against Emma's wound.

BARBARA (cont'd)  
Alita, Frankie, go and find Skye!  
We need all the help we can get!

The two Slayers nod and race out of the dormitory, as Barbara turns back to Catherine.

Catherine spots something under Sofia's bed and lifts it up - it's the library book on dream demons she was looking at the previous day.

CATHERINE  
She said she just wanted to do some research...

Barbara closes her eyes as she remembers something.

BARBARA  
Oh, bugger it! She wanted to see me yesterday, she said it was important, but I was too damn busy to see her...  
(deep breath)  
Catherine, if anything happens to them, I'll take full responsibility.

Catherine spreads out the books she brought along on Sofia's bed, rapidly flicking through them.

CATHERINE

No need, because nothing is going to happen to them. Not while I'm here.

Off Catherine's determined look, we cut to:

INT. CAMPUS - CANTEEN. MORNING.

Emma reaches across and grabs one of the chairs nearby, SMASHING it against the floor with a YELL to make herself an improvised weapon.

Skye turns to face her, smirking as she looks the weak Emma up and down.

SKYE

So you want another round, do you?

EMMA

(furious)

You bet I do! You think you can get me with a cheap shot like that, then run for it and expect me to lie down and take it? Forget it! Us Southern girls don't back down from a fight! I never back down!

Sofia watches, wide eyed, as Skye advances on Emma, who tries to stand firm, despite shivering - she's lost a lot of blood already.

As Skye closes in, she starts to change into something else - her skin darkens, she starts to grow taller, and her braided hair is replaced by long, filthy grey dreadlocks - until she's transformed into the towering form of the SONHO DEMON, seven foot of black, literally smoking evil.

A thin mist rises off the demon's lithe but muscular body, and its face is hidden from view by part of a long, black cloak wrapped round itself.

Outside, the sun drops from the sky like a stone, plunging the canteen into near darkness in moments.

Emma watches Skye's transformation, gritting her teeth and keeping her eyes locked on the demon.

EMMA (cont'd)

(grins)

You think that tips the scales to you? Come on! You think you can take me? Bring it on!

Emma STAMPS her foot against the floor, showing no fear as the demon pauses, several feet away from her still.

(CONTINUED)

## SOHNO DEMON

I'll admit, Slayer, you've got a lot of spirit. It's almost going to be a shame to kill you.

(beat; sarcastic)

But, somehow, I think I'll find it within me to carry on...

Sofia watches, wide eyed, as Emma YELLS a battle cry and charges forward - but the demon LEAPS high into the air, flipping neatly over Emma's head and raking its clawed hands across her back, cutting deep.

Emma stumbles and clatters into a heap of chairs, knocking them across the floor.

The demon lands neatly on its feet and turns to face Emma as she coughs, struggling to push herself to her feet.

## SONHO DEMON

(to Sofia)

I warned her! I told her she wouldn't last, but she went ahead and tried, and now look at her. Broken. Defeated. Useless. Not even-

THUNK! The demon pauses and looks down at its chest - Emma has slammed the leg of the broken chair she was wielding straight into the demon's gut.

The demon SNARLS and SWATS her away, and Emma hits the deck again - hard.

Turning to face her, the demon grunts as it grabs the chair leg and slowly pulls it out of its side, dropping it to the floor and glaring down at Emma.

## SONHO DEMON (cont'd)

You think that can hurt me? Nothing you do can stop me!

Sofia tries again to push her way over to Emma, but the demon is too quick - it lunges forward. Claws out, straight at Emma, who raises her hands to try and defend herself...

Jaz YELLS in alarm as a fresh wound BURSTS OPEN on Emma's chest, and she's wracked with a coughing fit. The coughs die down - but as they do, Emma falls still, her head dropping limply to one side.

Jaz looks down in horror at the fresh blood splashed across her, and Barbara's hand goes to her mouth in horror.

(CONTINUED)

27

CONTINUED:

27

BARBARA  
(quietly)  
Oh no...  
(to Catherine)  
Get Sofia out of there! Now!!

Catherine, wide eyed with shock, shakes her head to try and focus and goes back to her book, as we cut back to:

28

INT. CAMPUS - CANTEEN. NIGHT.

28

Sofia SOBS as the demon stands, the still body of Emma at its feet. It nudges her once with its foot, but she's gone.

The demon turns to Sofia, looking almost sympathetic as the sound of Sofia's sobs fill the canteen.

SONHO DEMON  
I warned her. Kudos to her for fighting back, though. If all of you Slayers were as tough as her, things would be a lot different!

It points a finger at Sofia, whose grief quickly transforms into red hot rage, her whole body shaking with barely suppressed fury.

SONHO DEMON (cont'd)  
No matter. You're next.

Sofia slowly stops shaking, locking her gaze with the demon's red eyes.

SOFIA  
(cold)  
Come and get me.

The demon ROARS and swings its dreadlocked hair around in a wide arc, the hair quickly expanding to fill the entire screen, and as it does so, the scene rapidly changes to:

29

INT. DEMON LAIR - CORRIDOR. NIGHT.

29

Sofia finds herself standing inside a dank, dungeonesque lair, flaming torches lining the walls and cold, brickwork walls hemming her in.

She knows this place. She looks round as the memory returns to her - this is where she was held captive for months, about to be sold to hungry vampires before Xander and the Immortal rescued her. Not somewhere she wanted to ever find herself again - and the dream demon knows it.

As the sound of the dream demon's chilling LAUGHTER echoes along the corridor, we cut from Sofia's frightened look to:

30

EXT. CAMPUS - ASSEMBLY HALL - ROOF. MORNING.

30

Skye (the *real* Skye), sits quietly on a small rooftop above the main assembly hall, her shades on and her iPod headphones in as she gazes out across the picturesque view surrounding the campus.

Skye has a sketch pad in one hand, and it looks like she's started a pencil drawing of the campus grounds, but she's abandoned it for now.

An access door leading up from the assembly hall balcony opens, and Frankie steps out, storming crossly over when she spots Skye. Skye pops her headphones out when she sees Frankie approach.

SKYE

What?

FRANKIE

*Merde!* You are an 'ard woman to find, Skye!

SKYE

(shrugs)

Just getting some quiet time.  
Where's the fire, Frenchie?

FRANKIE

(irritated)

It's *Frankie*, you *chienne*, and you 'ave to come with me, right now! Sofia and Emma are in trouble, we need your 'elp!

SKYE

(rolls eyes; stands)

Alright, lead the way.

Frankie hurries back towards the access door, and Skye follows, taking her time, as we cut back to:

31

INT. DORMS. MORNING.

31

Frankie dashes back into the dorms, followed eventually by Skye, whose eyes bulge as she takes in Emma, her body covered with a sheet, and Sofia, who is now surrounded by everyone in the room.

SKYE

What the Britney Spears is goin' on in here? I leave you guys alone for, like, five minutes, to get some air, and-

(CONTINUED)



BARBARA

Skye! You can practice your attitude problem later, get over here, *now*!

Skye blinks - but gets the feeling she should comply. She joins Barbara and Catherine by Sofia's bed.

SKYE

What's happening?

BARBARA

Sofia's under attack. We think a *sohno*, a kind of dream demon, has her trapped, so she can't wake up to escape it on her own. It's already killed Emma.

Skye throws a glance to Emma's body and closes her eyes for a beat, before looking back up at Barbara.

SKYE

Alright, what do you want me to do? If it's in her dreams, how am I supposed to kill it? Sing a lullaby and hope it dozes off?

Barbara opens her mouth to reply, but Catherine pipes up, pushing her hair back as she points to a passage in the book spread out on the bed before her.

CATHERINE

This is where you come in. It's very risky, and it's certainly not something I've tried before, but-

BARBARA

(interrupts)

We're going to send you into Sofia's dreams to save her, or that thing's going to kill her.

Off Skye's shocked look, we:

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF ACT THREE**

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

32 INT. DEMON LAIR - CORRIDOR. NIGHT.

32

Sofia races down the seemingly never-ending corridor, pushing at every door she comes to, but every one is locked. The demon's laughter hounds her as she runs on, trying to find something she can fight back with.

After trying another few doors, Sofia stops, takes a deep breath and closes her eyes.

SOFIA

It's just a dream. And if it's just  
a dream, then I can control it. I  
can control it. I can...

Sofia cautiously opens her eyes and reaches for the nearest door, repeating her mantra under her breath - and the door opens. She steps quickly through it and closes it.

33 INT. DEMON LAIR - ROOM. NIGHT.

33

Sofia looks round the room she's in - and recoils when she sees that there are several dead bodies in there!

Overcoming her fear, she steps closer and crouches to examine them. They're all girls her age, all with bite marks to the neck. Sofia bows her head - she's been here before.

XANDER (O.S.)

Sofia? Is that you?

Sofia jumps up and spins round - and standing in the doorway is XANDER HARRIS! He throws a glance over his shoulder before reaching a hand out to her, a sword in his other hand.

XANDER (cont'd)

Come on, little lady. I'll be your  
hero for the evening.

Sofia stops short, then takes one slow step back.

SOFIA

You're not him.

XANDER

What are you talking about?

(glances round again)

Come on, he'll be here any second!  
Barbara sent me in here to rescue  
you, she said you've been too  
weakened to wake up by yourself, so  
I'm here to help!

(CONTINUED)

SOFIA  
(suspicious)  
If you're really Xander, then you won't mind explaining how they got you all the way over to England so fast?

XANDER  
(sighs)  
I don't know, it's magic, isn't it? They got Willow to sort it out, it seemed like a pretty big emergency! Look, Sofia, if I understood these things better, well... Never mind. They sent for me because I'm the most familiar face to you, someone you can trust! Now will you come on already?

Sofia hesitates again, but reaches out a cautious hand for Xander, who reaches out to take it...

... and then he heads back out of the room, taking her with him. She just has time to register a look of relief, before we cut back to:

34 INT. DORMS. MORNING.

34

Skye is lying on the bed next to Sofia's, with Catherine standing between them, reading a long passage from a book in her hands. Skye's eyes are closed, and as we pan across the scene, we cut to:

35 INT. DEMON LAIR - CORRIDOR. NIGHT.

35

Xander and Sofia hurry down the corridor, throwing glances behind them.

SOFIA  
I don't understand, how did you find me?

XANDER  
Well, presently, I'm asleep in my bed, many miles away, but when they said there was no rest for the wicked, they really weren't kidding! Somebody from your Academy called Barbara made a psychic phone call to me and asked for my help, next thing I know, I'm running through your psyche, looking for you and trying to avoid this freaky looking guy in a black cape who seems to be on your tail!

(CONTINUED)

SOFIA

That's the dream demon, he  
killed... he killed Emma.

XANDER

Well, I'm sure she deserved it.

Sofia blinks and slams on the brakes, wrenching her hand free  
of Xander's.

SOFIA

*What?!?*

Xander turns slowly round to face her, a sinister grin  
creeping across his face.

Sofia realises she's been tricked and takes one step back,  
before she hears:

SKYE (O.S.)

Sofia!!

Sofia turns round - and racing down the corridor towards her  
is Skye, an axe in her hand.

SKYE (cont'd)

Get down!!

Skye raises her hand and prepares to throw the axe - and  
Sofia throws herself to the floor, just as Xander MORPHS back  
into the sonho demon and LUNGES for her.

The axe streaks through the air, burying itself in the  
demon's shoulder.

The demon YELLS and staggers back, giving Skye enough time to  
reach Sofia and pull her to her feet.

The demon stares at the axe, before pulling it free of its  
shoulder with a grin and roaring after the escaping Slayers:

SONHO DEMON

You can keep trying to kill me, but  
you can't do it! You won't get away  
from me!! I own your dreams now,  
little girl!

Sofia and Skye, meanwhile, are running in the opposite  
direction as fast as they can.

SOFIA

Skye? What- how did- but where-

SKYE

I'll explain it later, it's a long freakin' story and we do *not* have the time! We need to find a way out of here, before that thing-

She skids to a halt as the dream demon steps deftly out of the shadows ahead, blocking their path.

Skye stares the demon down, before stepping away from Sofia and raising her fists.

SKYE (cont'd)

Alright, let's see if this works. You ready to go one-on-one, you cheap-ass Freddy wannabe?

SONHO DEMON

(scoffs)

Please. After I kill the British one, you're next!

SKYE

Somehow...

And with a GROWL, Skye VAMPS OUT and pushes Sofia out of the way as she steps towards the demon.

SKYE (cont'd)

... I just don't see that happening.

The demon SNARLS and lunges for her, but she dodges his claws and PUNCHES it several times in the chest.

The demon grunts in pain but Skye keeps up the offensive, ducking its swings at her and punching and kicking back much faster than it can attack.

She SHOVES it hard against the corridor wall, before rearing back.

SKYE (cont'd)

Let's see how you taste!

Skye LUNGES forward, sinking her fangs into the demon's neck.

It HOWLS and manages to shove her away, but the damage has been done.

Clutching its wounded neck, the demon staggers backwards - and the walls of the lair start to shake, dust cascading down into the Slayers' heads.

(CONTINUED)

## SONHO DEMON

This is not the end... This isn't over! You can't get rid of me this easily!

Skye quickly de-vamps and gathers up Sofia, pulling her away from the wounded demon. The two Slayers scamper for cover, away from the howling sonho demon.

## SOFIA

There's going to be quite a lot to explain when we get out of this, isn't there?

## SKYE

'Fraid so. Now, if Catherine's got this right, all you have to do now is think *real* hard about waking up. When you do, the dream breaks and I get bounced back with you. The demon's hurt and weak, but he won't be weak for long! So come on! Wake up already!

Sofia tries to gather her senses as the lair begins to shake itself apart around them. Skye glances to her right - but the demon is long gone.

## SKYE (cont'd)

Hurry it up, Sofia, or this place is gonna to cave in and take us with it!

## SOFIA

I'm trying, I'm trying!

Sofia squeezes her eyes tightly shut, and as the corridor walls start to collapse around the girls, we SMASH CUT to:

With a dramatic GASP, Sofia wakes up, writhing frantically in the bed for a moment before Barbara grabs her flailing arms.

## BARBARA

It's alright, it's alright! Sofia!  
It's alright! You're back, you're safe!

Sofia starts to calm down.

On the next bed, Skye sits up, rubbing her neck, as Catherine and Jaz breathe sighs of relief.

SKYE  
 There. Got her back.  
 (beat)  
 Are we done?

Sofia sits up, shaking, and Barbara hugs her tightly, nodding across to Skye.

BARBARA  
 We're done.

Skye stands and starts to walk unsteadily out of the dorm, watched by Frankie and Alita. Barbara calls to her as she gets to the doorway.

BARBARA (cont'd)  
 Skye?

Skye looks round.

BARBARA (cont'd)  
 Thank you.

Skye stares back for a beat, then exits without another word. Alita and Frankie exchange a look, but stay in the dorm instead of following her.

Sofia looks across at Emma's body, wrapped up on the bed next to her, and starts to SOB, burying her face in Barbara's arms. From that, we dissolve to:

TITLE OVER - Thursday.

Skye is back up on the roof, shades and iPod in place. She's catching some moments of downtime before the school day begins, but she's disturbed as a shadow falls across her.

SKYE  
 (without looking up)  
 Whoever that is, now's not a good  
 time to-

WOMAN (O.S.)  
 Now is that any way to talk to me,  
 Skye?

She FREEZES - then snatches off her shades and looks up.

Standing over her is an portly, middle aged woman, dressed conservatively and screaming 'teacher.'

She smiles down at Skye - but Skye's dark expression tells us this isn't a welcome visitor at all.

This is the face of MS. COLLINS - but Ms. Collins has been dead a long time. Since the day Skye killed her.

SKYE

What do you want?

MS. COLLINS

Oh, come now, aren't I allowed to check up on my favourite girl?

SKYE

Screw off.

MS. COLLINS

(tuts)

Now that's just rude, Skye. I had other business to attend to while you were in Los Angeles so I left you alone, I thought you'd have been glad to see me again!

SKYE

Yeah, well, sue me if I don't put The First at the head of my Christmas card list. You got something to say to me, say it and then go.

(holds up iPod)

I'm busy.

SOFIA (O.S.)

Skye?

Skye blinks and looks over to the access door leading onto the roof - Sofia is standing there, looking curious.

SOFIA (cont'd)

Who are you talking to?

Skye looks up - but Ms. Collins is gone. With a sigh, Skye slides her shades back on.

SKYE

Myself, I guess.

SOFIA

Oh, alright.

(beat)

Do you mind if I join you?

Skye looks at her for a beat, then shrugs and looks back across the fields.

Sofia heads over, sits and makes herself comfortable, then keeps glancing at Skye until she sighs and clicks her iPod off. She turns to Sofia.

(CONTINUED)



SKYE

Alright, there. You got my attention.

SOFIA

(smiles)

Glad to hear it.

There's a beat before Sofia speaks again.

SOFIA (cont'd)

Have to say, I'm glad we took care of that demon. I remember Buffy was full of stories about the strange things she'd encountered in her dreams - one in particular had something to do with cheese, as I recall...

SKYE

Look, this isn't going to be one of those 'thank you for saving me, blah blah blah' speeches, is it? I've heard enough of those to last me, and they don't really do it for me. I just get kind of uncomfortable.

SOFIA

Well, I was going to say thank you for saving my life yesterday, but if you'd rather I didn't...

Skye nods, and there's another beat before Sofia speaks.

SOFIA (cont'd)

Do you mind if I ask you something?

SKYE

Shoot.

SOFIA

What are you? Buffy tried to explain it to me, but I don't think she knew herself.

Skye raises an eyebrow at her - then chuckles.

SOFIA (cont'd)

I imagine this has something to do with that 'long freakin' story' you mentioned... well, I've got no plans beyond sitting her and talking to you today, so if there was ever a time for a long story, this is it.

Skye pauses, considering her words.

SKYE

Alright, history lesson. I'm from Cleveland. I was an art student, just about ready to start college, when I started getting the dreams.

SOFIA

The Slayer visions, right?

SKYE

Yeah, them. My teachers were freaking out on me, thinking I was into self harm or something because all I could draw was vampires, and demons, and monsters. Then one day, the caretaker at my school attacks me. Turns out, he was a vampire. He bit me and was about to finish me off when Buffy and Faith - you know Faith, right?

SOFIA

Never met her, but I know plenty about her. I hear she's reformed these days, but none of Buffy's lot seemed to want to talk much about her, so I left it.

SKYE

Right, well, they dust the caretaker, but not before I accidentally get some of his blood splashed into my mouth. Next thing I know, one half of me wants to be a vampire, the other a Slayer. By rights, I oughta stake myself.

Sofia chuckles, and Skye grins at the irony.

SOFIA

Is that why you can-

SKYE

Walk in the sunlight? Yeah, I think so. Stakes don't kill me either. Matter of fact, I'm not sure what does. Hopefully I won't find out anytime soon. Way I see it, being part vampire gives me some kind of connection to everything that's evil in the world.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SKYE (cont'd)

I can feel the bad guys coming before my Slayer senses kick in, and I figure that's how Barbara knew I could hurt that dream demon of yours.

SOFIA

Barbara knows about... well, about you?

SKYE

Yeah, lucky me, got a character reference off Angel. Spent a year in LA with him till things went sour. How about you?

SOFIA

What about me?

Skye swigs from a bottle of water and offers it to Sofia, who takes it.

SKYE

What's your story? I mean, you told me a bit when we first met, but while we're in such a sharing mood we may as well get to know each other.

SOFIA

(deep breath)

Plane crash while my parents and I were on our way to visit relatives in Italy. Snatched from the crash site by a gang of demons who were kidnapping Slayers and selling them to vampires, who bought them to order. Apparently, they knew I was going to be on the flight, so they brought the plane down to get me, after they'd...

(beat; deep breath)

After they'd killed my parents.

SKYE

Ouch.

SOFIA

I was rescued, Buffy's friend Xander tried to get this other girl and myself out of there, but she died in hospital. After that, I spent a few months in Cleveland with Buffy, helping her out where I could, before...

(CONTINUED)

SKYE

That stuff with the volcano, right?

Sofia nods - the memory is obviously still a difficult one for her, and Skye doesn't push it.

SOFIA

The rest of my family don't know I'm here. They must think I died in the plane crash along with my parents, but I made a decision not to tell them I was still alive. If demons are prepared to bring down a plane just to get to me, then I can't risk them being able to get to my family at all. It's better that they think I'm dead.

The duo look out across the landscape for another few moments before Skye speaks.

SKYE

I wasn't gonna stay here, you know.

SOFIA

Why not?

SKYE

Think about it. If you had a Slayer who was also part vampire, where would you want to keep her?

SOFIA

Friends close, enemies closer?

SKYE

Exactly. Way I see it, I'm on probation, and this place is where I'm gonna do my time till they stop seeing me as a threat.

SOFIA

(beat)

Well, if it helps, I don't see you as a threat.

Sofia smiles at Skye, who grins back. Sofia stands and heads back towards the door.

SKYE

Hey, Sofia?

SOFIA

Yes?

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED: (6)

37

SKYE  
(beat)  
You're welcome.

Sofia nods and exits, leaving Skye to her thoughts. We dissolve from the rooftop to:

38 INT. DORMS. NIGHT.

38

Frankie is asleep and snoring lightly, Skye has finally taken a bed and dozes, and even Frankie looks peaceful.

Sofia, however, is staring across at the empty bed next to her - Emma's bed.

She looks at it for another long moment, before she reaches up and turns out her lamp.

We pull back, further down the dorm, past Skye and Frankie, before we come to Alita, who has her back turned to the rest of the dorm.

Even with only the dim moonlight filtering into the dorm, we can see that Alita is still wide awake, her breathing short and nervous - it's clear she doesn't want to go to sleep. She's afraid of what could be waiting for her.

We stay on Alita's terrified expression for a few beats, before we finally:

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF SHOW**