

**SLAYER ACADEMY**

"Nothing Else To Say"

by  
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TEASER

FADE IN:

1 INT. CAMPUS - LIBRARY - MORNING.

1

Another day at the farm for the Slayer Academy girls - there are a handful of other girls dotted around the long, wide tables of the campus library, but our attention focuses on SOFIA, SKYE, ALITA and FRANKIE all sat round one closest the windows.

The girls are all poring through a variety of books, making notes and flicking back and forth through the textbooks. Looks like it's cramming time, and Skye's sullen expression tells us there's definitely a test in the near future.

Alita and Sofia look like they're buried in their work, and surprisingly so does Frankie, although as we pan round behind her, we see she's hiding the latest copy of Cosmopolitan behind the covers of the book she's pretending to read.

Skye finally SIGHS loudly and snaps her book shut, disturbing the others. Sofia glares at her.

SOFIA

Having trouble concentrating?

SKYE

Yes, we are. I don't know how you guys can stand to stare at these things all day! I was good at exactly one thing at high school, and have I had a chance to do anything with that yet? No!

FRANKIE

I didn't know they offered a course here on 'Advanced Whining.'

SKYE

I meant art.

Skye mutters something under her breath, and with a smirk Frankie continues reading.

SOFIA

Look, Skye, you know how this is supposed to work. We have to do all the standard academic subjects on top of our Slayer stuff, because without it we'll have much more trouble fitting in to the outside world.

(CONTINUED)

SKYE

For your information, wiseass, I spent six months fitting in to the outside world all on my lonesome, and I don't remember needing to know anything about algebra or the periodic table while I was out there!

Sofia looks to the others for support, but Alita is wisely keeping her head down, and Frankie is too engrossed in her study. Or Cosmo, depending on your viewpoint.

SOFIA

Well... I don't know, then. Try doing something else for ten minutes and then come back. Maybe your brain just needs to shift into a different gear.

SKYE

Yeah, and I know which one it is, too. Reverse.

Skye gathers up her bag, leaves her books on the desk before her and stands, scraping her chair noisily across the floor.

SKYE (cont'd)

So this is me, backing out.  
Sayonara, ladies.

Sofia opens her mouth to reply, but Skye is already leaving the library, passing CATHERINE the librarian on her way out. Catherine throws a bemused look at the departing Skye before stopping by Sofia's table.

CATHERINE

Is everything alright?

SOFIA

Yes, we're just-

FRANKIE

We were just commenting on 'ow difficult Skye is to work with. She 'as little respect for things round 'ere.

Catherine glances at Sofia, winks, and then makes her way round to Frankie.

CATHERINE

Really, Frankie? And what makes you say that? Could it be...

(CONTINUED)

Catherine quickly GRABS the book covering Frankie's magazine and lifts it away, revealing the damning evidence. Frankie blinks, then HUFFS loudly and puts the Cosmo down as Sofia and Alita CHUCKLE.

CATHERINE (cont'd)  
... the advice column, perhaps?  
'Dear Cosmo, nobody else seems to agree with me that the best way to revise for a test is not to revise at all, can you help?'

Frankie stands, fixing Catherine with a withering glare that just makes the librarian grin more broadly.

FRANKIE  
For your information, miss, I 'appen to know all I need to about the test this afternoon!

CATHERINE  
Really? So you'd be able to tell me all about the chemical properties of hydrogen peroxide when mixed with water, then?

FRANKIE  
(beat)  
I wouldn't want to give any answers away to the other students.

CATHERINE  
How very conscientious of you.

Catherine steps away, and with a last grin to Sofia and Alita, heads back towards her office.

SOFIA  
She's got a point, Frankie. I haven't seen you do a bit of studying for this test.

FRANKIE  
So what? What 'appens if we fail? They can't expel us, can they? They need to keep us 'ere!

ALITA  
(quietly)  
They can send us home.

FRANKIE  
What was that?

Alita looks meekly up at the glowering Frankie.

ALITA

Uh, they can send us back home. If we fail too many of our subjects, academic or otherwise. It's in the Academy guidebook, it says they'll focus on more competent students instead of carrying the ones with no wish to learn.

Sofia raises an eyebrow at Frankie, who pouts for a beat before spinning on her heel and marching away. Sofia and Alita share a grin before we cut to:

2 INT. CAMPUS - LIBRARY - RESTRICTED SECTION.

2

Upstairs in the library, Frankie climbs a set of stairs, grumbling to herself under her breath, and approaches a section of bookshelves with a large 'Restricted' sign hanging over them.

Checking around to make sure Catherine can't see her, Frankie ducks under the sign and walks down the first of the section's long aisles.

Running a finger across the spines of the books, she stops and picks one off the shelf, grinning as she examines the cover.

It's a thick, yellowing book that looks like it was printed in the Seventies, entitled 'Improve Your Memory The Easy Way - Ten Easy Spells For Beginners.'

With another glance over her shoulder to check the coast is clear, Frankie opens the book and starts leafing through it, and from her triumphant smirk, we:

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF TEASER**

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

3

EXT. CAMPUS - FRONT DRIVEWAY - MORNING.

3

GREG is standing just outside the main entrance to the Academy, his eyes watching the gates at the end of the driveway carefully, looking as though he's waiting for something to arrive.

BARBARA steps into frame to join him, handing him a mug of coffee which he gratefully takes a sip from.

BARBARA

How much longer before they get here?

GREG

Not long, as far as I know.  
(checks watch)  
In fact, any minute.

Barbara nods and sips her coffee, noticing that Greg seems somewhat anxious.

BARBARA

Is everything alright? You look a little tense.

GREG

I'd be lying if I said I fully agreed with what's going on. From what I've heard of these people, letting them into the Academy can only lead to bad things. I'm not sure I want that-

BARBARA

Greg, trust me. You know I wouldn't agree to anything that poses a potential threat to the welfare of the girls here.

Greg looks across at her for a beat, then reluctantly nods.

GREG

You're right. I'm just...

BARBARA

Trying to be a good Watcher?

GREG

(grins)  
Something like that.

(CONTINUED)

They go back to their drinks as we crane up and away from them, picking up the form of Skye, in one of her many rooftop haunts, overlooking the driveway and the gardens at the front of the campus.

She peers down at Greg and Barbara, frowns as she tries to work out what they could be waiting for, then settles back with a shrug and retrieves her iPod.

She places the headphones into her ears and hits 'Play' - and with a deafening ROAR, a large, jet black military helicopter swoops over the campus, arcing round in the air and coming to a stop, hovering above the driveway.

Skye boggles at the sight, and we quickly crane back down to Greg and Barbara, as they exchange cautious looks.

GREG (cont'd)  
(shouting over noise)  
Still think this is a good idea?

Barbara doesn't have an answer as they take a few steps forward, watching the hovering helicopter.

A door slides open to reveal the main passenger bay, and we see three MARINES in dark camouflage gear step to the edge of the bay, unravelling ropes and preparing to rappel down to the driveway.

As the first three make their way down the rappel lines, three more follow them, one of them with a noticeable amount of long, blonde hair.

Once the last trio have hit the ground, the bay door is pulled shut and the helicopter rapidly climbs up and away, the sound of its rotors fading quickly as it disappears into the morning skyline.

Barbara and Greg wait as the marines fall in behind the blonde-haired one, who leads them up to the Academy duo.

The lead marine is female - she's well-built and doesn't look out of place next to the five strapping examples of the US Army's finest. She comes to a stop and salutes.

FEMALE MARINE  
(American accent)  
Warrant Officer Ellen Marklew,  
reporting for duty.

Greg and Barbara exchange another look, not sure what to do, before Barbara extends her hand for the marine, ELLEN, to shake.

(CONTINUED)

BARBARA

Welcome to Slayer Academy, Ellen!  
Shall I show you and your men  
inside?

Ellen nods, and Barbara leads them all in through the main entrance. Greg tries to give the marines a cheery greeting, but their deadpan stares quickly shut him up.

We crane back up to the roof as the group step through the main entrance, to see a confused Skye watching the scene.

SKYE

What the hell...

She quickly gathers her books up and heads towards a trap door that leads back inside, as we cut to:

The door opens as Barbara heads inside, followed by Ellen. Greg appears in the doorway, clearing his throat to get Barbara's attention.

GREG

Er, what shall I do with the, uh,  
soldiers?

BARBARA

(to Ellen)

Shall I have Greg show your men  
round, Miss Marklew?

ELLEN

Sounds like a good idea, it'll help  
speed up their orientation.

Barbara nods to Greg, who doesn't look like he fancies this idea too much as he exits, closing the door behind him.

Barbara takes a moment to clear her desk as Ellen paces round the office, examining the framed photos and certificates on the walls.

BARBARA

I'm afraid you'll have to excuse  
the mess - we've been open a month  
already but it still feels like we  
only started unpacking yesterday!  
I'm sure you know how that feels.

ELLEN

I used to look after a six year  
old, so I know mess.

Barbara smiles and motions for Ellen to take a seat.



BARBARA

Now then, let's get down to the matter at hand. I imagine you've been briefed on the arrangement here already?

ELLEN

(nods)

I know the set up of this place, what it's doing and so on. Are you up to speed with why I'm here?

Barbara raises a finger to ask Ellen to wait a moment, then she digs out a folder from the clutter on one side of her desk, opens it and reads from a press release.

BARBARA

'To further the arrangement between the Initiative and the Watchers Council, and also to continue to strengthen the bonds that were jeopardised by the unfortunate actions of Dr. Maggie Walsh in Sunnydale, it is proposed that a small team of Initiative officers join the Academy staff, to help out in any way that Headmistress Griffin sees fit.'

She lays the press release back down and looks to Ellen.

BARBARA (cont'd)

That about covers it, I think.

ELLEN

Yes, ma'am. My troops and I are here to take orders from you, we're not about to try and take over this place.

BARBARA

I should hope not! I mean, I can understand why the Initiative would take an interest in the Academy, enough to justify stationing the six of you out here, but I'm sure you appreciate that I will not tolerate any outside interference on the way I run this campus.

ELLEN

I wouldn't dream of it, ma'am.

BARBARA

Oh, call me Barbara. I was never one for formality.

(CONTINUED)

ELLEN

Whatever you say.

BARBARA

So tell me a little about yourself, Ellen. I understand you had some contact with the famous Buffy Summers while she was over in Cleveland?

ELLEN

Yeah, Buffy and I ran into each other almost two years ago now, back when I was taking care of the previous Oracle.

BARBARA

Ah, yes, little Emmily. I was truly sorry to hear about what happened to her.

ELLEN

Yeah, well, that's part of how I ended up working for the Initiative, in a roundabout kind of way.

BARBARA

Would you care to enlighten me over some lunch? The cafeteria should have finished breakfast by now, so we can grab some early lunch before the girls swarm back in to feed themselves.

ELLEN

Sounds good.

Barbara stands, and as she heads for the door we cut to:

EXT. CAMPUS - MAIN QUADRANGLE - MORNING.

Sofia and Alita are heading across one of the open air sections of the campus as they head to their next lesson. Skye jogs into frame to catch up with them.

SKYE

Hey, you guys see that chopper fly over a minute ago?

SOFIA

(nods)

I did, it was awfully low, wasn't it?

(CONTINUED)

SKYE

Yeah, try the front gates kind of low.

ALITA

It landed here?

SKYE

Sort of. It hovered over the driveway and these six marines abseiled out of it. Felt like I was watching the start of 'Predator' or something!

SOFIA

Marines? Here? What for?

SKYE

Beats me. Greg and Barbara were here to meet 'em, so let's go find one of them and get them to tell us what's the what.

Sofia nods as the girls turn into:

INT. CAMPUS - CORRIDOR - MORNING.

The girls pass through a swing door and up a small flight of stairs, heading for their classroom on the next level.

SOFIA

Oh, and have any of you see Frankie? I haven't seen her since we were in the library earlier.

SKYE

And you want to see her again?

SOFIA

Well, not exactly. I just meant that I was wondering if she was going to show up for this test at all.

SKYE

Sooner that girl fails everything and gets shipped back to France, the better. She's one step away from a-

ALITA

(sees her)

Frankie!

The girls turn round - Frankie is standing right behind them.

(CONTINUED)

SKYE

Oh, hey. Didn't see you there, else  
I'd have thought of something  
better to say to piss you off.

Frankie rolls her eyes and steps past them, heading for the classroom. The others fall in behind her, and head into:

INT. CAMPUS - CLASSROOM - MORNING.

The girls take their seats at the various desks laid out in the modestly-sized classroom. Catherine is behind the teacher's desk at the head of the room, making some last minute notes.

CATHERINE

And how are we all feeling, girls?

SOFIA

Oh, we'll be alright. First tests  
of the term, not much point in  
getting too worried!

SKYE

Yeah, what she said.

ALITA

(small bow)  
I am fine.

A beat. Everyone turns to Frankie, waiting for her to make some kind of comment, but after registering their stares, she just shrugs her shoulders as if to say 'What?' Everyone turns their attention back to Catherine.

CATHERINE

We'll begin at ten past ten, so  
that gives you a few minutes to  
check through the papers first.

Catherine stands and hands a white booklet to each girl. Sofia is ready with an assortment of pens and pencils, which makes Skye chuckle. She's brought one thoroughly chewed pen, and that's enough for her.

Catherine sits back down and glances up at the clock as the girls leaf through the booklets.

CATHERINE (cont'd)

Alright, with the time now at ten  
minutes past ten, you may begin.  
I'll be calling time at ten to.

The girls get their heads down and get to work. Frankie glances round at them all for a few more beats, before she finally looks down at her test paper, and we cut to:

8

INT. CAMPUS - CAFETERIA - MORNING.

8

Ellen and Barbara are walking away from the serving stands with their haul - Ellen has a sandwich, two bags of crisps, some fruit and a bottle of water, while Barbara just has a sandwich.

BARBARA

(off Ellen's food)

Planning on skipping a meal later?

ELLEN

Huh? Oh, no, I just eat a lot. Long story.

They take a seat each at one of the many empty tables.

BARBARA

So, you were saying about Cleveland?

ELLEN

(already eating)

Oh, yeah. Well, I ran into Emmily not long after moving out there. There was just me and my cat, Jones, at that point. Messy divorce back in Pittsburgh that I needed some space from.

BARBARA

Sorry to hear that.

ELLEN

I'm not, he was an asshole. Anyway, doesn't take me long to find out that there are plenty of people after this innocent-looking little girl, and by 'people,' I mean demons. Some kind of cult or something.

BARBARA

I'm afraid it's the Oracle's lot in life to be hunted by the forces of darkness.

ELLEN

Emmily knew I could take care of her, though. She knew I was a little different to the average thirtysomething divorcee.

BARBARA

Different how?

(CONTINUED)

ELLEN

Didn't you read about that in my file?

BARBARA

I'm afraid I haven't had chance to go over things in nearly as much detail as I'd like.

ELLEN

Oh. Well, just so you know, I'm a Slayer.

A beat. Ellen continues eating as though everything is perfectly normal, while Barbara takes a little longer to process this information.

BARBARA

I'm sorry, you're... you're a Slayer?

ELLEN

(nods)

Again, long story. I think it had something to do with me missing my turn - the Slayer I would have replaced lived for longer than expected, and it seems Potentials come with an expiry date, so the line skipped me and went to the nearest sixteen-year old when the time came. 'Course, that was until Willow's spell charged me back up, and I've been like that ever since.

Ellen is quite nonplussed by all this, but Barbara is fascinated by this revelation.

BARBARA

That's incredible! I mean, I've heard of similar cases before now, but they're extraordinarily rare, certainly enough so to mean the Council could never agree if it was actually possible or not!

ELLEN

Believe me, it is.

(beat)

Are you gonna eat that sandwich?

Barbara looks down at her food, then shakes her head and nudges the unwrapped sandwich towards Ellen, who grabs it and takes a bite.

(CONTINUED)

Greg walks into frame, still looking quite nervous and definitely not comfortable with the five stony-faced marines standing close behind him.

BARBARA

Ah, Greg. How did the tour go?

GREG

Oh, fine, fine. I, uh, talked, a lot, and they... didn't.

ELLEN

Yeah, shoulda warned you about my boys. They can be a little uptight at times.

BARBARA

Do they have names?

ELLEN

Oh, yeah, sorry - this is Dunstall, that's Macey, Webber, Dolman and McLachlan.

The marines all nod as their names are read out, and Greg quickly takes a seat next to Barbara.

GREG

(quietly)

Can we find something for them to do, please? I've used up all my good lines, I don't know what else to do with them.

BARBARA

(quietly)

I'll handle it.

(to Ellen)

Well! I imagine you'll want to meet some of our girls?

ELLEN

Bring 'em on.

Barbara stands, and as she nods for Ellen and the marines to follow, we cut back to:

The clock reads ten to eleven, almost, and all four girls have their heads down as they try to finish their tests in time. Catherine checks her watch, then puts down the paperback she was reading.

(CONTINUED)

CATHERINE

Time, ladies. Put your pens down,  
that's the end of the test.

Sofia finishes her sentence and stops, Alita scribbles a little longer and then stops too. Catherine looks to Skye, who is still busily writing.

CATHERINE (cont'd)

Skye, the test is-

SKYE

(holds up a hand)

Hang on!

Catherine chuckles and shakes her head as Skye finally finishes, twirling her pen round in her fingers.

SKYE (cont'd)

Done.

CATHERINE

You wouldn't be able to get away  
with that in the real world, you  
know.

SKYE

I know. That's why I'm here.

Catherine heads over and collects in their booklets, but pauses when she gets to Frankie, who is staring out through the window. Catherine glances at her booklet and frowns.

CATHERINE

Frankie, you've barely started the  
test! What's the matter?

Frankie looks back round - and there are tears in her eyes. Catherine and the girls react, and Catherine puts the other booklets down and sits next to Frankie.

CATHERINE (cont'd)

What on earth's the matter?

Frankie looks helplessly back at her for a beat, then flips over her test booklet and starts to scribble on the back of it. When she's done, she holds it up for them to see. It reads 'Something is wrong with my voice!'

CATHERINE (cont'd)

Frankie, if you weren't feeling  
well, all you needed to do was say  
something and I'd have sent you to  
see Jaz in the infirmary. You  
didn't need to sit here the whole  
time in silence!

(CONTINUED)



Frankie shakes her head, and underlines what she's written, growing increasingly frustrated. Skye raises an eyebrow and turns to Sofia.

SKYE

I think Madame there sprayed too  
much of that perfume on herself  
this morning, looks like it's gone  
straight to her brain!

Skye chuckles, but stops as she registers Sofia's dark look.

SKYE (cont'd)

What is it?

SOFIA

Something's wrong.

SKYE

Frankie's lost her voice. I'd call  
that a good thing.

Sofia ignores her and steps closer to Frankie, who is starting to cry again - but silently.

SOFIA

Frankie? Has something happened to  
you?

Frankie looks up and slowly nods.

SOFIA (cont'd)

Is it something like a cold, or a  
sore throat?

Frankie quickly shakes her head.

SOFIA (cont'd)

(beat)

Is it something magical?

Frankie glances at Catherine, then lowers her head and nods again. Catherine leans back in her chair and takes a deep breath.

CATHERINE

Oh, dear...

As a desperate looking Frankie puts her head in her hands, and continues to cry, we:

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF ACT ONE**

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

10 INT. CAMPUS - LIBRARY - RESTRICTED SECTION - DAY. 10

Catherine is checking through the bookshelves in the forbidden wing of the library, trying to find the book Frankie used, as we look up and over the edge of the floor and down into:

11 INT. CAMPUS - LIBRARY - CONTINUOUS. 11

Frankie sits at one of the tables, her jacket pulled tightly around her, as JAZ, the campus nurse, steps into frame with a first aid kit. Greg is waiting nearby with the other girls.

JAZ  
(to Greg)  
So what do we know?

GREG  
From what she's told us - or,  
rather, what she's written down,  
Frankie was trying to use a spell  
she found in the classified section  
of the library to help her cram  
ahead of this morning's test.

JAZ  
(sighs)  
And we all know that never ends  
well.

SOFIA  
If I'd have known she was going to  
do something like this, I'd have  
tried to talk her out of it! I've  
seen my share of spells go wrong.  
When I was in Cleveland once, we-

SKYE  
(interrupts)  
Oh, is now ever the time to not  
hear another one of your 'I Love  
Buffy' stories.

Sofia glares at her as Jaz opens her first aid kit - but it's not a standard antiseptic and bandages kind of kit. This is one designed for the needs of Slayers - there are scrolls, potions, herbs and crystals for use in spells, and Jaz unpacks a few items, laying them out on the table.

JAZ  
Alright then, Frankie, I'm going to  
try a few things and see if they  
work.

(CONTINUED)

Frankie nods, and Jaz starts to mix up a potion, pouring the contents of one small vial full of yellow liquid into a larger one half full of glowing blue fluid, and giving the mixture a shake.

ALITA  
(off potion)  
What is that?

JAZ  
A little home made recipe. One thing I've found is a great help to anyone in the medical profession when it comes to treating Slayers is to have a lot of friends who are wiccass.

SOFIA  
Is there anything we can do?

GREG  
I think Jaz and Catherine have this under control.

Greg lays a comforting hand on Frankie's shoulder.

GREG (cont'd)  
Are you going to be okay for the time being? We're doing everything we can.

Frankie nods, then reaches for the pen and paper close by, scribbling out a message which she hands to Greg.

JAZ  
What did she say?

Greg turns the paper round - it reads 'Hurry up!' Jaz smiles and checks the potion, which is mixing to a sickly green.

JAZ (cont'd)  
Don't worry, Frankie, one way or another we'll sort this out.

GREG  
Come on, girls, there are some people I'd like you to meet.

Greg walks off, and Alita and Skye follow him. Sofia pauses to say a last few words to Frankie.

SOFIA  
You know, if you'd just asked for a little help to revise, we needn't have had to go through all this.

11 CONTINUED: (2)

11

Frankie shoots Sofia a dark look - now is not the time to apply the benefit of hindsight. Sofia bites her lip, realises she should probably leave it at that, and with a nod to Jaz backs away and exits.

12 INT. CAMPUS - CORRIDOR - DAY.

12

Sofia catches the others up as they head back towards the front half of the Academy.

SKYE

So does this have anything to do with that helicopter I saw earlier?

GREG

You saw that?

SKYE

Yeah, kinda hard to miss. I'm guessing you don't get many military helicopters landing round here.

Greg looks away, not sure of how to respond, then looks back to find all three girls fixing him with curious stares.

GREG

(sighs)

Alright, I may as well fill you in now. Saves me a little time later.

SOFIA

Fill us in on what?

Sofia frowns as the group head into:

13 INT. CAMPUS - ASSEMBLY HALL - DAY.

13

Greg leads the girls through the side door into the rear of the assembly hall. The hall is empty, and Greg leads them towards the stage at the far end of the room.

GREG

That helicopter, and the troops inside it, are part of the Initiative.

Alita and Skye look blankly at each other, but Sofia recoils in horror.

SOFIA

What?!?

(CONTINUED)

GREG

It's part of an arrangement they worked out with the Council, it's part of why they agreed to give us some funding, and-

SOFIA

Has Barbara gone out of her bloody mind?

SKYE

(eyes her)

What's your 'cosis?

SOFIA

(blinks)

My what?

SKYE

As in 'psychosis.' What's the beef with these Initiative guys?

SOFIA

They're a bloody menace, is what they are! They're a government-operated branch of the military who specialise in eliminating threats from demons and vampires.

SKYE

Sounds cool so far. Do they get to use guns and stuff?

SOFIA

That's not the point! One of their alleged 'experts,' and I use the term very sparingly, created a human-demon hybrid that went berserk, killing people in an effort to 'learn' more about us and helping wipe out the entire base they had in Sunnydale!

The girls come to a stop at the front of the stage. Greg glances round as though waiting for someone.

SOFIA (cont'd)

They also tried to have Buffy killed because they thought she was a risk, so what they're doing here is anyone's-

ELLEN (O.S.)

Hey, if I was in your shoes, I'd be feeling the same way.

The girls look round to see Ellen and her five marines have entered the hall through the nearest set of doors. Sofia folds her arms, obviously hostile, while Skye grins as she eyes up the well-built forms of the marines. Alita just bows politely.

ELLEN (cont'd)  
(offers hand to Sofia)  
Ellen Marklew. You must be Sofia?

Sofia looks at Ellen's hand, then back at her. After a beat, Ellen retracts her hand and smirks.

ELLEN (cont'd)  
Fair enough, kid. I know you must have lots of questions about why we're here.

SOFIA  
(cold)  
If you could start by telling me when you're going to leave, that'd be perfect.

Greg steps between them, trying to diplomatically soothe the situation.

GREG  
Ah, ladies, perhaps you should take a seat so Ellen and I can give you the full story here?

With a last glare at Ellen, Sofia takes a seat, joined by Alita and Skye. As the marines sit in a line just behind them, Skye can't resist throwing some flirty looks over her shoulder at them. Ellen and Greg stand before the group.

GREG (cont'd)  
Quick introductions first. Girls, this is Warrant officer Ellen Marklew and her squad, Ellen, this is Sofia, Skye and Alita.

ELLEN  
Hey. Isn't there meant to be one more in the lead squad here?

GREG  
Oh, uh, yes, Frankie. She's...

SOFIA  
Ill. At the moment.

GREG  
Yes, she's not feeling too well. She'll be fine later, I expect.

Greg claps his hands once to change the subject.

GREG (cont'd)

Okay, here's what's happening. The Initiative donated a large amount of money to the Council to help refit and set up this campus, on the proviso that they maintained a small presence here to assist the Academy staff, which includes all of you girls, in their efforts.

ELLEN

We're not here to take over, or spy on you, or tell you how to do what you do. Maggie Walsh was a liability that caused us a great amount of damage, and we're making sure this arrangement is a start towards rebuilding the trust we once had.

SOFIA

Trust with who, exactly?

ELLEN

The Watcher's Council knew of our existence before Buffy encountered us - or, at least, some higher up guys did. They just chose to keep it quiet because they didn't think we'd last.

SOFIA

And yet, here you are.

Ellen glances at Greg, who clears his throat and motions for Sofia to settle down.

GREG

As part of their stay here, Miss Marklew and her troops have brought along several items of the latest weaponry and devices for use in the field, and I thought it'd be a good introduction if we spent an hour or two in the weapons rooms testing them all out!

Alita and Skye look as though they like the sound of this idea, but Sofia continues to look like somebody gave her a penny and then stole her wallet.

GREG (cont'd)

(to Ellen)

So shall we get started?

(CONTINUED)

He motions towards the exit, and with a nod Ellen walks past him, her marines falling in step behind her. The girls stand but hang back to watch the troops walk away.

SKYE

Obedient, aren't they?

ALITA

They seem very professional.

(to Greg)

Will they be joining us on any missions or patrols?

GREG

Uh, I'm not sure. Eventually, maybe. I think they're just here to provide some extra manpower.

SKYE

(cheekily)

And there's a whole lot of that!

SOFIA

I still say this is a bad idea.

SKYE

Let in the sunshine for once, Sofia. What's the worst that could happen?

Sofia throws Skye a look that says she can think of lots of bad things that could happen, as we quickly cut to:

And with a burst of GUNFIRE we're treated to a close up view of a large-calibre rifle letting rip with a hail of bullets.

We pull back to see Ellen is the one firing the bulky weapon, wearing headphones and goggles for protection as she rakes the bullets across a trio of human-shaped dummies set up at the far end of the long, concrete-walled weapons room, set up like a firing range.

More traditional Slayer projectile weapons like crossbows, spears and throwing daggers are mounted either side of the room, but these aren't the focus of this exercise.

Watching from some distance back, their fingers in their ears against the noise, the rest of the girls seem suitably impressed by the display.

Ellen stops shooting, takes a breath, then turns and approaches Greg and the Slayers.



ELLEN

Not bad, huh?

GREG

What?

ELLEN

(louder)

I said, 'not bad, huh?'

GREG

Sorry, couldn't hear you! Was it meant to be that loud?

ELLEN

(grins)

That's the way we make 'em.

She nods to her troops, who head over carrying a different weapon for each of the Slayers.

GREG

Uh... shouldn't you demonstrate these a bit more before we start the girls on using them?

ELLEN

This is the quickest way to learn.

SKYE

Yeah, come on, Greg, it's not like we're going to steal a tank and try to invade London, is it?

Alita has what looks like a grenade launcher, which she turns over in her hands as though it was some alien artefact. Skye reaches across and sets it the right way round.

ALITA

I... I'm not sure I am the best person to use this.

SKYE

It's easy, Alita. Point and shoot.  
(to Ellen)  
Right?

ELLEN

That's right. That's a stun grenade launcher you're holding, Alita. Fire one of those into a pack of demons and they'll be incapacitated by the shockwave for up to twenty minutes. We have a variety of rounds tailored for specific species and sub-species.

(CONTINUED)

ALITA  
(surprised)  
Oh...

Sofia is holding what looks like an oversized stun gun, still looking less than impressed.

SOFIA  
This is ridiculous. Slayers don't use guns! Why else do we spend so many hours learning to fight with our fists and feet?

SKYE  
Maybe we've been taught that way because they never let us play with guns before?

Sofia glares at her as Webber hands her a pair of protective headphones and goggles, then steps up to take aim at another of the dummies.

SOFIA  
All I'm saying is, this is-

She's interrupted as she FIRES the weapon, and streaks of ice blue ELECTRICITY arc out of it, latching onto the dummy and leaving it a blackened husk in seconds.

Sofia quickly releases the trigger, wide-eyed, and turns to the others, wafting away smoke from the weapon's barrel.

SOFIA (cont'd)  
(startled)  
What...

ELLEN  
(grins)  
High energy taser. If you photographed that little firing test, you'd be able to see the tiny wires that shot from the barrel onto the target first. The electricity just flows along them, straight to your target.

GREG  
(impressed)  
Handy. If a little... exaggerated.

SOFIA  
(wry)  
Well, they are from the United States Army, Greg. They're not ones to do things the small way.

(CONTINUED)

Ellen steps forward and takes the taser from Sofia, motioning for Alita to step up next.

ELLEN

Come on, Alita, I want you to show them how that grenade launcher works.

Alita pales as everyone turns to look at her.

ALITA

(shakes head)

Oh, no, I don't think I can-

SKYE

(grabs launcher)

Yoink!

Skye takes the launcher from her and walks up to the edge of the firing range, saluting for effect as she joins Ellen.

SKYE (cont'd)

Ready to lock and load, ma'am.

SOFIA

(eyes her)

You're loving this, aren't you?

SKYE

(shrugs)

One of my cousins quit school to join the marines when I was younger. He used to send me letters and photos back of what he was up to, and I guess I've always had a thing for the Army life.

Skye throws another saucy look back at Ellen's marines, who are standing dutifully by with more weapons for the girls to try out.

SKYE (cont'd)

So let's hope it has a thing for me!

ELLEN

(chuckles)

Okay, well, let's get started on this. Now, the best way to use one of these is to-

SKYE

Oh, I'm cool. I know what I'm doing.

(CONTINUED)

ELLEN  
(suspicious)  
Are you sure?

SKYE  
Trust me. I'm no gun newb like  
these two, I'm a girl who grew up  
watching 'The A-Team.'

Ellen looks to Greg for approval, and he nods, although he does so a little reluctantly.

GREG  
She's not going to change her mind  
whatever you say, best thing is to  
leave her to it.

ELLEN  
Okay, then.

She steps away and joins the others, who make sure they keep well back as Skye lifts up the bulky launcher and squints to take aim at the last few undamaged dummies.

Ellen and Greg are standing a little further back, giving them chance to exchange a few quiet words.

ELLEN (cont'd)  
How do you think this is going so  
far?

GREG  
Honestly? A little too fast. You've  
been here a few hours, and you're  
already teaching my girls how to  
use guns. I'm not sure-

ELLEN  
Relax, I'm just starting them on  
the big stuff to keep their  
interest. The things we'll be  
offering you for your patrols is a  
lot lower down the scale, don't  
worry.

GREG  
Ah. Good. Because, you know, giving  
this lot the kinds of weapons they  
could use to hold a small town to  
ransom is probably not a great  
idea!

Ellen smirks as she turns back to Skye, calling across to her. Skye is being given a pair of headphones and goggles by Dunstall, fixing them in place before taking aim again.

(CONTINUED)

ELLEN

Ready when you are, Skye! Last chance to back out and let me show you how to use that thing first!

SKYE

And damage my pride? Never!

ELLEN

Alright, fire at will!

Skye grins broadly and centres the launcher on one of the dummies.

SKYE

Say goodnight, Gracie...

She SQUEEZES the trigger - but nothing happens. A beat, then Skye turns to Ellen.

SKYE (cont'd)

Hey, what gives with-

THUD. Skye looks down to her feet as something falls to the ground.

It's one of the stun grenades. It's fallen out of the launcher - Skye must have hit the 'Eject Round' button.

But the grenade is live.

Skye looks back up with wide, shocked eyes.

SKYE (cont'd)

Oh, sh-

BOOM!

The grenade detonates in a FLASH of white light, and we quickly:

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF ACT TWO**

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

15 INT. DARK ROOM - NIGHT.

15

Through blurry eyes, we fade in to find ourselves looking up towards the ceiling of a dark, hazy room. A bright light shines down on us from somewhere overhead, and two shadowy FIGURES are looking down on us.

SKYE (O.S.)  
(croaky voice)  
Hello?

The figures exchange a look before leaning back out of frame.

SKYE (O.S.) (cont'd)  
Hey! What's... what's going on?

Skye closes her eyes, and we cut to BLACK for a beat. When she reopens them, we're looking down on her to see that she's strapped onto some kind of operating table by her wrists and ankles.

Skye struggles against the bonds, but they're too tough for her to tear through.

SKYE (cont'd)  
(yelling)  
Help! Somebody! Help me!

Skye reacts as she sees the two shadowy figures step back into frame, and there is a GLINT of light in their hands - scalpels.

Skye starts to struggle more frantically as two pairs of dark hands reach out for her, one to hold her in place as another reaches towards her exposed belly with the scalpel.

SKYE (cont'd)  
(frantically)  
Help! Help me!!

The scalpel starts to CUT into her skin, letting out a trickle of blood, and as Skye HOWLS in pain, we SMASH CUT to:

16 EXT. SWIMMING POOL - DAY.

16

SPLASH! Skye suddenly lands face first into a pool of clear blue water. She struggles for a beat before a pair of hands reach into the water and drag her out.

As Skye GASPS for breath (more on reflex than because she needs it), we see that it was Sofia who pulled her out! The two of them are in a large, round swimming pool that seems to be part of a small apartment complex.

(CONTINUED)

Skye shakes her head to clear away the water, blinking in surprise at Sofia, who looks just as startled to be there.

SKYE

What-

SOFIA

I don't know! This is your dream.

SKYE

(frowns)

What?

Sofia glances towards the apartment buildings in the background - and standing before them is EMMA, the redheaded Slayer who didn't survive her first night at the Academy.

Emma points to her belly, then to Skye, and Sofia looks down at Skye as she continues to cough and splutter. Sofia looks back up - but Emma is gone, and we quickly WHITE OUT to:

INT. CAMPUS - DORMS - EVENING.

Sofia wakes with a start, blinking as she adjusts to her surroundings. She's back up in her dorm by herself, obviously catching some rest after the day's excitement.

The door swings open and in walks Frankie and Alita, Frankie's sour look an indication that she's still muted.

ALITA

Oh, Sofia! You are awake. Good.

SOFIA

(groggy)

What's going on?

ALITA

We were all waiting for Skye to wake up, she's down in the infirmary after the explosion this morning.

Sofia stretches as she stands up.

SOFIA

Oh yes, how could I forget that.

(to Frankie)

Are you alright, Frankie?

Frankie puts her hands on her hips and shoots Sofia a cold glare - 'what do you think?'

SOFIA (cont'd)

Fair enough... shall we go?

17 CONTINUED:

17

The girls file out, into:

18 INT. CAMPUS - INFIRMARY - EVENING.

18

Jaz is checking over a chart as she stands by Skye's bedside, Skye herself wrapped up and bandaged round her waist as she sleeps off the stun grenade's effects.

An ashen looking Ellen stands by the entrance, alongside a furious-looking Barbara and Greg.

ELLEN

I don't know what to say. It was just a weapon malfunction, that live round should never have-

BARBARA

(stern)

Well it did. You're lucky Skye wasn't badly hurt, or I'd be shipping you and your men back to the States right now! In fact, maybe I should do that anyway, before you get any more of my girls injured!

ELLEN

(defensive)

Hey, she wanted to fire that thing by herself!

(points at Greg)

He said she was okay to fire, so don't go laying the blame for this all at my door!

GREG

How was I to know she'd almost blow herself up? I'd never-

JAZ

(shouts)

Hey!

They shut up and turn to Jaz, who glares back at them.

JAZ (cont'd)

This may not be a hospital, but it's still not a place for arguments. If you three want to go on discussing who to blame for what happened, then go and do it outside!

Ellen, Greg and Barbara exchange dark looks, then file out through the infirmary door just as Frankie, Sofia and Alita walk in. Sofia watches the others leave, confused.

(CONTINUED)



SOFIA  
Is everything alright?

JAZ  
(sighs)  
It will be.

Sofia heads over to the bed, looking down on Skye.

SOFIA  
How is she?

JAZ  
As far as I can tell, she's just fine. Minor concussion and some light burns from the blast itself, but physically she's unharmed. It's the concussive effect of the grenade itself that's kept her under - Skye being part vampire seems to have exaggerated the effect, so she's been out cold since the blast. What actually concerned me was the scar I found.

SOFIA  
Scar?

Jaz reaches across and lifts up a loose section of Skye's bandage - to show a small surgical scar on her belly, right where Emma showed it would be.

JAZ  
I found this while I was patching her up. It's a few weeks old, definitely not caused by the blast.

Jaz luckily hasn't noticed the colour drain from Sofia's face as she sees the scar.

JAZ (cont'd)  
I'm going to ask Skye how she got that when she wakes up, it doesn't look like any kind of surgical scar I've ever seen. Do you know how she got it?

SOFIA  
(quickly)  
Oh, er, no, she's never mentioned it before.

Jaz nods thoughtfully and studies her chart again, as Sofia reaches for a chair and takes a seat next to the bed.

SOFIA (cont'd)  
I'll wait here until she wakes up,  
if that's alright?

JAZ  
That's no problem.  
(to Frankie)  
Shall we try again?

Frankie struts over, still managing to look snobby without needing any words, and Jaz begins to mix up another set of potions as Frankie takes a seat by her desk.

Sofia watches Skye, trying to work out what to make of everything, when Skye starts to GROAN, stirring as she finally wakes up.

Her eyes flutter open and fall on Sofia, who smiles hopefully. Skye closes her eyes and GROANS again.

SKYE  
Don't tell me...

SOFIA  
You're in the infirmary. You were  
knocked out when a live and primed  
grenade fell out of the launcher  
instead of firing. How do you feel?

SKYE  
Like they filmed 'King Kong Vs.  
Godzilla 2' inside my head.

She sits up, pressing a hand to her sore head as Sofia leans in a little closer to whisper to her.

SOFIA  
Jaz found the scar on your belly.

Skye freezes, slowly turning to Sofia.

SOFIA (cont'd)  
And I saw... well, I don't know  
what I saw. But you were there. I  
saw you on an operating table, and  
these two men cut into you, then we  
were in a swimming pool, and-

SKYE  
(finishes sentence)  
And I fell in, and you dragged me  
out again.

They exchange a worried look. Jaz is busy with Frankie and still hasn't noticed that Skye is awake.

SOFIA

What do you suppose it means?

SKYE

(beat)

I'm not sure. Look, don't tell anyone until I can figure this out, okay?

SOFIA

It's a bit late for that - Jaz already knows, and I think we should tell Greg and-

SKYE

(firm)

No. Don't tell anyone until I know just what the frick that was.

(beat)

And how the hell did you end up in my dream, anyway?

SOFIA

(sighs)

I have a theory... but you wouldn't believe me if I told you.

SKYE

Try me, I'm in a-

JAZ (O.S.)

Oh, you're awake!

They look up as Jaz walks over, smiling as she joins them. Skye plasters on a fake grin back at her.

SKYE

Yup, Rip Van Underwood is back in action at last.

Jaz nods, satisfied, then turns back to Frankie. Skye throws a warning look to Sofia.

SKYE (cont'd)

Not a word.

Sofia looks torn between a rock and a hard place over what to do, before we cut to:

We're looking at the thick oak door to the office as someone KNOCKS at it.

BARBARA (O.S.)

Come in.

(CONTINUED)

The door opens and in steps Skye, whose expression quickly hardens as she sees Greg and Ellen waiting for her - and Sofia, sitting in one of the two chairs before the desk.

BARBARA (cont'd)  
Please sit down, Skye.

Skye SIGHS heavily, then walks over to the free chair, sitting down and folding her arms. She noticeably avoids making eye contact with an awkward-looking Sofia.

BARBARA (cont'd)  
I think there's something we need to discuss.

SKYE  
Yeah, I've been meaning to tell you how much the food in the cafeteria sucks for a while now, and-

GREG  
Skye, please.

Skye scowls, finally shooting a dark glare at Sofia before she speaks again.

SKYE  
I guess this is about that cut on my stomach, huh?

BARBARA  
(nods)  
Sofia told us about the vision she had, and according to Jaz the wound is several weeks old, which means that you kept it quiet for a reason. What can you tell us?

SKYE  
Well, gee, looks like you got me all figured out already, Veronica Mars. Just another case of Skye The Bad Girl proving what a liability she is, huh?

GREG  
Nobody's accusing you of anything.

ELLEN  
We just need to know how it happened.

SKYE  
What's the big deal? It's just a little cut!

ELLEN

Yeah, but I've seen cuts like that before. We use them to put tracking devices and bugs into captured sub-tees, so we can follow them back to their nest and wipe it out.

SOFIA

(meekly)

I thought I should-

SKYE

(snaps)

Save it. I told you not to say anything, Sofe. Thanks a bunch.

SOFIA

I couldn't just ignore it! Look, you know the deal as well as I do, Skye, when a Slayer has a vision it's for a reason. The vision I had seemed to indicate that someone or something operated on you, and I think we all need to work out why so we can fix it!

SKYE

(angry)

I don't know what happened! I can't remember!

GREG

Can't remember what?

Skye hesitates - she's caught herself out. She slumps back in her chair, rubbing her temples.

BARBARA

Skye?

SKYE

It was when we found that vampire nest a few weeks back. The one where they were deep freezing the villagers to use as munchies later on?

GREG

Yes, I remember. You went missing for a while because the lead vampire kidnapped you. Do you think he did this to you?

(CONTINUED)

SKYE

I don't know. All I know is I woke up in some kind of room underground, flat on my back and lying on this cheap operating table. I staggered out into the tunnel outside and that's where Sofia found me.

BARBARA

I see. You should have reported this as soon as you got back, Skye.

ELLEN

If somebody put a tracker in you, you could have compromised the location of the Academy. For all we know, those vampires are just biding their time before they launch a full scale assault on the campus.

GREG

Let's not be too hasty here. There could have been another reason they did this to her - after all, Skye is quite an unusual Slayer, maybe they-

ELLEN

I'm telling you, I've seen this before! If she's-

SKYE

(interrupts)

How is this my fault? I got overpowered, drugged and operated on! Are you making out that I set this up or something?

SOFIA

Skye, calm down, we can-

Skye jumps to her feet, shaking with anger.

SKYE

Screw you! I like how easily you guys can think that I could turn on you, after what we've been through together. Thanks a damn lot!

BARBARA

Skye, sit down, we need to decide what to do!

(CONTINUED)

SKYE

I know what I'm gonna do. You can  
please your damn selves.

Skye turns and marches out of the office, SLAMMING the door  
after her. A sheepish Sofia looks back to Barbara.

SOFIA

Do you want me to...

BARBARA

Yes, I think you should.

Sofia hops out of her chair and dashes out of the office in  
pursuit of Skye, as Barbara sighs and swivels her chair round  
to face Greg and Ellen.

BARBARA (cont'd)

Any thoughts?

ELLEN

Yeah, two, actually. First off, how  
the hell do you let her get away  
with talking to you like that?

BARBARA

She's understandably upset. Skye's  
a little paranoid that we see her  
as some kind of security risk as it  
is, this is only going to  
exacerbate the situation.

ELLEN

Second, she is a risk. Until we  
find out what happened to her, she  
could be leading a pack of vampires  
right to us.

GREG

I doubt that.

ELLEN

Doubt all you want, I've seen this  
trick before. Hell, I've done this  
trick before. Plant a tracer in a  
sub-tee and let them show you the  
way to their home, take out a whole  
nest of 'em in one strike.

(beat)

I guess it can work both ways.

Greg and Barbara exchange concerned glances, as we cut to:

20

INT. CAMPUS - WEAPONS ROOM - EVENING.

20

The room shows signs of the damage inflicted on it earlier - specifically in the large scorch mark on the ground where Skye was injured - and one lone Initiative commando, DUNSTALL, is busy cleaning up and packing the weapons away into flight cases. He's the youngest of Ellen's team, a new recruit with short dark hair and sports pin-up looks.

He hears a door open and turns round to see that Frankie has wandered into the firing range. She's dressed more provocatively than when we last saw her, with plenty of cleavage on display to match the shortness of her skirt.

Dunstall stands to attention as she walks over, nodding a greeting to her.

DUNSTALL

Ma'am.

Frankie smiles sweetly and heads for the small ledge that separates the firing range from the observation room behind it. She hops up onto the ledge and takes her time crossing her legs, not watching Dunstall but knowing he's glancing in her direction.

Dunstall takes a moment to gather his thoughts, then starts packing away more of the weapons.

He finishes slotting the last of the Initiative weapons into its foam-filled flight case, and as he closes the lid he JUMPS, startled to see Frankie waiting just behind the case, that wry smile still in place.

DUNSTALL (cont'd)

Uh... hi there.

Frankie waves her fingers at him, keeping her eyes fixed on him. Dunstall blushes awkwardly, not sure what to do and knowing there was nothing in his training to cover this!

DUNSTALL (cont'd)

Can I help you at all?

Frankie pretends to think for a moment, then with an even more seductive smile nods and steps closer to him. She's reaching out a hand towards him when:

SLAM! The door to the range is KICKED open, and Skye marches through it. She's on a mission, the look on her face not one you want to mess with.

Dunstall steps quickly away from Frankie, who pouts and scowls at Skye for interrupting her mission.

(CONTINUED)



DUNSTALL (cont'd)  
If you were looking for a  
demonstration, I'm afraid-

CRACK! Skye PUNCHES Dunstall across the jaw, and he staggers backwards. Skye SHOVES him to the ground, and as Dunstall's head bounces off the room's concrete floor, stunning him, Skye steps over him to grab the nearest flight case, turning to the shocked looking Frankie.

SKYE  
Don't tell them anything.

Skye turns to leave, pauses as she realises Frankie still can't tell them anything, then turns back to her.

SKYE (cont'd)  
You know what I mean.

Frankie opens her mouth and tries to speak, but no sound comes out as Skye starts to march back towards the door.

Frankie rushes over to the fallen Dunstall, who GROANS as she helps him sit up. He rubs the back of his sore head.

DUNSTALL  
What happened?

Frankie manages a sympathetic look as we hear more running feet, and Sofia races into the weapons room.

SOFIA  
Frankie? Where's Skye?

Frankie points back towards the exit and to the left, and with a nod of thanks Sofia tears back out in pursuit.

Dunstall looks up at Frankie, still dazed, as she turns her attention back to him.

DUNSTALL  
Guess I should start getting used  
to stuff like this happening,  
right?

Frankie rolls her eyes, and as she starts to help him to his feet, we:

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF ACT THREE**

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

21 EXT. CAMPUS - DRIVEWAY - NIGHT. 21

Skye strides purposefully out of the main entrance and towards the Academy's minibus, yanking the driver's side door open with a quick burst of Slayer Strength and climbing into the driver's seat.

She reaches down beneath the steering column, and we hear a CRACK as she pulls away the plastic housing the ignition cables. She fiddles with them for a few beats - then the engine PURRS to life.

Skye sits back up, flips on the van's headlights and drives away, just as Sofia comes running out of the campus entrance.

SOFIA  
(calls out)  
Skye!!

Sofia can only watch as the minibus drives away, heading for the main gates which open automatically as it approaches. Sofia looks round for some way to catch her up - and sees Greg pull into frame in his car, Alita in the back seat.

GREG  
Get in! I think I know where she'll  
be going.

Sofia hurriedly dives into the car as Greg speeds off in pursuit, and we cut to:

22 EXT. ROAD - NIGHT. 22

The minibus motors past us, Skye planting her foot firmly to the floor as it races down the otherwise empty road. A few moments later, the headlights of Greg's car come into view, and it also tears past in hot pursuit.

23 INT. GREG'S CAR - NIGHT. 23

Sofia is watching the distant tail lights of the minibus as Greg concentrates on driving.

GREG  
She'll be heading back to where  
they did whatever it is they did to  
her.

SOFIA  
Shrewton? I thought I heard on the  
news that the police had closed the  
whole village off?

(CONTINUED)

GREG

They did, the cover story must have been some kind of chemical spill scare, from what I've read. Point is, the town's going to be almost deserted by the time we get there.

ALITA

Do you think the vampires might have come back?

Greg gives Sofia a tense look - he's obviously thinking the same thing.

GREG

I hope not. Vampires have this nasty habit of returning to their old haunts, and with the town being empty at the moment, they might see the chance to pick up some easy meals.

Sofia mulls this over for a beat, then turns to Greg.

SOFIA

(serious)

You need to go faster.

Greg accelerates a little more, and we cut to:

The minibus is parked and empty as Greg's car screeches into frame, the rest of the quaint square around them devoid of any life - no lights in the buildings and no people on the streets.

Greg, Sofia and Alita jump out, Alita passing Sofia her Scythe. Sofia double takes in surprise.

SOFIA

Were you expecting some trouble?

ALITA

When Gregory-san told me where we were going, I just thought we should be prepared.

SOFIA

(grins)

Well, I'm glad you did.

GREG

This way, come on!

24 CONTINUED:

24

Greg hurries towards the manhole cover the girls used last time they were here to gain access to the underground tunnels, finding it's already been pushed aside.

25 INT. SEWER TUNNELS - NIGHT.

25

Sofia and then Alita drop gracefully into frame, followed by Greg who climbs down the ladder, holding a torch which he uses to point the way forward.

The team make their way along the ankle-deep filthy water, Sofia grimacing and holding her nose against the smell.

SOFIA

Remind me to thank Skye later for making us take this little trip!

GREG

Let's just concentrate on finding her first. We can work out her punishment later.

There is a sudden distant BOOM, and after an exchange of worried looks, the team double their speed, rushing into:

26 INT. UNDERGROUND TUNNEL - NIGHT.

26

They come to the hole in the sewer tunnel wall that leads into the chambers and tunnels the vampire group used as their base, and Sofia leads the way forward.

There's a choice of two directions, and Sofia points to the right for herself.

SOFIA

You two, go that way. Double back if you don't find anything.

GREG

Alright. Be careful.

Greg and Alita head off to the left, and we stay with Sofia as she follows the tunnel round to the right.

27 INT. UNDERGROUND CHAMBER - NIGHT.

27

Sofia steps into the large chamber that once held the vampires' frozen food supply, though thankfully now it's empty. She dashes across towards the slope that leads down into the next network of tunnels.

28

INT. CATACOMBS - NIGHT.

28

Sofia slides down a short slope to find herself in a long, winding catacomb, lit by torches fixed to the walls and with deep alcoves dug into the walls on both sides, their contents hidden by shadow.

She takes a moment to look around, her senses alert for any signs of vampire activity.

She hears the muffled BOOM again, this time much closer, and hurries along the dark, winding tunnel in the direction of the sound.

She rounds a corner and finds Skye standing before a sealed steel door in the tunnel wall, tears of frustration running down her face. She's holding the same grenade launcher that put her in the infirmary in her hands, and the steel door shows signs of having taken two direct hits already.

Sofia cautiously approaches as the sobbing Skye tries to hold in the tears, her shaking fingers fumbling another round as she tries to reload the launcher. The weapon's discarded flight case lies to the side.

SOFIA

Skye?

Skye spins round, whipping the launcher up and aiming it at Sofia before she can catch herself. Sofia leaps back, hands in the air.

SOFIA (cont'd)

Don't shoot, don't shoot!

Skye rolls her eyes and lowers the gun, wiping the tears away and starting to try and load a fresh grenade into the launcher again as Sofia heads over.

SOFIA (cont'd)

What are you doing?

SKYE

(points to door)

That's where they took me. Whatever they did to me, they did it in there, and if I can just get inside, then I can find out. I can prove that I'm not the bad guy.

Sofia crouches next to her and lays a comforting hand on her shoulder as Skye struggles to hold back the tears again.

SOFIA

I don't think you're a bad guy, Skye. I believe you.

(CONTINUED)

SKYE

(bitterly)

Yeah, well, your opinion don't count for much against Tweedle Dum and Tweedle Dee back at the school, does it? That fricken Initiative chick basically accused me of being a traitor!

SOFIA

No, she didn't, what she said was-

SKYE

Stand back.

Skye raises the launcher again, and it takes Sofia a beat to realise she's about to fire!

Sofia dives to the ground as Skye FIRES, the resulting EXPLOSION dislodging a shower of dirt and dust from the catacomb ceiling.

The door is buckled further but still standing, and with a cry on despair Skye THROWS the launcher at it. It bounces off the door with a loud CLANG as Sofia picks herself up.

SOFIA

(testily)

Well! I think you've done quiet enough damage for one day.

(beat; more sympathetic)

Come on, let's go back to the Academy. We can come out here with some proper tools, and maybe...

She trails off as she realises the door is moving. She and Skye watch, dumbfounded, as the door wobbles slowly back and forth, and then finally FALLS backwards to SLAM onto the dusty floor beyond with a huge CLANG.

Skye and Sofia exchange a look, then Sofia helps Skye up and the duo head inside:

The girls recognise the scene instantly - a dark room with a cheap, aluminium operating table in its centre and a spotlight fixed to the ceiling above that. Around the table is a host of hospital equipment - IV drips, tray of surgical tools, monitors and noticeably blood-stained trays with small bowls, the size of human organs, on them.

Skye walks over to the table, dazed, and lays a hand on it as Sofia checks the rest of the room, finding a rusty supply cabinet filled with abandoned surgical tools.

SOFIA  
What is this place?

SKYE  
This is where they did it.

Sofia turns round and walks over to Skye, squeezing her hand.

SKYE (cont'd)  
This is where they cut me...  
(closes eyes)  
What did they do to me?

SOFIA  
I don't know, and I'm afraid we've  
got no way to find out. There's  
nothing here but tools and...

Sofia spots something - it's a set of log books, lying on top of a shelf carved into the rock of the walls. She picks one up and hands it to Skye, spotting an alcove dug into the wall that she missed before.

Sofia lays the book on the table and starts to leaf through it, turning to Skye as she steps over.

SOFIA (cont'd)  
Ready to find out what this is all  
about?

SKYE  
Hey, no time like now.

Sofia turns back to the book - and then freezes as she hears VOICES. Skye looks up at her.

SKYE (cont'd)  
You hear that?

SOFIA  
I do... and it's not Greg and  
Alita. Hide!

SKYE  
'Hide'?

SOFIA  
Yes, hide! We can listen in, maybe  
they'll tell us something!

SKYE  
Before we kill them, right?

SOFIA  
Yes, yes, whatever, now just hide!

The duo duck out of sight. A few moments later, we see the shadows of two men approaching through the doorway, and soon enough two MEN step into the room. They're dressed casually, both unshaven and with long, straggly dark hair.

MAN #1

I can't believe we got stuck with this.

MAN #2

What did you expect? We're the new initiates. You don't start a new cult without bringing in some fresh blood to do the dirty work, do you?

The first man stops by the entrance to light up a cigarette as the second picks up the log books from the table.

MAN #2 (cont'd)

Did you leave these here?

MAN #1

(shrugs)

Don't look at me, I thought-

CRASH! He falls to the floor as Skye snatches up the closest tray of tools and SMASHES it across the back of his head.

His partner looks up - and in an instant SNARLS as he VAMPS OUT!

SKYE

(grins)

What a shocker. More vampires.

The Vamp lunges for Skye, but only gets halfway before Sofia STAKES him with the pointy end of the Scythe.

The Vamp ROARS as he DUSTS, and Skye takes the chance to grab the other one and drag him to his feet, throwing him down onto the operating table. She grabs an unwieldy surgical tool and RAMS it down into his shoulder, pinning him to the table. He HOWLS in pain as she reaches for a scalpel.

SKYE (cont'd)

Alright, chuckles, time to start talking! What did you freaks do to me in here, and why?

VAMP #1

(panicking)

I don't know, I don't know! I'm new, they won't tell me anything, I swear!

(CONTINUED)



SKYE

Sorry, wrong answer.

Skye drags the scalpel down his cheek, and the Vamp HOWLS in pain. Skye then grabs hold of the Scythe from Sofia's hands and holds the stake end over the Vamp's heart.

SKYE (cont'd)

One last chance to tell me, or you  
join your slacker friend down there  
in the dirt.

VAMP #1

What do you want me to say? They  
don't tell me anything! I'm just a  
lackey!

SOFIA

He's probably right, Skye. They  
don't look like the ones we fought  
here last time.

(looks up; beat)

They do.

Sofia is looking off screen, and Skye follows her gaze - to see a large group of VAMPIRES, all wearing hooded cloaks, standing in and beyond the doorway to the room.

SKYE

(wearily)

Ah, heck.

VAMP #2

Quickly! Take the half breed and  
kill the girl!

SKYE

(frowns)

What did you just call me?

SOFIA

Skye! Talk later!

The girls quickly dive into action as vampires swarm into the room towards them.

Despite using the length of the operating table to split their attackers into two groups, the girls are still outnumbered five to one each, Sofia's Scythe evening the odds a little, but the weaponless Skye is hard pressed to keep the vamps at bay.

She takes several hits, and as she staggers back she's grabbed by three of the vamps, who quickly start to drag her out of the room.

(CONTINUED)

Sofia is trapped on the other side of a wall of angry vamps, and helplessly shouts after her.

SOFIA (cont'd)  
Skye! Skye!!

We follow the vamps carrying the dazed Skye out into:

The three vamps let the last of their colleagues push into the room as they continue dragging Skye down the tunnel.

GREG (O.S.)  
I'd put her down if I were you.

The vampires slowly turn - and an out-of-breath Greg stands next to Alita, who SNAPS her nunchucks into a fighting stance, staring the vamps down. The ends of her nunchucks have been sharpened into points, just like stakes.

The lead vampire puts his hands on his hips as he defiantly faces them.

VAMP #2  
And how are you and your two little girls going to stop us?

Greg glances at Alita - and with a YELL, she leaps forward, whipping her nunchucks round in a flurry of motion and burying one of them in the chest of the vampire before he can react.

He GASPS as he dusts, and Alita is straight into the vamps holding Skye as Greg hurries over.

Sofia is in bad shape - she's cut and bleeding, having taken several hits already, the eight vampires crowding her and taking it in turns to attack - toying with her.

She raises her Scythe to make another desperate attack, when with a measured CRY Alita bursts into the room, kicking two vamps off their feet and staking two more, lightning fast.

Sofia blinks, surprised by this last minute rescue - then swings into action, fighting back against the remaining vamps with a SLICE of her Scythe taking care of one, and a quick reversal sinking the stake into the chest of another.

In moments, as Alita's nunchucks fly from vamp to vamp and the Scythe blade flashes in what little light the operating table lamp gives off, there is only one vampire left - the one Skye pinned to the table earlier. Panting with exertion, Sofia steps over to him.

SOFIA  
Do we feel like talking now?

ALITA (O.S.)  
Sofia! Move!

Sofia looks up - and just has time to start to yell 'No!' before Alita STAKES the vamp. Sofia watches him crumble to dust, looking up at Alita in disbelief.

SOFIA  
Why did you do that?

ALITA  
(confused)  
Because it was a vampire?

SOFIA  
(hangs her head)  
We wanted him to tell us what they did to Skye!

ALITA  
Oh.  
(beat)  
I am sorry.

SOFIA  
(sighs)  
Never mind.  
(holds up the log books)  
We still have these, maybe they'll tell us what went on down here.

Greg appears in the doorway, helping the still woozy Skye stand upright, and as Skye gives Sofia the thumbs up, we DISSOLVE to:

Everyone is gathered in the library - Frankie, Catherine, Jaz, Greg, Barbara, Ellen, Dunstall, Sofia and Alita - watching as Catherine leafs through a thick book and shows a passage to Frankie.

CATHERINE  
Does this look familiar to you?

Frankie peers at the page, then nods quickly. Catherine looks up at Barbara and the others with a triumphant grin.

CATHERINE (cont'd)  
I think I've got it! Frankie, start talking.  
(MORE)

CATHERINE (cont'd)  
I know you won't make any noise at first, but if we've got this right then by the time I finish this incantation, your voice will be restored.

Frankie nods, then begins to speak, silently mouthing as she turns to look at Dunstall. He shifts, not sure what to make of the attention as Ellen smirks at him.

CATHERINE (cont'd)  
And like the whispers in the breeze, return my voice to me, for I am lost without the words my voice brings to my ears.

FRANKIE  
... and then I would like to grab  
'is firm little-

Frankie's eyes bulge as she realises her voice is back - and both she and Dunstall turn a bright shade of crimson as everyone hears exactly what she was talking about.

DUNSTALL  
Uh, permission to be excused.

ELLEN  
(holding back laughter)  
Granted.

Dunstall quickly heads away, looking shocked as Frankie sinks her head into her hands.

FRANKIE  
(mutters)  
*Conneries!*

GREG  
(also trying not to laugh)  
Never mind, Frankie, at least you can express yourself again now!

Barbara, caught up in the giggles quickly descending across the scene, clears her throat and tries to bring things back to order.

BARBARA  
Well done, Catherine, thank you.  
And now that Frankie's voice is restored, we can reschedule that test for her for tomorrow morning!

Frankie throws an incredulous look at Barbara - then slowly leans forward to bump her head against the table in despair.

32 CONTINUED: (2)

32

The group burst into laughter, but as we push in on Sofia, we see her look over her shoulder and out towards the view of the steps that lead from the rear quadrangle out onto the campus grounds - where we can make out Skye, staring into the darkness.

33 EXT. CAMPUS - STEPS/FIELDS - NIGHT.

33

With a nearby light fitting shining across her, Skye stares wistfully out across the school fields, gathering her thoughts after the busy day she's had.

She finally looks down into her lap - and we see that she's holding one of the log books from the operating room.

A sticker on its cover reads 'Underwood, S.' Skye stares thoughtfully at it for a beat.

As she starts to open it, we:

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF SHOW**