

SLAYER ACADEMY

"Fine By Me"

by
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TEASER

FADE IN:

1 INT. CAMPUS - DORMS - MORNING.

1

Rays of glorious British sunshine filter in through the half-open window before us, pulling back to slowly reveal the rest of the Academy dormitory. All the beds except one are empty, some folded neatly, others left in a mess.

The occupied bed is home to the still-sleeping form of SOFIA, the young Slayer curled up tightly under the covers, starting to stir as she wakes up at last.

Sofia opens her eyes, stretches, sits up and yawns, scratching the side of her head absently as her eyes fall on something off screen at the foot of her bed.

It's a small mound of gift-wrapped presents, in a variety of colourful papers. Sofia cracks into a grin and leans forward to grab the closest one, flipping over the label to see who it's from.

The labels reads: 'To Sofia. Happy birthday. Now get your ass out of bed! Skye.'

Sofia chuckles and tears away the wrapping paper to reveal a brand new, factory fresh CD, and as she turns it round to study the case the dorm room door opens off screen.

GREG (O.S.)

So I heard there were some
congratulations in order...

Sofia looks up as GREG steps into frame, one hand suspiciously behind his back.

GREG (cont'd)

... but I know how you to hate to
make a fuss of anything, so I
thought this should do the trick
nicely.

He brings his concealed hand round to reveal a small iced cake, with a single candle stuck in the top. The icing is plain white for the most part, with a stylised stake and heart sitting either side of the candle.

Sofia beams happily as Greg holds out the cake, ready for her to blow the candle out and make a wish. She does so, closing her eyes for a beat to let the moment sink in.

GREG (cont'd)

So what did you wish for?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SOFIA

(sighs)

For it to be tomorrow.

GREG

Well, I wish there was something I could do about that, but I think we both know that this is a big day for you in more ways than one.

Greg heads for a nearby chest of drawers, grabbing a small throwing dagger from a heap of assorted weapons nearby and using it to cut two slices out of the cake.

Sofia takes the opportunity to hop out of bed, opening her wardrobe door for some privacy as she changes from her bedclothes (t-shirt and sweat pants) into a pair of blue jeans, a green t-shirt and a black short-sleeve top.

SOFIA

Are the other girls already on their way?

GREG

Afraid so. They wanted to stay here and wish you a happy eighteenth birthday, but you looked so peaceful that they didn't want to wake you, so they snuck out and headed to the airport. I'm meeting them there after I've had a bite of this and outlined what's in store for you today.

Sofia sits back down on her bed, joined by Greg as he hands her a slice of cake, the duo each tucking into their pieces.

SOFIA

I do know a fair bit about the way this is meant to work, but I understand it's going to be a lot different from what Buffy went through?

GREG

Aside from the fact that we're not planning on letting an escaped psychotic vampire kill several of our employees, the whole ritual is now a lot more...

He pauses, searching for the right word.

SOFIA

(hopefully)

Safer?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

GREG

If only. I think 'efficient' is the right word. There's no trickery involved, for one thing - you'll be a lot better prepared for things than Buffy was, and we have Mr. Giles to thank for that.

SOFIA

Yes, this was one thing he was never very happy about, wasn't it?

GREG

(nods)

It was one of the first things he changed when he made Head Watcher, and I can't say I blame him!

Sofia finishes her slice of cake, licks her fingers clean and then takes a deep breath, psyching herself up for something.

SOFIA

Right then. Let's get started.

Greg nods, and reaches into his blazer pocket to bring out a small scroll, which he hands to Sofia. She opens it and reads as he stands, clearing his throat before speaking.

GREG

Sofia Romero, as a qualified representative of the Watchers Council, I hereby summon you to complete your Cruciamentum on this, the morning of your eighteenth birthday.

SOFIA

(eyes him)

Why so formal?

GREG

(shrugs)

I don't make the rules. Anyway. You will be injected with a magical serum that will temporarily strip you of your Slayer powers, before being escorted to a Council-maintained property, where you will face a single vampire which you must defeat, unassisted, in single combat. Your powers will return by themselves the following day.

Sofia glances down at the scroll, then back up at Greg.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

SOFIA

Who's going to be doing the
escorting if you're flying off to
Sweden?

GREG

An intermediary Watcher, the
Council are sending someone out to
make sure its an unbiased test.
Apparently, I might be too tempted
to help you through the test, which
would break the rules.

Sofia nods, rolling up the scroll and tucking it into her
back pocket. She stands, and Greg looks a little awkward,
unsure of what to say.

SOFIA

I think this is the part where you
say 'good luck, Sofia, and I'll see
you when I get back.'

GREG

Oh, er, right. Yes. Good luck.

He holds out his hand for her to shake - but with a grin she
reaches forward and HUGS him tightly. He smiles and pats her
on the back as he returns it.

GREG (cont'd)

Right. I've got to get going, so
just head for the reception and the
adjudicating Watcher will be here
shortly.

Greg steps away and heads for the door, pausing to throw one
last look at Sofia before he steps out, closing it.

Sofia looks round the empty dorm, sighing with a mixed look
of apprehension and sadness.

SOFIA

(sings quietly)

Happy birthday to me...

And from that, we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF TEASER

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

2 INT. SMALL CHARTERED JET - MORNING. 2

We're inside a slightly cramped passenger jet, built to hold about twelve people, but finding that the four Slayers currently occupying the compartment have taken up plenty of room! Sitting quietly at the front, reading a book in her native Japanese, is ALITA. A few rows back, SKYE sits with her shades on and iPod plugged in, staring out through the window. To her right sits FRANKIE, flicking idly through a glossy magazine, and a row back from her sits the Russian Slayer ERIKA, one of the new Academy arrivals, her dark glasses on and her head bowed - she looks to be dozing.

The girls look up as Greg finally makes it onto the plane, carrying a knapsack and his suitcase, which he crams into the nearest overhead luggage compartment.

SKYE

What kept ya, boss man?

GREG

I was just going over some last minute things with Sofia.

ALITA

How is she?

GREG

She's fine. Well, about as fine as anyone would be before they had to take their Cruciamentum, I guess, but I think she's holding up okay.

SKYE

Yeah, you know her, she loves a challenge.

FRANKIE

I am just glad I am not eighteen for some time yet.

SKYE

We talking physically or mentally?
'Cause if it's the latter, you definitely have a way to go yet.

Erika CHUCKLES, and Skye cranes round to look at her.

SKYE (cont'd)

Oh, so you're awake after all, huh?

ERIKA

Yes, of course. Why do you ask?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SKYE

No reason, just that you were doing
a great impression of somebody
taking a power nap.

ERIKA

I was meditating.

SKYE

(beat)

Huh.

ERIKA

It helps me to focus. Whenever I
move into a new environment, I need
to take a few moments to let my
senses adjust, but air travel makes
things a lot harder unless I
prepare for the journey beforehand.

SKYE

(to Greg)

How come she's coming anyway? Isn't
she kind of a newbie?

Greg glances at Erika as he takes his seat near the front.

GREG

So were you, once. How else is she
going to learn?

SKYE

Fair point.

The scenery outside starts to roll by as the jet begins to
taxi towards the runway, and Greg takes the chance to stand
and address the Slayers.

GREG

Alright, girls, I know we didn't
get much chance to have a formal
briefing before we left this
morning, so this'll have to do.

He reaches into his knapsack and takes out a sheath of notes,
adjusting his glasses as he reads from them.

GREG (cont'd)

There have been a series of
unexplained deaths in a district of
Gothenburg, the Swedish capital,
with local news reports making
reference to, ah...

(beat)

... 'physical exhaustion' being the
cause of death.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SKYE

'Physical exhaustion'? How is a bunch of Swedish dudes exercising themselves to death our problem?

GREG

(awkward)

Well, to put it bluntly... the victims essentially fornicated to death.

A beat. Skye and Erika burst out LAUGHING as Frankie smirks and Alita looks suitably horrified.

SKYE

Seriously?

GREG

Apparently so.

(checks his notes)

But not just that - the victims started off engaged in, ah... sexual activity, but things quickly escalated into violence, with the deaths occurring as the couples literally tore each other to pieces.

ERIKA

Pleasant.

GREG

The fact that all five cases so far have been almost identical is what caught our attention - there have been other instances of deaths like this over the years, usually a result of close proximity to some kind of magical power source.

FRANKIE

Such as what?

GREG

The Council has flagged this up as a priority mission for us because they've long suspected there was a dormant Hellmouth in the area of the attacks, so chances are we're looking at another 'locate and lock down' mission.

SKYE

Sounds like a plan. I'd still have preferred Sofia to be here, though.

(to Erika)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

SKYE(cont'd)

No offence, but I don't really know you well enough yet to trust you with my back when we get into trouble.

ERIKA

(sly)

And I could say the same to you.

Skye pauses, then nods - she's got a point!

GREG

Sofia's going to be busy with her test all day, and we couldn't make an exception. She's the first Slayer to take the Cruciamentum since Giles restructured the way they work, so it's important she sets an example.

SKYE

Yeah, that's something else she's good at.

FRANKIE

I expect we will never 'ear the end of it when we return.

ALITA

I hope she does well.

FRANKIE

'Well'? There are only two ways to perform, Alita - you live, or you die.

Alita looks a little perturbed by that statement, but as Greg goes to speak she turns away and faces the window, so he lets it slide this time.

CAPTAIN

(filtered; through
intercom)

Ladies and gentlemen, please take your seats and fasten your safety belts as we're about to commence take off. Estimated flying time is just over two hours.

GREG

You heard the man, girls.

Greg sits and fastens his safety belt, as do the others, and as the noise of the jet's engines starts to build, we cut back to:

3

INT. CAMPUS - RECEPTION - MORNING.

3

Sofia sits on one of the couches lining the reception area, looking idly up at the various photos and paintings framed on the walls - all designed to maintain the pretence that the Academy is a normal private school for girls, should anyone come calling.

JAZ, the infirmary nurse, walks out from one of the doorways and heads for the staff room, noticing Sofia and walking over towards her.

JAZ

Good morning, Sofia! Are you ready for this evening?

SOFIA

Honestly? No.

JAZ

Can't say I blame you.

Jaz takes a seat next to her.

JAZ (cont'd)

I've been doing some research into this, mainly because if I'm going to be injecting you with something I want to know everything about it!

SOFIA

That's because we trust you to be the professional one.

JAZ

And so you should!

Jaz looks up as the front doors open, and PETER STELLEN walks into the reception. He's a tall, balding man with a stern, schoolteacher-like face. He carries a leather briefcase and is dressed in a plain, dark suit, running a hand through his thinning dark hair as he spots Sofia.

Peter walks over and extends his hand to her, and with a glance at Jaz, Sofia shakes it.

PETER

Sofia Romero?

SOFIA

I am indeed.

PETER

My name is Peter Stellen, I'll be your Watcher for the duration of your Cruciamentum this evening.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PETER(cont'd)

(to Jaz)

And you must be Jasminder Pal?

JAZ

(shakes his hand)

That's right. I'll be the one overseeing the injection of the serum later.

PETER

(nods)

Very good. If you'd both like to come this way?

He heads off towards the staff room, and Sofia and Jaz stand, hanging back to talk further as they follow him.

SOFIA

(quietly)

He seems a little...

JAZ

(quietly)

Stereotypical?

SOFIA

Well put.

JAZ

Not all Watchers are like Greg, I'm afraid! It makes sense that they'd send someone a little more protocol-driven for this, Greg would be too likely to bend the rules to help you out.

SOFIA

That's what he said! Did somebody raise some concerns about him or something?

JAZ

Actually, yes.

(beat)

Greg did.

Jaz pushes open the door that leads through to the staff area, and Sofia pauses, frowning as she processes that last bit of news.

JAZ (cont'd)

Come on, Sofia. Something tells me he won't want to be kept waiting.

Sofia blinks to gather her thoughts, then follows Jaz through the door. We cut back into:

4

INT. SMALL CHARTERED JET - MORNING.

4

Alita is still reading, Frankie has dozed off and Skye has moved to sit by Erika.

SKYE

So fill me in, 'cause I haven't had much chance to speak to you since you got here. How does the whole 'being blind' thing work?

ERIKA

(wry smile)

It means I cannot see, Skye.

SKYE

No, I know that, I just mean how does it work with you still being able to move around without needing, like, a labrador or one of those white sticks?

ERIKA

I am not entirely sure.

SKYE

(deflated)

Oh. Well, that was a quick explanation.

ERIKA

What I mean is, I am not sure how I am able to still sense my surroundings as well as I do. I think the fact that my blindness is not natural has something to do with it, and that combines with my Slayer abilities to sharpen the four senses I have left.

SKYE

Yeah, couldn't help but notice the 'Blind Fury' moves you pulled back when we found you. Have you always been able to fight that good?

ERIKA

I can always get better.

SKYE

(grins)

Confident, aren't ya?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ERIKA

Being blinded was a handicap for me at first, I will admit, but since then I have found it to be very liberating.

SKYE

'Liberating'?

ERIKA

It's hard to explain. Perhaps you should spend a day with your eyes closed or your sunglasses on, and see how your body adapts to the world around you.

SKYE

Thanks, but I think I'll leave that up to you. Something tells me I'd make a pretty lousy blind person.

ERIKA

Why do you say that?

SKYE

I'm too impatient. The way I see it, and no pun intended with that, being blind is all about control.

ERIKA

Self control, you mean.

SKYE

Yeah, you know. You have to be prepared for the fact that things aren't going to be as easy for you as they used to, and it's going to take a lot of effort to get your life back to halfway approaching 'normal' again.

(beat)

As normal as life can get for teenage girls who have to kill vampires and demons for a living, anyway.

ERIKA

It's not as difficult as you'd think.

SKYE

All the same - I've got a lot of respect for you for the way you deal with it. I don't think I'd be that strong.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Erika grins again, as we push away from the two of them and head over to Greg, who is going over his notes. Or, at least, he's trying to go over his notes - it's obvious he has something else on his mind, and as he puts his work down and stares out through the window next to him, we DISSOLVE back across to:

5 INT. CAMPUS - STAFF ROOM - MORNING.

5

Peter, Sofia and Jaz have been joined by BARBARA, the four of them sitting round a coffee table in the cosy staff room, each with a cup of tea or coffee as Peter hands some paperwork to Barbara.

PETER

The Council has managed to acquire some abandoned property a little way from here, and if tonight's test goes to plan they intend to use it again for future Cruciamentums.

BARBARA

(studies paperwork)

What can you tell us about the vampire Sofia will be facing?

PETER

(suspicious)

Is that relevant?

BARBARA

It is to me. I think we'd all rather avoid a repeat of the Zakary Kralik incident.

PETER

(tetchy)

There is no cause for concern.

SOFIA

(mutters)

Speak for yourself...

Jaz lets out a brief chuckle, but a stern look from Peter shuts them both up. Peter turns his attention to Sofia.

PETER

I'm fully aware of your history to date, Miss Romero. You did some sterling work over in Cleveland alongside Miss Summers, but while you're a student of this Academy, you cannot afford to be so blase about your duties.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SOFIA

'Blase' is a little strong an adjective, don't you think? I'm just trying to keep a clear head, and making jokes helps me do that.

BARBARA

(stepping in)

Sofia's attitude isn't in question here, Mr. Stellen. Her abilities are what matters, unless I'm mistaken.

Stellen looks to Barbara, then back at Sofia, and realises he's not going to be able to stamp his authority on this situation. He leans back in his chair.

PETER

Agreed.

SOFIA

I'm sorry, I didn't mean to sound arrogant.

BARBARA

Don't apologise, Sofia, you haven't done anything wrong.

JAZ

In fact, you're handling this a lot better than anyone could have asked of you!

Sofia smiles at the compliments, but Peter shifts in his chair, already looking like he wishes this meeting was over.

BARBARA

Right then. Sofia, I've booked you in some last minute training today with Ellen, so if you'd like to head over to the gym, Jaz will come and fetch you when it's time to administer the serum.

Sofia nods, stands and makes her way out of the room. Peter waits until she's gone before he speaks again.

PETER

Miss Griffin, I'm not calling Sofia's skills into question, but-

BARBARA

(interrupts)

But nothing. Now you listen here, peter.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BARBARA(cont'd)

I have a lot of faith in the girls under my roof, and while I still don't agree with this barbaric institution you insist on fostering upon these girls, I accept that it's a necessary part of fully understanding their many responsibilities. What is not necessary, however, is for you to make this any harder for her than it has to be, so from now on I expect to hear you giving Sofia your full support and cooperation. Is that clear?

Peter eyes her, trying to find out how far he can push this, but after a beat he nods, and Barbara sits back in her chair, satisfied.

BARBARA (cont'd)

Good. Jaz, shall we go past your office so you can show me what's what?

JAZ

I'd love to.

Jaz and Barbara stand and file out of the office, leaving Peter to his thoughts. He doesn't look best pleased, and starts rooting through his briefcase with an air of annoyance as we cut back to:

6

INT. CAMPUS - GYM - MORNING.

6

Sofia, gym bag over her shoulder, pushes the door to the large gymnasium open and spots ELLEN, the Academy's liaison with the Initiative, dressed in her gym gear and running through some shadowboxing routines.

Sofia heads over, clearing her throat to get Ellen's attention. Ellen stops her moves and turns, a little out of breath, but she smiles warmly.

ELLEN

Hi. Ready to do a little one on one?

SOFIA

Everybody's been asking me if I'm 'ready' for this, that and the other today. I don't really have a great deal of choice, do I?

ELLEN

Lighten up, Sofia.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SOFIA

That's what Skye would say.

ELLEN

Well, Skye isn't here. I am. And as your coach for the next few hours, I say go get your gym outfit on so we can go through some sparring. You're not going to have the luxury of your Scythe or any other fancy weapons tonight, it's just you, your fists and a stake. Vampire slaying the old fashioned way.

Sofia turns and heads for the changing room, leaving Ellen to continue with her shadowboxing.

What neither of them have spotted, however, is the figure watching them from the shadows up in the rafters of the gym's roof, hidden from view until we draw much closer.

It appears to be a man of average height, crouched down low to stay hidden, but as Sofia passes beneath us the man leans forward a little, a stray beam of light illuminating his features - and he's a VAMPIRE!

The vampire grimaces and flinches away from the light, retreating back into the shadows, but his glittering eyes can still be seen as they watch Sofia.

VAMPIRE

(quietly)

Hope you're ready for tonight,
little Slayer... 'cause we're gonna
have a whole heap of fun.

The Vampire starts to SNICKER, but down below Ellen pauses in her movements, turning to look up at the rafters and frowning as though she just heard something.

The Vamp quickly ducks back, disappearing from sight, and after a few moments Ellen turns back round and begins her movements again. From that, we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

7

EXT. SWEDEN - GOTHENBURG AIRPORT - DAY.

7

With the tall, grey brickwork of Terminal One of the airport rising high behind them, Greg and the girls steps out into the harsh light of day, a large sign above their heads reading 'Welcome To Sweden'

The team are all carrying their luggage, having travelled light for the trip, as Greg waves over a nearby taxi. He turns to the girls as they head for the first one that stops.

GREG

Alright, the plan is to head out to the district where the attacks have been taking place. Somebody from the Council should have called ahead and found us a guest house nearby, so we can use that as our base of operations.

FRANKIE

(sighs)

Another city, another cheap 'otel. When is the Council going to spend some actual money on finding us suitable accommodation?

SKYE

Because putting you up with all your comrades in the red light district might be a little out of their range, honey.

Frankie glares at Skye as she cackles at her joke. Skye holds the taxi door open for Erika, who nods a thanks as she steps inside. Greg climbs into the passenger seat, using his basic grasp of Swedish (and a handy map) to indicate where he wants them to head for.

The taxi speeds out of frame, heading towards the airport exit and the freeways beyond, as we cut back to:

8

INT. CAMPUS - GYM - DAY.

8

Sofia and Ellen are busy sparring, using a set of crash mats as their boxing ring. They're both covered with sweat, looking like the match has been going on for some time. Sofia keeps her hands down, hopping loosely from foot to foot as Ellen circles her.

Ellen tries a few jabs but Sofia is quick enough to block or dodge them all, both girls wearing light boxing gloves. Sofia has her long hair tied back in a neat ponytail.

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CONTINUED:

ELLEN

Not bad! You're quick on your feet,
Sofia. That'll always serve you
well.

SOFIA

You can blame one Alexander Harris
for that, I lost track of the
number of kung fu movie marathons
he and Andrew made me sit through!

Ellen throws a few more punches, then tries a low, sweeping
kick which Sofia hops over. Seizing the advantage, Sofia
throws some punches and kicks of her own, quickly grabbing
Ellen's outstretched arm and dumping her on the crash mat.

Sofia grins, then offers Ellen her hand to help her back up,
starting her foot-to-foot dance again as Ellen catches her
breath.

SOFIA (cont'd)

So how am I doing?

ELLEN

Not bad, not bad at all. Let's take
this up a notch.

SOFIA

By all means. I'm not one for doing
things the easy way, after all.

Ellen grins - then launches into a series of rapid attacks,
throwing in high and low kicks and chops as she pushes Sofia
back, but Sofia is agile enough to dodge almost everything.

Almost everything. Ellen lands a solid kick to Sofia's chest
and follows it with a sweep that knocks her off her feet, but
Sofia neatly flips back upright, leaning back to avoid a
roundhouse kick and quickly grabbing and SLAMMING Ellen back
down again.

Ellen scrambles back to her feet, but can't hold off Sofia as
the Slayer charges forward, raining down punches, chops and
kicks until Ellen is finally knocked flat onto her back.
Sofia plants one foot on her chest and stands triumphantly
over her.

SOFIA (cont'd)

(breathless)

How about taking it up two notches?

ELLEN

(grins; also breathless)

Takes a lot to wear you out,
doesn't it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Sofia steps back and helps Ellen back to her feet again.

SOFIA

Oh, you know us kids. Always
running around everywhere, trying
to burn off all that extra energy.
Must be all the 'E' numbers.

Ellen puts her hands on her thighs and leans forward, gulping
down lungfuls of air, as Sofia unties her hair and shakes it
out, combing through it with her fingers.

ELLEN

Okay, let's try-

JAZ (O.S.)

I'm afraid it's going to have to
wait!

They look round to see Jaz heading across the gym towards
them. Sofia's expression becomes a little more anxious as Jaz
throws her a towel.

SOFIA

It's not time already, is it?

JAZ

You've got a few hours yet, but
when the serum starts to take
effect it'll knock you out, so if I
were you I'd take a shower and get
freshened up now.

SOFIA

(nods)

Whatever you say, you're the
doctor.

(to Ellen)

Thank you.

ELLEN

No problem. Good luck.

Sofia nods to her, then heads back towards the changing room.
Ellen and Jaz head for the benches against the nearest wall,
Ellen sitting down and wincing as Jaz hands her a water
bottle.

JAZ

So, in your expert opinion, how is
she doing?

Ellen stretches her left side experimentally, grimacing with
pain and settling back down.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ELLEN

She hits like a damn heavyweight, that's for sure! We may both be Slayers, but it looks like youth is definitely an advantage in this game.

JAZ

(grins)

That's our Sofia. Buffy didn't choose her as her successor for nothing, you know. She's got a lot of potential, so I just hope she gets through tonight okay.

ELLEN

Well, even if you take away the strength and the reflexes, I can tell she's a good fighter. She fights with her head, always staying a few moves ahead of her opponent. She shouldn't have any problems tonight.

Jaz nods, letting Ellen gulp down some water, but Jaz's anxious look tells us she's more worried than she's letting on. We cut from the gym to:

9

EXT. GOTHENBURG - CITY STREET - DAY.

9

The taxi from the airport drives out of frame to reveal Greg and the Slayers, standing outside a modest-looking guest house. Alita looks at the buildings around them, impressed.

ALITA

I like this city. It is very clean.

ERIKA

Yes, it is a little European in-joke that the Swedes are allergic to dirt.

FRANKIE

(haughtily)

This place 'as no soul. A little dirt adds character!

SKYE

Well then, you must have the most character out of all of us, princess.

FRANKIE

Speak for yourself! If you wish to feel more at 'ome, we can always find you a sewer to run around in.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SKYE

(pissed)

Alright, why don't you-

GREG

(interrupts)

Girls! Save the venom for the bad guys, alright? Let's just get inside and get to our rooms. Erika, I think it's probably best if you bunk up with Skye, I don't want to risk keeping these two together for too long, in case we get a whole 'matter meets anti-matter' situation.

ERIKA

Not a problem.

Greg holds open the guest house doors so the girls can step inside, and as he follows them in we cut back to:

10

INT. CAMPUS - DORMS - DAY.

10

Shower fresh, Sofia sits on her bed, changed back into her day's clothes and with her wet hair wrapped in a towel, speaking into the one phone in the room to XANDER HARRIS, all the way back in Cleveland.

SOFIA

(laughs)

Yes, of course they're looking after me, Xander! What did you expect? This isn't a boarding school from the Fifties!

XANDER

(filtered; through phone)

I know, I know. I can't help it - I'm American, I'm naturally suspicious of English things.

SOFIA

So how are things back in Cleveland?

XANDER

Quiet. Very quiet, in fact. I think what we did over in the Pacific has carried back into the rest of the demon world, sending out the message that no matter how big the scheme, there's always going to be someone to stop it. Either that, or it's demon holiday season and we just haven't noticed yet.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SOFIA

How's Buffy and everyone?

XANDER

Buffy and Dawn are in Italy at the moment, taking a well-earned break. Dawn coming back anyway was... well, actually, I have no idea how to describe it, without using the word 'indescribable.'

SOFIA

I can't even begin to imagine what that must feel like. I never knew Dawn before... well, before all that nasty Ulithios business, so having her around again must be taking some getting used to.

XANDER

You'd think so, but so far it's actually been good. There's an unspoken agreement to not talk about what happened to her, and I think she knows it too, but she remembers it like a bad dream. We've just been concentrating on enjoying our downtime. And speaking of that - is everything okay out there?

Sofia blinks, taking the towel from her hair and absently combing a hand through it as she chooses her words.

SOFIA

(evasive)

Er, yes... why?

XANDER

Not wanting to come off as too suspicious, but you've been in England over a month and this is the first time you've called us. I've been in this business long enough to recognise an 'I'm about to get into big trouble' call when I hear one.

SOFIA

(beat; sighs)

It's my Cruciamentum tonight.

XANDER

Woah. Now that is a big deal.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SOFIA

It's different to back in Buffy's day, don't worry. It's all a lot more organised, for one thing, and-

XANDER

(interrupts)

Is the end result you being locked in an empty house with a vampire, and having to kill it without any Slayer powers or decent weapons?

SOFIA

(sighs)

That's about right.

XANDER

Well, you just be careful there, missy. I'm guessing you wanted to speak to Buffy about what she did on hers, right?

SOFIA

Am I that obvious?

XANDER

Naah, I'm just good at reading people.

SOFIA

(grins)

But you're still a terrible liar.

XANDER

That I am.

(beat)

The best advice I can give in my non-Slayer capacity, given that you'll be fighting the same way I've been doing for the last nine years, is to know your limits. And don't be afraid to fall back and regroup. Oh, and consider other ways to attack than head on. There's no shame in being sneaky when you don't have the advantage.

SOFIA

(smiles)

Thank you, Xander.

XANDER

No problem. Now, of course, I'm going to be worried sick until you call me again, but that's all part of being a parent.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

SOFIA
I'll call you later. I promise.

XANDER
You'd better! See ya, Sofia.

Sofia hangs the phone up and takes another deep breath, before reaching for the towel and starting to dry her hair. She throws the towel back onto the bed and reaches for her comb, as we cut back to:

11 INT. GOTHENBURG - APARTMENT BLOCK - DAY. 11

A middle aged couple are making their way down one of the corridors of this upscale set of apartments, with clean decoration and bright, airy colours.

As they open the door to their flat and step inside, Greg and Skye step into view from round a corner, Greg checking that nobody else is on their way as they approach a door at the far end of the corridor.

The door frame is criss-crossed with police tape, which Skye tears down - and then stuffs into her pocket.

GREG
What are you doing?

SKYE
What does it look like? I'm gonna see what I can get for this stuff on eBay when we get back.

Greg opens his mouth to reply, but Skye has already forced the locked door open with a CRUNCH, and she steps inside.

12 INT. APARTMENT BLOCK - VICTIM'S FLAT - CONTINUOUS. 12

The curtains are drawn and the lights are out, so Greg hits the light switch and then shuts the door carefully behind them as best he can.

GREG
We're looking for anything that might give us a clue as to what caused this, so if you see what you can pick up in the bedroom, I'll search the rest of the apartment and try to get an idea of their recent movements.

SKYE
(raises eyebrow)
'Pick up'?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GREG

You know, with your, ah...
connection to the underworld.

SKYE

(hands on hips)

In other words, 'hey, Skye, you're,
like, half vampire, right? Go see
if any of your buddies from the
Dark Side have been making people
screw themselves to death.'

Greg pauses, not sure of how to respond, but Skye cracks into
a grin and slaps him on the arm.

SKYE (cont'd)

I was warned about you Brits and
your sense of humour transplants,
but jeez! Don't you know me well
enough by now to know when I'm
joking?

GREG

(offended)

I have a sense of humour! Just
because I don't like Bill Hicks
doesn't mean I can't tell a joke,
you know.

Skye shoots him a sceptical look, and Greg points towards the
bedroom with a stern look.

GREG (cont'd)

Could you go and look around,
please?

SKYE

(rolls eyes)

Sure, fine, whatever.

She heads inside as Greg heads for a coatstand by the front
door. He rifles through the jackets hanging there, taking out
two wallets and checking through them.

SKYE (O.S.) (cont'd)

Man! Smells like somebody died in
here.

GREG

Try to stay focused, Skye. We can't
stay here long.

SKYE (O.S.)

You're the boss, but I'm telling
you now, the only thing that killed
these dudes was each other.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SKYE(cont'd)

I'm not getting any demon or vamp
scents in here.

She heads back out as Greg wanders over to the coffee table
in front of a small sofa, picking up a colourful flyer.

SKYE (cont'd)

Nothing. Lots of blood, but no
signs anyone or anything else was
in there.

GREG

Hmm. Well, I've got a few things
here, let's see what the other
girls have turned up.

They start to head back for the door.

SKYE

Is it worth getting into the morgue
to check the bodies out? I might be
able to pick something up if I'm
closer to them.

GREG

That's not a bad idea. And well
done for volunteering for that, by
the way.

SKYE

Thanks, I-
(penny drops)
Damn it!

Greg smirks as he opens the door again, and as he and Skye
leave the apartment we cut to:

13 INT. CAMPUS - INFIRMARY - DAY.

13

Sofia sits up on the angled bed Jaz uses for her exams,
watching as Jaz carefully prepares a hypodermic syringe,
injecting it into a small bottle of yellow fluid and drawing
out a shot of the stuff.

SOFIA

Is that it? The serum, I mean.

JAZ

(concentrating)
That's it.

SOFIA

(anxious)
Is this going to hurt at all?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAZ

Not as I understand. You'll be knocked out not long after this enters your system, though.

SOFIA

Oh. Is that what's meant to happen?

Jaz finishes, packs the bottle away and heads over to Sofia.

JAZ

The way this works is that it suppresses your Slayer powers for twenty-four hours, but as it does its work it'll have to put you to sleep, and when you come to you'll be a little disorientated at first. My advice is to take a few minutes to let the room stop spinning after you wake up, before you go looking for the vampire.

(beat)

Could you roll up your sleeve for me?

Sofia starts to roll up her left sleeve, looking increasingly nervous as Jaz carefully injects the serum into her upper arm. Sofia winces a little as Jaz withdraws the needle and presses a cotton gauze pad to her arm.

JAZ (cont'd)

Hold that in place to catch any bleeding.

SOFIA

Thanks.

Jaz nods and heads back to her supply cabinet, carefully disposing of the syringe's needle in a yellow hazardous materials waste bin.

SOFIA (cont'd)

Jaz?

JAZ

Yes?

SOFIA

Do you think I'm going to, you know... get through this?

JAZ

(beat)

I know you are.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SOFIA

Well, just in case I don't...
you'll be here to patch me up,
won't you?

JAZ

(smiles)

Of course.

Sofia smiles, then her eyelids flutter and she sways back and forth, suddenly looking very woozy. Jaz hurries over and helps her to lie back on the bed.

SOFIA

Whew! Sorry, everything's gone a
little...

She trails off, and in a moment is out cold. Jaz looks down at her for a beat, then heads to her desk and picks up her phone.

JAZ

Barbara? It's Jaz. Yes, Sofia's out
for the count, so you can tell that
Peter chap to come and pick her up
now.

Jaz hangs back up, and as she looks anxiously over to Sofia, biting her lip, we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

14 INT. ABANDONED HOUSE - NIGHT.

14

We're inside a darkened room in a run down house, dust sheets over the last few items of furniture, boards covering the windows and faded wallpaper peeling away from the walls.

Sofia is curled up on one of the covered armchairs, shifting a little as she sleeps as though she's having a dream.

There is a brief FLASH of an image, and Sofia starts to shift more urgently, screwing her face up as though in pain.

Another FLASH, and Sofia rolls onto her other side, starting to breathe more heavily.

A final FLASH and we WHITE OUT into:

15 EXT. ACADEMY GROUNDS - ISLAND - DAY.

15

FLASH! Sofia is suddenly out in the open, her eyes closed as she struggles against something off screen, tall trees surrounding her.

EMMA (O.S.)

Sofia! Sofia!

Sofia's eyes finally snap open - and she's standing on the small island within the campus grounds. The island is in the middle of a large lake, covered with thick trees except for this small clearing, where Sofia now stands, looking down on the grave of her deceased friend Emma Preston.

There is a second, currently empty grave alongside Emma's - and the tombstone reads 'Sofia Romero, 1987 - 2005. Too Good For This Life.'

Sofia's hands go to her mouth in shock as she stares, wide-eyed, down at her own grave, taking a step back.

SOFIA

(quietly)

No...

EMMA (O.S.)

Will you turn round already?

Sofia spins round - and standing behind her is EMMA, who rolls her eyes and grins.

EMMA (cont'd)

Kinda dramatic, don't you think?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SOFIA
(confused)
What... huh?

EMMA
You, with the whole 'seeing your
own empty grave waiting for you'
thing. You're scared. I get that.
But you don't have to be.

SOFIA
(heavy-hearted)
I don't think i can do this.

EMMA
'Course you can. Just open your
eyes, find the vamp and kill him.
Right?

SOFIA
It's not that simple.

EMMA
Actually, it kinda is. So wake up
and get started!

Emma SNAPS her fingers, and we SMASH CUT back to:

16

INT. ABANDONED HOUSE - NIGHT.

16

Sofia GASPS as she jerks herself to life, sitting up and
dislodging a cloud of dust which makes her cough.

She gets to her feet, staggering a little and pressing a hand
against the wall for support. She takes a few deep breaths to
calm her nerves, then looks round.

There are two exits from the room, and Sofia heads for the
door on the left. She pauses as she grabs the handle, turning
and scanning the room she's currently in.

Spotting an old wooden chair, she marches over to it, and
with one swift KICK breaks it into fragments. She takes a
handily stake-sized piece with a satisfied nod, then heads
back to the door and opens it as we cut to:

17

INT. GOTHENBURG - ALLEYWAY - NIGHT.

17

It's several hours later now back in Sweden, and Greg, Skye,
Erika and Frankie are all standing around in an alleyway
running between two more sets of apartment blocks.

An occasional car rolls past at the end of the alley, but the
only other thing down there with Greg and the girls is a
small alley cat, which watches them from a nearby trash can.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

There is a CREAK from somewhere overhead, and the team look up to see Alita lean her head out of a window two floors up in the left-hand building.

GREG

Anything?

ALITA

(shakes head)

No, Gregory-san.

GREG

Alright, head down here, let's see if we can find another lead.

Alita nods, looks round, then deftly climbs out of the window and clambers down the wall of the apartment, using other window ledges for steps until she hops neatly down into the alley. Skye gives her a mock round of applause.

SKYE

Nice moves, Spider-Girl.

ALITA

(to Greg)

I could not find any sign of a forced entry, nor any tracks or trails leading in or out of the building.

GREG

Okay, so, whatever killed these people was definitely not something of the physical variety. Did anyone find anything that could help us work out their movements? Maybe there was somewhere they all went to, a bar, a restaurant-

SKYE

(interrupts)

Or the 'Techno Style' nightclub?

Greg turns to see Skye holding up the flyer he took from the first apartment. Frankie peers at it, then reaches into her jacket and brings out an identical flyer. Greg turns to Alita, who nods as she takes a handful of receipts, menus and flyers from her pocket, locating the same nightclub flyer.

ERIKA

What am I missing?

SKYE

Looks like all of our vics danced the night away at the same place before they died.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

FRANKIE
What is a 'vic'?

SKYE
Victim! Jeez, don't you watch 'CSI'
at all?

FRANKIE
Non, I do not find such American
'entertainment' particularly
entertaining.

SKYE
Well, it's kinda hard to miss,
seems like it's on the TV every
fricken night of the week at the
moment over here.

Greg takes the flyer back from Skye and studies it.

GREG
(nods)
It's the best lead we have.

ERIKA
Some would even say 'only.'

GREG
Alright, so it's the only lead we
have. Let's go and take a look at
this place.

He leads the girls back out of the alley, as we cut back
into:

18 INT. ABANDONED HOUSE - HALLWAY/ATRIUM - NIGHT. 18

Sofia peeks out into the hallway, finding that the whole
house is boarded up and left in darkness. It seems to be
quite large, and as she paces silently down the hallway, she
finds herself in a large atrium that has a staircase leading
up another two floors.

She scans the routes open to her - should she head up or
carry on examining this floor?

A CREAK of floorboards off to her right makes the decision
for her. She raises her stake and paces slowly across the
atrium, heading down another darkened corridor.

19 INT. ABANDONED HOUSE - ROOM - NIGHT. 19

We're inside the room as the handle rattles in the door a few
times, then there is a pause, followed by a THUD as Sofia
tries unsuccessfully to barge the door open.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Sofia mutters a curse from the other side of the door, and a second THUD finally knocks the door open. Sofia steps inside, rubbing her sore arm as she looks round.

This room apparently used to be a library of sorts, with high, full bookshelves and a desk at the other end of the room. There is a high-backed leather chair, turned away from her, behind the desk.

Sofia starts to leave the room, but hears a quick COUGH behind her and spins round, alert. She tenses up as she looks round the room again - and sees that the chair is moving!

Sofia takes a beat to psyche herself up, then paces very gingerly towards the chair, her stake raised and ready.

She treads on a loose floorboard with a loud CREAK, and she freezes, fearing her element of surprise has been blown - but nothing happens. The chair continues to rock slightly from side to side, and she hears the faint COUGH again.

Sofia reaches a cautious hand out towards the chair, ready to attack, and pushes it round to face her...

... and she JUMPS BACK in shock as she sees Peter sitting in the chair! He stares back at her with wide, pleading eyes, and as Sofia looks down she sees that his shirt is soaked in blood - his blood.

SOFIA

Oh, my God...

She drops the stake onto the desk and rushes over to help him, Peter making the same coughing sound she heard earlier as he struggles to keep breathing.

SOFIA (cont'd)

Mr. Stellen! Are you... what happened?

Peter points to his neck, his breathing laboured, and Sofia carefully peels back his shirt collar - there is an ugly bite wound on his neck.

Sofia looks back into his eyes - he hasn't got long left, and they both know it. He grabs one of her hands, squeezing it tightly.

SOFIA (cont'd)

Stay here, don't move, I'll go get help, maybe I can-

Peter GASPS, gripping her hand more urgently, and Sofia stays put. He stares back at her for a beat - then with a final SIGH, his head drops and he slumps forward.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Sofia stays crouched before him for a beat before she releases his hand, standing and taking a step back.

LAUGHTER. From somewhere close by. Sofia whips round - but the room is still empty.

She reaches towards the desk for her stake - but it's gone! Sofia blinks, looking down to the floor, but the stake is nowhere in sight.

She backs up, panic starting to set in as she hears the faint, echoing LAUGHTER again, followed by a voice.

VOICE

What's the matter, Slayer? Not feeling a hundred per cent any more?

SOFIA

(defiant)

I'm going to find you and kill you,
I just want you to know that.

A beat - then the voice speaks again, VERY close to her.

VOICE

(whispers)

Not if I get you first...

Sofia GASPS and jumps back - but there's nobody there. Her breathing speeds up as adrenaline starts to pump round her body, and with a last glance down at the body of Peter she races for the door, throwing it open and dashing outside.

We stay inside the room for a beat - and the Vampire that we saw spying on her in the gym earlier steps out from the shadows behind one of the bookcases. Peter's blood still stains his chin as he GRINS evilly.

VAMPIRE

Hide and seek. My favourite.

The Vampire strides over to the door and throws it open, stepping out into the corridor as we cut to:

20

EXT. GOTHENBURG - 'TECHNO STYLE' NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT.

20

There is a line of people waiting outside the lavishly-decorated building that houses 'Techno Style,' the thumping bassline sounding from inside vibrating everything on the surrounding street.

Greg and the Slayers step into frame, studying the building and checking for other possible ways in.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GREG

Best not to use the front entrance, girls. I know I'm over eighteen, but I don't think any of you lot are.

ERIKA

(frowns)

This loud music is going to make things a little difficult for me. It will be hard to get my bearings.

SKYE

It's cool, I've got your back.

Erika looks towards Skye and grins, as Greg notices an alleyway running along one of the building's walls.

GREG

This way, come on.

Greg leads the way round the side of the building, collecting a few odd looks from the people queueing to get into the club, before we cut back to:

21 INT. ABANDONED HOUSE - ATRIUM - NIGHT.

21

Sofia races back into the atrium and makes straight for the front door, but it won't open - it's locked tight. She quickly bounds towards the staircase, making it halfway towards the first floor when the vampire appears in the atrium below with a smirk.

VAMPIRE

Keep running! There's nowhere for you to go! They locked us both in here, remember?

Sofia glares defiantly back at him before continuing to run up the stairs, the vampire gleefully racing after her.

22 INT. ABANDONED HOUSE - FIRST FLOOR - CONTINUOUS.

22

Sofia makes it to the first floor and veers left, racing down a long corridor, her eyes scanning for anything she can use as a weapon against the pursuing vampire.

She spots a large picture frame and grabs it, trying to yank it free from the wall, but without the Slayer strength she just heaves to no avail.

The vampire makes it to the first floor, and Sofia has no choice but to abandon the frame and keep running. She tries the first few doors she comes to but they're all locked, finally finding an open one at her third attempt.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She disappears inside and we hear the CLICK of the lock turning, moments before the vampire skids into frame, rattling the handle and SLAMMING his shoulder into the door, HOWLING in frustration.

23 INT. ABANDONED HOUSE - ROOM - NIGHT.

23

Sofia backs away from the door as we can hear the vampire on the other side trying to batter his way inside. Sofia looks round - this room is more like a lounge, with an open fire and several big armchairs. She grabs an iron poker from inside the blackened fireplace, turning back to the door.

The noise of the vampire trying to break in abruptly stops, and Sofia tenses up as an eerie quiet falls over the room. She takes the chance to catch her breath, sinking to her knees and panting.

Sofia looks for a better kind of weapon, but as her eyes falls on something above her, off screen, a smile slowly creeps across her face.

Mounted above the fireplace is a large coat of arms - and inserted into either side of the shield and plaque that make it up are two SWORDS. Sofia reaches up for one and slides it carefully away from the plaque, before we cut back over to:

24 INT. TECHNO STYLE - NIGHT.

24

We pan across the interior of the packed club, which has a large, busy dancefloor flanked by a balcony running round it one floor up, with the DJ booth on a stage to the left of the floor. The overall colour scheme is blue, with rhythmically flashing lights bouncing other colours off strategically placed mirrors throughout the building. Junkie XL's 'Fight' thumps out cross the club's massive PA system.

We come to rest on one quieter corner of the club, dark except for the UV lights that highlight a few couples sitting at tables, busy getting to know one another better.

An emergency exit door opens a fraction, then wider to allow Skye to step inside, followed by Greg and the other girls, weapons tucked discretely out of sight inside their jackets.

Alita blinks as she sees the couples around her making out, and Frankie steers her away from them with a smirk.

FRANKIE

Perhaps when you are older, you
will understand what they are
doing!

Greg waves the girls over to him, Erika frowning as the pounding beat of the music is obviously disorientating her considerably. She leans on Skye's arm for support.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GREG

(shouts over music)

Right, keep your eyes peeled for anything suspicious, and for goodness' sake don't get asked for any ID! Vampires love places like this, and if this is the source of whatever's been influencing those people, chances are they'll be drawn to it like paparazzi to a premiere.

SKYE

Check. Me and Erika'll go check out upstairs. I say Frankie goes and does her slut bomb thing on the dancefloor, see if she can put that tush of hers to use and lure out any potential vampires.

FRANKIE

(indignant)

Why don't you go and use your 'tush'?

SKYE

(pats her on the arm)

Because I'm just not as good at being easy as you are, *cheri*.

Skye guides Erika away with a smirk, leaving a scowling Frankie with Greg and Alita.

GREG

Uh... Skye's got a point.

FRANKIE

(outraged)

Quoi?!?

GREG

(quickly)

Just that out of the three of us, you're easily the most attractive, so therefore if anyone can make for an attractive meal for any vampires in the building, it'd be you!

FRANKIE

Oh.

(beat; smiles)

Bon. And merci.

She gives him a quick KISS on the cheek and then sashays off towards the dance floor, seamlessly blending in amongst the dancing clubbers.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Greg turns to Alita, who looks pretty bewildered as always in these kinds of surroundings.

GREG

Let's go and take a look around.

Alita nods and follows Greg as he starts to walk round the perimeter of the club, before we cut back to:

25 INT. ABANDONED HOUSE - 1ST FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT. 25

Sofia opens the door to her room a notch and peers outside, then opens it fully and steps into the musty corridor, the sword from the coat of arms glinting in a stray beam of moonlight.

She makes her way carefully back towards the staircase, checking for any signs of the vampire on her trail.

She hears FOOTSTEPS coming down the staircase from the top floor, and she quickly presses herself against the wall, hiding in the shadows.

The Vampire stops halfway down the stairs, glancing up and down the hallway Sofia is hiding on, before continuing down the stairs to the ground floor.

Sofia leans out of the shadows and starts to follow him, hanging back to watch him cross the atrium and head into a nearby room. Sofia reaches the stairs and heads down them, as we cut into:

26 INT. TECHNO STYLE - NIGHT. 26

Frankie is busy working her thing in the middle of the club, joining in with the crowd as they CHEER happily as 'Absurd' by Fluke starts to play.

Frankie may look like she's just there to have fun, strutting from side to side and swinging her long blonde hair around, but every few beats her eyes keenly scan the crowd round her, checking out any potential threats.

She dances for a few moments more before she makes eye contact with someone - a GIRL about the same age as her, blonde and drop dead gorgeous. The girl is staring directly at Frankie, who glances up towards the balcony to try and attract Skye's attention.

Up on the balcony, Skye and Erika nudge their way to the railings at the edge, looking down across the dance floor and picking out Frankie.

Frankie is still dancing, but manages to gesture towards the girl staring at her without giving herself away, and Skye nods as she spots the girl in question.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ERIKA
What is happening?

SKYE
Looks like Frankie just made
contact! Come on, let's go down and-

ERIKA
I had better stay here. I will not
be much use to you in a fight in
this place.

SKYE
You sure?

ERIKA
Positive.

Skye glances down at the dance floor again - and the girl
Frankie pointed out is leaving, heading towards a rear exit.
Skye turns back to Erika.

SKYE
Okay, but I'm gonna be right back.

ERIKA
You had better! I would prefer not
to stay in here for very much
longer.

Skye grins, then quickly dashes back towards the stairs
leading back downstairs.

Back on the ground floor, Greg and Alita bump into Frankie as
she finishes shoving her way through the crowd of dancers.

GREG
Did you see something?

FRANKIE
Oui, a young girl, she just headed
outside. She was staring at me as
though she knew who I was.

GREG
Or what you are, more to the point.
Is Skye coming?

Alita points, and Greg sees Skye making her way towards them.
He nods and motions towards the exit.

GREG (cont'd)
Alright, let's go!

The girls follow him as we cut back to:

27 INT. ABANDONED HOUSE - LARGE ROOM - NIGHT.

27

The vampire steps into a larger, ballroom-sized section of the house, just as dark and filthy as the rest of the place. He closes the door behind him and then listens at it.

VOICE (O.S.)

Is she coming?

VAMPIRE

Ssh! Quiet!

We slowly pan round to see that the Vampire is not alone in the room - there are SEVEN other vamps waiting in there, looking out from behind various pieces of furniture. One of them is still bound in a straitjacket, and seeing as there is a man-sized harness fixed onto the wall nearby, it's safe to assume this was the vamp Sofia was meant to face tonight.

The Vampire steps away from the door and strides into the middle of the room, gesturing for his comrades to hide themselves again.

VAMPIRE (cont'd)

She's here. Wait for the signal.

VAMP #2

What's the signal?

VAMPIRE

(grins)

When she starts screaming.

The rest of the vamps cackle as they hide away again, and the lead Vampire turns to face the door, waiting.

28 EXT. ALLEY OUTSIDE TECHNO STYLE - NIGHT.

28

Frankie, followed by Greg and Alita, steps out through the rear exit and into the alleyway behind the club. She looks up and down but there's no sign of the mystery girl.

GREG

Are you sure she was a vampire?

FRANKIE

Honestly? *Non*. But you said to look for anything 'suspicious,' and she was that.

GREG

Alright, let's look for-

CRASH! The trio jump as two FIGURES suddenly jump down into the alley, bouncing off the wire fence that fences off the alley's opposite side.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALITA
(serious)
Vampires.

FRANKIE
(smirks)
You see? I am never wrong.

The two new arrivals are indeed VAMPIRES - both young and female, dressed in snazzy clubbing gear and proudly wearing their game faces.

CLUBBER VAMP #1
Slayers, eh? We haven't killed one
of your kind for a while.

FRANKIE
What makes you think you will
tonight?

Frankie starts to draw her short sword from inside her jacket, but pauses as another person steps into frame behind the two vampires.

They turn round - and it's the mystery girl from the club! With a stern look, she unzips her jacket - and draws out a STAKE!

MYSTERY GIRL
I thought I'd find you two here.
You never could resist a party.

Greg and Frankie exchange confused looks, before we cut to:

29

INT. ABANDONED HOUSE - LARGE ROOM - NIGHT.

29

The door handle slowly turns, and as the door CREAKS open Sofia peers in, looking for the Vampire.

He smiles as she throws the door open and steps inside, her sword raised and ready.

VAMPIRE
Glad you could make it.

SOFIA
Sorry I took so long. I like to
have a bit of a build up to these
things, they always seem to be over
so quickly.

VAMPIRE
You're not wrong there, Slayer.

He SNAPS his fingers - and to a chorus of wicked laughter, the other seven vampires all emerge from their hiding places.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Sofia starts to back up as she sees how outnumbered she is,
and the lead Vampire steps forward with a smirk.

VAMPIRE (cont'd)
But you're not exactly a Slayer
tonight, are you?

The colour drains from Sofia's face - they know she doesn't
have her Slayer powers!

As the gang of vampires starts to close in on her, we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

30

INT. ABANDONED HOUSE - LARGE ROOM - NIGHT.

30

Back with Sofia as she looks round at the vamps surrounding her. Suddenly, the sword she liberated from upstairs doesn't feel like it's going to help much.

VAMPIRE

This is going to be a lot of fun, non-Slayer. Soon as we found out what this house was going to be used for, we've kept an eye on it, waiting for one of these things to be set up again so we could have ourselves a fresh meal!

Sofia's eyes dart round the room, checking for exits or anything she can use to help.

SOFIA

So is that your plan? Kill off the Slayers who come in here, make it look like they just failed the Cruciamentum so they'll send more?

VAMPIRE

Pretty much.

SOFIA

And you didn't think that killing the Watcher who was here to keep an eye on me might raise people's suspicions a little?

The Vampire pauses, then turns to glare at one his colleagues. The vamp shrugs, and the lead Vampire rolls his eyes and SIGHS.

VAMPIRE

Nice going, Carl.

VAMP #3

(protests)

I didn't know he was a Watcher!

SOFIA

And just so you all know, my Slayer powers will be coming back in about...

(checks watch)

... a minute, so if you were going to try and kill me, you'd better get a move on!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The Vampire stares her out for a beat, then GRINS.

VAMPIRE
You're bluffing.

SOFIA
(grins back)
Am I?

The Vampire hesitates - then CHARGES forward with a shout, followed by his comrades. Sofia is quick enough to SLAM the sword into his chest, but it sticks there, and she hasn't the strength to pull it out.

The Vampire smirks before SLAPPING Sofia to the ground. She scrabbles to her feet, narrowly dodging two more of the vamps as she desperately searches for something else to use as a weapon.

VAMPIRE
And to think some of you lot said
this wouldn't be any fun if she
didn't have her powers!

As Sofia hops over a sheet-covered chaise longue to dodge another lunging vampire, we cut to:

31 EXT. ALLEY OUTSIDE TECHNO STYLE - NIGHT. 31

Back with the Swedish Standoff, as Skye finally makes it out into the alley.

SKYE
Hey, sorry about the-
(sees vampires and new
Slayer)
Woah! Is that our girl?

GREG
I think so...

The two Clubber Vampires have turned their attention away from our Slayers and are circling the Mystery Girl, hunched over and fangs bared, ready to pounce.

MYSTERY GIRL
Did you think I'd let you keep
getting away with this? Poisoning
the people here for your own
amusement, offering them up as
sacrifices to your God?

CLUBBER VAMP #1
You should have run when we killed
your Watcher, little girl. You had
your chance to escape.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MYSTERY GIRL

Yes, I did... but I could say the same thing to you!

She CHARGES forward with a YELL, tackling the second vamp to the ground. A brief exchange of punches ends when the new Slayer sinks her stake into the vamp's chest, and the vampire disintegrates with a HOWL.

A quick KICK from the remaining vamp knocks the Slayer off her feet, and as she jumps back up she starts raining fists and feet down on her.

Skye steps forward to help, but Greg holds out a hand to stop her. She rounds on him angrily.

SKYE

What? She needs our help!

GREG

I think she needs to do this by herself. We'll help out if she needs it.

An incredulous Skye turns back to the fight, and as the new Slayer and the vamp continue their vicious tussle, we cut to:

32

INT. ABANDONED HOUSE - LARGE ROOM - NIGHT.

32

SMACK! Sofia skids across the floor, reeling from a kick from one of the vamps, barely getting up in time to avoid another vamp that makes a grab for her.

She looks like she's taken a lot of hits already, and as the lead Vampire swings her own sword at her she only just ducks in time, the sword slicing into the wood-paneled wall inches above her head.

VAMPIRE

Come on, Slayer, fight back! Isn't that what you were Chosen to do?

Sofia grits her teeth and KICKS out, knocking the Vampire back a few steps, but he just LAUGHS, shrugging it off.

VAMPIRE (cont'd)

I said 'fight,' not-

The Vampire freezes - and looks down at his chest.

The point of a stake is sticking through his shirt.

VAMPIRE (cont'd)

Oh.

He DUSTS - to reveal Ellen!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ELLEN
Sofia! Catch!

She tosses the stake to Sofia, who dives to catch it as Ellen draws a second, quickly getting stuck into a vamp that attacks her.

Another vampire dives onto Sofia, fangs heading straight for her throat, but she manages to get the stake pointy end up in time and he DUSTS as he hits her.

SOFIA
What are you doing here?

ELLEN
Peter missed his check in so I came out to make sure everything was okay.
(ducks a vamp's punch)
When I came inside I found his body, so I figured you needed some back up!

Ellen is knocked back by one vamp but soon recovers, as Sofia jumps up onto a table to avoid another vamp's lunge.

KICKING the attacker back, she runs for the end of the table and jump-kicks one to the floor, RAMMING the stake into her chest before she can recover.

Sofia quickly rolls away, her reflexes still sharp as she dodges the wide, swinging punches of a tall vamp who goes for her.

Ellen DUSTS her third vampire to bring the odds down to two on four, as we cut back to:

33

EXT. ALLEY OUTSIDE TECHNO STYLE - NIGHT.

33

The new Slayer is still embroiled in her fight as the others look on, Skye obviously anxious to join in.

SKYE
C'mon, Greg, we can't just stand here! She needs-

MYSTERY GIRL
(fierce)
This is for Hans!

SLAM! She shoves the vampire against the club's wall, driving her stake into her heart as she does so. The Clubber Vamp DUSTS with an agonised SCREAM, and the exhausted Slayer drops to her knees.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Greg and the others rush over, Alita helping the new Slayer to her feet.

GREG

Are you alright?

MYSTERY GIRL

(nods)

I am now. I'm guessing you're other Slayers like me?

FRANKIE

Oui. Although I thought you were the vampire.

MYSTERY GIRL

(scoffs)

Me? Please. I have style.

SKYE

And a good grasp of English, too - mind telling me how you and those vamps didn't sound particularly Swedish?

MYSTERY GIRL

They're not from around here. They flew in from somewhere in Europe a few months ago. As for me, my father is from Canada. I've spent half my life over there. I was trying to signal to your friend here to come and meet me outside, but I imagine I was a little too subtle. Shame I'm not half French Canadian, eh?

GREG

I see... would you mind telling us your name?

MYSTERY GIRL

I'm Heidi. Heidi Charisse. And you?

GREG

(offers hand)

Gregory Pierce, Watchers Council. This is Skye, Alita and Frankie, we're from the Slayer Academy.

HEIDI

(puzzled)

The what?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SKYE

It's a long story, blondie. What say you tell us what these vamps were doing here first, then we'll explain what we're doing here.

Heidi reaches down to scoop up her stake, dusting it off before turning back to the others.

HEIDI

Follow me. I'll show you.

She heads back into the club to curious glances from Greg and the others, as we cut back to:

34

INT. ABANDONED HOUSE - LARGE ROOM - NIGHT.

34

CRUNCH! Ellen stakes another vampire to even the score a little further, but looks up to see Sofia in trouble - one vamp has grabbed her arms and the last one in the room, the straitjacketed one, is racing towards her, ready to bite.

ELLEN

Sofia! Up and over!

Sofia struggles for another beat as Ellen races towards a nearby footstool, KICKING it as hard as she can towards the charging vamp.

As the footstool hits him and the vamp CRASHES to the floor, careening towards Sofia, she plants her feet on the floor and pushes herself up, flipping up and over and managing to break free, just as Straitjacket barges into his colleague.

Both vamps go down in a tangle of limbs, and as the first one extricates himself from the frenzied thrashing of Straitjacket, Ellen is ready with a stake. POOF.

Straitjacket is now alone in the room with the two girls. Sofia is covered with cuts and looks like she's been beaten halfway round the block and back, and as Straitjacket bounces back to his feet he closes in on her, licking his lips in anticipation of an easy meal.

Ellen dashes into frame and SHOVES him out of the way, raising her stake to finish him off, but Sofia grabs her arm before she can kill him.

SOFIA

(weakly)

No...

ELLEN

Sofia?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SOFIA

I have to do it... he's the one.

Straitjacket tries to push himself to his feet, the repeated blows to the head adding to his already disorientated state as Ellen looks from the vamp to Sofia, before handing her the last stake.

ELLEN

I guess it's time you passed this test, then.

Sofia nods, takes the stake and fixes her gaze on Straitjacket as he finally gets to his feet. He CACKLES as Sofia takes a step towards him.

STRAITJACKET

Whatcha gonna do, little girl? You gonna kill me? Huh?

SOFIA

(wearily)

Oh, shut up!

Straitjacket LUNGES for her, but she ducks underneath him and tries to stake him. Straitjacket twists out of the way and KNEES her, sending Sofia to the floor.

She rolls to the side as Straitjacket nosedives into the floor after her, and tries to ram the stake down into the vamp's chest again.

Straitjacket gets his legs up to stop her, hooting with laughter as Sofia tries to push down with all her strength.

STRAITJACKET

Looks like you'd better get your mom to finish me off!

SOFIA

(cold)

My mother's dead.

WHAM! Sofia raises the stake one last time and slams it into Straitjacket's chest. He GRUNTS before he explodes into dust.

Sofia collapses on the ground, spent, and Ellen rushes to her side, cradling her head as she helps Sofia sit back up.

ELLEN

Easy, Sofia, I've got you. It's alright.

(smiles)

You did it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Sofia's too exhausted to celebrate, and as Ellen surveys the trashed room of the house, eight piles of dust marking the remains of the vampire pack, we cut back to:

35

INT. TECHNO STYLE - BASEMENT - NIGHT.

35

A side door into the long, concrete basement corridor opens and Heidi peeks out, checking that the coast is clear before waving on Skye and the others.

She marches purposefully down past heating pipes and electrical conduits as Skye and the others try to keep up.

SKYE

Hey! You mind telling us where we're going?

HEIDI

We're going to kill the bad guys, what else?

FRANKIE

Can we at least get an idea of what to expect?

HEIDI

Well, let me think.
(stops; pretends to think)
Vampires, Sherlock!

Heidi starts up again, leaving Frankie open-mouthed that somebody would dare speak to her like that!

HEIDI (cont'd)

I tried to do this before but there were too many guards for me to handle. With all of you backing me up, we stand a chance.

GREG

A chance of doing what?

HEIDI

(impatient)

My Watcher and I found out, before they killed him, that as part of their offerings to whatever demon God they worship, the vampires have been putting something into the drinks supply here at the club, some kind of magical extract that causes people to randomly f-

GREG

(interrupts)

Yes, we know that part.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HEIDI
(points)
This is where they're doing it.
Back me up.

The team are approaching a door marked 'Staff Only.'

SKYE
Woah there, Lexx! Can we at least
make a vague plan? We don't know
what's in there!

HEIDI
You're all Slayers, aren't you?

ALITA
Uh, yes.

HEIDI
Then slay!

Before anyone can respond, Heidi KICKS the door open and
steps through. With an annoyed GRUNT, Skye follows, into:

36 INT. TECHNO STYLE - BASEMENT ROOM - CONTINUOUS. 36

The Slayers step into a small maintenance room, which has a
side room that contains the club's stocks of beer barrels and
bottled drinks.

Inside the room are five VAMPIRES, standing around a
chemistry set up full of various colours of unhealthy-looking
fluids. An open beer barrel is next to the table holding the
fluids, with one of the vampires midway through pouring fluid
from a beaker into the barrel.

HEIDI
(smirks)
Sorry. Last orders.

The vampires lunge to the attack with a SNARL, and Heidi is
straight into the fight.

She SHOVES the first vampire back into the lab set up,
SMASHING the fragile beakers and test tubes into fragments as
Alita, Skye and Frankie take on a vampire each, Greg
grappling with one at the door that tries to make an escape.

The fight is brief, the Slayers' element of surprise giving
them plenty of chance to throw the vampires into one another,
batter them to the ground and STAKE them all in a matter of
moments. Alita then helpfully spins round and STAKES the one
fighting Greg with her nunchucks.

Heidi plants one boot on the edge of the barrel and turns
triumphantly to the others.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HEIDI (cont'd)
We'd better tell the bar that the
beer's gone bad.

She KICKS the barrel over, and as we watch the yellow liquid
inside spill out onto the floor, we DISSOLVE to:

37 INT. CAMPUS - INFIRMARY - NIGHT.

37

Sofia lies on one of the infirmary beds as Jaz tends to her
wounds. Sofia is half covered by bandages, staring off into
space as Jaz gently dabs antiseptic onto her cuts.

Barbara and Ellen stand near by, Barbara looking crestfallen
at tonight's course of events.

BARBARA
I just... I just can't believe it.
After all the measures we took, all
the precautions...

ELLEN
Hey, she made it, right? That's
what counts.

BARBARA
We shouldn't be having this
conversation. This was just one
gigantic mess from start to finish.
And Peter...
(puts head in hands)
That bloody man went and got
himself killed because of this!

ELLEN
Occupational hazard.

Barbara glares at her, but Ellen shrugs and checks her watch.

ELLEN (cont'd)
Come on, let's leave Sofia to it.
She deserves to get at least a few
minutes of her birthday to herself
before today becomes tomorrow.

Ellen turns and walks away, and after another beat looking
down on Sofia, Barbara turns and leaves too.

We push in on Sofia as Jaz moves away to get some fresh
bandages - and somebody steps into frame, next to the bed.

It's Emma, looking down on Sofia with a warm smile. She
reaches out a hand and tenderly strokes Sofia's hair.

EMMA
Happy birthday, Sofia.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SOFIA
(smiles)
Thank you.

JAZ (O.S.)
What was that?

Sofia looks round to see Jaz looking across at her. Sofia looks back - and Emma is gone. Sofia puts on a sad smile and shakes her head.

SOFIA
Nothing.

Jaz nods and gets back to her work, and we push in closer on Sofia as she settles back down on the bed, that smile still in place as she closes her eyes, and we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF SHOW