

SLAYER ACADEMY

"Runaway"

by
Lee A. Chrimes

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TEASER

FADE IN:

1

INT. WATCHERS COUNCIL - BOARD ROOM - EVENING.

1

We fade up on a plush, mahogany-heavy executive board room, with a long table surrounded by well-dressed middle-aged men and women, all consulting folders open before them. These are Watchers, and the man standing at the head of his table, a portly man in his sixties, is Acting Head Watcher REGINALD TAMBLYN.

TAMBLYN

So you see, we've still got very
little idea who's behind the
disappearances, or how many people
have been taken in total.

WATCHER #1

What about the Initiative?

There is a murmur of discontent at the mention of their name.

TAMBLYN

This is a Council matter, Atkins,
there's no need to bring those
American gung ho troops into this
unless strictly necessary.

WATCHER #1

I just mean, couldn't we benefit
from their resources? Now that
they've gone to such lengths to re-
establish relations with us and the
Academy, it might make sense to-

WATCHER #2

Reginald's right. The more people
we involve in this, the more
complicated our inquiry becomes.

TAMBLYN

Precisely.

WATCHER #2

So what does the current tally of
missing look like?

Tamblyn nods to one of the other Watchers, who heads over to the wall and lowers the lights, before Tamblyn switches on a projector which displays a map of the world on a screen next to him, with red dots up and down the countries.

Tamblyn consults his notes, then points to each country in turn as he mentions it.

(CONTINUED)

TAMBLYN

At the last count, we had one missing Slayer from the United Kingdom, three from America, where the concentration of new Slayers remains its highest, and in addition to that Council representatives have gone missing in France, Poland, Africa and here in England.

The lights are raised and Tamblyn switches the projector off, sitting back down.

TAMBLYN (cont'd)

We need to organise a full investigation into this immediately, before we lose any more of our resources. Until then, I want all Council institutions and bases put on high alert. We're still attempting to recover even a half of our previous strength, so I don't need to stress to you all the significance of a focused assault on us like this.

Tamblyn closes his files, and the rest of the Watchers take that as their cue to pack up and leave. Tamblyn has a heavy look in his eyes as all but two of the Watchers file out of the room - an elderly man, HARRIS, and a younger woman, MCKENZIE.

MCKENZIE

Should I ask what's on your mind?

TAMBLYN

I just want to find out who's behind this and stop them. We've already had one instance of Slayers going missing with them being taken to that Arena dimension we were notified of, we can't afford another loss of manpower.

HARRIS

Or womanpower.

Tamblyn eyes him, but Harris is obviously a respected figure around here because Tamblyn lets the comment slide.

TAMBLYN

(stands)

Either way, I'll notify Barbara at the Academy of the alert status.

(MORE)

CONTINUED: (2)

TAMBLYN (cont'd)

With any luck, she'll be able to find something out by sending her Slayers out to do a little detective work for us.

MCKENZIE

Do you think the kidnappers will stay in England?

TAMBLYN

The prospect of an entire school full of Slayers for them to pick from is too tempting an opportunity to ignore. Keep the Academy on full alert until further notice.

McKenzie nods and stands, nodding to Harris before she leaves. Tamblyn takes off his glasses and rubs his tired eyes as Harris leans back in his chair.

TAMBLYN (cont'd)

It's just one bloody thing after another, isn't it?

HARRIS

That's the way of the Council, Reggie.

TAMBLYN

I don't know how Rupert managed to cope with being Head Watcher, even for only two years. I've been here, what, six months? The pressure already feels like a lifetime.

HARRIS

Did you ever meet Rupert's Slayer, Buffy Summers?

TAMBLYN

No, I can't say that I did.

HARRIS

After nine years of taking care of her, I think if you met her you'd understand how Rupert had the strength for this job.

Tamblyn nods thoughtfully, as we cut to:

INT. WATCHERS COUNCIL - UNDERGROUND CAR PARK - EVENING.

McKenzie strides across the half-full car park towards her second-hand Mercedes, digging her keys out of her satchel.

She's fiddling with the lock when she hears a noise behind her, and she spins round, eyes scanning the car park.

(CONTINUED)

MCKENZIE

Hello?

There's no answer. A little unnerved, she turns back to the car door - but sees a SHADOW loom up behind her, reflected in the car window.

McKenzie spins round, her eyes bulging, and she starts to SHOUT - but a thick, grey-skinned CLAW swoops into frame and knocks her to the ground.

She hits the deck with a THUD, stunned, and after a beat we hear several heavy footsteps as her attacker moves round her, before her body is dragged slowly backwards, leaving just her glasses behind.

As McKenzie is dragged completely out of frame, we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

3 INT. CAMPUS - CAFETERIA - DAY.

3

We're in the Academy now, as lunch break is in full swing. The cafeteria is the fullest we've seen it for a while, with roughly fifty girls of a variety of ages spread across the tables.

Our focus starts on a table where HEIDI, the blonde bombshell from Sweden, is busily entertaining a table full of younger Slayers, their rapt attention locked on her as she tells another of her stories.

By her side is ERIKA, the blind Russian Slayer, her customary shades on as she stirs her soup round, chuckling occasionally as she listens in to Heidi's tall tale.

Pulling further back out, we find our girls at last - SOFIA, SKYE, ALITA and FRANKIE, sat round a dining table together and busily tucking into their lunches. Frankie is leaving her food, however, staring back across the cafeteria floor to glare at Heidi's table.

FRANKIE

Look at 'er. Telling those silly stories like she was some kind of Warrior Princess! I'll bet she 'as not seen 'alf the combat we all 'ave been though.

SKYE

Aaw. What's the matter, Frenchie? Worried your status as campus Queen Bee is in jeopardy

FRANKIE

(scoffs)

As if! That jumped up little tart couldn't fight 'er way out of a walk-in wardrobe.

SOFIA

You have to admit she's made quite an impression since she came here, though. She certainly seems to have a lot of stories to impress the others with, even if some of the details sound a little suspect.

FRANKIE

A 'little' suspect? She claims she 'as taken on and beaten eight vampires single-'anded!

(CONTINUED)

SKYE

That's not that hard.

The others all turn to throw disbelieving looks at Skye, but she just grins and nudges Sofia.

SKYE (cont'd)

Well, maybe for you rookies, but that's no problem for old hands like me and Sofia, right, Sofes?

SOFIA

Speak for yourself!

SKYE

I usually do.

ALITA

Er...

Everyone turns to Alita, who doesn't look like she's too sure about what she's going to say.

ALITA (cont'd)

Forgive me, Frankie, but you don't have to sit with us. You could go over there and talk to Heidi, maybe there are things you two have in common?

SKYE

Oh, she'd never do that, would you Frankie? It's much easier to just sit here and bitch about her from a distance.

Frankie glares at Skye and Alita, but Sofia nods, agreeing with Alita's point.

SOFIA

She's right. You choose to sit with us, Frankie, so you can't very well go complaining that nobody pays you any attention.

Defeated, Frankie goes back to her lunch with an irritated HUFF, and Sofia and Skye share a grin before GREG walks into frame, satchel over one shoulder.

SKYE

Word up, G-man.

GREG

(blinks)

Sorry?

(CONTINUED)

SKYE

(smirks)

Just trying out some 'street' talk
on you. Spent a year in LA,
remember?

GREG

(wry)

I didn't realise you spent it in
the ghetto, listening to Missy
Elliot.

Skye chuckles as Greg takes a seat, opening up his satchel
and sorting through the files inside. Frankie brightens up
noticeably as he sits next to her.

SOFIA

So what's today's agenda? We've got
the afternoon free as far as I can
tell.

GREG

You're meant to be taking Slayer
History with me at three.

SKYE

Like she said, free afternoon.

GREG

(shakes head)

Honestly. You lot are setting an
awful example to the other girls,
you know!

FRANKIE

Non, I think you will find she is.

Frankie points across to Heidi, who is just getting to the
good part of her story to a chorus of awed GASPS from the
girls sitting around her.

GREG

Good grief. Is she still going on
about that 'eight vampires on one'
story?

ALITA

(nods)

Every day.

GREG

Well, and this is strictly off the
record, but... I did some checking.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

GREG (cont'd)

The incident she keeps referring to happened a year ago when she broke up a vampire nest. She staked two vampires before the rest escaped.

Frankie smiles triumphantly and looks back across to Heidi.

FRANKIE

I knew it.

GREG

Of course, she did hunt the other six down and kill them later, just not all at once.

Frankie's smile drops, and Greg takes out a case folder and opens it on the table before him.

SKYE

OO, looks like James Bond time!

GREG

You'd be right. We've got reports in of energy signatures matching those of a Hellmouth in Africa, Barbara wants us to head out there to take a look.

SOFIA

Africa? Whereabouts?

GREG

(checks notes)

Er... it's in a province called Cyrenaica, just off the Mediterranean and more or less opposite Crete. Our plane leaves this evening so we've got a few hours to take a briefing and pack some goodies.

SKYE

(hopefully)

Guns?

GREG

Not after that incident a few weeks ago, no.

SKYE

But I want guns!

SOFIA

Skye, you almost killed yourself using those awful Initiative weapons last time, why on earth would you want to try it again?

(CONTINUED)

SKYE

It's a guns thing. You wouldn't understand.

GREG

Anyway, you'll all be glad to hear that your History lesson is cancelled in lieu of the briefing, so I'll see you in the meeting room at three instead.

Greg stands and heads off, leaving the girls to their lunch.

ALITA

What is Africa like?

SKYE

Hot, sunny. Lots of plains and deserts. Not exactly vampire country.

FRANKIE

There are many demons who prefer the sunlight, 'oweever, and if there is an 'ellmouth too, there's no telling what could be out there.

SOFIA

I'd put money on it starting with 'troub' and ending in 'le.'

(sighs)

Have I mentioned yet how I hate flying?

SKYE

Only every time you get on a plane, princess.

SOFIA

Right. Just making sure.

Sofia gloomily takes a bite out of her sandwich, as we cut across to:

Set up in her half-unpacked small office is ELLEN MARKLEW, the Academy's liaison with the Initiative, her room currently a mess of unsorted boxes, files and papers, with just a few photos and trinkets adding a personal touch.

There's a KNOCK at the door and BARBARA pushes the door open, leaning her head inside.

BARBARA

How are you settling in?

(CONTINUED)

Ellen motions to her desk, covered with papers, and the rest of the mess in the room with a grin.

ELLEN

Feels just like home already. That is, if my 'home' resembled the inside of a trash can.

Barbara grins as she steps inside, negotiating over the stacks of boxes and clearing some things off a chair so she can take a seat.

BARBARA

My office looked like this for the first month I was here, don't worry. You'll be fine once you'd had chance to set everything out how you want it.

ELLEN

Naah, I like the mess. I'm better at remembering things that need doing if I can see them in front of me. I don't like to file anything away until I'm done with it.

BARBARA

Very noble.

ELLEN

Speaking of things to do, have you heard back from your Council buddies about those kidnappings?

Barbara nods, reaching into her shirt pocket and retrieving a folded sheet of paper which she passes to Ellen.

Ellen opens it out - it's a print off of an e-mail, with a scanned image of McKenzie at the bottom.

BARBARA

The woman in the photo is Alison McKenzie, one of the Council higher-ups. She went missing after a board meeting last night, and Tamblyn's convinced it's the work of the same people who are behind the rest of the disappearances.

ELLEN

So we've got a world wide conspiracy to capture Slayers and Watchers?

BARBARA

I'm afraid it looks like that.

(CONTINUED)

ELLEN

Well, you'll be glad to know I'm
getting involved with this too.

Barbara raises a curious eyebrow as Ellen hands her back the
e-mail.

BARBARA

How so?

ELLEN

It's not just your people that have
bene going missing. We've lost
Initiative personnel from bases
around the world too, so my
superiors have asked me to conduct
my own investigation.

BARBARA

I see. Wouldn't it make sense for
us to combine our efforts?

ELLEN

Barb, I'd love to say yes, but my
bosses have this funny thing called
'a need to know basis.' They're
concerned that we could compromise
some of the more private aspects of
our organisation if we co-operate
too freely with you guys.

Barbara folds her arms and sits back in her chair, her
expression clearly telling Ellen she's not happy about that.

BARBARA

That's not exactly the arrangement
I was led to believe we'd have when
you arrived.

ELLEN

Hey, my hands are tied. Personally,
I'd much rather have you guys in on
this to help me out, but the guys
in charge say I have to keep this
internal. I'm sorry, but there's
nothing I can do.

Barbara stands and heads back over to the door.

ELLEN (cont'd)

Don't worry, I can handle this. You
won't lose any more of your people.

Barbara turns back to face her, still far from pleased about
the situation.

(CONTINUED)

BARBARA

I hope so. Because if we do, this
is the first place I'm going to
come for some answers.

Barbara leaves, and Ellen exhales, knowing full well that
she's just pissed off somebody she needs as an ally.

INT. CAMPUS - CORRIDOR - DAY.

Sofia and the others are making their way towards the
briefing room when they bump into Heidi and some of her
groupies coming the other way.

HEIDI

Oh, hello, Frankie.

Sofia, Skye and Alita give Frankie a little room as she
stares down her new arch nemesis.

FRANKIE

Bonjour.

HEIDI

I was just telling some of the
girls here about what you and your
team have been up to this last
month. You know, just to give them
an idea of what to expect.

SOFIA

How very generous of you.

HEIDI

There was just so much to choose
from! I mean, do I start with how
Skye got herself kidnapped and your
Watcher was bitten on your first
mission together, how Erika had to
save all your necks from a vampire
attack in Russia, Skye first almost
blowing everyone up and then
running away with a grenade
launcher, and then how I had to
bail you all out when you were lost
for answers trying to stop those
vamps in Sweden?

It's a standoff. Heidi's insolent smirk versus Frankie's
cold, hard glare. After a beat, Heidi giggles and walks past,
the gaggle of Slayers with her following obediently.

HEIDI (cont'd)

Keep up the good work, girls,
you're giving us all plenty to talk
about!

(CONTINUED)

The girls regroup as Heidi turns a corner and disappears from view, Frankie still seething.

SKYE

What a class A bitch!

(to Frankie)

And that's comparing her to you.

SOFIA

She is quite unpleasant, isn't she?

SKYE

Oh, will you stop being so British for a minute? Just say she's a cow or something, Sofes! Let the blood run free!

SOFIA

To be fair, she did help us out in that club in Sweden. Without her, we might never have-

FRANKIE

(interrupts)

We're going to come back with a perfect score when we go to Africa.

ALITA

A perfect score?

SKYE

She means no screw ups.

FRANKIE

I do not want to give that *chien* anything else to mock us with. She is not worth one tenth of us.

SOFIA

Frankie, i don't think that's the right kind of attitude to-

FRANKIE

Enough! Come, let us find out what we need to do.

Frankie marches off towards the briefing room.

SKYE

So let me get this straight - her motivation to save the day isn't to make the world a better place, but to win a 'Which Bitch Is Best' contest?

(CONTINUED)

SOFIA
(sighs)
Looks that way, doesn't it?

ALITA
I think they are both bitches.

Sofia and Skye look surprised by Alita's outburst, Skye wrapping a proud arm round her shoulders.

SKYE
Well, check you out! I never
thought you had it in you!

ALITA
(smiles)
I think I have been spending too
much time around you.

SKYE
And that, my young padawan, is
never a bad thing.

SOFIA
Come on, let's see what's in store
for us in Africa. It can't be half
as bad as that business in Russia!

The trio start on their way again, as we cut all the way to:

INT. OLD MANSION - HALLWAY - DAY.

TITLE OVER - Africa.

We're scrolling through the interior of a dusty old country house, its once richly-furnished walls now caked in filth, peeling paint and cracked plaster.

We approach a large staircase as we see that broken windows have been filled by thick plant life and trees bursting in from outside. The rest of the windows and many of the doors are boarded up.

The cobweb-covered staircase leads up to two more floors, and as we approach it we hear a distant WAILING sound, quickly joined by a chorus of other unearthly HOWLING voices.

INT. OLD MANSION - CORRIDOR - NEXT.

Scrolling along a wide corridor that branches off into other wings and rooms on both sides, the WAILING is joined by deeper, more primitive GROWLS and ROARS, as though a whole zoo full of pissed off animals are prowling the mansion.

A WHITE SHAPE streaks past before us, too quick to make out what it was, as we turn left and enter:

8

INT. OLD MANSION - DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS.

8

What was once a large, grand old dining room that could easily seat fifty people is now nothing but broken floorboards, abandoned furniture and dust.

We stay in this room for a beat as we hear FOOTSTEPS echoing through the empty building towards us, and a few moments later an African teenage girl wanders into the room.

Her clothing is torn and ragged, and her body is a mess of cuts and wounds, some old, some fresh. She carries a sword in one hand, and looks up at the ceiling through eyes that have seen far more than a girl of her years should have.

The chandelier high overhead starts to RATTLE, swaying dangerously from side to side with a CREAK of decaying cables, and soon other things in the room start to move. Upturned chairs and tables begin to scrape across the floor, pushed by unseen hands, as picture frames spin round on the walls, some CRASHING to the floor.

Through it all, the African girl stands defiantly in the centre of the room, raising her sword and narrowing her eyes as she scans the room.

A chair suddenly LAUNCHES itself at her, and she barely turns in time to KICK it away from her. Two more soon follow, but the girl is fast enough to knock them out of the air, and as she does the increasing noise from all the moving objects suddenly stops dead.

The girl waits in the silence that follows for a beat until she shouts out:

AFRICAN GIRL
(African; subtitled)
Is that all you have?

Another beat - then EVERYTHING in the room starts to move! The floor itself starts to shake as the floorboards splinter and break in two, unleashing a cloud of dust into the room, and the girl is thrown to her feet.

Her sword bounces away from her disappearing through a hole in the floor before she can reach out to grab it.

AFRICAN GIRL (cont'd)
(to herself)
No...

She jumps to her feet and races towards the door, narrowly missing a tall French dresser as it tips over, SMASHING into the ground inches away from her.

(CONTINUED)

As the dozens of light bulbs in the chandelier start to EXPLODE, raining shards of glass down into the room, the girl bursts through the open doorway with a shout, into:

The girl skids across the floor, gasping for breath as she scrambles back to her feet.

She looks back into the room she just made her hasty exit from - but everything is still once again. Nothing moves as a cloud of dust settles back down across the room.

The girl puts her hands on her hips and leans over, sucking in deep lungfuls of air, before noticing a fresh gash on her left forearm.

She closes her eyes and mutters a curse in her native language, before turning and heading off down the corridor.

Her back is turned so she can't see three more WHITE SHAPES form out of the air behind her, watching her depart, before we finally:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

10 EXT. AFRICA - AIRPORT - DAY. 10

We're looking down on a busy African airport as a small, plain jet comes in to land - the Council-hired official transport of the Slayer Academy girls.

11 INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL - ARRIVALS LOUNGE - DAY. 11

The terminal itself isn't especially high tech, but it's heavily air conditioned to offer some protection against the heat outside. Greg leads the girls down an access ramp from the plane and into the arrivals lounge.

He flips on a pair of stylish sunglasses and takes out his cell phone, fiddling with it as Sofia, Skye, Frankie and Alita stand around him, looking out across the airport through the large windows all around.

SKYE

Looks hot out there.

SOFIA

That's because it will be. Last chance to change into something more comfortable.

Skye is dressed in her usual punk rock chic - combat trousers and a long sleeve top, with a bright red t-shirt over it. Sofia, in contrast, is wearing shorts and a light t-shirt, her long hair tied up in a ponytail.

SKYE

And sacrifice my own personal sense of style? Never! Just because you go all Dances With Wolves the second we hit a different time zone doesn't mean the rest of us have to, you know.

Greg steps into frame, half talking into his phone.

GREG

Girls, let's head out front. There's a rep for the Council waiting for us, she's going to drive us to where we need to go.

FRANKIE

Lead the way.

Greg picks up his bag and heads for a nearby escalator, and as his back is turned Frankie takes the opportunity to sneakily open up a few more buttons on her blouse.

(CONTINUED)

SKYE
(eyes her)
You are absolutely without shame,
you know that?

Frankie fans herself nonchalantly with an in-flight magazine.

FRANKIE
Mais oui, but I try not to let it
slow me down.

Sofia rolls her eyes and chuckles as the girls get to the bottom of the escalator, heading towards the main entrance to the terminal.

12 EXT. OUTSIDE TERMINAL ENTRANCE - DAY.

12

Greg is already outside, hand raised to shield his eyes from the sun as he looks up and down the busy road beyond. Sofia, Frankie and Alita exit the terminal behind him, but as soon as Skye sets foot outside, she instantly dives back inside.

SKYE
Woah!

The other girls hear her cry and step back towards the sliding doors of the entrance.

SOFIA
What is it?

SKYE
I am not goin' out there!

ALITA
Why not? Is there something wrong?

SKYE
What's the matter with you people?
It's like fifty degrees out there!

SOFIA
We are in Africa, Skye, and I did warn you it;d be hot.

SKYE
Yeah, 'hot' is like Miami kind of hot. This is what I'd class as 'nuclear.'

SOFIA
Oh, for goodness' sake!

Sofia marches up to Skye, grabs her by the arm and drags the protesting Slayer out into the sunlight.

(CONTINUED)

SOFIA (cont'd)

Now stop complaining! It's just as hot for the rest of us, you know.

SKYE

(darkly)

I am part vampire, you know. Me and the sun don't exactly get on well.

FRANKIE

That excuse would only work if you were bursting into flames right now, and sadly...

(looks Skye up and down)

... I am to be disappointed yet again.

Skye throws Frankie a murky look as a white Jeep pulls to a stop across the street, and a black woman inside waves across the Greg. He waves back and turns to the girls.

GREG

Our ride's here!

He heads over to the Jeep as the driver steps out - she's an attractive, athletic woman with her dreadlocked hair tied back, dressed in a practical khaki outfit. Her name is ZHENGHA, and she and Greg shake hands warmly.

ZHENGHA

Gregory. I always hoped I would meet you in the flesh some day!

GREG

Well, here's my flesh. Good to see you at last, Zhenga. These are my girls, Sofia, Skye, Frankie and Alita. Girls, this is Zhenga Mbosi, she's the Watchers Council's guide out here, and the one who reported the disturbance we're looking for.

ZHENGHA

Hello, girls.

SOFIA

(brightly)

Hello.

SKYE

(already sweating)

Hey. Uh, can we get inside the Jeep, please? Not liking this sun much.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED: (2)

12

Zhenga opens the Jeep's side door and the girls clamber inside before she heads round to take the driver's seat.

13 INT. ZHENGAS JEEP - DAY.

13

The Jeep roars across a dirt road, leaving the city and airport in the background as the Jeep bounces across the uneven surface beneath it.

ZHENGAS

I was making a routine patrol of this province when my detection spells picked up an abnormally high energy reading. I investigated further and found some local legends telling of a haunted house just outside an old settlement.

ALITA

(gulps)

Haunted?

SOFIA

Will this be our first haunted house?

SKYE

And you say that like it's a good thing.

ZHENGAS

The mansion used to belong to a wealthy plantation owner back in the Thirties, but when he died most of the farmers living nearby moved on and the whole estate fell into disrepair. There were many stories of bizarre happenings right up to the day he died.

GREG

When did the ghost stories start?

ZHENGAS

Some time after that. People would tell of strange, unnatural sounds heard from within the grounds, and witness shapes moving around inside the mansion itself.

FRANKIE

'Ow are we supposed to kill ghosts?

SKYE

I was thinking we'd just use you to scare 'em off.

(CONTINUED)

GREG

Have you taken a look at the house itself?

ZHENG

There was a Watcher and Slayer stationed in my province, so they came along to take a look. They went into the house over two weeks ago, but I've heard nothing from them since then. I fear they may have become trapped inside.

SOFIA

Well, you've called in the right people. We've got a lot of experience in this kind of thing.

ALITA

Uh, we do?

SOFIA

Well... I do.

Alita doesn't look too convinced, and as the Jeep speeds on, we cut back to:

Ellen, with Initiative soldier DUNSTALL at her side, heads over to the scene of the last kidnapping, the area around McKenzie's car cordoned off by blue and white police tape. Tamblin and another Watcher are waiting for the duo.

TAMBLIN

Ah, you must be from the Academy.

ELLEN

Technically. Ellen Marklew, I'm with the Initiative. I've been sent out here to process the scene and see what I can find out.

TAMBLIN

Forgive me for asking, but why are the Initiative getting involved? We haven't requested your help.

Ellen is carrying a square metal case which she lays on the ground, opening the lid and taking out a small maglite torch. She clocks it on and begins shining it around the scene.

ELLEN

No, but when some of our people went missing too, I was asked to lead the investigation.

TAMBLYN

(suspicious)

Does Barbara Griffin know you're here?

ELLEN

She does. She ain't too happy about it, but she knows. Don't worry, Mr. Tamblyn, I am a hundred per cent on your side.

She takes a pair of latex gloves out from the case and slips them on, looking back up at Tamblyn and the Watcher.

ELLEN (cont'd)

I'm afraid I'm going to have to ask you gentlemen to step back. I need to process this crime scene for evidence now, see if I can find something that'll lead me to the kidnappers.

Tamblyn doesn't look too pleased but dutifully ducks back under the tape, and as Ellen starts to take more things out of the case to help her collect any evidence, we cut to:

Zhenga's Jeep heads up the gravel driveway leading towards the mansion's entrance, the ramshackle exterior of the house reflecting the state it's in within the walls. The building itself stretches off for some way in either direction, an obviously expensive piece of real estate in its day.

The Jeep stops, and Zhenga, Greg and the girls disembark, the girls starting to unpack their various weapons from their bags. Zhenga eyes them, surprised.

ZHENGHA

How do you get those things through customs?

GREG

Cloaking spells. It's a little illegal, I know, but somehow I don't think most airport customs officials would take 'the bigger picture' as an excuse for taking a bag full of medieval weaponry into their country.

ZHENGHA

(smirks)

Good point. This way.

She leads them towards the steps up to the front doors, the girls grouping together.

SOFIA

So what do we make of this place?

SKYE

I'm fighting back the urge to keep saying 'Frankly, my dear, I don't give a damn.'

FRANKIE

That movie was set in America!

SKYE

Hey, you see one big mansion, you've seen 'em all.

ALITA

I do not like this place. Something here already makes me feel uneasy.

SKYE

Yeah, that'll be Frankie's perfume.

SOFIA

Skye! Be serious for a moment.

SKYE

(teasing)

But if I'm serious for one moment, how can I be sure I'll know when to stop?

Sofia glares at her, and with a roll of her eyes Skye backs down. The girls join Greg and Zhenga at the front door.

GREG

So, this is the place?

ZHENG

(nods)

Nduna and his Slayer, Keeya, went through those doors sixteen days ago. That was the last I saw of them.

FRANKIE

Isn't that a little long to wait before calling for more 'elp?

ZHENG

I'm afraid I have other duties to attend to, so I left them to it. It took me some time to realise nobody had heard from them.

(CONTINUED)

GREG

Nobody's blaming you, Zhenga. Let's just get inside this place and find out what's going on.

They step up to the door, Greg brushing aside the layers of overgrown vegetation carpeting the front of the house. The door looks sealed shut, with what looks like a large, ornately designed padlock linking the doors together.

Greg studies the markings on it as Sofia steps beside him, her Scythe in her hands.

SOFIA

How do we get in?

Greg waits a beat, then tries PUSHING the doors. He strains, but to no avail, and Sofia stifles a laugh as he steps back, red-faced.

GREG

(beat)

You try something.

Sofia studies the lock, noticing the circular hole in its centre, then she looks down at her Scythe.

SOFIA

Well, you did say this building might be hiding a Hellmouth, so...

She raises the Scythe and carefully inserts it into the hole in the lock - and it's a perfect fit. Sofia hears a CLICK as the Scythe fits into place, then she rotates it to the left.

The doors RUMBLE as some old mechanism on the other side comes to life, then with a second loud CLICK the doors pop open, and Sofia retrieves the Scythe before pushing the doors the rest of the way open and stepping through.

Zhenga waits outside with Greg as the girls step into the hallway, the eerily silent mansion putting them all on edge. They draw their various weapons, fanning out in a circle.

SKYE

Huh. Looks like a set from the Addams Family. Only, you know, more African.

FRANKIE

Then you should feel right at 'ome, non?

SOFIA

Girls, please, we don't have time
to start-

AFRICAN GIRL (O.S.)

(African; subtitled)

Get out!

The girls snap to attention as the African girl comes racing down the staircase, frantically gesturing towards the doors.

ZHENGGA

Keeya?

The African girl is indeed KEEYA, the missing Slayer.

KEEYA

Quickly! While the doors are open!
Get out!

Sofia and Skye exchange glances, then turn back to the doors - which SLAM closed before anyone can react. The RUMBLING sound indicates that they're sealing up again. Keeya skids to a halt, her whole body slumping in defeat.

KEEYA (cont'd)

(distraught)

No...

The girls exchange panicked looks as we cut to:

EXT. OLD MANSION - FRONT DOORS - NEXT.

Greg pounds his fist against the doors, Zhenga joining in as they try to push them open.

GREG

Girls! Girls!!

He keeps trying, as we switch back to:

INT. OLD MANSION - HALLWAY - NEXT.

Alita lays a hand on Keeya's shoulder.

ALITA

Are you alright?

Keeya looks up, then closes her eyes and takes a moment to regain her composure. When she speaks again, it's in English, although heavily accented.

KEEYA

Are you... are you more Slayers?

Skye and Frankie are trying to lever the door open as Sofia heads over to Keeya.

SOFIA

We are, we're from the Academy in England.

KEEYA

The what?

SOFIA

Never mind. You must be Keeya?

Keeya nods, and Sofia takes a moment to examine the interior of the mansion.

SOFIA (cont'd)

Zhenga, our guide, told us you've been trapped in here with your Watcher for over two weeks.

KEEYA

Has it been that long? I... I have lost track of time.

ALITA

Where is your Watcher?

KEEYA

(beat)

He is dead. The spirits killed him.

SKYE (O.S.)

Crapsticks!

Skye KICKS the unmoving door and clomps back over to Sofia and Keeya, obviously frustrated.

SKYE (cont'd)

That door ain't moving, Sofes, so we need a plan 'B.'

(to Keeya)

Hey. I'd say we're here to rescue you, but the 'rescue' part of the plan just hit a bit of a snag.

KEEYA

There is no other way out of here. I have tried to find one many times.

SOFIA

That can't be right. I saw dozens of windows and doors leading into this floor alone as we drove up!

(CONTINUED)

KEEYA

(shakes head)

It does not matter. They are either blocked, boarded up or the spirits keep me from getting to them.

ALITA

What 'spirits' are you talking about?

As if to answer, a new chorus of the hellish WAILING starts up, the sound quickly rising to a deafening crescendo and then fading away again. The Academy girls are suitably unnerved by the sounds, but Keeya is too used to them by now.

KEEYA

Those spirits.

SKYE

Alright, we need to get a long way out of here, and fast. I ain't spending two more weeks stuck in here with the cast of 'Ghostbusters.'

SOFIA

Keeya, are you sure there aren't any more ways out you may not have tried yet? Somewhere hidden, perhaps, maybe a cellar or basement?

KEEYA

I have found nothing that I could use. Perhaps now there are more of us, we can try to...

She trails off as the walls around them start to SHAKE. Light fittings RATTLE and the floorboards start to CREAK as the whole hallway seems to start rocking from side to side.

KEEYA (cont'd)

(quietly)

It's back...

SKYE

What's back?

KEEYA

(urgently)

Run! Now!

Keeya takes off, sprinting away from the girls.

SOFIA

Keeya! Wait!

(CONTINUED)

Sofia races off in pursuit, and Alita follows her. Frankie looks to Skye.

FRANKIE

What now?

SKYE

I don't know! Let's try-

CRASH! The floorboards beneath their feet suddenly GIVE WAY, opening a hole that the girls FALL through with a shout, disappearing from view.

Once they're gone, the disturbance shaking the hallway calms down, and as everything returns to that eerie silence, we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

19 INT. CAMPUS - ELLEN'S OFFICE - DAY.

19

Ellen is sat behind her desk, the surface covered with photos and reports from the various kidnapping cases. She has her head resting on her hands, frowning as she studies the files before her.

Dunstall nudges the door open and steps inside, standing to attention by the door for a beat.

ELLEN
(without looking up)
Come in, Dunstall.

Dunstall heads over and pulls up a chair as Ellen sits back with a sigh, rubbing her eyes.

DUNSTALL
Anything?

ELLEN
Lots of things that don't make sense. One set of attacks match up, but then there's a second set that seem to operate to an entirely different MO.

DUNSTALL
So are you thinking there's two sets of kidnappers at work?

ELLEN
Maybe, but what's throwing me is that they're both targeting the same sorts of people. Slayers, Watchers, anyone with links to the Council or the Initiative.

DUNSTALL
And there's no other link between any of the kidnapes?

ELLEN
None. So we've either got two sets of bad guys with the same agenda working independently of each other, or one very smart group who know how to throw us off the scent.

Dunstall picks up the nearest file and starts to leaf through it, and as Ellen sits forward again, getting back to work, we cut back over to:

20 INT. OLD MANSION - CORRIDOR - DAY.

20

A terrified Keeya runs into frame, a loud BANGING sound following her down the corridor as chunks of plaster are knocked from the walls, as though something huge on the other side was pounding the walls.

ALITA

Keeya! Please wait!

Alita races after her, with Sofia hot on her heels. Sofia glances over her shoulder and stops when she sees Skye and Frankie are missing.

SOFIA

Alita, hang on!

Alita comes to a stop as Sofia shouts back down the corridor:

SOFIA (cont'd)

Skye! Frankie!

No reply. Sofia throws a worried look at Alita, who nods.

ALITA

Go. I will find Keeya and meet you
back in the main hallway.

Sofia nods and takes off, back towards the hallway, as Alita resumes her pursuit of Keeya.

21 INT. OLD MANSION - HALLWAY - DAY.

21

Sofia kids into frame and sees the hole in the floor, the floorboards either side ruptured upwards as though something exploded beneath them. She rushes up to the edge and looks down.

Lying stunned on the floor of the next level down are Skye and Frankie, covered with thick dust.

SOFIA

Skye! Frankie! Can you hear me?

Skye groans and stirs, pressing a hand to a cut on her head as she looks up at Sofia.

SKYE

We're cool. What the hell happened?

SOFIA

I don't think this house likes us
very much.

SKYE

Where's the newbie?

(CONTINUED)

SOFIA

She took off, Alita's gone after her. Can you see any way back up?

Skye shakes Frankie to bring her round, then starts looking round for a way out.

SKYE

There's two corridors leading off from here, we'll try both ways and see which one leads back up.

SOFIA

Alright, try to get back to the main hallway!

Skye nods, and as a dazed Frankie gets to her feet, Sofia heads over to the staircase, taking it down to the next floor.

Alita creeps cautiously into frame, this section of the mansion looking even more like a horror movie set, with jagged shadows cast across the walls and a faint breeze brushing past the curtains and drapes on the walls.

Alita hears the distant sound of CRYING and quickens her pace, her sharpened nunchucks at the ready.

She comes to a turn in the corridor and pauses, taking a deep breath and tightening her grip on her nunchucks.

She steps round the corner - and straight into one of the ghostly WHITE SHAPES, which turns and suddenly develops a hideous, demonic FACE, which SCREAMS at her!

Alita turns and runs, and the Shape blasts round the corner after her, quickly gaining on her.

Alita sees an open doorway up ahead and DIVES sideways into it at the last second. The screaming Shape tears away down the corridor, and Alita takes a moment to get her breath back as we cut to:

Sofia paces into frame, her eyes scanning for any sign of Skye and Frankie, when her Scythe starts to GLOW. She looks down at it, then holds it up in the air before her, swinging it slowly left and right.

It pulses a little quicker as she aims it at the right hand branch of the corridor before her, and she follows it forward.

She soon comes to a large pair of double doors, the light in this part of the house pretty dim save for the soft glow of the Scythe.

As she steps up to the doors, they slowly open with a CREAK, and Sofia takes a beat before stepping into the room beyond.

Back upstairs with Alita, she steps into one of the empty rooms of the house, scattered bits of rubbish littering the floor - and the huddled form of Keeya in one corner. Alita hurries over, crouching by the obviously traumatised Slayer.

ALITA

Come on, it's alright. Whatever was after us has gone for now. We need to get back to the others.

Keeya SNIFFS, nods and lets Alita help her back up, when Keeya suddenly straightens out, narrowing her eyes as if straining to hear something.

ALITA (cont'd)

What is wrong?

KEEYA

I can hear... can you not hear that?

ALITA

(shakes head)

No, sorry. Hear what?

Keeya heads for the door without answering, and as a confused Alita follows, we cut to:

Sofia walks forward into the wide, bare room that opened to her, the Scythe's glow pulsing more quickly now.

She hears a footstep CREAK on one of the floorboards behind her, and spins round - but it's just Skye and Frankie.

SKYE

Woah, easy there, Xena.

SOFIA

(relieved)

Oh, good, you're both alright.

SKYE

Yeah, we're cool. Whatcha found? We saw the glow from that thing from a mile away.

SOFIA

I think the Hellmouth must be close by, or at least that's what the Scythe's trying to tell me.

SKYE

Oh, okay. Well, maybe it's-

KEEYA (O.S.)

It is all around us.

The group look round as first Keeya, and then Alita step into the room. Keeya walks straight up to Sofia, and without hesitating SNATCHES the Scythe out of her hand.

SOFIA

Hey!

KEEYA

This whole place is the Hellmouth.

FRANKIE

Quoi? 'Ow can that be?

Keeya looks around - and then SLAMS the Scythe point first into the ground. The entire room starts to SHAKE once again, and the floorboards start to BURST up into the air.

SOFIA

(to others)

Quickly! Get over to the doorway!

The girls hurry for the cover of the doorway, but Keeya stays in place as the room's floor splinters out around her - and a large, complex SILVER SEAL is revealed, directly beneath Keeya's feet. It's a large star shaped object, covered in arcane symbols just like the lock on the front doors, with a circular hole in its centre.

SKYE

Woah!

SOFIA

Keeya?

Keeya stares down at the Hellmouth seal beneath her, then looks at the Scythe in her hands before glancing at Sofia.

KEEYA

This will close it. Correct?

SOFIA

Um, yes, yes it will.

Keeya nods, then turns her attention back to the seal - before driving the Scythe into the seal with a loud CRACK!

(CONTINUED)

The room begins SHAKING again, and this time the whole mansion starts to vibrate, brickwork and plaster falling from the walls and ceiling in huge chunks.

SOFIA (cont'd)
Keeya! I think you should hurry
this up!

Keeya strains as she starts to rotate the Scythe, and as the shaking intensifies, so does the destruction around her, ceiling support beams CRASHING down to the floor.

With a final YELL of effort, she completes the turn, and the shaking quickly dies away.

Clutching the doorway for support, Skye opens first one, then both eyes, checking to make sure she's in one piece. Sofia cautiously walks over to Keeya as she looks down on the seal.

SOFIA (cont'd)
How did you know what to do?

KEEYA
Not every spirit here is evil. Some have been trapped here like myself, only for many, many years. They told me what I must do, they also wanted to be free of this place. I just did not understand what they asked until you came here, and brought me this.

Keeya reaches down and dislodges the Scythe, handing it carefully back to Sofia.

KEEYA (cont'd)
My apologies for not explaining myself. But I had to move quickly.

SOFIA
That's quite alright.
(to others)
Anyone else want to bet we can get out of here now?

Skye raises an eyebrow as we cut to:

Greg is pacing up and down before the doors, wracking his brains to try and think of a way to get in, when the doors suddenly swing wide open with a loud CLICK. He looks to Zhenga, who shrugs, before they both rush inside.

Greg smiles with relief as he sees the girls heading back up the staircase towards him, and we dissolve to:

27

INT. CAMPUS - DORMS - DAY.

27

The dorm room door is pushed open by Sofia, who carries Keeya's two bags as Keeya takes a cautious step inside.

SOFIA

Here's where you'll be staying. I think there are two other girls in this dorm at the moment, so you won't be by yourself.

Keeya nods and heads for one of the beds, sitting down as Sofia dumps her bags next to her.

SOFIA (cont'd)

Right, sorry to dash off, but I'm late for my debrief. I'll be right back up here when we're done, so just sit tight for an hour or so, then I'll take you on a full tour and introduce you to everybody.

KEEYA

Thank you.

Sofia smiles brightly and steps out of the dorm, leaving Keeya to look around the long room, taking in the evidence of the other girls here.

The door suddenly flies open again, and Keeya looks round as Heidi struts in, immediately casting a disapproving eye over Keeya. Keeya's plain, simple clothing is a world away from the fashionable wardrobe Heidi is sporting.

HEIDI

Oh, hello. And who might you be?

KEEYA

I am Keeya Mandisa. I am new here, and-

HEIDI

Yes, I could tell you're new. You have that wide-eyed look of naivety about you that so many of the girls here wander around with. Who brought you here?

KEEYA

Sofia and her team, they-

HEIDI

(laughs)

Oh, no! Not Sofia? You do realise she's going to get you killed, don't you?

(CONTINUED)

KEEYA
(shocked)
What?

Heidi sits down on the bed next to Keeya.

HEIDI
They're the unluckiest team in the whole Academy. They've almost been killed, eaten, tortured, blown up and buried alive I don't know how many times, and now they've brought you into all of this as well?

KEEYA
I... is that what happens here?

HEIDI
Well, of course it is! Slayers die here all the time, and usually because they spend any time at all with Sofia and her little team of Grim Reapers!

KEEYA
(shifts nervously)
How do you know this?

HEIDI
Everyone I've spoken to has told me something new about her. I heard she spent six months in Cleveland fighting with the one and only Buffy Summers, but now half of Buffy's team are dead and Buffy's gone missing, then she comes here and it's just been one near miss after another! Seems to me like it's just a matter of time before she starts getting people killed, and it seems to be up to me to educate everyone about how dangerous she is to be around.

KEEYA
But... but she helped me, and...

HEIDI
Oh, I'm sure you'll have nothing to worry about. I mean, you did get yourself assigned to one of the other teams, didn't you?

KEEYA
I haven't... Sofia was going to show me around, and...

(CONTINUED)

Heidi makes a big show of sympathetically biting her lip.

HEIDI

Well, it was nice to meet you, so
it's almost a shame you probably
won't last very long round here! If
only you'd met someone else
first... never mind!

Heidi stands, lays a sympathetic hand on Keeya's shoulder and then leaves, and Keeya looks sixteen different flavours of panicked as her mind races. She looks towards her bags, then reaches down to grab one of them as we smash cut to:

The dorm room door swings open and Sofia steps in.

SOFIA

Sorry I'm so late, I got caught up
talking to...

There's no-one there. Sofia rushes over to Keeya's bed, but there's no sign of her or her bags. Sofia looks up as Heidi steps into the dorm.

SOFIA (cont'd)

Heidi, have you seen Keeya?

HEIDI

Who?

SOFIA

The new African girl, I left her in
here while I went to my debrief,
and now-

HEIDI

Oh, her. Yes, she was here. But she
left.

SOFIA

What?!? Why?

HEIDI

Maybe she heard what kinds of
things your team normally gets up
to and got so scared, she had to
get away?

SOFIA

(suspicious)

What did you tell her?

HEIDI

I was just honest with her. All I ever hear about you is how you and the people around you always end up one step away from death, and so I thought was my duty to warn her before she ended up as another one of your victims.

Sofia's jaw drops in utter disbelief, before she races past Heidi and out of the dorm. Heidi steps over to the doorway to shout down the corridor after her:

HEIDI (cont'd)

And next time you decide to leave some random girl in my dormitory, make sure you ask me first!

With a satisfied nod, Heidi struts back over to her bed and flops down on it with a grateful sigh, and we cut to:

29

INT. CAMPUS - BARBARA'S OFFICE - DAY.

29

Barbara is at her desk, with Greg and Sofia standing anxiously before it.

BARBARA

How could she have left? She only just arrived?

SOFIA

It was Heidi's fault, that little-

Greg COUGHS to stop Sofia saying something unladylike.

SOFIA (cont'd)

(beat)

Heidi filled her head with ideas that she was going to wind up dead if she hung around with me, and I think she scared Keeya so much that she just took off.

BARBARA

Why would Heidi do something like that?

GREG

Because, in a nutshell... she's a little bitch.

SOFIA

Oh, so you're allowed to say it?

(CONTINUED)

BARBARA

We need to get out there and find her right away. If those kidnappers are planning on targeting the Academy, then she's in grave danger of being their next victim. Take whoever you need and get out there.

Greg and Sofia nod, then dash out of the office as Barbara picks up her phone and dials a number in.

BARBARA (cont'd)

(into phone)

Reggie? It's Barbara. I'm afraid we may have a new problem.

We cut from Barbara's dark look to:

30

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD/OUTSIDE ACADEMY - EVENING.

30

Keeya sits miserably at the end of the long driveway that leads down to the Academy entrance. Despite her hour's head start she hasn't gotten very far, sitting and watching the sun goes down as she tries to work out her next move.

The country road that leads off from the campus drive branches off at two junctions either side of her, and standing at one of these junctions is an unmarked black van. Keeya doesn't pay it any attention, wiping a tear from her eye as she pulls her jacket tight around her.

31

INT. UNMARKED VAN - EVENING.

31

Sitting inside the van, hidden from view by the tinted windows, are two figures who are watching Keeya with keen interest.

We can only see the backs of their heads at first, but as one turns to the other, we see that they're DEMONS - long, blubbery jowls and bald heads.

DEMON #1

Reckon that's one of them?

DEMON #2

Search me. All I know is, that private school up there's meant to be full of them. Pretending to be an actual school.

DEMON #1

Huh. That's actually quite clever.

(CONTINUED)

DEMON #2
Yeah, I thought so.
(beat)
So shall we go pick her up?

DEMON #1
And if she's not a Slayer?

DEMON #2
(shrugs)
I don't know about you, but I know
I'm quite peckish.

DEMON #1
(grins)
You're on.

They start the van's engines on, turning on the headlights to illuminate Keeya.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD/OUTSIDE ACADEMY - EVENING.

Keeya raises an arm against the glare of the van's headlights, standing as it starts to roll towards her. Unnerved, she turns and starts to walk away from it, but it creeps after her.

After a glance over her shoulder, Keeya breaks into a run, but the van ACCELERATES, catching up to her in moments.

The side doors of the van slide open as it pulls up alongside her, and Keeya is GRABBED by three more of the bald-headed demons. She drops her bags in the struggle.

She fights back as best she can, but they quickly overpower her and drag her inside, SLAMMING the van door shut behind them.

The van accelerates again and quickly drives off down the road, as we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

33 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD/OUTSIDE CAMPUS - NIGHT.

33

Night has fallen as Ellen, Greg and Barbara stand by the scene of Keeya's kidnap. Tire marks on the road and Keeya's discarded bags mark the spot where she was taken.

The Academy minivan is parked by the side of the road, its headlights on to illuminate the scene.

Ellen has her silver case open again and is taking photographs of the tire tracks with a large digital camera.

GREG

What good will that do us?

ELLEN

I can run these tracks through our databases and see if we get a match. The distance and weight distribution of the tracks will also tell us the size of the vehicle, so we can get an idea of what we're looking for.

GREG

(beat)

Oh.

Sofia rushes into frame, Skye, Alita and Frankie close behind her.

BARBARA

Girls?

SOFIA

One person saw Keeya head out through the main entrance not long after I left her, so she most likely got this far and then waited.

ELLEN

That gives us a window for when she was taken, I should be able to get a radius for how far the kidnappers could have gotten since then.

SKYE

What are you, Gil fricken Grissom or something?

BARBARA

Ellen's doing what she can to help.

(CONTINUED)

GREG

I thought she wasn't supposed to let us 'interfere' with her investigation?

ELLEN

I'm not. This is a favour.

Greg is surprised by this, as Ellen finishes taking her photos and heads back over to Barbara.

ELLEN (cont'd)

I'll get right on this, in the meantime you girls should head out and go looking. Soon as I can give you some more info on likely places to look, I'll call you.

Greg nods and heads for the van, opening the side door so the girls can get inside. As he starts the engine and drives past the scene, accelerating off down the road, Ellen starts to pack her case away as Barbara walks over.

BARBARA

Thank you.

ELLEN

What for?

BARBARA

For doing all of this for us. I know your superiors won't be happy, but-

ELLEN

Who says they have to know?

Ellen grins, and Barbara returns the gesture.

BARBARA

I don't suppose they do, do they?

Ellen and Barbara head back towards the Academy, as we cut over to:

We're inside an old warehouse, still full of cargo containers and steel racks filled with packages of stock.

We pan towards the first floor, and find ourselves looking at a row of gagged and bound PRISONERS - some young girls, who must be the missing Slayers as Keeya is one of them, some older men and women who must be the Council staff, and two men in military uniform who can only be the missing Initiative personnel.

One of the bald-headed demons steps into frame, toting a large machine gun as he snickers at the captives.

DEMON #3

Hope you're all enjoying your stay.
You won't have to stay here much
longer, our associates are on their
way to collect you.

Keeya's terrified eyes flick left and right, looking for a way out, but they're trapped - the only staircase down from their floor is covered by two armed guards.

The demon walks back towards two more of his comrades, as Keeya looks down towards the main floor of the warehouse as the front bay doors open, and a large black truck rolls inside.

More demons get out of it, and they roll back the canopy covering the truck's trailer to reveal the prisoners' next home - a series of manacles line the inside of the trailer.

Keeya sits back down, closing her eyes and offering up a silent prayer, and as she looks round at the rest of her fellow captives, we cut to:

Greg is speeding along a city street, weaving in and out of traffic as Sofia and the others hang on for dear life.

SOFIA

Slow down, Greg! We can't rescue
anybody if we're all in intensive
care!

GREG

Don't worry, I'm an excellent
driver!

Greg SLAMS the brakes on to avoid a stray car, swerving around it to a chorus of angry HONKS from car horns.

FRANKIE

And I would like to believe you,
but...

ALITA

I do not want to die like this.

SKYE

Will you pair shut up? Nobody's
dying!

The team are thrown around as Greg makes a sharp, high speed turn, and Skye suddenly looks less confident.

SKYE (cont'd)

Well, maybe some of us are...

Greg's mobile phone RINGS, and he passes it back to Sofia as she climbs forward into the passenger seat.

SOFIA

Hello?

ELLEN

(filtered; through phone)

Sofia? I've got a location.

SOFIA

How?

ELLEN

We accessed the sat nav images from earlier tonight and caught the whole thing on tape. We've got a vehicle and a direction, we're just tracking it to wherever it stopped.

SOFIA

That's fantastic... but how on earth did you get access to satellite photos?

There's a beat, and Sofia glances at Greg.

SOFIA (cont'd)

You've got one keeping an eye on the Academy, haven't you...

ELLEN

It's just a precaution, Sofia. Hey, if it wasn't up there, our work'd be a whole lot harder tonight, wouldn't it?

SOFIA

(darkly)

Just tell us where to go.

Sofia listens, tapping Greg on the shoulder and pointing towards a turning he should take, as we cut to:

We pan down from an external shot of the warehouse to see Greg and the girls, observing from behind the cover of a nearby hill.

They can see into the warehouse through the open bay doors as the demons start to lead the prisoners into the truck, chaining each one up in turn.

(CONTINUED)

SOFIA

This is bad. This is very bad.
There has to be almost twenty of
them!

SKYE

Is it too late to call for
reinforcements?

GREG

Ellen's working on it. She's trying
not to let the Initiative know that
we're already here.

SKYE

Did we bring any of those neat
guns?

SOFIA

Why is it always about the bloody
guns with you?

SKYE

Have you seen what those demons are
packing? We're gonna need a little
more than sharp sticks and harsh
language to pull this one off,
Sofes.

ALITA

I will sneak around the side of the
building, gain access through the
roof and start on the top floor.

GREG

Good idea. Frankie, you go with
her. Sofia, Skye, that side
entrance isn't too guarded, take
out the demons there as quietly as
you can and get inside.

SOFIA

What about you?

GREG

Once you four get inside, start
causing a diversion. Keep the
guards busy while I get to the
truck and free the hostages.

SKYE

'Keep them busy'? Greg, they've got
guns, we've got swords. What are we
supposed to do to distract them?
Karaoke?

(CONTINUED)

Greg is already sneaking away, ready to head down towards the warehouse to get into position.

GREG

Just think of something, we don't
have much time!

(beat)

And for God's sake, don't get shot!

SKYE

(grumbles)

What a cruddy plan this is...

SOFIA

No point arguing. Come on, girls.

The team split up and head down the hill towards the warehouse, and we cut from them to:

EXT. OLD WAREHOUSE - ROOF - NIGHT.

One of the demon guards is patrolling the roof, pausing to light a cigarette.

He doesn't see Alita silently flip up onto the roof behind him - but he does hear Frankie as she lands with a THUD on the roof a few moments later.

The guard spins round and sees Alita, fumbling to get his gun ready as she charges towards him.

A quick flurry of punches and kicks knock the guard down, and Alita finishes him off with a CHOP to his neck. Frankie heads over, brushing some dirt from her outfit.

FRANKIE

Merde! Did you 'ave to kill 'im?

Alita gives Frankie about as good a glare as she can manage, then points towards a nearby skylight. As the duo pad over to it, we cut to:

EXT. OLD ENTRANCE - SIDE ENTRANCE - NIGHT.

The next demon guard is leaning casually against the wall, having drawn the short straw for guard duty by the looks of things.

He looks up as Skye walks past, her features VAMPED OUT. She nods casually to him.

SKYE

'S up?

The guard suspiciously watches her walk by, and as he turns to follow her, he comes face to face with Sofia.

38 CONTINUED:

38

THWACK! One good punch stuns the guard, two more knock him out. Sofia waves Skye back over as she tries the side door. It's open, and the duo slip inside.

39 INT. OLD WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS.

39

Sofia and Skye keep to behind the cover of the racks as they head around the perimeter of the warehouse floor.

SOFIA

How many guards do you count?

SKYE

Six high, eight low, four more by the truck.

SOFIA

Any ideas?

Skye turns and smirks at Sofia, and we cut to:

40 INT. OLD WAREHOUSE - TOP FLOOR - NEXT.

40

Alita and Frankie climb down a ladder to get to the higher part of the warehouse, where the last few hostages are waiting to be led down to the truck.

Frankie sneaks up behind one of the guards, a fierce KICK to the back of his leg knocking him down. She grabs him by the shoulders and CRACKS his head off a nearby railing to shut him up.

Alita hurries past her and makes for the captives, taking a small knife from her outfit and using it to slice their bonds. There are two young girls and McKenzie, the Watcher from the Teaser.

MCKENZIE

Thank goodness you're here! Are you from the Academy?

ALITA

(nods)

We have transport waiting outside. How many more prisoners are there?

SLAYER #1

About eight.

Alita looks to Frankie, who glances down towards the shop floor below. She spots Skye and signals to her.

41 INT. OLD WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS.

41

Skye returns Frankie's signal and then ducks down behind cover again, looking up at the tall rack of stock before her.

(CONTINUED)

SOFIA

I don't like that look you've got
in your eyes.

SKYE

Trust me.

SOFIA

And now I definitely don't like
that look.

Skye braces her shoulder against the rack and starts to PUSH. She grits her teeth and doubles her efforts, and as Sofia finally joins in, the rack starts to tilt forward, starting to overbalance.

With an almighty CRASH, the tall rack falls forward, catching two more and starting off a chain reaction that quickly descends the warehouse into chaos as stocks flies everywhere, and the startled guards OPEN FIRE.

Sofia and Skye run for cover as bullets PING off the scenery around them.

SOFIA (cont'd)

I told you that was a bad idea!

SKYE

What? It distracted them, didn't
it? Would you rather have gone with
the karaoke idea?

Sofia peeks round and sees Greg has entered through the open bay doors, using the diversion to approach the truck.

He looks up and sees Frankie standing above him on the next floor up, holding out a key chain liberated from the unconscious demon guard next to her.

She drops them down to him and he catches them, scampering up and into the truck out of sight.

The prisoners, including Keeya, breathe a sigh of relief as Greg starts to free them one at a time.

WATCHER

Gregory?

GREG

Hello, Philip.

WATCHER

What on earth are you doing here?

SLAYER #2

He's saving us, isn't he!

(CONTINUED)

Greg grins at her, then turns his attention to Keeya, unlocking her manacles. She rubs her sore wrists as he lays a hand on her shoulder.

GREG

Hello, we didn't get properly introduced. I'm Greg, I'm one of the Academy's Watchers. We're going to get you out of here now.

Greg turns and heads for the back of the truck, peeking out to check the coast is clear.

Over on the other side of the floor, Sofia sees Greg is ready to move and realises they need a second diversion.

Three demons are standing nearby, their rifles raised as they scan the warehouse for the intruders, and as their backs are turned she LEAPS out with a SHOUT, the Scythe flashing left and right as she knocks their weapons out of their hands.

Skye charges in, tackling one to the ground and spin-kicking the second, but by this time the rest of the guards have spotted them.

DEMON #3

There they are!

SKYE

Oh, sh-

Sofia YANKS Skye out of the way as a hail of BULLETS flies their way.

Sofia and Skye race for the cover of the truck, the demon guards peppering the warehouse walls around them with gunfire.

The girls skid to a stop behind the van as Greg jumps out to join them. Bullets slam into the truck's frame as the rest of the prisoners also dive out of the van, taking shelter behind its bodywork.

SKYE (cont'd)

(shouting over noise)

Now what?

GREG

Er...

He looks up and frantically signals to Frankie and Alita to do something.

(CONTINUED)

Alita nods and races towards the stairs, while Frankie takes a step back and then VAULTS over the railing at the edge of the floor, sailing down to land gracefully next to the others.

SOFIA
(incredulous)
What re you doing?

FRANKIE
Greg said 'come down 'ere!'

GREG
No, I said 'draw away that
gunfire!'

FRANKIE
(sheepish)
Ah.

A fresh wave of bullets strikes the truck, and Frankie scuttles in to take cover alongside the others.

FRANKIE (cont'd)
Do we 'ave a new plan yet?

SKYE
Yeah, we're gonna use you as a
human shield and get the hell out
of here.

Frankie shoots Skye a dark look, before everyone ducks as the truck's windows are BLOWN OUT, showering everyone with broken glass.

SOFIA
We can't stay here! They'll circle
round and cut us off!

SKYE
One of us needs to make a run for
it, try to draw their fire.

FRANKIE
Are you volunteering?

SKYE
Bite me!

FRANKIE
You first! You're the vampire round
'ere!

GREG
(yells)
Girls!

They all turn to look at him - and the gunfire stops.

DEMON #3 (O.S.)

Alright, you've got five seconds to come out, or we start shooting again and this time we aim for the fuel tank.

GREG

What about all these hostages?

DEMON #3 (O.S.)

They're expendable. We can always get some more. Our associates plan a long way in advance, losing you bunch of humans won't slow us up too much.

Greg sits back down, desperately trying to think of a way out. He turns to the girls, who look expectantly back at him.

GREG

Girls, I... I'm not sure we're going to make it out of this.

SOFIA

Greg, don't say that, you-

GREG

(serious)

No, listen to me! Whatever happens next, just in case something happens to me, I want you to know that... I... I've got something I need to tell you. It's about-

FRANKIE

Oh, Greg, just shut up!

Frankie leans forward and KISSES him, and the other girls double take in shock.

Frankie breaks the kiss and stares deep into Greg's eyes, a seductive smile playing across her lips.

FRANKIE (cont'd)

There. Now you 'ave a reason to survive.

GREG

(stuttering)

Uh- I- I'm...

(beat)

I'm gay.

Silence. Everyone exchanges confused looks.

(CONTINUED)

SKYE

D'you know that?

SOFIA

Well, I had a suspicion, but...

DEMON #3 (O.S.)

Alright, time's up! You come out in
three seconds or we open fire! One!

GREG

(back to business)

Skye, break left, draw their fire,
Sofia, Frankie, get the hostages
out, I'll go left and-

Another barrage of GUNFIRE rings out across the floor, and
the group ducks for cover.

It takes them a beat to realise that the truck isn't the
target, and after a few seconds the gunfire stops.

ELLEN (O.S.)

Greg? Girls? You back there?

Greg exchanges a puzzled look with Sofia, then peers round
the edge of the truck to see:

Ellen, holding a smoking automatic rifle, with about twelve
black-outfitted Initiative troops behind her, also all armed.
The demons all lie dead on the ground before them, caught by
surprise.

Alita walks into frame, staring down at the bodies and then
to Ellen, then back over to Greg.

ALITA

Uh... I was about to try attacking
them, Gregory-san, but...

GREG

It's alright, Alita.

Greg turns back to the girls. Frankie still has a
shellshocked expression as Greg tries to act like everything
is completely normal.

GREG (cont'd)

(smiles)

Right! Let's get these people home
then.

He stands and starts helping the prisoners to their feet.
Frankie stays where she is, still shocked, as we dissolve to:

42 INT. CAMPUS - DORMS - NIGHT. 42

Sofia raps her knuckles on the door as she looks in on Keeya, now sitting up in her own bed and looking a lot more relaxed.

She and Sofia exchange smiles before Sofia exits and closes the door, and Keeya settles back, ready to get some much needed rest.

43 INT. CAMPUS - ELLEN'S OFFICE - NIGHT. 43

Ellen is tidying up the files of the kidnappings as Barbara steps into her office. Ellen looks up and smiles at her.

BARBARA

Thank you again for what you did
for us tonight.

ELLEN

No problem. Just don't make me have
to make a habit out of it, alright?
The boss bought my cover story for
why Greg and the girls were there
this time, but I don't want to push
it.

BARBARA

Understood. Any more news on the
rest of the cases?

ELLEN

Nope. Still got a handful of
missing Slayers I can't account
for, so I'm going to keep looking
into it. No Council or Initiative
staff were involved in this one, so
it's all off the books.

BARBARA

(nods)
I appreciate it.

She leaves the office and we cut to:

44 EXT. CAMPUS - MAIN ENTRANCE - ROOFTOP - NIGHT. 44

Skye is sitting in one of her usual haunts up on the roof, iPod plugged in and a suspiciously fat rolled up cigarette in her mouth.

The door leading onto the roof opens behind her, and she quickly hides the cigarette and turns round.

Greg steps out onto the roof, making his way over to her. She grins mischievously back at him as he takes a seat next to her. They sit in silence for a beat.

(CONTINUED)

SKYE

So when were you gonna tell us?

GREG

(shrugs)

I don't know. When it was the right time.

(beat)

I'll understand if you feel-

SKYE

Woah, camel. Stop right there before you hit the 'I'll understand if you don't trust me anymore' speech, alright? We've all got stuff we keep to ourselves round here. Doesn't mean we think any less of you. You'll still have our backs out in the field, right?

GREG

(grins)

I like to think so.

Skye nods, retrieves her cigarette and takes a drag from it, then passes it to Greg. He glances at her, then takes it.

SKYE

(exhales)

Helps me relax.

Greg takes a drag then passes it back to Skye. He COUGHS, and she chuckles as he gets up, rubbing the back of his head.

GREG

So... we're all still okay?

SKYE

Me and the others. Frankie's kinda shocked, still, but she'll get over it. I think it's more her pride that's been knocked.

GREG

Not much I can do about that.

SKYE

Don't worry about it. G'night.

He nods, turns and walks back towards the doorway, and as he steps through it, we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF SHOW