

SLAYER ACADEMY

"If You're Lonely"

by

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TEASER

FADE IN:

1 INT. AIRPLANE - PASSENGER SECTION - DAY. 1

A commercial passenger liner, packed with tourists returning from their travels, sour-faced businessmen and three young girls - SOFIA, SKYE and FRANKIE. Frankie is leafing through the in-flight magazine, rolling her eyes at what passes for 'fashion' these days, while Skye is trying to find some decent tunes to listen to on her iPod.

Sofia seems distracted, staring off towards the small porthole window, through which we can see part of a terminal of Tokyo's main airport.

Someone steps into frame next to her, and she smiles as she looks up and sees who it is - it's GREG.

GREG
Is this seat taken?

SOFIA
(rolls eyes)
Very funny, Greg. Just sit down already!

Greg plops into place next to Sofia and fastens his seat belt. He looks up at her, registering her distant gaze.

GREG
She'll be alright.

SOFIA
Hmm?

GREG
Alita. She'll be okay. That's who you're worrying about, isn't it?

SOFIA
I'm not-

SKYE
Oh, come off it, Sofes. You've had a dark cloud the size of a Florida hurricane season hanging over you ever since we left Alita's place.

GREG
It's her choice to stay for a few more days to spend some quality time with her father, and Barbara's given it the green light.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRANKIE

She probably 'opes it will bring
her out of her shell or something.
Fat chance, I say.

SKYE

Yeah, well, guess what? Nobody
asked you. Go back to looking at
what all the thin girls are
wearing!

GREG

Girls! Not in public, please. In
fact, not at all.

SKYE

(grumbles)
She started it.

FRANKIE

(sighs)
As you keep saying...

Skye opens her mouth to retort, but Sofia lays a hand on her
arm and shakes her head. With a scowl, Skye backs down and
plugs in her iPod earphones.

SKYE

Fine. Whatever. Wake me up when we
get back home, alright?

She lowers her shades and settles back in her seat, settling
down for the flight. Greg and Sofia continue to chat as we

DISSOLVE TO:

2

INT. AIRPLANE - PASSENGER SECTION - NIGHT.

2

It's much later in the flight now, and everyone except Sofia
is fast asleep. Greg SNORES softly, despite Sofia nudging him
occasionally to keep him from doing so. A soft CHIME signals
an announcement from the typically smooth-voiced CAPTAIN:

CAPTAIN

(filtered; through PA)
Ladies and gentlemen, this is your
captain speaking. I'm afraid that
due to bad weather at our
destination, we've been diverted to
the nearest available airfield,
which in this case will be
Manchester. Transport arrangements
are currently being made down on
the ground, ready for our arrival
in the next forty-five minutes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

There are a few GROANS from the few passengers still awake, and Sofia decides to nudge Greg to wake him up.

GREG

Hmf?

SOFIA

Slight problem.

Greg sits up, blinking sleepily, his hair sticking up.

GREG

Problem? Where?

(beat)

Where are my glasses?

Sofia reaches out and lowers his glasses from his forehead to his nose, and Greg blinks again as everything comes into focus.

GREG (CONT'D) (cont'd)

What's happened?

SOFIA

We're being diverted. We're going to Manchester airport instead.

GREG

We are?

SOFIA

They said transport arrangements are being made, but I would have thought Barbara would rather we get picked up by someone from the Academy. After all that business with the kidnappers, I mean.

GREG

Yes, yes, of course.

Sofia grins as Greg YAWNS.

SOFIA

You're still asleep, aren't you?

GREG

What? No, I'm perfectly awake...

(yawns)

In fact...

His head nods, and in moments Greg is fast asleep again. Sofia shakes her head with a chuckle and looks round to Skye.

Sofia deftly plucks the iPod earphones from Skye and takes the player herself, scrolling through the songs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SOFIA

(tuts)

Would it kill you to have something
that doesn't use a distortion
pedal, Skye?

She finally finds something she likes, and settles back to
wait for the plane to come in to land.

3

EXT. SKIES ABOVE MANCHESTER - NIGHT.

3

The plane banks gracefully through the air as it begins its
final approach to the distant lights of Manchester down
below, and as it swoops through a bank of clouds, we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF TEASER

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

4 EXT. MANCHESTER - NIGHT. 4

A shot of the city centre, its patchwork of building and streetlights glittering before us to establish, over:

SOFIA (V.O.)
Where do you two think you're
going?

We quickly cut into:

5 INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT. 5

SOFIA stands with her hands on her hips, across from SKYE and FRANKIE who are near the door. Skye and Frankie are dressed, while Sofia wears a fetching set of wears 'Hello Kitty' pyjamas.

SOFIA
He told us to stay in the hotel.

SKYE
Which obviously means that he wants
us to sneak out, have a few drinks,
get rat arsed and find him tapping
his feet at the door when we get
back.

FRANKIE
Mais oui. What *la dame* said.

SKYE
Is there a rule that says that if
Greg gets to go out and have a
little fun then we can't? C'mon,
Sandra Dee, get ready and come get
your groove on.

SOFIA
You know, when I was with Buffy-

SKYE
(mocking)
'When I was with Buffy,' blah blah
blah fracking blah! Look, are you
coming or not? The duchess here got
her new dress out and stuffed her
cleavage with a few tissues.

FRANKIE
(protests)
But I did not!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SKYE

But you did. Now, Sofia, you with us, or not?

Sofia scrunches her face up in thought, debating whether to join Frankie and Skye or not.

6

INT. BAR NONE - NIGHT.

6

The bar has a mixed populace - eighty percent are attractive, well groomed men, ten percent are older men and the very last ten percent are divided between butch women and girly women.

Yes. This is a GAY BAR.

The bar is busy and, as we pan through the crowd, "Don't Phunk With My Heart" by Black Eyed Peas plays in the background. Eventually we find GREG, standing off to the side of the bar. He is smartly dressed - almost, but not quite sexy. And he is standing on his own, looking around the room at the other people here.

There are various types of men here - muscular, slim, chubby, tall, short, shaved or overtly hairy. But none of them look his way, until the chorus of the song arrives and he locks eyes with a dark haired man working behind the bar - this is AIDEN GORMAN. They exchange smiles and, in unison, blush, look away and then look back and exchange smiles again.

7

EXT. GAY VILLAGE - NIGHT.

7

Or, to be precise, just outside it, as various music filtering into the scene. Frankie and Skye are in the lead, quietly confident. Sofia is trailing them, still putting up some resistance.

SOFIA

Are you guys sure we should be doing this ?

SKYE

Where in the slayer handbook does it say we can't?

FRANKIE

(frowns)

There's a 'slayer 'andbook'?

SKYE

It was a joke. To us, it's *tres* funny. But, you're French, so, what do you know?

Sofia chuckles, and Frankie goes into a huff.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SOFIA
Nice one, Fangs.
(beat)
I guess you're right though,
everyone's snuck out at least once.
I'm sure Greg did when he was
younger, and it's not like I'm
going to be drinking!

SKYE
(shocked)
You're not having a drink?

FRANKIE
Not even *un petite bois*?

SOFIA
No. I'm not drinking. I'll come
out, but I'm not drinking. And why
are we following Greg again?

SKYE
Because I'm a nosy bitch.

FRANKIE
Oui. She is.

SOFIA
And we're following him into the
gay nightclubs, right?

SKYE
Yes.

SOFIA
But we're not gay.

SKYE
(smirks; flirtatious)
Speak for yourself, darling.

Skye quickly grabs and pulls Frankie to her and plants a
smacker on her lips before Frankie has chance to react.

Sofia's jaw drops - she's not sure whether Skye is playing a
practical joke or not.

Frankie pulls away after a second, spluttering with shock.
Skye just has a smirk painted across her face.

SKYE (CONT'D) (cont'd)
And that's how we're gonna get into
the clubs if we're asked.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Sofia chases after Skye as she continued down the street and we remain on Frankie for a second - she fans herself a bit as if she's all hot and bothered about something.

8

INT. DEMONIC SANCTUM - NIGHT.

8

A vaulted corridor. Water drips from the ceiling to the floor to create a feeling of vast emptiness. It's dark too, so we can barely make anything out in the gloom but suddenly a torch springs to life - followed by another, and another, and another, inflamed by some unseen demonic source.

But now we can make out the path we're following, and we're rapidly approaching a door with a barred window set in it. And, on the other side of the door, we hear laboured breath.

We push through the barred window and into the inner sanctum and close up on an unmoving eye - which, eventually blinks. We SMASH CUT from that into:

9

INT. BAR NONE - NIGHT.

9

Greg has found a table at last. The bar is just as crowded but he's still sitting on his own. He glances over at the bar itself, catches a glimpse of Aiden serving another customer - we can tell he's trying to get up the courage to go and talk to him, but this is Greg. He can't talk to the men that he fancies.

SKYE (O.S.)

So, this is what you do when you sneak out, huh?

Greg looks up and sees Skye standing across from him. She has her hands on her hips, smirking. Greg looks shocked, as if he's about to yell at her, but then with a weary look gestures to the chair opposite.

GREG

Take a seat.

(beat)

I'm pretty certain I told you all to stay in your room until I got back. You're not old enough to be in here - you can't even drink!

Skye slips an ID CARD out of her pocket and slides it across the table to Greg. He lifts it and studies it.

GREG (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Pleased to meet you, Miss... Chong.

SKYE

Thank heavens for ID cards, Sir.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GREG

Indeed. And I suppose you dragged Frankie out on this little gallivant too? Hopefully, Sofia had more sense than-

Sofia steps into frame and places a pint of coke onto the table, cutting Greg off mid-sentence. Frankie has a glass of something with vodka in it in her hand, and puts a bottle of Budweiser down in front of Skye.

GREG (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Or not - as the case would seem. Don't any of you do as you're told, girls?

SOFIA

Technically, we're supposed to be patrolling the night for the meanies and nasties, so, theoretically, we're goofing off work and would have been by staying in the hotel.

GREG

(defeated)

Right. You do realise that Barbara is going to have my neck for this if she finds out about it.

SKYE

If she finds out about it. Emphasis on 'if'.

SOFIA

(smirks)

Finds out about what?

SKYE

That's my girl. You've been learning fast my young padawan.

GREG

(off Sofia)

She's not drunk, is she?

SKYE

Nope, Sandy here's not touched a drop.

GREG

Well. That's something - and neither will you, Miss Underwood.

Greg takes her glass, and impressively downs it in one before he lets forth a BELCH.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Sofia is taken aback, but Skye bursts into laughter.

GREG (CONT'D) (cont'd)
My god, I'm going to pay for that
later. And -
(beat)
Where's Frankie ?

Skye and Sofia exchange a look, then shrug. Greg looks round and spies Frankie rubbing herself up against several men on the dance floor. She's trying her best to be a seductive little minx - but they're just not interested in her in that way. Not that that's stopping her, of course.

GREG (CONT'D) (cont'd)
(stands)
I'm going to go and rescue
Mademoiselle DuCont. You two, stay
here, don't go anywhere, and for
God's sake don't get into any
trouble.

Greg forges his way through the crowd. We follow him through to Frankie who smiles.

FRANKIE
Greg!

GREG
(nods)
Francoise.

FRANKIE
(raises eyebrow)
I am in trouble, *non*? You only call
me 'Francoise' when I am in
trouble.

Greg and Frankie are in the middle of the dance floor. Greg is getting admiring glances, but he's totally oblivious.

GREG
Yes. One - you've snuck out when I
told you not to. And two, you've
wandered off in here. I'd have
expected this of Skye, but I'd have
thought better of you and Sofia.

FRANKIE
Then I guess I shouldn't bother
introducing you to my friend.

GREG
(blinks)
What?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Frankie takes Greg by the hand and drags him through the crowd until they're at the bar. She sticks her fingers in her mouth and WHISTLES - and a moment later, Aiden walks up. He takes her hand and kisses it, bowing with gentlemanly honour.

AIDEN
 Bonjour, Mademoiselle.
 (sees Greg)
Qui est votre ami?

FRANKIE
Mon ami s'appelle Greg.

AIDEN
*Greg? Mais cela semble si mat - et
 il est si... sexy. Je l'avais
 observe toute la nuit.*

FRANKIE
 (surprised)
Serieusement?

AIDEN
Mais oui.

Greg interjects as Frankie GIGGLES.

GREG
 Er, hi. I'm Greg. Well, not really
 Greg. Gregory - if I'm honest.
 Gregory Pierce. History teacher -
 well, I should shut up now before I
 make you think I'm a raving
 lunatic. But then, I've probably
 already done that - and still I'm
 talking. Wow, I really don't-

FRANKIE
 Greg?

GREG
 (dazed)
 Yes?

FRANKIE
 Shut up. Greg, this is Aiden,
 Aiden, this is Greg. Aiden, Greg
 thinks you're cute. Greg, Aiden
 thinks you're-

AIDEN
 (interrupts)
 Ah, maybe best not to repeat what
 we were talking about a moment ago
 just yet, thanks.
 (beat; to Greg)
 (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

AIDEN(cont'd)

I've got a break if you fancy
having a chat?

Greg exchanges a look with Frankie.

GREG

Well, I really shouldn't -

FRANKIE

(interrupting)

He'd love to.

(beat)

I will be with the others, Greg.
You go and have fun with Aiden. And
remember, when it comes to the
inane rambling, less is more.

Frankie disappears through the crowd, back toward Sofia and
Skye. Greg looks back at Aiden and blushes.

AIDEN

By the way, just so you know -
about the inane rambling? I
personally find it quite charming.

Greg cracks into a grin, and so does Aiden. Back at the
table, Skye and Sofia are in the middle of an animated
discussion.

SOFIA

So... before, when you kissed
Frankie... was it real?

SKYE

'Real'?

SOFIA

Er, yes, you know, are you... I
mean... what I'm trying to say
is... are you a lesbian?

SKYE

(chuckles)

Maybe. And maybe I'm just messing
with you all 'cause it makes me
laugh.

Before Sofia has a chance to speak, Frankie walks up to the
table and sits down having acquired herself a drink en route.
She opens her purse, removes a compact and begins to powder
her nose.

FRANKIE

So, that's Greg taken care of. Now,
let us 'ave some real fun.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

SOFIA

(not convinced)

Look, I don't think we should go anywhere else. Greg is quite annoyed we're here in the first place, and he's playing nice just letting us stay, so I think we should-

FRANKIE

(interrupts)

Bien. So, where is the real fun?

Sofia stares Frankie down.

SOFIA

(firm)

We're staying here.

Frankie rolls her eyes and sighs, as we cut to:

10

EXT. CANAL STREET - NIGHT.

10

Aiden and Greg are walking along the street which is filled with men, women, transvestites and even some drag queens. The two men are walking close, but they're still trying to figure out each others personal space.

AIDEN

So, at the risk of boring you, Greg, the life story is as follows. I went to Uni here in Manchester and dropped out in my third year of French. I just wasn't cut out for being a student, not to mention all the monetary difficulties.

GREG

Yes. I quite understand.

AIDEN

You do?

GREG

I started doing Maths - bloody difficult subject - but I ended up switching over to History, which was my real passion. And then, after a few odd jobs, I ended up teaching.

AIDEN

'Odd jobs'? Care to clarify?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GREG

I would - but then I'd have to kill you.

AIDEN

(smirks)

Anything else you'd have to kill me for?

GREG

Not that I know of.

A few drops of rain hit the road, and Greg holds his hand out to see if its raining. And then, the road is hit by a torrential downpour, soaking the two men to the bone.

Greg just laughs as Aiden pulls him into a doorway. It's big enough to provide some shelter for them, but not by much, so they're squashed up against each other. The tension is palpable.

AIDEN

Manchester is just rainy, but you've got to love it. Better than where I come from at any rate.

GREG

And where would that be ?

AIDEN

Hexham.

GREG

Ah. Yes. I see why you stayed in Manchester.

AIDEN

So, who are those girls you were with ?

GREG

Pupils of mine. We were flying back from Japan and our plane got diverted. We were going to stay in Manchester overnight until the school minibus got sent to pick us up, but after I headed out to take a look around, it seems the girls became impatient and decided to follow me.

AIDEN

It all sounds quite posh.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

GREG

It's... interesting. You should come and see the school one of these days. The architecture is quite remarkable.

AIDEN

I might do that, though I don't think that I'd be paying much attention to the architecture, Greg.

Greg is honestly none the wiser.

GREG

And why would that be?

AIDEN

Because I'd be with a-

Suddenly a HAND grabs Aiden from off screen. It's nasty, grey and has vicious nails on it. Greg's head whips round to see three DEMONS have surrounded the duo. Thick set bodies, bald heads with a ring of small horns round the temples, and rippled, yellow-grey skin.

Greg quickly assesses the situation, boldly stepping forward to face the new arrivals.

GREG

Nice of you to bring friends, but that's my friend that you're strangling. If you wouldn't mind just putting him down.

DEMON #1 just growls as DEMONS #2 and #3 step forward, menacingly. Aiden looks from Greg to the demons and back, halfway between confusion and fear.

GREG (CONT'D) (cont'd)

You don't want me to get angry, do you? You wouldn't like me when I-

DEMON #1

(rolls eyes)

Oh. Puh-lease. What's a soppy little Englishman going to do to me?

GREG

Yes. Quite. Point conceded. I'll just put these titanium stakes I've got hidden up my sleeves somewhere whilst I run off squealing like a girly hockey player who's had her pig tails pulled, then, shall I?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

The demons exchange confused looks - and Greg swings one of his arms round, one of the afore mentioned stakes popping out from within his sleeves.

It SLAMS into Demon #1's chest and he SCREAMS, dropping Aide, who scrabbles to his feet.

Demon #1 pulls the stake from his chest, panting with exertion as his two comrades circle Greg. Greg keeps his eyes on them, fists clenched.

GREG (CONT'D) (cont'd)
Aiden, you'd better get out of
here. I'll handle this.

DEMON #2
(hisses)
I'll crack your bones like
chopsticks!

SKYE (O.S.)
Something tells me you don't want
to do that, buddy.

Skye, Sofia and Frankie step into frame, in formation behind Greg, although unfortunately with no weapons to hand. Demon #1 chuckles as he regards the three Slayers.

DEMON #1
A little Englishman and his little
girlfriends. What is this, a school
trip?

FRANKIE
'Little'?

GREG
And they are not my 'girlfriends,'
mate. I'll have you know I prefer-

SKYE
Greg! Down!

Skye bounces neatly off Greg's shoulder to launch herself into Demon #1, as Frankie and Sofia lay into the other two demons.

Greg backs up as the girls do their thing, fists flying and rain water splashing out in all directions as the demons fight back. Greg looks round for Aiden, but he's nowhere in sight. Incensed, Greg turns back to the demons.

GREG
You arseholes scared off my date!
Have you any idea how long it's
been since I had a decent-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

WHACK! Greg is knocked to the ground as one of the demons crashes backwards into him.

SOFIA
(winces)
Oops! Sorry...

Sofia quickly pulls the demon up and off Greg, spinning it round and sending it slamming bodily into the closest monster.

Skye is trading blows with Demon #1, who is agile enough to duck her spin kicks, and tough enough to shrug off any blows she does land.

Frankie spots a crate full of empty beer bottles in a nearby club doorway and scoops it up, lifting the crate over her head and SMASHING it across the back of Demon #3's head. He goes down.

Demon #1 gets a few lucky hits in and knocks Skye backwards, quickly pinning her to the ground, its hands wrapped round her throat.

SKYE
(struggles)
Always with the choking...

She KICKS up, pushing the demon off and away from her, flipping back to her feet and dodging as the demon rakes a sharp-clawed hand at her.

SKYE (CONT'D) (cont'd)
Woah! Watch where you're waving
those things, chief!

POW! She KICKS the demon squarely across the jaw, and as it staggers backwards Sofia is ready with a hastily-snatched plank of wood, SHATTERING it across the demon's chest.

This, sadly, doesn't slow the demon down, and as Sofia glances down at the fragment of wood in her hands, and back up at the furious and charging demon, she just has time to GULP before Greg TACKLES her, shoving them both out of the way.

SOFIA
Thanks.

GREG
No problem. Frankie?

Frankie coolly steps into frame, grabbing the demon and using its momentum to SLAM it face first into the nearest wall.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

Demon #2, last inhuman standing, looks round as the three Slayers close in.

DEMON #2

(backing up)

Ah, okay, maybe we were a little hasty with the whole attacking thing, uh... can we work something out?

The girls exchange a look - then we're treated to a demon's eye view as all three of their fists PUNCH into frame.

The girls turn from the unconscious demon to see Greg sitting in the doorway, rubbing the back of his head and looking pretty downcast by the whole situation.

SOFIA

Are you alright?

GREG

Oh, I'm just fine.

(stands)

And I hope this tells all of you exactly what my love life is destined to be like.

SKYE

Come on, Greg! We killed the bad guys, that counts as our night's work! Now we can go party with a clear conscience.

Greg eyes her - but then sighs and nods, and with a triumphant grin Skye heads back towards the clubs. As a weary looking Greg follows the Slayers, we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

11 INT. GREG'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT.

11

Sofia is sitting on the bed, towelling off her wet hair and clothes, as Skye leans up against the wall, filing her nails. Frankie is in the bathroom, reapplying her makeup, as Greg waits for the room's small kettle to boil.

GREG

Well flirting is like riding a bike, but I'm unflinchingly bad at riding a bike and, thus, interminably rubbish at flirting. No matter how hard I try-

SKYE

You just can't get laid ?

GREG

(beat)

Well, I wasn't going to put it in quite those words, Skye, but all things considered, you're correct. I just can't flirt.

SOFIA

Even with all the tips we gave you?

GREG

Even with all the tips you gave me.

FRANKIE (O.S.)

Merde, then he is a hopeless case, girls.

Frankie enters, slipping her powder case into a discrete pocket.

GREG

This isn't about my social life, this is about those demons. What do we know about them?

SOFIA

They wanted something.

SKYE

Outside the run of the mill ripping of the jugular out of the throat of the helpless victim?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SOFIA

Yes. Look at the situation - they attacked when and where they could've been seen, when it would've been just as easy to lurk down a dark alley or attack in that position later.

GREG

But what was so special about me?

SOFIA

It might not have been you. It could've been anyone, but you just happened to be there at the right time.

(beat)

Which tells us what, girls?

Greg raises an eyebrow, and Frankie shrugs.

SKYE

Damned if I know, Veronica Mars.

SOFIA

Their lair is close to where they attacked Greg and...

(to Greg)

What was the name of your Mr. Darcy?

GREG

Aiden, his name was Aiden. And he was very lovely. Were I to say such things, and were I in a position to say so, I would probably say he appeared to have a very nice bum.

FRANKIE

Firm?

GREG

From what I could tell.

SKYE

Save it for Cosmo, ladies.

SOFIA

Now, do you think we should go and find Aiden in case he's in danger?

GREG

It might be an idea.

Greg sits up, adjusting his shirt.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

GREG (CONT'D) (cont'd)
I'll put in a call to the Academy
and have Barbara send Ellen out
with some equipment and backup.
Skye, track down Aiden and keep him
under surveillance until I tell you
otherwise. Sofia, call Catherine
and get information on the demons,
they were in the Thrak'Aknur family
I think.

FRANKIE
And me?

GREG
You can go patrol the nearby
streets, make sure nobody else
falls foul of any of those
creatures.

SOFIA
All sounds good so far.

The girls stand, grabbing their jackets and heading for the
door, before we cut to:

12 EXT. MANCHESTER STREET - NIGHT. 12

Still the middle of the night, as we cut up to:

13 EXT. FLAT ROOFTOP - NIGHT. 13

Skye sits with a bag of chips smothered in ketchup. She
shoves a chip into her mouth, but then grimaces and spits it
back out.

SKYE
Damn country, can't even get some
food without the weather sucking
all the life out of it!

She turns her attention back towards a building opposite her,
settling down and peering at something off screen.

SKYE (CONT'D) (cont'd)
(grins)
Come on, take the top off... gimme
a money shot, baby!

Through Skye's point of view, we look into an apartment
window we see Aiden kicking his shoes off and stripping his
shirt off. We push through into:

14 INT. AIDEN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT.

14

Aiden throws himself down onto the sofa, reaching for the glass of water from the coffee table but knocking it onto the floor. He reaches down to gather the pieces, and winces.

AIDEN

Bugger.

He's cut his finger on the can. He looks at it and sees that it's a light cut, so he sucks on it, removes the finger and looks at it - and the cut is gone. Completely, utterly and totally gone.

Unfazed, he stands, moves to the kitchen and returns with a dustpan and brush, sweeping up the shards of glass and putting them into a nearby bin.

Aiden throws himself back onto the sofa, grabs the remote and flicks through the channels - the light playing on his face.

15 INT. MAXWELL'S CHIP SHOP - NIGHT.

15

Skye is at the counter, drumming her fingers as she waits for a fresh batch of chips. The clock on the wall indicates its about three in the morning as she has a bag of chips handed over to her. She hands across some cash and begins to smother the chips in ketchup.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

Easy on the ketchup, you'll kill
all the flavour.

Skye turns and comes face to face with Aiden. She's momentarily taken aback, but quickly recovers.

SKYE

I like catsup, actually. There's a weird appeal to a load of fries floating in enough of the stuff to hold a swimming meet in.

AIDEN

A bit sadomasochistic, isn't it?

SKYE

(smirks)
Call me De Sade.

AIDEN

As in 'Maquis of'?

SKYE

Yep. Although, if you ask me, there was a lot he still had to learn.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Aiden chuckles, pinching one of Skye's chips.

AIDEN

Nice work on the surveillance back there, by the way.

SKYE

(busted)

Uh...

AIDEN

(smirks)

You were doing great up until the part where you got up to go and get some more food. I think it was the way you were silhouetted against the big neon sign behind you that gave me the best visual.

SKYE

Alright, you got me. Greg sent me out to keep an eye on you, he was worried about you after what happened. You know, with those, uh... muggers.

AIDEN

Oh, right. That's sweet.

(beat)

So, what brings a nice American girl like you to a dump like Manchester? I mean, not that I'm complaining, seeing as you brought your teacher with you and all, but i figure any night that ends with me getting jumped by three... things like that has to have had something to do with you.

SKYE

It was either here or Birmingham.

AIDEN

I see your point. But seriously - why Manchester?

SKYE

(eyes him)

Kinda nosy, ain't ya?

AIDEN

And you're quite skilled at avoiding answering questions.

SKYE

Touche.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

AIDEN

But yes, I can be nosy. I'm naturally curious, it's one of my many good points.

SKYE

And your others would be?

AIDEN

I'm really good in bed.

SKYE

(raises eyebrow)

Can you prove that?

AIDEN

I could, but sadly not with you. I bat for the other team.

SKYE

Who's to say I don't bat for the other team?

AIDEN

So you do?

SKYE

(mischevious)

I never said that.

Aiden rolls his eyes, and Skye snickers.

AIDEN

Right, back to the question - you, Manchester, why? Is it all something really secretive?

SKYE

Yes.

Aiden is about to get served, so he moves to the counter.

SERVER

What can I get you?

AIDEN

Chips, peas and gravy please, mate.

SERVER

Coming right up.

Aiden shoves the money into the woman's hand and turns back to Skye.

AIDEN

You seem like a nice enough girl.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

SKYE

Thank you. I'm sure everyone says
that before they get to know me.

Aiden gets his order handed to him, grabs a plastic fork and
steps out into the night.

AIDEN

Want to walk with me? You can start
explaining what the heck was going
on tonight, before my famously laid
back sense of humour starts running
out of excuses to tell my
forebrain.

SKYE

(grins)

Sure.

She follows him out into the street, as we cut all the way
back to:

16 INT. ACADEMY - LIBRARY - NIGHT.

16

CATHERINE is standing at a table with an open book, dressed
in boxer shorts and a loose t-shirt - obviously roused from
bed. She flicks through the book's pages and holds a mobile
phone to her ears.

CATHERINE

(into phone)

Greg was almost right, Sofia. It's
not a Thrak'Aknur, it's a
Col'Ra'Makur - closely related but
quite different. It says here that
they're virtually only ever seen in
the United Kingdom, and that
they're closely related to
something or someone only referred
to as the Vatosh.

Catherine YAWNS as we cut back to:

17 INT. GREG'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT.

17

Sofia is scribbling information down on a notepad, with a
quick sketch of the evening's demon next to her notes.

SOFIA

(into phone)

Right. So who or what is 'Vatosh'
when he's at home?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CATHERINE

(filtered; through phone)

There is virtually nothing available on the Vatosh so I can't tell you anything about them, or it, but the Col'Ra'Makur are quite easy to defeat. Decapitation usually works.

SOFIA

I always did like the smell of decapitation in the morning.

CATHERINE

How very droll, Sofia.

(beat)

I'll alert Barbara to what's going on and have Ellen, Heidi and Keeya sent out, but they're all out on patrol at the moment so they won't arrive until the morning. Tell me, is Gregory okay?

Sofia looks over her shoulder to where Frankie is sat on the bed next to a snoring Greg - she's not paying him any attention and is flicking through a copy of 'Cosmopolitan'.

SOFIA

He'll be fine. He had a busy night, he just needs to sleep it off. I remember when Buffy and I were on a mission once, and Xander, he got hit on the head by a Demon -

CATHERINE

(interrupts)

I'm sure it's a very interesting story, Sofia, but it's a little past my bedtime, so if that's all for now...

SOFIA

(takes the hint)

Oh, yes, sorry. Right. Thank you, Catherine.

CATHERINE

Good night, Sofia. I'll let you know if I find anything more.

Sofia hangs the phone up, staring thoughtfully at the notes she's made for a beat before she turns to Frankie.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SOFIA

Right, Frankie, I'm going out to search for the demon lair. I can't just sit here and do nothing.

Frankie doesn't even look up from her magazine.

FRANKIE

Okay, *mon ami*.

SOFIA

(raises eyebrow)
You'd call me a 'friend'?

FRANKIE

(disinterested; shrugs)
I wasn't thinking.

SOFIA

Right. I guess I'll take that as a compliment, then. I've got my phone, I'll call you and Skye if I find anything.

FRANKIE

(turns another page)
Okay.

Sofia grabs her satchel and heads out the door.

18 INT. CRUZ 101 - NIGHT.

18

A nightclub with three bars, one centralised dance floor and a raised stage up against a mirrored wall. Dark, illuminated by throbbing disco lights - Skye and Aiden are on the dance floor, they're dancing to the deafening music. 'Kennedy' by Kill Hannah begins to pump over the speakers.

19 EXT. CITY STREETS - NIGHT.

19

Sofia walks down a street, scanning around carefully for any likely demon hideouts as rain recommences pelting down on the pedestrians.

A minute passes - no sign of any demonic activity. Sofia turns a corner into a quieter street, this one running parallel to the main canal that twists through the local quarter. She suddenly stops dead in her tracks.

Directly ahead is another DEMON like the ones she faced earlier, glaring balefully back at her, its breath misting in the cold night air.

SOFIA

(to herself)
Oh, bollocks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The demon rushes Sofia, but she sidesteps and he slams into the nearby brick wall which gives her a moment to evaluate her position.

She launches herself into the air and DROPKICKS the demon in the face. One of its horns snaps off with a sickening CRUNCH and smashes to the floor.

The demon grabs Sofia and throws her to the ground, clutching its head and HOWLING in pain, and Sofia takes a beat to quickly grab her phone, rapidly dialling a number, one eye on the recovering demon.

20 INT. CRUZ 101 - NIGHT. 20

Skye is still dancing with Aiden, then pauses, pulls her mobile phone out of a concealed pocket, looks at it - and suddenly grabs Aiden by the hand, rushing towards the door.

21 EXT. CITY STREETS - NIGHT. 21

Sofia tosses her own phone away from her as she rolls out of the way, narrowly avoiding a fist as it SMASHES into the ground, crunching her phone into fragments.

She reaches for the satchel, but it's too far away, and the demon grabs her, roughly throwing her again, its thick claws raking across her arms.

Sofia skids across the slick street, coming to a halt several feet away. She winces as she gets back up.

SOFIA
Now that hurt...

Sofia looks up at the charging demon, then spins round and smashes a booted foot into the demon's face, knocking it to the ground.

SOFIA (CONT'D) (cont'd)
You don't just smash a woman's
phone like that, you know! These
things cost money!

With a GRUNT, the Demon jumps to its feet and rushes her, knocking her down into the canal below them.

They SPLASH into the filthy water but land a few feet apart. Sofia struggles back to her feet, wading through the waist high water towards the demon.

DEMON
(growls)
You shouldn't be here, Slayer!
You'll ruin everything!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SOFIA
 (getting angry)
 Oh, will you shut up!

She's slowed by the water, but she launches an assault on the Demon, a ferocious eruption of punches and kicks. The demon absorbs the assault, then ducks one of her swings and punches her.

The hit sends Sofia flying, and she SPLASHES down on her ass with a YELP. The demon has the upper hand and it advances on her, she turns and tries to run away as best she can down the canal, trying to find a better place to fight.

22 EXT. GAY VILLAGE - NIGHT.

22

Skye races into frame, quickly followed by Aiden. Skye glances left and right, then chooses left and starts running again, Aiden struggling to keep up with her.

AIDEN
 What's going on?

They come to a stop just by the entrance to a dark alley.

SKYE
 It'll take too long to explain.
 Short story, you're in danger.

AIDEN
 From who?

SKYE
 Not a 'who.' A 'what.'

AIDEN
 Okay, then what?

Skye opens her mouth to answer - but a pair of DEMONS suddenly lunge from the shadows of the alley, grabbing Aiden and dragging him out of shot before he even has chance to shout.

SKYE
 (beat)
 Frack - that can't be good!

She races off in pursuit, as we cut back to:

23 EXT. CITY STREET - CANAL - NIGHT

23

We're back with Sofia again, the water continuing to slow her progress. The demon is gaining on her, and she needs a plan, fast!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She spots a loose section of drainage pipe to her left, and with one smooth movement grabs hold of it, WRENCHES it free of the wall and swings it in a wide, powerful arc, clocking the demon across its jaw and sending it splashing face first into the water.

It stays floating face down, and Sofia finally gets chance to catch her breath,

SKYE (O.S.)
Yo! Pippy Longstocking!

The drenched Sofia looks up to see Skye standing on the edge of the canal, looking down on her.

SKYE (CONT'D) (cont'd)
You want the bad news or the good news?

SOFIA
Either way, I doubt it'd improve my mood at the moment.

SKYE
The good news is that Aiden's a really nice guy and he seems to really like Greg. The bad news is that some more of those demon goons just kidnapped him, and I lost 'em somewhere round here.

SOFIA
Oh. That is bad news.

SKYE
You, uh, need a hand?

Sofia looks down at herself - her clothes are soaked and stained with muddy water. She looks at the dead demon's body floating nearby, then sighs and nods.

Skye reaches out to help her climb out of the canal, and as Sofia gets a foot on dry land, we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

24 INT. GREG'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT.

24

Greg is still asleep as the door slams open, and in walk Skye and Sofia, dragging the body of the dead demon from the canal in behind them. Frankie is sitting on the floor, flicking through her magazine. She looks up and double takes at the sight of the demon's body.

FRANKIE

'Ow on earth did you get that thing up here?

SKYE

Lots of hiding. Could you close the door before somebody walks past?

Frankie mutters under her breath as she scoots across the bed and kicks the door closed. Skye and Sofia sit on the end of the bed, thoroughly disheartened, as Frankie prods the body of the demon.

FRANKIE

Are you not going to introduce me to your new friend?

SKYE

This guy's friends kidnapped Aiden, so that means when they attacked Aiden and Greg before, they were trying to grab Aiden. So we need to figure out why.

SOFIA

Exactly.

SKYE

So it's time to get all 'CSI' on their asses and try and figure things out.

SOFIA

Who does that make us, then?

SKYE

Well, I wanted to be Sarah, so I guess you can be Catherine.

(to Frankie)

I'm pretty sure Greg would have brought some stuff we can use to examine this guy along, so why don't you check his bags?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Frankie reaches under the bed for Greg's suitcase, heaving it up onto the bed and flipping it open. She pulls a plastic case out and opens it to reveal scientific equipment, including a compact demonic forensics kit.

FRANKIE

(grins)

Bon, si je peux etre Greg.

Sofia and Skye exchange looks, then crack a smile and nod.

SKYE

Works for me!

SOFIA

(looks to Greg)

Bless. He's always so prepared.

Frankie tosses them both latex gloves and picks up a glinting scalpel, before 'Who Are You' by The Who begins to play in the background.

SERIES OF SHOTS:

A) We pan around the room - the girls have propped Greg up on the sofa in the corner of the room and moved the body of the demon onto the bed.

B) Frankie, Skye and Sofia are standing around the body of the demon. Sofia uses a scalpel to slice open the demon, and black goo oozes out of the wound.

C) Frankie scoops some of the goo into a vial, squinting as she examines it.

D) Skye uses her bare hands to pull open the rib cage with a sickening CRUNCH.

The girls stand back to admire their work as the music fades out - the demon is well and truly dissected.

FRANKIE

Bon. So, what do we know?

SOFIA

The Demon has gills, so their lair could be underwater in a nearby river or lake.

SKYE

I doubt it - they seemed to want Aiden alive. If they just wanted him out of the way, or dead, that would have been much easier for them to arrange.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SOFIA

So they definitely wanted him for a purpose.

SKYE

Exactly. And I hate to keep saying this, but we need to know what it is that they want him for.

SOFIA

It can't be good, whatever it is.

Frankie is using a small chemical testing kit to work out the elements of the black ooze, as Skye and Sofia start to tidy the demon's body away again.

SKYE

You know, Aiden seems like a nice guy. Ever notice how why all the good guys are queer?

SOFIA

Or mortal.

FRANKIE

Or peasants.

Sofia throws a scolding look at Frankie, but she's not paying any attention, and Skye chuckles at Sofia's indignance. Frankie has the vial in one hand and a chemical test strip in the other, watching as a blue panel fades into view on it.

SOFIA

So what's the verdict?

FRANKIE

It looks like typical blood, but the molecular bonds are slowly breaking down. A few more months and they'd be completely broken, and he'd have been completely dead.

SOFIA

(wry)

As opposed to partly dead?

SKYE

Or the wholly dead he is now?

FRANKIE

(beat)

Quite.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

SOFIA

Okay, thank you Frankie. Point number two, when we cracked the skull open we found that the Demon had an extra cranial lobe in the same place that certain Demons which have telepathic abilities often have one.

(beat, looks round with a smile)

Are you thinking what I'm thinking?

SKYE

Go on, Quincy.

SOFIA

This race of demons, or even just this brood, might have some sort of ability to communicate telepathically with each other. Presumably, this is who they stay in touch while underwater.

SKYE

Yippy-ki-yay. Now how does that help us?

SOFIA

I'm assuming there'd be a contact radius with which they could communicate with each other, and a central hub. Now, the demons have likely taken Aiden to their central hub, so all we need to do is find out the radius and we should be able to -

Greg SNORTS in his sleep, getting the girls' attention.

GREG

(mumbles)

That's the last time I let you play with my Lego, you little bastard...

He shifts in the bed, then settles back down to sleep again. The girls all raise an eyebrow, and then turn back to the demon body.

SOFIA

In short, I'm sure with Catherine's help we could figure out how to use this ability to find the central hub, and thus, locate Aiden.

Skye chuckles.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

SKYE

You spend way too much time
listening in class, Sofia.

SOFIA

I just pay attention, is all!

SKYE

And people think that I have
issues...

Skye heads for the door, followed by Frankie, who stoops to scoop up the bag that carries the girls' weapons, but Sofia calls out to them and they pause.

SOFIA

Er, aren't we forgetting something?

She points to the demon body, wrapped in spare bedclothes, its black blood already starting to seep through.

SKYE

(shrugs)

We'll clean it up when we get back.

Sofia looks round and grabs a 'Do Not Disturb' sign for the door knob, leaving it in place as the girls exit.

25

EXT. CANAL STREET - NIGHT.

25

It's a little later, the girls walking down another part of the nearby area, Sofia using Skye's cell phone to call back to Catherine. The street is near empty, with only a few clubbers still having the energy to be up and about at five in the morning.

CATHERINE

(filtered; through phone)

Right then. You're correct. They do
have limited telepathic powers,
limited to a specific brood and
quite limited in distance too.

(beat)

Assuming that the one you took care
of was in contact with the others
of its brood, then you should only
be looking within a radius of one
mile from where you killed it.

SOFIA

Any ideas on how we can pinpoint
their location better?

CATHERINE

I'm sorry but I haven't a clue,
Sofia.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CATHERINE(cont'd)

Ellen called a while ago, she's on the way with Heidi and Erika so you should expect her in a few hours.

SOFIA

Understood.

CATHERINE

Alright. I've got to go but if I find out anything else then I'll give you a call. Be safe, Sofia.

Sofia hangs up the call and passes the phone back to Skye, as she looks at the information she has scribbled on the piece of paper in her hand. Frankie looks at her watch and rubs her eyes.

FRANKIE

I need my beauty sleep.

SKYE

Keep it down, Frenchie. We're doing this for Greg. We really do owe him a few favours, y'know.

Frankie glares at Skye, sighs and then continues walking.

FRANKIE

'Ow many dark alleys 'ave we been down tonight, *mes ami*? I am thinking I have lost count! And this stink will never get out of my clothes. This city is 'orrible.

SOFIA

(under her breath)

Someone's obviously never visited Paris.

SKYE

(under her breath)

Just don't mention the war.

Sofia and Skye share a chuckle as we cut away to:

26

INT. ANCIENT TUNNELS - NIGHT.

26

The tunnels are lined with fiery torches, with slime dripping down the walls and puddles of tepid water on the ground. Aiden is frog marched down the corridor, flanked by two demons - he's scared but trying not to show it.

They reach a door - not the one we saw earlier however. It opens, revealing a large stone chamber with a further door and another demon - N'GEL.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

N'GEL
Come, the Vatosh awaits you.

Aiden puffs out his chest defiantly.

AIDEN
I take it the Vatosh isn't the nine
pound ninety nine buffet from the
Chinese take away?

N'GEL
Ah, humour.
(creases his brow)
I like it. Now, come, take a seat,
take a while to relax and control
the power that surges beneath your
pasty skin.

AIDEN
(beat)
You think it's pasty?

N'Gel looks like he's considering this thought.

N'GEL
Somewhat.

AIDEN
I always thought of myself as
moderately tanned.

N'GEL
Nope.

AIDEN
Right...
(beat)
Now, about those powers. What would
they be?

N'Gel guides Aiden into the room and the door closes on us -
leaving us in darkness.

27

EXT. THE VILLAGE - NIGHT.

27

The girls come up to a tall stone building with a door built
into the side of it. Sofia, Skye and Frankie exchange glances
- and then nod. Skye hammers on the door with her fist.

SKYE
Open up, guys, Avon calling. I'd
hate to have to go all Bjork in
Korea on your asses!

Frankie looks at her, eyebrow raised.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SKYE (CONT'D) (cont'd)
 (shrugs it off)
 Obscure pop culture reference.
 (beat)
 Okay, we've given them a warning. I
 think we should go in with all guns
 blazing.

FRANKIE
 We do not 'ave any guns.

SKYE
 Damn it, and here I was hoping
 you'd back me up on that one. Ah,
 well.

Skye backs off, then runs towards the door and THROWS herself
 at it with full force. It crumbles to the floor in a cloud of
 dust which folds outward.

A stone cut spiral staircase lies beyond in darkness. Skye
 takes a step inwards, followed by Sofia and then, finally, by
 a hesitant Frankie.

28 INT. SPIRAL STAIRCASE - NIGHT. 28

The girls advance downwards, their Slayer senses beginning to
 compensate for the bad lighting. They carry on into:

29 INT. TUNNELS - CONTINUOUS. 29

And they eventually reach a tunnel which is ankle deep in the
 tepid water.

Frankie leans against the wall, wiping her hand on a patch of
 slime and starting to shout in disgust - but she's stopped
 when Skye clamps her hand over Frankie's mouth. With a stern
 shake of the head from Skye to make sure Frankie stays quiet,
 the trio advance onwards.

They move into a new section of tunnels and see a glimmer of
 light in the distance. Skye sniffs the air.

SKYE
 A gasoline torch.

Sofia nods, peering into the distance to see if she can make
 anything out.

SOFIA
 Tunnels, slime and torches? This is
 all starting to spell 'demon lair'
 to me.
 (beat)
 Come on.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The girls pick up the pace, heading along the tunnel. Sofia reaches back and motions to Frankie, who unzips her bag and passes the Scythe along to her, giving Skye her twin sai daggers and drawing an axe for herself.

The girls eventually arrive at the section of corridor we saw before, lit by a series of torches and ending in the wooden door. The girls survey the scene, look behind them then at the door, and then:

THUD! The girls spin round - there's a demon stood behind them. He appears to have dropped down from a hole in the ceiling, and he hunches over, breathing deeply, almost growling, moving into an attack posture.

SOFIA (cont'd)
Quick and quietly, girls.

Sofia charges him with the scythe, but he spins round, sends her flinging to the ground and the scythe skittering over the ground in the tepid water.

SKYE
Don't tell me, you've been down the
gym working out, ain't ya?

Skye and Frankie move on the demon together. Frankie is slammed into the slim encrusted wall, winded, whilst Skye swings round and embeds one of her sai into the demon's back.

It HOWLS in pain and SWATS her backwards. Sofia is scrabbling on the floor, trying to find the scythe in the water, and eventually rises with it in her hands. She smiles, then tosses it through the air.

SLOW MOTION as it slices through the air, launching from Sofia and hurtling towards the demon - embedding itself in its chest.

The demon lets forth another SHOUT of pain, grabs the scythe in its front, pulls it out to a gush of black goo, then pulls the sai out of its back to another torrent of black goo.

DEMON
That hurt, you Slayer bitches!

The demon glares at Sofia and Skye.

FRANKIE (O.S.)
Grand affreux! You forgot about
moi.

The demon turns - and Frankie plants her axe right in the middle of his forehead. The demon collapses backwards into the water as Frankie looks down at her outfit, which by now is covered in black goo. She's not happy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

FRANKIE (CONT'D) (cont'd)
Merde! I'll never get these stains
 out!

SKYE
 (chuckles)
 Nice moves, princess.

FRANKIE
Merci.

The girls turn their attention on the door at the far end of the corridor. Sofia and Skye exchange a look, and Skye grins, before we smash cut into:

30 INT. UNDERGROUND ROOM - NIGHT.

30

We're inside a cleaner part of the complex, almost like a small sitting room with a rug, two chairs and a wooden table - as Skye SMASHES through the door in a burst of dust and wood fragments.

Sofia and Frankie race in behind her, weapons raised - to reveal N'Gel, who is halfway through pouring a cup of tea. He blinks in surprise at the Slayers.

N'GEL
 (beat)
 Drinks?

The girls are taken aback as N'Gel produces a plate of digestive biscuits.

N'GEL (CONT'D) (cont'd)
 Biscuits, perhaps?

Skye scrambles to her feet, finally registering what's going on. She throws a puzzled look to Sofia, who shrugs.

SKYE
 (to N'Gel)
 What the frack is going on? We just handed the asses of your friends to them on a platter, and... you're offering us tea and biscuits?

N'GEL
 Yes. I do believe I am. And you must excuse my comrades on guard duty out in the tunnels. They can prove rather overzealous at times - but don't judge an entire species by a few tiresome misanthropes. You must know the feeling, girls.
 (beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

N'GEL(cont'd)

Now, if you don't want biscuits and you don't want tea, how about some scones and cream?

FRANKIE

(steps forward)

With jam?

SOFIA

(quickly)

Ah, that's very... kind of you, but we're just looking for our friend, so perhaps you can point us in his direction?

SKYE

Yeah, so we can make a daring escape and pretend this whole 'tea' thing was just a bad dream or something.

N'GEL

Oh, you're Aiden's friends. You should've said! Come right in - he's busy with the Vatosh at the moment, but he'll be right out.

N'Gel waves them over, and with bewildered looks the girls follow him as he heads towards a thick iron door in the far wall of the room.

He slides open the bolts locking it, and pulls the door open with a loud CREAK. He motions for the girls to head on through, and Sofia cautiously leads the way as they step into:

31 INT. UNDERGROUND CHAMBER - NIGHT.

31

Sofia boggles at what she sees - Aiden is strapped to a bench by his wrists and ankles as a gigantic and hideous demon, the Vatosh, stands over him, connected to his chest by his arm, with crackling tendrils of ENERGY surging up his arm.

The demon looks up and GROWLS, baring a mouth full of fangs, as Aiden struggles to lift his head.

SKYE

Did we just interrupt something private? I mean, I'm not one to come between a boy and his demon lover, but...

(raises an eyebrow)

Aiden, I thought you had better taste.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Sofia grits her teeth and raises the Scythe, before we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

32 INT. UNDERGROUND CHAMBER - NIGHT.

32

Back on scene as the energy continues surging up the arm of the Vatosh as it crouches over Aiden, who is still strapped to the stone slab. The Vatosh growls again.

SOFIA

(grimaces)

Goodness! Morning breath! You know, you should really pop in some breath mints after you've finished eating.

N'GEL

(chuckles)

I do so love human humour. There's nothing else quite like it.

Skye and Frankie slowly circle the Vatosh, who flicks its head between them, as Sofia glances across to N'Gel. He registers her look and raises his hands calmly.

N'GEL (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Oh, don't be worried, this is all perfectly normal. We'll be finished with him in a while, and then you can have him back.

SOFIA

'Finished' with him? What do you mean?

SKYE

Can we quit with the questions and skip to the killing part, Sofia? I'm all limbered up now, hate to waste a perfectly good burst of adrenaline.

SOFIA

(to N'Gel)

You didn't answer the question.

N'GEL

Aiden isn't entirely Human.

Skye, Frankie and Sofia exchange looks - as the Vatosh takes its arm away from Aiden at last. The energy dies down, and the Vatosh steps away, suddenly looking remarkably docile and non-threatening.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Keeping her eyes on the Vatosh, Skye steps over to Aiden and starts to untie him, Frankie helping him stand from the bench. He's a little woozy but seems otherwise okay.

SOFIA

Alright, what on earth is all this about?

N'GEL

If you'd care to join me back in the waiting room, I'll explain everything.

N'Gel motions back to the room outside, and Sofia glances at the others, confused to all heck.

AIDEN

(raises hand)

It's okay. Seriously, I'm fine.

Sofia looks back to N'Gel, who smiles before we cut to:

33

INT. UNDERGROUND ROOM - NIGHT.

33

Aiden has a blanket wrapped round his shoulders as he and the girl sit on a selection of mismatched chairs and stools, waiting for N'Gel to finish pouring a round of cups of tea.

N'GEL

Somewhere, long ago, a girl met a demon and they fell in love. One day, the girl fell pregnant, and her father sadly felt that the baby would bring shame on the family - so he slit the demon's throat. The baby was duly born but appeared to be fully human, so for a time the terrible secret remained untold.

He pauses to pass round the cups - Skye declines but the others gratefully accept.

N'GEL

Time went on and the baby grew up, and without anyone realising, she began to develop incredible resistance to disease and the ability to heal, and she eventually gave birth to another child who inherited her powers, and so on and so on and so on.

(beat)

And that was thousands of years ago, bringing us quite neatly to Aiden there. I doubt Aiden even knew about his gifts.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AIDEN

Well, I always noticed that I don't get sick and heal up pretty quick after cuts and bruises, but I never thought...

Aiden is still struggling to take all this in as Sofia chips in with a question.

SOFIA

But as time went on, and the gene pool was polluted, I would assume the powers would decrease.

N'GEL

One would've thought so, and that's how it did happen - the powers distilled over time but it seems that Aiden has broken the trend, unlocking his full potential to heal.

SKYE

So, how powerful is he? He isn't going to go all Gary Mitchell on us, is he?

N'GEL

No, don't worry. I doubt it. He seems inherently good, and his powers are centred on healing people.

FRANKIE

So you just needed him to cure the Vatosh?

N'GEL

(nods)

The Vatosh is old and frail and has been at the centre of our culture for millennia. He was old when the world was young and time had barely been noted by mankind. His time was near, but then we heard of your friend, and the legend of his coming was told in our folklore many years ago. I had no choice but to bring your friend to the Vatosh, for the Vatosh's absence from this realm would cause a great rift in our society.

SKYE

(shakes head)

One day, we're gonna get a job that
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SKYE(cont'd)

doesn't have a several thousand
year- old backstory, ya know...

SOFIA

(to Aiden)

And you're sure this hasn't hurt
you in any way?

AIDEN

No, I'm all good. I know it must
have looked pretty dramatic, and I
couldn't move while it was all
going on, but the worst thing I
felt was a light tingling
sensation. No worse than sleeping
on my arm and having it go numb.

N'GEL

And again, my apologies for the way
you were brought here. Most of my
kind are still somewhat... old-
fashioned in their methods.

(beat)

Now, I'm afraid we still require
your services for a little longer,
Aiden. The Vatosh is almost back to
full strength, but not quite!

AIDEN

Hey, no problem. I guess it's for a
good cause... right?

He look at Sofia, who grins at him before we cut to:

34

EXT. MANCHESTER HOTEL - MORNING.

34

It's finally the early morning, and the sun has begun to rise
over the distant horizon. The Academy Mini-Bus pulls up
outside the hotel allowing Ellen to disembark, followed by
HEIDI and ERIKA from Team Backup.

They're greeted by Greg, who looks dishevelled and half
asleep, while Ellen is all business and the new Slayers are
eager to get into the fray.

ERIKA

Good morning, Gregory.

ELLEN

How's it going?

GREG

The girls left me a note, they've
gone to find the lair of the demons
who kidnapped Aiden.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ELLEN
And he would be...?

GREG
I thought Catherine would have
briefed you.

ELLEN
She may have left out a few
pertinent details.

GREG
Right.

Greg doesn't entirely trust Ellen, but reluctantly lets her
in on the story.

GREG (CONT'D) (cont'd)
He's a guy I met in a bar. The
demons kidnapped him, from what the
girls said, and, as I said, they've
gone to find him.
(beat)
We just need to find out where they
are.

Ellen removes a gadget from her pocket - it's a scanner, and
it BLEEPs as she flips it on.

ELLEN
That'll be simple enough.

HEIDI
(mischevious)
A guy you met in a bar?

Greg ignores the question, his curiosity piqued by the
scanner.

ELLEN
(re: the scanner)
We planted a trace of Morbidium on
the scythe which this little bad
boy can trace from several miles
away - and it appears that the
girls aren't that far away.
(beat; to Slayers)
Alright, girls, time to saddle up.

The girls nod, reaching back into the minibus. Each girl has
a discreet bag to conceal their chosen weapon.

HEIDI
I believe the phrase you clumsy
Americans use is 'let's lock and
load, girls.'

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Erika chuckles at Heidi's attitude, while Greg just raises an eyebrow - and with that, Ellen is off and following the beeping on her scanner.

35

EXT. MANCHESTER STREET - MORNING.

35

This is the door through which the girls entered an hour ago, still smashed in. Ellen, Greg, Erika and Heidi are standing in the doorway with their respective weapons and gadgets. Ellen picks a walkie-talkie out of her pocket:

ELLEN

(into walkie-talkie)

Tango-Alpha, this is Zulu-Mambo -
we're in position if you want to
make insertion.

VOICE

(filtered; from
walkietalkie)

Zulu-Mambo, this is Tango-Alpha.
Affirmative, commencing drop
insertion now.

Ellen slips the walkie talkie back into her pocket as Greg and the Slayers exchange curious looks.

GREG

What was that all about?

ELLEN

Just calling in a little backup.

GREG

(penny drops)

Oh, no, you don't mean the-

ERIKA

(wary)

Something is coming.

Greg looks behind him to see three ropes drop from overhead, and he looks up to see a jet black helicopter hovering silently overhead.

Three black suited COMMANDOES drop down the ropes, nod to Ellen and then rush through the door, disappearing into the darkness as they descend the spiral staircase.

The girls don't know what to make of this, but an incensed Greg takes this opportunity to assert his authority.

GREG

What the hell do you think you're
doing, Miss Marklew ?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ELLEN

(frowns)

What happened to 'Ellen'?

GREG

You said that only your friends called you Ellen, and I'm not entirely certain that I want to be your friend at the moment. You're going to explain to me exactly what you're doing right now, or else I'm going to write a strongly worded complaint to Barbara and your immediate superiors at the Initiative, demanding your tenure be terminated.

ELLEN

Don't get sassy with me, Greg. I have my orders, just like you.

GREG

Not when those orders could put my girls in jeopardy!

Greg turns to Erika and Heidi.

GREG (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Girls, you're going to stand here and keep an eye on Miss Marklew, and if she attempts to make any further attempt to contact the commandoes, you're going to restrain and then detain her.

(beat)

Am I understood?

HEIDI and ERIKA nod, affirmative, as Ellen opens her mouth to speak, not looking at all happy. Greg spins round and raises a hand to silence her.

GREG (CONT'D) (cont'd)

I don't want to hear it! You had no right involving the Initiative in this. We will discuss this fully when I get back.

Greg grabs her walkie-talkie and smashes it under the heel of his boot before she can react, stepping past her and snatching the taser she keeps in her belt before heading down the spiral staircase.

36 INT. THE TUNNELS - MORNING. 36

The three commandoes storm through the tepid ankle deep water, their laser targets and night vision goggles piercing the dark.

37 INT. UNDERGROUND CHAMBER - MORNING. 37

Aiden is back on the bench as before, as the energy surges up from him and into the Vatosh. N'Gel, Skye, Sofia and Frankie are sat waiting - they're playing a game of cards, no longer in attack mode.

SKYE

Go fish.

Sofia sighs, draws a card from the top of a pile of cards in the centre of the table, allowing Skye to grin.

SOFIA

You better not be using any secret vampire power on us, Skye.

SKYE

I wish I had secret vampire powers!
What you see is usually what you get. I like brutal honesty and brutal -

FRANKIE

(startled)

Girls! 'ush!

Skye and Sofia look round - they heard something too. The three girls drop their cards to the ground.

SOFIA

Someone's coming down here, N'Gel.
We'll do our best to fend them off.

The girls line up facing the door, listening carefully for any sound from the tunnels beyond - before the door is KICKED open, and the three commandoes storm into the room.

The girls jump to action in a flurry of kicks, uppercuts and punches - the commandoes refrain from using weapons, as do the girls, saving them for bigger targets.

Skye lands a solid punch to the nearest commando, and he hits the floor with a crunch - he's out cold.

SKYE

One!

Frankie is flung against the wall by another commando but he then garners the attention of Skye - not a good trade.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Skye goes mental on him, using her superior strength to relentlessly pummel him.

Sofia makes a more even match for the commando, but he makes a single mistake and Sofia goes in for the 'kill' with a blur of chops, the commando drops to the floor, unconscious.

SOFIA

Two!

It's now Sofia and Skye on the last remaining commando and he pulls out his stun gun. He gets the two girls in his sights and is about to pull the trigger...

And then he drops to the floor, CONVULSING as electricity pumps into him from the taser wires stuck into his back.

The girls follow the wires to the taser, and the taser to Greg, who steps into the room with a grin on his face.

GREG

Always wanted to do that to one of those Initiative wankers.

SKYE

(grins)

Nice one, Teach!

GREG

Thank you, Miss Underwood. I'm glad to see you're all-

He notices Aiden, still strapped to the table, and Greg's face drops in shock for a moment. Aiden smiles - and the energy surging out of him stops.

The Vatosh pulls away and growls before pulling a cloak round itself and standing with N'Gel - both implacable.

Greg rushes over to him, helping him up off the bench, but Aiden is unfazed by the experience.

AIDEN

You weren't kidding when you said you'd have to kill me if you told me about your job.

GREG

(still startled)

Well, I didn't exactly expect this!

Frankie rises to her feet in the background, brushes the dirt off her outfit and grimaces, and then sees Greg and Aiden talking.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

FRANKIE

Ah! Does this mean Greg and Aiden
are going to-

AIDEN

(chuckles)
Don't push it, Francoise.

FRANKIE

(smiles)
Call me 'Frankie,' I 'ave a feeling
you'll be seeing a lot more of me.

AIDEN

Oh, really?

FRANKIE

Oui, call it *un petit hunch*.

AIDEN

(to Greg)
Is she right?

Greg quickly changes - gone is the assertive in command
fellow we just saw, returning to the klutzy social inept.

GREG

I think she might be, I mean, she
could be, that is, if you were
agreeable to it, and I were
available for it, I would,
possibly, quite likely, actually
rather definitely like to ask you
out for dinner sometime.

(beat)

If you'd like that.

AIDEN

(smiles)
I think I could be convinced.
Remind me to give you my home
number before you go back to this
school of yours.

GREG

Yes, I'll have to do that, won't I,
because, otherwise, how would you
ever contact me? Assuming you'd
want to, of course. Not that I
don't want you to, but-

AIDEN

Shut up, Greg.

Aiden pulls Greg in and kisses him on the cheek.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

AIDEN (CONT'D) (cont'd)
You're a nice guy, Greg. But you
talk far too much.

GREG
(flustered)
Oh - that's good. I endeavour to be
sweet, so I'm glad to have attained
that-

They're interrupted as Ellen steps into the room, backed by
three more commandoes who have all of their guns ready.

ELLEN
I'm here to take the Vatosh into
the custody of the Initiative, on
behalf of the United States
government.

Ellen and Greg stare each other down - but the commandoes
shove rudely past Greg and the girls and grab the Vatosh,
ignoring N'Gel's protests as they manhandle the Vatosh out of
the chamber and back into the tunnel.

GREG
(cold)
I'm not going to let you get away
with this.

Ellen looks back at him and tosses him a 'like I care' look
before exiting with the commandoes and the Vatosh.

38

EXT. MANCHESTER STREET - MORNING.

38

Sofia, Skye, Frankie, Greg and Aiden emerge through the
smashed door and onto the street, shielding their eyes
against the glare of the sun.

The black helicopter can be seen moving away over the tops of
buildings, as we see two of the commandoes by a large black
van across the streets, sliding its doors closed and climbing
back into the cabin as Heidi and Erika walk into frame.

ERIKA
Miss Marklew has left with the men
from the Initiative.

HEIDI
She left the bus and said you'd get
us all back to the Academy, Greg.

Greg watches the van pull away with a sour look, before he
sighs and turns his attention back to Aiden.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Sofia and Skye get the hint, ushering the other girls away and towards the minibus. Greg shuffles for an awkward moment before he speaks.

GREG

I should probably-

AIDEN

Don't worry about explaining.
There'll be time to do that when I
come to see you, then you can
explain to me how you seem to teach
at a school that has Mini-Me
versions of the Charlie's Angel's
girls for students.

GREG

(grins)

So... I'll call you.

AIDEN

(nods)

I'll be waiting.

Greg rushes off to catch the girls up, and as Aiden watches him go with a wry smile, we dissolve through to:

39

EXT. ENGLISH COUNTRYSIDE - DAY.

39

The black Initiative van we saw moments ago is moving through the small lanes, amidst green fields.

Suddenly, an EXPLOSION throws the van from the road, and it bounces over onto its side, skidding into a nearby field.

We stay on the van for a beat, smoke pouring from the hole ripped in its side, its wheels spinning, before the back door is dragged open with some difficulty and N'Gel and the Vatosh climb out, stepping into the daylight of the field.

The Vatosh staggers, dazed from the crash, as N'Gel raises a hand against the sunlight to look around, before:

THUNK! A chakram slices through the air and impales itself in the chest of N'Gel, and he collapses to the ground.

The Vatosh looks up as a tall, elegant woman with long, dark hair steps into frame, her hands on her hips as she grins at the Vatosh. The Vatosh growls and starts towards her, but she waves her hand through the air, and the Vatosh freezes in its tracks. It struggles to move as the woman walks closer.

She stands before the Vatosh, looking rather pleased with herself as she glances at the rest of her handiwork - the bodies of the commandoes driving the van are either slumped inside the cabin or thrown out onto the road.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The woman turns her attention back to the Vatosh, all business despite her grin.

WOMAN

Let's get straight to the details.
You've been re-energised and you
shall have your uses to me for my
future endeavours. If you try to
resist me, I'll have you killed.
But I'll make sure it lasts a very
long time.

(beat)

Aren't you going to say thank you
for me telling you where to find
the healer?

The Vatosh just GROWLS, the only action it can make, and as
the woman starts to LAUGH at the success of her scheme, we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF SHOW