

SLAYER ACADEMY

"Gale Force"

Written By
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TEASER

FADE IN:

1 INT. DEBBIE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT. 1

CU on a TV SET as an episode of "E.R." plays. The doctors are busily trying to save yet another patient.

PAN AROUND a very ordinary looking living room to find a young girl with long auburn hair and a small, pixie-like face: this is DEBBIE LIVESEY, an 18 year old brainiac.

As the show comes to a close, Debbie picks up the remote and PAUSES what's on screen. She leans back on the couch and SIGHS before she looks around the room.

2 INT. DEBBIE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT. 2

CU as a drawer opens and a hand pulls a gleaming KNIFE out of the drawer.

PULL BACK and find that Debbie is holding a knife over a tomato.

DEBBIE

All right, Dr. Carter. We have to make the incision just above the waistline.

CU on the knife as it SLIDES through the tomato.

DEBBIE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Be careful! We need a hemostat, now! Watch that bleeding!

Juice begins to squirt from the tomato, leaking all over the kitchen counter.

DEBBIE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Well... it looks like we've lost another one, doctor.

Debbie as she cleans up the tomato juice, and moves the slices of tomato onto a sandwich that's already been prepared.

DEBBIE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

(muttering)

Might as well give up the dream, Deb. Not going to happen.

She tosses the used paper towel soaked with tomato juice into the bin and heads back into:

3 INT. DEBBIE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NEXT.

3

PAN ACROSS the living room floor as we see various MEDICAL TEXTS splayed out in front of the couch, alongside the first season of 'E.R.' on DVD.

Debbie is just about to flop back onto the sofa when the telephone RINGS. Debbie SIGHS again, puts her sandwich down.

DEBBIE
(to the TV)
I will be right with you, doctors.

She answers the phone, clicking it on.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)
Hello?
(beat)
Oh, hello, Mum. Yes, I'm just
studying. Are you and Dad going to
be back home late?
(beat)
No, I don't plan on going out
tonight. Macy never called me back.

She looks a little hurt after saying this, but continues listening to the other side of the conversation.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)
Okay, Mum. I love you too. I'll see
you two later.

She hangs up the phone, and picks the remote back up, ready to continue watching her favorite show. Just as she's about to do so, the phone RINGS again.

Debbie looks at the TV, and then to the phone. With a begrudging look, she picks the phone back up and answers.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)
Hello?

Debbie listens for a beat, then frowns as though she can't quite believe what she's hearing, and we cut to:

4 EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

4

A flashlight's beam dances around through trees as Debbie makes her way through a fairly dense forest region. She ducks under a couple of branches, looking a bit spooked.

CRUNCH.

Debbie stops walking, looking around carefully. Something is out there.

(CONTINUED)

CRUNCH.

Debbie swings around, her flashlight illuminating a FIGURE now suddenly standing before her! Debbie SCREAMS and nearly drops the flashlight.

The figure begins to LAUGH and walks closer. We see that it is a normal girl, average height, short blonde hair - this is MACY, the girl Debbie mentioned earlier.

DEBBIE

God, you scared me, Mase!

MACY

Sorry, mate, couldn't resist.

DEBBIE

Why did you tell me to meet you out here? We haven't come out here since we were kids.

(beat)

And why did you tell me to bring my medical kit?

MACY

I found something. Figured it was... I don't know, your area of expertise.

Off Debbie's look of confusion, we cut to:

Debbie and Macy tromp into a clearing and come to a stop.

DEBBIE

What are we looking for?

MACY

We're here.

Debbie turns and faces Macy, a concerned look on her face.

DEBBIE

Look, Macy, I just want to say, I think I know why you brought me out here tonight.

(beat)

I know I haven't been the greatest friend lately. School's just been... well, a little crazy, and...

MACY

Deb, it's okay. I really do have something I want to show you.

(CONTINUED)

DEBBIE
(puzzled)
Oh. Okay.

Macy leads Debbie over to a small ravine next to the clearing, and they peer down into the darkness. A dark FORM can be seen a few feet down, motionless.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)
What is it?

MACY
Come on!

Macy tugs on Debbie's sweater, and they begin traversing down the side of the small ravine.

Within moments, they reach the bottom, and find themselves standing before what looks to be a hulking, menacing looking DEMON. Luckily for both of them, it's dead.

DEBBIE
Oh my God, what is that thing?
(grimaces)
It reeks!

MACY
I don't know. I was hoping you might be able to tell me what it was. You're the doctor, after all. Make a prognosis or whatever.

Debbie throws her friend a look, but with a deep breath, she gets down on her hands and knees and begins to rifle through her medical kit. She draws out a SCALPEL.

DEBBIE
Looks like the doctor is in.

As she begins to move in on the demon's carcass, we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

7

EXT. LONDON - CITY STREET - NIGHT

7

SOFIA and SKYE are standing outside a huge clothing boutique in the middle of a busy street. Cars flash by, neon lights are everywhere - it's the big city.

SOFIA

Haven't caught the shopping bug yet, have you?

SKYE

If you hadn't noticed, I'm not too big on the girly-girl aspects of life. Shopping is for girls like...

PAN OVER as we see FRANKIE and AIDEN walking out of the store, laughing at an unheard joke. ALITA is close behind them, bogged down with all their shopping bags, looking very much like a packing mule.

AIDEN

I can't believe you got away with saying that! And how could he ever call you anything less than beautiful?

FRANKIE

You are much too kind, Aiden. You know my English is not too good!

AIDEN

(to Skye and Sofia)

Is she funny, or what?

SKYE

I know my gut's busted.

(beat)

Whether it's from laughing, that's to be determined.

Sofia can't hold back a snicker, and Frankie chooses to ignore them.

FRANKIE

Alita, 'ow are you with the bags? Can you handle them?

Alita peeks her head up over a box.

ALITA

I will be fine.

Frankie nods, satisfied.

(CONTINUED)

FRANKIE

Ah, *n'est pas ce gentil.*

(beat)

How very nice of you.

Frankie continues walking down the sidewalk, presumably towards the next store, and Aiden is right in tow behind her. Skye and Sofia catch up to Alita.

SOFIA

Here, let me help you with those.

Sofia takes some of the bags and packages away from Alita and the younger girl is obviously relieved.

SOFIA (CONT'D)

Who knew Christmas shopping would become such a big ordeal?

SKYE

Christmas is overrated.

ALITA

In my country, Christmas is not a real holiday. I do not even receive presents anymore, not since I was a small child.

SOFIA

Oh, really? That's so sad.

ALITA

It is not sad. Simply the way we live.

FRANKIE

I, for one, am glad to return to the Academy.

SKYE

(raises eyebrow)

You are?

FRANKIE

Oui. The minimalist lifestyle is beginning to, how do you say... grow on me.

Sofia and Skye take in the mounds of bags obviously belonging to Frankie that they are now helping her carry.

SOFIA

So all of these Christmas presents...

(CONTINUED)

FRANKIE
(smiles)
For *moi, mais oui!*

SKYE
(to Sofia)
Did she miss the meaning of the
word "minimalist" in her English
classes?

Sofia chuckles as they continue on walking down the busy
street.

The girls are hanging out in a fairly nice hotel room with
two large beds, a TV set and modest furniture.

FRANKIE
I plan to visit Papa as soon as
term is over.
(beat)
I hope he 'as missed me.

SKYE
Why, so he'll spoil you even more
so than usual?

FRANKIE
'Ow can you be so uncivilized? At
least I 'ave a family.

Skye doesn't respond, and Sofia winces.

SOFIA
That was a bit harsh, don't you
think?

FRANKIE
Well, I am sorry, but the girl 'as
no respect for me!

SKYE
Maybe if you weren't always looking
down at us off your high horse, I
wouldn't have to keep knocking-

SOFIA
(interrupting)
Girls! Calm down! Christmas is a
time for forgiving and forgetting,
right?
(beat)
So forgive and forget already!

Everyone is silent for a beat or two.

FRANKIE
(muttering)
M'sry.

SKYE
What?

FRANKIE
I said I was sorry! *Bien?*

SKYE
That's more like it.
(beat)
Now that's a Merry Christmas!

ALITA
You really should not argue so
much. It clouds the spirit.

Skye and Frankie exchange a look, and then look over at Alita.

SKYE
Right. Wouldn't want that.

FRANKIE
Ah, well... what would you call
this... *Que embarras.*

Sofia nods firmly, ready to move on and change the subject.

SOFIA
So. A lot of new girls at the
academy lately, aren't there?

SKYE
Yeah, they've practically taken
over the place.

SOFIA
It reminds me of the stories Buffy
used to tell me about when her
house was taken over by all the
Potential Slayers.
(grimaces)
Especially this one story about
when the plumbing broke down...

FRANKIE
This Buffy, *le t'adore*, no? How
come you did not stay with her for
Christmas?

(CONTINUED)

There is an uncomfortable silence that takes over the room. Frankie is not trying to be mean, she is just being completely honest as usual, and Sofia is not sure what to say to the question.

SOFIA

Well... I think both of us know there's plenty of work to be done in the world yet, and I wanted to make sure I repaid the faith she showed in me by striking out on my own and moving to the Academy.

ALITA

(nods)

It is an admirable thing to accept your destiny.

SKYE

Destiny? You guys really believe in all of that?

ALITA

My family - my ancestors - told of the coming of a fierce warrior. A woman who would enter this world and grow up to become a champion and lead her people to the light.

(beat)

They were... quite traditional.

SOFIA

(smiling sweetly)

Well, I think that's a beautiful story.

Alita smiles warmly, and she is about to say something else when suddenly the door to their hotel room flies open. Skye leaps off the bed, ready to rumble. The rest of the girls tense up, prepared for anything.

SKYE

Hey! Knock much??

The door swings wider and Aiden pops in from the hallway. He looks worried, but at the same time, a little bit... excited?

AIDEN

Girls, I hate to break up the slumber party but we need to get back to the Academy.

SOFIA

Why so quickly? Is something wrong?

(CONTINUED)

AIDEN

I just finished speaking with Greg.
He said something's come up that he
needs you all for, and it was
pretty urgent.

SKYE

(teasing)

Was this before or after the phone
sex?

AIDEN

(grinning)

I hardly think that's an
appropriate way to speak to your
chaperone, Skye.

(beat)

But I think it's safe to say I
still have the charms.

SOFIA

And on that note...

Sofia quickly heads over to her bags and begins gathering
everything together. Skye and Aiden exchange another smirk
before we cut to:

PAN ACROSS the four main Slayers as they sit side-by-side in
the front row of the cavernous, empty auditorium. Frankie is
idly playing with a fingernail. Skye is twirling a piece of
her hair. Sofia stares down at her palms, clasped on her lap.
And Alita stares straight ahead, patiently waiting.

GREG enters the auditorium through a back door behind the
stage, and walks to center-stage, where a podium stands. He
leans against the podium.

GREG

Good evening, girls. How was your
shopping trip? I trust Aiden took
good care of you?

SKYE

You'd know better about that than
the rest of us, wouldn't you?

Greg is suitably set off course from this comment, and he
spends several moments adjusting his papers and messing with
his hair and glasses nervously.

GREG

(stutters)

Um... well... ahem... that is
certainly... Well.

(CONTINUED)

SOFIA
(saving him)
It was fine, Greg, thank you.
Aiden's very responsible.

GREG
Sorry I couldn't attend, I was busy
working while you were off taking a
break.

(beat)
Not that you didn't deserve one,
mind! You've all been working very
hard these past few months. But,
unfortunately, I have more for you.

SOFIA
What is it this time?

FRANKIE
Let me guess. A demonic artifact
'as been located and we 'ave to
traipse around the globe to locate
it before the entire world is
destroyed?

SKYE
Sounds like another Tuesday night
to me.

GREG
Uh, no, fortunately it's nothing as
drastic as that at the moment.
(checks notes)
It seems there have been some
disturbances in a nearby town.
Locals have made reports about
strange occurrences in the weather,
as well as a number of
disappearances.

BARBARA (O.S.)
We think it's an elemental.

Greg looks up, startled, and we PAN OVER the girls to find
BARBARA GRIFFIN striding towards the stage at the head of the
auditorium.

BARBARA (CONT'D)
That is what we believe to be
plaguing the townspeople.

GREG
Yes, well, that was of course my
first theory.

Sofia raises her hand, as if in class.

SOFIA

Not wanting to sound like a novice,
but an elemental what?

BARBARA

Elementals are powerful, naturally
occurring creatures, usually quite
rare. They inhabit whatever element
their powers are connected to, so a
water elemental may live within a
bog, or the ocean, and a fire
elemental would probably be found
within a volcano.

ALITA

Can it control the elements?

GREG

Yes, which means they can be quite
formidable. Left unchecked, one
could bring whatever area it's
affecting to ruins, and if two or
more get together, we're looking at
a natural disaster of global
proportions.

Barbara comes to a stop once she reaches Greg's side, and she
turns to face the Slayers gathered before her.

BARBARA

We also have reason to believe that
there is a Slayer there.

SOFIA

Really? Another girl?

FRANKIE

(mutters)

Dignified dog catchers, 'zat is
what we have become.

SKYE

Who better to nab a new Slayer than
us?

BARBARA

You will leave tomorrow morning
after meeting with Ellen for prep.

SKYE

(sarcasm, quietly)

Ellen, prep. These are a few of my
favorite things...

(CONTINUED)

SOFIA
(muttering back)
Don't be so harsh. I'm not exactly
the biggest fan of the Initiative,
but she's here to do good work.
(beat)
I think.

Up on stage, Barbara raises her eyebrows and stares hard down at Skye and Sofia.

BARBARA
I realize the holidays are right
around the corner, girls, but... I
would like you to pay attention, if
at all possible.

SOFIA
Sorry, Miss Griffin.

SKYE
Won't happen again, teach.

BARBARA
All right then. Off you go. You've
got work to do.

Off Sofia and Skye's looks of unease, we cut to:

Tranquil, serene, the water is completely still. A tall, thickly leaved tree looms above a massive lake in the middle of a large, grassy field full of knolls and small hills. Beyond it is a huge forest that seems to go for miles.

PAN ACROSS to see a small canoe slowly streaking through the water, creating small ripples as it moves.

A handsome young man, ROBERT, is rowing, as a lovely young woman, ANITA, sits in front of him, looking down at her REFLECTION in the water, a finger delicately sliding in and out of the water.

ANITA
I love coming out here.

ROBERT
It certainly is beautiful.

He stops rowing and breathes deeply, taking in the fresh air. He smiles, and with his hands free, takes Anita's hand, holding it between his own.

ROBERT (CONT'D)
You know... Anita... I've been
meaning to talk to you...

ANITA
(blushing)
Robert...

ROBERT
We've been together for four years
now, and... well, I think we're
headed in the right direction, and
I just wanted to know...

ANITA
Yes?

A shadow passes over Robert's face. ANGLE ON Anita as she
watches him, concerned, waiting for him to speak.

ANITA (CONT'D)
Robert? Robert, what's wrong?

A small droplet of water falls onto Anita's face. She looks
up, confused.

The weather was perfect a moment ago. DARK CLOUDS have
suddenly appeared over the lake. The rain begins to fall,
heavily. Torrential, almost.

ROBERT
Oh, no! Come on, let's get back to
shore, quick!

Robert and Anita, their afternoon ruined, begin each using an
oar, working together to try and get off the lake.

The water begins FROTHING, small waves appearing around the
small boat.

ANITA
Where did all this come from!?

ROBERT
I don't know! Come on, we're
getting soaked!

ANITA
I'm trying! The current is too
strong!

Suddenly, Anita's oar FLIES out of her grip, slipping beneath
the ever-growing waves.

ANITA (CONT'D)
No! Robert, I lost my oar!

ROBERT

Doesn't matter, I'll get us there.

Anita looks down at the water, and it is a complete polar opposite of the water she was looking into moments before. The waves are now so tall that the boat is quickly gaining water.

ANITA

Robert...

He follows her gaze to their feet. An INCH of water is now at their feet.

ROBERT

We're not too far. Almost there.

ON ANITA as her eyes widen in horror. She lets loose a SCREAM unlike anything ever heard before.

Robert spins around, just in time to see a MASSIVE WAVE smash into the boat, sending them beneath the surface of the water, Anita's screams quickly cut off.

Almost as quickly as they came, the clouds quickly begin to dissipate. The waves calm down, and the lake becomes tranquil yet again.

But Robert and Anita are nowhere to be seen. On this scene of eerie silence, we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

11 EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY

11

A MINIVAN pulls up to the side of the road in what looks to be the main street in a small, quaint town.

The side door opens, and Sofia sticks her head out, looking around. She hops out, Skye, Frankie and Alita following quickly behind her.

SKYE

Yikes. Welcome to Stepford.

SOFIA

It's nice. Small, but nice.

SKYE

What can I say, I'm a big city kind of girl. Cleveland, LA, places like that. Something about this place just screams 'frontal lobotomy.'

ALITA

I thought we were here to find an elemental demon?

FRANKIE

We are. Try not to listen to Skye, she is full of 'ot air.

The driver's side door of the minivan opens, and Greg steps out onto the empty street.

GREG

Girls, girls. The mission just began. Can we keep it together for five minutes, at least?

SOFIA

Greg's right. It's time we did some investigating.

FRANKIE

I wonder if this pitiful excuse for a town 'as a salon.

SKYE

We're not here to get our nails done, sweets.

GREG

All right. I'm splitting you into teams. Sofia, take Alita. You'll cover the West end of town.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

GREG (CONT'D)

(beat)

Frankie, you and Skye will take the East end. I'll start here in the center of town.

FRANKIE

(disdainful)

Must I be paired with her?

SKYE

You ain't exactly my first choice either, froggie.

FRANKIE

You see what I am meaning? 'Zis girl is impossible!

GREG

That's not my problem. It's time you two learned to work together, once and for all.

SOFIA

(to Skye)

Just go with this, please?

SKYE

Hey, I'm not the one throwing out words like "hot air" and "impossible".

Greg clears his throat, drawing everyone back into the conversation.

GREG

We'll meet back here in an hour.

(beat)

In one piece, please?

FRANKIE

Hmph. We shall see.

(beat)

Come, Alita, we have work to do.

Frankie takes off walking to the East, and Alita quickly hurries after her, throwing an apologetic look at Sofia and Skye.

GREG

(flustered)

But! But I just said! Uh... girls?

Frankie continues moving as if she can't hear him, Alita quietly following after her. Greg gives up, sighing.

GREG (CONT'D)

Oh, no one cares what I say anyway.

(CONTINUED)

He turns to Sofia and Skye, who watch him with small smiles on their faces.

SOFIA
I guess it's us two, then.

GREG
Just go. Meet me back here in an hour, all right?

SOFIA
Right. One hour.

GREG
Good luck.

SOFIA
You too.

SKYE
Looks like we've got some sniffing to do, Scooby.

Skye takes off walking, and Sofia tosses Greg a short wave, before she heads off down the road to the West, leaving Greg to lean against the hood of the minivan. He sighs, shaking his head.

He pulls a cell phone out of his pocket and hits a couple of buttons, holding it to his ear.

GREG
Hey.
(beat)
Yeah, we're here in town.
(beat; grins)
No, I'm not slacking off! I'm just taking a moment to speak to you before I get to work. So, did you have a good time last night?

We cut from Greg over to:

Aiden is sitting on his couch, holding his phone up to his face, smiling.

AIDEN
As a matter of fact, I did.
(beat)
I'm glad you called. I miss you.

GREG (V.O.)
Oh really?

12 CONTINUED:

12

AIDEN

Yes really! You are quite missable,
if you haven't noticed.

We cut from Aiden back to:

13 EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY

13

Greg grins, unable to hide his delight while talking to Aiden, even over the phone.

GREG

You're not half bad yourself.

AIDEN (V.O.)

When are you back from the latest
foray into Slayer-world?

GREG

Soon, hopefully. This should be an
open-closed case, but then those
are the ones that usually get
complicated. So I'm going to stick
with 'soon.'

AIDEN (V.O.)

Alright then, come home soon.

GREG

I'll do my best.

He hangs up the phone, and grins. Off his smile of
contentment, we cut to:

14 EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

14

Establishing shot of a small, local police station. It is a
one-storey building with a small jail-cell section attached
to the back.

SOFIA (V.O.)

We were hoping to ask you some
questions.

We cut inside the station to:

15 INT. POLICE STATION - DAY.

15

The inside of the station is simple, but pleasant enough.
Wooden floors, cream colored walls, a stately looking
reception desk and a couple of waiting benches.

Sofia and Skye are leaning against the reception desk, and an
older man, CONSTABLE HERBERT, balding with a trimmed mustache
and glasses, is standing in front of them.

(CONTINUED)

HERBERT

So who are you girls? You're awfully young looking to be wandering around inside a police station.

SKYE

Those anti-wrinkling creams nowadays, they work miracles.

SOFIA

(quickly)

What my... partner... is trying to say, is that we are doing a... a project! Yes, a school project.

HERBERT

(dubiously)

A project, you say? About what?

SOFIA

Well, yes, actually, we've been doing an... an investigation. Er, about the disappearances?

HERBERT

So is it a project, or an investigation?

SKYE

We're writing a paper.

SOFIA

An article!

HERBERT

(beat)

You'll have to forgive me, you've got me very confused.

SOFIA

We're investigating, and it's our newest project for the article we are writing for the school newspaper!

HERBERT

Well, why didn't you say so!

Off Sofia's look of relief, we cut to:

Frankie and Alita approach an old, rickety house not far from Main Street, and they slowly ascend the stairs of a sagging front porch.

(CONTINUED)

An OLD LADY is sitting on a rocking chair, staring into space.

FRANKIE

Uh... *bonjour, mademoiselle?*

The Old Lady does not appear to notice the girls' presence, and simply continues staring forward blankly.

ALITA

Perhaps she is deaf?

FRANKIE

Mademoiselle? Can you 'ear me?

She raps loudly on the wall next to the woman, hoping to get her attention, but the lady does not move, she does not even flinch.

ALITA

We should move on. Find more clues elsewhere.

FRANKIE

Right. *Allons-y.*

They begin to walk away from the woman, and Frankie spares a glance back at her, looking spooked.

As the Old Lady slowly turns her head and watches the girls walk away, we cut to:

Sofia and Skye are now seated on opposite sides of the lobby area, each occupying a waiting bench. They are looking over some missing persons reports, while Herbert paces in between them, talking.

HERBERT

Now, you girls be quiet about this. Technically, I shouldn't be showing you all of this.

(beat)

But since it's for school, well, you know...

SOFIA

(without looking up)

Right. School. Of course.

(beat)

It looks like strange occurrences have been happening here for quite a while. Several months, in fact.

SKYE

I see reports logged in here from
upwards of fifty years ago. But
then they just... stop.

SOFIA

But it looks like they've
definitely picked up again
recently.

The girls are interrupted when an OFFICER stampedes into the
lobby, breathless.

OFFICER

We've got a situation at the lake,
guv!

On Sofia, looking concerned, we cut to:

Sofia, Skye, Constable Herbert and another officer are
walking along the shore, the sun shining brightly above them,
the water twinkling across the massive expanse of the lake.

HERBERT

I know you girls must be a bit
bored with the details we are bound
to go over, but I thought some
field notes might be great for your
article!

SKYE

Yeah, perfect.

(beat)

You think we could avoid the real
muddy parts? I just got these new
boots, see, and-

SOFIA

Come on!

(hisses)

You'll blow our cover!

SKYE

All right, fine, I'm shutting up
now.

SOFIA

So... is this a crime scene?

HERBERT

Well, not exactly. We have to
determine a crime was committed
first, now, don't we?

(MORE)

HERBERT (CONT'D)

(beat)

Are you taking notes?

SKYE

(sly)

She has a really good memory. Like
a steel trap.

OFFICER

Right over here, constable!

They make their way further down the lakeshore, and find the
shattered remains of Robert and Anita's small boat,
completely obliterated.

OFFICER (CONT'D)

A jogger spotted this no more than
half an hour ago.

HERBERT

How is that possible? The
conditions here are perfect! How
could this boat have been destroyed
so quickly?

Sofia shares a dark look with Skye, knowing full well what
probably did this.

HERBERT (CONT'D)

Get more men out here. We're going
to need to do a thorough search of
the area.

(beat)

Girls, I'd imagine it's best for
you to leave this area for now.

SOFIA

Of course, Constable, right away.
Thank you so much, you've been very
helpful.

HERBERT

No problem, young lady. Anything
for education.

As Sofia and Skye hurry off to head back into town, Herbert
turns back to the shattered remains of the boat, and sighs.
On this scene of destruction, we cut to:

Sofia, Skye, Frankie and Alita are all walking towards the
center of Main Street from opposite ends, where they meet up
in the middle.

Greg appears from out of a store, looking extremely harried
and a bit anxious.

(CONTINUED)

GREG

Find anything?

FRANKIE

Nothing useful.

ALITA

Searched all over town. Couldn't find a single clue.

GREG

(to Sofia/Skye)

What about you two? Please tell me you've found something.

SKYE

Well, seeing as I hate to disappoint, we may have hit the jackpot.

SOFIA

We did some digging at the local police station.

SKYE

(sarcasm as usual)

Real hoppin' place, let me tell you.

SOFIA

(ignoring Skye)

Turns out there have been disappearances all over town for the past couple of months. All of them centering around this massive lake nearby.

(beat)

I'm thinking that's where we'll find our demon thingy.

FRANKIE

Barbara said that the elemental will stay close to whatever it draws its power from.

ALITA

So it is safe to say we are dealing with an aquatic demon, then.

SKYE

Warning, all passengers will get wet.

GREG

Let's not be too hasty in jumping to too many conclusions.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED: (2)

GREG (CONT'D)
Since Sofia and Skye have procured
us a lead, I say we follow it.

SKYE
Gee, ya think?

GREG
Let's go.

As the team begins to pile into the minivan, we cut to:

20 EXT. LAKESHORE - NIGHT

20

Debbie and Macy are walking along the lakeshore, the moon
hanging low above the scenery.

DEBBIE
I still don't know why you wanted
to come out here. We could get into
a lot of trouble.

MACY
It's fun! And interesting. You used
to like interesting things, Debbie.

DEBBIE
I still do. I also like staying out
of the way of policemen doing their
job.

MACY
They're long gone by now. Plus,
have you seen our local force?
They give new meaning to the word
ineptitude.

DEBBIE
You've got a point. So, what,
you're thinking of solving the
disappearances yourself?

MACY
Imagine if we did!

DEBBIE
'We'?

MACY
We'd be the town heroes!

DEBBIE
Becoming a hero? Not exactly on my
to-do list.

MACY
(pouts)
You're no fun any more!

(CONTINUED)

A CRACKING sound causes Debbie to stop walking. She grabs Macy by the arm, stopping her as well.

DEBBIE
What was that?

MACY
What was what?

DEBBIE
Something's nearby.

MACY
I didn't hear anything.

Another CRACK, this one louder.

MACY (CONT'D)
Okay, I heard that.

Voices begin floating out of the nearby woods, and then FLASHLIGHT beams light up Debbie and Macy's faces. They shield their eyes, and suddenly...

Team Slayer and Greg appear from the woods, holding all kinds of camping gear.

DEBBIE
Hello? Who's there?

SOFIA
We could ask you the same question.

DEBBIE
We live here! Who are you people?

Team Slayer are now quickly dropping their supplies, worried looks on their faces.

SKYE
We're the ones who are about to
save your lives.

DEBBIE
Huh?

Debbie and Macy slowly turn around, and standing behind them is a massive DEMON.

As the girls SCREAM, we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

21 EXT. LAKESHORE - NIGHT

21

Debbie and Macy are screaming as the demon towers over them. It is dark bluish in color, looking as if its made up of mud of some sort, with fluids running all over its body, looking as if it's constantly moving in a watery state.

The demon ROARS and smacks the two girls out of its way, and they go tumbling.

SKYE
Cavalry's here!

Skye and Sofia rush into the fray, Frankie and Alita warily hanging back as backup.

GREG
Be careful!

The girls ignore his warning, and Sofia and Skye engage the demon.

Sofia throws a snap kick at the demon, but her leg goes right THROUGH the demon, and she becomes stuck!

SOFIA
Skye! Watch out for the demon's skin! It's...

She tries to free herself, but it's impossible!

SOFIA (CONT'D)
Not exactly solid!

SKYE
Hang on!

Skye comes up behind Sofia, and begins tugging on her. Within moments, the two Slayers go flying backwards as Skye finally frees Sofia's leg.

GREG
We can't fight this thing here!
Girls, retreat!

Off to the side, Debbie is slowly sitting up. Her clothes covered in mud, she looks over and sees the girls battling the demon.

DEBBIE
M-Macy...? Are you all right?

(CONTINUED)

Macy moans, but she seems to be alive and kicking. Unable to deny her curiosity, Debbie gets to her feet and moves slowly closer to the battle happening before her.

FRANKIE

You might want to stay clear,
cheri!

Frankie is suddenly at Debbie's side, and Debbie looks at her with surprise in her eyes.

DEBBIE

Who are you guys? And... what is
that thing?

FRANKIE

Run for now, questions later! Come
with me.

Frankie guides Debbie away, and Alita is gathering up Macy so they can get them away from the demon.

Nearby, Sofia and Skye are facing off with the demon, currently at a stalemate.

SKYE

We can't fight this thing hand to
hand. Got any tricks up your
sleeve?

SOFIA

Not exactly. You?

SKYE

Wouldn't have asked if I did.

SOFIA

Right.
(beat)
So, retreat?

SKYE

You mean run?

SOFIA

'Retreat' sounds much more
professional.

The demon SCREAMS, and all of a sudden, RAIN begins pelting down on everyone, drenching them through and through.

Out on the lake, a giant TIDAL WAVE comes barreling across the water as torrential winds send hair and clothes flying in all directions.

(CONTINUED)

SOFIA (CONT'D)

We've got to get out of here!

The demon looms over Sofia, and she GASPS as it rears back one of its huge arms, ready to swat her...

CRUNCH! A LARGE BRANCH comes crashing down over the demons head. It roars, its head smashing down fluidly into its body.

PAN BACK to reveal Debbie clutching the branch, panting, completely drenched from rain.

DEBBIE

Wow. I... I can't believe I just did that!

The demon snaps back, pummeling Debbie across the chest, sending her flying back to land at Sofia and Skye's feet, winded. She groans, slowly sitting up.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)

I'm... alive?

(beat)

This is a really weird night.

SOFIA

Grab my hand, let's go!

Sofia helps Debbie to her feet, and they turn tail and begin running, Greg, Alita, Frankie and Macy already ahead of them.

The demon's ROARS are still heard over the pouring rain and the howling winds as we cut to:

Team Slayer and Greg are sitting in various positions around Debbie's living room, all of them wearing different clothing, their hair still wet.

MRS. LIVESEY (O.S.)

Okay, we've got hot tea for everybody.

Debbie's mother, a short stout woman with dark hair like her daughter, enters the living room carrying a massive tray with cups and a steaming tea kettle.

SOFIA

Thank you so much, this is all very kind of you.

MRS. LIVESEY

Well, who am I to turn someone away in these troubled times?

(beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MRS. LIVESEY (CONT'D)
Lately, things have been so strange
around here, with people
disappearing and the weather acting
up so horribly. I just don't know
what things are coming to.

SKYE
Yeah, bad weather's a real killer
when it wants to be, huh?

GREG
We've actually been looking into
the disappearances.

MRS. LIVESEY
You have?
(beat)
These girls look quite young to be
investigating anything.

SKYE
We work for a school newspaper.

Sofia catches Skye's glance and the vampire Slayer shrugs, as
if to say "it worked before".

FRANKIE
We attend a nearby private academy.
We 'ave been gathering information.
For... a story.

MRS. LIVESEY
Really? How interesting!

SOFIA
Uh, Mrs. Livesey? Where's Debbie?

MRS. LIVESEY
She must still be changing.

SOFIA
Where is your bathroom?

MRS. LIVESEY
Turn left at the top of the stairs,
dear.

SOFIA
Thank you.

She gets up, sets down her tea and gives Greg a significant
look, and he nods quickly.

Sofia quickly ascends the stairs and appears in:

23 INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

23

Sofia rounds the corner to the left, and slowly walks down the upstairs hall, passing family photos hanging on the walls. She pauses a moment, looking at a family photo of the Liveseys. She looks saddened by looking at their smiling faces - other people's happy families always have that effect on her.

She moves on, and reaches a slightly open door and nudges it open, finding Debbie sitting on the edge of her bed, looking thoughtful.

24 INT. DEBBIE'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS.

24

Sofia raps her knuckles on the door as she steps inside, taking a moment to glance around the room.

Several crammed bookshelves cover a variety of subjects - some are medical journals and textbooks, some cover mythology from around the world, and others are a wide array of fantasy novels.

Debbie nods to her, and Sofia pulls the door closed behind her as she steps inside.

SOFIA

Are you feeling all right?

DEBBIE

I'm fine.

SOFIA

Did you send your friend home?

DEBBIE

Yes, she should be alright. Macy's always been a lot more adventurous than me.

SOFIA

Good. Good to know.

(beat)

So how are you?

DEBBIE

Just trying to process everything.

(beat)

What was that thing out there?

SOFIA

It was... well, it's hard to explain.

DEBBIE

Just try.

(CONTINUED)

SOFIA

Do you believe in the supernatural?
Demons, vampires, ghosts, that sort
of thing?

DEBBIE

Before tonight? Never. I mean, I've
read up about all that kind of
thing, but that's all it's ever
been to me - things in books. Now,
I'm not entirely sure.

(beat)

Plus, between you and me, things
have been a bit... weird with me
lately.

SOFIA

Weird how?

DEBBIE

I've felt... different. For a
couple of years now, actually.

Sofia nods slowly and moves further into the room, standing
directly in front of Debbie.

SOFIA

Debbie... I think we need to talk.

On Debbie's look of confusion, we cut to:

Mrs. Livesey is gone, and Sofia and Debbie have rejoined the
rest of the team down in the living room. Debbie is centered
in the middle of the room, everyone looking at her as though
they are an audience.

DEBBIE

I started having the dreams, and
for a while, I just thought I was
going crazy but... they never went
away.

GREG

Those would be the Slayer visions.

DEBBIE

So you're really saying that I'm
this... Slayer thing?

SOFIA

It's not a 'thing.' It's an honour.
Being a Slayer means that you're
special, you are what we call a
Chosen One.

SKYE

Or the Chosen Many, as we now like to say.

SOFIA

(rolls eyes)

What she means is, you're a hero.

DEBBIE

But... I don't want to be a hero! I'm just plain old Debbie! Dull Debbie, the girl who's only major achievement at school has been fading quietly into the background! How do I not be a Slayer?

FRANKIE

You do not 'ave a choice, just like we did not when we found out we 'ad been called.

(beat)

What you do 'ave a choice in is getting a new wardrobe.

She looks Debbie up and down with an disapproving glare, as Debbie looks down at her plain brown sweater and black pants.

Greg COUGHS to change the subject, and shuffles a little closer to address Debbie.

GREG

We're all from an Academy, a special school for Slayers, where we train and prepare you for what you will face in this world.

DEBBIE

But I'm already in school.

SKYE

Looks like you're gonna need to drop out.

DEBBIE

You can't just force me!

SOFIA

Trust me. It's for your own good, Debbie. We'll take care of you.

(beat)

It's your destiny.

DEBBIE

(agitated)

I don't have a destiny!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DEBBIE (CONT'D)

I'm supposed to graduate, go to medical school, become a doctor. That's my plan. I have a plan. This isn't part of the plan!

SKYE

Hey, listen, Dr. Lewis, we're gonna need you to focus here. We need your help to stop that thing that tried to kill all of us out there.

SOFIA

Your friend Macy told us that she helped you dissect a demon last night.

DEBBIE

(caught out)

Oh. That.

SOFIA

She also told us that you know quite a bit about the local myths and legends of this area, and as far as we can tell that's the kind of knowledge we're going to need to fight this creature.

GREG

If you know anything, anything at all that might be useful, we could really use the help, Debbie.

Debbie looks thoughtful, silent for a few beats.

DEBBIE

Well... I might know something.

Sofia beams, satisfied, and we cut to:

Team Slayer, Greg and Debbie are standing outside the old, rickety house that Frankie and Alita found earlier. One light is on in the living room.

FRANKIE

This is where that strange old woman was sitting.

ALITA

Yes, she seemed to be deaf. She did not even acknowledge our presence.

DEBBIE

Miss Denton? She isn't deaf.

FRANKIE

Then why did she ignore us? *Que impoli!*

DEBBIE

Miss Denton doesn't speak much. I believe she knows more than people think. Besides which, she's literally the oldest person living round here. If anyone's likely to know about previous incidents at the lake, it'll be her.

SOFIA

Would she possibly know about the elemental demon?

DEBBIE

Is that what it was? That thing made out of mud?

GREG

It's a powerful demon. Rarely seen. But they can cause a lot of problems, as you have noticed.

SOFIA

All right, let's ask Miss Denton some questions then.

FRANKIE

I am not going to try and speak with her again! She 'as insulted me with her ignorance.

SKYE

You guys interrogate the old broad. I'll keep Frenchie occupied.

FRANKIE

(offended)

Hey!

Sofia, Greg, Debbie and Alita approach Miss Denton's front door, and Sofia knocks softly. A few moments pass before the door slowly swings open, revealing MISS DENTON, the same old lady Frankie tried talking to earlier.

MISS DENTON

Can I help you?

(squinting)

Deborah, is that you, my darling?
My, how you've grown!

(CONTINUED)

DEBBIE

(politely)

Hello, Miss Denton. How are you this evening?

MISS DENTON

Fine, fine, my dear! Do come in! Please, bring your friends with you.

They oblige, and follow Miss Denton inside, the door closing behind them.

PAN OVER to find Frankie staring at the front of the house in complete shock, mouth gaping.

FRANKIE

Me, she completely ignores as if I am but a ghost, and then, she treats like old friends!

SKYE

Maybe she didn't like your accent.
(looks her up and down)
Or your outfit.

Frankie rounds on Skye, hands on hips.

FRANKIE

I am just about tired of you and your comments, Skye! You never 'ave anything good to say to me, and I am this close to kicking your ass!

Skye barks out a huge laugh and crosses her arms.

SKYE

Is that so? You really think you could take me, blondie?

FRANKIE

You could not 'andle a fight with me. I would pummel you into the ground.

SKYE

No time like the present to find out. Come on, you've got so many problems with me, let's get it all out in the open!

FRANKIE

You are not worth it! Why ruin a perfectly good manicure on you?

Skye narrows her eyes and glares at Frankie - but then with a sigh steps back, shaking her head.

SKYE

Come on, Frankie. Scary as it is for me to admit, we've actually been getting on better lately. Let's not screw it up now.

FRANKIE

I am not the one with all the issues!

SKYE

We gotta hash this out somehow. Like it or not, we're on a team, and we need to learn to work together.

(beat)

That stunt you pulled earlier, dissing Greg like that? That was not cool. Just because he wasn't 'converted' by your long legs and the blonde hair, doesn't mean you can treat him like dirt.

FRANKIE

Excuse moi? What are you speaking of?

SKYE

(smirks)

Oh, come on, everyone knows you had a huge jones for Greg.

FRANKIE

(covering)

I did not 'ave a "jones".

SKYE

Yeah. Uh-huh. And I'm next in line to be crowned Prom Queen.

FRANKIE

(beat)

All right. Fine. I will admit it. I was a little... disappointed when he made 'is announcement. But... I am getting over it.

SKYE

(nods)

Good. 'Cause I want Greg to be happy.

(CONTINUED)

FRANKIE

Me too. I also want him to be
'appy.

SKYE

So we can agree on that much.

FRANKIE

I suppose we can, *oui*.

The two girls then become extremely silent, not facing each other, and on their uncertain looks we cut to:

INT. MISS DENTON'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Miss Denton is seated in an old recliner, and Sofia, Greg, Debbie and Alita are gathered around her in several locations around her small, cluttered living room.

MISS DENTON

I must admit, Deborah, I was not
expecting you to ask about the
disappearances.

DEBBIE

Well... to be honest, when things
first started happening, I did some
digging into the history of the
town, and I know you were
involved... before. When the same
problems were happening fifty years
ago.

MISS DENTON

(sighing)

I haven't spoken about that in a
long time, my dear. No one ever
believed me.

(beat)

But I sense something different
about you girls.

She looks pointedly at Sofia and Alita, who look on silently.

MISS DENTON (CONT'D)

A long time ago, I used to be able
to... do things. Strange things,
unnatural. Like... magick.

(beat)

One day, after a long dry season,
the town was in a crisis because
the waters of the lake had run
dangerously low.

DEBBIE

(to others)

The lake feeds a lot of the local schools and businesses, so if it was to ever start drying out, the whole town would be in trouble!

MISS DENTON

I just wanted to help...

SOFIA

(suspicious)

What did you do, Miss Denton?

She SIGHS, as though finally bringing herself to admit something.

MISS DENTON

I was trying to find a powerful water spell, something that would help top the lake back up, and I accidentally conjured an elemental. It was too powerful for me, and it became out of control. I... I couldn't find a way to send it back!

GREG

So what happened to it?

MISS DENTON

I found a way to bind it to the lake, so it could not roam free. It can go no further than the lakeshore.

(beat)

For the longest time, it lay dormant. I thought I had defeated it, but lately, it has been trying to escape. Sadly, I do not have the youth or the power I once possessed to be able to stop it.

GREG

Do you at least know how to stop it? To kill the elemental for good?

MISS DENTON

(shakes head)

I can't remember. It's been too long.

ALITA

There must be a way. Everything has a weakness.

(CONTINUED)

MISS DENTON

I am sorry, my dear. I don't know how to destroy it.

(beat)

I do know this much, however -
'when the demon is trapped within its confines, only then will it be vulnerable.'

ALITA

What does that mean?

Miss Denton sighs heavily, and her eyelids begin to flutter, as if she could fall asleep at any moment.

MISS DENTON

My children, I am exhausted. An old woman needs her rest. Please, go now. I have told you everything I know, and that is more than I have ever done before.

DEBBIE

Thank you so much, Miss Denton. We really appreciate this.

MISS DENTON

You are welcome, Deborah. Do come and visit more often, won't you?

DEBBIE

I will.

They all rise from their chairs and quickly exit the house, taking us to:

Everyone is now gathered not far from Miss Denton's house, standing in the middle of the darkened street.

DEBBIE

(saddened)

I don't think she's got long left, the poor dear. But still... I never dreamed she was mixed up in all this magic business!

GREG

It takes all sorts.

SOFIA

Okay. So now what do we do?

Everyone is silent. Debbie finally clears her throat after a few moments and everyone looks to her.

DEBBIE

I think I know what we have to do.

GREG

Really?

SOFIA

What is it?

DEBBIE

We have to go down to the bottom of
the lake.

On everyone's look of complete shock, we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

29

EXT. LAKESHORE - NIGHT

29

Team Slayer, Greg and Debbie are standing at the lakeshore, preparing.

There is now a small CANOE sitting at the edge of the water, and Sofia, Debbie and Greg are standing nearby it.

GREG

I'm not sure this is a good idea.

FRANKIE

Moi aussi.

SOFIA

Debbie lives here. She needs to be able to save her town. This is her battle, and it's just up to us to help her fight it.

DEBBIE

(reluctant)

So I guess I'm going to try the hero thing after all?

GREG

I still don't know how I feel about this, there's an awfully large risk involved in what you're planning.

SOFIA

We'll be fine. In and out, I promise.

Skye saunters over to them.

SKYE

Sure you don't want me to come with? I'm itchin' to take a dip. Water looks fine.

SOFIA

We'll need you up here if things get rough.

SKYE

Suit yourself. You're the Chosen One.

DEBBIE

(confused)

I thought you said we were all the Chosen One?

(CONTINUED)

SOFIA

(beat)

It's a long story. How about I tell you about it when this is all over?

DEBBIE

I think I'd like that.

SOFIA

All right, then. Here goes nothing.

Sofia and Debbie head over to the canoe, and climb inside. Greg and Skye begin pushing it out into the lake, and Sofia begins rowing.

GREG

Good luck!

They head further out onto the water, and soon enough, the darkness encompasses them, and it's as if Sofia and Debbie are all alone.

DEBBIE

I still can't believe any of this is happening. I mean... a Slayer? I don't know what it all means.

SOFIA

There are plenty of people who will be able to help you understand. They've helped all of us. Trust me.

DEBBIE

Maybe once this is over, I'll just... I don't know, go back to my normal life.

SOFIA

I wish it was that simple. You have a destiny, Debbie. This is your calling.

DEBBIE

But what if I don't believe in any of that?

SOFIA

You have to. It's in you, Debbie, it's in your blood. You're a Slayer, just like me.

(beat)

You can't deny that. But believe me, you're not the first Slayer to be overwhelmed by what's expected of her, and I daresay you're far from being the last.

(CONTINUED)

DEBBIE

But I was supposed to have a life.
Finish school, get a job...

SOFIA

You could still have that! We go
through courses at the Academy just
like any other school. And you can
get a real job after that.

DEBBIE

(possibly warming up)
Really?

SOFIA

(smiles)
Really. In fact, it's encouraged
after we graduate, as I understand
it. Helps us fit into the real
world so we can go on protecting it
under the cover of a secret
identity.

(beat)
Although that just made it sound
far too much like one of Skye's
comics...

DEBBIE

You're really passionate about this
whole thing, aren't you?

SOFIA

(grinning)
A little bit. It's all I've got
really. My parents died in a plane
crash a few years ago, so all I've
got to go home to is the Academy
and the other girls.

Debbie looks as if she might say something else, but she
looks over Sofia's shoulder, alarmed.

DEBBIE

Look! I think it might be show
time.

Sofia stops rowing and carefully turns around a bit so she
can see behind herself. The water is beginning to froth,
almost boil. Waves begin to crash about the entire surface of
the lake, and the canoe begins to violently careen and shake.

SOFIA

Hold on! Here it comes!

The lake suddenly becomes like a whirlpool, and the canoe
begins to spin and spin, faster and faster.

(CONTINUED)

Sofia and Debbie both YELL at the top of their lungs, almost as if they are on an insane roller coaster ride.

Down, down, down, the water seems to be rising above them, as if they are in the middle of a water-like tornado.

SOFIA (CONT'D)
Hold your breath!

A CRASHING SOUND overtakes everything, and for a brief moment, everything is BLACK, until we cut to:

The canoe is gone. Sofia and Debbie are lying near each other, both face down, motionless in a large, expansive cave system that seems to be beneath the lake. A pool of water is nearby, and droplets of water fall systematically from the rocky ceiling.

Suddenly, Sofia STIRS, and she slowly turns over onto her back, coughing. She sits up, and crawls over to Debbie, who she quickly turns over.

SOFIA
Debbie! Debbie, wake up!

Debbie groans slightly, and her eyelids flutter open.

DEBBIE
(groggy)
Sofia? Is that you?

SOFIA
We seem to be beneath the lake. You were right!

DEBBIE
(uncertain)
Er... hooray?

The two girls slowly get to their feet, wringing out their hair and clothes as they survey their surroundings. The water echoes throughout the cave, the only sound to be heard.

SOFIA
Okay... where's our demon?

DEBBIE
Well, all I managed to work out was 'trapped within its confines' meant that we needed to face the demon within the lake itself. From here on out, I'm afraid your guess is as good as mine.

BEHIND THEM the pool of water they were near suddenly begins to merge and move, slowly forming up and up - morphing into the demon!

Sofia turns around just in time to see the demon begin to strike out at Debbie.

SOFIA
Debbie, look out!

But she is too late. The demon SMACKS into the back of Debbie, sending the dark haired girl flying across the cave, where she slams into the wall, slipping to the ground, out cold.

SOFIA (CONT'D)
Debbie!

As the demon advances on Sofia, we cut back to:

Frankie, Alita, Skye and Greg are standing nearby the lakeshore, each of them seemingly lost in their own thoughts.

GREG
How long has it been?

ALITA
Approximately fifteen minutes.

GREG
That long?

ALITA
Give or take a few milliseconds.

GREG
Oh. Right.
(beat)
Was that a joke?

Alita only smiles.

FROM BEHIND, a figure looms. Seemingly out of nowhere, Miss Denton appears at the lakeshore! Greg turns and sees her, frowning as she steps closer.

GREG (CONT'D)
Miss Denton, what are you doing here? It's too dangerous for you to be out here when-

MISS DENTON
(raises hand)
Hush, young man.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MISS DENTON (CONT'D)
I know what must be done. I have
been deluding myself for far too
long as it is.

FRANKIE
Quoi?

GREG
Miss Denton, what are you talking
about?

MISS DENTON
Your girls, they are battling the
demon?

GREG
Well, yes, as a matter of fact.
Debbie had this theory that
involved going beneath the lake,
and against my better judgement I
let them go, but after they-

MISS DENTON
(shakes head)
They will lose. I have finally
realized what I have been hiding
from myself all along.
(beat)
Only I can defeat the demon.

SKYE
Woah, woah, slow down, Grandma.
What do you mean, only you can
defeat the demon? Those girls down
there happen to be Slayers. Ever
heard of that?

MISS DENTON
Of course I have heard of Slayers,
young lady. I actually once knew
one years ago, a very nice young
woman she was too.
(beat)
Daft as a brush if you ask me,
though.

Clearly done with the conversation, Miss Denton begins
walking towards the water's edge.

FRANKIE
We cannot just let her go! She will
kill 'erself!

SKYE
Hey, a girl's gotta do what a
girl's gotta do. Who are we stop
her?

31 CONTINUED: (2)

31

GREG

Miss Denton, please! Is there any
other way?

Miss Denton turns and looks back at him, and smiles wearily.

MISS DENTON

I'm afraid not, my boy.

With that, she CLAPS her hands once - and vanishes! Greg and the girls exchange curious looks as we cut to:

32 INT. UNDERWATER CAVE

32

Sofia is struggling as the demon is wrapping its arms around her entire body, turning into tentacles. She is barely finding enough oxygen to breathe.

SOFIA

(choking)

De... Deb... Debbie!

She struggles even harder, kicking her legs, but to no avail! The demon has her trapped.

Suddenly, an INVISIBLE FORCE stuns the demon, and it unwraps its tentacles from Sofia. She falls to the ground, clutching her throat, catching her breath.

The demon turns around to face:

MISS DENTON

Remember me?

The demon ROARS, the cavern shaking from the ferocity of it. It begins moving closer to Miss Denton, who stands fast, ready to face the demon.

On the other side of the cavern, Sofia goes to Debbie's side, rousing her.

SOFIA

Come on, Debbie, wake up! I think
we'd better get out of here.

DEBBIE

(sleepily)

All right... I'll wake up... just
give a minute...

Sofia bites her lip - then lightly SLAPS Debbie on the cheek, snapping her back to reality.

SOFIA

Sorry, but I'm afraid we don't
exactly have a minute.

(CONTINUED)

DEBBIE

(blinks)

Awake now. What's going on?

SOFIA

Miss Denton showed up! She's fighting the demon.

This gets Debbie perked up really quickly.

DEBBIE

What!?

SOFIA

We can work out the whys and hows later. Now come on! We need to figure out a way out of here.

DEBBIE

What about Miss Denton?

SOFIA

We'll come back for her when we know where we're going, now move it!

They get to their feet and begin trying to find any sort of exit that they can.

Across the cave, Miss Denton is holding her hands up defensively, prepared to cast a spell. Light blue sparks of ENERGY are starting to form in the air around her hands.

MISS DENTON

I should have known this was what I had to do all along. I suppose it took me this long to realise...

The demon HOWLS again and takes another thundering step towards her, but Miss Denton just smiles.

DEBBIE

Miss Denton, no!

The old woman ignores the plaintive cry, and she spreads her hands out, letting loose a huge barrage of magickal energy.

It HITS the demon, and it SCREAMS in agony as the energy rips and tears at its body. The energy eats away at it, until, piece by piece, it is utterly and completely destroyed.

After the demon vanishes, Miss Denton slumps to the ground. Sofia and Debbie rush over to her, and fall to their knees, hovering over Miss Denton's face.

(CONTINUED)

DEBBIE (CONT'D)
Miss Denton! Miss Denton!

Debbie shakes the old woman, but she does not make a move to be waking up anytime soon.

SOFIA
(softly)
Debbie... I think she's...

DEBBIE
No! It wasn't supposed to be this way! She had a life, but this demon came along, and messed up everything!
(beat; quietly)
It wasn't supposed to be this way...

SOFIA
I think she did what she had to do. She knew the consequences of her actions.
(beat)
That's what heroes do.

Debbie is silent, tears streaming down her face. Sofia wraps an arm around her shoulders gently.

SOFIA (CONT'D)
Come on. Let's get out of here.

Debbie nods and slowly stands, and as Sofia starts to lead her away we dissolve to:

33 INT/EXT - MONTAGE 33

The song "Smoke" by Natalie Imbruglia plays over the following montage.

34 INT. DEBBIE'S BEDROOM - DAY 34

We see Debbie packing clothes into a huge suitcase. Her mother is helping her put things into boxes. Sofia is standing in the doorway, watching them.

35 EXT. DEBBIE'S FRONT LAWN - DAY 35

Team Slayer is helping Debbie load everything up into the minivan. We see Greg talking to Mrs. Livesey, but cannot hear what he is saying. She is nodding agreeably but looks sad to see her daughter go.

36 INT. MINIVAN - DAY

36

Sofia looks out the passenger side window as Debbie and her mom hug each other tightly. Her eyes well up slightly with tears, and she quickly wipes them away.

Greg climbs into the driver seat and smiles at Sofia, and she nods at him, smiling back.

GREG
Are you alright?

SOFIA
(wiping away tears)
I'm fine, I'm just...

GREG
(nods)
Remembering what having family felt
like. I know how you feel.

Sofia nods, and Greg reaches into his jacket to hand her a tissue. With a grateful laugh, she dabs at her eyes.

As the music comes to a crescendo, and silent fades into nothing we cut to:

37 EXT. STREET - DAY

37

The minivan drives into the distance, taking the Slayers, plus Debbie, their newest recruit, back to the Academy. And on this note, we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF SHOW