

SLAYER ACADEMY

"The Slayer Who Loved Me"

by
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TEASER

FADE IN:

1 INT. ACADEMY - GREG'S OFFICE - DAY. 1

Thick frost covers the windows, overlooking the snow-covered landscape of the Academy grounds. The office itself looks warm and cosy, as evidenced by GREG, the young Watcher dozing lightly in his chair.

A hand drops a heap of files onto his desk with a loud SLAP, startling him out of his snooze.

GREG
Wha? Huh? Hrm?

He blinks, adjusting his glasses to see JAZ, the campus nurse, grinning down at him.

JAZ
Catching a quick nap between
classes?

Greg settles back down, leaning back and closing his eyes.

GREG
I don't have any classes for the
rest of the day. This is strictly
R&R.

JAZ
I thought there was no such thing
as 'rest' for people like us?

GREG
Occupational hazard.

Jaz chuckles and pulls up a chair, and Greg takes that as a signal that he's not going to get a chance to get any more sleep. He picks up the first file and examines it.

GREG (cont'd)
So what do we have here?

JAZ
New intake files. We had a
planeload of girls arrive from
Eastern Europe the other day, and
I'm having a bloody nightmare
trying to process them all. You'd
have thought the first thing a new
Slayer should get would be an
English dictionary!

(CONTINUED)

GREG

Encountering a few language barriers?

JAZ

A 'few'? I'm on the verge of resorting to semaphore!

GREG

Well, why don't I see what I can do. You say they're new in from Eastern Europe? I'll go and find Erika, she found herself two little Slavic playmates to talk to so maybe they can help out and act as translators.

Jaz nods, rubbing her tired eyes with her hands and SIGHING loudly.

JAZ

Why didn't you warn me it was going to be like this back when we first met?

GREG

Because back when we first met, I had other things on my mind.

JAZ

That's an understatement.

GREG

But, I was professional then and I intend to remain so now.

Greg grabs a pen and starts leafing through the first file. He gets about two sentences in before slowing to a stop, and Jaz grins and he leans back and SIGHS just like she did.

JAZ

They tend to have that effect, don't they?

GREG

Why is it I can handle being in charge of four young girls with superpowers on a daily basis, but the tiniest bit of paperwork and I fold like a bad hand of cards?

There's a KNOCK at Greg's office door, and he looks up to see SOFIA and FRANKIE in the doorway, the girls wrapped up for the cold weather.

FRANKIE

Knock, knock, monsieur.

SOFIA

We're all heading outside - the backup squad seem to be having some kind of modern art snowman competition, and we're going to see what's what.

FRANKIE

And to make sure Heidi does not win.

GREG

Well... I'd love to, girls, really, but I have all this paperwork, and...

He looks at the files, then the girls, and their pleading expressions tell him there's no getting out of this one.

GREG (cont'd)

Alright, you win. I'll meet you by the front entrance in two minutes.

Sofia grins as the girls make their exit, and Greg tidies up the stack of files.

JAZ

They really mean a lot to you, don't they?

GREG

They're the closest thing I've had to a family my whole life. If they want me to sit outside on a brisk winter's morning and watch a snowman contest, then that's what I'll do!

Greg stands and reaches for his coat as we cut to:

Greg and Jaz, both wearing their winter coats, leave his office and head for the front entrance.

JAZ

Have you ever told them how we met?

GREG

Never got round to it. I thought that, you know, given the... ah, circumstances, you'd rather I kept it to myself.

JAZ

I used to think that, but now...
maybe it's time we told them the
full story.

SOFIA (O.S.)

The full story about what?

They look up to see Sofia waiting for them at the end of the
corridor, and Greg and Jaz swap looks.

GREG

The story of how I met Jaz.

SOFIA

Oh, well, do tell. They're only
just at the rolling the snow stage
out there, we've got a while to
kill before the contest gets
underway yet!

GREG

(to Jaz)
You're sure?

JAZ

(nods)
I'm sure.

GREG

Alright then.

They join Frankie and head for the front doors.

GREG (CONT'D) (cont'd)

It was once upon a time in England,
back when I was still a new
Watcher, and before the attack on
the Council or Willow's activation
of all the Potentials...

The foursome head out into the blanket of white waiting
beyond the doors, as we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

3 EXT. OXFORDSHIRE - DAY. 3

Green - fields, trees, grass. A few cows and sheep scattered round the landscape.

4 EXT. OXFORDSHIRE AIRBASE - NEXT. 4

An abandoned airstrip from the war - a dozen black vans are parked on the tarmac and a plane is resting in a corrugated steel hangar nearby.

A new car pulls up, and Greg gets out, scanning the airbase carefully before turning and heading for a nearby hangar:

5 INT. AIRBASE - HANGAR - CONTINUOUS. 5

Greg approaches a small private jet parked up inside the hangar - QUENTIN TRAVERS is standing next to the plane with a serious look on his face.

GREG
(raises eyebrow)
That bad?

TRAVERS
(sarcastic)
'Hello, Mr. Travers. Good to see you again. Did you enjoy your trip over?'

GREG
Sorry. Where are my manners?
(starts again)
Good morning, sir.

TRAVERS
(nods)
Gregory.

GREG
So... that bad?

TRAVERS
Yes - that bad. Take a look in the plane for yourself, Greg. We knew there were groups smuggling demons into the country, but this takes the biscuit.

Greg climbs the steps and looks into the plane - his nose wrinkles and he grimaces.

(CONTINUED)

GREG

Cinnamon.

TRAVERS

And your immediate diagnosis is?

GREG

Something on the K'eta'Y group, and yes, this is taking the biscuit if somebody is smuggling K'eta'Y into the country.

(beat)

Any lead with the registration on the plane?

TRAVERS

I've got our man in Tibet checking it out, he'll let us know if he finds anything.

GREG

Good. Did we capture the K'eta'Y?

TRAVERS

No, but we do have a Tol'Rammi in custody. He isn't giving us anything, and if he doesn't speak by daybreak tomorrow then I might be forced to bring in the specialists.

GREG

So we have ourselves a K'eta'Y on the loose somewhere in the local area?

TRAVERS

(nods)

We have no idea how far he or she may have gone by now.

(beat)

We were hoping that you and your girls might be able to help us.

GREG

I'll certainly see what we can find - if that's all, Sir.

TRAVERS

It's not.

(beat)

Greg, there's... well, there's just a few things I've been meaning to say to you for a little while now.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

TRAVERS (cont'd)

As you know I knew and respected your mother, and the Watchers Council have been quite... lenient when it comes to your work, but we've heard a few rumours about...

(awkward)

... your sexual preference. Not that the Council isn't liberal and open minded, but despite my efforts, I may not be able to convince them not to sideline you in the future.

(beat)

It doesn't bother me what you do or who you do it with, but it clearly bothers several others, and...

(hesitates)

I just thought you should know.

GREG

That was...

(searches for the word)

... awfully nice of you, Sir. Thank you.

SKYE (V.O.)

You didn't buy any of that 'I couldn't care what you do' crap, did you?

Travers pats Greg on the shoulder - a stiff attempt at comradeship - as we cut to:

A covering of snow is on the ground, and a few students are building snowmen. Greg, Jaz, Sofia and Frankie have joined SKYE and ALITA, equally wrapped up for the winter, and are sitting on a bench with mug of hot cocoa each.

GREG

No, I knew it was a load of tosh the moment he said it. If there was any one person maneuvering to relieve me of my duties because of my sexuality, then it was Quentin Travers.

(beat)

Quick subject change - do you all know what a K'eta'Y is, and why they're important?

Blank looks all round.

FRANKIE

I 'ave not got up to that chapter, yet, Greg.

SOFIA
(worried)
It's in a chapter?

GREG
No, we haven't covered it in
Demonic Biology yet.

SKYE
(smirks)
You see that? Sofes almost popped a
blood vessel there, thinking there
was something she missed in class!

ALITA
Is it something to do with their
skills as hunters?

GREG
(nods)
K'eta'Y demons are important for
one reason alone - they have
mystical tracking abilities...

Greg's voice-over carries as we DISSOLVE to the next scene:

EXT. WATCHERS COUNCIL - DAY.

A light rain dusts the ground, and a few people hurriedly
move about on the street. A few cars, buses, trucks and vans
move past.

GREG (V.O.)
... they can hone in on the magical
signal of a Potential with alarming
accuracy, more than any of the
spells that we have in our mystical
arsenal.

INT. LECTURE THEATRE - NEXT.

Greg is standing at the front of a lecture theatre, while an
overhead projector projects a rough drawing of a bulky,
scaly, horned demon on the whiteboard behind him.

There are two girls sitting a few rows from the front -
YELINA and NIKITA. Yelina is a beautiful raven haired Greek
girl, while Nikita is a boyish, Polish blonde.

Yelina idly flicks through the folder in front of her, chews
some gum and blows a bubble. It POPS, and Greg turns to her:

GREG
Miss Heliopolis? Please pay
attention.
(MORE)

GREG (cont'd)

This is very important, despite how pressing your efforts to strengthen your jaw muscles may seem.

YELINA

(bored)

I know what I need to - see the big bad demon and kill it. What else is there I need to know?

GREG

You know what's happening around the world, Yelina. If a demon that can track down Potentials has been smuggled into the UK, that can only be a bad thing - and a very grave sign.

NIKITA

I agree - even if my esteemed friend doesn't. Just tell us how to find it.

GREG

We don't. Or, more accurately, we can't. We have to wait for it to strike.

NIKITA

And if it happens to take out a bunch of civvies or Potentials, then what?

GREG

All we can do is try and find the Potentials before the demon. We've got people using locator spells at this very moment and they'll forward the locations of any Potentials.

Greg picks up a piece of paper with a list of names and locations upon it:

GREG (cont'd)

We have a list of five so far - Jasminder Pal, Ranjita Sidarta, Patty Tojikawa, Erin Bailey and Ziva Sabra, all of whom live in or around London.

(beat)

Miss Pal is the first on the list, so we'll go and talk to her. She's a nursing student, currently working at a London hospital and she is twenty two, the upper end of the age range.

(CONTINUED)

Greg walks up to the two girls and puts a folder down in front of both of them, as he continues speaking:

GREG (cont'd)

You will be equipped with the requisite weaponry, and this time out I will be joining you in the field.

(beat)

I will be the one to make contact with Miss Pal, as I have the necessary experience. You two just get to keep watch and, were it to be necessary, kick some demon arse.

(off the folders)

But I still fully expect you to memorise the contents of the folders. There are various ways to kill a K'eta'Y. and I want you to be familiar with all of them.

YELINA

(mock salute)

Aye, Sir.

GREG

We'd better be going, the armourer will be expecting us soon.

Greg turns the overhead projector off, gathers up his papers, puts them into a briefcase, and exits as we cut to:

A huge glass and metal monstrosity built in the eighties and now almost falling to bits - it is still raining. A few ambulances move up to the emergency room doors and discharge patients.

Greg and the two Slayers enter. The waiting room is half full and quiet and the RECEPTIONIST (cute, twenties, male) is flicking through some beauty magazine at the front desk.

Greg steps up to the desk and taps on it to get the clerk's attention. He looks up at Greg and smiles pleasantly.

RECEPTIONIST

Hello. How can I be of service today, Sir?

GREG

I'm looking for a student nurse named Jasminder. We're all, uh...

(MORE)

GREG (cont'd)
friends of her family, and we've
been asked to pass on a message.

RECEPTIONIST
(nods)
I'll go and find her. You just wait
right here and I'll be right back.

Greg smiles back as the receptionist stands and heads off
screen. Greg watches him go as Yelina and Nikita sidle over
to him, Yelina grinning mischievously.

YELINA
(nudges Greg)
You were checking him out.

GREG
(protests)
What? No, I wasn't-
(beat; sighs)
Was it that obvious?

YELINA
Yes.

GREG
Alright, I was 'checking him out,'
as you so eloquently put it. He's
cute, great smile, but, you know,
I'm probably not his type. Come to
that, even if he was gay - which
he's probably not - then I would
definitely not be his type.
(beat)
He'd probably turn straight. In
fact, it wouldn't be the first time
that happened.

NIKITA
Dusha, he was totally checking you
out too.

GREG
He was?

NIKITA
Da, he was.

GREG
Well, then...

Greg looks round as the receptionist reappears, with Jaz in
tow behind him.

Jaz appears younger, uncertain and a little more naïve than
we have come to know her. She is wearing medical scrubs and
carries a stethoscope round her neck.

GREG approaches her and offers his hand for her to shake, and she looks him up and down, a little confused.

GREG (cont'd)
Hello, I'm Mr. Pierce. Can we speak
somewhere private, Miss Pal?

JAZ
Can I ask what it's about?

GREG
It's a family matter.

JAZ
Oh. Well, in that case...
(shakes hand)
Of course. Will your two friends be
joining us, Mr. Pierce?

GREG
No, they'll wait here, just in
case.

JAZ
Just in case of what?

GREG
(beat)
Oh, you know. Just in case.

Jaz indicates that Greg should follow her down a corridor,
and he nods to the two Slayers to indicate that he'll take it
from here.

JAZ
So... how do you know my family,
exactly?

GREG
Well... I should probably start by
informing you that I'm not a friend
of your family, Miss Pal.

JAZ
(eyes him)
I know you're not. You don't look
the type of boy who'd be familiar
with Bombay - my father raised me
here and went back to India to make
movies when I began my medical
training.
(beat)
My mother went with him, so if
you're not here for them, I have to
ask - who are you here with?

GREG

You'll laugh - but I'm with the government. Your name was on a list we found in connection with...

(tries to figure out how to say it)

... an illegal immigrant. We're just following up all our leads. Have you seen or met anything or anyone unusual today?

JAZ

'Unusual' in what way, Mr. Pierce? I work in a hospital, we see all sorts of strange things - and that's not including the patients.

GREG

I see your point.

(beat)

Miss Pal - Jasminder - there is a chance that someone might want to kidnap or even kill you. We need to take you into our custody for your own protection.

JAZ

(suspicious)

Right... if that's the case, can I see some identification?

Greg hesitates, trying to work out his next move - when suddenly there is a ROAR, a SMASH of glass and a chorus of SCREAMS from behind them. Greg and Jaz exchange looks.

GREG

(relieved)

Saved by the demon, eh?

Greg dashes back towards the direction they've just walked from, and a confused Jaz jogs after him.

They arrive in the reception area as a slab of concrete flies through the air - and Yelina is THROWN into frame after it. She lands on top of the concrete with a GRUNT of pain, slowly rising to her feet.

GREG (cont'd)

What's going on?

YELINA

Looks like one of those K'eta'Y you were going on about!

GREG

Well, you two know what to do!

(CONTINUED)

YELINA

(beat)

You know we didn't read those files
you gave us, right? So... you wanna
give us a little help?

Greg steps forward - into the line of sight of the K'ETA'Y
DEMON, which stands in the middle of the demolished
reception.

The lights flicker, dusts hangs in the air - and Nikita steps
into view, snapping a metal pole in half over her knee and
wielding it like a pair of fighting sticks.

GREG

Keep it busy, I'll try and run a
quick banishment spell!

Nikita jumps in to the attack as Yelina races in from the
other side, as Greg reaches into a pocket and pulls out a
spell book.

He opens the book and begins to recite a spell, while Nikita
and Yelina continue their assault on the K'eta'Y.

GREG (cont'd)

T'xmo Ek'ala M'ree K'kakk O'vt'Ya'Q
S'ort'ok!

As the last word is spoken, the K'eta'Y suddenly turns to
stone, then crumbles to dust and blows away as if by a divine
gust of wind.

Silence. Greg turns to Jaz, who is staring in shock and
disbelief at the bruised but unbowed Slayers.

GREG (cont'd)

(off Jaz)

I suppose we have some explaining
to do...

Greg looks round - several frightened members of hospital
staff and patients are peeking out from behind cover,
checking that the coast is clear.

GREG (cont'd)

(clears throat)

Right... Attention, everyone! We
just had a, ah, escaped animal on
the loose, but my colleagues and I
are from the National Trust, and
we've taken care of the problem.
You can resume your daily business.

Greg turns to Jaz, who is backing slowly away from him.

(CONTINUED)

JAZ

Who... who are you people?

GREG

Jasminster, please, I can assure
you, we're not here to-

SMASH! Greg looks back to the door.

Three more K'eta'Y demons stand in the hospital entrance, a scattering crowd of terrified patients and staff fleeing before them.

YELINA

Looks like *kakos* there brought some
friends!

JAZ

Alright, what the hell is going on?
Am I hallucinating? Is this all a
dream? Should I-

Yelina SLAPS Jaz across the cheek.

JAZ (cont'd)

Ow!

(beat; penny drops)
I'm not dreaming, am I...

NIKITA

(shakes head)
Nyet, dusha.

GREG

Get down!

Greg drags Jaz out of harm's way as the demons BELLOW furiously and charge to the attack.

Nikita swings round and IMPALES the first demon through the door on one half of her improvised weapon. The demons are nothing special - none are of the same species, barely weaponed and clearly are sorts of mercenaries.

Yelina picks up a chair and SMASHES the second demon through the door in the face, but the third demon gets past her and grabs hold of Jaz.

Jaz SCREAMS - then some untapped fighting instinct kicks in, and she quickly HEADBUTTS the offending demon. It drops to the ground as she staggers back, stunned.

JAZ

What... how did...

GREG

(winces)

Yes, it can take a little getting used to.

Jaz looks up as Yelina and Nikita continue to grapple with the other two demons, before Greg pulls her back out of harm's way.

JAZ

You said you worked for the government!

GREG

(beat)

I lied. To try and hide you from the very nasty truth. That demon you just took care of? He was sent to track down girls like you - girls with the potential to have great power. It's... complicated.

JAZ

(shellshocked)

Obviously!

GREG

Look, it goes like this: into every generation, one girl will be born, a girl to fight the forces of darkness, the demons, the vampires, the warlocks, witches and bad spirits. And that girl will be chosen from a multitude of others, a vast ocean of Potentials - of which you are one, just like Yelina and Nikita.

(beat)

That demon has the ability to track all of these girls and it was smuggled into the country. By who, we're not sure, but nothing good could come of its presence.

JAZ

But... but this can't be real! This has to be some sort of joke!

GREG

I assure you, Miss Pal, I never joke about my work.

(CONTINUED)

JAZ

Can you just call me Jaz? If we're going to be in some kind of mortal danger, 'Miss Pal' feels a little too... formal.

GREG

(nods)

Jaz it is, then. And you can call me Greg. But right now, we have to get out of here!

Greg pulls Jaz to the ground as Nikita is sent flying through the air by one of the demons. Yelina is holding her own, but with Nikita down she is starting to get overwhelmed.

Greg jumps up, looking in his spellbook again - when Jaz grabs the fire extinguisher from the wall and SPRAYS it at the approaching demons.

Yelina scoops up the stunned Nikita as the demons COUGH their way through the thick cloud of smoke, and the four of them stumble into the treatment area and through another door...

11

EXT. REAR ENTRANCE - NEXT.

11

... and stumble out into the rain. The foursome take the moment to take a deep breath, and let the rain cleanse them.

JAZ

What do we do now? We can't just leave those things in there!

GREG

They were only after you. I should imagine once they see we've gone they'll try and track us down.

(beat, pulls out his mobile phone)

We need to get my associates to call in a cleaning squad, the bodies of those demons might be helpful in tracking down the person who smuggled the K'eta'Y into the country.

(dials a number)

Quentin? It's Greg. Slight problem.

Jaz looks back into the hospital, still a long way from knowing what the hell is going on, as we DISSOLVE to:

12

EXT. ACADEMY - FRONT GROUNDS - DAY.

12

Resumed as the girls listen to Greg's story.

(CONTINUED)

GREG

We had taken out the K'eta'Y demon
and potentially gained a lead - but
we'd also acquired a nervous new
Potential.

SOFIA

(surprised)

Wait, wait... Jaz is a-

JAZ

Slayer? Well... technically.

A beat. Sofia and the others look suitably surprised, but Jaz shrugs her shoulders.

JAZ (cont'd)

It's pretty complicated. I'd better
let Greg finish his story.

GREG

Thanks. We had a long way to go
before we got to the bottom of the
problem, girls, a problem which
would take us to a private island
somewhere in the Caribbean.

FRANKIE

Why do we never get to go to
islands in the Caribbean? This
terrible English weather is ruining
me - I need to top up my tan!

GREG

I assure you, Frankie, you do not
want to go to this island, or meet
its mistress, a woman known only as
Enchantia.

Frankie raises an eyebrow as we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

BLACK.

GREG (V.O.) (cont'd)
Once upon a time there were three
very special little girls, who grew
up to be three very special young
women - with one thing in common:
they're beautiful, they're
intelligent, and they work for me.
My name is-

JAZ (V.O.)
Greg?

13 INT. WATCHERS BARRACKS - DAY.

13

A comfortable room - there is a desk, a wardrobe, a bed and even a door leading to a small en-suite bathroom. Greg is in bed, the covers draped loosely over him.

Jaz stands cautiously in the open door with two mugs of coffee. She scans Greg for a moment, then COUGHS.

JAZ
Er... Mr. Pierce?

Greg jumps out of bed, startled, until he sees Jaz stood with the mugs. He remembers he is just wearing a pair of boxer shorts, and grabs a pillow as he recovers his modesty.

GREG
(attempts to act casual)
Miss Pal.

JAZ
Jaz, remember.

GREG
Er... could I have a moment? Jaz
blinks - then realises what he
means.

JAZ
Oh! Yes, sorry. My bad.

Jaz turns round as Greg quickly pulls on a pair of jeans and a grubby 'Who Shot J.R.' t-shirt.

GREG
Is that fresh coffee?

Jaz hands him the coffee. He smells it, wrinkles his nose and then sips it.

(CONTINUED)

JAZ

So... this has been quite a day for me, to say the least. I'm fairly freaked out still, to be honest. I mean, vampires, werewolves and demons - and they're all real? It's... well, it's quite hard to describe any of this without using the word 'indescribable.'

GREG

You wouldn't be the first Potential to 'freak out.'

JAZ

Thank God for that.

GREG

There's an awful lot of stuff I've yet to tell you, and I'm afraid it gets worse before it gets better.

JAZ

(sighs)

There goes my hope that yesterday was as bad as this is going to get!

GREG

Potentials like yourself around the world are being assassinated by beings called Bringers, on behalf of the First Evil.

JAZ

'First Evil'? Sounds like a bad rock group.

GREG

Oh no - much worse. Simply put, The First is the root of all evil. You should be happy that the Bringers didn't find you.

(beat)

We suspect the K'eta'Y demons are working for a different faction than The First and its followers - until now, the Bringers have been its puppets. Using a K'eta'Y just isn't its modus operandi.

JAZ

Right - so just so I'm caught up, there isn't just one group wanting to kill me, there are two.

(CONTINUED)

GREG

Yes. It's very simple.

JAZ

(dry)

Nice to know it's that simple,
then.

NIKITA (O.S.)

Hey.

Nikita is in the doorway. She looks a little worse for the wear after yesterday, but still smirks as she takes in the scene - Greg in bed and Jaz sitting nearby.

NIKITA (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Hate to spoil the moment, but the morgue just sent us a message. They have analysed the body, and they'd like a Watcher on hand to help process the results.

JAZ

'Watcher'?

GREG

That would be me.

Greg puts the coffee down and stands, and as he heads for the door, we cut to:

A shiny and sterile room - two mortuary slabs, a wall of corpse drawers and several racks of equipment. A double door leads into the corridor. A random demonic body is on the slab, with Greg and Jaz joining the lab-coated MORTICIAN.

MORTICIAN

Not a lot to report, from any of the corpses the team recovered, except for one tiny factor that all the creatures have in common.

He raises a test tube of luminescent green fluid, holding it up for Greg to take a closer look.

MORTICIAN (CONT'D) (cont'd)

We separated this substance from what passes for blood in each of them - it's some sort of magical potion that acts as a controller. These poor buggers likely had no choice but to do what they were told.

GREG

Can we get any leads from the substance?

MORTICIAN

I couldn't, but you might have better luck. I chop - you analyse.

GREG

Right.

(beat, to Jaz)

I'd better take care of this. This kind of labwork can take a while, and I know you've got a lot to get through today.

JAZ

Greg, let me come with you. I know how to analyse blood and fluid samples, I could be of use.

(off Mortician's look)

I was a fully trained nurse until twelve hours ago.

GREG

You're sure?

JAZ

Please. It'd help me have something familiar to ground my experiences in right now.

MORTICIAN

Go on ahead. I'll finish up the post mortems here and rendezvous with you later.

Greg nods to the physician and motions for Jaz to follow as he exits.

Greg turns to Jaz once they're safely out of earshot from the morgue.

GREG

You know, you don't need to offer to help me. I'm your Watcher now, it's my job to take care of things like this so you can concentrate on the more important things.

JAZ

(shrugs)

Call it a girl's prerogative.

(MORE)

JAZ (cont'd)
When someone tries to kill or
kidnap you, you have a drive to
find out who is responsible.
(beat)
And this might be the only point
I'll get to flex my scientific
muscles before I die.

GREG
You're not going to die. I promise
you.

JAZ
Cross your heart and hope to die?

GREG
Cross my heart.

JAZ
Swear on your mother's life?

Beat - awkward silence. Greg looks to the floor.

JAZ (cont'd)
What did I say?

GREG
My mother, she... she died when I
was very young. She was killed by
demons, and they never recovered
her body.

JAZ
(mortified)
Oh, God, I'm so sorry! I didn't
know - if there's anything I can do
or say, just-

GREG
I've seen more than enough
counselors in my time, Jaz. I don't
need your sympathy - it happened a
long time ago. I'm over it.

Jaz's expression is full of sympathy as Greg pushes open
another door, and the duo step into:

A shiny laboratory - the equipment is clean, neat and the
benches are sterilised, stainless steel, looking for all the
world like an oversized private school biology lab. Greg
grabs two lab coats, and tosses one over to Jaz.

MONTAGE SEQUENCE

A) Greg pours some of the luminescent green liquid into an

(CONTINUED)

analyser. It spins to life, revolving and separating out the components.

B) Jaz looks through a microscope at a sample of the liquid, adjusts the resolution, and returns to looking.

C) Greg heats up some equipment in a beaker over a bunsen burner, and watches as it starts to bubble.

D) The analyser continues to spin round.

E) Jaz and Greg watch as the liquid heats, turns into a gas and fills an airtight chamber with luminescent green smoke.

F) The view through the microscope: several different types of cells are linked, and energy flickers back and forth between them like lightning.

G) Greg stirs the heated liquid in the beaker, and it slowly begins to turn to a lurid purple.

H) The analyser spins round and then slows, coming to a halt.

Greg is standing by a printer as results print off, with Jaz tidying up the used lab equipment nearby. The lab door opens and Yelina and Nikita head in, nodding a greeting to Jaz.

NIKITA

Everything done in here?

GREG

(reads print out)

For now.

YELINA

So, what did it say? Who is behind this?

GREG

I don't know who for certain yet...

NIKITA

Damn.

GREG

... but I think we know where to look.

(off printout)

Miami.

The two Slayers exchange surprised looks.

YELINA

I'll crack out the swimming costume!

(CONTINUED)

GREG

Not just yet.

(beat)

There is a substance in the liquid grown in only one part of Miami, and that part's entirely owned by a millionaire known as Sebastian Ashbourne. Ashbourne's been on our books for a bit - he's known to mix with the wrong sort of character, has a vast collection of black art paraphernalia and, furthermore, is a known client of Wolfram and Hart. If he isn't involved somehow, then hell has officially frozen over.

JAZ

So what's the next step?

GREG

I present my findings to the Council and see if they'll green light a mission out to investigate, but first...

(checks watch)

... it's lunch time.

Greg shrugs off his lab coat as we cut to:

INT. WATCHERS CAFETERIA - NEXT.

Greg, Jaz and Nikita sit at a table with plates of food in front of them. The food looks about as good as school dinner, and Jaz stirs her mashed potato with a fork, looking pretty miserable.

Yelina walks up to the table and drops a glossy magazine down before the group.

YELINA

I've got it.

JAZ

Got what?

NIKITA

(mutters)

An overinflated sense of her own beauty - that is what.

GREG

Girls, play nice. Yelina?

Yelina flicks through the magazine to an article on Ashbourne and his mansion. She taps the page and turns it to the others.

(CONTINUED)

YELINA

It seems Ashbourne is hosting a retro themed charity ball at his Miami mansion in a few days. That'll be our window of entry.

GREG

(nods)

Good work. I'll get onto Travers to provide a cover for us as soon as we're finished here.

Greg looks at his food for a minute - then stands, dumps the whole tray into a bin and hurriedly exits.

BLACK OUT:

GREG (V.O.) (cont'd)

Does anyone know how to play the drums?

18 EXT. PRIVATE AIRFIELD - DAY.

18

It's raining heavily all across the small, organised airstrip.

A sleek LEAR JET is sat out on the runway, and Greg, Yelina, Nikita and Jaz hurry up the steps inside to get out of the rain.

19 EXT. LEARJET - LATER.

19

In flight - the sun has set, the moon is behind the jet and the clouds are below.

20 INT. LEARJET - NIGHT.

20

A relatively fancy plane - nice reclinable seats, a galley section and even a bathroom. A sliding door leads into a compact equipment centre.

Nikita and Yelina are curled up in their seats, covered by blankets and sleeping quietly. Greg and Jaz are at the table with files and mission material spread in front of them.

JAZ

Do you often wonder what you would be doing if you weren't off killing demons on a daily basis?

GREG

Intermittently - and for a year, I tried it. It didn't work. I like what I do too much. But if I wasn't doing it...

(CONTINUED)

JAZ

Married, picket fences, two children and a four wheel drive on the street outside? Boring job in the city?

GREG

(chuckles)

No, none of that. It's like I've been groomed to do this job since birth, and I just can't imagine doing anything else.

(beat)

But I am a qualified teacher, if it helps.

JAZ

To teach what?

GREG

History.

(off her look,)

Okay - demonic history. But I know a thing or three about the Luddite rebellion.

JAZ

(smirks)

You read that in a book somewhere, and thought it would impress a girl. Right?

GREG

Close, but no cigar - it was in an episode of 'Doctor Who' when I was little.

JAZ

(rolls eyes)

You're quite geeky, really, aren't you?

GREG

And proud of it!

(off the mission material)

Now, are you sure you have the words memorised? It's important that we get this right first time - you three are the distraction, after all.

JAZ

(nods)

I'm pretty sure I've got it. It's been a while, but... I'll be fine.

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED: (2)

20

Greg nods, and as Jaz looks back down at a map of their destination before her, we DISSOLVE through to:

21 EXT. ASHBOURNE'S MIAMI MANSION - DAY.

21

A sprawling white villa on the beach - a swimming pool, some landscaped gardens, decorative fairy lights and people standing around with wine, champagne and various other assorted alcoholic beverages.

GREG (V.O.)

Excuse me - I'm with the band.

22 INT. ASHBOURNE'S BALLROOM - NEXT.

22

A huge room - decorated, people milling about and a stage set up with instruments, microphones. A random group is playing a random song and Greg is standing with the girls - he is wearing a tuxedo, while they're in more casual clothing.

A hulking THUG stands before Greg, looking him up and down as Greg puts on his most charming smile.

GREG

At least, one of them.

(re: the girls)

This is Josie and the Pussycats.

Sharon Valeri, Kara Thrace and

last, but not least, Shelley

Godfrey - the lead singer.

Thug grunts.

GREG (cont'd)

They should be setting up for their performance - don't you agree?

Thug looks at a pad, ticks something off and nods. He lets the girls past, but lays a thick paw on Greg's chest to block him.

THUG

Only the band past this point, Sir.

GREG

Right. I'll just be over there by the punch then.

Thug growls - and Greg vanishes through the crowd of people, ending up at the refreshment table where he reaches for a glass of punch.

He looks up at the woman next to him - a tall middle aged woman with black hair. Greg does a double take, and the woman smiles at him with a dazzling set of pearly whites.

(CONTINUED)

WOMAN

I look familiar, right?

GREG

(blinks)

Er, yes, you do rather.

WOMAN

(smiles)

I get that all the time - my name's
Enchantia. Pleased to meet you,
Mr...?

GREG

Pierce. Gregory Pierce.

Greg looks over at ENCHANTIA, allowing a proper look at her.
We can see why Greg did a double take - the woman is the spit
of CHER!

GREG (cont'd)

And pleased to meet you too, Miss,
er, Enchantia.

ENCHANTIA

Please, just 'Enchantia.'

GREG

(beat)

Well, I should be going - my
friends said they'd meet me over
there, somewhere, by the pool.

Greg quickly disappears into the crowd as we hear someone
strumming a guitar. Enchantia looks over to the stage.

The girls have taken to the stage, looking a little awkward -
Nikita on drums, Yelina with a guitar and Jaz behind the
microphone - a few moments pass, then Jaz taps the mic.

JAZ

Hello, is this thing on? It is?
Right.

Jaz turns to the girls, who nod that they're ready - and then
she begins to sing. No backing at first, and she is clearly
nervous.

JAZ (cont'd)

(sings)

Life is a mystery, everyone must
stand alone. I hear you call my
name - and it feels, like, home...

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED: (2)

22

Nikita and Yelina join in on the drums and guitar - and Jaz becomes a bit more confident, getting into the swing of things.

JAZ (cont'd)

(sings)

When you call my name, it's like a
little prayer, I'm down on my
knees, I wanna take you there -

CUT TO:

23 INT. MANSION CORRIDOR - NEXT.

23

With the girl's song just audible in the background, Greg sneaks along a corridor, glancing over his shoulder as he comes to a locked door.

He reaches into his pocket and takes out a small leather pouch, opening it to reveal a set of lockpicks as we cut to:

24 INT. MANSION OFFICE - NEXT.

24

With a CLICK, the door opens and Greg steps inside. He sits down behind the desk, turns the computer on and begins to rifle through the files in the drawers.

He begins a search on the computer - when the barrel of a GUN is pressed to the back of his head.

THUG (O.S.)

With the band are you, mate? Are
you bollocks.

The Thug CLICKS the safety off the gun, and from Greg's worried expression, we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

25 INT. MANSION OFFICE - DAY.

25

Greg slowly raises his hands, the Thug's gun muzzle still pressed to his head.

GREG

I don't suppose that you'd believe that I was looking for the bathroom?

THUG

Don't push your luck, mate.

GREG

Right.

(sighs)

Didn't think so - that only works in the movies. I don't even suppose you're going to have a miraculous change of heart?

ASHBOURNE (O.S.)

Don't push your luck, my friend.

Ashbourne is standing in the open doorway - the music filters through and he laughs.

ASHBOURNE (cont'd)

I do admire your cunning, however, and I must thank you for bringing those girls directly to my door. Demon smuggling becomes a rather passe activity when one has three bona fide Potential Slayers in one's possession! But it's not about the means, is it? It's all about the ends.

(beat)

And the sweet, sweet aroma of victory that lingers in the air like so much...

(pulling Greg's chain)

... cinammon.

(beat)

Tembo, dispose of him in the ocean. Let Miami's famous marine wildlife take care of our guest.

GREG

I'd rather-

ASHBOURNE

Yes?

(CONTINUED)

GREG

I'd rather - you bite me.

Ashbourne glances at the Thug, then bursts into a GUFFAW of laughter.

ASHBOURNE

Feisty to the last, eh? Just the way that I like them. I thought you were a Watcher, but given the sense of humour transplant those chaps always seem to suffer, I imagine you must be something else!

Ashbourne's smile fades as he turns to the Thug, TEMBO, his expression all business.

ASHBOURNE (cont'd)

Tembo? If you wouldn't mind-

And with a CRASH the office door suddenly flies inwards, knocking Ashbourne to the ground and making Tembo swing round and point his gun at the intruder.

Greg jumps up, CHOPS Tembo on the back of the neck, recoils and sucks on his hand before he looks round - at cute AGENT PRESTON THRUSTING.

Thrusting smiles, winks at Greg - he is suave, manicured and charismatic.

THRUSTING

Someone call for backup?

Greg blinks, startled by this new arrival - and the scene FREEZES.

SKYE (V.O.)

Woah, woah, back up! What is this, Bond on a budget? You're not seriously trying to tell us this is how things went down, are you?

SOFIA (V.O.)

I have to admit, Greg, this is getting a little...

FRANKIE (V.O.)

Cheesy.

SOFIA (V.O.)

Yes.

SKYE (V.O.)

You're losing what little fraction of realism you had here, Greg!

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED: (2)

25

GREG (V.O.)
Alright, so I may be using a touch
of dramatic licence here, but
still... let's rewind the action.

And the scene rewinds - the door flies back into its place,
Ashbourne exits, Tembo pulls his gun away from Greg's neck,
Greg moves away from the computer and exits the office, and
we resume on:

26 INT. MANSION CORRIDOR - DAY. 26

Greg pockets his lockpicking equipment and backs away down
the corridor.

27 INT. ASHBOURNE'S BALLROOM - DAY. 27

Greg backs up to the table with Enchantia, and the action
PAUSES once more.

GREG (V.O.)
Now - pay attention, girls. And,
Jaz, correct me if I get any
details wrong.

The action RESUMES as Enchantia offers Greg her hand.

ENCHANTIA
Please, just call me 'Enchantia'.

GREG
(beat)
Well, I should be going. My friends
said they'd meet me over there by
the pool.

Greg quickly disappears into the crowd as we hear someone
strumming a guitar. Enchantia looks over to the stage, not
spotting Agent Thrusting keeping a discreet eye on her from
the far side of the room.

The girls are set up and ready to go on stage as Jaz TAPS her
finger on the mic.

JAZ
Hello, is this thing on? It is?
Right.

Enchantia heads to the balcony, whilst Thrusting moves to the
bar that stands at the side of the room. A cute female
BARTENDER approaches as he lights a cigarette.

BARTENDER
(flirtatious)
What's your poison, Sir?

(CONTINUED)

THRUSTING

Vodka martini, shaken not stirred-
(beat)
Would you like me to be a bit more
specific?

BARTENDER

As specific as you like, Sir.

THRUSTING

A single dry martini in a deep
champagne goblet. Three measures
of Gordon's, one of Stolichnaya,
half a measure of Kina Lillet.
Shake it very well until it's ice
cold, then add a large thin slice
of lemon peel.
(beat, takes a drag on the
cigarette)
Got it?

The bartender blinks, suddenly less sure that she should be
hitting on this guy.

BARTENDER

I believe so, Sir.

THRUSTING

(grins)
Please, call me Preston.

BARTENDER

(beat)
Yes, Sir.

As the bartender heads away to rustle up his drink, Thrusting
looks across the room - near the stage, Tembo is talking to
Ashbourne. Ashbourne looks worried, and the two exit through
a door.

THRUSTING

Actually, I'll have that to go,
please.

Thrusting heads across the room with purpose. He moves at
speed and soon exits through the same door that Ashbourne and
Tembo did.

The bartender returns and puts the drink on the bar and looks
round for Thrusting, wrinkling her nose.

BARTENDER

Dammit.

(CONTINUED)

SUDDENLY - the massive glass chandelier that is suspended above the ballroom drops to the ground, flattening a handful of people and then SHATTERING, sending glass shards flying across the floor.

People scatter in panic and screams, the ballroom descending into chaos in moments.

The girls stop playing and look round - with the chandelier gone, the room is now atmospherically illuminated by moonlight and a few candles.

An ethereal smoke begins to roll in through the doors from the outside, curling across the floor - the girls take stock of the situation and move to their equipment bags, which they open to reveal pieces of weaponry.

Yelina takes a crossbow, Nikita picks up an axe and presses a sword into Jaz's hand. She looks at it like it's something from Mars, but the other two girls are all business as they hop down from the platform.

The smoke continues to curl across the floor as Enchantia makes her grand entrance, floating above the smoke and radiating light from every pore of her body.

The members of the crowd who aren't running away from the destroyed chandelier pull to a halt, amazed by what they're seeing.

Enchanatia looks towards Yelina, Nikita and Jaz, waves her hand, and they fly backward and DISAPPEAR in a flash of light.

When the flash fades, something akin to glitter rains to the floor - and Enchantia and the mist have vanished too.

SKYE (V.O.)

Hold it.

Everything FREEZES again as we cut to:

Back with Greg and the girls as everyone looks to Skye.

GREG

(frustrated)

What? I was just getting to a good part!

SKYE

I know, but I need to pee.

SOFIA

Skye!

SKYE

What? Blame the human side of me,
alright?

Skye stands and walks back toward the building. Greg sighs,
then turns to the girls, rubbing his hands together to keep
them warm.

SOFIA

So, what happened to this
Enchantia? Was that the last anyone
saw of her, or is she still around
somewhere?

GREG

Oh, she's still around somewhere -
whether she's wearing the same face
is a different matter. Though,
every now and again, we get rumours
of sightings from our people-

FRANKIE

(interrupts)
Monsieur.

GREG

Yes?

FRANKIE

Le garçon with the terribly
unlikely name, Preston Thrusting.
Was he cute?

GREG

He had a certain '*je ne sais pas*' -
nothing on Aiden though.

SOFIA

You're only saying that because you
know she'd run back to him if you'd
said otherwise!

FRANKIE

Merde! I am not Heidi. I 'ave a
heart.

GREG

Speaking of Aiden - have any of you
girls seen him around? He was gone
by the time I got up this morning.

SOFIA

(nods)
Barbara asked him to take some of
the new arrivals into town for some
supplies.

(CONTINUED)

GREG

Right.

(beat, off his watch)

What is taking Skye so long?

SKYE (O.S.)

You rang?

Skye steps back into frame and takes her seat, and with a nod Greg resumes his story.

INT. MANSION OFFICE - DAY.

Thrusting smiles, winks at Greg - he is suave, manicured, charismatic.

THRUSTING

Someone call for backup?

GREG

(beat)

Er, yes - me.

Tembo races over to tackle Preston, who swings out his - a nightstick slides out of his sleeve, and he uses this to SMASH Tembo in the face

Preston KICKS the thug's gun over to Greg. Greg scoops it up, and as Preston lays the knockout punch to Tembo, Greg's finger slips and he FIRES a round into the floor.

Preston looks up and raises an eyebrow, and Greg looks sheepishly down at the smoking gun in his hand.

GREG (cont'd)

Er... would you believe I'm more of a book person?

In the background, something SMASHES out in the ballroom, and the music stops as the lights flicker briefly.

Preston looks round - Ashbourne is gone, his footsteps quickly retreating down the corridor. Thrusting drops the unconscious Tembo to the floor and walks to Greg, offering his hand.

THRUSTING

Thrusting, Preston Thrusting. You must be Gregory Pierce of the Watchers Council? I've heard a lot about you. I'm here on behalf of the Initiative, and you can thank me for saving your ass later.

GREG

The Initiative? Why would they send someone out here?

THRUSTING

We'd been watching Ashbourne for a while and noticed that something was up, linking his business activities to a demon smuggling operation we've had under surveillance for some time.

GREG

Well, you could have shared that information with us, Mr. Thrusting!

(beat)

Is that really your name?

THRUSTING

(smirks)

Possibly.

Thrusting adjusts his tuxedo.

THRUSTING (cont'd)

Now, we should get going before this oaf wakes up.

Thrusting steps over Tembo and heads to the door, and Greg quickly follows him into:

Greg and Thrusting hurry down the corridor - and suddenly the door at the end is thrown open, revealing several gruesome DEMONS bristling with body armour and weapons.

Greg pales, but Preston doesn't look too worried, turning to him with a cool grin.

THRUSTING

Out of the frying pan and into the fire, eh, Gregory?

GREG

It's just 'Greg.'

Thrusting calmly surveys the arrayed opponents, and thinks for a moment as they slowly advance.

THRUSTING

(to Greg)

Take my hand.

GREG

What?!?

THRUSTING

Take my hand!

The demons start charging down the corridor, and Thrusting quickly grabs Greg's hand - and JUMPS THROUGH the closest glass window!

EXT. MIAMI MANSION - CONTINUOUS.

The two men BLAST out of the window, but it's only a short fall to the grassy floor outside.

They roll away from the falling glass, and Greg comes to a rest in Thrusting's arms - and, realising that he is, he quickly jumps up and innocently brushes his tuxedo down.

Thrusting stands and looks up - the first demon is about to jump from the window, and the crowd behind it are preparing to follow.

Thrusting grabs Greg and they run past the doors to ballroom. Greg pulls a walkie talkie out of his pocket, and clicks it on as he runs.

GREG

Girls, Code Red. Repeat-

Static pours over the open line, and Greg drops the walkie talkie as the two men race out onto:

EXT. MANSION - BEACH - CONTINUOUS.

Weaving between the occasional palm tree, Thrusting heads for the shore, golden sands and glittering blue waves stretching out on both sides.

Greg looks over his shoulder, taking in the commotion and smoke inside the ballroom and watching with alarm as the pack of demons jump down from the broken window.

GREG

Not wanting to sound like a worrier, but do we have a plan beyond running away?

Thrusting reaches into his tux and takes out a small black box, with one red button on its front. He grins at Greg as he presses the button.

THRUSTING

You Brits - always panicking before you need to!

Greg frowns - and an object begins to rise up out of the water!

GREG

What the-

THRUSTING

This way!

GREG

Wait, I can't leave my girls
behind! They could be in danger!

THRUSTING

They're Slayers, Greg. They're
always in danger. They can take
care of themselves!

As the two men wade into the water, it gradually takes a
shape: a sleek, metallic, elongated stingray shape with a
hatch on the top.

GREG

A submarine?

(shakes head)

You lucky bastards over in the
Initiative have all the cool
toys...

As the submarine's conning tower pushes out of the water, the
two men start to swim towards it.

The pursuing demons reach the beach, SHOUTING angrily at the
escaping men and racing into the surf.

Thrusting clambers onto the top of the submarine and opens
the hatch, disappearing inside - a second later, as the
demons reach the submarine, Greg drops inside and the hatch
SLAMS shut.

The submarine begins to submerge beneath the water with the
demons on its dorsal hull - some panic, some swim for shore
and some begin to go down with the submarine, and as it
submerges with a SPRAY of water, we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

33 EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - DAY. 33

Deep underwater, the depths dark and foreboding as the INITIATIVE SUBMARINE cruises past at a steady speed.

34 INT. SUBMARINE - CABIN - NEXT. 34

A single cabin, with a control area at the front and a bedroom at the rear, hatches lead to the airlock, a bathroom and a equipment storage locker. Preston is at the controls.

Greg enters from the bathroom in a jumpsuit and he dries his hair with a towel. Preston calls him over.

THRUSTING

This is interesting - come and look. While I was rescuing you, our sensors recorded a huge burst of mystical energy within the mansion.

(beat)

In the ballroom, to be precise.

GREG

We heard something smash and saw plenty of panic on our way out, could that be related to it?

THRUSTING

Potentially - and, I've run that energy signature through our database. Initiative drone satellites picked up a similar burst of energy at exactly the same time - in the Caribbean.

(beat)

On Isla Enchantia. Owned by none other than this woman.

Thrusting presses a button on the console, and a picture of Enchantia comes up on a monitor.

THRUSTING (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Her name is Enchantia, like her island. She's pretty low key as far as sorceresses go - there are a few flags on her file, but nothing after the American Revolutionary War. I've got a request in with some friends in the right places, and they're going to let us know if there's any connection between her and Ashbourne.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

THRUSTING (CONT'D) (cont'd)
What we do know is that your three
Potentials have been spotted by
said satellites arriving on the
island a short while ago.

GREG
You think Ashbourne was working for
her? That she wants these
Potentials?

THRUSTING
It never hurts not to discount
every possibility.

GREG
(under his breath)
When you eliminate the possible,
whatever remains, no matter how
improbable, must be the truth.

SKYE (O.S.)
Way to go all Spock on us, Geek
boy.

Greg chuckles.

GREG
Sherlock Holmes actually, my dear
Underwood. Spock was just a
cold hearted plagiarist.

SKYE
Riiiiight.

FRANKIE
Is this going to take much longer?
I 'ave myself booked in for a
pedicure in town!

GREG
Not much longer! Now, are we all
okay with what's happened so far?
I'll do a recap just in case you're
not.

(off the girls' groans and
sighs)
Demons were being smuggled into
Britain, and the demons should
have been tracking down Potentials,
except we killed one and caught its
compatriots, tracking their
dispatcher, Ashbourne, to Miami.
However, when we investigated-

JAZ
 (interrupts)
 You're enjoying this storyteller
 role too much, Greg. Just get
 on with the story!
 (beat, she takes the
 reigns)
 It took Greg and Preston several
 hours to get to the island, which,
 as he has already mentioned, was
 not a nice place to be.

Jaz continues as we cut back to:

EXT. ISLA ENCHANTIA - DAY.

A stereotypical desert island - palm trees, golden sand, blue
 surf and the sounds of animals - monkeys, birds etc.

The submarine surfaces in a lagoon, and after the hatch
 opens, Greg and Thrusting climb out and wade over to the
 beach.

THRUSTING
 Nice place. Shame about the owner,
 eh?

GREG
 Indeed. Now, we need to get those
 girls back before I get into deep
 trouble! You seem to be aware of
 what's in my personnel file, so you
 must also know I'm new to
 supervising Potential-

THRUSTING
 I know some things about you that
 even you don't know, Gregory.

GREG
 Such as?

THRUSTING
 I know the truth about your mother,
 the truth that the Watchers have
 tried so hard to cover up.

GREG
 What?

THRUSTING
 We don't have time to go into it.

This pisses Greg off - he takes a SWING at Thrusting and
 knocks him to the sand. Thrusting sits up, nurses a bloody
 nose and shades his eyes from the sun.

THRUSTING (cont'd)
(sighs)
Just ask Travers.

GREG
He'll sideline me, derail my
enquiry!

THRUSTING
I know he will - that's just the
sort of person he is. Trust me, the
Watchers are trying to protect you
from Evelyn Pierce. Only your
father will hold the key.

GREG
I was never told who my father is -
or was. I'm not sure that I want to
know.

THRUSTING
Your father holds the key to
finding the truth about your
mother. To say much more would
expose Initiative secrets.

GREG
(beat)
Let's get going. From the map we
looked at before we surfaced, the
villa is a few miles away, and a
hike that isn't going to be easy in
this weather.

Thrusting nods and stands. He and Greg walk off into the
jungle, pushing vines and leaves away from them as they delve
deeper.

Greg and Thrusting inch further and further through the
jungle, quiet, slow and cautious - when, suddenly, there is a
colossal:

SMASH!

A tree trunk flies past the two men and SHATTERS against
another tree, splinters flying in all directions.

Greg and Thrusting duck and roll away from the danger as a
huge DEMON appears up in the treeline, gorilla-shaped but
easily twice the size as it ROARS down at them!

SMASH! Another tree trunk is flung in their direction, and it
lands clumsily on the jungle floor.

Greg and Thrusting look to each other - then begin running through the jungle as fast as their legs can carry them.

As they run, tree trunks begin SLAMMING to the ground, splintering against other trees.

Thrusting trips and goes down - but Greg turns to offer the man his hand. A tree trunk sails past Greg's face, inches away from him.

THRUSTING

Go!!

Greg begins running - and he doesn't look back, not even when we hear someone SCREAM behind him.

The ground continues shaking, the trunks continue flying across the path behind him - and Greg reaches a ravine, crossable only by a rope bridge.

Greg pauses, looks at the bridge, takes a deep breath - and then THRUSTING'S BODY drops from above him and lands at his feet.

Greg staggers back, appalled - the body has been mauled, it's bloody and ripped apart.

He doesn't need any more time - Greg steps onto the bridge and starts to make his way across it.

The scene goes quiet - Greg's rapid breathing is the only sound as he walks to the other side of the ravine.

He turns and looks back - and hears a ROAR. The trees shake and birds fly away, but Greg makes it to the other side of the bridge...

And a gun barrel is pressed to his head.

TEMBO (O.S.)

Welcome to the island, Mate. Have a nice time - you won't stay for long. Not alive at any rate.

Greg turns - and sees Tembo, Ashbourne's thug, pointing a rifle at his head. This time, Tembo is backed up by a half dozen demonic thugs with rifles of their own.

GREG

I don't suppose the old 'just looking for the bathroom' trick would work this time, would it?

TEMBO

'Fraid not, mate. Now walk this way.

(CONTINUED)

Tembo points his gun into the jungle, indicating that Greg should walk that way. The demon thugs part, allowing Greg to walk in between them, as we cut to:

38 EXT. ENCHANTIA'S LAIR - DAY.

38

A huge room with a vaulted, domed ceiling. It is metallic, halfway between sterile and gritty - the best way to describe it would be a cleaned up version of steampunk.

Nikita is strapped to a chair in the middle of the room with a huge sphere of energy hovering above her head. The sphere of energy is casting blue light down onto her - and also onto Jaz and Yelina, who are chained to the wall.

Enchantia is nearby - filing her nails, looking almost bored with the sequence of events. She slips the nail file into a bag and stands up, turning to Nikita.

ENCHANTIA

Look, this is just doing you a favour in the long run, girl. I'm not the evil megalomaniac that you seem to think I am. At least, not this time.

(beat)

None of you three are stupid, you must all know what's been going on in the real world. All of your fellow Potentials are being killed off because the First nothing in its way when it comes to rule your world.

NIKITA

Dusha, you cannot believe that you are saving the world! You must be insane!

ENCHANTIA

Si, senorita. I might be insane, but you cannot see the logic. Yes, the First will triumph if there are no Potentials or Slayers to stand in its way, - but you all get to live.

JAZ

Wait, so what you're doing is just making us... normal?

ENCHANTIA

To put it simply.

JAZ

Then test it out on me, not Nikita.

(CONTINUED)

Enchantia eyes her, but Nikita is insistent.

JAZ (cont'd)

I have a life in London, I have a career, I have friends - and from what the girls and Greg have told me, Potentials don't seem to have much luck with leading any kind of a normal life!

ENCHANTIA

(grins)

Ah, a heartfelt plea. You have someone special in mind to love, Miss Pal. Or was your begging purely hypothetical?

JAZ

(beat)

A little bit of both.

Enchantia raises an eyebrow, and Jaz reluctantly continues.

JAZ (cont'd)

I don't know if he feels the same way about me.

ENCHANTIA

And you want to live a normal life, see where it all leads. An admirable mindset. Nonetheless, ultimately futile. Nikita will be the first to undergo the procedure - you see, I just plain don't like her.

Jaz is on a roll, she knows she's distracting Enchantia.

JAZ

At least tell me why you're doing this? There must be a reason!

ENCHANTIA

I am unbelievably powerful, Miss Pal. I can count on one hand the number of people who threaten me when it comes to power. Willow Rosenberg, the First, Kira Brogan and a few scattered warlocks - but, if I allow the First to come into this world, I will pitch myself against him in battle, and I will win...

(beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ENCHANTIA (cont'd)

And then, the world will be mine -
ultimate power at the ultimate
price.

YELINA

An empty world to rule over, full
of demons and vampires.

ENCHANTIA

But a world nonetheless.

YELINA

Conceded.

TEMBO (O.S.)

Ma'am, look what I found disturbing
the watchdog!

Tembo shoves Greg through an opened hatch - and Greg falls
into the room on his knees. He looks up and sees the
surroundings, spotting the captive Potentials.

GREG

Girls.

JAZ

Greg!

ENCHANTIA

You know him?

NIKITA

He's our Watcher.

GREG

Please, Ma'am, call me Greg.

ENCHANTIA

Greg it is, then. And what of your
friend, the Initiative agent?

GREG

Your 'watchdog' took him.

ENCHANTIA

Good, he had been bothering Mister
Ashbourne for some time - an enemy
of my friend is also my enemy,
isn't that what they say?

GREG

If you like to paraphrase, yes.

ENCHANTIA

Very well - you will appreciate
what I am about to do, Greg.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ENCHANTIA (cont'd)
 Watch, as I begin to change the
 future of humanity!

Enchantia clicks her fingers - and the blue sphere begins to expand. It's waves of energy start to spill across Nikita, who SCREAMS in pain, and Jaz and Yelina start to feel the effects as they get caught up in the waves too.

The energy doesn't seem to have any effect on Enchantia, Tembo, the demons or Greg.

As Greg is enveloped, his ears are assaulted by noise - as if he was stood right next to a high speed diesel train.

Greg clamps his hands to his ears - and suddenly it all stops.

ENCHANTIA (cont'd)
 There - cured. You're all normal,
 your potentiality is gone. You will
 live, evade the hands of the
 Bringers and escape this death
 sentence the First has proclaimed
 for all your kind. My rule is
 close...

Enchantia grins and SNAPS her fingers - but nothing happens. Her smile drops. She CLICKS her fingers again. Nothing.

ENCHANTIA (cont'd)
 Oh.

GREG
 (grins)
 It looks like your sorcery has
 backfired on you, Enchantia! You
 May have removed their
 potentiality, but you've also lost
 your powers!
 (beat)
 I'm afraid you just signed your own
 death warrant.

ENCHANTIA
 (off Greg, the girls)
 Tembo, deal with them!

Enchantia sweeps past them all, her fur coat flapping in her wake as Tembo leads the demons in for the kill. Greg closes his eyes and thinks for a moment, before muttering:

GREG
*Utak Mesto Eseth Iaried Ould Aveot
 Ittewr. Spoeupsed.*

With a CLUNK, the shackles tying the girls to the wall and the chair drop to the floor.

They step forward as Tembo takes a step back, indicating that his demon thugs should take care of the girls.

But they all look at him - along with the potentiality and Enchantia's powers, the control spell has gone. The demons are free willed again.

One of the demons reaches out, grabs Tembo and SPEARS him through the stomach with a bony claw.

Jaz, Yelena and Nikita join Greg, who watches in disgust as the demons tear gleefully into their former tormentor.

GREG (cont'd)

Reckon he wishes he'd been a little kinder to them now?

JAZ

Come on, we have to get out of here before those things come after us!

The foursome hurry towards an exit, leading out into the jungle beyond:

Nikita shuts the door and gets Yelena to help her drag some boulders before it to seal it off.

NIKITA

(strains)

I think her magic worked!

GREG

You're sure? All three of you, you've lost what strength you had?

YELENA

(nods)

Afraid it looks that way.

GREG

(gulps)

Right. Preston had a submarine, but Enchantia's demon watchdog is on that side of the ravine, and with you three girls sans your powers, that could prove messy for all of us...

Suddenly, the metal of the door begins to BUCKLE, as a demon throws itself against it.

NIKITA

Make decision now, make decision fast or we're all demon chow!

GREG

This way!

Greg leads them into the jungle, and we DISSOLVE to:

EXT. ACADEMY - FRONT GROUNDS - DAY.

Greg smiles.

GREG

And there you have it - how I met
Jaz, why Jaz isn't quite a slayer
and a little more besides.

SKYE

(raises hand)

Hands up everyone else who's
noticed the gaping plot hole in how
they actually got off the fricken
island?

Sofia, Frankie and Alita all raise their hands. Jaz smirks as
Greg coughs, looking a little sheepish.

GREG

You don't really want me to go into
that much detail, do you?

SOFIA

It hasn't stopped you so far!

Greg glances at Jaz, as we cut back to:

EXT. ISLA ENCHANTIA - BEACH - DAY.

Greg and the girls stumble out of the jungle, cut, bruised
and bleeding all over, the ROARS of the demon watchdog close
behind.

GREG

(exhausted)

Come on, just a little further
to...

Greg stumbles - and falls flat on his face in the sand. The
girls hurry over and try to drag him to his feet.

NIKITA

Wake up! Monster is still coming

JAZ

Greg! Come on! We have to-

VOICE (O.S.)

Uh... miss?

The girls look up - a full squad of INITIATIVE COMMANDOES is on the beach, as a black helicopter SWOOPS past overhead.

COMMANDO

We're looking for Special Agent
Preston Thrusting?

The girls swap looks as we dissolve to:

Skye LAUGHS as Greg pouts.

SKYE

Saved by the Initiative? No wonder
you didn't want them here!

GREG

It wasn't like that! It was...
(sighs)
Alright, it was exactly like that.

SOFIA

I never suspected - you always
seemed such a bookworm, Greg! I
didn't think that you'd had such a
colourful past.

GREG

Oh, I didn't. That was as exciting
as my life got until I got asked to
join the staff. Travers sidelined
me, as I suspected, assigned me to
the overseas library procurement
section and...
(beat)

Well, Jaz went back to nursing for
a bit, while Yelina went home to
Greece, matured a bit and ended up
posing for Cosmopolitan. Nikita,
sad to say, has since passed away -
but that's a story for another day.

SOFIA

So how did you end up here, Jaz?

JAZ

Long story short, my life in the
hospital lacked any real
excitement. Barbara contacted me
personally to join the Academy,
knowing about my history with Greg.
And I've not been short of
excitement since I started working
here!

FRANKIE

One final *petit* thing. Back on the island, *le garçon* you were talking about - it was our own Mr. Pierce, *n'est pas*?

JAZ

(hesitates)

It-

GREG

You don't have to answer.

JAZ

No, I don't mind.

(beat)

Yes, it was. He'd swept me off my feet, girls. Everything a girl could want in a man.

SKYE

Except he was looking for the same things - also in a guy.

JAZ

Not how I was going to put it - but, yes, essentially.

FRANKIE

Bon. So, one more question - 'ow long was it till you figured out Greg was *un grande* homosexual?

Jaz blushes - then laughs.

JAZ

I'll tell you that story one day too.

Greg looks round and sees a mini-bus chugging up the drive.

GREG

Excuse me, ladies, looks like my man is home.

Greg stands, as does Sofia.

SOFIA

I'll walk with you.

The two walk away, leaving Skye, Frankie and Alita trying to get more information from Jaz.

(CONTINUED)

SOFIA (cont'd)
You mentioned your mother - and
your father. Did you ever find your
father?

GREG
No, not yet. And Preston was right,
Travers has evaded giving me an
acceptable answer to this very day.

SOFIA
Do you have any clues at all?

GREG
A few. I've got a lead I want to
follow up - but I'll tell you more
news about that when I have it.
(nods)
Adieu, Miss Romero.

Greg salutes Sofia and steps towards the minibus - AIDEN is
standing by it as several young Slayers, all armed with
shopping bags, pile out and head back into the Academy.

GREG (cont'd)
So how did today go? Manage to get
time to have any fun?

AIDEN
Shopping is always fun - especially
when none of your charges speak
English! I missed you. C'mere.

Aiden pulls Greg close - they embrace and then kiss.

GREG
I missed you too.

AIDEN
So what did you get up to today?

GREG
Oh, just told a little story.

AIDEN
Which one?

GREG
(grins)
I like to call it 'The Slayer Who
Loved Me.'

BLACK OUT:

END OF SHOW