

SLAYER ACADEMY

"Blunt "

by
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TEASER

FADE IN:

1

INT. CIRCULAR ROOM - NIGHT

1

SOFIA stands in the centre of a large, darkened room, her eyes closed. Everything is silent.

EMMA (O.S.)
(whispers)
Wake up...

Sofia's eyes FLICK open, and she looks all round her, taking in the surroundings.

The room has a high, curved ceiling with an elaborate chandelier overhead, all of its bulbs dark.

Tables are arrayed around the edge of the room, with candle flames flickering on each one giving off faint, flickering spots of light.

She turns on the spot, looking down at her hands - and sees the SCYTHE there.

She looks back up - and now a crowd of FIGURES standing all around the room, forming a closed circle around her.

Starting to look more than a little freaked out, she tries to make out the faces of the people around her, but the room is too dark to see anything.

She continues to rotate on the spot, growing more agitated every second.

SOFIA
Emma? Emma, are you here?

EMMA (O.S.)
Wake up...

Sofia looks out across the room, clutching the Scythe tightly - and there is a GIRL standing behind her.

Sofia hasn't spotted her yet - the girl is Sofia's height and build, with long, straggly black hair covering her face.

EMMA (O.S.) (cont'd)
Turn around!

Sofia spins round and sees the girl at last. She takes a cautious step back, but the girl doesn't move.

SOFIA
Who are you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The girl slowly starts to lift her head - she has tanned, olive brown skin and dark, penetrating eyes as she glares at Sofia through her mass of curly hair.

Sofia sees something GLINT as a ray of moonlight falls across the ballroom - the girl has a SWORD in her hands.

Sofia barely has chance to register this before the girl YELLS a war cry and launches herself forward!

Sofia just gets the Scythe up in time to block the girl's first attack, SPARKS flying as the two blades clash together.

Sofia is sent staggering backwards by the force of the girl's attack, and before she can recover the girl is straight back into the fight, raining down a torrent of attacks on her.

SOFIA (cont'd)
Stop! Wait!

Sofia tries to fight back, but the girl's increasingly frenzied attack is too much for her - she CRIES OUT as the sword cuts into her arm, and again as it SLICES across her wrist.

She stumbles backwards, and with a powerful SHOVE, Sofia is knocked flat on her back.

The girl LEAPS into the air, sword poised to spear Sofia to the ground, and she barely manages to roll out of the way in time as it SPIKES into the ground!

Sofia scrambles back to her feet, looking around at the circle of figures surrounding her.

SOFIA (cont'd)
Help me! Somebody, help!

GIRL
No help... no saving you.

Sofia turns back to the girl, the two opponents circling each other. The girl feigns a step forward and Sofia leaps back.

GIRL (cont'd)
(grins)
Soft. Weak.

SOFIA
(grits teeth)
Sorry, wrong Slayer.

Sofia takes the initiative, swinging the Scythe in a wide arc, but the girl is too quick on her feet and FLIPS back out of its path.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Sofia tries to follow up, but the girl is again too quick for her, spinning towards her in a blur of movement.

Sofia finds herself fending off blow after blow, the girl's sword raining down on her, driving Sofia back.

The Scythe is knocked from her hands, skittering across the polished wooden floor, and Sofia turns to look into her attacker's feral eyes...

... and with a final YELL of victory, the girl SINKS her sword into Sofia's gut!

Sofia GASPS as the girl puts her weight against the blade, driving it as far into Sofia as she can.

Sofia shudders, her life fading away as she stares into the girl's dark eyes.

GIRL

Useless...

With a final COUGH, blood bubbling from her lips, Sofia slides slowly backwards off the sword, hitting the ground with a heavy THUD.

Sofia's head lolls to the side as the girl turns and walks disdainfully away from her...

And EMMA is standing before Sofia, looking down at her with sad, tearful eyes.

SOFIA

(weakly)

Emma...

Emma raises a finger to her lips, shaking her head.

EMMA

Wake up.

Sofia GASPS, and we:

WHITE OUT:

2

INT. CAMPUS - DORMS - MORNING

2

Sofia leaps out of bed with a SHOUT of alarm! Gasping for breath and dripping with sweat, she holds her head in her hands as she gathers her wits.

She looks around - the rest of the dorm is empty, but there's a note on her bedside table.

She lifts it up and reads - it's from Skye and simply says: 'You slept in. Deal with it. See you for lunch.'

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Sofia puts the note back down and swings her legs round out of the bed, still disorientated and edgy from the vivid dream.

She starts to stand up but WINCES, falling back onto the bed and clutching her stomach.

Standing up more slowly this time, she limps over to the large, heavy oak wardrobe near her bed and opens one of the doors, revealing a full length mirror on the other side.

Sofia slowly lifts her nightshirt - and her eyes widen in shock at what she sees!

There's an ugly purple BRUISE on her stomach - right where she was stabbed in her dream!

Sofia reaches a hand down to touch it, wincing again - it's still tender.

SOFIA
(quietly)
What on Earth...

Sofia looks down at the bruise, and as her expression turns from one of confusion to one of growing fear, we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF TEASER

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

3 INT. CAMPUS - CAFETERIA - MORNING

3

The canteen is fairly busy - it's approaching midday so the Slayers are grabbing a few snacks before the next set of lessons.

Sitting at a table over by the windows are ALITA and FRANKIE - Alita is busy with a bowl of soup as Frankie absently chews on an apple, leafing through another glossy fashion magazine.

They look up as SKYE takes a seat with them, her tray loaded with junk food as usual.

SKYE

Anybody else feel like today's gonna be one of those long ones?

Alita nods as Frankie continues flipping through the magazine.

SKYE (cont'd)

Well, gee, aren't we talkative today?

SOFIA (O.S.)

I think you're right, it's just one of those mornings.

The girls look up as Sofia joins them. She looks pale and has dressed down - plain clothes and minimum makeup.

SKYE

Rip Van Romero decides to join us from the land of the dead at last!

SOFIA

(blinks; alarmed)

Land of the what?

ALITA

Good morning, Sofia.

SOFIA

(sighs)

Hello. Did I miss anything this morning in PE?

SKYE

Naah, we just told Aiden you were having women's issues and couldn't make the circuit training this morning.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SOFIA
'Women's issues'?

SKYE
You like it? I used it all the time when I was at college so I could bunk off History and go sit in the art department. It's vague enough to mean you don't need to go into detail, but sounds serious enough to make sure the teacher's don't ask any questions.

She rummages around on her tray and lifts up a chocolate bar.

SKYE (cont'd)
Hungry?

SOFIA
No, thanks.

Sofia leans forward, resting her forehead against her hand. Frankie peers over her magazine at her.

FRANKIE
Zut. You look terrible.

SOFIA
I'll take that as an attempt at concern, Frankie.

FRANKIE
(shrugs)
Well, you do.

SKYE
She's got a point, Sofes. You're not your usual perky self this morning. Bad dreams again?

SOFIA
You could say that...

She starts to sit up straight, but winces again as she pulls at her bruised side. Skye notices her grimace.

SKYE
You okay?

SOFIA
I'm fine.
(beat)
Actually, I'm not. Something... I don't know what to make of it yet, but last night, I-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BARBARA (O.S.)

Sofia?

Sofia looks up - BARBARA is standing over her.

BARBARA (cont'd)

Could you pop into my office when
you're done here? Thanks.

Barbara smiles and turns to walk away.

SOFIA

Am I in trouble?

BARBARA

Oh, nothing like that. I've just
got a job for you.

Sofia frowns as Barbara walks away, and we cut to:

4

INT. CAMPUS - BARBARA'S OFFICE - NEXT

4

Sofia sits in the chair before Barbara's cluttered desk,
carefully lifting her t-shirt to study the bruise on her
belly.

The door opens and Barbara walks in, and Sofia quickly hides
the evidence. She turns to see KEEYA follow Barbara inside.

SOFIA

Oh, hello, Keeya.

KEEYA

(nods)

Hello.

BARBARA

Keeya, take a seat.

Keeya pulls up a second chair, looking a little anxious as
Barbara settles into her own chair.

BARBARA (cont'd)

How are you both doing? Feeling
alright?

Sofia and Keeya swap a glance, before:

SOFIA

I'm fine.

KEEYA

I am alright, thank you.

BARBARA (cont'd)

Good.

SOFIA

Can I ask what this is about?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Barbara picks up a glossy magazine from her desk and passes it to Sofia - it appears to be a high society journal, with a large photograph of a dazzlingly beautiful woman next to a long article.

BARBARA

That's High Priestess Amelie Pouvoir, she's the head wicca of one of the largest covens in Europe. She's the guest of honour at a convention taking place in our nation's capital later this evening, and she's made a special request of the Academy.

SOFIA

What does she want?

BARBARA

She'd like to show off the Scythe of the Slayers as the highlight of the convention, something about using it to illustrate how it's come to represent a major victory for our side.

KEEYA

(surprised)

You are sending the Scythe away?

BARBARA

Yes and no. I'd like to satisfy her request, not least because she's a good person to have on your side, and I'd like you two girls to be the Academy's ambassadors for the night.

Sofia perks up at this, but Keeya seems less enthusiastic.

SOFIA

Oo! This suddenly sounds a lot more inviting...

KEEYA

I do not understand. Why am I needed for this?

BARBARA

I don't want Sofia going in alone, and the rest of my lead Slayers all have jobs of their own to do for the next few days.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BARBARA(cont'd)

Besides, as the official bearer of the Scythe I wouldn't want anyone but Sofia to be there, and to be honest, Keeya, you could do with getting out in the field a little more.

Keeya lowers her head as Barbara continues.

BARBARA (cont'd)

I appreciate the experience you went through in Africa was an intensely traumatic one for you, as was almost falling foul of those kidnappers when you arrived here, but you've hardly been the most active of our girls since then.

KEEYA

(mumbles)

Sorry.

BARBARA

Don't apologise - just do a good job tonight. Consider it the start of your re-induction.

SOFIA

Yes, it'll be all kinds of fun!

KEEYA

I do not mix well with... people.

SOFIA

I had noticed...

BARBARA

Then I can't think of a better way for you to get back on the horse, as Ellen keeps saying.

SOFIA

Will Greg be coming?

BARBARA

Not this time. He's taken a personal day, said he had a few errands to run.

Sofia beams happily, but from Keeya's less than enthusiastic expression, we cut to:

5

EXT. CONVENTION CENTRE - NIGHT

5

A tall, circular building in the heart of London, illuminated by red and orange spotlights all around to show off its authentic architecture.

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CONTINUED:

Many taxis and limousines are parked up outside, and there are plenty of people heading in through the main entrance, mainly elegantly-dressed women with their partners.

6

INT. CONVENTION CENTRE - MAIN HALL - NEXT

6

A string quartet fills the room with soft classical music as we swoop into the main hall itself - a high-ceilinged ballroom with an elaborate chandelier overhead. Tables are arrayed around the edge of the room, filled by chattering WICCAS of all shapes, sizes and colours.

Expensive ballgowns, hats and hairdos are the order of the evening. A stage at the rear of the hall holds a podium and a line of chairs, with a banner suspended behind it reading 'Hamett Hall welcomes the 152nd Annual Wicca Convention of Europe.'

Over by the long, stuffed buffet table, a young girl in a sparkling blue gown stands with her back to us, piling the goodies onto her plate, her brunette hair tied up in a bun.

A tall, beautiful blonde woman, ELOISE steps into frame and taps the girl on the shoulder, and she turns round, food halfway to her lips - it's Sofia!

She looks like a million dollars, her hair and makeup clearly the result of many hours work as she smiles and quickly puts her plate down.

SOFIA

Oh, hello.

ELOISE

You must be Miss Romero.

SOFIA

I am indeed.

ELOISE

I am Eloise Le Darnier, I am Madame Pouvoir's personal assistant.

SOFIA

Oh, right. Very nice to meet you.

ELOISE

Madame Pouvoir would like a moment to speak with you, if you are free?

SOFIA

I'll be right with her.

Eloise nods and walks away, and a giddy Sofia bounces over to Keeya - also dolled up in a white dress but not looking anywhere near as glad as Sofia to be here.

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CONTINUED:

SOFIA (cont'd)
Did you hear that? Madame Pouvoir
wants to see me! Me!

KEEYA
Who is Madame Pouvoir?

SOFIA
Weren't you listening at the
briefing? She's only one of the
five most powerful wiccass on the
planet at the moment!
(smug)
And, I might add, I happen to know
one of the other four rather well.

Keeya looks down at her dress, pulling at it.

KEEYA
I look like a doll that should be
back in the shop.

SOFIA
Nonsense, you look fabulous. I'd
like to see Heidi's face when she
sees how pretty you are!

KEEYA
(shrugs)
I do not really care what she
thinks about me.

SOFIA
(grins)
Good for you.

Sofia looks round to see Eloise waving her over, and with an
excited smile she turns back to Keeya.

SOFIA (cont'd)
That's my cue! Be back in a second.
Oh, and try those little pastry
things, they're out of this world!

Sofia reaches to her feet and scoops up the Scythe, securely
wrapped in a leather holster, and after stuffing two more
bites from the buffet into her mouth, she heads over to
Eloise.

Eloise is stood with two other wiccass and AMELIE POUVOIR, the
fashion-model beautiful brunette from the article Sofia was
reading earlier.

Sofia curtseys, and Amelie grins as she reaches out to
embrace Sofia warmly, KISSING her on both cheeks as Eloise
walks away from them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

AMELIE

Miss Romero! We 'ave all 'eard so much about you.

SOFIA

(blushes)

Oh, I'm sure it's all exaggerated.

AMELIE

Pas de tout! For one so young to 'ave faced so many dangers, to 'ave fought side by side with the famous Buffy Summers and 'elped save the world, this is not a thing you can exaggerate!

SOFIA

Well, like you said, I only helped, really. Buffy did all the-

AMELIE

(interrupts)

Is that the Scythe?

Sofia looks down at the Scythe and nods, lifting it up.

AMELIE (cont'd)

May I?

Sofia nods and holds it out to her. Amelie carefully unfastens it from its sheath and draws it out, to an appreciative SIGHs from the nearby wiccass.

Amelie smiles as she examines the weapon, its keen blade glinting in the light.

AMELIE (cont'd)

Magnifique...

SOFIA

It certainly is a...

Sofia trails off as she glances upwards - and sees that the chandelier hanging from the ceiling is the same as in her dream!

Her smile fades, but the wiccass around her are too busy studying the Scythe to notice.

She looks over to Keeya, who is picking disinterestedly through the buffet, but before Sofia can say anything the room goes dark, and a spotlight falls on the stage.

Sofia looks round, agitated, as Eloise walks up to the podium centre stage, tapping on a microphone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ELOISE

Bonjour? Can you all 'ear me at the
back?

A chorus of 'yes' floats back to her, and with a smile she
readies her cue cards.

ELOISE (cont'd)

First of all, thank you all for
coming this evening. I know this
location is a far cry from the
mansion we rented in Paris last
year...

There's a rounds of LAUGHS to her good-natured jibe.

ELOISE (cont'd)

... but Hamett Hall is just as
deserving of us, *non?*

Eloise continues as Sofia hurries urgently over to Keeya, the
Scythe back in her hands.

SOFIA

Keeya, something's going to happen
here!

KEEYA

What? How do you know?

SOFIA

I... look, there isn't time to
explain, but you have to trust me.
I had a dream about all of this
last night, and-

KEEYA

A dream? Or a vision?

SOFIA

(impatient)

Well, if it comes true, I imagine
we'll find out, won't we? I need
you to keep an eye on Madame
Pouvier while I-

CRASH! The double doors over by the entrance EXPLODE out into
the room is a flash of smoke, and the assembled wiccass shrink
back in alarm.

Sofia and Keeya look over, alert at once - and with her
trademark smirk firmly in place, a black clad DELANEY strides
into the ballroom!

SOFIA (cont'd)

Oh, no... Delaney!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

RACHEL is right behind her, the two girls marching forward towards the stage as two wiccass get in their way.

WICCA #1
Stop right there!

She starts to raise her hand, a crackle of blue energy running along her arm, but quick as a flash, Delaney THROWS something into the air.

There's a BLAST of blue and white light, and a glittering cloud of SPARKS falls over the whole room.

The wiccass shield themselves from it, but as the sparks fade away several more turn their attentions on Delaney.

DELANEY
(raises hands)
Go ahead, ladies. Take your best shot.

Wicca #1 scowls and raises her hand - but nothing happens. She just has time to register a look of surprise before Delaney KICKS her in the chest and knocks her down!

DELANEY (cont'd)
(to Rachel)
Get the High Priestess before that charm wears off!

The wiccass SCATTER as Rachel charges forward, heading straight for Amelie.

Sofia is racing over in seconds, but she's intercepted as Delaney CLOTHESLINES her, Sofia spinning round in the air and CRASHING to the floor.

DELANEY (cont'd)
Ah, ah. Gotta run interference for my girl.

Sofia's face is a mask of anger as she rolls to her feet, raising her Scythe as Delaney draws two short swords.

SOFIA
You know, I'm almost glad you showed up. I didn't get nearly enough time to wipe the floor with you last time.

DELANEY
Give me all you've got, pint size!

Sofia charges forward, her Scythe CLASHING with Delaney's swords as Sofia yells over to Keeya:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

SOFIA

Get to Madame Pouvier!

Keeya nods, darting across the ballroom floor and over to Amelie, as she grapples with the much stronger Rachel.

Keeya makes it to the middle of the floor, Delaney and Sofia locked in battle behind her, when a third figure SOMERSAULTS through the air, landing with a THUD before her.

Keeya skids to a halt - and Sofia boggles as she sees the girl from her dream!

The girl SPRINGS forward before Keeya has time to react, her sword flashing through the air - and Keeya CRIES OUT as the sword SLICES across her chest!

SOFIA (cont'd)

No!!

Keeya staggers back, but the girl doesn't let up the attack, hacking into her again and again! Keeya tries to raise her sword, but it's sent flying out of her hands.

Keeya's white dress is splashed with her own blood as the slices keep on coming, and with a final CHOP from the girl's sword, she falls.

Sofia reels in shock as Keeya SLAMS into the floor, her eyes blank and lifeless, and the panting girl stands victoriously over her as some of the terrified wiccas start to SCREAM.

Delaney tries to suckerpunch the distracted Sofia, but she expertly dodges the punch and ELBOWS Delaney across the jaw, following it up with a high KICK to her head the RIPS the side of her dress.

Sofia doesn't stop to complain, charging straight over to the girl, murder in her eyes as she YELLS out in fury.

The girl grins - and SPRINGS forward to meet her, BARGING Sofia to the floor!

Sofia lands heavily, the wind knocked out of her, but she scrambles to her feet as the girl's blood-stained sword CHOPS down towards her.

Sofia is completely ignoring Delaney and Rachel as they both grab Amelie and drag her towards the exit, PUNCHING any nearby wiccas out of their path.

ELOISE

(panicked)

Madame Pouvier! No! Somebody 'elp us!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

Sofia's head turns for a fraction of a second - and the girl SINKS her sword into Sofia's gut!

Sofia GASPS as the girl puts her weight against the blade, driving it as far into Sofia as she can. Sofia shudders, her life fading away as she stares into the girl's dark eyes.

With a final COUGH, blood bubbling from her lips, Sofia slides slowly backwards off the sword, hitting the ground with a heavy THUD.

Sofia's head lolls to the side as the girl turns and walks disdainfully away from her...

And EMMA is standing before Sofia, looking down at her with sad, tearful eyes.

SOFIA
(weakly)
Emma...

Emma raises a finger to her lips, shaking her head, and as the room starts to go dark, the stampeding feet of the panicked wiccas around her fading out, we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (7)

ACT TWO

7 BLACK

7

Faint, indistinct MURMURS of sound can be heard. Everything is dark. Several different voices can be made out, but the words are too muffled to distinguish.

Everything fades away again...

... until with a bright FLASH of light, we SMASH CUT to:

8 INT. CONVENTION CENTRE - MAIN HALL - NIGHT

8

Sofia GASPS for air as her eyes fly open - a PARAMEDIC stands over her with a pair of defibrillator paddles in his hands, as his colleague presses a wad of gauze to the wound in her belly.

PARAMEDIC #1
She's back!

Sofia tries to move, but Paramedic #1 keeps her still - a crowd of anxious wiccass stand around them, forming a complete circle.

PARAMEDIC #1 (cont'd)
Don't try to move, miss. You've suffered a serious stab wound, and you've lost a lot of blood.

The large pool of dark blood around Sofia backs up his statement as the Paramedic turns to his colleague.

PARAMEDIC #1 (cont'd)
Push an amp of atropine, I don't want her heart to stop on us again.

PARAMEDIC #2
When was the last shot of epi?

PARAMEDIC #1
Two minutes ago. Atropine, now!

PARAMEDIC #2
No, no, give the epi another minute to circulate.

Paramedic #2 pulls back the bloody gauze over her belly and grimaces at the ugly stab wound it reveals.

PARAMEDIC #2 (cont'd)
(serious)
We've got to get her to the emergency room.

The first Paramedic shines a penlight into Sofia's eyes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PARAMEDIC #1
Miss? Can you hear me?

SOFIA
(dazed)
Kee... Keeya... where...

PARAMEDIC #1
What? I'm sorry, I don't know what
you're-

ELOISE
Her name's Sofia. And she's asking
about her friend.

The Paramedic looks up, then across the room - and visible
over in the centre of the main hall is the body of Keeya - a
sheet draped over her.

The Paramedic looks down at Sofia again, shaking his head
sadly.

PARAMEDIC #1
I'm afraid she didn't make it,
Sofia.

Sofia closes her eyes, COUGHING as tears rolls down her face.

PARAMEDIC #2
Let's get her out of here.

PARAMEDIC #1
(to crowd)
Alright, everybody, please stand
back!

The wiccas step back out of the way as Paramedic #1 reaches
up for a nearby gurney, wheeling it over.

Sofia's head tilts to one side, and she sees Keeya's covered
body lying on the floor - and standing over it is Emma, the
young redhead SOBBING desperately.

Sofia tries to speak but no sound leaves her lips, and as her
eyelids flutter and she blacks out again, we:

BLACK OUT:

9

INT. EMPTY BUILDING - CORRIDOR - NEXT

9

Delaney pulls a blindfolded and bruised Amelie along, with
Rachel bringing up the rear, as the trio make their way down
the corridor of a stark, industrial-looking building.

They come to a large steel shutter, and Delaney nods to
Rachel pulls the shutter up to reveal:

10

INT. EMPTY BUILDING - ROOM - CONTINUOUS

10

A large, empty room, its wall and ceiling caked with rust and dirt. Delaney SHOVES Amelie into the room, the two girls pulling the shutter closed behind her.

Amelie looks round, her wrists bound, before reaching up to remove the blindfold.

KIRA (O.S.)
Hello again, Amelie.

Amelie's eyes fall on an unwelcome sight - KIRA BROGAN stands before her, arms folded and a self-satisfied grin on her face. Amelie's withering glare bounces right off Kira as she walks forwards.

KIRA (cont'd)
Sorry about having to cancel out your powers like that, but I'm sure you can appreciate I couldn't have a fully-charged wicca like yourself brought in without it causing a few problems.

Amelie looks Kira up and down and then SPITS in her face!

AMELIE
You will get nothing from me, you *prostituée*!

Kira slowly wipes away the spittle - and then SLAPS Amelie across the cheek. She falls to the floor, and Kira leans down to GRAB her by the hair, pulling her painfully back to her feet.

KIRA
(furious)
Do not try to make me angry, Amelie! I can make the rest of tonight very slow and very painful if you want to keep acting like the spoilt little bitch we both know you really are!

There are tears in Amelie's eyes, and as she looks up at Kira, Kira raises her fist - and tendrils of white energy start to CRACKLE around it.

KIRA (cont'd)
(wicked grin)
Now. Let's talk.

Amelie's eyes go wide as we cut to:

11 INT. EMPTY BUILDING - CORRIDOR - NEXT

11

Rachel and Delaney are waiting outside the room, and Rachel winces as Amelie SCREAMS from within the empty room.

RACHEL

Jeez! What's she doing to her in there?

DELANEY

Whatever she has to.

RACHEL

Yeah, but does it need to be so... loud?

DELANEY

Do you know who she's got in there? That's Amelie Pouvier! That woman could probably change the orbit of the planet if she wanted to! We can't take any chances with her!

RACHEL

Yeah, I kind of noticed that with all the hitting you were doing to her on the way over.

DELANEY

What was I supposed to do with her?

RACHEL

I don't know! Maybe just tie her up and ask her to stay quiet?

Delaney turns away from Rachel.

DELANEY

Power's all these people know. It's the only thing they respect.

RACHEL

Yeah? Tell that to the two Slayers our pet psycho butchered back there.

Delaney stands still as Rachel walks round to face her.

RACHEL (cont'd)

Did you see the look in her eyes when she killed the first one?

DELANEY

No. I was concentrating on what we had to do.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RACHEL
Well, I noticed. And you know what
I saw?

Delaney finally looks at Rachel.

RACHEL (cont'd)
Nothing. There was nothing there.
No rage, no anger, no pleasure...
she carved two girls up in less
than thirty seconds, and she didn't
even blink.

Rachel turns and starts to walk away from Delaney.

RACHEL (cont'd)
I don't know what scares me more.
Seeing her at work like that... or
the fact that she's on our side.

Rachel turns a corner and exits, and as Delaney's gaze falls
on a door further back down the corridor, we cut into:

12 INT. EMPTY BUILDING - DARKENED ROOM - NEXT 12

A small storeroom, its shelves empty and covered with dust
and cobwebs.

Huddled in the corner of the room, lit only by a single,
filthy bulb overhead, is the other girl from the raid on the
convention.

She hugs her knees tightly, rocking back and forth, muttering
something under her breath as we push in.

GIRL
Heart... and head. Have to get
home. Doesn't hurt if you hold
still. Heart... and head. Stab the
heart, cut off the head. Only way
to be sure.
(beat)
Can't hurt me anymore...

The girl continues to rock back and forth as we slowly
DISSOLVE to:

13 INT. TRANSIT VAN - NIGHT 13

TITLE OVER - January, 2004

The girl is lying on a gurney, strapped in tight. She's doped
up, her head lolling to one side, and from the cuts and
bruises she's sporting it looks like she's had a rough night.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Three young girls sit either side of the gurney, loaded into the back of the van - these are freshly-activated VAMPIRE SLAYERS. Meet TRISH, BECKY and DELLA.

Trish is blonde and Southern, Becky is a hard-featured black girl and Della is a curvy redhead.

TRISH

Look at her. She's so... peaceful.

BECKY

Yeah, but this 'peaceful' girl could hand all of us our collective asses if we let her out of that bed.

DELLA

What do you suppose happened to her? You know, to make her go all...

TOM (O.S.)

Less talk, more guarding, ladies.

The girls look up - and from the passenger seat of the van, a young, fresh-faced Watcher named TOM turns to face his charges.

TOM (cont'd)

Lest any of you forget, this little lady is our most precious cargo for the remainder of our trip. I want all of you keeping at least one eye on her at all times. That way, we've always got almost two full pairs watching her at once.

The girls swap glances, finding the Watcher mode of speech still takes some getting used to, but as the girl STIRS on the gurney and GROANS, they all jump back in alarm.

Tom quickly starts to clamber out of the seat - getting tangled up in his seatbelt and taking a few moments to free himself - before he arrives at the girl's side.

DELLA

What do we do? Should we put her under again?

BECKY

(edgy)

Hey, I don't want her getting up. I saw what she did to that blonde guy!

Tom peels back her eyelids, examining her pupils.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TOW

I'd advise against that. We risk
damaging her system if we put any
more tranquilisers in her just yet.
She's already taken enough dopamine
to bring down a stampeding rhino.

The girl's eyelids flutter as she comes round, and her eyes
fall on Tom. He hesitates, then flashes her a nervous smile.

TOM

Uh... hello, Dana! Can you hear me?

DANA stays still, her eyes narrowing as she glares at Tom. He
GULPS nervously, glancing at the nearby Slayers.

TOM (cont'd)

Dana, my name is Thomas Ledbury.
I'm a representative of the
Watcher's Council of England, and
we're taking you back to-

URK! Tom CHOKES as Dana's hand LASHES up from the gurney,
TEARING through the bonds round her wrist and GRABBING him by
the throat!

The Slayers jump to action, trying to restrain Dana as she
fights to free herself from the other thick restraints.

TRISH

Hold her!

DELLA

I'm trying!

SNAP! Dana gets a leg free and viciously KICKS Trish in the
face. The blonde staggers back, cracking her head off the
roof of the van as Dana SHOVES Tom back.

Swinging her fist round, she connects with Della and PUNCHES
her backwards, before grabbing Becky with her free hand and
pulling her in close for a swift HEADBUTT.

DRIVER

What the hell's going on back
there? Thomas?

The Driver turns - and GASPS in shock as he sees Dana quickly
freeing herself from the gurney!

DRIVER (cont'd)

Oh, God...

He starts to SWERVE across the road, and we cut to:

14 EXT. LA FREEWAY - NEXT 14

There's a second black van following the first, keeping in close formation as the lead van starts to veer dangerously from side to side across the freeway.

15 INT. SECOND VAN - NEXT 15

The driver and passenger Slayer in the second van exchange a worried glance at the lead van's erratic behaviour.

DIVER #2
What the hell...

As they watch, the van's rear door BLASTS open, and the empty gurney crashes out onto the road.

DIVER #2 (cont'd)
Woah!

He SWERVES to avoid it, frantically steering back to the lead van - and they see Dana staring back out at them!

SLAYER
Oh, my God...

Dana has the unconscious Trish in one hand, and as the helpless driver and Slayer look on, Dana rears back - and THROWS Trish towards them!

16 EXT. LA FREEWAY - NEXT 16

Trish's body SMASHES into the windscreen of the second van, and it veers sharply across the freeway, BOUNCING off the central barrier and finally FLIPPING over, ROLLING along the road in a shower of sparks and twisted metal.

17 INT. TRANSIT VAN - NEXT 17

Back in the lead van, as the second van crashes along in the background, Dana steps over the recovering Tom and Slayers to get to the driver.

She grabs his head and TWISTS sharply, SNAPPING his neck. He slumps back, and the van swerves sharply to the right, throwing everyone to the side.

18 EXT. LA FREEWAY/HILL - NEXT 18

The van launches itself off the end of the freeway, sailing out into thin air before CRASHING down onto the hillside running alongside the road.

It ROLLS several times as it bounces down the hill, chunks of metal flying off it before it SLAMS into a concrete support pillar and comes to a stop.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Smoke pours from its shattered engine as all it still for a few beats - before a bloody but unbowed Dana climbs out of the broken driver's side window!

She staggers away from the van, panting with exertion, and with a few frantic glances around takes off into the night, sprinting away from the wreckage!

A few moments later, a coughing Tom drags himself out of the back of the van, helped by Becky as she nurses a bad gash across her forehead.

TOM

Get me a phone... we need to call
the Council, now!!

Becky nods and clambers back into the van, still dazed from the crash, as we DISSOLVE to:

19 INT. CAMPUS - INFIRMARY - DAY

19

Sofia is lying on a bed in the Academy's sick bay, dressed in plain white hospital scrubs. She's wrapped up tightly in the bedclothes, and as we pull back we reveal GREG, JAZ, ELLEN and Barbara all standing around her.

BARBARA

How is she doing?

JAZ

Pretty well, all things considered.
Not many people can survive a stab
wounds to the gut like that.

(points)

Entered her at L2, four centimetres
off the midline.

GREG

(blinks)

And for us non-medical people?

JAZ

The sword almost punctured her
kidney. A fraction lower down and
Sofia would have been dead long
before the paramedics arrived.

Jaz steps round the bed, checking over Sofia.

JAZ (cont'd)

As it is, she was under for almost
four minutes before they were able
to revive her.

ELLEN

Thank God for Slayer healing, huh?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAZ
(glances at Greg)
I wouldn't know.

BARBARA
The details of her injuries are less important than telling us if she's going to be alright, Jaz.

JAZ
She should be. She's going to be pretty sore for some time, but I've seen girls like her pull through injuries this severe before. If she wasn't a Slayer, we'd be making funeral arrangements.

Barbara lets out a heavy SIGH, and Greg lays a comforting hand on her shoulder.

BARBARA
It's all my fault. I should have sent more girls with her, I just thought it'd be a simple mission... I didn't expect anyone to be daft enough to attack a convention hall filled with high level wiccas!

GREG
There was no way you could have known this would happen. Sofia's been in this business long enough to understand the risks.

Barbara doesn't look reassured as she squeezes Sofia's hand.

ELLEN
What about the Scythe?

Greg and Barbara look to Ellen in alarm as we cut to:

20

INT. CASTLE - STUDY - DAY

20

A furious Kira stands before a subdued Delaney and Rachel.

KIRA
What do you mean, you don't know where it is? How could you miss an opportunity like that?

DELANEY
We didn't-

KIRA
(snaps)
Did I say you could talk?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Delaney lowers her head as Kira rages on.

KIRA (cont'd)
 So what you're telling me is you
 two rejects had a chance to snatch
 the Scythe of the Slayers, one of
 the most powerful magical artefacts
 in the world... and you lost it?

RACHEL
 It's not like we-

Kira raises a hand for silence. She waits for a beat, letting
 the two girls stew in their anxiety.

KIRA
 Find it. I don't care who took it
 or where it is, but I want it here
 in the next forty-eight hours.
 (beat)
 Go.

Delaney and Rachel turn and race out of the study, and a
 still-seething Kira marches over to one of the chairs,
 collapsing back into it as we cut to:

21 INT. SMOKY BAR - DAY

21

Looking down on a round, green table as a high stakes card
 game is in progress, a mountain of chips waiting to be won in
 the centre of the table.

Pull back to reveal various DEMONS playing the game - some
 humanoid, some far from it, several smoking fat cigars.

DEMON #1
 Alright, gentlemen... I call.

The other demons glance at their cards, but before any of
 them can show their hands, the Scythe is thrown onto the
 table with a loud THUMP!

The shocked demons turn to see who threw it - and with a sly
 grin, Eloise steps out from the shadows surrounding the
 table.

ELOISE
 Good afternoon, gentlemen. I wish
 to make a deal with you.

From the demons' startled expressions, we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

22 INT. CAMPUS - INFIRMARY - NIGHT

22

Sofia is still asleep in her bed, the main infirmary lights off to help her get some rest. She turns over in the bed, but as she disturbs her wounded side she frowns, wrinkling her face up.

Her eyelids creak open, and she sees somebody sitting by her bed. In the dim light, it looks like:

SOFIA
(groggy)
Emma?

The figure leans forward - and it's Skye. She raises an eyebrow as she looks down at Sofia.

SKYE
Uh... no. Different dead girl. How
you holdin' up?

Sofia pushes herself up in the bed, wincing again as she settles back against her pillows.

SOFIA
How do I look?

SKYE
Like you got stabbed.

SOFIA
Good, because that's how I feel.

SKYE
Could be worse. You could be dead.

SOFIA
Like Keeya, you mean?

Skye lowers her head.

SKYE
Sofes, nobody's blaming you for
what-

SOFIA
No, I'm blaming me for what
happened. I told her to go and try
to help the High Priestess, Skye. I
as good as sent her to her death!

SKYE
Nobody's saying that!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SOFIA
I'll bet that's what they're all
thinking.

SKYE
(sighs)
Ah, jeez, here we go.

SOFIA
Excuse me?

SKYE
The 'it's all my fault' guilt trip.

SOFIA
(snaps)
Don't trivialise what happened,
Skye! Keeya is dead!

SKYE
Yeah, and technically, so were you!
Would it have made you feel any
better if you'd died out there too?

Sofia looks away, her expression dark and serious. Skye takes
a moment and then leans in closer, her tone softer.

SKYE (cont'd)
Yeah, Keeya's gone, and everybody's
shaken up about that. She's the
first one of us to go since Emma,
and I guess maybe we'd all started
to think we were kind of
indestructible, you know?

SOFIA
I think we've proven that isn't
true.

SKYE
But we need to focus on what's
still to be done. That wicca
chick's still missing, and if those
other Slayers have gotten their
hands on her that can only be A Bad
Thing. And...

Skye hesitates, and Sofia looks back round, concerned.

SOFIA
And what?

SKYE
Didn't anybody tell you yet?

Sofia shakes her head, getting more anxious, as we cut to:

23

INT. CAMPUS - BARBARA'S OFFICE - NEXT

23

A tired-looking Barbara sits at her desk with Ellen and Greg sharing the office.

BARBARA

Alright, let's break this down. We have two distinct situations. One, Amelie Pouvier, one of the most powerful magic users in the Northern Hemisphere, is in enemy custody. Two, the Scythe is also missing, presumably in enemy hands as well.

ELLEN

I've called my boys in. They were out running escort duty over in Ireland, they'll be here in a few hours and we can get them out there to help with the search.

GREG

Now that Skye and the others are back, we can start sending out teams to follow any traces we have from the convention centre.

ELLEN

Is it worth organising a raid on that castle where the girls ran into our kidnappers last week?

BARBARA

Yes, but given what they told me was lurking in there, we'll need to make sure we're ready for any eventuality. I'm not losing any more of my girls over this.

ELLEN

Sounds good to me so far. What are we going to do about Sofia?

BARBARA

(confused)

'Do'? What do you mean?

ELLEN

Well, she's still in bad shape, yeah, but she won't want to just sit on her ass while everyone else is out there!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BARBARA

(firm)

Sofia is in no fit state to go anywhere, and until Jaz clears her she's not to leave the infirmary.

Ellen glances at Greg, but he nods - he agrees with Barbara.

ELLEN

Alright, if you're sure. I'll go start making some calls.

BARBARA

It's a shame I asked you to remove that tracking device you so trustingly placed on the Scythe, it'd be a real...

She trails off as she registers Ellen's suddenly pained expression.

BARBARA (cont'd)

Ellen?

ELLEN

Yeah, about the tracker...

BARBARA

(frowns)

You did remove it... didn't you?

ELLEN

Sorry, Barb. I got outranked when I asked for permission to get it deactivated. I wanted it to be a show of faith, but...

GREG

We can worry about that later. Does this mean we can use it to find the Scythe?

ELLEN

Yeah, if whoever's got it hasn't found it and thrown it in a river somewhere.

GREG

Well, that's good, right?

BARBARA

It is. Ellen, I'd appreciate you getting right onto that. Find out where the Scythe is, and I'll assemble some teams first thing in the morning.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Barbara doesn't look too happy with Ellen, and she takes that as her cue to leave. Greg waits for her to exit before speaking.

GREG

I've, ah... I've started the arrangements for Keeya's burial.

BARBARA

(nods)

Good. Thank you.

GREG

Zhenga's seeing if she can find any relatives back in Africa for her, otherwise... well, I thought we could, ah, bury her here. On campus.

BARBARA

Is that appropriate?

GREG

I don't know, I...

Greg trails off, clearly having a hard time getting his head round one of the Slayers actually being dead.

GREG (cont'd)

It just felt... it strikes me as the right thing to do.

Barbara stands, reaching out to lay a hand on Greg's shoulder and offering him a sad smile.

BARBARA

Nobody's expecting you to be some kind of rock of emotional strength right now, Greg. At least, not behind closed doors.

GREG

I know, I know, I'm just...

(sighs)

I never prepared myself for this.

BARBARA

No Watcher wants to contemplate losing their charge, and in an environment like this there are far more potential losses to consider. What we need to do now is make sure the girls stay strong, and turn to each other for support.

(beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

BARBARA(cont'd)

That, and give them the chance to
deliver their own brand of justice
to those rogue Slayers when we go
and rescue Madame Pouvier.

Greg manages a short laugh at this, and we cut to:

24

INT. CAMPUS - OUTSIDE INFIRMARY - NIGHT

24

Skye walks out of the infirmary, YAWNING as she heads for a
water cooler nearby. As she starts to fill up a plastic cup,
she's surprised by:

MRS. COLLINS (O.S.)

I suppose, in the long run...

Skye's head snaps up - and the ghostly figure of MRS.
COLLINS, one of Skye's previous victims, struts out of the
shadows towards her.

MRS. COLLINS (cont'd)

... this is just another war story
she'll have to tell.

SKYE

You again.

Mrs. Collins smiles - Skye knows only too well that she's
talking to THE FIRST.

MRS. COLLINS

I couldn't help but stop by when I
heard what had happened to Little
Miss Perfect in there! And so
tragic, too, the loss of one of
your own... I imagine the whole
campus is looking for somebody to
blame at the moment. Lucky for all
of us they have her, right?

SKYE

(snaps)

Don't you bring her into this!

MRS. COLLINS

Sorry, not the way this works. As a
duly elected representative of the
forces of darkness, it's in my job
description to remind you people of
every little mistake you've ever
made whenever I can. Especially
when those little mistakes turn out
to be great big ones.

(smirks)

Besides, as you've probably figured
out by now-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SOFIA O.S.)

Skye?

Skye spins round - Sofia is propped against the door frame, staring towards Skye with wide, confused eyes.

SOFIA

Who... who's that?

Skye looks back round - and realises Sofia can see The First!

MRS. COLLINS

As I was saying... as you've probably figured out - Sofia's now a member of our little club.

Skye's face drops in horror, and as Mrs. Collins's smirk grows ever more sickeningly wide, we cut to:

25

INT. CASTLE - INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

25

SMACK! A hand SLAPS across Amelie's face - the High Priestess is tied to a chair in a small, cold and grey stone room deep within Kira's castle.

Kira stands before the bruised and battered wicca, flexing her fingers as Amelie COUGHS weakly.

KIRA

Come on now, Madame Pouvier! I'm sure all those society event photographers you're sleeping with wouldn't want to see your expensively-resculptured face looking like a budget Picasso, would they?

AMELIE

How dare... you touch...

KIRA

(rolls eyes)

Yes, yes, how dare I attack you in this way, blah blah. Listen, as I'm sure you can tell, I'm a busy girl, and I was really hoping to get this over and done with some time ago, so any time you want to do what your French are good at and surrender, we can all get on with our lives.

(beat; smirks)

Well, I can. I haven't decided what we're going to do with you yet.

Amelie bows her head, physically and mentally exhausted.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KIRA (cont'd)

And I am honestly sorry about
having to keep you in such a
magically-insulated environment
like this - I imagine you'd find a
few low power healing spells just
the ticket right now, wouldn't you?

AMELIE

I... will tell you...

KIRA

Yes?

AMELIE

(fierce)

... nothing...

Kira scowls, steps back - and SMACKS Amelie across the jaw
again. Amelie COUGHS and spits a mouthful of blood to the
floor as Kira shakes her head.

KIRA

Where is all this getting you? Just
tell me where the Scythe is, and I
promise I'll stop hitting you.
Believe it or not, I'm a woman of
my word.

AMELIE

And I 'ave told you... I do not
know where it is!

KIRA

And as I've said, I don't think
you're being honest with me.

AMELIE

Even if I knew... I would not tell
you...

KIRA

(mock distress)

I'm shocked! Are you questioning my
character?

Amelie lifts her head with some effort, glaring up at Kira
through her blackened, bloodshot eyes.

AMELIE

Wherever it is... I 'ope whoever
'as it 'as the sense to keep it as
far away from you as possible!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Kira is silent for a beat - then a final PUNCH knocks Amelie out cold. Kira stares at Amelie's slumped form for a second, then turns and marches out of the room, as we cut to:

26 INT. CAMPUS - GIRLS' BATHROOMS - NIGHT 26

The ladies' room at the Academy is empty - except for the furthest cubicle, whose door is closed.

A pair of feet can be seen underneath the door, and the pink, stiletto heels those feet are wearing means they can belong to only one person...

27 INT. CAMPUS - GIRL'S BATHROOMS - CUBICLE - NEXT 27

Frankie sits on the toilet - the seat is down, she's just sitting - her head in her hands.

There's something in her hand, and as she lifts it, it's revealed as a small white plastic object.

A pregnancy testing kit.

Frankie can't bring herself to look at it, but as her eyes drift towards it again, she peers down at the tester - and closes her eyes.

FRANKIE
(mutters)
Baise...

She lowers her head, and we cut to:

28 INT. CAMPUS - OUTSIDE INFIRMARY - NEXT 28

Skye steps away from The First as Sofia tries to stagger forward, stumbling on her weak legs and almost falling - but Skye is there to catch her.

SOFIA
Skye? Who is she? What's she doing here? What's going on?

SKYE
Sofes, she-

BUFFY (O.S.)
I should be offering my congratulations...

The two girls look round in shock - and see BUFFY SUMMERS standing before them!

BUFFY (cont'd)
... I mean, now you've even managed to get killed on the job!
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BUFFY(cont'd)

You couldn't be more like me if you tried...

(sly)

Well, apart from not getting any more of your friends killed, I suppose. At least I never managed that little *faux pas*!

Sofia's head is spinning as Skye helps her back to her feet, glaring murderously at the phantom before them.

SOFIA

Skye... what...

SKYE

(to First)

Get out of here! Leave us alone!

BUFFY

Make me!

Sofia looks up at Skye, dazed and helpless.

SOFIA

What's going on? Why... why is Buffy here?

BUFFY

I'm here to present you with your membership to a very exclusive club, Sofia. It's called 'Good Guys Who Died But Came Right On Back!'

SOFIA

You're... the First? As in...

BUFFY

(rolls eyes)

Yes, The First. The name's kind of a giveaway! Jeez, I really passed the torch on to the sharpest tool in the box, didn't I?

SOFIA

But how can... I don't understand, you only...

Sofia pales as the reality of this sinks in. She looks up to Skye, who is halfway between guilt and anger.

SOFIA (cont'd)

How... how long have you been able to see her?

SKYE

(darkly)

Too long.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BUFFY

Think of all the fun we can have now! Just us girls in on the little secret, swapping gossip at slumber parties...

SKYE

Sofia, go. Get back into bed.

BUFFY

Yeah, you wouldn't want to hear me spill any of Skye's dirty little secrets, would you?

Skye starts to walk Sofia back into the infirmary.

BUFFY (cont'd)

I mean, everybody has skeletons in their closet, but in Skye's case, we're talking actual skeletons!

Skye freezes, and Sofia looks up at her, frowning.

SOFIA

Skye? What... what does she mean?

SKYE

Nothing. Let's go.

SOFIA

What don't you want me to know?

SKYE

(beat)

Sofia, I...

BUFFY

She doesn't want you to know about all the people she's killed.

Sofia recoils in shock, looking up at Skye - and Skye's dark look confirms the First's revelation.

SOFIA

(softly)

Oh, my God...

BUFFY

(claps hands)

There! Now there's no secrets. Don't you all feel better for knowing? I know I do.

SOFIA

(shakes head)

No...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

SKYE
Sofia, wait, it's not-

SOFIA
Get away from me!

Sofia angrily PUSHES Skye away, stumbling back into the infirmary as Skye throws her a pleading look.

SKYE
Sofes, wait!

SOFIA
(furious)
You lied to me! Why didn't... how could you keep that from me? Why didn't you tell me?

BUFFY
(mocking)
Yeah, Skye, why didn't you tell her?

SKYE
(to First)
Shut up!!
(to Sofia)
I... I didn't want you to-

SOFIA
To what? Judge you? Is that it? Did you think I'd turn round all call you a monster, just like you think everyone else does?

SKYE
(beat)
Would you have?

Sofia just stares back at her in silence - then reaches for the infirmary door and SLAMS it shut in her face.

Skye lowers her head as Buffy LAUGHS at Skye, wiping a fake tear from her eye. Skye doesn't look at her, turning away and walking sadly away as the First's mocking laughter echoes down the corridor, and we cut to:

29 INT. CASTLE - INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

29

Amelie is still slumped in her chair, when there's the loud CLANK of a bolt being drawn back, and the room floods with light as Kira opens the door.

Amelie lifts her head, squinting against the sudden bright light as Kira marches up to her, grabbing her head and lifting it up to look at her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KIRA
Last chance. Where is the Scythe?

AMELIE
(defiant)
Go to Hell, *chienne*.

Kira lowers her head, keeping her hands clamped either side of Amelie's face - and then her hands start to GLOW with bright purple light!

Amelie starts to MOAN - quickly building into a SCREAM of pain as smoke rises from Kira's hands!

Amelie struggles in the chair, unable to break free, but as the purple glow intensifies, Amelie's strength drains away, her dark hair starting to fade to a silvery white and her skin shrivelling up.

Kira finally releases her, stumbling away and gasping for breath, her eyes BLAZING with the same purple light as she looks down...

... at the smoking husk that was Amelie Pouvier. Kira SNIFFS, running a hand through her hair and collecting herself.

KIRA
Don't say I didn't warn you.

She turns and marches out of the room, and as the door SLAMS shut and plunges the chamber into darkness, we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

30

INT. CAMPUS - BRIEFING ROOM - MORNING

30

Everybody is assembled in the small briefing room, the various Slayers packed in tight as they wait for the teachers to arrive. Nervous chatter bubbles across the girls.

The main door opens as Barbara, Greg and Ellen walk in, and the girls quieten down as the staff take their places at the head of the room.

BARBARA

Good morning, everyone. Now, I know the rumour mill has been breaking the speed record round this place overnight, so let me lay down the facts for you as they stand.

She pauses, taking in the faces of the Slayers before her.

BARBARA (cont'd)

Last night, Sofia and Keeya attended a wicca convention in London, principally because a request had been made to exhibit the Scythe to the assembled witches. A team of rogue Slayers attacked the convention, kidnapping High Priestess Pouvier, wounding Sofia, and...

(beat)

And killing Keeya.

A ripple of shocked whispers rushes through the room, but Barbara raises her hand for silence.

BARBARA (cont'd)

Also, the Scythe went missing and we believe it is also in enemy hands. Now, what we need to do is-

She pauses as the briefing room door is thrown open - and Sofia stands in the doorway. She looks pale and far from perfect health, but the determination blazing in her eyes is enough to keep her on her feet.

JAZ (O.S.)

Sofia, wait!

Jaz runs into frame behind her as Sofia steps into the room, and throws an exasperated look towards Barbara.

JAZ (cont'd)

I tried to stop her, but she-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SOFIA
Why wasn't I told about this
briefing?

Everyone in the room is silent, all eyes on Sofia as Barbara steps towards her.

BARBARA
Because you're still injured,
Sofia. I'm not about to send you
into-

SOFIA
(angrily)
Like bloody hell you're not!

Barbara pauses, wishing this conversation was taking place somewhere a lot less private.

BARBARA
Sofia, this isn't the time to-

SOFIA
(stern)
The Scythe is my responsibility. It
was given to me so that I could be
the one to look after it, and I'm
not going to ferment in a hospital
bed while it's out there somewhere!
The girl who killed Keeya is still-

BARBARA
(snaps)
Sofia!

Sofia pauses, and the room is on edge as Barbara quickly fights her temper back down.

BARBARA (cont'd)
(calmer)
Sofia, you're not field ready,
you're still-

SOFIA
(firm)
I'm going. I won't let you leave me
out of this. You need me out there.

BARBARA
Jaz? Can Sofia join this mission or
do you need to frogmarch her back
to the infirmary?

Sofia turns to stare at Jaz, who looks torn between two tough decisions - before nodding with a SIGH.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JAZ

If she was anybody but a Slayer,
she'd still be in intensive care,
but as it is-

SOFIA

As it is, I'm good to go.

A long beat as Barbara looks from Jaz to Sofia.

BARBARA

(sighs)

Alright, fine. Take a seat.

Sofia heads over to Skye and Alita, with more whispered comments floating around the room. Skye opens her mouth to speak, but Sofia's cold look silences her.

ALITA

Are you sure you are alright?

SOFIA

(sharp)

I'm fine.

(looks round)

Where's Frankie?

ALITA

She is unwell. She will not be
joining us.

The girls turn back to the front as Greg takes the lead.

GREG

Thanks to Miss Marklew, we've been
able to locate the Scythe, and
luckily for all of us it's still
here in England.

ELLEN

It looks like it's at an auction
house that we know from past
records deals with a lot of magical
and occult items, so it's a fair
bet that it's going to the highest
bidder unless we get to it first.

GREG

Skye, you'll be leading your-

SKYE

No, it's cool. Sofes is back, she
can wear the sheriff's badge.

GREG

Are you sure?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Skye looks to Sofia and nods. Sofia appreciates the gesture, despite how angry she still is with Skye.

GREG (cont'd)
Alright, then. Sofia, you'll be taking Skye, Alita and Heidi.

HEIDI
(frowns)
What? Don't I get a say in this?

GREG
(blunt)
No. Moving on - Sofia, your team can leave immediately, you're going to the auction. The rest of you, you're going to the castle we believe is the base of operations for the rogue Slayer team to hopefully rescue the High Priestess.

Sofia's teams stands and files out of the room, and as Barbara continues the briefing, we DISSOLVE to:

31 EXT. AUCTION HOUSE - DAY 31

A quaint, innocent looking auction house sits in a quiet part of a city centre, with a few pedestrians strolling by. It seems a world away from what's going on within its walls, as we cut to:

32 INT. AUCTION HOUSE - MAIN ROOM - NEXT 32

A burly, raucous crowd of DEMONS, VAMPIRES and several shady-looking humans are seated in rows before a stage, on which stands an AUCTIONEER behind a podium.

Next to him, two assistants struggle to hold up a large, dramatic painting of a hellish battle scene between two huge demons.

AUCTIONEER
Am I bid twenty-two thousand for this? Twenty-two thousand?

A demon raises his hand.

AUCTIONEER (cont'd)
Twenty-two thousand, the yuplag demon in the brown jacket. Do I hear twenty-three? Twen-

CRASH! The doors at the rear of the room are kicked open to reveal a grinning Heidi, leading in the other Slayers and Greg, everyone armed to the teeth.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HEIDI

Sorry, boys... I think it's a fake.

The room erupts into chaos - everyone too scared or unwilling to fight leaps out of their seats and dashes for the emergency exits, while several of the more gung ho demons and vamps charge at the girls.

SOFIA

Spread out and split up! Watch each other's backs, there's a lot of targets in here!

Heidi scowls at Sofia, pausing to KICK a stray vamp to the floor.

HEIDI

Hey! We agreed I give the orders!

Skye pushes past Heidi with a smirk.

SKYE

Sorry, Jungfrau - it's a chain of command thing.

Skye catches up to Sofia as she marches through the panicking crowd around her, spinning round to STAKE a nearby vamp and PUNCH a demon to the ground as he runs past.

SKYE (cont'd)

Woah, slow down, RoboSlayer! You're gonna pop your stitches if you try to take them all on like this!

SOFIA

(focused)

We need to get to the storeroom. That's where they'll be keeping the Sycthe.

She glances over her shoulder as Alita whirls into action, her nunchucks SMACKING rapidly across a bulky security demon's body before she SPIN KICKS him in the chest.

Sofia looks round - Skye is the closest other Slayer to her, so she waves her over.

SOFIA (cont'd)

Come on.

They dash towards a doorway marked 'Staff Only,' into:

33

INT. AUCTION HOUSE - STORE ROOM - NEXT

33

Skye BASHES the locked door open, and she and Sofia hurry into the small room, packed with crates, cases and boxes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SKYE

Aw, man! There's gotta be a hundred of these things in here! How are we going to-

There's a CRASH, and Skye turns round - Sofia has literally punched her way into one box, tipping its contents onto the floor. An expensive-looking vase SMASHES into fragments.

SOFIA

Start looking.

Skye eyes Sofia, not sure what to make of her actions, but as Sofia tears into another packing crate, Skye joins in.

34

INT. AUCTION HOUSE - MAIN ROOM - NEXT

34

The rest of the Slayers are thinning out the room, with vampires EXPLODING into dust and unconscious demons littering the floor.

Heidi GRABS one demon as it attacks Greg, THROWING it to the ground and SNAP KICKING her foot across its throat.

GREG

Thanks!

HEIDI

Be more careful next time!

Heidi whirls round and launches herself at two more vampires as Greg looks towards the doors...

... and he registers alarm as Delaney, Rachel and Dana push their way in past the last few stampeding customers!

GREG

Heidi! Alita! It's them!

Heidi and Alita join him as Delaney's team surveys the melee filling the room.

DELANEY

Did we not get invited again?

ALITA

(cold)

You will pay for what you did to us.

DELANEY

Hey, I'm just the chick who steals what I'm told to. If you've got a beef with us...

(off Dana)

... take it up with her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

With a gleeful SNARL, Dana springs forward to attack, crashing into Greg and the two Slayers and knocking them all to the floor.

DELANEY (cont'd)
Come on, Rache!

The duo sprint towards the storeroom, past the rest of the Slayers who are still bogged down in various fights.

35

INT. AUCTION HOUSE - STORE ROOM - NEXT

35

Up to their ankles in chunks of crate and packing materials, Sofia and Skye are still searching and have their backs to the door as Delaney and Rachel step in.

DELANEY
Oh, it's you.

Sofia spins round, her eyes narrowing and her features darkening in anger.

DELANEY (cont'd)
Look, I told you last year, it
doesn't matter how hard you look,
I'm not telling you where your
presents are!

Sofia doesn't bother with a retort and CHARGES towards Delaney with a CRY of anger, catching the rival Slayer off ground as she SLAMS them both into a tall stack of crates.

Skye blinks - then turns to face Rachel, who grins as she rolls up her sleeves.

RACHEL
Round two, huh?

SKYE
Oh, I'm gonna enjoy this...

They step up to the plate, Rachel's arms and legs snapping out with dizzying speed as she launches a long series of kicks, chops, punches and jabs at Skye.

She lands more blows than Skye can block, and Skye is sent staggering backwards as Rachel SLAMS both fists into her gut.

Over with Sofia and Delaney, and Delaney is struggling to hold off Sofia's frenzied attack as the British Slayer rains down punches on her opponent.

SOFIA
(frantic)
She's dead! She's dead because of
you!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DELANEY

Hey, did I kill her?

Delaney CHINS Sofia, knocking her back and getting to her feet. Delaney checks her split lip as Sofia barrels towards her again, the two girls trading punches.

SOFIA

I don't even care what that witch
you work for is planning - I just
want to see you all-

DELANEY

Dead? Thought you were the moral
one?

Sofia hesitates - and Delaney ROUNDHOUSE KICKS her squarely in the face. Sofia spins to the floor, and Delaney leaps over her, heading for the unopened packing cases.

Sofia pushes herself to her feet as Delaney starts throwing over the cases - but pauses again as Delaney finally locates the Scythe!

DELANEY (cont'd)

(grins)

Paydirt.

As Skye finally floors Rachel with a fierce KICK behind her, Delaney grabs the Scythe and lifts it out of the case - but then her smile fades, and she frowns.

DELANEY (cont'd)

Huh. What's-

WHAM! Sofia TACKLES her to the ground, furiously PUNCHING Delaney over and over again, tears in her eyes.

SOFIA

No! No!

Sofia is still punching the bloodied Delaney as Skye appears to drag her back.

SKYE

Sofia! Stop it!

Heaving for breath, Sofia is pulled away from Delaney, who doesn't look like she'll be getting up any time soon.

SKYE (cont'd)

Jeez, Sofes, I think she gets the
message!

Sofia is WEEPING, the Scythe in her hands at last, and a concerned Skye looks to the exit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SKYE (cont'd)
Come on, we need to get back to-

POW! A huge, black demon's CLAW swings into frame and SWATS the two girls to the ground!

Skye and Sofia hit the deck, and as Skye looks up she double takes at what she sees - a huge, monstrous DEMON is standing over her!

SKYE (cont'd)
(dazed)
Where did you...

She trails off as the demon begins to CHANGE, its features morphing and shifting, melting into a new form...

... and Rachel looks down on Skye before turning to Delaney, quickly lifting her up and dragging her colleague back towards the exit.

Skye tries to get up, wincing at the nasty gash opened across her temple, but she's too slow to stop Rachel and Delaney getting away. Skye turns back to Sofia, who is pulling the Scythe towards her like a security blanket.

SKYE (cont'd)
Alright, princess. Let's get out of here.

Skye helps Sofia to her feet, and the duo head for:

36

INT. AUCTION HOUSE - MAIN ROOM - NEXT

36

Skye and Sofia stumble into the main room - and are shocked to see their team mates on the ground!

SKYE
What the crap?

Skye rushes over to Alita, lifting the battered-looking girl to a sitting position.

SKYE (cont'd)
Allie, what the hell happened? You guys were winning when we left!

ALITA
(groggy)
It was... some new Slayer, she just...

HEIDI
(serious)
She took us apart. By herself.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HEIDI(cont'd)

It was all we could do to not end
up like Keeya.

GREG

Did we get the Scythe at least?
Then maybe all these new bruises
will have been worth something...

Skye turns to Sofia, whose eyes are still red with tears, and
from Skye's dark look, we DISSOLVE to:

37

EXT. FIELD - DAY

37

Ellen stands beside a dark Jeep, several of her Initiative
commandoes and more Slayers nearby as she talks into her cell
phone.

ELLEN

I don't know what to say, Barb,
we're in the same place we were
last time, but the castle? It's...

Ellen looks round - and the fields are empty in every
direction. Definitely no castles anywhere in sight.

ELLEN (cont'd)

(sighs)

Well, it's not here any more. I
don't know what to tell you - we've
run thermal imaging, sonar,
everything we've got the tech for
with us. Wherever these guys are
based, either they're that good at
hiding or... or they've found a way
to change the location of a damn
castle.

Ellen listens for a beat, looking back out across the mist-
shrouded fields and the frustrated Slayers around her as we
cut to:

38

INT. CAMPUS - CORRIDOR - LATER

38

An anxious Frankie hurries down the corridor, her bag slung
over one shoulder. She passes AIDEN, who greets her:

AIDEN

Hey, Frankie.

She doesn't even look at him, her head down as she marches
on. Aiden frowns - then sees something fall out of her bag.

He stoops to pick it up, but by the time he stands again
she's turned a corner and disappeared from view.

He looks down at what she dropped - it's the box for the
pregnancy testing kit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AIDEN (cont'd)

Uh oh...

Aiden opens the box - the tester is still inside, and after a beat he takes it out, his eyes widening as he sees the result.

GREG (O.S.)

What a day!

Aiden spins round as a weary Greg walks towards him.

GREG (cont'd)

We got the Scythe back but ended up with two more Slayers in the infirmary, and as for the castle, well... don't get me started on that.

Greg registers Aiden's guilty expression.

GREG (cont'd)

What's wrong?

He spots the box in Aiden's hands, and Greg's face drops as he realises what he's holding.

GREG (cont'd)

Is that...

AIDEN

(quickly)

I just found it, I didn't know what to do with-

GREG

Whose is it?

AIDEN

(long beat)

I don't know.

GREG

You don't know?

AIDEN

It was just out here in the corridor, whoever used it must've dropped it and not realised.

Greg marches over and SNATCHES the kit from Aiden, checking the kit's results.

GREG

Oh, God...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

AIDEN

What are we going to do?

GREG

(sighs)

I don't know. But whoever this belongs to, we need to find out, and quickly. I'd better go and tell Barbara.

Greg starts to hurry away, then pauses and turns back to Aiden.

GREG (cont'd)

You're sure you don't know whose this is?

AIDEN

Positive.

Greg nods and hurries away, as a guilty Aiden looks back in the direction Frankie left, and we cut to:

39 INT. CAMPUS - DORMS - DAY

39

Sofia is lying on her bed, staring listlessly out through the window as Skye steps over to her.

SKYE

Hey.

No answer. Skye waits a beat, then sighs and kneels down.

SKYE (cont'd)

Sofes, come on. We've gotta talk about... stuff.

SOFIA

(shakes head)

Not yet.

SKYE

I wanted to tell you everything about me, I just... it never felt like the right moment, you know? I didn't want you to-

SOFIA

You should have trusted me. You know I trust you.

Skye hangs her head and nods.

SKYE

I know, I know, and I'm sorry. Look, I want to make this right.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SOFIA

Skye...

SKYE

I mean it! I've spent too long here
 starting to like you bunch of
 nutjobs to start pissing you off
 now, so you're damn sure I'm gonna-

SOFIA

Skye!

Skye shuts up, and Sofia finally turns to look at her.

SOFIA (cont'd)

Just... please, just leave me
 alone. I need some time.

Skye hesitates, then with a suitably downcast expression she
 stands, leaving the dorm room without another room.

Once she's gone, Sofia reaches down under her bed and takes
 out the Scythe, safely wrapped up in its leather sheath. She
 opens it up, laying the weapon down on the bed next to her.

Sofia stares at the Scythe, something in her troubled
 expression telling us that things aren't right here, as a
 voice over announces:

HAMISH (V.O.)

So what's wrong with it, then?

Sofia SIGHS sadly as we cut to:

40

INT. CASTLE - STUDY - DAY

40

Kira sits in one of her chairs, holding a small locket in one
 hand as HAMISH paces up and down before her.

The view through one of the small porthole windows over his
 shoulder appears to be nothing but blue sky and white clouds.

HAMISH

You said it's gone 'dead.' What
 does that mean, exactly?

KIRA

I don't know. All I'm going from is
 what Delaney told me, but she'd
 know what she was talking about.
 She may not be anywhere near the
 levels I'd like her to be, but
 she's a capable enough magic user
 to know when something that was
 previously charged with energy is
 drained of its power.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HAMISH

I'm having a little trouble
wrapping my head round this, lass.
This Scythe was forged thousands of
years ago as the ultimate weapon
against evil, right?

KIRA

That's correct.

HAMISH

And now all of a sudden, it's
what... stopped working?

Kira HUFFS and gets out of her chair, pacing over to the
window and staring out across the view.

KIRA

I won't know for sure until I can
get a closer look at it, but yes,
that's what seems to have happened.

HAMISH

Oh. So, basically, you sucked all
the power out one of the most
powerful witches in the world for
no good reason at all?

KIRA

(turns to him; smirks)
Well, there were a few other
reasons.

She turns back to the window.

KIRA (cont'd)

We need to get into that Academy
and get access to the Scythe, find
out what's gone wrong.

HAMISH

And I have just the plan for that,
my dear.

Kira turns as Hamish takes a glossy photograph from his
jacket and passes it to her. She studies it - it's a
surveillance photograph of Greg!

HAMISH (cont'd)

We need to get ourselves a Watcher.

BLACK OUT:

END OF SHOW