

**SLAYER ACADEMY**

"Daylight"

by  
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TEASER

FADE IN:

1

INT. TOWN HALL - NIGHT

1

A rowdy town hall, with a makeshift press conference table set up at the head of the room, rows of seats laid out before that filled with agitated TOWNSFOLK.

Tense chatter fills the room - everybody is trying to speak at once, going for volume over clarity as they try to make themselves heard.

Sitting behind the conference table with a row of microphones before them are the MAYOR and three more suited OFFICIALS, arguing amongst themselves about something.

Also sat at the table is a POLICE SERGEANT, and with a scowl at the rowdy citizens before him he TAPS his microphone, producing a painful SQUEAL of feedback through the hall's PA that soon drops the room back into orderly silence.

SERGEANT

Ladies and gentlemen, please.  
Nobody's going to get any kind of  
business achieved tonight if we're  
too busy trying to see who can  
shout the loudest!

His sharp eyes sweep the room. There's plenty of shuffling as people try to avoid his piercing gaze.

SERGEANT (cont'd)

Now, then. Let's approach the first  
order of business. Mr. Mayor?

The Mayor nods to the Sergeant, adjusting his glasses as he reads from a sheet of paper.

MAYOR

First item on tonight's agenda, the  
recent attacks on cattle and  
livestock on the Lewisham farms,  
and how-

VOICE FROM CROWD

Never mind Farmer Lewisham's bloody  
cows, what about dealing with that  
Westcroft woman?

There's a rising chorus of agreement from the crowd, forcing the Sergeant to step in once again.

SERGEANT

Alright, alright! Everybody,  
please, keep it down!

(CONTINUED)

MAYOR

We will attend to Miss Westcroft in due course, so I would ask you all to be patient until-

VOICE FROM CROWD #2

Why is she still being allowed to teach in our school?

More murmurs of assent. The Mayor exchanges glances with his aides, one of whom leans forward to whisper something in his ear.

MAYOR

I can assure you all, Miss Westcroft remains suspended from duty until a full investigation can be made into the... claims against her.

VOICE FROM CROWD

What's to investigate? She's a bloody witch!

The crowd explodes at that remark - some deriding the speaker, some loudly agreeing and the rest yelling at one another again.

The Sergeant calls for order again, but as the room degenerates into mayhem it's clear he'll need a bigger gesture to get control back now.

BOOM! A loud KNOCK rings out from the hall's heavy double doors, and the crowd gradually falls quiet once more, people craning round in their seats to look towards the door.

We advance slowly towards the door as there's a second loud BOOM - someone or something big is making itself heard!

MAYOR

What the devil...

There's a final CRASH and the doors suddenly swing open, sending the rows nearest them scuttling away for safety.

The room falls silent as a tall FIGURE strides into the hall, dragging a large SACK alongside it.

SERGEANT

(stands)

Hey, there! Who are you? What the hell are you doing here?

The crowd of people start to back away from the imposing newcomer, who we now see is dressed in a long, hooded robe.

(CONTINUED)

HOODED FIGURE

I'm just a concerned citizen, like  
the rest of you.

The figure reaches for the sack, untying it and whisking it  
up into the air, depositing its contents onto the floor with  
a wet THUD.

The blood-stained body of a young WOMAN drops onto the floor,  
to a series of GASPS and muttered curses from the crowd.

VOICE FROM CROWD #3

Oh, my God... Miss Westcroft?

The figure strides forward, casually stepping over the body  
of the unfortunate Miss Westcroft, and now there's a tangible  
air of panic in the room as the crowd pile out of the  
figure's way, scraping chairs as they move.

HOODED FIGURE

Your town was indeed the residence  
of a witch, and as someone who  
despises witches I felt it was my  
duty to step in and resolve your  
problem.

The shocked Mayor and his aides stare dumbfounded at the  
grisly scene, while the Sergeant is fumbling for a radio on  
his belt to call for backup.

HOODED FIGURE (cont'd)

However, I'm afraid it falls to me  
to bring you more bad news...

The figure reaches for its hood, and as it does so several  
more MEN and WOMEN appear in the doorway of the hall.

The figure draws its hood back - and there's a SHRIEK of  
horror from somewhere as the face revealed boasts a bumpy  
forehead, baleful yellow eyes and FANGS instead of teeth.

It's ROLAND, the vampire cult leader, and as he surveys the  
room his acolytes, more VAMPIRES, march into the room and  
start to push the heavy doors closed once more.

HOODED FIGURE (cont'd)

... you all have a new problem to  
contend with.

Roland SMILES and takes a step forward the vampires behind  
him shove the doors firmly back into place with a loud BANG,  
and as somebody SCREAMS, we cut to:

2

EXT. TOWN HALL - NIGHT

2

Looking towards the town hall from the small car park outside, the rural surroundings full of thick, dark woods.

Sounds of a struggle ring out from inside the hall, and SHADOWS dash desperately back and forth behind the windows before there is another SCREAM...

... cut short as a spray of BLOOD spatters against the nearest window, and off that, we:

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF TEASER**

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

3

INT. CAMPUS - GYM - DAY

3

Straight into the middle of a heavy sparring session between SOFIA and BRAEDEN, the Academy's gym their setting as they circle round one another, using crash mats for their battlefield.

Braeden is wearing his now-trademark grin but Sofia looks far from happy, wearing an serious expression that only intensifies as she rapidly JABS and PUNCHES at the boxing pads in Braeden's hands.

The duo keep the tirade up, Sofia throwing all of her energy into her attacks and keeping Braeden on his toes, until:

COUNSELLOR (V.O.)

So when do you think your issues  
with the Academy started?

Sofia lands a heavy RIGHT HOOK that knocks Braeden back a step, and we INTERCUT with:

4

INT. COUNSELLOR'S OFFICE - DAY

4

Sofia sits on a wide leather sofa inside a mahogany-friendly office. Framed certificates and posters pepper the walls, with blinds drawn across the windows letting in a few slivers of sunlight.

Sofia stares at her feet, shifting and looking a little sullen. She clearly doesn't want to be here.

SOFIA

Do I have to answer that?

Sitting opposite her in a high-backed chair is the COUNSELLOR, a thick-set man in his sixties with a mane of white hair and a well-groomed beard.

COUNSELLOR

That is why we're here, Sofia.

SOFIA

(dry)

To make me admit that I think I'm a failure.

COUNSELLOR

Nobody is saying that.

(beat)

Do you think that?

Sofia looks up at last.

5 INT. CAMPUS - GYM - DAY

5

WHAP! Back in the gym, Sofia lands another few punches, and Braeden is starting to look a little less cocky. Sofia's unleashing some pretty powerful punches here, and it's starting to shake him.

He dances back, out of her range, but she quickly advances and launches into a fresh assault.

SOFIA (V.O.)

Of course I don't think that. Miss Griffin obviously does, otherwise she wouldn't have had me coming here.

COUNSELLOR (V.O.)

Do you think Miss Griffin is to blame for the way you feel right now?

Sofia launches into a spinning KICK that knocks Braeden off his feet, and as he hits the mat with a THUD we cut back to:

6 INT. COUNSELLOR'S OFFICE - DAY

6

Sofia looks everywhere but at the counsellor, squirming a little as though trying to bite her tongue.

COUNSELLOR

Sofia?

SOFIA

Will I get a black mark if I say 'yes'?

COUNSELLOR

(shakes head)

There are no 'black marks' here, Sofia. Miss Griffin just felt you should talk to someone more qualified to deal with these sorts of things.

SOFIA

(snaps)

And what sorts of 'things' would they be? I'm an eighteen-year-old girl with superpowers, whose job it is to hunt down vampires and demons and creatures of the night, and kill them until one day, one of them gets lucky and kills me. I'm sure you can appreciate that'd make a girl a little... tetchy.

(CONTINUED)

COUNSELLOR

Nobody's expecting you to deal with these feelings by yourself.

SOFIA

(frustrated)

Nobody's expecting me to deal with these feelings at all! All I hear all day long is 'Sofia, do this.' 'Sofia, fly to this country and kill this evil thing. 'Sofia, improve your attitude!' They don't have any idea what it's like!

COUNSELLOR

What about your friends? The rest of your squad?

Sofia SCOFFS, and we cut back to:

INT. CAMPUS - GYM - DAY

Panting with exertion, Sofia offers a hand to Braeden, who grins as she pulls him back to his feet.

SOFIA (V.O.)

They don't understand. How could they? None of them have been through what I have.

COUNSELLOR (V.O.)

What do you mean?

SOFIA (V.O.)

I mean none of them have ever been gutted by some deranged assassin and left for dead, is what I mean.

(beat; softer)

None of them know what that was like.

Sofia and Braeden start their dance again, but Sofia seems a little calmer now, more relaxed.

COUNSELLOR (V.O.)

Have you tried talking to any of them about it?

SOFIA (V.O.)

(bitter laugh)

What would I say? The only one who comes even remotely close to that is Skye, and I can't...

She trails off, and as Sofia and Braeden's fight gets more half-hearted and jokey, we cut back to:



8 INT. COUNSELLOR'S OFFICE - DAY

8

Sofia is staring at her hands.

COUNSELLOR

Can't what?

SOFIA

Things haven't been the same between Skye and myself for some time. At the end of last term, we promised each other we'd try harder, but when I found out she'd been made squad leader over me, I felt...

COUNSELLOR

Angry? Disappointed, maybe?

SOFIA

Vindicated.

The counsellor leans back, interlacing his fingers.

COUNSELLOR

How so?

SOFIA

It was like I finally had an excuse for the way I was feeling. I didn't just have some vague feelings or hang ups, or some kind of post-traumatic 'stress' to blame it on any more. I had something to focus all this frustration on at last.

COUNSELLOR

Do you blame Skye for any of this?

SOFIA

Blame her? No, nothing like that. She didn't ask for it, after all. But...

COUNSELLOR

But what?

Sofia looks up, and we cut back to:

9 INT. CAMPUS - GYM - DAY

9

Sofia throws a lazy swing at Braeden, who ducks under it and grabs her, grappling her and pulling her close to him. She laughs, and for the first time there's genuine happiness in her eyes.

(CONTINUED)

She stares at Braeden for a beat, still a little breathless but not wanting to break away, until somebody COUGHS off screen.

Sofia and Braeden look round - SKYE is standing by one of the gym entrances.

SOFIA (V.O.)  
I can't help feeling that part of  
me is glad I'm not in charge any  
more.

SKYE  
Hate to break up your little fight  
club, guys, but we're needed in the  
briefing room.

Sofia nods, and Skye pops back out of view. Braeden finally releases her, heading back towards the benches set against one wall. He grabs a towel and tosses a second to Sofia.

BRAEDEN  
Good workout.

SOFIA  
It had its moments.

BRAEDEN  
Where'd you go back there?

Sofia dabs her sweaty face with the towel. Frowning.

SOFIA  
'Go'?

BRAEDEN  
You went all 'Hulk Smash' on me  
there in the middle. Is everything  
alright?

SOFIA  
Yes, everything's fine. Why  
wouldn't it be?

BRAEDEN  
Just, you know, with everything  
that's gone on lately, I thought  
maybe you were-

SOFIA  
(quickly)  
I'm not. I'm fine. Honestly.

Braeden stares at her, not buying a word of it, and Sofia tries to drop the subject as she heads for the changing rooms. Braeden calls after her as she gets to the doorway:

BRAEDEN

You sure?

Sofia fixes on a smile before turning to face him.

SOFIA

Positive.

He nods, but as she turns back her smile quickly fades, and as she steps through the camera, we cut to:

10

INT. CAMPUS - BRIEFING ROOM - NEXT

10

Sofia steps into frame, looking out across the briefing room tables where Skye and ALITA are already seated.

BARBARA and BRYCE are at the head of the room, going over some notes, and Barbara turns to Sofia as she and Braeden enter.

BARBARA

Ah, good, there you two are. How did your session with Dr. Trent go, Sofia?

SOFIA

(curt)

Just fine, thanks.

Sofia and Braeden take their seats by Skye and Alita.

SOFIA (cont'd)

Where's Frankie?

BRYCE

She, ah, won't be joining us today. She's still off the rosters.

SOFIA

Oh.

ALITA

I am sure Frankie will be with us again soon, Sofia.

Barbara and Bryce exchange a wary look, before Barbara quickly flicks on the video projector to change the topic.

A city map appears, with several red crosses overlaid onto it which Barbara points to as she speaks.

BARBARA

We've received several unconfirmed reports of suspicious vampire activity in the Glastonbury area.

(CONTINUED)

ALITA

Isn't all vampire activity a little... 'suspicious'?

SKYE

It's the eyes, if you ask me.

BRYCE

These aren't just attacks, girls. That's the thing. We've had people and livestock going missing, homes and business raided, and most recently...

He hits a button on the projector control panel, and the screen displays a photo of the burned out shell of what used to be a town hall, taken from a local newspaper.

BRYCE (cont'd)

... last night, this town hall was burned down with over fifty people still inside. While most of the bodies were too badly burned to be identifiable, a coroner's report we obtained told us several of the victims died of massive exsanguination.

Alita meekly raises her hand.

BARBARA

Yes, Alita?

ALITA

Er... what does 'exsanguination' mean?

SOFIA

Blood loss.

BRAEDEN

Hence the vampires.

SOFIA

So they burned down the town hall and left the bodies behind?

BARBARA

Most of them, yes.

SKYE

Come again?

Bryce reaches for his notepad again, leafing through the pages.

(CONTINUED)

BRYCE

According to a register recovered from the night's meeting, there should have been almost a hundred people there.

ALITA

Perhaps they escaped?

BARBARA

(shakes head)

Nobody raised the alarm until the fire had already taken hold, no bodies or victims have been recovered outside of the scene.

SOFIA

Do we think anyone in particular is behind this?

SKYE

You got someone in mind?

SOFIA

Well, we've encountered a vampire in this country before who had a penchant for body snatching, didn't we?

(to Skye)

Your friend Roland.

SKYE

(darkly)

He's not my friend.

Sofia blinks, as surprised by Skye's reaction as Skye herself seems to be, before Barbara draws their attention back.

BARBARA

I'd like you four to go and investigate, see if you can find a link between these incidents and deal with the problem if Roland is indeed involved.

BRYCE

I'll be your tour guide for this one, with Mr. Pierce-

SOFIA

(interrupts)

Giles. Mr. Giles.

BRYCE

Right. Sorry. While Mr. Giles is still absent.

(CONTINUED)

BARBARA

That's all. Mission folders will be waiting in the minibus, we'll be heading out in one hour.

Barbara knocks the projector off as she and Bryce leave the room, with the girls staying in their seats.

ALITA

Is Mr. Bryce taking over as our Watcher now?

SOFIA

I'm sure it's just temporary. Greg will be back soon.

SKYE

We've been saying that for three weeks now, Sofes. I'm starting to think he's not coming back.

SOFIA

(frowns)

Of course he is! Why wouldn't he?

SKYE

I'm just saying...

BRAEDEN

Besides, I can vouch for Eric. Saved my life a bunch of times already, and he's pretty nifty when you put a PS2 controller in his hands to boot.

SOFIA

There. See? We'll get this out of the way, then Greg'll come back and we can get back to normal around here.

Sofia gathers her things and she and Braeden make for the exit. Skye waits until she's gone before speaking:

SKYE

Yeah, as normal as they can be, given the freakin' male Slayer walking around campus! Am I the only one who finds him a teeny tiny bit, oh, I don't know... not right at all?

ALITA

I agree with you, Skye. There is much to be learnt from Braeden, and I hope we learn it soon.

(CONTINUED)

SKYE

Me too. We've got enough problems  
round here without everybody  
bending over backwards to  
accommodate Sofia's new boyfriend.

ALITA

(surprised)

He is Sofia's... boyfriend?

Skye lets out a quick SIGH as she gets out of her seat.

SKYE

Give it time, Allie. Give it time.

The duo head for the exit, and we cut to:

11 INT. CASTLE - CORRIDOR - DAY

11

Inside a stone-walled passageway as desperate SCREAMS ring  
through the air. Somebody close by is in extreme distress,  
and as we push towards a heavy, locked door, we cut to:

12 INT. CASTLE - KIRA'S QUARTERS - NEXT

12

The door to KIRA BROGAN's study is thrown open by an agitated  
RACHEL, who marches quickly across the comfortably-furnished  
room and over to Kira, who sits at a desk with HAMISH, both  
surrounded by piles of open books.

KIRA

Rachel, what's the meaning of this?  
I've told you before, when my door  
is closed I'm not to be-

RACHEL

Can't you hear that?

Rachel points back towards the open doorway - and the SCREAMS  
filter into the study at last. Kira glances at Hamish.

RACHEL (cont'd)

She's been screaming this place  
down for the last half an hour!

With a pout, Kira SNAPS her book shut - not before we get a  
quick flash of an illustration of the SCYTHE - and stands.

KIRA

There's an enchantment on my door  
to keep all unwanted noise out.

RACHEL

And what good is that doing?

Kira glares at Rachel, but Hamish quickly steps between them.

(CONTINUED)

HAMISH

Ladies, come on now. Kira, maybe we should go and attend to our little 'situation,' before she gets any worse.

Kira pauses, her fierce glaze still locked on the defiant Rachel, before she turns and strides towards the door. Hamish turns to Rachel as Kira exits.

RACHEL

She-

HAMISH

(cuts her off)

Ah! I've told you before about watching the way you speak to her, young lady. She's not anywhere near as forgiving as I am. Don't you ever forget that.

Hamish sets off after Kira, and as more SCREAMS echo around the study, we cut from a helpless-looking Rachel to:

The room is in darkness until a door is flung open, light flooding in to reveal DANA huddled in one corner of the sparsely-furnished room.

Her hands are pressed to her head and tears stream down her cheeks, and she rocks back and forth muttering to herself.

DANA

(delirious)

Too many... too many... too many to remember them all... too many!

Kira steps into frame, kneeling over the near-catatonic Dana as Rachel and Hamish appear in the doorway behind her.

RACHEL

Can't you do something for her?

Kira places a hand on the shivering Dana's forehead, closing her eyes and taking a deep breath.

KIRA

Her body's fighting the spell's effects.

(opens eyes)

I was afraid this would happen.

RACHEL

So deactivate the spell! Can't you see it's hurting her?



KIRA

That's none of your concern!

RACHEL

Of course it's my concern! She's my  
fr-

KIRA

(scoffs)

What? Your 'friend'? She'd kill you  
in a heartbeat, Rachel. All I'd  
have to do is say the word.

RACHEL

(firm)

Help her.

Kira turns back to Dana, holding her palm over her head. A  
hazy blue GLOW starts to swirl into the air around her hand,  
and as the glow intensifies, Dana's struggles die down.

Dana wilts, and Kira is quick to catch her, resting her  
carefully up against the wall.

KIRA

We'll have to let her recover for a  
few hours before we can try again.

RACHEL

'Try again'? Are you crazy? Her  
mind can't take what you're doing  
to her!

KIRA

(stern)

Her mind belongs to me, and I will  
do with it as I please!

Kira stands, marching over to Rachel.

KIRA (cont'd)

You'd do well to remember that.

Kira strides past her and off down the corridor. Rachel looks  
back in on Dana, already shifting fitfully in her sleep, and  
her face is full of sorrow as she slowly pushes the door  
closed.

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF ACT ONE**

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

14

INT. MINIBUS - EVENING

14

The girls and Braeden are leafing through their mission folders as Bryce drives. Well, everyone except Sofia, whose folder sits on her lap as she stares out through the window.

SOFIA (V.O.)

I mean, I'm not wrong to feel the way I feel, am I?

COUNSELLOR (V.O.)

As I've said, there's no 'right' or 'wrong' here, Sofia.

SOFIA (V.O.)

Oh. Well, good. That's something.

SKYE

Sofes?

SOFIA

(snaps out of it)

Hmm?

Skye taps her folder against Sofia's arm.

SKYE

Are you that fast a reader?

SOFIA

(sighs)

Sorry. I get carsick if I read.

SKYE

Yeah, well, we all get sick if one of us gets bitten because you didn't read the notes properly.

Sofia raises an eyebrow as she finally opens her folder.

SOFIA

When did you suddenly become so conscientious?

SKYE

Around the same time I got put in charge and realised how much hard work it was for you all last term.

BRYCE

Not far now, ladies.

(beat)

And gentleman.

(CONTINUED)

BRAEDEN

Oh, come on, boss. We're all on the same team here!

SKYE

(mutters)

Speak for yourself...

BRAEDEN

What was that?

SKYE

I said... something else.

(quickly)

Hey, Alita, you spoken to Tyson much since we all got back?

Alita looks up, shifting a little as the group's attention turns on her.

ALITA

I have been busy.

SKYE

So is that a 'no'?

SOFIA

That would explain why he's been moping about the place the last few weeks.

SKYE

From what I've heard, he was hopping around like a lizard in the desert all summer waiting to see you again! Can't you go out for a coffee with him or something, give the guy a break from his hormones?

ALITA

Boy's hormones are not something I wish to concern myself with, Skye.

Skye and Sofia exchange a curious glance, but before they can interrogate further, Bryce pulls the bus to a stop. He turns in the driver's seat to address them:

BRYCE

Alright, usual tactics here. We'll split into teams and nose around so as not to arouse any suspicion.

BRAEDEN

Can I be on the team that doesn't go and check out the town hall?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BRAEDEN (cont'd)  
(off their looks)  
Fires make me edgy.

BRYCE  
Fine. Sofia, Braeden, ask a few  
questions around town, see what the  
local gossip is. Skye, Alita, head  
for the town hall, see if you can  
pick up any scents.

SKYE  
Check.

ALITA  
What about you?

BRYCE  
I'm going to do what I do best.

With a grin, he exits the bus, and off Alita's puzzled  
expression we cut to:

With a CLINK, an empty pint glass drops down into frame, and  
a refreshed Bryce smacks his lips with a gratified sigh.

He's inside a fairly full pub surrounded by locals, with a  
widescreen TV showing a football match in the background and  
tinny pop music drifting out through the speakers.

The mood is subdued - the town's been through a big loss  
recently, and the bereavement hangs heavy in the air.

Bryce is just getting started on a packet of crisps when the  
nearest door swings open, and Sofia and Braeden step in.  
Sofia frowns when she sees Bryce, glancing at Braeden who  
just shakes his head with a smile.

Bryce waves them over, tearing the crisp packet and laying it  
on the bar before fishing a notebook out of his jeans.

BRYCE  
There you are. Any luck?

SOFIA  
(suspicious)  
Well, we were actually doing some  
work, as opposed to you...

BRYCE  
Don't be so quick to judge, Sofia.  
I've made my rounds already.

SOFIA  
(off pint glass)  
So I can see.

BRAEDEN

This is how he works, Sofia. It's okay.

SOFIA

What, by getting drunk on duty?

BRYCE

(scoffs)

One beer's a hell of a long way from me being drunk!

(offers notebook)

Here. Take a look.

Sofia takes the notebook and reads - Bryce's neat handwriting fills the pages, surrounding sketches of what are unmistakably VAMPIRES.

SOFIA

What's this?

BRYCE

Witness statements from the night of the fire. I figured that anybody who saw and heard all those people dying in the town hall would still be trying to drink the memory out of their system, so the biggest pub in town was the first place to start.

Bryce takes the notebook back and grabs a handful of crisps.

BRAEDEN

I thought the police took statements already?

BRYCE

Yeah, but they tend not to pay attention to small details like...

(reads)

'Strange, knobbly foreheads and horrible, evil yellow eyes.'

He snaps the notebook shut with a grin.

SOFIA

We already suspected this was vampire related, so what exactly have you found out that's useful?

BRYCE

A possible base of operations.

BRAEDEN

A nest?

(CONTINUED)

Bryce nods, turning the duo's attention to an old map of the town and surrounding area framed on the pub wall.

BRYCE

I got several reports of our  
vampires fleeing the fire and  
heading up into the hills, an area  
known locally as 'Devil's Wood.'

SOFIA

(perks up)

'Devil's Wood'? That sounds  
familiar...

(to Braeden)

Didn't those rocker kids you spoke  
to say they'd been seeing lights  
and hearing strange noises out  
there?

BRAEDEN

Well, technically they were 'emos,'  
but, yeah. Sounds like we've got a  
plan.

BRYCE

My thoughts exactly. Let's go grab  
Skye and Alita and see what they  
can tell us.

Bryce scoops the last of the crisps into his mouth and heads for the exit. Sofia can't help an impressed grin creep across her features as we cut to:

Police tape surrounds the blackened ruin of the town hall, running in a wide perimeter around trees and fences, but this doesn't slow down Skye and Alita as they neatly and silently clamber over a high steel fence and down to the ground.

Skye paces forward, her vampiric eyes glittering in the night as she keeps her senses alert. Alita is close behind, the two weaving through the brittle debris and police tape.

Skye pauses near two chalk outlines scratched onto the floor, crouching down and rubbing her fingers in the soil. Alita hovers over her as Skye SNIFFS her fingers.

ALITA

What are you doing?

SKYE

Seeing if there's anything here I  
recognise.

Skye stands, brushing her hands on her combats.

SKYE (cont'd)

The human nose wouldn't pick it up,  
but most vamps leave a pretty  
distinctive aftertaste behind when  
they take a bite out of somebody.  
It's how they mark their kills.

ALITA

(a little perturbed)

I... see.

SKYE

If our boy Roland is behind this,  
with any luck I'll pick up a scent  
from one of his vics and we can see  
if we can follow it.

Skye takes a few more steps forward when a faint BUZZING can  
be heard. Skye turns to Alita with a smirk.

SKYE (cont'd)

So that's why you've been avoiding  
Tyson!

ALITA

(lost)

What?

Skye rolls her eyes, her humour lost on Alita as always.

SKYE

Never mind.

She reaches into her trousers and fishes out her mobile phone  
- set to silent, of course.

SKYE (cont'd)

(into phone)

Jewish Transvestite Soccer Club?

SOFIA

(filtered; through phone)

What? Skye? Is that you?

SKYE

Yeah, it's me. Wondering where  
everybody's sense of humour went  
tonight, is all.

SOFIA

Head back to the minibus. We think  
we've got a lead on our vamp nest.

SKYE

Will do. Nothing to report over at  
the town hall.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SKYE (cont'd)  
Seems the fire took care of any  
evidence we could've used.

SOFIA  
Well, that can't be helped. See you  
in a minute.

Skye cuts off the call and turns to Alita.

SKYE  
Ready to go hunting?

ALITA  
(nods)  
I am.

SKYE  
Good. Cause God knows, I need to  
let off a little steam. I've been  
feeling weird ever since we got  
here.

Alita frowns as she and Skye head back for the fence.

ALITA  
How so?

SKYE  
I dunno, just like... like there's  
something really bad just at the  
edge of my vision, but no matter  
how quick I turn I can't quite see  
it. You know?

ALITA  
(tries to follow)  
Sorry. I don't.

SKYE  
Never mind. If there's trouble, you  
can bet it'll find us.

Skye puts her hands together to give Alita boost up over the  
fence, and we cut to:

The door to Dana's room CREAKS open again, and this time Dana  
is curled up on her bed. She's still shivering but the  
screaming seems to have passed.

A SHADOW falls over her as someone steps into the room and  
stands over her, and Dana starts to murmur in her sleep.

A hand reaches out to stroke the side of Dana's face tenderly  
- it's Rachel. She kneels down beside the bed, her face full  
of sympathy as she watches Dana.



RACHEL

I wish there was something I could  
do for you...

Rachel pulls the covers up over Dana's shoulders, using her  
shirt sleeve to wipe some of the sweat from Dana's brow.

RACHEL (cont'd)

I know it's not your fault.

(darkly)

It's Kira. She's the one who made  
you into a killer.

(beat; sighs)

If there was anything I could-

DANA

(mutters)

Did... real good... baby boy...

RACHEL

(frowns)

Dana?

Rachel sits up, listening as Dana speaks again, still asleep:

DANA

Stayed down... just like Mama told  
you...

Rachel glances over her shoulder, not sure what to do, then  
tries gently shaking Dana to wake her.

RACHEL

Dana, can you hear me?

DANA

Remember, Robin honey... what we  
talked about... always gotta work  
the mission...

RACHEL

Dana? Who's Robin?

DANA

That's my baby. C'mon...

Rachel leans back, puzzled - and Dana's hand suddenly GRABS  
her wrist as Dana blazes to life!

DANA (cont'd)

(yells)

Robin!!

Rachel stumbles back, but before she can react Dana is awake,  
shuffling up into the corner of her room and hugging her  
knees tightly. She starts to rock back and forth.

(CONTINUED)

Rachel cautiously gets to her feet and steps closer to Dana, seeing tears rolling down her cheeks.

RACHEL

Dana, it's me. It's Rachel. Do you know where you are?

DANA

Here. Same place as always. Here. My place. Mine.

RACHEL

That's right. You're safe. You're in the castle, everything's going to be alright.

(beat)

Dana, you were having a dream, or maybe a nightmare, you kept mentioning somebody's name. Do you know who Robin is?

Dana starts to laugh, a little hysterically.

DANA

He's my baby... my baby boy...

RACHEL

Dana, you don't have-

HAMISH (O.S.)

Rachel.

Rachel turns - Hamish is in the doorway. He beckons her over.

HAMISH (cont'd)

You shouldn't be in here. Come on.

RACHEL

I was just-

HAMISH

That doesn't matter. Let's go, before Kira catches you.

With a last look towards Dana, Rachel reluctantly heads for the door, and as she closes it again we cut back to:

Skye leads the team as they push through the thick woods, the lights of the town and the main roads leading through it glittering through the trees behind them.

Skye stops, the others following suit, and after a moment she turns to face them all.

(CONTINUED)

SKYE

Have to say, guys, if we are heading for a vamp nest we're handing the advantage over to Team Evil.

ALITA

Because the sun has gone down?

SKYE

We should wait until morning.

BRAEDEN

Naah, they could be on the move again tonight. For all we know, they're planning their next raid.

SOFIA

Braeden's got a point. Besides, there's four of us. We've handled worse.

SKYE

Yeah, but I still-

BRYCE

How about a compromise? We just observe for now. If we find the nest and nothing's happening, we come back in the morning. If they're getting ready to move out, we take them down. Deal.

Skye bites her lip, but finally nods, turning and leading the way once again.

ALITA

Are you sure you know where you are going?

SKYE

Yeah. Remember those familiar scents I was looking for earlier?  
(over her shoulder)  
I think I found one.

Alita registers Skye's serious expression as we cut to:

The CRACKLE of a large fire can be heard as the girls creep up to the edge of a small hillside, and as they reach the summit they can see down into a large clearing below.

A large BONFIRE burns in the centre of the clearing, and there are around two dozen FIGURES circled around it.

(CONTINUED)

Skye and the others huddle down to stay under cover, Bryce being the only one who thought to bring any binoculars.

He peers through them down at the gathering below, trying to make out some details.

SOFIA

Anything?

BRYCE

Naah, they're all wearing those hoods.

ALITA

Their robes are familiar...

SKYE

(growing anger)

It's him.

SOFIA

Are you sure?

SKYE

(points)

There.

The girls follow her finger, and sure enough a taller figure is striding out of the darkness and to the head of the circle. He's robed like the others, but no prizes for guessing who as Roland throws his hood back.

ROLAND

(dramatic)

The call to arms is upon us, my brothers and sisters! On this, the eighth night of our reunion, we shall stay true to the prophecies and partake of more of the cattle that litters our world!

SKYE

Why does he have to speak like that?

She looks across to Sofia and the others.

SKYE (cont'd)

Seriously, it's like they genetically engineered a bunch of bad Bond villains and made 'em watch all three 'Lord Of The Rings' movies in one sitting.

(beat)

And the extended versions, too.

(CONTINUED)

BRYCE

Skye, he's a villain. You have to allow them a little rhetoric.

SOFIA

So what's our plan? Stay and watch?

Skye hesitates - she knows she hasn't got just cause to lead an attack yet.

Until...

SKYE

Uh-oh.

As the girls watch, more VAMPIRES walk into the clearing, each one dragging a screaming captive after them. Men, women, children - all ages, shapes and sizes.

Skye is the first to her feet, drawing her sai daggers as the others reach for their weapons.

SKYE (cont'd)

Alright, girls, we've got a buffet to break up. Let's go!

SOFIA

Skye, wait! We're not-

But Skye is already off, racing down the hillside and towards the clearing. Sofia is still halfway through unzipping her shoulder bag to get her Scythe, and as she helplessly watches Skye barrel alone towards the pack of vamps, we:

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF ACT TWO**

**ACT THREE**

FADE IN:

20

EXT. WOODS - CLEARING - NIGHT

20

The vampires round the fire are rubbing their hands together in anticipation of the feast being dragged kicking and screaming towards them, as Roland steps back to let his followers have their fun.

He spots something approaching through the trees and narrows his eyes - but by the time he registers Skye's high speed approach, she's already BARGED at full throttle into one vamp, sending him hurtling into the bonfire!

The vamp goes up in a pillar of FLAMES and HOWLS in pain, and as the vamps scatter Skye's daggers are quick to flash, STABBING into one vamp's arm so she can SHOVE him to the ground.

Expertly SPIN KICKING a passing vamp to the floor, Skye draws a stake and DUSTS the pinned vamp, freeing her daggers, which she flips into the air and catches.

She sees Roland advancing towards her, and breaks out into a broad grin.

SKYE

Oh, I'm sorry! Did I forget to call ahead again?

ROLAND

You should not have come here!

SKYE

Yeah, I get that at every party I go to these days. I think it's something to do with my perfume.

ROLAND

(to vamps)

Seize her!

Three vamps dive in and grapple Skye, holding her fast despite her struggles. Skye cranes her head round and shouts back towards the trees:

SKYE

Uh, guys? Little help?

One of the vamps holding her looks up - and the Scythe SLICES his head from his shoulders!

His body DUSTS, allowing Skye to wrestle out of the other vamps' grip, KICKING one and HEADBUTTING the other.

(CONTINUED)

Sofia, Braeden and Alita take their positions next to Skye as Roland and his vampires face off before them.

SKYE (cont'd)  
(to Sofia)  
What took you so long?

SOFIA  
Oh, you know. Just coming up with  
this little thing called a 'plan.'

SKYE  
Plans are for wussies. Real Slayers  
use blind fear.

ROLAND  
Is this how you want your life to  
end, Slayers?

SKYE  
Says the guy who's already dead!

ROLAND  
I am more alive now than I have  
ever been... and soon, you will all  
see why!

Roland grins, stepping back.

ROLAND (cont'd)  
(to vampires)  
Take them!

Skye surges forward, VAMPING OUT, but is blocked by a wall of solid vampire, struggling to get past them as Roland slips back into the shadows.

SKYE  
(frantic)  
Hey! Come back here! Hey!

Sofia and the others are thrown into action, tackling a pair of vampires each as the vamps split up to attack.

Alita's nunchucks SNAP through the air, embedding point first in one vamp's chest, and as he DUSTS she spins round, KICKING a second to the ground and WHIPPING the sharpened stakes of her weapon into him.

Braeden BARGES into one of the vamps standing over the captives, grappling with him for a beat before taking a heavy PUNCH and falling to the ground.

The vampire LUNGES down to him, but Braeden is ready with a stake, SLAMMING it into the vamp and DUSTING him in mid-air.

Sofia is struggling to hold off her two attackers, and as she glances across she sees Skye still bogged down trying to chase after Roland.

SOFIA

Skye! Skye, come on! Leave him!

Sofia's Scythe is wrestled from her grip, and she takes a pair of KICKS to the chest which send her sprawling to the floor.

One of the vamps is on her in an instant, pinning her to the ground as he SNARLS down at her.

Sofia SHOUTS in alarm, trying to push the vampire away to no avail. The vamp closes in for the kill...

... and FOOM! The vamp explodes in a cloud of DUST - to reveal Alita. She nods to Sofia before darting away to take on the next vamp, leaving Sofia to pick herself up.

The Slayers have levelled the playing field a little, and as Braeden STAKES another vamp and Alita grabs her opponent, tossing him over her shoulder and into the bonfire with a CRASH, the remaining vamps decide to cut their losses, scampering off into the night.

Skye starts to race after them, but Bryce appears at last, grabbing her and holding her back.

BRYCE

Skye, no! Leave them!

SKYE

(agitated)

We can't leave them! You saw him!  
He was here! They'll just-

BRYCE

(firm)

There could be another fifty of them waiting out here. Let's catch our breath first, then go hunting again. Alright?

Skye starts to calm down, de-vamping at last and shrugging out of Bryce's grip.

SKYE

Where the hell were you, anyway?

BRYCE

Getting the captives to safety. Did you stop to think about them?

A beat. Skye never even remembered they were there.

(CONTINUED)



BRYCE (cont'd)  
Well, then. Before you go racing  
off all gung ho again, let's take a  
moment to see what's what around  
here.

The others gather round as Bryce takes a look at the bonfire,  
noticing a heap of boxes and crates at the edge of the  
clearing.

He takes out a torch and heads over, the girls following as  
they massage their muscles. Braeden passes Sofia her Scythe  
with a grin.

BRAEDEN  
Are you alright?

SOFIA  
I'm fine. Just got a little  
outnumbered, that's all.

BRAEDEN  
Right.

SOFIA  
Besides, Alita was there, weren't  
you?

ALITA  
I was.

SOFIA  
See?

BRAEDEN  
(still grinning)  
If you say so, princess.

Alita steps over to Bryce as he examines the boxes - there's  
about thirty here in plenty of sizes, several of which are  
already opened. Bryce peers into one - it's full of shovels  
and pickaxes.

He sweeps his torch around the others as Alita CRACKS open  
another box, taking out more excavation equipment.

ALITA  
Why would they need these items?

BRYCE  
I think it's safe to guess that  
they're digging for something.

SOFIA  
We're out in the woods, though.  
What's there to dig for?

(CONTINUED)

BRYCE

That, Sofia, is what worries me.

Bryce steps back, mulling this new development over, then turns to the others.

BRYCE (cont'd)

Alright, here's what we'll do. I'll stay here and have a nose around all this stuff they've stockpiled, see if I can figure out what they needed it for. You four do some perimeter sweeps, make sure we're not about to get ambushed. If you see any more activity, fall back and regroup. Don't do a Skye and go blazing off solo. Understood?

ALITA

(nods)

Yes.

BRAEDEN

(salutes)

No worries.

BRYCE

Sofia?

Sofia is looking across the clearing, over to where Skye is sitting by the bonfire.

SOFIA

(distracted)

Hmm?

BRYCE

(following her gaze)

Maybe you should go talk to Skye first, make sure she's alright.

SOFIA

Already on my way.

Sofia heads over to her, finding Skye looking pretty dejected. She's tearing up small clumps of grass and throwing them into the remains of the bonfire.

SOFIA (cont'd)

Skye?

SKYE

I'm fine.

SOFIA

I didn't ask.

(CONTINUED)

SKYE

Yeah, but you were going to.

Sofia takes a seat next to her.

SOFIA

Actually, I was going to ask if you planned on sitting here much longer, but since you brought it up... are you alright?

Skye HUFFS, clearly angry at herself for her actions.

SOFIA (cont'd)

What happened back there?

SKYE

Red mist, Sofes. Saw the bad guys and clicked into forward gear.

SOFIA

That's not like you.

Skye throws her a look.

SOFIA (cont'd)

(backtracking)

Okay, it is, but still...

SKYE

(snaps)

Look, it won't happen again, alright? I just lost it for a second, that's all. Last time we ran into that guy, he...

(deep breath)

Sofes, we both know he did something to me when he took me last term, and I still haven't figured out what. So, yeah, maybe I did go off all loose cannon when I got him in my sights again.

(looks at Sofia)

I just want some answers.

Sofia manages an encouraging smile, squeezing Skye's knee.

SOFIA

We won't find them sitting here.

Skye manages a grin back, and Sofia stands, offering her hand to help Skye back up.

SOFIA (cont'd)

Promise you won't run off again?

(CONTINUED)

SKYE  
Slayer's honour.

Sofia nods towards the woods, and as the two head off to begin their patrol, we cut over to:

21 INT. CAMPUS - INFIRMARY - NIGHT

21

Barbara steps into the infirmary, head down as she reads from a report, almost walking straight into FRANKIE.

BARBARA  
Oh! Sorry, Frankie, I didn't see you.

FRANKIE  
It is alright.

BARBARA  
How are you? I've hardly seen you since-

FRANKIE  
(abrupt)  
Fine. Everything is fine. Thank you.

Barbara gives Frankie her 'I call bullsh\*t' face.

BARBARA  
I think we both know that isn't true.  
(beat)  
How's your arm?

FRANKIE  
(snaps)  
Still cassé. Can I be excused?

A beat, then Barbara steps back and lets Frankie be on her way. Barbara glances back after her as she heads into the infirmary proper, finding JAZ packing away her supplies.

BARBARA  
So how's our patient from a doctor's perspective?

JAZ  
As reluctant to talk about her condition as ever.

BARBARA  
It must be hard for her.

Jaz raises a sceptical eyebrow as she sorts some fresh supplies into a cupboard.

(CONTINUED)

JAZ

She's a Slayer, Barbara. Physical injury comes with the territory.

BARBARA

That's not what I meant. I meant being sidelined, replaced in her own squad, however temporarily.

JAZ

Frankie's made of tough stuff. She'll be back to her usual self before too long.

BARBARA

I wish I could share your optimism. Anyway, that's not why I'm here. I wanted to talk to you about Debbie.

JAZ

I'm listening.

BARBARA

She's asked if she can start helping out down here in the infirmary. Nothing too regular at first, just a few shifts here and there to see if she can lend a hand. What do you think?

JAZ

I think I could use an extra pair of hands down here, for sure. Does she have any formal medical training?

BARBARA

Basic first aid, nothing specialised. She's only sixteen, after all. She seems eager to learn, though. I think she's trying to make up for what she describes as her 'bloody awful' results on the obstacle courses lately.

Jaz pauses in her packing at last, looking round the infirmary before turning back to Barbara with a nod.

JAZ

Okay. Sounds like a plan. Send her down tomorrow morning for a few hours, we'll see how she gets on.

BARBARA

(smiles)

Great.

21 CONTINUED: (2)

21

Barbara turns and heads for the exit, and as Jaz watches her go we cut back to:

22 EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

22

Sofia and Skye pace through the woods, silent except for the CHIRP of insects and the occasional RUSTLE of a passing animal.

SOFIA

I'm beginning to think we picked  
the short straw on patrol  
assignments here.

SKYE

Or the long one, depending on how  
you look at it.

SOFIA

We've been out here an hour now. We  
should have seen or heard  
something.

SKYE

Maybe they're just being real  
quiet. You know, that thing we  
should be doing?

Sofia mimes zipping her mouth closed, and with a grin and a shake of her head Skye heads on.

The girls have taken a few more steps when they hear the loud SNAP of a twig breaking up ahead. Skye raises her hand to stop Sofia, gesturing towards the source of the noise.

Skye and Sofia crouch down, slowly reaching for their weapons, when Skye suddenly frowns, wrinkling up her nose.

SKYE (cont'd)

Is that...

SOFIA

Braeden?

Sofia stands - and sure enough, Braeden steps into view, a cigarette between his lips. He freezes mid-drag, knowing he's been caught red-handed.

Alita soon follows, throwing a disapproving look at Braeden as she rejoins the others.

ALITA

I told him that such a habit would  
attract attention, but he would not  
listen!

(CONTINUED)

Braeden blows out a mouthful of smoke at last.

BRAEDEN

And I said it's just one fag, it's not going to kill anybody! I just needed something to take the edge off after that tussle earlier, and-

He stops as Sofia marches up to him, snatches the cigarette from his fingers and stamps it out on the ground.

SOFIA

(curt)

There. Now everybody's happy. You've had your fix, and you're no longer giving away our whereabouts to anybody who cares to follow the smoke.

BRAEDEN

(rolls eyes)

Oh, not you too... you're not one of those hardcore anti-smoking people, are you? It's only-

SKYE

(raises hand)

Ssh!

Skye is looking off camera. She's heard something. Alita dutifully drops her voice to a whisper and steps over.

ALITA

What is it?

SKYE

This way. Come on.

With a glance at Braeden, Sofia follows her, and the group make their way through the woods to:

Several VOICES and the HUM of machinery can be heard as the girls approach more lights visible through the trees.

Skye signals for the to spread out and advance, drawing their weapons and scurrying forward, keeping to cover.

Skye presses herself against a thick old tree trunk, peering around it to get a better view of the activity up ahead.

There are many more VAMPIRES here, wielding shovels, picks and more digging equipment, but the dig site here is far more advanced than the last one they found.

Several HOLES have been dug into the ground, each one with some sort of crane positioned over them. Hanging from the cranes and disappearing into the ground are thick cables, but the strangest thing here is the softly glowing and multi-coloured LIGHTS that snake up around the cables - seemingly coming from the holes themselves!

More teams of vamps are busy digging other holes, the HUMMING coming from several small generators operating the cranes. All in, there's about twenty vamps here.

Sofia darts into frame next to Skye, peeking out for a final glance at the dig site.

SOFIA

What on earth are they doing?

SKYE

Vampires digging holes in the ground in the middle of the night? I'm thinking a combination of 'weird' and 'bad.' Definitely something we should stop.

SOFIA

One of us should go back and tell Mr. Bryce what's going on.

SKYE

(shakes head)

No, we've got a great chance for a surprise attack here.

SOFIA

Yes, the 'surprise' being that they'll outnumber us five to one! I imagine if we do attack, one thing they'll definitely be is surprised.

SKYE

Hey!

Skye turns back to Sofia, anger blazing in her eyes.

SKYE (cont'd)

Do you want to take care of these goons or not?

Sofia looks to the clearing, then back to Skye - then nods.

SKYE (cont'd)

Good. Now go signal those two. We'll hit 'em hard and fast on my signal. Keep them split up, we should take them all down no problem.

(CONTINUED)



23 CONTINUED: (2)

23

Sofia doesn't look quite as confident as we cut to:

24 EXT. WOODS - SECOND CLEARING - NEXT

24

Out in the clearing itself, the vampire teams are quietly getting on with their business...

... when with a CRASH, Skye and Sofia come charging out of the woods, weapons flying as two vamps EXPLODE into dust!

VAMPIRE #1  
(yells; alarmed)  
It's the Slayers!

The vamps scatter again, but as Alita and Braeden join the fray it's clear that these vamps aren't built for fighting.

Braeden SLAMS one vamp's head into a crane, wrapping a thick bunch of cable round its neck and YANKING it tight - popping the vamp's head and DUSTING him with an agonised SHRIEK.

Alita ducks as one vamp charges at her with a pickaxe, tripping the vamp and deftly grabbing his weapon, SLAMMING it into another's chest before wrapping her nunchucks round a third's neck. POOF. Dust.

Skye's grin is firmly back in place - this is more like it! She KICKS one vamp back, and as he stumbles back he trips and drops into one of the holes with a YELL.

Sofia PUNCHES one charging vamp to the floor before coming face to face with a significantly larger figure, still wrapped in its robes.

She hesitates - and the figure carries on straightening up, soon standing several feet over her!

Sofia recoils, thrown by the sheer size of this new attacker, and the figure suddenly WHIPS away its robes.

It's a TUROK HAHN!

Sofia GASPS as the terrifying Ubervamp ROARS at her, stretching out its huge, thickly-muscled arms, its claws glinting in the moonlight.

SOFIA  
(starting to shout)  
Skye!!

Skye looks up, sees the Ubervamp and starts towards Sofia - but somebody gets in her way.

Roland.

(CONTINUED)

ROLAND

I told you, Skye, you should not have come here!

SKYE

Oh, you remember me now, huh? I was starting to think I was losing my unique personality.

ROLAND

I have grander plans for you, hybrid.

SKYE

(raises daggers)

Save them for somebody who doesn't want to kick your a-

She trails off, suddenly finding herself staring into Roland's eyes. He GRINS - a little too confidently.

Braeden and Alita both break away from their fights and rush over to Sofia as she backs away from the Ubervamp, but it effortlessly SWATS Alita away before Braeden SLICES his sword into it.

The Ubervamp grabs his sword, SNAPS it and PUNCHES Braeden in the face, knocking him off his feet.

Sofia charges in, Scythe raised, but the Ubervamp GRABS her wrist, its own strength far above hers as it pushes the Scythe back.

Sofia grits her teeth and pushes harder, but it's no use - the Ubervamp's just too damn strong!

SOFIA

Skye! Help me!!

She looks across - Skye is still standing before Roland, but as the seemingly entranced Skye's arms drops limply to her side, Sofia realises she's not going to be any help.

The Ubervamp finally SLAPS the Scythe out of Sofia's hands, and she lets out a YELP as it grabs her by the throat, lifting her up into the air.

The Ubervamp's mouth opens to reveal a horde of dripping FANGS, and as it slowly pulls the desperately struggling Sofia in for the kill, we:

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF ACT THREE**

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

25

EXT. WOODS - SECOND CLEARING - NIGHT

25

Back with Sofia as the Turok Hahn pulls her closer - she's mere inches away from becoming the thing's next meal now!

SOFIA  
(struggling)  
Help! Somebody!

Alita's head snaps round, but she's got problems of her own - three vampires have her surrounded, and as she takes a step towards Sofia she's rewarded with a KICK to her stomach.

Skye, meanwhile, is still staring into Roland's deep, dark eyes, her jaw hanging.

ROLAND  
(croons)  
It's not your time yet, Skye. But  
it will be soon.

And with that, he disappears in a blur of motion, vanishing into the night.

Sofia lets out a SCREAM as the Turok Hahn's teeth start to close around her neck...

WHAP! Something barges into the Ubervamp and jars it, making it drop Sofia who clatters to the floor.

Braeden's already sporting a few bloody gashes but manages a grin as the fearsome Ubervamp turns to face him down with a low GROWL.

BRAEDEN  
Sorry, mate, but you need to pay  
more attention. 'No' means 'no'!

The Ubervamp's eyes flick down to the Scythe, and Braeden registers its hesitation with a grin.

BRAEDEN (cont'd)  
You remember what this is, don't  
you? What it means?

Over with Alita, she CHOPS left and right, stunning two vamps before GRABBING the arm of a third as it tries to run her through.

Yanking the arm down with a SNAP, she grabs the howling vamp and HURLS it over her shoulder, knocking the other two to the ground.

(CONTINUED)

Her nunchucks whirr through the air as she whips them round, and in three rapid STABS she stakes all three.

Freed at last, she races towards the recovering Sofia, glancing over to Skye - who is still frozen to the spot.

The Ubervamp lets out a menacing ROAR, advancing on Braeden at last, but he twirls the Scythe round in his hands like he was born to use it.

BRAEDEN (cont'd)

Come on then, mate! Let's see why everybody's so bloody scared of your kind!

He SLICES but the vamp blocks, swinging its mighty arm round. Braeden ducks under its claws, KICKING it in the chest, but it's like kicking concrete.

He hops back a step, sizing up his next move, but the Ubervamp surges forward and he's forced to dodge back again.

Alita helps Sofia to her feet at last, the two girls looking over to Braeden as the Ubervamp continues its assault.

ALITA

Are you alright?

SOFIA

I'm fine - we have to help him!

ALITA

Go. I will see to Skye.

Alita darts off, and Sofia is quick to run back towards Braeden, pausing to coolly PUNCH a stray vamp on the way.

Braeden CHOPS with the Scythe again but the nimble vamp dodges it, so he tries a different strategy - he flips the Scythe round and brings up the stake end.

BRAEDEN

Always wanted to kill one of you things...

He STABS forward but the Ubervamp grabs the Scythe, yanking it from his hands - where Sofia GRABS it away again.

The surprised Ubervamp just has time to turn round as Sofia brings the Scythe round in one mighty SWING - taking the thing's head off and detonating its body into DUST.

Braeden exhales at last, looking round as the few remaining vampires bug out once again, scattering into the woods. He quickly steps up to Sofia, full of concern.

(CONTINUED)

BRAEDEN (cont'd)  
You alright?

SOFIA  
People keep asking me that.

BRAEDEN  
(smiles)  
Just because they care.

SOFIA  
I'm alright.  
(rubs neck)  
That's the second time tonight  
something's gone for me, though! Do  
I have a bloody target painted on  
my neck or something?

Braeden chuckles - and then HUGS her. The gesture surprises Sofia for a moment, but she soon wraps her own arms around him. The cosy moment is sadly broken as Alita calls out:

ALITA (O.S.)  
Sofia! Come quickly!

Sofia pulls away from Braeden, heading over to a worried Alita, who stands by a still-entranced Skye.

ALITA (cont'd)  
Something has... I do not know,  
bewitched or hypnotised her, maybe.  
She won't respond to me.

Sofia SNAPS her fingers in front of Skye's eyes, but gets nothing. She gives Skye an experimental NUDGE, but again nothing happens.

SOFIA  
Did you see what happened?

ALITA  
(shakes head)  
I was a little occupied.  
(looks round)  
Where did their leader go?

SOFIA  
I don't know... but something tells  
me he's the one that did this to  
Skye.

Hearing footsteps, the girls turn round to see Bryce emerging from the woods, running as fast as he can - just as a loud RUMBLE rattles through the clearing, and the girls feel the very ground beneath their feet vibrate!

BRAEDEN

What was that?

BRYCE

(breathless)

We've got a problem.

SOFIA

(off Skye)

You don't say...

BRYCE

(frowns)

What happened to-

Another TREMOR shakes the woods, more violent than the first, leaving the tall trees all round swaying noisily.

BRYCE (cont'd)

Never mind, I'll sort her out. You three need to close these holes, and fast!

ALITA

Why? Are they causing these tremors?

Bryce motions them over to the nearest hole. Multi-coloured trails of light are still drifting up out of the hole, but as the ground SHAKES again it's clear the holes are the source of the disturbances.

BRYCE

Back at the first site I found maps and other texts telling them exactly where to dig to find these things.

SOFIA

Which are...

BRYCE

Ley lines. Channels of magical energy running the length of the country, but which have several focal points along their route. The British version of the 'winds of magic,' I guess. Anyway...

He shines his torch beam down into the hole.

BRYCE (cont'd)

They've found a way to tap into this power and siphon it off to... well, God only knows where.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BRYCE (cont'd)  
Point is, Mother Nature's not too happy with this and she's about to remind us all why she's the one in charge of this planet if we don't repair the damage!

There's another TREMOR, and this time a loud, deep GROAN reverberates out from within the hole itself.

BRAEDEN  
O-kay...

Alita has already grabbed a shovel, passing a second to Sofia, but Bryce shakes his head.

BRYCE  
That'll take too long.

SOFIA  
Well, what are we supposed to do?  
There aren't exactly any JCBs lying around!

BRYCE  
(thinks quickly)  
Okay, ley lines are basically big wells of magic, right? Your Scythe should be able to channel that and use it to pull the energy back into-

SOFIA  
(interrupts)  
No.

BRYCE  
Huh?

SOFIA  
(downcast)  
It... it won't work. The Scythe, ever since I... look, it's just not an option.

Bryce is stuck for a plan 'b,' but as the ground SHAKES again, this time for a much longer burst, inspiration finally hits Sofia.

She grabs the cables dangling from the crane over the hole, rapidly winching them back up as the others watch, exchanging puzzled glances.

BRAEDEN  
Uh... Sofia?

SOFIA  
(to Bryce)  
You said they were siphoning off  
the power from the ley lines,  
right?

BRYCE  
(trying to follow)  
Right...

Sofia carries on pulling up the cables - until a small, circular object the size of a football is raised into view. It's GLOWING brightly, pulsing with energy, but without hesitating Sofia flips it up into the air - and SMASHES it down onto the ground.

There's a bright FLASH as the energy dissipates, but as soon as the object is broken the tremors subside a little.

SOFIA  
(victorious)  
So we cut off their supply.

BRAEDEN  
(grins)  
Genius.

BRYCE  
Go! I'll take care of Skye.

The Slayers take a hole each, dragging up the cables as Bryce hurries back over to Skye.

He stares at her for a beat, racking his brains for a counterspell, before fishing a dog-eared notebook from his pocket and rapidly flicking through it.

BRYCE (cont'd)  
(reads)  
Ah... *liberazione questo Slayer!*

Skye BLINKS, then wilts as she finally breaks out of her trance. Bryce catches her, righting her again.

BRYCE (cont'd)  
Easy! Careful, Skye.

SKYE  
(dazed)  
Whu... what... huh?

BRYCE  
It's alright. Looks like Roland put  
the old Dracula eyes on you.



SKYE

But... how? How could he... I'm  
half vampire, that stuff  
shouldn't...

(clutches head)

... what's going on?

BRYCE

We'll figure that out later. Right  
now...

He presses a SHOVEL into her hands.

BRYCE (cont'd)

We need to get our hands dirty.

A bemused Skye looks down at the shovel in her hands, and as she looks up and sees Alita SMASH the last of the circular objects from the holes, with Sofia and Braeden already replacing the dirt over the other holes, we DISSOLVE TO:

With Bryce and the team looking exhausted after a long night's work, their clothes and hands caked with mud, Barbara leafs through the last of Bryce's mission report.

AIDEN is attending to the cut on Braeden's head as Barbara glances up at Skye, who sits with her forehead resting on her hands, before turning to Bryce.

BARBARA

And you're sure you destroyed the  
rest of their excavation equipment?

BRYCE

Burned the lot of it. Seemed like  
the best plan.

AIDEN

Amen.

BARBARA

Do we know why Roland and his cult  
were doing any of this?

BRYCE

They must have needed that power  
for something pretty major league,  
or they wouldn't have gone to such  
lengths to get it. Ley lines are  
old, really old magic. I'm just  
glad we stopped 'em when we did.

BARBARA

So am I.

She puts the folder down and turns to the girls.

BARBARA (cont'd)  
Alright, I think Eric and I can  
cover the rest. You're all free to  
go. Get some sleep.

Sofia, Braeden and Alita get to their feet, but Skye stays behind. Sofia glances to her, but Braeden lays a hand on her arm and shakes his head - best to leave her be.

The trio troop out of the briefing room, and as the door closes Skye looks up at last, as if realising where she is.

SKYE  
Where is everyone?

BARBARA  
Briefing's over, Skye. But I'm glad  
you stayed. We need to-

SKYE  
Talk about why I spazzed out in the  
middle of a fight? Yeah.  
(sighs)  
Kinda figured you would.

BARBARA  
Do you have any recollection of  
what happened?

SKYE  
Not much. I just heard Sofes shout  
for help and I was en route to save  
her ass when... when...

She hesitates, rubbing her tired eyes. Barbara glances at Bryce, her expression full of concern.

SKYE (cont'd)  
(shakes head)  
Sorry. I got nothing. Whatever  
happened, it's...

BARBARA  
It's alright. Why don't you swing  
by the infirmary and let Jaz take a  
look at you, make sure there's no  
lasting effects from whatever hit  
you.

Skye nods, getting up and trudging out of the room, head down. Barbara waits for her to exit and turns to Bryce.

BARBARA (cont'd)  
Your professional opinion?

(CONTINUED)

BRYCE

(shrugs)

God knows. Could've been a spell,  
poison dart, even a magical  
artefact. No way to tell.

BARBARA

Well, find out. I'm not having one  
of my Slayers be rendered useless  
in a fight and us having no idea as  
to what caused it!

BRYCE

(nods)

No worries, Barb. I'm on it.

Barbara looks back towards the door, seeing the departing  
Skye still slouching across the quad, before the moment is  
broken as Aiden's phone starts to RING.

He digs it out and checks the caller display, and his jaw  
drops in shock.

It's GREG!

Aiden quickly pops the phone open and presses it to his ear,  
already grinning broadly.

AIDEN

Greg? Is that you?

Barbara and Bryce exchange a surprised look.

GREG

(filtered; through phone)

Hello, Aiden.

AIDEN

'Hello, Aiden'? Is that all you've  
got? Come on, Greg! It's me! Where  
are you? Are you alright? When are  
you coming back? What have-

GREG

Um, Aiden? I...

AIDEN

(smile drops)

What is it?

GREG

I need to speak to Barbara  
urgently. She's not answering her  
own phone.

(CONTINUED)

AIDEN  
(deflated)  
Oh. Oh, right. Uh, just a sec.

Aiden lowers the phone, a wave of conflicting emotions crashing over him for a beat.

AIDEN (cont'd)  
It's, uh... it's for you.

BARBARA  
(takes phone)  
Greg? It's Barbara. Where are you?

GREG  
That's a long story, and one I don't have the phone credit to tell you just yet. I just needed to... well, something's come up, basically, and I needed to let you know.

BARBARA  
Go on.

GREG  
I was planning on coming back at the weekend but my plans have changed. Now... I'm going to be another few weeks. I just wanted to ask, well...

BARBARA  
It's alright, Greg. What did you want to know?

GREG  
Will I still have a job when I get back? I know I've left everyone in the lurch since last term, and I'm sorry for that, I just had-

BARBARA  
Yes.

GREG  
(beat)  
You're sure?

BARBARA  
Absolutely. Greg, I won't say that I'm not a little angry at you for staying out of contact for so long, but right now I just want you back here as soon as possible. The girls miss you - we all do.

(CONTINUED)

GREG

I know. I miss them too. So...

BARBARA

Don't worry about anything. We'll talk about it when you get back, alright?

GREG

Alright, thanks. Bye.

He hangs up, and Barbara offers the phone back to Aiden. He looks a little surprised by the result of the call.

AIDEN

Did he, uh... didn't he ask to speak to me again?

BARBARA

No, Aiden, I'm sorry. He said he's going to be away a few more weeks but he still plans on coming back.

AIDEN

Oh. Well, that's... that's good.

Aiden's obviously hurt by Greg's treatment of him, and Barbara lays a sympathetic hand on his arm.

BARBARA

It'll be alright.

AIDEN

(forced smile)

Yeah. 'Course. No problem. I, uh, have to, ah... go.

Aiden hurries out of the briefing room, and as Barbara lets out a heavy SIGH we cut to:

Skye is in her usual haunt up on the roof, huddled in the shade of the wall, but looks up as the access door opposite opens and ERIKA steps out.

ERIKA

Skye?

SKYE

(quiet)

I'm here.

Erika smiles, closing the door and making her way carefully over to Skye. She sits down next to her, acting casual.

ERIKA

You were supposed to go to the infirmary, so I said I would find you. I know you like to come here.

SKYE

Yeah.

ERIKA

(beat)

I heard about what happened.

SKYE

(groans)

Great. If you know, that means Heidi knows, and that means everybody knows. Welcome to my sucky life, part two hundred.

ERIKA

It could have happened to any of your team, Skye. You should not feel bad.

SKYE

Yeah, but it didn't. It happened to me, Erika, and... and I can't help feeling Roland picked me for a reason.

ERIKA

What do you suppose that is?

SKYE

(darkly)

I don't know.

Erika reaches out, locating Skye's hand and giving it an encouraging squeeze.

ERIKA

It will be alright. Next time you face him I will make sure I am there, and then the battle shall go much more in your favour.

Skye manages a grin at last, and Erika settles back against the wall, closing her eyes. A few beats, then:

ERIKA (cont'd)

Do you want to go to the infirmary now?

SKYE

Naah. It's nice and quiet up here. Let's give it five more minutes.

(CONTINUED)

ERIKA  
(nods; smiles)  
Five more minutes it is.

Skye shuffles out of the shadows a little, letting her body soak up some of the morning sun, and we cut to:

28 INT. CASTLE - KIRA'S STUDY - MORNING

28

Kira is leaning on her desk, dozens of thick, open books still piled up in front of her - and she's dozing.

The study door closes with a THUD and she jerks back to life, turning quickly round to see Hamish standing behind her. He's carrying another leather-bound book under his arm.

KIRA  
Oh, it's only you. What time is it?

HAMISH  
It's time you went back to check on Dana.

KIRA  
Hmm?

HAMISH  
I caught Rachel looking in on her late last night, and Dana was... conversational. I wasn't sure what I heard her say at first, so I did some homework.

He opens the book to a page and shows her - it's a black and white photograph of NIKKI WOOD, Slayerdom's most famous mother.

HAMISH (cont'd)  
I think your spell is working just how you wanted after all.

Kira starts to grin - a slow, sinister smile that creeps across her features, and from that, we:

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF SHOW**