

**SLAYER ACADEMY**

"Going Under Again"

by

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&

Lee A. Chrimes

TEASER

FADE IN:

1

INT. CAMPUS - BARBARA'S OFFICE - MORNING

1

BARBARA stands in her doorway, staring with open-mouthed surprise at GREG, his rucksack over his shoulder as he looks back at her.

There's a long moment of silence as Barbara processes Greg's return. He shifts a little and clears his throat.

GREG

Aren't you going to welcome me  
back?

Barbara blinks - then leans forward with a grin to embrace him. Greg returns the hug, and as Barbara steps back she's beaming.

BARBARA

It's good to see you again, Greg.

GREG

Good to be back. I'm just sorry I  
had to be gone so long.

Barbara's expression quickly darkens.

BARBARA

Yes, well... we're going to have to  
have words about that.

GREG

I thought we might. Can I come  
inside?

Barbara steps back and lets Greg troop into his room, looking him up and down as he shrugs off his bag and takes a seat.

BARBARA

You're looking well.

GREG

Yes, not bad for somebody who had  
about two hours sleep on the way  
over here.

BARBARA

Where did you fly in from?

GREG

I'll get to that later. Long, if  
fairly comical story.

Barbara sits at her desk and interlaces her fingers.

(CONTINUED)

GREG (cont'd)

You look a little... upset.

BARBARA

(beat)

There are a great many things I expected from you, Gregory. But running away and abandoning your duties is not one of them. You have obligations-

GREG

Barbara, come on. Don't play the 'obligations' card on me. You knew as well as I did that there were things I needed to do.

(beat)

You gave me permission to go, remember?

BARBARA

I know, I did, but maybe I didn't quite appreciate at the time what I was signing up for! Almost two months into the term before you finally turn up, with virtually no word from you between your departure and now? Greg, I know you needed to find out about your parents, and I certainly empathise with your situation.

Barbara pauses, her fingers reaching for a mug of coffee on her desk - but it's stone cold.

GREG

(prompts)

But...

BARBARA

But... there were people here you left behind. I can understand your situation... but what about the girls?

GREG

The girls will understand.

BARBARA

Even Sofia?

GREG

She'll understand.

BARBARA

What about Jaz?

GREG  
(growing irate)  
She'll understand too.

Barbara pauses, then leans forward, narrowing her eyes.

BARBARA  
Aiden?

Greg hesitates - she's got him there.

BARBARA (cont'd)  
(sighs)  
Look - the action on the  
supernatural front has been quiet  
for a few weeks, so if it's all the  
same to you, I'm going to let you  
resume your duties, effective  
immediately.  
(beat)  
There have been a few changes  
whilst you were gone.

GREG  
So I noticed.  
(off Barbara)  
Have you lost weight?

Barbara smiles for the first time - and she visibly begins to relax.

BARBARA  
You charmer...

The door opens and AIDEN enters, absently knocking on the door.

AIDEN  
Morning, Miss Griffin, I just  
needed to ask if-

He brakes sharply as his eyes fall on Greg. He blinks, then starts to smile broadly. Greg returns the smile - albeit hesitantly.

AIDEN (cont'd)  
Greg?

GREG  
Hello, Aiden.

Aiden charges forward, wrapping his arms around Greg before he can react. Barbara chuckles as Greg pats Aiden on the arm.

AIDEN  
I've missed you.

GREG

I missed you too.

AIDEN

The bed's been pretty empty without you the past few months.

Barbara 'hem-hems' to keep the conversation from veering anywhere too personal, and Aiden grins.

AIDEN (cont'd)

Didn't you get any of my messages?  
I must have left about a hundred or  
so! I kept hoping you'd call me  
back, but...

GREG

Aiden, we... can we talk about this  
in a minute? I just need to finish  
up in here first.

He nods towards Barbara, and Aiden steps back, getting the message.

AIDEN

(awkward)

Right. Of course. Er, okay, so,  
I'll just, you know... go.

With a last look at Greg, Aiden heads outside. Greg turns back to Barbara.

BARBARA

You could have had a moment with  
him, you know.

GREG

Not yet. I've got things to take  
care of.

BARBARA

Such as?

GREG

I've got my bags to unpack, and  
then I want to catch up on the  
students files, review mission  
reports, get up to speed on what  
I've missed.

BARBARA

Okay, then. I won't stand in your  
way. Your office is just how you  
left it, and you should be able to  
access all the files you need from  
the campus intranet.

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED: (4)

1

Greg stands, grabbing his bag, then as that last word sinks in he turns to Barbara.

GREG

We have an intranet?

BARBARA

(grins)

Debbie's been making herself useful.

Greg hefts his backpack over his shoulder again and exits, and we follow him out into:

2 INT. CAMPUS - STAFF CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

2

Aiden is waiting outside, but as he smiles hopefully at Greg all he gets is a brief nod as Greg continues past.

Aiden exchanges a look with Barbara as she steps out of her office.

AIDEN

(hurt)

Did I say something wrong?

BARBARA

No. No, you didn't.

Barbara lays a comforting hand on Aiden's shoulder.

BARBARA (cont'd)

I get the feeling this isn't the same Greg we all used to know, Aiden. He's changed these past few months.

AIDEN

Looks like. But changed for the better... or for the worse?

Barbara and Aiden exchange a concerned look, and we:

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF TEASER**

**ACT ONE**

FADE IN:

3

EXT. CAMPUS GROUNDS - DAY

3

Greg and SOFIA are taking a walk around the campus. They pass a few other Slayers and they exchange nods in greeting.

GREG

What did Barbara tell you about why  
I was gone?

SOFIA

Not much. She said you had some  
'stuff' to figure out and left it  
at that. I just thought she wanted  
to respect your privacy.

GREG

I guess she did.  
(beat, off Sofia)  
You met Rupert Giles when you  
worked with Buffy, right?

SOFIA

Of course I did! He was quite a  
man. A good Watcher, no offence  
intended, but a great man.

GREG

Rupert Giles was my father.

Sofia screeches to a halt, dumbfounded - she definitely  
didn't expect Greg to say that!

SOFIA

He... what? Please tell me you just  
magically acquired a sense of  
humour whilst you were gone...

GREG

No. I'm deadly serious. Twenty  
eight years ago, Rupert Giles had  
an affair with a girl named Evelyn  
Pierce - my mother.

SOFIA

Giles? An affair? I don't... well,  
I never... I mean... were you  
shocked to find out?

GREG

Shocked? No. More like relieved.  
I... I just knew that I had to find  
out more on the circumstances of my  
birth.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

GREG (cont'd)

(beat)

I knew my mother was a Watcher, and I knew she died when I was a child. I also know that I was adopted, but when I tried to look deeper there was too much red tape blocking my path. So I had to go into the field to get my answers.

SOFIA

Anywhere nice?

(beat)

Sorry, I'm just a little dazed and trying to act casual...

GREG

I was in Barbados for a few weeks. Got a bit of a tan, actually... and then got sunburn.

SOFIA

Did you find anything? I mean, I'm assuming you went there for answers and not to work on your tan lines.

GREG

A few hints here and there, but it all added up to one thing. The Council knows more than what they're letting on.

SOFIA

What could the Council be hiding from you? And, more importantly, why?

GREG

That's what I aim to find out. That's why I'm back.

SOFIA

(teasing)

And here was me thinking you just wanted to see us all again.

GREG

Alright, so that's one of the reasons I'm back.

(beat)

Do me a favour, though - can you get Debbie to look into the Coven Di Fuoco? The Council records were pretty empty on the subject of Evelyn Pierce's death, save when she was killed.

(MORE)



GREG (cont'd)  
Thing is, whilst I was in Argentina, I found hints that a young female Watcher had been infiltrating the Coven Di Fuoco around the time of my mother's death.

SOFIA  
You think your mother was involved with this coven?

GREG  
It's an avenue worth checking out.

SOFIA  
I'll ask Debbie to get right onto it. By the way, Greg, just in case I haven't made it clear yet - everyone's glad that you came back. We were... well, worried, really.

GREG  
That's sweet. Thanks.  
(beat)  
I didn't realise that I'd missed the start of term. When I couldn't get much further in my investigation in the field, it dawned on me that I could easily get further away from here...  
(beat, softer, smiles)  
... and I missed you all. But don't tell anyone else that.

BARBARA (O.S.)  
Gregory?

Greg turns - a nearby window is open and Barbara is leaning out of it whilst she yells.

BARBARA (cont'd)  
I just got two mission dossiers in from the Council. I'll let you have first pick.  
(beat, off Sofia)  
Sofia, can you grab the others and head for the briefing room?

GREG  
We'll be right in.

Barbara nods and closes the window.

SOFIA  
Ready to go back to work?

Greg and Sofia exchange a smile, and we cut to:

4

INT. CAMPUS - BRIEFING ROOM - NEXT

4

Barbara sits at the end of the conference table, with two folders in front of her. Greg sits to her right.

BARBARA

On my left, we have a vampire raid on one of the Council's former research labs. On my right, we have a series of unexplained demon attacks.

(beat)

Name your poison, Greg.

GREG

I'll take the vampire raid, please, Barbara.

BARBARA

Okay then.

(beat, shouts)

Mister Bryce, you can bring the girls in now.

The door opens - and BRYCE enters followed by the girls - Sofia, SKYE, ALITA, DEBBIE, ERIKA, HEIDI, ANNA, and...

BRAEDEN.

Greg blinks as he sees Braeden, turning to Barbara and registering that nobody seems surprised to see him.

GREG

Who's this? Has the Council got you training junior Watchers now?

BARBARA

(off Braeden)

Greg, meet Braeden Donovan.  
Braeden, this is Gregory Pier-

GREG

(interrupts; offers hand)  
Giles. Gregory Giles.

Barbara glances at Greg as he shakes Braeden's hand.

BARBARA

He's one of our other Watchers, he's just been on a brief leave of absence the last few months.

BRAEDEN

Ah, yeah, the girls told me all about him. Wouldn't shut up about you, actually, mate.

(CONTINUED)

GREG  
(off Barbara)  
It's a shame I can't say the same.

BARBARA  
Braeden is our resident anomaly.  
(pause; for effect)  
He's a Slayer.

GREG  
Excuse me?

BRAEDEN  
(grins)  
Yeah, that's how most people react.

GREG  
I've... I've never met a male  
slayer before. I thought it was  
impossible?

BRAEDEN  
Don't let it keep you up at night,  
Greg. I'm nothing special.

Heidi giggles - and Barbara fires a look at her as Braeden takes his seat at the table.

Bryce leans across to whisper in Braeden's ear - he is obviously irritated. Braeden nods and shifts in his seat.

GREG  
No Frankie?

BARBARA  
Long story. I thought someone would  
have filled you in by now?

GREG  
Again - obviously not.

BARBARA  
Right. Shall we get down to  
business? We've got missions for  
both of you teams.  
(re: the folder on her  
left)  
Skye, your team will be  
investigating a recent vampire raid  
on one of our old laboratories.  
(re: the folder on her  
right)  
Heidi, your team gets the pleasure  
of looking into a demon attack at a  
nearby lakeside resort.

DEBBIE

Not another weather demon?

BARBARA

Don't be worried, Debbie. This looks like being a much more run of the mill demon.

DEBBIE

Oh, good.

(beat)

Wait, is that any better?

BARBARA

For the moment, Greg will supervise Skye and her team whilst Bryce will supervise Heidi and hers.

(beat)

Gentlemen, you have the floor.

Greg and Bryce look across the table at each other, and after a moment's silence, Bryce gestures that Greg should take the floor.

GREG

Hello, girls... and boy.

(beat, off the open folder)

The lab the vampires attacked was funded by the Watchers Council. Its primary focus was ways to...

(hesitates; glances at Skye)

Travers commissioned the lab to investigate if there was any way to imbue carefully-selected volunteers with the strength and agility of a vampire. The research being conducted had supposedly reached a dead end, and the plug was pulled on the project a few months ago.

(beat)

However, it seems the lab remained operational, and the project continued, though without any kind of Council supervision or, more importantly, agreement.

Skye leans forward.

SKYE

Am I the only one finding it a bit wiggly that the Council would be investigating this sort of thing?

(CONTINUED)

BARBARA

I don't think any of us are comfortable with the idea, but frankly, it doesn't surprise me that Travers gave his stamp of approval to the project.

(beat)

If you're at all uncomfortable, Skye, then I'll happily sub someone else onto the team for the duration of the mission.

SKYE

No, no that'll be fine. I'll be fine. Me? Fine.

GREG

We'll head to the lab first so we can begin our investigation there and branch out. It's based in Barcelona, so I've scheduled a plane to take us out there. I'll have the schematics of the lab copied for you to peruse on our flight so we know what to expect.

Greg picks a transparency out of the file, puts it on an overhead projector and has it projected on the wall behind him - it's a handsome Spanish man, JORGE RINALDO.

GREG (cont'd)

Doctor Rinaldo was the Senior Scientist at the lab, and it was his codes that let the vampires in. It was also Rinaldo who placed the call to the Council informing us of the vampire attack.

SKYE

Sounds like Rinaldo's playing us for suckers.

GREG

That will be my squad's job to ascertain. I won't rule out the possibility he's working with the vampires, but we can't assume he is until we've investigated further.

HEIDI

(to Bryce)

So, while Greg and his amateurs are sneaking off to Spain, we get stuck in dreary England?

(CONTINUED)

BARBARA

(wry)

Don't forget your sunscreen.

Braeden shifts in his chair again, and coughs.

BARBARA (cont'd)

Is there something you'd like to say, Braeden?

BRAEDEN

Well... alright. Listen, right, I don't want to cause a big fuss now that Mr. Giles here has made his big comeback or anything, but what gives him the right to lead this team?

GREG

I was doing quite well for a long time before you arrived here, Braeden.

BRAEDEN

Yeah, true, but you bunk off for almost half a year, turn up again and get your old job back with no questions asked? Talk about a classic example of negative reinforcement.

SKYE

Calm down, Doctor Phil. Greg's cool. We've known him a hell of a lot longer than we've known you.

BRAEDEN

I'm serious, Skye. He knows nothing about me, or how this place has changed since he was last here. Surely Eric'd be the better choice?

Barbara looks from Greg to Bryce - she's seriously considering what's just been said. Greg shrugs - he knows that what Braeden said is true. Bryce just raises an eyebrow.

GREG

(cautiously)

I don't mind stepping aside - if that's the general consensus, Barbara.

BARBARA

It isn't. My decision stands, Greg.  
(beat, to Braeden)  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BARBARA (cont'd)  
And if you ever question my  
decisions in the future, Mr.  
Donovan, there will be severe  
consequences.

BRAEDEN  
(backs off)  
I'm sure there will.

Sofia nudges him, giving him a warning glare.

BRYCE  
Is that all?

BARBARA  
I believe so. Mister Bryce?

Bryce swaps position with Greg. He extracts a transparency from his folder, puts it on the overhead projector and it gets projected on the wall behind him - it's the disfigured corpse of a thirty-something woman.

BRYCE  
This photo was apparently taken by  
one of the tourists at the resort,  
at the behest of the resort  
management themselves. The police  
confiscated them and we, in turn,  
did the same to them.  
(beat)  
It's been suggested that the  
striation of the marks on the  
corpse matches the claws of a  
Guntta demon.

GREG  
Guntta - aren't they native to  
Sweden?

BRYCE  
(deadpan)  
Right up there alongside Abba and  
meatballs.  
(off Heidi's raised  
eyebrow)  
We've never seen evidence of a  
Guntta in a country other than  
Sweden, which makes this attack all  
the more surprising. However, the  
attack was on the shores of a lake,  
which matches their typical M.O.

BARBARA  
The Guntta are no more dangerous to  
mankind than the average  
disgruntled bear. Or the average  
Slayer without her morning coffee.

GREG

(beat)

Did you just make a joke?

BARBARA

(smirks)

Like I've said - things have  
changed around here.

Bryce coughs - and Barbara nods for him to continue:

BRYCE

As I was saying, the attack was on  
the shore of a lake. The victim was  
last seen taking an evening hike,  
so she may just have happened on  
the Guntta and startled it,  
provoking it into action. I think  
the mystery isn't so much why the  
Guntta did what it did, as how it  
got where it is.

(off Debbie)

I'll make a few calls and see if I  
can get us access to the corpse, if  
you'd like to take a look at it.

(off Erika, Heidi and  
Anna)

We'll have you three infiltrating  
the centre to further our  
investigation.

(to Barbara)

Give me a couple of hours to make  
the calls, and then we'll depart.

GREG

As soon as you've packed your bags,  
we'll be heading for the airport.

BARBARA

If that's all, then you're all  
dismissed.

The girls file out of the room, whilst Bryce remains in his  
chair. Braeden and Greg arrive at the door at the same time,  
and exchange an awkward moment before Braeden indicates that  
Greg should go ahead.

When they're gone, Bryce turns to Barbara, who's packing away  
the projector and mission dossiers. She looks up and notices  
him staring at her.

BARBARA (cont'd)

Is something wrong?

(CONTINUED)



BRYCE

I've been meaning to ask, Barbara.  
Would you, perhaps, like to join me  
for coffee in the village when we  
get back?

BARBARA

Coffee? With me?

(beat)

On a purely professional basis?

BRYCE

On a purely professional basis.

BARBARA

Then... yes. Seeing as how it's all  
business.

Bryce nods and smiles, satisfied with himself, rises and exits, leaving Barbara to fiddle with the overhead projector. She stops, looks up as the door closes and we can see she's blushing!

Aiden is sat across the desk from FRANKIE. There is a pile of books and magazines on the desk between them and Aiden is flicking through one - an Open University brochure.

AIDEN

I didn't realise there was so much  
work to put in to be a teacher.

FRANKIE

*Mon dieu*, Aiden. I do not see why  
you are so determined to do this.  
You do not need this. Your job is  
safe 'ere.

AIDEN

'Safe,' yes. But only here. What if  
I chose to leave?

FRANKIE

Why would you choose to leave?

(beat, she realises)

Oh. I shouldn't be worrying  
yourself with that, *mon ami*. It  
will all sort itself out in the  
end.

AIDEN

I'm sure it will... but, I want to  
be careful. I want-

FRANKIE

You want *un petit* back up plan.

AIDEN

Exactly.

There is a knock on the door - their heads turn to reveal DARCIE standing in the doorway.

DARCIE

Skye said you might want to know that Mister Giles is shipping out in an hour to Spain.

AIDEN

Spain?

DARCIE

For a mission or something.

AIDEN

Right.

Aiden stands and brushes past Darcie.

AIDEN (cont'd)

You still have that appointment with me and Jaz in the infirmary and the gym, Darcie. I expect you to be there.

Aiden exits the library.

DARCIE

(rolling her eyes)

Yes, sir. No, sir. Three bags full, sir.

FRANKIE

I do not think you should be talking about a teacher like that, Darcie.

DARCIE

Well, respectfully, Miss DuCont, I'll talk to whomever I like however I want, and whenever I choose to. Last time I checked, you were only the librarian around here.

Darcie spins and heads out the door before Frankie can even open her mouth. Frankie glares after her, her wounded Gallic pride rising as we cut to:

6

EXT. CAMPUS - FRONT ENTRANCE - LATER

6

Greg is loading equipment into the MINIBUS. He lifts up a case, then turns to pick up the next only to find that Aiden's stood there, holding it out for him to take.

AIDEN

Were you going to tell me about Spain?

A beat - then Greg takes the case and carries on loading.

GREG

I didn't have the time.

AIDEN

Balls. You should make the time. For me. For our relationship.

GREG

Can we do this later?

AIDEN

Is that all you can say? I barely hear from you for nearly half a year, and you have the nerve to ask me if we can 'do this later'?

(beat)

You really know how to hurt me, Greg.

GREG

Don't be upset with me. This time away, it's... it's changed me. It's changed us, and it's changed our relationship.

(beat)

We'll talk about this when I get back. I can promise you that.

AIDEN

I'll hold you to that.

Aiden spins and heads back into reception, SLAMMING the door behind him. Greg picks up another bag from the ground and dumps it into the minibus, pausing as he takes a deep, heavy breath. A beat, then he starts packing again, and we:

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF ACT ONE**

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

7

INT. STORE ROOM - NIGHT

7

A few crates are stacked up around the room - there are two guards unconscious on the floor, the beam from one of their torches casting its light through the darkness.

A booted leg passes through the beam of light - it's RACHEL, and she is passing a fire axe to DELANEY, who is standing over a crate marked in a foreign language.

Delaney raises the axe above her head and SMASHES it into the crate, splintering the wood and releasing a torrent of polystyrene flakes onto the floor.

Amidst the polystyrene flakes is a MARBLE BOX with a gold clasp.

RACHEL  
(picking the box up)  
I'm worried about Dana.

Delaney looks up, frowning.

DELANEY  
We all are, but you know what  
Kira'd be like if any of us start  
bitching about Dana's treatment.  
You of all people should know that.

RACHEL  
I don't have Kira to thank for the  
way I am.

DELANEY  
(huffs)  
Look, just drop it, okay? Knowing  
her, she's probably watching us  
using some sort of observation  
spell, and I ain't bailing you out  
if we land in it once we get back.

Delaney pulls a piece of paper out of a concealed pocket and looks at the writing on it. She scans some of the boxes, running her fingers over the foreign writing on them.

RACHEL  
Don't you think she's pushing Dana  
way too hard? The girl's visions  
are getting stronger, and I'm  
worried about the effect it's  
having on her.  
(beat, quietly)  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

RACHEL (cont'd)

I've been reading some of Hamish's texts, and there are stories of people like Dana whose skulls literally exploded because of their visions.

DELANEY

I don't think Kira would let that happen.

RACHEL

Don't you?

DELANEY

She's sadistic, yeah, but she had you help break Dana out of custody for a reason. She wouldn't have gone to all that trouble to let her brains explode. Besides, she's kind of anal when it comes to cleaning up. Brains on the wall? Big no-no.

RACHEL

She's not going to stop doing what she's doing to her, Delaney. She knows it's hurting Dana - she just doesn't care! Doesn't that bother you at all?

(off the box)

And wasn't there supposed to be a key for the box?

Delaney grabs the fire axe and SMASHES it into one of the crates she was looking over.

More polystyrene flakes spill out onto the floor and Delaney begins to dig through the flakes, looking at various artefacts and then discarding them.

RACHEL (cont'd)

Do you think Hamish would help us rescue her?

DELANEY

Hamish is Kira's little lapdog, Rachel. Do you really believe that he'd help you disobey her? And even if he did help you, and even if by a stroke of luck you got her out - where would you take her?

RACHEL

I don't know... to the Academy?

DELANEY

(laughs)

Are you out of your mind?

(CONTINUED)

RACHEL

(adamant)

They would help. Her. Me. You too -  
if you wanted to be helped.

Delaney picks up the key and sighs. She opens her mouth,  
ready to speak...

... and an ALARM begins to sound, simultaneously shining  
bright spotlights across the floor of the store room!

DELANEY

(wearily)

Well... that's about what I was  
expecting to happen at some point.

RACHEL

Time to get out of here!

Rachel stashes the box in her backpack, as Delaney  
systematically starts to climb up a stack of boxes to the  
open skylight in the roof, and we cut to:

Braeden emerges from the toilet cubicle and heads back down  
the aisle. As he passes Greg, Greg grabs his wrist and  
gesture to the empty seat next to him.

GREG

Care to take a seat, Mister  
Donovan?

BRAEDEN

(beat)

Alright.

Braeden sits, and adjusts his position as Greg shuffles the  
papers that are on a fold down table.

GREG

You're an unknown quantity for me.

BRAEDEN

Likewise.

GREG

I need to know I can trust you to  
watch the girls' backs - and to  
watch mine.

BRAEDEN

The girls know they can trust me. I  
know that I can trust them.

(beat)

I don't know if I can trust you.

GREG

At least the feeling's mutual.

BRAEDEN

What am I supposed to think, mate?  
You've run off, barely spoken to  
Barbara or the girls and, according  
to campus gossip, practically  
ignored your boyfriend. What's that  
supposed to say to me about your  
commitment to your job?

GREG

It's supposed to say...

Greg struggles to find the words.

BRAEDEN

See? You know I'm right. You know  
I've got no reason to trust you.

GREG

The girls trust me.

BRAEDEN

You sure about that?

GREG

They'd tell me right away if they'd  
got a problem with me. I always  
fostered a very open relationship  
with them - they weren't just my  
charges, they were my friends.

BRAEDEN

So you always go away and ignore  
your friends for six months?

GREG

(beat)

It wasn't six months.

BRAEDEN

And that's what they call changing  
the subject.

(starts to stand)

I think I've made my point.

GREG

I think you have - you'll just need  
to have faith.

BRAEDEN

I guess I will. But I'll be  
watching you, mate.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BRAEDEN (cont'd)

The girls may be singing your praises, but I haven't seen much to make we want to follow your lead so far.

GREG

(dry)

Oh, happy day.

BRAEDEN

You know, before I met Aiden I'd never met a... well. I'd never met one of your kind before.

GREG

Oh?

(beat, starts ruminating  
what was just said)

You're not - I mean, you're not, right?

BRAEDEN

Oh, no. I'm not. I know which team I play for, or which side my toast is vegemited or however you want to say it.

GREG

(frowns)

Is that - is your hostility to me because of me being gay?

BRAEDEN

Don't flatter yourself. I don't like you, but it has nothing to do with your sexuality. When you've proved yourself, then maybe I can trust you.

(beat)

Now, if you'll excuse me?

GREG

You're excused.

BRAEDEN

Adios, Senor.

Braeden mock salutes Greg before rising and returning to his chair. Greg watches him go, then picks a sheet of paper up and begins reading over it, looking for a distraction.

It's night, but floodlights are illuminating the outside of the main buildings, under:

(CONTINUED)



ELLEN (V.O.)

I think you know why I'm here,  
Barbara.

10 INT. CAMPUS - BARBARA'S ROOM - NEXT

10

It's the same size as Greg's - obviously more feminine, but still very ordered. Barbara is stood at the open door and ELLEN is in the corridor outside wearing jeans and a t-shirt, holding a stack of mission reports in her hands.

BARBARA

I can guess.  
(indicating the room)  
Come in.

Ellen enters, takes a seat on the sofa and puts the stack of reports down.

BARBARA (cont'd)

You're concerned about Skye leading  
the mission.

ELLEN

You've got three unknown quantities  
out in the field at the moment, B.  
Braeden, Skye and Greg.

(beat)

I mean, you know I love Greg, but  
all I've heard since he got back is  
everybody saying how he's changed.  
Change is bad in our business. And  
as for Skye, well... I don't know  
what the hell to make of what  
happened to her when you guys ran  
into Roland and his boys, but  
something sure as hell ain't right  
with her. Do you know we can trust  
any of them at the moment?

BARBARA

I... believe we can.

Ellen picks up on her hesitation.

ELLEN

(narrows eyes)  
Not feeling the confidence here.

BARBARA

I don't think I could ever be  
totally sure. Not after these rogue  
slayers have been turning up.

ELLEN

You don't think that...

(CONTINUED)

BARBARA

That they could have been turned?  
No, I'm sure of that. They've all  
got their problems. Skye's always  
going to be a tad feisty and  
Braeden can be a precocious little  
twat - and, yes, Greg has changed  
whilst he's been away. But no, I  
trust them.

ELLEN

Would you put your life in their  
hands?

BARBARA

I would.

ELLEN

Honestly?

(hesitates)

You do know I'm only playing the  
devil's advocate, B. I trust your  
choices.

BARBARA

I know you do. That's probably why  
you're always getting in so much  
trouble with your superiors.

Ellen grins, and Barbara heads over to the window. She looks  
out across the grounds, deep in thought for a moment.

BARBARA (cont'd)

Gregory went to Spain with the  
girls and Braeden. They'll have  
landed a short while ago. Take  
Dunstall and the helicopter to  
Spain with a few of the more  
experienced girls in case they need  
backup.

ELLEN

I can have us shipping out in half  
an hour.

BARBARA

Alright, then. Good luck.

Ellen picks up the files and heads out of the room, closing  
the door behind her. Barbara continues to look out of the  
window, looking troubled as we cut to:

A black 4x4 pulls up outside of a large building amidst  
landscaped grounds.

11

CONTINUED:

11

The door opens and Greg, Skye, Alita, Sofia and Braeden clamber out with their weapons of choice in their hands.

TILE OVER: SPAIN

Greg leads the group up to the glass door and punches in a code on an electronic lock. It BUZZES but doesn't open. Greg punches in the code again - and again, no response.

SKYE

Problem?

GREG

The access code's been changed.  
Maybe we can try to bypass it by-

SMASH! The glass door SHATTERS into a thousand fragments, and Greg spins round - to see Braeden holding his sword.

BRAEDEN

(smirks)

That code always works fine for me.

Greg glares at him, but now's not the time for another confrontation.

GREG

Girls, spread out and search the building for clues. Braeden, you're with me. We'll be in Doctor Rinaldo's office if anyone needs us.

SKYE

Aww, look. Braeden's got another boy to play with at last!

GREG

Don't be insufferably stupid, Skye.  
Get moving.

Skye nods, disgruntled, and indicates that Sofia and Alita should follow her through the door, into:

12

INT. COUNCIL LABS - CORRIDOR - NEXT

12

A darkened corridor. A few lights flicker, illuminating them as they stalk down the corridor. Sofia moves up beside Alita.

SOFIA

Are you okay?

ALITA

Why would I not be?

SOFIA

Because we're in Spain.

(CONTINUED)

ALITA

And why should that bother me?

SOFIA

I thought your mother was Spanish, Allie? I thought that being back here could be, you know, upsetting you. Or... not. Am I talking too much?

ALITA

My father told me a good Slayer does not show emotion in the face of true adversity or great troubles. To do so would only make her weaker.

SOFIA

Sounds like a wise man. But, it's okay to not be okay - okay?

ALITA

I welcome your concern, Sofia. But I don't require it.

SOFIA

Okay, fine. But if you need to talk, I'll be right here.

ALITA

Thank you.

Sofia speeds up and catches up with Skye, as we cut to:

INT. COUNCIL LABS - RINALDO'S OFFICE - NEXT

An office befitting such a building - glass and metal furnishings, leather chairs and a state of the art computer on the desk.

Greg settles into the chair behind the desk and starts up the computer. He slots a datachip into the USB port and begins to work.

GREG

Let's look at everything that's been logged by Rinaldo from two days before the robbery.

(beat, types)

A lot of e-mails, not so much paperwork from the looks of it.

(peers at screen)

Here's something interesting...

Greg turns the computer monitor so Braeden can see it too. He points to the screen as he talks.

(CONTINUED)

GREG (cont'd)

These are all the e-mails that Rinaldo sent out. I've opened up the search to a week - and look, at least fifty percent of the e-mails have been sent to this e-mail address.

(beat)

Who is this 'Mr. Thunderchild,' and why has Doctor Rinaldo sent all of these e-mails out in code?

BRAEDEN

Perhaps Rinaldo didn't want nosy pricks like you having a look-see at his private e-mails?

GREG

I think the bigger question is why didn't he delete these e-mails if they were incriminatory?

BRAEDEN

As much as I hate to admit it, you've a point.

GREG

I'm not as stupid as I look, Braeden.

BRAEDEN

(under his breath)

We'll see about that.

GREG

Give me a few minutes to copy his hard drive onto this datachip and then we can go out and find the girls.

Greg starts to get to work - and there is the sound of a tremendous EXPLOSION which SHAKES the building!

GREG (cont'd)

On second thoughts...

BRAEDEN

Time to go!

Greg jumps over the desk and runs out of the door, following Braeden who is already halfway down the corridor.

14

INT. COUNCIL LABS - CORRIDOR - NEXT

14

Greg catches up to Braeden as he races down another corridor, seeing a thick cloud of SMOKE from up ahead and sounds of fighting.

BRAEDEN

Sofia!

SOFIA (O.S.)

Braeden! Hurry up!

We stay with Braeden as he surges ahead, punching through the thick wall of smoke and finding himself right in the centre of a furious battle!

A huge HOLE has been blasted in the wall, revealing part of the lab full of equipment and machinery behind, and pouring into that are about a dozen VAMPIRES, wearing thick, hooded robes that bear familiar-looking symbols.

Sofia and Alita are struggling to fight the invaders, as Skye fights with one hand pressed to a bloody gash along her head.

Braeden doesn't break pace as he charges in, his sword SLICING through the air and taking the closest vamp's head clean off.

Sofia takes the chance to step back and catch her breath as the vamp DUSTS before her.

SOFIA (cont'd)

(panting)

You took your bloody time!

BRAEDEN

Bloke talk. You know how it is.

SKYE

(off vampires)

Stop them!

The vamps are carrying out the lab equipment, with four blocking the Slayers as the rest of the vamps load the stolen gear into the back of a waiting van.

ALITA

I will stop the van!

SOFIA

No, Alita, wait! There's too many of them! Alita!

But she's off - KICKING into the air and neatly FLIPPING over the line of vamps, she's outside in a second and heading straight for the van.

(CONTINUED)

Greg finally catches up, FLOORING one vamp with a heavy punch as Skye pulls a stake and DUSTS it.

GREG  
(off Skye's wound)  
Are you alright?

SKYE  
Yeah, I just bleed like this for  
fun! Get the fricken vamps already!

Greg grapples with another as Skye weaves round the battling Braeden and Sofia, out onto:

Over by the waiting van, Alita is bogged down scrapping with another vampire, the creature blocking all her high kicks as someone leans out of the driver's side window.

Skye freezes - it's ROLAND, and he grins back at her when he sees her.

SKYE  
No...

Alita gets knocked back, and Skye dives forward to catch her. The offending vamp then turns and jumps into the back of the van, which SCREECHES away and tears off into the night.

Skye narrows her eyes as she glares after the departing van, Braeden, Greg and Sofia finally joining her.

SOFIA  
Was that-

SKYE  
Yeah.

SOFIA  
So we're-

SKYE  
That's right.

Skye continues to glare, blazing with anger, and we:

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF ACT TWO**

**ACT THREE**

FADE IN:

16 EXT. HOLIDAY RESORT - DAY

16

A massive glass dome surrounded by coniferous trees, bordered by a large lake. The sun has begun to peak over the horizon, showing there are already people moving about in canoes and boats on the lake.

BRYCE (V.O.)  
How's it going?

17 INT. MORGUE - NEXT

17

A middle aged woman's body is lying on the metal post mortem bench - chest cracked open, and her kidney on a set of bloodied scales.

DEBBIE steps into frame, her mobile phone pressed to her ear. She's wearing a white lab coat, and is peering critically over the body as she speaks.

DEBBIE  
(into phone)  
Well, the cover story worked to get me in here, so that's something, although I did get a fair few remarks about looking a bit young to be working for the ECDC.

BRYCE  
(filtered; through phone)  
Just tell them you're on work experience or something. Any joy with the body?

DEBBIE  
So far, just that the pattern of the claw marks match the pictures you gave me.

BRYCE  
So it is a Guntta.

DEBBIE  
I'd say so, and...  
(peers at woman's hand)  
I think I spoke too soon.

Debbie glances around to make sure she's alone in the morgue, then reaches for a scalpel, using it to scrape some material from the woman's hand into a test tube.

She looks at it and adjusts her glasses, flicks the lamp off - and the material continues to GLOW.

(CONTINUED)



DEBBIE (cont'd)  
Nesting slime. Photo-synthesising  
nesting slime, actually.

BRYCE  
So we're dealing with a family.

DEBBIE  
Well, I'm not the expert here, but  
my gut feeling says 'yes.'

BRYCE  
Understood.

Debbie looks around again, obviously a little nervous that  
she's going to get rumbled any second, and we cut to:

Anna is stretching, Heidi is sitting on the bonnet of the car  
whilst Erika stands on the edge of the water. Bryce steps  
into frame, talking on his mobile phone.

BRYCE  
(into phone)  
If there's anything else you find,  
just call me.

Bryce hangs up and slips the mobile into his jacket pocket,  
then turns to the girls.

BRYCE (cont'd)  
Right! Who's ready to get their  
hands a bit dirty, then?

The girls exchange dubious looks, and we cut to:

A helmet light plays through the darkness, showing wet rocks  
around us. The light is followed by a second, then a third  
and a fourth.

It's the girls and Bryce, wearing potholing gear. In the lead  
is Heidi, followed by Anna, Erika and then Bryce. Heidi looks  
nervous - she doesn't like this one bit.

BRYCE  
You sure you're okay, Heidi?

HEIDI  
(tetchy)  
I'm fine. If you paid as much  
attention to your fashion sense as  
you like to pretend you pay to us,  
then you may get more...  
(MORE)

HEIDI (cont'd)

(beat)

How do you say it?

Anna chuckles - she gets it, so does Erika:

ANNA

I believe she's saying you might  
get laid more if you didn't dress  
like Steve Irwin all the time.

BRYCE

Unlike you, Heidi, I don't spend  
every waking moment of my life  
dreaming about the next time I'm on  
my back and thinking of Sweden.

HEIDI

(jaw drops)

Are you trying to say I'm a slut?

ERIKA

(dry)

I believe he is using more words.

Heidi turns, her indignant anger rising.

HEIDI

Alright, that's it! If you think-

CRASH! The ground collapses out from underneath her! One  
second she's there and the next - she's not.

But we can hear her SCREAM - and a dull THUD as she hits a  
lichen covered surface below.

ERIKA

Heidi! Heidi!!

Erika turns round and takes a step back, and Bryce's hand  
shoot out to grab Erika's arm to stop her falling into the  
hole.

He and Anna slowly step to the edge of the hole and peer  
downwards - but there's no sign of Heidi.

ANNA

Hey! You alright? Heidi!

Anna looks to Bryce.

BRYCE

She might be out cold. Erika, stay  
here. Anna, come with me. We'll go  
get some rope and come straight  
back, alright?

Erika nods, and as Bryce and Anna head off, we cut to:

20 INT. CAVERN - SUB-LEVEL - NEXT

20

Heidi moves an arm, pushes herself up to a sitting position and looks around the cave.

There's some GLOWING material in the distance, and she crawls, on her hands and knees towards it.

As she does so, her helmet light flickers and dies, but we can see, in the light from the new source, she's pretty much panicking, her breathing fast and ragged.

Heidi closes her eyes and balls up her fists, mentally trying to fight back her fear, and after a few moments she slowly opens her eyes again, looking a little calmer.

HEIDI

Hello?

There is a dull GRUNT - and then sounds of heavy padding FOOTSTEPS on the rock. Something's heading her way.

Heidi gets to her feet, reaching to her back for her sword - but it's gone!

HEIDI (cont'd)

Damn it!

Another GRUNT and...

... emerging from the darkness all around her, Heidi sees the GUNTTA DEMON! It's like a shaggy-haired bear with dark green fur, the creature's thick, slimy fur covering its face, hands and feet.

Heidi inches backwards - and there's another low MOAN! A second GUNTTA DEMON is circling around behind her!

Heidi grits her teeth - this isn't going to go well.

21 EXT. SPANISH HARBOUR TOWN - DAY

21

A typical restaurant on the edge of a packed marina - breakfast is being served up. Greg heads away from the restaurant with five cups of coffee, approaching Braeden and the girls over by the jeep.

Sofia and Braeden stand close together, as Alita dabs at Skye's head wound with a wad of bandage.

GREG

(handing out drinks)

This'll keep us going until we have a chance to stop for food.

(CONTINUED)

BRAEDEN

Shame it ain't gonna do anything  
about the jetlag, though.

SKYE

Or my headache.

Alita gently peels back the bandage from Skye's head, and  
Skye winces - it's a nasty cut.

GREG

What happened to you anyway, Skye?

SKYE

Took a chunk of shrapnel when the  
wall blew up. Wrong place, wrong  
time. Story of my life.

SOFIA

Oh, stop moaning. We all know  
you'll be fine in a few hours.  
(to Greg)  
So, what's the plan?

GREG

I was doing some surfing on the net  
before, and found out something  
interesting.  
(beat)

Remember all of those e-mails that  
Rinaldo was sending to 'Mr.  
Thunderchild'? 'Thunderchild' is  
the name of an oil tanker company -  
and it had a tanker in a nearby oil  
terminal the night of the vampire  
robbery. A large shipment of  
'foodstuffs' was delivered to the  
ship not long after the actual  
robbery. Coincidence? I don't think  
so, not if the report I read before  
of Roland's habit of stocking up on  
warm humans is anything to go by.

SKYE

There's something else I remember  
from last night - the equipment in  
there looked a hell of a lot like  
the equipment in the lab when  
Roland took me last term.

ALITA

Do you think the vampires wanted  
the lab equipment to continue their  
experiments?

SOFIA  
Seems logical to me.

BRAEDEN  
What 'experiments'?

SKYE  
Long story.

SOFIA  
Long story.

GREG  
Now, we just need to get onto that  
tanker. It's not moored in the  
terminal, so I've looked into  
hiring a helicopter, and-

SKYE  
A helicopter? No, no, no. I know  
how to get on board.

GREG  
How?

SKYE  
I walk up to the front door, and I  
ask them to let me in.

Greg is perplexed, then follows her lines of logic and  
cottons onto her thinking - then he smiles.

BRAEDEN  
Am I missing something?

SKYE  
(eyes him)  
You usually are...

GREG  
(catches on)  
It's so unexpected, it's brilliant!  
Of course they'd let you on board -  
you're who they want!

SKYE  
Yeah, like I just said! Do any of  
you people actually listen to me,  
or do you just keep me around  
because I have such great hair?

ALITA  
I am not convinced by this plan,  
Skye. This means you will have to  
go in alone.

SKYE  
Ah, see - that's what I want them  
to think.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED: (3)

21

Skye grins, and as she starts to outline her plan to the others, we pull away and look out across the glittering sea, and we cut to:

22 INT. CAVERNS - NEXT

22

Heidi opens her eyes - the two Guntta demons are still circling her. But they're keeping a respectful distance from her - she takes a deep breath, this clearly isn't helping her borderline claustrophobia.

HEIDI  
(whispers)  
Crap.

Something GLINTS up ahead - her sword! It's fallen between two rocks and looks wedged in, but with no other option Heidi starts to carefully tip-toe towards it.

One of the demons GRUNTS as she passes it, SNIFFING the air as it tilts its head towards her.

Heidi freezes - and the demon looks away, shuffling on. Heidi EXHALES, turning her attention back towards the sword.

She almost SKIDS on the slippery rocks below her, and the sudden motion forces her to stop for a moment - she presses a hand to her chest, still struggling to stay calm.

She finally gets to the sword, but as her hand closes round the handle and she PULLS, she realises it's stuck fast.

Heidi grits her teeth and pulls harder - and with a terrifically loud SCREECH, the blade comes free!

HEIDI (cont'd)  
(pleased)  
Aha! Yes!

She turns round, smiling victoriously - but the smile drops as the two huge demons slowly turn to look directly at her!

There's a long beat. The demons don't move, and neither does Heidi. Her eyes flick to the left - there's a tunnel entrance. She could probably make it, as long as they don't-

ROAR! The bigger of the two Guntta demons closes on Heidi at top speed, its heavy feet THUNDERING towards her, and Heidi lets out a YELP of alarm before SLICING out with her sword.

The creature HOWLS and staggers back, but for Heidi this is one freak out too far.

Still YELLING with a mixture of fear and adrenaline, she SLAMS the blade upwards, underneath the demon's jawline and into its throat!

(CONTINUED)

It SCREECHES in pain and collapses to the ground in a heap, breathing raggedly.

Heidi staggers back, noticing at last that she's been sprayed with thick black demon blood.

HEIDI (cont'd)  
Oh, what in the-

The remaining Guntta demon ROARS, and as it too starts towards Heidi, she decides discretion is the better part of valour at last.

She DODGES to the side as the hulking creature SWINGS for her, ducking round it and racing straight into the cramped tunnel entrance.

As we push in on the pitch blackness beyond, Heidi's running footsteps and fearful GASPS for breath, echoing out towards us, we cut to:

It's several hours later, and drifting slowly into view through a light mist is a battered old OIL TANKER, its running lights piercing through the gloom.

A small POWERBOAT is humming its way towards the looming hulk of the tanker, sticking close to the wash kicked out by the ship to stay out of sight.

Skye pokes her head up over the edge of the ship, scanning the deck before her.

There's no sign of activity - the tanker looks a long way past its best, with rusting and weather-beaten panels all over. Running lights sweep slowly across deck.

Skye clambers up the rest of the access ladder running down the side of the ship and hops up onto the deck.

Spotting a bulkhead door up ahead, she scampers towards it, sticking to the shadows and keeping her eyes peeled.

Skye takes the handle of the bulkhead and spins it round, pushing it open with a loud CREAK and stepping through:

Skye paces through the dimly-lit corridor, paint peeling from the walls, until she hears VOICES coming from a room up ahead. Skye grins.

SKYE

I'll take 'room full of goons' for  
fifty, Alex...

Skye takes a breath, then steps round a corner and into:

INT. OIL TANKER - ROOM O' GOONS - NEXT

There's half a dozen VAMPIRES sitting round a table, absently playing cards as Skye boldly steps inside.

The vamps freeze, some standing as they turn to face her. Skye raises her hands - she's unarmed.

SKYE

Take me to your leader.  
(beat)  
Please.

The vamps exchange curious glances, before one marches over to her, grabs her and drags her towards a hatch in the rear of the room.

INT. OIL TANKER - CORRIDOR - NEXT

Skye is frogmarched along the corridor, two vamps behind, two in front, before stepping through another hatch into:

INT. OIL TANKER - LABORATORY - NEXT

A surprisingly sterile environment - white walls, meal furnishings, smooth walls. There's lighting underneath the glass floor, and an office at the end above the work spaces.

As Skye is marched through the work spaces, she looks round and sees several more vampires assembling and setting up the stolen lab equipment, adding to the already impressive plethora of machines on display. A clutch of lab-coated SCIENTISTS fuss around the equipment.

Skye is marched towards a tall figure with his back to her, but no prizes for guessing who it is as they turn round.

Roland smiles, holding out his arms to indicate the laboratory set-up around them.

ROLAND

Welcome to the Thunderchild Delta.

SKYE

Very *chic*. Does it come in black?

ROLAND

(dry)  
Nothing really impresses you any  
more, does it, child?



SKYE

I'm eighteen - technically - and no, not really. How'd a low-level vamp like you afford an oil tanker anyway? They having a sale down at the shipyard or something?

ROLAND

It's all a matter of speaking to the right people. And then killing them.

SKYE

Cute. So what's the story here?

ROLAND

This is Delta's largest oil tanker, ready to be decommissioned before my brothers and I liberated it. This way, we can move our laboratories to the resources we need, rather than having to move them through customs.

SKYE

Where's Doctor Rinaldo? You keeping him in the meat locker in case you get hungry later?

ROLAND

(beat; grins)

You've been very good, following all the breadcrumbs I laid out for you.

SKYE

(frowns)

Breadcrumbs?

(catches on)

The e-mails on Rinaldo's hard drive - you planted them! You knew we'd come looking for you... and you knew I'd go after you.

ROLAND

Your fire and determination is what makes you so valuable to me, Skye.

Roland steps forward, looming over her, and Skye finds herself starting to fall into those deep, dark eyes of his.

SKYE

(dizzy)

What... what about... the stolen... equipment?

(CONTINUED)

ROLAND

It's what I need for the next stage  
of our plans, and now that you are  
here, we can complete our work at  
last!

Skye sways a little, the hypnotic effect Roland seems to have  
on her taking hold once again.

SKYE

One... tiny... problem...

ROLAND

And what's that?

Skye manages to GRIN, and we quickly cut to:

Up on the mezzanine balcony overlooking the lab below, two  
vampires stand guard - until Sofia and Braeden BURST into  
frame, DUSTING them both!

Down below, Roland's head snaps up as the two vampires SHRIEK  
their last, and Skye manages to snap out of her trance,  
backing away and shaking her head to clear it.

SKYE

Have you met my backup plan?

Skye draws her SAI DAGGERS from two concealed pockets on her  
back, and as two vampires surge towards her she's ready for  
them - she STABS towards one, impaling his hand against his  
chest, while she spins the other sai round in her hand,  
revealing a sharpened STAKE as its handle, and she JABS that  
into the chest of the second vamp.

As Sofia, Braeden, Greg and Alita make their way down into  
the lab below, fighting off more vamps all the way, Skye sees  
Roland racing away across the room.

SKYE (cont'd)

Hey! We're not done yet!

She takes off after him, but she hasn't got very far before  
she SLAMS into something solid, knocking her off her feet.

Behind her, Sofia LEAPS across a table covered with  
equipment, her SCYTHE swinging as she chops through two more  
vamps.

Alita KICKS a chair into one vamp, spinning him head over  
foot, and her NUNCHUCKS flash out, clobbering another vamp.

Greg pauses as he watches the girls fight, a proud smile  
crossing his face for a moment before he's GRABBED by another  
vamp!

(CONTINUED)

Greg struggles, but the vamp's iron grip is too strong, and he's got nothing left as the vamp rears back to sink its fangs in...

POOF! The vamp DUSTS and there's Braeden, stake in hand.

BRAEDEN

That's one you owe me, chief.

Braeden hops away with a smirk before Greg can respond, but as Greg scans the room his eyes fall on Skye - and his jaw drops in horror!

Skye slowly looks up as a dark shadow looms over her - it's another TUROK HAHN!

The primeval Ubervamp GROWLS, stretching out its mighty arms, and as Skye realises both of her daggers have skittered away from her, she GULPS - and we:

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF ACT THREE**

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

29 INT. CAVERNS - NEXT 29

Heidi is still running at top speed through the caverns, but as she sees an opening up ahead she slows down, cautiously exiting the tunnel to find herself in another chamber, this one with a large PIT in the centre.

She can hear more SHUFFLING sounds, and she grips her sword tightly, still close to freaking out again.

Breathing rapidly, she looks all around for some way out - but doesn't notice another Guntta demon slowly padding out of the tunnel behind her!

Heidi finally turns, spots the demon - and SHRIEKS!

The startled demon rears back up, ROARING in alarm, and as Heidi charges forward, sword in the air, we cut back to:

30 EXT. OIL TANKER - NIGHT 30

The ship cuts through the water at a steady clip, its running lights reflecting on the water.

31 EXT. OIL TANKER DECK - NEXT 31

The light from the wheelhouse barely illuminates the pipes and turrets that rise from the deck.

Suddenly, a ROPE drops into view, then a FIGURE slides down the rope and lands silently on the deck.

A second later, two other figures drop down the rope, followed by a further two. All of the figures are wearing black jumpsuits with balaclavas and night vision goggles.

The first figure waves their hand upwards - and we pan up to show a sleek black HELICOPTER in silent drive pitch to the left and angle away from the oil tanker.

LEAD FIGURE

Let's go.

The first figure indicates a nearby hatch, and all of the figures head towards it, open it and head through.

32 INT. OIL TANKER - LABORATORY - NEXT 32

The combat is still in full swing - Sofia and Braeden are back to back but swamped under a flood of vampires, their weapons whipping left and right to tackle the attacking vamps as best they can.

(CONTINUED)

Sofia pushes away from Braeden, leaving him to tackle two vamps as she runs over to a long table covered with lab equipment.

Three vamps follow her, but as they close in she spins round to face them, grinning as she readies her Scythe.

SOFIA

Divide and conquer, boys!

CHOP! One vamp DUSTS as she lops its head off, but as Sofia steps forward to tackle the next two, she hears:

ALITA (O.S.)

Look out!!

Sofia looks up - and DUCKS as Alita FLIES into frame, hitting the table hard and CRASHING through the equipment, sliding across its surface and dropping off the other side.

Sofia turns round - the two vamps are just as startled as she is - but before Sofia can move again, Alita bounds up and over the table, LEAPING through the air!

WHACK! She lands feet first in the chest of one vamp, knocking him back into another.

SOFIA

Are you alright?

Alita's too breathless to answer, so she just manages a nod before launching herself at the next vamp.

Alita YELLS as she KICKS it to the floor, scooping up her discarded nunchucks and STAKING the recovering vamp.

She looks up - and her eyes widen as she sees that the Turok Hahn has a bloody Skye by the throat, holding her up in the air as she tries to prise its claws away.

The Ubervamp GRINS, enjoying the moment - then lashes one hand out, grabbing Skye's left arm and SNAPPING the bone!

Skye HOWLS in pain, and the Ubervamp quickly spins her round and SLAMS her down onto a metal examination bed.

With the Turok Hahn holding her down despite her frantic struggles, Skye is quickly strapped to the examination bed at the wrists and at the ankles!

A group of scientists surrounding her, prepping various items of lab equipment and casting nervous glances round at the mayhem surrounding them.

Skye glares defiantly up at the Ubervamp, battling through the pain in her arm.

(CONTINUED)

SKYE  
(off Ubervamp)  
Alright, fugly, that is it!

Skye gets a foot up, KICKING the Turok Hahn across the jaw - but as the Ubervamp slowly turns back to her, all she gets is a powerful SLAP for her efforts.

Stunned, Skye is quickly strapped into place, and by the time she's come round, the first scientist is already plunging a SYRINGE into her arm!

SKYE (cont'd)  
What the- hey!!

Skye tugs at the restraints, but she can't stop the scientist extracting a sample of her blood, and he scurries away.

SKYE (cont'd)  
You guys'd better hope to hell your insurance is all paid off, 'cause the second I get outta here-

POW! The Ubervamp PUNCHES her in the gut, but this just makes Skye even madder.

Gritting her teeth, Skye tugs at one of the wrist restraints with all of her strength, until it finally SNAPS!

With her free hand, she quickly undoes the other strap, KICKING the Turok Hahn and pushing it away.

One of the scientists grabs a TASER and turns on her - but she grabs his wrist, TWISTS it round and ZAPS him with his own taser!

As he convulses and drops to the floor, Skye swings her leg out and into the face of another scientist, who drops to the floor.

Another picks up a bone saw and approaches her, but she VAULTS over the bed, grabs a scalpel and TOSSES it in his direction.

He SCREAMS - it's hit him directly in the eye! Skye grimaces as the man staggers backwards.

SKYE (cont'd)  
Okay, attempted vivisection aside... I'm sorry, man.

The Turok Hahn SHOVES the ailing scientists out of the way, advancing on Skye and GROWLING in anticipation.

SKYE (cont'd)  
Oh, you're still here, huh?

(CONTINUED)

Skye glances round, scoops up a tray from beside the bed with her good hand and THROWS it straight at the Ubervamp.

It slices through the air and CUTS ACROSS the Ubervamp's cheek, slowing it down just long enough for Skye to FLIP forwards, crashing both feet first into its chest.

The vamp stumbles backwards and Skye presses her advantage, launching into a flurry of KICKS and PUNCHES, keeping the vamp moving back until it reaches the end of the platform!

It drops out of sight with a last ROAR - and as it hits the deck below with a THUD, Skye peers over the edge.

The Ubervamp's landed neck first on a jagged piece of gantry, and as Skye watches the vamp's weight finally pushes it down, slicing clean through its neck!

Skye allows herself a grin despite her bloody and battered features as the Ubervamp DISINTEGRATES.

SKYE (cont'd)

Yeah, I heard you things were a  
bunch of wusses in the end...

Skye staggers, almost passing out as Alita finally reaches her, steadying her.

ALITA

Skye! You're hurt.  
(off her arm)  
We need to get you out of here.

SKYE

(shakes head)  
No... no, not yet. We need to find  
Roland, we can't let him get away  
again!

ALITA

We will find him, you must rest!  
You're badly injured, you might be-

SKYE

(angrily)  
I'm fine, damn it!

Skye SHOVES Alita away, grabbing one of her wayward sai daggers from the floor and racing off in the direction she saw Roland escaping. Alita is quick to follow, into:

Skye stalks down the corridor - fuming. Alita is running to catch up as Skye reaches another bulkhead door, throwing it open and stepping out onto:

34

EXT. OIL TANKER - AFT DECK - NEXT

34

Roland is clambering into a boat hanging over the side of the tanker, ready to be winched down to safety.

SKYE

Goin' somewhere?

Roland looks up and grins as Skye stalks towards him. Alita appears in the bulkhead doorway behind her.

SKYE (cont'd)

You son of a bitch. You really think I'd let you get away with this again?

ROLAND

(laughs)

Don't you see? I already have.

He holds something up - it's a phial of Skye's BLOOD.

ROLAND (cont'd)

Now I have everything I need.

SKYE

You'll pay for what you're doing.

ROLAND

And what do you think it is I'm doing?

Roland lets Skye approach - he's clearly not worried about her. He hasn't yet noticed Alita, however.

SKYE

Far as I can tell, you're screwing with the genetics of vampires. You know I'm different, that's why you need me. You want to find out how to make more like me, don't you? Walking on sunshine and all that crap?

ROLAND

All I'm doing is giving our evolution a helping hand, Skye.

SKYE

It's not 'evolution' if you're just playing God! It's not right!

ROLAND

But if your own Watchers do it, then does that make it right?

(CONTINUED)



SKYE

(beat)

I didn't say that.

Skye raises one sai, her broken arm still hanging by her side, aiming the dagger at Roland.

SKYE (cont'd)

Step out of the boat and I won't put this through your eye. And trust me when I say I seem to be pretty good at hitting the spot today.

Roland pauses, then slowly steps out of the boat, his grin never leaving his face. He spreads his arms out.

ROLAND

Very well. Do with me as you wish, child.

Skye seems to hesitate - can it really be this easy? - and we cut back into:

With fires now raging out of control all around them and the ship's alarms still BLARING, it's still battle stations for Sofia, Braeden and Greg - they've cut the number of vamps down, but they're still heavily outnumbered.

They're all showing signs of wear - cuts, wounds and scratches all over - as Sofia looks quickly round the lab.

SOFIA

Where the hell are Skye and Alita?

BRAEDEN

I think we'll have to worry about them later, love!

GREG

Stay close together! Don't let them get behind us!

The team go back-to-back, encircled by slowly advancing vampires.

BRAEDEN

Just in case we don't make it out of here-

SOFIA

(quickly)

Don't say that. Don't ever say that.

BRAEDEN

No, I mean it. Greg, mate... you're not that bad.

GREG

I'll remember you said that when we're on the plane home.

The vamps are ready to pounce, and the trio tense up...

... and the room is filled with GUNFIRE! The vamps are peppered with bullets as the black-suited figures from earlier finally pour into the lab, and Sofia and Braeden take advantage of the distraction to leap into the attack.

The lead figure gets to Greg, reaching up and removing their balaclava - and it's Ellen!

GREG (cont'd)

What are you doing here?

ELLEN

You're welcome. We need to move it, this thing's gonna go up any second if those fires get any worse!

Something EXPLODES off screen as Ellen's team continue SHOOTING at the vamps, and Ellen bites her lip.

GREG

You were saying?

ELLEN

Come on, wiseass, you can sass me later.

Sofia and Braeden are back in the zone, chopping vamps down left and right until DUNSTALL dodges into frame, grabbing Sofia by the arm.

DUNSTALL

We have to get out of here, now!

SOFIA

We can't! Not without Skye and Alita!

DUNSTALL

I'll find them! Go!

Sofia looks to Braeden, who nods, and as the duo head back for the exit, Dunstall spots the only way Skye could have gone - a corridor leading out of the lab.

He runs forward, pausing to draw a STAKE from his belt and RAM it into the chest of a floored vamp as we cut to:

36

EXT. OIL TANKER - AFT DECK - NEXT

36

Hands raised, Roland watches Skye carefully as she paces up to him.

ROLAND

Don't you want to know why?

SKYE

(shrugs)

Because you're evil. That usually covers it. What I can't figure out is why you took a shot of my blood now - what was wrong with when you captured me last term?

ROLAND

You weren't ready then.

Skye cocks her head to one side, puzzled - and Dunstall appears at the bulkhead door behind her!

DUNSTALL

Skye, get down!

She pins round, seeing Dunstall raising his gun to fire.

SKYE

No! Wai-

Dunstall OPENS FIRE, but the second's distraction was all Roland needed.

He PUSHES Skye to one side, deftly dodging to the side as Dunstall continues to shoot - but he doesn't count on Alita bursting out of the shadows!

SKYE (cont'd)

(to Dunstall)

Hold your fire, damn it! That's Alita you're shooting at!

Dunstall eases off as Alita lays into Roland, driving him back towards the edge of the deck with a blur of HIGH KICKS, but even as Skye recovers and starts to run back in, Roland GRABS Alita by the throat.

SKYE (cont'd)

Let her go!

Roland turns to her and grins - then HURLS Alita off the edge of the boat!

SKYE (cont'd)

(horrified)

No!!

(CONTINUED)

Skye runs forward, straight past Roland, and DIVES over the edge of the deck!

Dunstall hesitates for a moment in surprise, but when he gets his gun back up, Roland is already back in his boat, and he punches a button to activate the winches, dropping him and the boat out of sight in an instant.

Dunstall runs to the edge of the deck and looks down towards the black waters below, calling out:

DUNSTALL

Skye! Alita!

In the waters, there's no sign of either of the girls, and Dunstall's shouts echo down to them...

... before Skye BURSTS up out of the water, her arm around a dazed Alita.

SKYE

You okay?

ALITA

I... yes... I think so...

SKYE

One advantage of not having to breathe - I'm a kick ass swimmer.

Skye treads water, making sure she keeps Alita's head up.

SKYE (cont'd)

Uh, Allie?

ALITA

Yes?

SKYE

Can you swim by yourself? I'm kinda resting you on my broken arm here...

Alita quickly pushes away, and Skye grimaces as her weight lifts off her bad arm.

SKYE (cont'd)

Thanks...

The two girls tread water for a moment, and we cut to:

The remaining Guntta demon drops to the floor as a precisely placed SWORD impales itself between its eyes.

(CONTINUED)

Heidi is splattered with yellow blood, as is the floor, and she staggers back, exhausted - this was a tough fight.

She takes a deep breath, reclines - then hears a soft GURGLING sound.

HEIDI  
(frowns)  
What the...

BRYCE (O.S.)  
Heidi? Heidi! Are you down there?

She looks up - there's a hole up in the ceiling.

HEIDI  
Here! I'm here!

Bryce's head appears in the hole, and moments later a ROPE drops into view.

BRYCE  
Stay there, we're coming down.

Heidi steps back as Bryce and Anna climb down the rope. Bryce drops to the ground, his eyes falling on the dead demon. He hurries over to it as Anna joins Heidi.

HEIDI  
Well you people took your sweet damn time getting me out of here! Look at the state of me! I've had demons, slime, demon slime, even-

BRYCE  
(softly)  
What the hell did you do?

Heidi and Anna glance at each other, confused.

HEIDI  
What do you mean?

BRYCE  
I told you to stay put. I said 'don't move, we're coming to you,' but you didn't listen to a bloody word I said, and now... you've killed two of the demons! The parents!

HEIDI  
But they were - it looked like they were going to attack me! I had no choice but to-

BRYCE  
(re: the gurgling sound)  
You hear that?

HEIDI  
(blinks)  
An underground river?

BRYCE  
Follow me.

Bryce clambers over the body of the demon and round a rock, and Heidi and Anna follow.

They come across a grass NEST, lined with the furs of smaller animals. Inside the nest are four EGGS covered in a slimy substance, as well as two rabbit sized Guntta demons - BABIES!

Heidi's eyes go wide as she finally cottons on.

HEIDI  
Oh, no...

BRYCE  
I thought you paid attention in the briefing? I even gave you all notes on the demons to go over!  
(beat)  
"Docile except when agitated, even when a Guntta is surprised, if you don't show any intent of threat, the demon is likely to leave well enough alone and concentrate on protecting its nest."  
(shakes head)  
This is going in my report. You've screwed up big time here, Heidi.

Heidi's realising the seriousness of the situation and, for once, she's got no witty, bitchy rejoinder to come back with.

Bryce walks back over to the rope, calling up to Erika, visible up at the hole in the ceiling.

BRYCE (cont'd)  
Erika, get in touch with the Academy. We're going to need that demon extraction team - and a neo-natal unit.

ERIKA  
Understood.

Bryce looks back at Heidi disapprovingly, and she hangs her head in shame as we DISSOLVE TO:

38 EXT. KIRA BROGAN ACADEMY - DAY

38

As ominous as ever - the spires of the castle rise into the afternoon sky as dark clouds billow pendulously over the horizon.

RACHEL (V.O.)  
So, will you?

39 INT. CASTLE - CORRIDOR - NEXT

39

Rachel and Delaney are walking down the corridor, side by side.

DELANEY  
I told you before. I won't. I can't help do what you're asking.

RACHEL  
No - not with breaking out. I've got something else in mind.

DELANEY  
What?

RACHEL  
When I suggested breaking out, it was so we could get Dana the help she needed. Now... I have another idea.

DELANEY  
C'mon, Rachel, enough with the dramatic pauses.

RACHEL  
(beat)  
What we need to do is find the man who abused Dana when she was little - and have her kill him.

DELANEY  
(eyes her)  
Is that really going to help?

RACHEL  
It's supreme retribution.

DELANEY  
Big words.

RACHEL  
Look, it has to be worth a try. It's the one part of her life she's never been able to get any kind of closure for.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

RACHEL (cont'd)

If we help her find him and end it, finally finish what he started when he put her through everything all those years ago, then what's the worst that could happen? She turns into a raving, delusional psychopath? Hello! She already is one!

DELANEY

Why do you care about her so much?

RACHEL

(beat)

Let's just say I understand what it feels like to be mentally and physically tortured by someone.

DELANEY

(confused)

You - what?

RACHEL

It's a long story, and I'll tell you one day, but all you should be thinking about is helping out Dana. She's our friend.

DELANEY

'Friend'? Isn't that pushing the definition of the word a little?

RACHEL

Maybe - but c'mon, have some heart.

DELANEY

I don't have a heart.

RACHEL

(rolls eyes)

Compassion, then. Have compassion. What would you want if it were you in her place?

DELANEY

I'd want to be left the hell alone.

Rachel fixes Delaney with a pleading stare, and it only takes a few moments for Delaney to cave. She sighs, nodding.

DELANEY (cont'd)

We'd need to get into the security files and find out who abused her, then track him down, and then figure out how we get Dana to wherever he is. It's not gonna be easy. You do know that, don't you?

(CONTINUED)



RACHEL

I know - but it'll be worth it.

Delaney raises an eyebrow, and we cut over to:

INT. CAMPUS - DORMS CORRIDOR - NIGHT

The weary Slayers trudge back towards their rooms. Skye's team are up first, Skye's broken arm in a sling, while Heidi's team follow behind, Heidi with her head down.

SKYE

First thing I'm gonna do is sleep  
for about a week. Maybe two weeks.

BRAEDEN

First thing I'm going to do is take  
a shower. See you in the morning,  
ladies.

He veers off towards his own room. Sofia's eyes follow him for a beat, and as the girls carry on, we DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CAMPUS - BRAEDEN'S ROOM - LATER

Braeden is in the shower, the door to the little en suite bathroom slightly open as STEAM filters out.

The door CREAKS open slightly - it's Erika. She raps her knuckles lightly on the door.

ERIKA

Braeden? Are you in here? Sofia had  
a message to pass to you. Braeden?

There's no reply, so she ventures further inside. She hears the shower, her head tilting towards the bathroom. Erika grins and nods, turning back to the door - when she pauses.

Her head turns slowly towards Braeden's bed, and with a glance over her shoulder towards the bathroom, Erika paces over to the bed.

She gets down on her knees, reaching her hand out under the bed - and she drags out a small, locked CHEST.

Erika runs her hands over it, frowning as though sensing something about it. Her hands reach the lock, when:

BRAEDEN (O.S.)

It's just some stuff from back home  
in Oz.

Erika quickly stands, caught red handed.

ERIKA

My apologies. I thought... I believed I heard something moving around in here. I was afraid we may have another insect problem.

Braeden eyes her as he nudges the chest back under the bed.

BRAEDEN

No bugs in here, Erika. Nothing except me and you.

Braeden pauses - then smirks cheekily and DROPS his towel! Erika doesn't react, not surprisingly. Satisfied, Braeden wraps his towel back round himself and steps to the door.

BRAEDEN (cont'd)

So...

ERIKA

Yes. Good night, Braeden.

Braeden watches her go, then closes and locks the door. He pauses for thought, then heads over to the bed.

Braeden kneels down, pulling the locked crate out from under the bed. Grabbing a set of keys from his bedside table, he quickly unlocks the box and throws open the lid...

... to reveal his SCYTHE, still GLOWING with faint white light, and as Braeden glances back towards the door, looking concerned about something, we:

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF SHOW**