

SLAYER ACADEMY

"Restless Native"

by
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&

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TEASER

FADE IN:

1

INT. THEATRE - DAY

1

PUSH IN on the stage of the an old Theatre, closed for the afternoon, and hold on the painted scenery of some sunset.

TITLE OVER: Vermont, New England

Then a BODY FLIES INTO VIEW and hits the wood of the floor of the stage!

As the dust settles, the body starts moving and we reveal that it's a SLAYER, with dark hair, her face cut up, bruised and bloody, looking as though she's been in one hell of a fight.

She stands to her feet and grabs her weapon, a BO STAFF with a blade at one end.

Her eyes fall on the theatre doors, her shaking hands trying to keep her weapon steady.

She's waiting for several long, agonisingly quiet beats before:

SLAM! The doors BURSTS open and we see:

BRAEDEN, CASSANDRA, DEX and SOFIA entering the Theatre! Braeden smirks as he sees the Slayer.

BRAEDEN
(to Slayer)
Found you.

The Slayer grits her teeth, keeping her weapon held as Braeden paces casually towards her.

BRAEDEN (cont'd)
Ah, don't worry yourself. I'm beat,
same as my gang here, and I think
it works out best for all concerned
if we just, you know...

He draws a finger across his throat, and the Slayer GULPS nervously.

BRAEDEN (cont'd)
But, in the spirit of fair game and
all that, I've got a proposal for
you.

Braeden draws a thin DAGGER from his belt, twirling round it in his fingers.

(CONTINUED)

BRAEDEN (cont'd)
See that door over there?

The Slayer's eyes flick round - there's a back door, leading out onto the street, across on the far side of the stage.

BRAEDEN (cont'd)
You make it to that without me hitting you with this, and you can go.

CASSANDRA
(scoffs)
Of course we will.
(off his look)
Just let her go, after all this?

SOFIA
Let him do it.

Braeden nods to Sofia, adding a WINK for good measure.

BRAEDEN
Thank you, sweetheart.

He turns back to the Slayer, extending his hands - it's her call now.

She hesitates, eyes flicking back and forth towards the exit. Braeden WHISTLES tunelessly, playing up his wait.

SLAYER
Alright.

BRAEDEN
Groovy. Alright. You ready? After thr-

And the Slayer BOLTS, running for her life!

BRAEDEN (cont'd)
Tch. They never listen.

He takes careful aim as the Slayer streaks across the stage - and then THROWS.

It lands in the girl's calf, and she SCREAMS as she drops down, rolling to a heap on the floor.

BRAEDEN (cont'd)
Zing!
(to others)
That's what the Yanks say, isn't it? Something like that?

The Cabal team LEAPS up onto the stage and it's then that we realise there's another FIGURE with them, hanging back in the shadows.

BRAEDEN (cont'd)
It's a shame, really. I was all for letting you go if you actually made it, but there you go.

Braeden reaches behind his back for something - and reveals the DARK SCYTHE in all its glory.

BRAEDEN (cont'd)
So... any last words?

SLAYER
(mutters)
Wrong leg.

And with that, she SWINGS her sword and it connects with the Scythe, as she catches Braeden off-guard. He stumbles, and that gives her time to scramble to her feet.

SLAYER (cont'd)
I had that nerve cluster removed two weeks ago. Your intelligence was wrong.

The Slayer LEAPS to one side neatly CARTWHEELS back away from them, covering the distance to the door in moments!

Braeden and the team stand motionless for a beat, before Cassandra sticks two fingers in her mouth and WHISTLES.

There's a sudden explosion of movement behind her, as the hidden figure bursts onto the stage in a blur!

The new arrival drops to all fours, GROWLING like an animal - and the Slayer's wide, terrified eyes say the rest.

It's DANA, every muscle taut like a hunting dog, her wild eyes locked on the shivering Slayer.

CASSANDRA
Be a good girl for mummy. Go fetch.

Dana's lip curls back in a SNARL, and as she takes a BOUNDING step forward, the Slayer SHRIEKS, turning and running!

The Slayer turns and sees a LADDER, leading up into the lights of the stage. She CLAMBERS quickly up the ladder, desperately trying to find some way out, with Dana on her heels.

2

INT. THEATRE - UPPER LEVEL - CONTINUOUS

2

The Slayer moves along a metal bar, with the lights strapped to the underside.

Dana leaps up and lands right beside her, startling the Slayer and causing her to scrabble for grip on the handrail.

Dana starts throwing wild punches as the Slayer tries to duck. One hits the Slayer's shoulder and she is thrown off her balance, nearly PLUMMETING to the ground.

However, she manages to hold on, using her sword as a sort of pivot, SWINGING herself back up and CONNECTING her fist with Dana's jaw.

Dana YELLS and then throws two PUNCHES which knock the sword out of the Slayer's hands.

The Slayer watches as the sword SLAMS into the wooden flooring and stays there, upright.

She then LAUNCHES a high-kick at Dana, who ducks and CRACKS the Slayer across the jaw, with a vicious RIGHT HOOK.

The Slayer stumbles and then SCISSOR-KICKS Dana in the face, who slips off the pole.

She dangles with one hand and as the Slayer prepares to slam her foot down on Dana's outstretched hand, Dana LEAPS to the red curtains at one side.

The Slayer goggles as Dana stays there for a moment, hanging from one hand.

DANA

Kill the girl! Stop them... stop them all!

Dana starts SLAPPING herself across the cheek.

DANA (cont'd)

Black won't come out 'till it stops! Can't say sorry enough for what she did...

Dana LAUNCHES herself and grabs the metal bar, her leg SMASHING against one of the glass lights, sending shards all over the stage.

Dana FLIPS around the bar, like a gymnast and then swings herself onto the bar.

The Slayer YELLS and throws a left hook, but Dana catches it before SMACKING the Slayer across the face like a rag doll

(CONTINUED)

The Slayer then responds by HEADBUTTING Dana, who in turn PUNCHES the Slayer hard in the stomach.

She and the Slayer trade punches for a few blows, dodging them easily, until Dana LAUNCHES a low leg at the Slayer who JUMPS to avoid it.

In SLOW MOTION, we see Dana JUMP up and then SPINS, performing a perfect karate ROUNDHOUSE KICK. The Slayer SCREAMS as she falls backwards.

Her fingers try to clutch at the curtains, as Dana did before, but she can't and then we RESUME as the Slayer falls onto the wooden floor and we hear a CRUNCH.

Dana looks down and then LEAPS DOWN onto the stage:

Dana rolls into the fall, and she crouches, sniffing at the Slayer's twisted body. She's DEAD.

Braeden steps into frame, crouching over the dead girl and studying her.

And then he takes out a FLICK KNIFE and lifts up her left arm, poised to cut something into her skin.

SOFIA
(blanches)
Do you have to keep doing that?

BRAEDEN
I'm leaving my mark.

He digs the blade in, and Sofia is the only one to turn away as Braeden sculpts two NUMBERS into the Slayer's forearm.

BRAEDEN (cont'd)
And...
(drops arm)
... done.

Braeden stands, moves towards Dana and touches her hair briefly.

BRAEDEN (cont'd)
C'mon, honey.

At this, Dana moves towards Braeden - and then ATTACKS him with a SNARL! However, he pulls a black, metallic box from his pocket and then flicks a red SWITCH.

BRAEDEN (cont'd)
Bad dog!

CONTINUED:

Dana WRITHES in AGONY, as BLUE-VIOLET electricity courses through her body.

After a beat, Braeden flicks the switch off again, as Dana lies, unconscious.

Dex scoops up Dana and Sofia gives Braeden a quick, hot KISS as they turn to leave.

SOFIA

Exit, stage right. Let's go and
find ourselves something to eat.
All this running around really
builds up a girl's appetite!

As they leave, the dead Slayer in their wake, we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

4 EXT. ACADEMY - TRACK - DAY 4

Over two kilometers of paved ground in a large oval, the sun shining down across the other track and field sections marked round the grounds.

Someone is jogging down the track, breath frosting in the crisp air. PUSH IN to reveal our lone athlete is:

TSULA NIMEDA. The young First Nations Slayer is jogging at a fast pace, but she isn't sprinting.

She runs towards the camera, and as she passes, we CUT TO:

5 EXT. ONYOTA'A:KA RESERVE - DAY - FLASHBACK 5

A modest First Nations reserve, south of London, Ontario. A long house is the main attraction here, surrounded by houses and streets; the reserve looks much like a small town.

6 EXT. ONYOTA'A:KA RESERVE - FIELD - DAY 6

TITLE OVER: Spring, 2003

Down to a large FIELD, just outside the perimeter of the reserve. A young girl, no more than thirteen, is running laps around the field.

PUSH IN - it's a younger TSULA, jogging, but not running. Around her neck, we notice a PENDANT, reminiscent of a dreamcatcher and the image Tsula drew on the ground in 2x19, with turquoise studded around it.

She continues running, rounding one of the corners of the field, nearly TRIPPING.

There's a quick FLASH, just enough to be seen of some CREATURE.

Tsula stumbles, but stays on her feet. She looks down to see a discarded glass BOTTLE that she stepped on.

Tsula looks down at the bottle, a mix of weariness and disgust. She takes a DEEP BREATH and then she KICKS the bottle as far as she can...

... and wow, does it go far! Clearing trees, soaring over open land... it disappears from sight before it hits the ground.

Tsula looks on, surprised at her own strength. She squints, trying to see where the bottle went, but can't see anything, it's gone that far.

(CONTINUED)

She shakes her head, forgetting the strange incident already, and continues her run.

EXT. ACADEMY - TRACK - NEXT

Back in the present, Tsula has broken into an all-out run, racing along the track at an impressive speed.

She slows down, coming to an abrupt stop near the bleachers, pausing to catch her breath.

We pull back to see two other SLAYERS sitting on the bleachers, talking and watching Tsula as she continues her exercise - FRAN and JENNIFER, a short, curvy, Dutch girl.

Tsula doesn't even notice the pair of Slayers, as she's deeply in her running, until:

JENNIFER

Hey! Tsula!

Tsula SPINS around, surprised to see the other Slayers. Looks like she was deep in her own little world.

JENNIFER (cont'd)

I forgot to say, good luck!

Tsula quirks a curious eyebrow at Jennifer, who continues:

JENNIFER (cont'd)

Y'know, at Sennybridge? Tomorrow?
Ringing any bells?

Tsula NODS, the penny having dropped.

TSULA

Thank you very much. I will try to
do my best.

FRAN

We'll buy you a celebratory round
at Hard Rock afterwards. Muffins
and all.

TSULA

(pointed)
If I pass.

FRAN

Yeah, if you pass.

JENNIFER

(scolds)
Fran! Of course she will!

(CONTINUED)

FRAN

Especially as not passing kind of
means, you know... death.

(off looks)

Which won't happen.

Tsula gives the pair a WARM SMILE - the idea of Hard Rock may not be what she wants, but the genuineness of the gesture cheers her up.

TSULA

Thank you. I'd like to say I'm
looking forward to it, but...

FRAN

Yeah. 'Nuff said.

The two Slayers go back to their conversation, as Tsula steadies herself and then continues her run.

Her face full of determination, she speeds up slightly and as she rounds a bend, she RUNS into CAMERA and we DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CAMPUS - DORMS - MORNING

Tsula is packing for Sennybridge, putting clothes into an oversized duffle bag.

REIKO, her hair dyed a forest green, watches her along with JUANITA, as Tsula calmly packs a pair of jeans into the bag.

JUANITA

(beat)

How long is this little escapade
again?

REIKO

Not long. Just a weekend and a bit,
mine was.

(re: clothes, to Tsula)

I don't think you'll need too many
clothes, honey. Oh, and don't take
anything new, 'cause I got covered
in...

Reiko's comment fades away as both Slayers notice Tsula hasn't responded.

REIKO (cont'd)

Um, Tsula? Tsula...

(beat; louder)

Tsula!

Tsula JERKS, sending the duffle bag FLYING with Slayer strength and reflexes!

(CONTINUED)

Juanita is able to GRAB the bag before it hits Reiko, lowering it as Tsula blinks in surprise.

JUANITA
Distracted much?

TSULA
I'm sorry, I...

Juanita pulls a tank top out of the bag and holds it out.

JUANITA
Hey, is this one of mine?

REIKO
A little of piece of advice; try
not to zone out. The Wicked Witch
of the Welsh will eat you for
breakfast, I swear to God.

TSULA
I'll try not to.

JUANITA
She sounds pretty scary -

TSULA
(quickly)
I'm not scared.

Tsula looks at the pair of them. Reiko and Juanita swap a sly glance.

REIKO
We know.

TSULA
(beat)
Good.

Tsula finishes packing her duffel bag. She pulls it shut and places it on the floor near Reiko's bed.

Tsula looks up to realise both girls are staring at her, and she realises how quiet she's being.

TSULA (cont'd)
I'm sorry. I'm...

REIKO
'Distracted'?
(smiles)
Don't worry, even heroes have off
days.

Tsula SMILES and flops down on the bed next to them.

(CONTINUED)

JUANITA

So, is it true you have to take
your Cruciamentum when you get
there?

Reiko shakes her head apologetically.

REIKO

Sorry, ladies, no can do. I've been
made to sign the Secrets thing they
have here.

(beat)

What is it with the British and
secrets?

JUANITA

(shrugs)

Don't look at me, the British are a
whole new species to me.

REIKO

(re: Sennybridge)

What I can tell you, is that
there's a hell of a lot of work to
do in a little amount of time. So,
basically; do not screw up.

Tsula is barely noticing, her gaze and attention on something
else. We focus on her, while the other two Slayers chat.

REIKO (O.S.) (cont'd)

I mean, I don't know if they'll put
you two through the same things
that me and Allie had to. Still,
considering the fact the place is
like a glorified concentration
camp, I bet it'll still be tough.
They probably change it to stop us
telling you what to be ready for.

(beat)

You know they wouldn't let us have
breakfast if we didn't finish this
course thing?

JUANITA (O.S.)

(skeptical)

I don't think they'd let you
starve.

REIKO (O.S.)

Trust me, Zorette, they would.

JUANITA (O.S.)

Did you fail?

(CONTINUED)

REIKO (O.S.)
Technically... no, but...
(beat; changes subject)
Hey! I know what we could do! How
about after you guys are done with
your tests, we go into town!
Y'know, have some cookie dough,
maybe see a film, go shopping...
(squeals)
Oh, there is such a hot shirt I've
seen. But I need to check my money,
because I'll need to get my hair
done...

JUANITA (O.S.)
Reiko, you just dyed your hair.

ERIKA (O.S.)
Hello?

All three girls spin around to see ERIKA, her customary
shades in place, standing in the doorway.

JUANITA
Oh, hey.

REIKO
(cheerful)
Hi!

ERIKA
Tsula, are you ready?

Tsula moves to pick up her bag and then stops dead.

TSULA
How did you--?

ERIKA
(deadpan)
I can smell you.
(beat; smiles)
Skye told me you would be here. Are
you ready?

Tsula takes a deep BREATH.

TSULA
As I'll ever be.

ERIKA
(nods)
Good. Then follow me.

Erika turns and exits, Tsula quick on her heels. Reiko turns
to face Juanita.

(CONTINUED)

REIKO

Is it just me, or are you getting a
major Zatoichi vibe off her?

JUANITA

(beat)

It's just you.

Reiko rolls her eyes and POPS her gum, as we CUT TO:

Erika and Tsula are walking side-by-side in the mostly empty
corridor. The few students WHISPER as the two girls walk
past. Seems like Sennybridge has become part of a legend
here.

ERIKA

Tsula Nimeda...

TSULA

Yes?

ERIKA

Nothing. Just... it is an
interesting name.

(beat)

What does it mean?

TSULA

(smiles)

"Tsula" is our name for 'Fox' and
"Nimeda" means 'Dancing.' It's my
family name.

ERIKA

(smiles)

You are the Dancing Fox?

TSULA

Erm... no, it's just a name. No
significance.

ERIKA

It is a very nice name.

Tsula nods, but she doesn't look exactly comfortable. Erika
seems to sense this and turns to her, shades still in place.

ERIKA (cont'd)

I apologize. It is not my place to
pry.

Tsula shakes her head, shaking this off.

TSULA

No, it's fine.

ERIKA

It's just that we seem to know very little about you. You're a sort of... enigma of sorts.

TSULA

Okay then, seeing as we're going to spend the next few days together, what would you like to know, Erika Nemerov?

ERIKA

(beat)

When did you know you were a Slayer?

TSULA

It... it wasn't an immediate thing.

Off her face, we DISSOLVE TO:

10

EXT. ONYOTA'A:KA RESERVE - COURT - NOON - FLASHBACK

10

As we PUSH IN from an aerial shot, we see a group of boys, about fifteen years old, surrounding something. As the group opens, we see a younger Tsula, holding a BASKETBALL in her hands.

BOY #1

You sure you can handle us, Little Fox?

TSULA

(smirks)

Ah, look, everyone! Achai finally learned how to look translations up on the internet.

Boy #1 BLUSHES and he SNATCHES the ball from her, as the guys rapidly spread out. Looks like Tsula's taking the guys on eight-to-one.

Boy #1 grins and holds the ball over his head as Tsula tries to reach it. She ELBOWS him, not hard and grabs the ball.

Three boys head towards her, but she ducks as two guys LEAP towards her, and SMACK into each other. She weaves easily past the other boy and heads towards the opposite goal.

She DRIBBLES past one guy and JUMPS towards the goal, THROWING the ball as hard as she can.

(CONTINUED)

The ball hits the backboard and then CIRCLES the metal hoop before dropping into the basket.

TSULA (cont'd)
(victorious)
Three points!

BOY #1
Two.

TSULA
That line right there which I'm
standing behind says it was worth
three.

Boy #1 sizes Tsula up and she seems to stand taller.

BOY #1
Fine, two.

He suddenly leans to grab the ball, but Tsula spins and bends at the waist, so his hands brush only air.

TSULA
Nice try...

And she's off again, SPINNING around and dodging the opposition.

One guy grabs her around the waist, and she uses one arm, and FLIPS him over, so he lands on his ass on the dark tarmac of the court.

She JUMPS towards the goal, and THROWS the ball, YELLING with a primal yell!

The ball SLAMS into the glass backboard and SHATTERS UNDER THE FORCE! The ball drops down nonchalantly into the basket and Tsula looks, part amazed and part guilty.

TSULA (cont'd)
Um... let's forget that one.

MAN (O.S.)
Tsula!

Our Native Canadian turns to see a man, aged in his early forties, sort of handsome and wearing clothes in the same conditions. This is Tsula's father, AJACOPA NIMEDA.

AJACOPA
Tsula! Come here, please.

TSULA
(to boys)
Bye-bye, boys.

(CONTINUED)

However, the guys begin following her to where her father stands - they want to see the fireworks.

AJACOPA

(re: glass)

I'm going to guess that was you.

TSULA

(meek)

Sorry. I didn't know what happened.

It just -

AJACOPA

(interrupts)

It doesn't matter. We need to go now.

TSULA

What is it, Father?

AJACOPA

Aucapoma wishes to see you.

Immediately.

The guys stop talking - something serious has just been said.

TSULA

(confused)

But - why me? Am I in trouble?

AJACOPA

(quickly)

No, no. Nothing like that.

(beat)

He says it is of major importance.

Come.

Tsula turns to her friends, and then gives Boy #1 a one-armed HUG.

TSULA

I'll see you later, Achai.

ACHAI and the other guys nod and as Tsula leaves with her father, we CUT TO:

Tsula and Erika are standing on the steps in front of the Academy, in all its glory.

SKYE and BARBARA are waiting with them; Skye with an iPod headphone plugged in and chewing on a Mars Bar, while Barbara looks both enthusiastic and a little bit nervous at the same time.

SKYE

Check they have net access, please?
I think I'll kill myself if I go a
weekend without man-porn.

(re: looks)

What? A girl has needs! Even an
incredibly hot Slayer-Vampire has
needs. Just... slightly freakier
ones than -

BARBARA

(cutting Skye off)

So! Are you girls ready for Wales?

TSULA

From what Reiko has told me, it's
going to be tough, but don't worry -
she kept your promise not to tell.

SKYE

Yeah, and don't let this one give
you any stick, either.

(to Erika)

You sure you'll be okay?

ERIKA

I will be fine, Skye.

SKYE

Hey, I'm concerned. My best
friend's going to a place that
sounds like every internment camp
in one.

(checks watch; to Barbara)

This is why I should be the driver
for the minibus. I wouldn't be
late, for a start.

ERIKA

(smiles)

No doubt the bus will make a
'detour' somewhere not expected.

SKYE

(shrugs)

Makes it more fun.

(to Tsula)

Right, Pocahontas. Take care of her
for me. I want her back in at least
one piece.

TSULA

I will.

The MINIBUS appears around a turn of the Academy drive.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: (2)

11

BARBARA

(to Skye)

See, I told you the bus would be here.

SKYE

Fine, fine.

(to Erika and Tsula)

Right you two, no hanky-panky, or any pankyng with anyone's hanky...

TSULA

Okay...

Skye HUGS both Erika and Tsula WARMLY as they step onto the bus. Erika waves goodbye to Skye and Barbara and Tsula manages a brief wave, as they stop onto:

12 INT. ACADEMY BUS - NEXT

12

Skye and Erika go past the DRIVER, a slightly overweight man in his forties, and sit down, on either sides of the aisle and drops their bags in the centre.

ERIKA

Still nervous?

TSULA

A little... I guess.

ERIKA

Do not be. We have seen you fight many a time in our favour and you have survived. Remember the Battle of the Tor?

TSULA

Yeah... when all we had to deal with was Roland, Kira and a few hundred mad vamps.

ERIKA

(deadpan)

Happy days, as Skye keeps saying.

The Driver turns to them.

DRIVER

Are you girls ready?

TSULA

As I'll ever be...

She settles into her seat, turning to look out through the window.

13 EXT. ACADEMY - ENTRANCE - NEXT

13

The Academy minibus pulls away and Skye continues to wave at the bus until it disappears from sight.

Skye grins at the bus, but we PUSH IN on Barbara, who looks less than happy.

She looks at the bus for a beat, her face losing its previous smile and she abruptly turns away and moves back into the Academy, leaving Skye standing, a little curious, as we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

14

EXT. WALES - SENNYBRIDGE - ENTRANCE - LATER

14

The minibus pulls into the entrance and we PUSH IN as two weary figures step out of the minibus, Erika and Tsula.

The front gate, which comprises of two solid metal bars, with a pair of metal doors and barbed wire, OPENS and CERYs, the Welsh Watcher and AGENT GRANT step through the gates, surveying the new recruits.

CERYs

Miss Nemerov, Miss Nimeda, I am Cerys Mason, the Watcher and head of this establishment.

TSULA

(nods)

Pleased to meet you.

ERIKA

As am I.

CERYs

(re: Grant)

Agent Grant, my deputy, second-in-command...

AGENT GRANT

(smiles)

And general all round love god.

Cerys doesn't laugh at Grant's joke but Erika and Tsula manage a smile.

CERYs

Now, we have several facilities here. You will learn fighting, demonology, basic medical training...

AGENT GRANT

We'll explain all of this to you two later on.

CERYs

Agent Grant will show you to your quarters. and you'll have two hours before we start training.

TSULA

(checks watch)

But isn't it going to be dark in a few hours?

(CONTINUED)

CERYS

If only we handed out marks for
telling the time.

As Cerys leaves them, Agent Grant shrugs at the retreating
form of the Watcher, as we CUT TO:

INT. SENNYBRIDGE - QUARTERS - LATER

Erika and Tsula are in the same room as Reiko and Alita were
in their visit to Sennybridge. Nothing has changed, the muted
colours the same, as the two Slayers unpack their things.

TSULA

(beat)

First impressions?

ERIKA

It feels... cold.

TSULA

I know what you mean. It's like
life and cold and fire and death...

Erika stares at her curiously.

TSULA (cont'd)

Sorry about that. I have... a sort
of Spidey-Sense.

ERIKA

Slayer-Sense.

TSULA

(smiles)

Yeah, that too.

Erika returns to unpacking, taking time to identify each item
as she touches it.

Tsula strolls up to the window, looking out across the
various assault courses in the fading light. She plays
absently with the pendant round her neck, as we CUT TO:

INT. ONYOTA'A: KA RESERVE - SHAMAN'S HOME - DAY (FLASHBACK)16

Tsula, still fresh from her basketball game with the boys
moves cautiously into the home of the Shaman. It's dimly lit,
despite it being day, and CANDLES are alight, filling the
room with the musky scent of jasmine, even though we can't
smell it.

She waits nervously in the doorway for a couple of beats,
until we see a pair of bead curtains moving softly and the
SHAMAN steps out into room. He looks about sixty years, with
short white hair and a wizened face.

(CONTINUED)

However, he smiles broadly, making him look years younger and Tsula visibly relaxes.

TSULA
(subtitled Native
Canadian)
<I am very pleased to meet you...>

SHAMAN
(also in Native American)
<No, the pleasure is mine, Dancing
Fox.>

Tsula BLUSHES slightly at this but the Shaman doesn't notice, beckoning her into:

17 INT. ONYOTA'A:KA RESERVE - SHAMAN'S HOME - GUIDE ROOM - NEXT

The Guide Room. It looks a little bit on the kooky side, but the Shaman invites Tsula to sit down on the thinly carpeted floor of the Room. There are more CANDLES in here, making the view a little bit SMOKY.

The Shaman places two cups of tea on the low table, as he sits down, and they sip it in silence.

After a long beat, Tsula leans forward.

TSULA
<I...>

SHAMAN
(interrupts)
<Did your father tell you why I
called you here, little one?>

TSULA
(shakes head)
<No, he...>

SHAMAN
<No, no. That's good.>
(beat; smiles)
<He has a talent of...>

TSULA
(grins)
<Messing his words up?>

SHAMAN
(chuckles)
<You could say that.>

The Shaman moves and pulls a black velvet bag from the folds of his robe.

He opens the bag and pulls out a handful of sand. He looks at Tsula and indicates a small blue bowl close to her.

She nods and puts the bowl in front of the Shaman who BREATHES onto the sand and then drops it into the bowl:

BOOM!

The entire bowl BURSTS INTO FLAMES and Tsula looks slightly alarmed before it settles down to a pale purple flame.

TSULA

<What - >

Suddenly the Shaman GRABS Tsula's hand and as she struggles, he places it above the flame, but not to burn her. He THROWS another handful of sand onto her hand and his eyes ROLL BACK into his head!

SHAMAN

(breathless)

<Find the girl...?>

Then suddenly he lets go and Tsula WRENCHES her hand back, as the flame goes out.

The Shaman breathes heavily for a moment before looking at her, with a smile.

SHAMAN (cont'd)

<You are a Slayer.>

TSULA

<A what?>

SHAMAN

<You are Chosen. A force of good and purity over the evils in this world. A champion.>

TSULA

<That... doesn't sound like me.>

SHAMAN

(interrupts)

<Tsula Nimeda, you have a great destiny.>

(beat)

<You will go into the waischu's world. You will fight amongst demons, you will face many trials. But you will help save us from the darkness.>

TSULA

<What 'darkness'?>

(CONTINUED)

SHAMAN

(beat)

<I have a place. It is used for
meditation, for communion with the
world beyond this veil of life.>

(beat)

<And I must take you to it.>

The Shaman drags Tsula to her feet, and before she has time
to protest, he leads her through a door into:

18 INT. ONYOTA'A:KA RESERVE - SHAMAN'S HOME - SWEAT LODGE - ~~NEXT~~

The room is barely lit, a single candle in the center of the
room. There is a large pool of water, and the Shaman pulls a
pair of TONGS from inside the sweat lodge and picks up a
glowing red stone with the tongs before dropping it into the
pool, causing great clouds of STEAM to burst from the pool.

The Shaman sits down, dragging Tsula down with him.

SHAMAN

<Stay here. Do not leave the room,
no matter what you see, hear or
feel.>

(beat)

<You will be struck by a vision.
You will see your past and your
future.>

TSULA

<'My past'? What - ?>

SHAMAN

<Your past. The past of the Slayer
line. Every single Slayer is able
to go back into the past of their
ancestors. So will you.>

(beat)

<Stay here, until the Gift of the
Slayers comes to you.>

TSULA

<But I ->

The Shaman quickly departs and SHUTS the door behind him.
Tsula sits in front of the pool, smoke quickly fading. She
grabs the tongs and drops another stone down onto the pool,
so another BURST of SMOKE emerges.

Tsula sits cross-legged in front of the smoke.

TSULA (cont'd)

Here goes.

As she settles down, we CUT TO:

19 INT. CAMPUS - ELLEN'S ROOM - AFTERNOON

19

There's a knock on the door, and we hear a muffled voice through the door.

GREG (O.S.)
(muffled)
Ellen?

There's a beat and the door cautiously OPENS to reveal GREG. He steps inside, looking around.

GREG (cont'd)
Ellen?

The room is empty, with a few clothes cast around. He stops suddenly and SNIFFS the air, as if something particular bad has just crossed his path. He turns left and opens the door into:

20 INT. CAMPUS - ELLEN'S ROOM - BATHROOM

20

Greg looks horrified as he sees ELLEN slumped over her toilet, a dark pool of VOMIT around the base of the toilet.

GREG
Oh, Jesus, Ellen! Ellen!

Greg immediately goes to her side, and moves her hair from her face. She's breathing but extremely pale.

Greg moves towards the door, but a HAND stops him. Greg spins around to see it's Ellen - pale, but conscious.

ELLEN
Don't.

GREG
Ellen, you -

ELLEN
I said, don't.

Ellen heaves herself to her feet, and as a shocked Greg watches she fills herself a glass of water, draining it in one huge GULP.

GREG
Ellen... what the hell's going on?

ELLEN
It's nothing.

She turns and slouches back into her room, Greg following:

21 INT. CAMPUS - ELLEN'S ROOM - NEXT

21

She flops down into a large sedan chair, hand pressed to her clammy forehead.

GREG

You were just puking up enough
black stuff to kill all the birds
in the Orkneys. That's not
'nothing' where I come from.

ELLEN

(weary)

Greg, just... just do me a favour,
alright?

(beat)

Don't tell anyone about what you
just saw.

GREG

(hesitant)

Really, you should -

ELLEN

(louder)

Please!

GREG

(reluctantly)

Fine, fine.

(beat)

But what is wrong with you?

ELLEN

Ask Barbara. She'll tell you
everything you need to know.

(beat)

You British stick together, anyway.

GREG

Ellen, I'm your friend too.

Ellen, her strength better now, starts pushing Greg towards
the door.

ELLEN

If you really want to know, ask
Barbara. She knows what's 'wrong
with me'.

Ellen SWINGS the door open, and then with a great shove,
knocks Greg out into the hallway, SLAMMING the door behind
her.

22 INT. CAMPUS - HALLWAY - NEXT 22

Greg looks concerned at the door, as if he were looking at Ellen.

A couple of Slayers slow their progress through the halls to observe this, but as Greg turns, they hurry away, not wanting to be caught up.

23 INT. CAMPUS - ELLEN'S ROOM - NEXT 23

Ellen leans heavily against the wall - and then SLIDES down the door, curling up with her back against the wall.

As she looks up from her knees, we see SILENT TEARS running down Ellen's face, as we DISSOLVE TO:

24 EXT. SENNYBRIDGE - ASSAULT COURSE - EVENING 24

Erika and Tsula are wearing slightly warmer clothing, while Cerys stands in front of the assault course.

The sun is descending behind the hill, dyeing the sky a million different colours. It looks quite beautiful, the only obscurity being the course itself.

CERYS

Ladies, this is your first trial on our very own assault course. You must complete one circuit, leaving nothing out. If you do, you will be made to do it again.

(beat)

However, you will not be competing against each other. The mentor...

(looks at Erika)

... will be shadowing the student...

(looks at Tsula)

... but the student must not get help from the mentor.

(beat)

Nemerov, Nimeda. Are you ready?

The two girls swap a look, but before they can respond, Cerys BLOWS a whistle and Tsula starts running towards the first obstacle, a ten foot tall metal rock-climbing wall.

Tsula squeezes her hands briefly and then starts climbing up it, while Erika stands below. As Tsula clambers to the top, she gets a view of the course.

TSULA'S P.O.V.

The course looks HUGE from up here, silhouetted against the setting sun.

(CONTINUED)

ON SCENE:

Tsula sighs, resignedly and then VAULTS across the top of the metal, landing on a set of monkey-bars.

Beneath her, Erika looks up, hearing where Tsula landed heavily on the bars. Tsula begins scurrying across before seeing a blue foam pit in front of her.

She lands in it, sending foam pieces all over the place. She scrambles out and sees several metal squares in front of her, each with a human-sized HOLE cut in a different position in each different square.

However, when she stands on a grey strip, running towards the first square, there is an audible CLICK and Erika starts to catch up with Tsula, to one side. The squares start MOVING, backwards and forwards and side-to-side.

Tsula stops, sizing up the first one, before LEAPING through it as it passes. She has barely chance to breath before she flips sideways through the second.

She stands for a beat, before the second REVERSES towards her, forcing the Slayer to push off with her feet and she DIVES through the hole in the top of the square.

Further away than Erika, Cerys watches as Tsula flips through the different holes. The last two turn SIDEWAYS and Tsula GULPS, before steadying herself and then flips through the first hole.

However, she SWINGS herself onto the top of the first one and then SWAN DIVES towards the hole of the second one as it approaches.

She barely gets through it, ROLLING and JUMPING to the avoid the moving obstacle. Cerys looks almost impressed and Erika, hearing Tsula's heaving sighs, shouts:

ERIKA

Tsula, keep moving! You can do it!

Tsula smiles with concentration, heading towards a pair of SPINNING BLADES. They are mounted on a pair of scythe-like bars which swing.

Tsula DODGES one but narrowly avoids getting sliced by the other, before sliding across the floor, her head tilted back as one blade nearly slices her neck.

She flips to her feet and sees what looks like a PUNCHBAG, with the shape of a VAMPIRE in front of her, behind a metal bar that extends the length of her track.

(CONTINUED)

She sees a stake on the floor and then leaps, THROWING the stake like a dart.

It SLAMS into the punchbag's chest, which is set up like a target, landing square in the middle. The bar flips down and Tsula runs through, sprinting.

ERIKA (cont'd)
Good! Excellent work.

CERYS
How do you know what she's doing?

ERIKA
I'm not hearing any cries of pain,
for one. Second... I know her.

Back on Tsula as she stops heavily. There is a DEEP POOL in front of her, with the rest of the course in front of her. She spots a ROPE above her, but it's strapped to the foundries by a lock.

Tsula sees a box mounted on a post and hurries over to it. One side of it is wood, with clear metal comprising the three other sides.

ANGLE: BOX

There's a KEY inside the box.

ON SCENE:

Tsula YELLS and then PUNCHES the wood. It CREAKS and she punches it again. Another CREAK.

There's blood on Tsula's knuckles, but as she gives one final almighty PUNCH, the wood SHATTERS and Tsula reaches inside and pulls the key out.

She TWISTS the key inside the lock and grabs the rope, before SWINGING over the pool and she JUMPS and ROLLS, before going back onto the course.

The last obstacle is several DUMMIES, each armed with weapons on limbs that whirl round at varying levels.

Tsula sees a small array of weapons on a table next to her and grabs a DAGGER after a beat.

As she runs, the dummies strike at her, but she blocks each attack effortlessly, forcing some back, avoiding others and she ROUNDHOUSE KICKS one in the chest.

Erika can't see what's happening, but can hear the clang of blades and smiles as Tsula makes her way through them.

(CONTINUED)

CERYS

Katya, hurry it up!

Erika turns to her - who the hell is Katya? Tsula does the same but then BENDS BACKWARDS to avoid a high sword attack by one dummy, which she promptly low kicks in the back of the knee, sending it down like a sledgehammer, before SPRINTING to the end of the course, where an emotionless Cerys and a smiling Erika stand.

CERYS (cont'd)

Good work, Nimeda.

TSULA

What did you mean by Kat -?

CERYS

(interrupts; quickly)

You've earned your rest. Head for the mess hall, we'll be serving supper in half an hour.

As Cerys walks away, the two girls share a look, but Erika soon follows Cerys, leaving Tsula to properly catch her breath.

She looks up and sees the glorious sunset, as the sun departs beneath the hill, the last bit of light escaping, before we CUT TO:

The staff room is lit up brightly, but it's dark outside and HEAVILY RAINING, the rain lashing against the windows.

A brief FLASH of LIGHTNING before we PAN OUT to see the entire Academy staff are assembled, most of them looking extremely tired. It's obviously late.

Barbara is talking to the staff, with a computer projector behind her.

BARBARA

... after the unsuccessful raid last week, we thought that a Cabal factory mass-producing demon warriors to order was the biggest of our problems. But as you're about to see, a new threat has been identified.

A photo appears on the screen: it's an Academy standard photograph of Dana Wells.

BARBARA (cont'd)

Dana Wells, who I'm sure you're all more than familiar with, has not been seen or heard from since she was kidnapped by Braeden Donovan and Eri...

(swallows)

... Mr. Bryce. However, it has been revealed using the Council's satellite intelligence that they appear to be using Dana as some sort of weapon.

Another image appears on the screen; it's the Slayer from the Theatre. Greg looks over at Ellen. She looks as pale as she was before. She sees his glance, but pretends to have not.

Barbara nods to FITZGERALD, who steps up to take over the briefing as Barbara passes her the remote.

FITZGERALD

Today we received word that Lily Taylor, a Slayer stationed in Vermont, had been killed.

AIDEN speaks up:

AIDEN

Did Braeden get her?

FITZGERALD

(shakes head)

Lily died of a broken neck sustained from a fall. But we do believe that they are using Dana as a sort of tracker.

GREG

Why?

FITZGERALD

Take a look at this.

She clicks the button on the remote in her hand. The image changes to a grainy shot of somewhere with a lot of sandy mountains.

As the picture zooms in a couple of black dots, we see it clear and zoom, until we can clearly see Dana, on all fours, standing over the body of someone.

FITZGERALD (cont'd)

Earlier this week, the Council reported the death of Noor al Jameez, a Slayer born and stationed in Tikrit, Iraq.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

FITZGERALD (cont'd)
The satellite images show Braeden
killing the girl, but it is Dana
who leads them to her.

Fitzgerald pulls out a PC-sensitive PEN and circles a dark
spot further away. The computer begins ZOOMING in.

FITZGERALD (cont'd)
Upon inspection, we believe this to
be former Academy Slayer turned
Cabal mercenary, Sofia Romero.

The image stops and we definitely see it's SOFIA, with the
Scythe strapped to her back.

GREG
Oh, God...

ELLEN
So it's true, then?

BARBARA
I'm afraid so.

FITZGERALD
We have no idea who this is.

She indicates to a figure on a ledge opposite Sofia,
crouching behind a rock, with blonde hair tied back, but her
face isn't visible - we'd know her as CASSANDRA.

FITZGERALD (cont'd)
She has not been seen as part of
Braeden's team, although she maybe
a new recruit to the Cabal's army.

BARBARA
As I'm sure you can imagine,
survivors from encounters with
Braeden's squad are becoming very
rare indeed, and thus good
intelligence is almost impossible
to come by.

Fitzgerald SIGHS and clicks the button, passing the control
back to Barbara. The image shifts to a three dimensional map
of a factory, the one raided by the girls before.

BARBARA (cont'd)
The factory, as our intelligence
suggests, is speeding up
productions on the Anti-Slayer
weaponry liberated from Roland and
on the demons our Slayers reported
having seen within the factory.
(beat)
(MORE)

BARBARA (cont'd)

The demons are increasing in numbers, according to a bio scan we ran over the factory, twenty-four hours ago. If these creatures are able to reproduce, we're going to have a pandemic.

(long beat)

Even if they don't, by this time next month, there'll be enough to wipe out this Academy without breaking into a sweat. I think it's clear by now we can't just sit back and wait for that to happen.

(beat)

We have to destroy that factory.

Off Barbara's worried look, we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

26 INT. CAMPUS - ELLEN'S ROOM - NIGHT

26

Ellen has her phone cradled under one ear, emptying out several bottles of painkillers on her bedside table as she speaks:

ELLEN

Look, it's just a one-time request.
Aren't you the least bit flattered
that you're the one and only person
I thought of who could help?

(listens)

Don't be a bitch about this. I
wouldn't even be making this call
if it wasn't important. You've seen
the files. You know what's at stake
here.

(listens; scoffs)

So don't tell her! I get the
feeling you're alright at keeping a
secret.

(beat)

So do we have a deal?

Ellen starts CRUSHING the pills, grinding them into a powder.

ELLEN (cont'd)

(into phone)

Alright, then. Good. I'll be in
touch.

She hangs up, replacing the receiver and gathering up the handful of crushed powder.

Dropping it into a glass of water, she swirls the cocktail round a few times, then knocks it back.

Grimacing, she shakes her head and rises, wincing and lifting up her shirt.

BLACK BRUISES pepper her torso, looking as though her internal organs are losing a fight against themselves.

With a sigh, Ellen rolls her shirt back down and carefully lies back down on her bed, as we CUT TO:

27 INT. ONYOTA'A:KA RESERVE - SWEAT LODGE (FLASHBACK)

27

Tsula remains how she was sat before, her eyes closed. The smoke drifts lazily now and as Tsula shifts. She's been here a long time and... nothing.

(CONTINUED)

She sighs and then OPENS her EYES - and a FIGURE pounces on her!

Tsula struggles, fighting tooth and claw until we see the face of her attacker - it's THE PRIMITIVE!

BLACK OUT:

FADE IN:

The Primitive's face hovers above Tsula's, as she looks in wonder at the dishevelled, barely dressed girl, and the blood that they share.

TSULA

Who are you?

THE PRIMITIVE

I am the One. The Original.

TSULA

The First Slayer?

THE PRIMITIVE

(beat)

Do not run. Breaking your neck will not trouble me, but we need you.

TSULA

'We'?

THE PRIMITIVE

The Slayers. You have a life in front of you, filled with darkness. You are soon to become a Slayer, one of the Chosen Ones that have existed since the Evil.

TSULA

Are there more of us?

THE PRIMITIVE

(ignores)

Your life will be filled with pain and creatures of nightmares and you must survive it.

TSULA

What 'creatures'?

The Primitive pauses and then GRABS Tsula's head between her hands and we see a series of FLASHES:

- A creature unknown to Tsula, but which we instantly recognise as a vampire!

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED: (2)

27

- The Tor, gleaming with unearthly light.

- A CABAL DEMON, it's gnarled skin making it even more terrifying as it ROARS.

- A TUROK-HAHN vamp as it BITES into a Slayer!

Tsula JERKS away from the Primitive and CRIES OUT in terror, and we SMASH CUT TO:

28 INT. SENNYBRIDGE - QUARTERS - MORNING

28

Tsula jerks up from her bed with a SHOUT, finding Erika turning to look at her from across the room.

Erika is dressed and ready to go, but Tsula's been asleep right up until now.

ERIKA

Bad dreams?

Tsula nods, sitting up and rubbing her face.

ERIKA (cont'd)

Try not to remember the details.

We're due outside in a few minutes.

TSULA

Alright. Just... give me a second.

Erika nods, turning and leaving the room, and Tsula swings her legs out of the bed to catch her breath.

Her gaze falls on her boots, already streaked with mud as they lie in a sunbeam falling across the room, and as we PUSH IN on the boots, we CUT TO:

29 EXT. SENNYBRIDGE - GROUNDS - MORNING

29

The sun shines down on Tsula and Erika as they move through another part of the assault course, moving fast but not fast enough to be sprinting.

PULL BACK to see the course is several stories above the ground. On a lower level, Cerys is to one side, wrapped in a warm coat, her hair tied back in an efficient ponytail.

CERYS

(yells)

Move faster!

The girls start running faster, but only marginally.

TSULA

(gasps)

Favourite colour?

(CONTINUED)

ERIKA

(beat)

Blue. You?

TSULA

Green.

ERIKA

Very earthy.

TSULA

(mock-serious)

Of course.

The two girls DIVE FORWARDS as they jump through two tires strung up by a rope connected to a metal bar.

ERIKA

My sister used to love purple.

TSULA

You have a sister?

ERIKA

(nods)

Yes, I...

(beat; changes topic)

Tell me something about you. Any little detail.

They continue to run and they suddenly SLIDE on the floor, to avoid several tricky LASER BEAMS.

TSULA

I have a fear of spiders.

ERIKA

(nods)

Arachnophobia.

TSULA

Your turn.

ERIKA

(beat)

I used to have a pet dog.

TSULA

What was he called?

ERIKA

Mikhail.

TSULA

After Gorbachev?

(off look)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

TSULA (cont'd)
I did History in the high school in
my res--

Tsula's comment is cut off when there is a sudden drop and she FALLS! There are two ropes, and Erika seems to sense hers and grab it, but Tsula doesn't, falling onto a precipice in the ground, falling heavily on her ankle.

She SCREAMS in PAIN and Erika, hearing this, drops down as well, bracing her knees so they absorb the impact.

She hurries over to Tsula, who is biting her lip to muffle her screams of agony.

ERIKA
(concerned)
Tsula, what is wrong?

TSULA
My... my ankle!

Cerys approaches.

CERYS
Get up.

ERIKA
Miss Mason, she has hurt her
ankle...

CERYS
(interrupts)
And I'm sure a demon you face out
in the field will stop to ask you
where it hurts, Nemerov. Just
before they tear your throat out.
(beat; to Tsula)
If you had spent less time yapping
and more time focusing on the
course, you wouldn't have done
this, would you?

Tsula grits her teeth in agony and we MATCH CUT TO:

Tsula sits inside a medical center, while a young Indian doctor, MANU CAIRNS, bandages up her ankle, securing it with a white cast. To one side is Agent Grant.

MANU
I'd ask how this happened, but in
my short tenure here I've already
treated enough injuries to know
this place is not kind to those who
stay here.

TSULA

I wasn't concentrating. I just -

MANU

(raises hand)

As I said. I'd ask if I needed to know.

He offers a warm smile, and she returns it.

TSULA

Your accent doesn't sound very...

MANU

Indian?

(shakes head)

My father is from Brixton, my mother from Mumbai. I've been working for the Council for some years now, although this particular assignment is proving to be my most...

(glances at Grant)

... active.

He steps back, having finished bandaging Tsula's leg.

MANU (cont'd)

There. Try that.

Tsula hops down from the chair and gingerly starts walking, her left leg holding a slight limp.

TSULA

How long?

MANU

A couple of days. It's just a bad strain.

(beat)

Take care next time you're running for your life across a treacherous obstacle course.

Tsula NODS, but then rolls her eyes at Agent Grant who SMILES, as she leaves.

Erika and Cerys sit inside a small lounge and the door OPENS, as Tsula limps in.

TSULA

Just a bad sprain, apparently.

CERYS

Good. Because the majority of this trip is on you, Nimeda. Nemerov has already passed her Cruciamentum, and you still have to.

TSULA

What? But - but - I have at least another year before mine!

CERYS

Oh, no. Your Cruciamentum is tonight.

TSULA

Tonight?!?

ERIKA

Miss Mason, I must protest that -

CERYS

You will be tested this evening in...

(checks watch)

... three hours time. Which means you have about two and a half hours to get down and focus.

ERIKA

But a Cruciamentum only takes place at eighteen. That is the way it has always been done.

CERYS

Not to those in accelerated training. Their Cruciamentums are ahead of their time, as it were.

(beat; wry)

Surprise.

Tsula can only stand, shocked, before sinking into a chair.

CERYS (cont'd)

Don't get too comfortable. We have a place for you.

She beckons for Tsula to follow, and we CUT TO:

The door opens and Cerys and Tsula step inside. It is a small room, with a cushioned seat, much like a meditation seat used in Yoga.

Cerys indicates the seat and Tsula sits down, cautiously. She tries to stay off her tender ankle.

(CONTINUED)

TSULA

What is this place?

CERYS

It's a meditation chamber. The wiccans and mages who come here have used it to gain focus, to allow their minds to step away from... their minds, and find the answer to our problems.

(beat)

I'll leave you in here, so you can focus for your Cruciamentum.

(beat)

Good luck. I'll be back to get you in a few hours.

And with no more, Cerys shuts the door on Tsula, who sighs and tucks her bad leg beneath her so she doesn't rest on it.

She closes her eyes and with that, we cut to:

INT. CAMPUS - ELLEN'S ROOM - DAY

The door opens once more, and Greg, his glasses perched on the end of his nose, enters, waving a bag of DONUTS in front of him, as a peace offering.

GREG

Ellen?

He peeks inside and sees Ellen on the phone to someone.

ELLEN

(on phone)

Yeah... look, this is the first and last time... okay...

GREG

Ellen?

Ellen SPINS AROUND and DISCONNECTS the phone call.

ELLEN

What is it, Greg?

GREG

(beat)

Well, part of me wants to just say 'look, donuts' and leave it at that, but, well... I want to know.

ELLEN

(beat)

Ah.

GREG

Barbara's told me, but I'd rather hear it from the horse's mouth.

(beat)

The very attractive horse, I should add.

Ellen smiles a little at the flattery and flops down on the bed.

ELLEN

What has she told you?

GREG

That you're ill. Very ill, so I hear.

(beat)

You're not getting any better, are you?

ELLEN

(shakes head)

Sorry, sheriff. Old Barb's right, as usual.

GREG

(beat)

Is there anything I can do?

ELLEN

Can you stop people from dying?

GREG

Have you spoken to Aiden?

ELLEN

(bitter laugh)

Too far gone. Not even he can help me. After I -

(catches herself)

We tried. His healing hands trick doesn't work on me.

GREG

Well, is there anything else I can...?

ELLEN

(shakes head)

I'm sorry.

Greg NODS and then places the bag of donuts on the bed next to her.

(CONTINUED)

GREG

Then let's rewind to the start of
this conversation. Ahem.

(beat)

Peace offering.

Ellen smiles broadly at that, especially when Greg places a
white foam tray, with a Starbuck's coffee cup in it.

GREG (cont'd)

For earlier, when...

Ellen gets up and HUGS Greg.

ELLEN

Thank you. Even though you can't do
anything, I really appreciate the
thought.

GREG

And the donuts.

ELLEN

(smiles; nods)

Yes, and the donuts.

As Greg turns away though, his face changes to one of
frustration at not being able to help his friend.

Greg steps out and STALKS down the hallway, pissed off.

After a beat, we see ANNA emerge from around a corner. She
moves to the door silently and pulls off a small, black
device taped to the inside of the door.

She presses a button.

ELLEN

(through micro-recorder)

- healing hands trick doesn't work -

Anna stops the recording, staring down at the device with
cool contempt for a moment.

She then slips the device into her jeans pocket before
walking away, as we DISSOLVE TO:

The full moon bathes the scene in dark blue shadows and
silvery light, as Tsula walks through the fields, taking
advantage of a moment of peace.

It looks as though she's nervous, and she still limps a little from her ankle.

She takes a deep breath, closing her eyes and stretching out. The sounds of the woodland swirl past her in the cool air.

Tsula smiles - she's at home here, feeling the tension flow out of her already.

And then she hears a RUSTLING from the nearby trees. Alert, she stands and snaps round.

Tree branches sway in the breeze. She squints, but she can't tell if anyone's out in the shadows.

TSULA

Hello?

No reply, and she's just about to sit down when she realises something else.

All the animal noises have stopped.

The woodland is deathly quiet, only the wind moving through the leaves - and a SNAP from a twig, right behind her!

She twirls round again, fists raised, but again there's nobody there.

Keeping the pose, she starts to slowly turn round, eyes peeled for any sign of movement...

WHAM! She's TACKLED to the floor as something launches itself out of the bushes at her!

Landing hard, the wind is knocked out of her as her attacker rises above her.

She gets a hand up and manages to hold it at bay, the figure struggling against her until moonlight falls across its features:

It's a VAMPIRE! It HISSES at her, fangs bared, pushing back against her strength.

The vamp slowly forces her hand back, bending the wrist painfully back on itself until Tsula YELPS in pain, and the vamp lands a hard PUNCH across her jaw.

Snapped back to reality, she KICKS UP and pushes the vamp off her, scrabbling to her feet as the vamp rolls through the mossy ground.

It's on its feet in an instant, body coiled and ready to spring again.

(CONTINUED)

Tsula knows she's unarmed, but the nearest available sharp object is some way away.

Feinting left and right, the vamp matches her moves, until she turns and runs back the way she came!

With a SNARL, the vamp races after her, the two of them whipping through the trees at blinding speed until:

POW! The vamp lands on her back, sending them both skidding across the floor.

Tsula fights back, but the vamp gets her in an armlock and keeps her flailing hands out of his way.

Pulling her upper body towards him, the vamp HISSES again as it leans down, heading for her neck...

TSULA (cont'd)

No... no!

Tsula struggles, but it's no good - she's pinned down, and the vamp starts to grin...

... and sinks its fangs RIGHT INTO HER NECK! Tsula SCREAMS in pain, blood dribbling down her neck as the vamp greedily sucks down a mouthful, and we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

36

EXT. SENNYBRIDGE - FIELDS - NIGHT

36

On where we left our Slayer, Tsula is fighting desperately for her life as the vampire drains her of blood.

TSULA

No... stop...

Her movements start to slow down, as she loses blood, and her eyes begin to flutter shut.

She's DYING.

The vamp pulls her even tighter, crushing the life out of her as it continues to drink.

Then, as her eyes flutter shut, the vampire stops for a beat and looks down, SMIRKING.

VAMP

Huh.

He wipes his mouth, licking stray blood from his fingers.

VAMP (cont'd)

(Welsh accent)

Slayers are getting easier to kill
these days...

The vamp turns and starts to walk away.

PUSH IN on Tsula's lifeless features.

TSULA (V.O.)

(whisper)

Wait.

Her eyes BURST OPEN, filled with determination. And that Slayer fire.

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

(whisper)

Get up.

The vamp is still walking away, but as Tsula's arms slowly reach out and push her up, he stops.

Turning slowly round, his yellow eyes gape in shock as Tsula rises to her feet, turning to face him.

VAMP

But... but... I just...

(CONTINUED)

Tsula presses a hand to her neck - it comes away sticky with blood.

As the stunned vamp watches, she calmly tears off a strip of her t-shirt, wrapping it round her neck like a tourniquet.

She glides slowly up to him, a serene calm across her in contrast to the dumbstruck vamp.

TSULA
(grins)
I'm back.

And with that, she ROUNDHOUSE KICKS him in the chest, but follows it up with an elbow to the face, and then KICKS him in the groin. He slumps to the ground.

TSULA (cont'd)
That's for the whole blood-drinking thing.

She launches an UPPERCUT at him, with her fist and sends him backwards. She runs over and starts PUMMELING in the face, left and right and then again until his face is bloody.

TSULA (cont'd)
That's for sneaking up on me.

He SMACKS her in the mouth, but with her right leg, she balances on her injured leg and JUMPS, swinging her leg into a perfect leg-kick and sending him FLYING.

TSULA (cont'd)
And that's for walking away!

The vampire, incensed, sends a high kick at her but she catches it easily with her hand and then TWISTS it sharply.

CRACK! The vampire YELLS as Tsula SNAPS his leg!

TSULA (cont'd)
And this is for trying to kill me.
Again.

Tsula wraps her arms around his neck and starts constricting it. The vamp CHOKES for a beat - then starts to LAUGH.

VAMPIRE
You can't strangle me, you daft cow!

TSULA
(beat)
Who said I was trying to strangle you?

With an almighty CRACK, she breaks his neck! The vampire looks up with shock and starts to dissolve into dust.

Tsula steps back, finally letting her guard down as she catches her breath.

Stumbling back, the shock of the blood loss begins to catch up with her, and she almost trips and falls as she begins to race back towards camp.

Tsula runs through the trees, her injured leg slowing her down as she grows increasingly panicked with each step.

TSULA (cont'd)
Erika! Miss Mason! Agent Grant!
Anybody!

She finally TRIPS, rolling hard as she hits the deck and bounces through the earth.

Tsula comes to a stop, out cold this time, and as the dust settles around her we:

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

TSULA'S P.O.V:

Through BLURRED VISION, a bright LIGHT shines down - it's Manu, a maglite in his hand.

MANU
(muffled)
Tsula? Tsula, can you hear me?

ERIKA (O.S.)
Is she awake?

Erika's face looms into view, focus gradually returning as our vision swims.

ERIKA (cont'd)
Tsula, are you alright?

TSULA
Yes, I'm... I'm fine.

Her vision finally clears:

ON SCENE:

Tsula sits up, a little groggy, and Manu gently pushes her back down onto the bed.

(CONTINUED)

MANU

Take it easy. You've had a rough night.

TSULA

What... happened? I remember -

CERYS (O.S.)

You passed.

The group look round as Cerys steps into view.

CERYS (cont'd)

That's the good news. After your stint in the meditation chamber, I set you loose and an hour later, back you came.

Tsula's hand goes to her neck - but her makeshift bandage is gone.

CERYS (cont'd)

Surveillance confirmed the kill, so I believe congratulations are in order.

Tsula sits up, rubbing her neck.

ERIKA

Are we permitted to see this footage?

CERYS

I'm afraid not.

GRANT

Normal security protocols.

(to Tsula)

Well done. Don't try to think too much about how it happened - point is, here you are, alive and well.

Cerys moves away as Erika HUGS the younger girl tightly and warmly.

ERIKA

(happily)

I am so pleased for you. Congratulations, you're a new Slayer.

TSULA

With a formal, capital 'S'?

37 CONTINUED: (2)

37

ERIKA
(smiles)
Yes, that too

As Tsula finally relaxes and hugs Erika back, we CUT TO:

38 EXT. ONYOTA'A:KA RESERVE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK) 38

A younger Tsula runs through the middle of the night, running for her life and holding an unknown weapon across her back and another in her hand. She stops, turns and then runs straight into:

39 INT. ONYOTA'A:KA RESERVE - SHAMAN'S HOME - NEXT 39

The Shaman is sitting calmly in an armchair, when Tsula bursts in and stops, shutting the door behind her.

TSULA
<I found one! I found one hiding in
the woods, and I struck it down
with - >

SHAMAN
(raises hand)
<Your destiny has arrived, young
one.>

TSULA
<What?>

The Shaman indicates the other occupant of the lodge, and Tsula steps back cautiously to reveal a white man in a sharply tailored suit. We recognise him as STANLEY, the late Council member.

STANLEY
(in Native American with
British accent)
<I am very honoured to meet you,
Tsula Nimeda. Your shaman speaks
highly of your skills.>

TSULA
I do speak English, if you'd prefer
it.

STANLEY
(smiles)
Thank you. My First Nations isn't
what it used to be.

TSULA
Who are you?

(CONTINUED)

STANLEY

My name is Edward Stanley. I am a representative from the Watcher's Council. We are the aides of Slayers and -

TSULA

(interrupts)

Slayers?

(beat)

You've come for me, haven't you?

STANLEY

Well, we cannot force you to, but -

There's a sudden BOOM against the door of the lodge and without warning, a CREATURE bursts in! It's about eight foot tall, with dark gnarled skin and fangs.

SHAMAN

<Tsula!>

TSULA

<Ah. Missed one.>

It has several ARROWS sticking out of it and with that, Tsula swings into action, revealing a quiver of arrows slung across her back and her customised bow in her hand.

She pushes Stanley back out of harm's way, quickly loading her bow as the hideous demon ROARS towards them.

She FIRES an arrow into the Creature's eye and it SCREECHES, before Tsula uses a small table, and then a mantelpiece as a ledge, before leaping onto the Creature's back and firing three more arrows consecutively into the back of the demon's head, before it slumps to the floor, narrowly missing Stanley and the Shaman.

As Tsula slides down the back of the Creature, YELLOW-GREEN BLOOD trickling down, Stanley looks at her and then the demon.

STANLEY

Well! I think that settles it. We could certainly use a young lady of your talents.

Stanley moves over to inspect the dead demon, peering over his glasses.

STANLEY (cont'd)

A Gla'ra'k demon. Known for preying on teenage girls.

(CONTINUED)

TSULA

Looks like he picked the wrong one.

STANLEY

(beat)

Tsula, you are a new Slayer...

TSULA

Actually, I'm a certified Slayer.

STANLEY

I'm afraid that's not possible,
Miss Nimeda.

(beat)

You are a Slayer. What you choose
to do with your gift is your
decision. But there are plenty of
worse things in the world than
this, Miss. Nimeda, and we could
really use your help to stop them.

Tsula looks back at the demon, then to the Shaman. He nods
once - this is what he told her about.

TSULA

I'll come along - on one condition.

STANLEY

Name it.

Tsula holds up her bow - it's well-weathered, covered in
nocks and scratches.

TSULA

I could really use a new one of
these.

Stanley grins, and as Tsula smiles back, we DISSOLVE TO:

It's a nice day, with "Shadow Of The Day" by Linkin Park
playing softly in the background, and the two girls are
waiting near the front gates, their duffel bags slung across
their shoulders, with Cerys and Agent Grant keeping them
company.

While Agent Grant and Erika talk, Tsula moves over to Cerys.

TSULA

Um, Miss Mason?

CERYS

Yes?

TSULA

Back on the obstacle course, you...
you called me 'Katya.'

CERYS

It was a mistake.

TSULA

(beat)
Who was she?

CERYS

Nobody.

TSULA

I have a... sense for things. Who
was she?

CERYS

(snaps)
I said nobody, Nimeda, now drop it!

TSULA

(neat; backs off)
As you wish.

Tsula shuts up and the Minibus comes into view.

ERIKA

All set?

TSULA

Yes. I think it's time we left.

Erika and Tsula step onto the bus, with them being the sole
occupants. The song is now in full prominence.

41 INT. BUS - NEXT

41

The girls take their seats from before, and Tsula watches as
the bus starts up and Sennybridge starts to disappear from
view.

She has her hand idly against her neck as she leans against
the window - and then something strikes her.

She checks for the wounds left by the vampire attack - but
can't find anything. Perplexed, she looks back towards the
retreating view of Sennybridge.

42 EXT. BUS - SAME TIME

42

As the bus disappears into the roads of the winding green
Welsh countryside, the song plays in full blast and as the
bus disappears finally, we CUT TO:

43

INT. SENNYBRIDGE - CERYS' OFFICE - NEXT

43

The music stops as we PULL BACK from the windows overlooking the training ground. Cerys stands with her arms folded, watching the bus as it recedes into the distance.

GRANT (O.S.)

That went well.

She turns as Grant moves over to the chair, settling down and propping his feet up on the desk.

CERYS

As can be expected.

GRANT

They ought to give us a medal for the things we're doing here.

CERYS

I think any chance I had at an official commendation went away a long time ago.

She heads for her chair and sits, opening up several files of paperwork. Grant keeps chatting as she works.

GRANT

Don't be daft. We both know you got off scot free in the Council's eyes over what happened.

CERYS

(quiet)

Not in my eyes.

GRANT

And besides, what we're doing here is important. We're training a new generation of Slayers, demon hunters, warlocks, wiccans, you name it. The Cabal's going to wonder what hit them once this lot start hitting the field. And besides -

CERYS

(interrupts)

Jonny, please.

A beat. He gets the hint, removing his feet from her desk and rising.

GRANT

Right. Fair enough. I'll go check on the new arrivals, then.

(CONTINUED)

CERY'S
(not looking up)
Thanks.

Grant pauses in the doorway.

GRANT
You know...

She sighs irritatedly and looks up.

GRANT (cont'd)
You did what you had to do. She
became a threat, and so you took
care of her. Nobody's ever going to
blame you for that. So maybe you
should stop blaming yourself.

With that, he leaves, and as Cerys leans back in her chair,
his words striking a chord somewhere within her, we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF SHOW