

Kennedy

"This Thing of Darkness"

by

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TEASER

FADE IN:

Title over: Two Weeks Ago.

EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY

We're in Manchester and with the Watchers council in all its glory. It's exactly how we saw it in "Not In Kansas Anymore." The streets are crowded with people are buying and selling all sorts of things.

EXT. DARK ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

All we see is a wall and then a shadow of a woman with a horse. The shadow starts growing as it flickers. It stops moving as we see that it is now a shadow of a man. It jumps on to the horse and starts to trot out of the alley.

EXT. MAIN STREET - NEXT

We're back in the main street exactly how it was before. There's a dark alley on the right hand side and out comes on a horse none other than MR. WALLACE! He look at the Watchers Council building and smiles.

His skin ripples as he rides towards the building. He crosses a stall that's stacked full of fruit and vegetables. There's MAN standing next to it and he notices Mr. Wallace.

MAN

Good afternoon Mr. Wallace. Will you be buying anything today?

Mr. Wallace just rides on, not even noticing the man. After riding a bit further, he looks at his hand. In it there is a small package.

He then looks up to the Watchers Council building. You can tell he has a plan. He rides to the door of the building and gets off his horse, the package still in his hand. He strides through the doors as if he owns the place.

INT. WATCHERS COUNCIL - RECEPTION - NEXT

We pan out from the package in Mr. Wallace's hand. He is walking straight past the SECRETARY.

SECRETARY

Hello Mr. Wallace. Anything I can do for you? How's Moira coming along?

Just like he did with the man on the stall he walks straight past the secretary as if she wasn't there.

SECRETARY (CONT'D) (cont'd)
Mr. Wallace?

Mr. Wallace carries on walking until he reaches a door.

MR. WALLACE
Is Mr. Travers not in today?

SECRETARY
He's out at the moment, if you
wanted to wait for him...

MR. WALLACE
No, that will be fine. If you
could give him this parcel,
please. It's very important,
explosive even.

EXT. WATCHERS COUNCIL - DAY

Mr. Wallace is jumping up onto his horse outside where he
left it. He looks at the building as we:

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Horses hooves are galloping and we pull up to see Mr.
Wallace riding the horse. He's riding for about twenty
seconds until he feels he's far enough away.

He turns his head round to look back to look at the
Watchers Council. His skin ripples as we see Kennedy and
Moira pass him in the background.

INT. WATCHERS COUNCIL - RECEPTION - DAY

We zoom out from the package on the desk to see the
SECRETARY staring suspiciously at it. It starts to glow,
bathing the room in blue energy.

SECRETARY
Everyone out of the building!

The secretary jumps out of her chair and heads to the door
with many other people running down the stairs. People are
trying to get out off the building but it's too late...

EXT. MANCHESTER - NEXT

ANGLE ON: THE COUNCIL BUILDING

BOOM! An explosion shatters the hustle and bustle. The
glass in the windows of the building explode outwards,
sending shards of glass flying into the crowd.

Fireballs explode out of the smashed windows, then the flames lick the front of the building and thick black smoke begins to pour out from the windows too.

People begin to scatter, both from the street and from adjoining buildings. Another explosion causes the front of the building to crack.

Kennedy and Moira are outside the building, on their horses.

We turn back to see Mr. Wallace's face. In his eyes we see the reflection of the building on fire. He starts to laugh and his skin ripples once again. He turns his head back and starts to ride away into the sunset.

BLACK OUT:

END TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

Hills. Lots of hills. Green against the clear blue sky and the warm sun. Between the hills winds a train track and along the track moves a STEAM TRAIN. The train has ten carriages, its funnel venting smoke that sweeps backwards in the wind.

The train moves closer to us, rushes past us and we can see the activity within through the windows until we:

PUSH THROUGH
TO:

INT. TRAIN CARRIAGE - KENNEDY'S BERTH - DAY

Kennedy, Moira, Bedros, Wade in a comfortable room: two upholstered seats on either side of the room, a table between them, a window to one side and the door to the corridor to the other.

Kennedy and Bedros are in the process of playing chess.

KENNEDY

Check.

Kennedy smiles, but Bedros waves his hand across the board and his pieces move on their own.

BEDROS

Checkmate, my dear. You lose again.

Kennedy pouts.

KENNEDY

You used your magic to cloud my mind so I couldn't see the logical moves.

BEDROS

(taunting)

What an excellent idea, Kennedy. I hadn't thought of that one, I'll have to use it next time.

Moira shifts and adjusts her new outfit (a loose white blouse, tight black pants, thigh high boots - the sort of thing you'd expect Keira Knightley to wear in 'Pirates of the Caribbean'), garnering an amused look from Wade.

MOIRA

Don't laugh at me.

WADE

You don't like the new clothes?

MOIRA
I like them. They're just itchy.

WADE
You're such a woman.

Kennedy fires him a warning look and Moira aims a swift kick to his ankle.

WADE
(rubbing his ankle)
Ouch!

Moira laughs.

MOIRA
You're such a woman, Wade.

Wade fires Moira a withering glare.

KENNEDY
(changing the subject)
We don't know much about you, Wade.
I saw you. You were fighting like
you'd had training. Have you?

WADE
None, none at all. At least not
lessons. I learned what I know from
books.

KENNEDY
(wry)
Really?

WADE
Yes, well...

EXT. SUNNYDALE - DAY

A pleasant day. The sun is high in the sky and there are a few scattered clouds in the sky as YOUNGER Wade rushes down the busy street, darts past a market stall and sidesteps down an ally that runs between two buildings.

WADE (V.O.)
You already know my name is Wade.
You don't need to know my surname,
it doesn't matter much to me. My
family are probably all dead, not
that I'm much bothered about it.

In another street, this one quieter than the first one, he rushes into a house and pushes the door open, only to come flying back out onto the street, landing on his back in the mud.

Wade holds his cheek and a line of blood runs down from his nose and drips from his lip.

MR. DONALDSON steps out of the house. He's a big man, he would be obese if it weren't for the muscle he carries. He's bald, brutish, not a pretty sight, and he's fuming as he walks over to Wade and grabs him by the collar.

MR. DONALDSON
You little piece of-

WADE
(innocent)
What have I done wrong?

MR. DONALDSON
Being born. Isn't that enough,
Wade? You've been a burden to me
since the day you were born,
since your weak mother gave up on
life and left you to handicap me.
And all I ask is that you do what
you're told. That you're here-

WADE
But I am here now.

MR. DONALDSON
You weren't here before.

WADE
But I didn't know you needed me
before. You only told me you
needed me now. How was I to know?

MR. DONALDSON
That's not my problem, is it?

WADE
With all due respect, sir -

Mr. Donaldson smashes his booted foot into Wade's ribs and smiles as the youngster screams with pain.

He repeats the actions, the few pedestrians in the street glance over at what is going on, but say nothing.

WADE (V.O.)
My mother died giving birth. My
father, saw me as a slave more
than his son. He believed that I
owed him subservience and, in my
view, I had no allies, no
friends, nobody to care for me.

A single curtain twitches across the street. We push towards the window while Mr. Donaldson picks Wade up by his collar and literally carries him into the house, slamming the door behind him.

PUSH THROUGH
INTO:

INT. MRS. RALEIGH'S HOUSE - DAY

A small room. There is a single desk by the window but the room is filled to its limit with bookcases, each bookcase piled high with twice the number of books it should be holding as well as a healthy layer of dust.

The sole occupant of the room is sat at the desk which is in front of the window. She is a wizened, wrinkled old woman with the look of a librarian and white hair tied in a bun. She pulls her hand away from the curtain.

WADE (V.O.)

At least, nobody that I knew of.

This is MRS. RALEIGH. She uhms and ahhs to herself for a second, before standing and looking across at a bookshelf. She moves over to the bookshelf, runs her fingers along the line of books then smiles.

MRS. RALEIGH

Yes, this should do him nicely.

She pulls a single thick leather bound book out and carries it back to her table. She puts the book down, picks a pencil and a piece of paper up and begins writing. We hear her speak as she writes:

MRS. RALEIGH (V.O.) (cont'd)

My dear boy, from someone who wishes she could help a little more. Your guardian angel.

INT. WADE'S HOUSE - DAY

Wade has his hands bound by rope above his head. The rope in turn is tied to the door frame so that he can't move. Mr. Donaldson steps into view behind Wade with a leather strap held taut in his hands. His hand moves quickly and the leather strap smashes across his son's back, again, again, and again. Wade is resolute. He's not going to scream in pain, but it gets to much for him and-

WADE

Ahh!

MR. DONALDSON

Can't even take it like a man you puny little bastard.

The strap smacks Wade across the back again, Mr. Donaldson laughs, amused at the pain he is inflicting. A single tear rolls across Wade's face.

EXT. SUNNYDALE - DAY

Wade walks down the street until he gets grabbed by the arm by a YOUNG BOY who has a parcel in his hands. The parcel is wrapped in brown paper and string. The boy offers it to Wade who cautiously accepts it.

YOUNG BOY

Here, she told me to give it to you. Promised to give me an apple and some shillings if I did.

WADE

What is it?

YOUNG BOY

I don't know. I didn't ask. It's heavy though.

WADE

It is at that.

(beat)

Tell her - tell her thank you.

With that, the boy disappears into the throng of the marketplace and Wade is left alone, with the parcel in his hands.

He regards it for a second, then begins to excitedly tear the paper and string away to reveal a thick leather bound book, embossed golden writing on the dark leather: FIGHTING STYLES OF THE DISTANT EAST.

WADE (cont'd)

(flicking through the pages)

Wow.

(beat; hushed)

Whoever you are, thank you.

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

I took care to hide the book so that my father didn't find it. He would've burned it if he did. Everyday I would read a few pages more. Everyday I would learn how to punch, or block, or kick.

DISSOLVE
THROUGH TO:

EXT. FIELD

A grassy field. The town can be seen in the distance, smoke rising from the chimneys as Wade stands in the middle of the field, the book open on the grass in front of him as he practices various moves.

MONTAGE:

- a high kick
- an upper cut
- a round house

ETC.

MOIRA (V.O.)
We're pulling into a station.

EXT. TRAIN STATION - DAY

A quaint village train station. There are a few dozen people on the platform, but only a handful of them get on the train and a handful get off too.

A few street vendors try to get the attention of the people on the train. There's a general murmur, commonly we hear hushed whispers of 'she's on the train', 'her, m'lady', 'her majesty' and such.

MOIRA (V.O.)
I think I'm going for a walk.

The train begins to build up steam. People move away from the edge of the platform except one man who pushes his way through the crowd towards the train. He grabs onto a door and hauls himself through it

CONDUCTOR (V.O.)
Are you okay, Sir?

INT. TRAIN CARRIAGE - DAY

A conductor approaches the man to see if he's okay as the train passes out of the station. The man turns his head.

It's Mr. Wallace.

He smiles and his eyes glow a sickly yellow.

MR. WALLACE
Yes, I'm fine.

Mr. Wallace dusts his suit down, then moves down along the corridor. He moves past the doors to several compartments, through two carriages, before closing a door behind him.

A door he has just passed opens to reveal Moira who moves in the opposite direction to Mr. Wallace.

INT. TRAIN CARRIAGE - KENNEDY'S BERTH - DAY

The door closes behind Moira and Kennedy turns to face Wade who has swapped positions with Bedros and is now sitting opposite Kennedy next to the window.

KENNEDY

So, you got the book, you trained yourself from the book. What happened? Did you ever find out who gave you the book?

WADE

I was just getting to that.

EXT. SUNNYDALE - DAY

Another sunny day, but there are storm clouds on the horizon. The people in the market are packing up their stalls as Wade walks between them on his way home.

He dodges down an alley until he's in the street he lives in. He heads into his house and grabs an apple from the table.

Suddenly a hand grabs his own, it's his father, Mr. Donaldson.

Wade looks up at Mr. Donaldson and gulps, but is very calm as he takes a bite out of the apple.

Mr. Donaldson is fuming.

MR. DONALDSON

You didn't ask, boy.

WADE

(sarcastic)

I'm very sorry, sir.

MR. DONALDSON

I don't appreciate the sarcasm.

WADE

(sniffs his father's
breath)

You don't appreciate positive oral hygiene either, but I guess we're skipping that one in today's lecture.

MR. DONALDSON
I don't like this cockiness,
young man, you got it from your
mother. She had the devil in
her.

WADE
Oh, do shut up!

Wade swings round. The action goes into SLOW MOTION:

WADE (V.O.)
I only intended to punch him, to
hurt him, to make him know he
couldn't push me around anymore.
But well, from what you've told
me Kennedy, you'd just died.

Wade throws the much bigger Mr. Donaldson over his shoulder,
through the air and smashes through the front door into the
street. Splinters fly and dust settles as Mr. Donaldson
brushes himself off and looks at his son incredulously.

WADE (cont'd)
Oh boy.

MR. DONALDSON
Where have you been learning that,
my son? Been planning to do your
old father in? Planning to kill me
off in my sleep and steal my
worldly fortunes?

WADE
Would I be so inclined, old man.

WADE (V.O.) (cont'd)
I don't know where the inner
strength and resolution had come
from, but it was there, coursing
through my veins like it had
never been before. I could see
his moves before he had taken
them.

KENNEDY (V.O.)
Your spidey sense was tingling.

WADE (V.O.)
My whatsit?

KENNEDY (V.O.)
I'll explain later.

WADE (V.O.)
As I was saying, I kicked his ass.

Mr. Donaldson strides into the doorway. The pedestrians on the street look in the door cautiously as they pass, but they quickly move on their way.

Mr. Donaldson picks up a meat cleaver as he heads into the door.

Wade sticks his right hand out blindly, finding it grasping at a hot fire poker which he brings up in front of him.

Mr. Donaldson raises the meat cleaver up in the air and charges his son, but Wade brings the fire poker up in the air and smashes his father's head with it.

Mr. Donaldson drops to the floor.

Wade drops to his knees. His grasp loosens and the hot poker drops to the floor. It rolls across the floor and hits his father's face. There is a hiss of singing flesh as it burns Mr. Donaldson.

Wade takes a deep breath, a tear rolls down his cheek. Suddenly Mr. Donaldson jumps upwards with a horrendous growl and lunges for Wade's throat.

Wade is quicker on his feet and pulls a pan from the table and smashes his father in the face.

Mr. Donaldson drops to the floor, finally dead.

Wade rises, walks outside:

EXT. SUNNYDALE - CONTINUOUS

Wade falls to his knees in the middle of the street as the skies open and wash him clean with rain.

The door to the house opposite opens and Mrs. Raleigh steps out into the street with a blanket, she quickly hurries to Wade and wraps it around him.

KENNEDY (V.O.)

Who was she?

Mrs. Raleigh guides Wade into her house:

INT. MRS. RALEIGH'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The same room we saw before, the shelves are lined with walls and the room is illuminated with candles.

Mrs. Raleigh ushers Wade into the room and sits him down in a leather armchair, returning a second later with a pot of boiling water, some tea leaves and a jug of milk.

MRS. RALEIGH

Take a sip of that, my dear.

Mrs. Raleigh mixes the milk and the boiling water with the tea leaves and hands the cup to Wade, who takes it and gingerly sips it.

WADE (V.O.)

I'm not trying to excuse what I did, but I didn't hurt for having done it. It was self defense, self preservation. Now, turns out that nobody in Sunnydale really gave a crap about my father. Sure, they were scared of him, but nobody was going to turn me in to the authorities for doing what I did. So my father became one more missing person, caught by demons or whatever.

(beat)

And Mrs. Raleigh took me in. You asked who she was? I didn't find out until a few days later, until I had recovered enough to face the world.

TIME DISSOLVE
THROUGH TO:

Mrs. Raleigh at the desk, flicking her way through the pages of a book, muttering to herself.

MRS. RALEIGH

(whispered)

And so it would come in the times that a woman from the other place would walk our lands, that the bastion would fall, that hope would be restored and things that could not be would be born of the loins of things that could not be.

Wade steps into frame. He's cleaned up, wearing the clothes we saw him wearing in the last episode, looking practically as we saw him in the last episode.

WADE

What does that mean?

MRS. RALEIGH

Oh, that? It's nothing. Just some old nonsense, it's a book I took from my old job for safe keeping, now it's one of the few remaining tomes left in the collection.

WADE
What did you do?

MRS. RALEIGH
Me? Nothing. I'm a harmless old lady, just an old Watcher.

INT. TRAIN CARRIAGE - KENNEDY'S BERTH - DAY

Kennedy reacts in surprise:

KENNEDY
Raleigh was a Watcher?

WADE
I had no idea what it meant until I met you.

KENNEDY
And she died.

WADE
Yes, one of the first vampires that came to my village took her. They torched her house. The books are gone, so I didn't think it was important to mention them to you.

KENNEDY
Oh, don't worry, it wasn't. What's important now is that we get to Scotland and find this warlock Bedros claims may be able to help us.
(quizzical)
How can he help us?

BEDROS
All in good time, young lady. All in good time.

EXT. TRAIN CARRIAGE - DAY

Mr. Wallace walks down the corridor. He approaches a PORTER backing out of a berth, and a smile crosses his face.

MR. WALLACE
If you'd be so kind as to help me out.

PORTER
Of course, sir. I'll be right with you.

The porter closes the door and follows Mr. Wallace down the corridor.

They pass from one carriage to the next before arriving at the rear compartment. Mr. Wallace opens it and the two men pass through.

We stay in the carriage. The frosted glass door shields the two men from our view, but we do hear a hideous scream.

The door opens and the porter steps out, straightens his uniform and heads down the corridor.

The porter passes Moira and as he does, he smiles and we see his eyes glow and his skin ripple almost imperceptibly.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

The train continues through the countryside as night approaches, the sun has set and the moonlight flickers across the painted carriages, silhouetting the smoke as it rises ominously into the sky.

FADE OUT:

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. TRAIN CARRIAGE - KENNEDY'S BERTH - DAY

We're in a small cabin in the train. Out of the window is the countryside with the moonlight shining. Everything's illuminated by the silvery light.

Wade's asleep and the rest look shattered. Kennedy is next to the window and is staring out of it. She's obviously daydreaming.

Wade suddenly jolts up, awake from his sleep. The rest of the gang look up except Kennedy who carries on staring out of the window.

MOIRA

What's wrong?

WADE

Bad dream

(beat)

Slayer dream I think.

Kennedy looks up at Wade.

KENNEDY

Get used to them. They'll get worse!

Wade looks grim as Moira sighs.

MOIRA

How long have we got left?

She rubs her eyes and stretches her arms and legs.

MOIRA (cont'd)

We must of been on the train a dozen hours already.

KENNEDY

We've still got a few more hours to go.

Moira groans.

MOIRA

Right, well I'm hungry.

(beat)

Anyone want anything from the buffet car?

They all shake there heads and Moira opens the door of the car and steps out. Bedros sits up and faces everyone.

BEDROS

I think it's time that I tell you about this wizard we're going to see. He's one of the most powerful in the world. I think he would be able to help me, Kennedy, and you too.

(to Kennedy)

He may be able to get you back to your own world.

KENNEDY

What catches are there?

Bedros shrugs his shoulders.

BEDROS

I don't know, but you'd give anything to get back, wouldn't you?

Kennedy doesn't answer this.

KENNEDY

Alright we'll go, but any funny business and we're out of there. Clear?

Bedros smiles.

BEDROS

Crystal.

INT. TRAIN CARRIAGE - KENNEDY'S BERTH - DAY

Moira walks down the passage in the train. A few other people can be seen also walking down. As she passes the cars on the train, she can't help but look into them. There's a group of vampires playing poker in one and a family in an other.

As she passes one of the car she glances in and sees Mr. Wallace! She blinks and looks a second time, this time only seeing an ordinary porter standing.

The porter looks straight into Moira's eyes with a piercing glare. Moira regards him suspiciously, but not knowing what to do she carries on along the passage way with a confused look on her face. She reaches the buffet car as we:

CUT TO:

INT. TRAIN CARRIAGE - DAY

We are in a car where the porter was before. He is still standing there looking down to the ground at something we cannot see.

We PAN DOWN to see the same porter sprawled on the ground dead. There is blood on the ground with bits of intestines here and there. PAN UP to see the imposter in the form of the porter smirk. His skin ripples.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. TRAIN - NEXT

We're back in Kennedy's car. Moira isn't back yet so it's just Kennedy, Wade and Bedros. Wade and Bedros are talking to each other quietly.

Kennedy has went back to leaning her head on the window of the train staring out into the country side. Her eyes flicker and then close. She is just about asleep when there's a knock at the door of the car.

Three large vamps walk in and the team all stand. Kennedy whips out a stake and Wade follow. The vampire in the middle of the three is the biggest. Although two stakes are being pointed at him he seems calm. Bedros looks at them.

BEDROS
(to Wade and Kennedy)
Wait, these are the Vampire
Queen's guards.

Kennedy lowers her stake slowly and so does Wade.

KENNEDY
What do you want? You're vampires
and for all I care you're evil.

MAIN VAMP
The Vampire Queen wants to see
you.

Kennedy raises her stake back up again.

KENNEDY
Yeah, well what if I don't wanna
see her?

MAIN VAMP
Then you'll be missing out.

KENNEDY
On what?

MAIN VAMP

The deal she's willing to propose.

Kennedy keeps her stake out and starts to walk forward.

KENNEDY

(to Bedros and Wade)

You guys wait here

(to vamps)

Lead the way.

INT. TRAIN CARRIAGE - ROYAL BERTH - DAY

The room is bathed in darkness even though dawn has broken outside. Illumination cast only by dozens of candles, creeping shadows cast across Kennedy's face, the two vampires.

VAMPIRE QUEEN (O.S.)

Thank you for coming, my dear.

The VAMPIRE QUEEN steps out of the darkness, baring her fangs with a slight hiss. She doesn't look a day older than when she was changed a century ago, but she's twice as menacing.

KENNEDY

I'm not sure what you want from me.

VAMPIRE QUEEN

It's a game, girl, it's all a game. A serious game, a game for domination, a game of power, a game of pain and a game that I intend to win. A game that Wolfram & Hart shall not.

KENNEDY

I thought-

VAMPIRE QUEEN

(interrupting)

You probably think a lot of things, dearie.

KENNEDY

Angelus tried to recruit me to assassinate you several weeks ago, but Wolfram and Hart stopped me and they killed me.

(beat)

And Joe told me that they turned you, made you the Vampire Queen.

VAMPIRE QUEEN

They did, and they did. But I'm my own woman and I have my own aspirations which theirs do not match. You see, they turned me because they wanted world domination, such that the British Empire could only afford them so they turned me and, in turn, I ceded the Empire to them. The Empire grew, we used the Gem of Amara to endear power to all the vampires of the world and once they had that, they didn't need me at all. I was, how shall we put it? A dated piece of symbolism from a truly bygone era.

(beat)

I serve their purpose. They need me, but I do not need them. I held the world in my thrall once before and I can do it again.

(beat)

So, I'm proposing the following. There is a demon on this train, a demon that someone likely intends to use to kill me. You're not going to let that happen, and in turn, I'll provide you with my everlasting allegiance.

KENNEDY

How can I be sure you're telling the truth?

VAMPIRE QUEEN

I may be a vampire, dear, but I'm also a queen, and a Queen of England at that. My word is my honor.

KENNEDY

Then you've got a deal.

VAMPIRE QUEEN

Very good. Will you drink with me?

The Vampire Queen pours a red liquid into a wine goblet and holds it out to Kennedy. She takes it, sniffs it, then puts the glass down on the nearby table.

KENNEDY

Vintage A Negative. Not my favorite.

VAMPIRE QUEEN
(with a wicked smile)
Really? I always find it rather
fruity.

INT. TRAIN CARRIAGE - DAY

Moira walks down the carriage with a plate of meat and cheese in her hands. She munches on a slice of ham, carefree, then pops a chunk of cheese into her mouth.

MOIRA
This is lovely, the best meat
I've tasted since home.

Moira closes on her berth, but hears a CRASH.

She drops the plate of meat and cheese to the floor, looks towards the source of the sound, the end of the corridor, the door to the post carriage.

MOIRA (cont'd)
What was that?

Moira inches her way along the corridor, knocks on the door to the post carriage, but gets no response. She opens the door and peers into the dark.

She can't see anything. She steps into the room as her eyes begin to adjust to the gloom.

INT. TRAIN CARRIAGE - POST CARRIAGE - CONTINUOUS

There's nothing, but a crate has shifted and fallen to the floor. Moira goes to pick the crate up and freezes.

The bloodied CORPSES of the porter and the royal guard lie on the floor of the compartment, surrounded by mail bags, parcels, luggage.

Moira SCREAMS.

FADE OUT:

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

The train continues through the late-morning light, hills on either side of the train, smoke rising from the funnel and sweeping backwards in the wind, a few clouds in the sky.

INT. TRAIN CARRIAGE - POST CARRIAGE - DAY

Kennedy kneels down by the corpses and prods them corpses with a finger.

BEDROS (O.S.)
A shapeshifter.

KENNEDY
And how many leaps of logic did you make to reach that conclusion, old man?

Bedros is standing in the doorway.

BEDROS
Not as many as you might think. I can sense the mystic energy field in here, every time the creature changes form.

KENNEDY
Which means...

BEDROS
I can't track the blighter? Exactly.

KENNEDY
Well, isn't that a crying shame? And now it's time to play Jessica Fletcher.

BEDROS
Jessica Fletcher?

KENNEDY
I'll explain later.
(beat)
Where do we begin?

BEDROS
I hate to point out the obvious, my dear. We look for one of those people. That would be the logical genesis of any proper investigation.

KENNEDY

Right, get to it. We'll each take a carriage.

INT. TRAIN CARRIAGE - KENNEDY'S BERTH - DAY

Kennedy, Moira, Wade and Bedros stand around in a circle. Each of them has their palm open.

Bedros takes some objects from a pouch and drops one into each of their hands.

BEDROS

They'll glow when they pick up magical residue from the creature shifting. It won't necessarily be there, but it will have shifted in that location.

KENNEDY

Wade, you take this carriage. Moira the next one, Bedros and I'll take the others.

MOIRA

Aye, aye, captain.

Kennedy grins.

KENNEDY

Your first pop culture reference, I'm impressed.

MOIRA

(shrugs)
I'm a quick study.

KENNEDY

(nods)
Let's do this.

INT. TRAIN CARRIAGE A - DAY

Wade is at one end of the carriage. He looks to the other end of the carriage where Moira is standing.

She nods in his direction then heads into the preceding carriage while he begins his search through the rooms.

Wade is holding a metallic sphere in his hand, it hovers above the palm and hums slightly.

He opens the first door. It's empty except for another CORPSE, this one a random passenger. The metallic sphere glows brightly. Wade grimaces ever so slightly.

INT. TRAIN CARRIAGE B - DAY

Moira has the carriage with the Vampire Queen in it. Two guards stand by the door to the Queen's berth. She too is holding a metallic sphere in her hand.

She opens the first door in the room and sees nothing. She passes the door to the Queen's berth and suddenly the metallic sphere glows brightly.

Moira looks at the two guards, opens the door and finds Mr. Wallace standing in the middle of the room while the Vampire Queen prepares to lunge for him.

He turns to face her and hisses, screeches like a banshee.

Moira gasps.

MOIRA
(screams)
Help!

The two guards rush in, but Mr. Wallace is quick and combat ready, he swings a fist round.

It morphs into a razor sharp tool and smashes into the first guard. He dusts and the second guard backs off, but is pummelled by the same razor sharp tool.

Moira slams out and smashes the window, wind licks at the shattered frame. She grabs a piece of glass and lunges towards Mr. Wallace, managing to lodge the piece of glass in his chest.

His skin ripples. He swings round and grabs Moira, pins her to the floor.

The Vampire Queen smacks a heavy case into Mr. Wallace's head, which just aggravates him even more. He grabs the case and throws it out of the shattered window.

BEDROS (O.S.)
Sleep my child.

Bedros steps into view and waves his hand over Mr. Wallace, who collapses to the floor.

His skin ripples revealing a contorted, hideously scared, burned, disfigured body - the SYCORAX.

MOIRA
What?

BEDROS
Your assassin, Madam.

Kennedy and Wade appear.

VAMPIRE QUEEN

Get your wizard away from me, my dear. I don't trust those who wield such powerful magic.

BEDROS

I just saved your life.

VAMPIRE QUEEN

And for that I am grateful. Now, leave us.

KENNEDY

What is it?

BEDROS

Ma'am, wouldn't you like an answer to that question? I'm not just capable of casting simple sleeping spells on people, I can probe his mind with a flick of my wrist!

WADE

Then do it. Tell us who he is.

Bedros kneels down next to the SYCORAX and places his hand on either side of the demon's face. Kennedy raises an eyebrow.

KENNEDY

Cool, the Vulcan nerve pinch.

MOIRA

Vulcan? Nerve pinch?
(off Bedros's irritated look)
You can explain later.

Bedros closes his eyes.

BEDROS

He doesn't have a name, not one that he remembers at least. All he knows is that he has been called The Sycorax for as long as he can remember.

EXT. NIGHT SKY - NIGHT

A starry night sky over which we hear the sounds of a woman in child birth. She pants. She screams.

BEDROS (V.O.)

He was born to a Human mother and a demon father, the coupling resulting from a deal the mother, a witch, had brokered with the demon for unlimited power. In return, the woman had to provide the demon a child but, in a cruel twist of fate, or perhaps the way it was planned all along, the mother died in childbirth.

PAN DOWN to reveal a graveyard, a gravestone covered in moss is our focus and a YOUNGER SYCORAX stands over the gravestone with a few flimsy flowers.

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

The demon was banished by a powerful warlock, killed, it's powers stolen, it's child taken and raised as if he was the warlock's own.

EXT. WARLOCK'S CASTLE - NIGHT

An ominous castle. There is a flickering light in some of the windows and eerie howls of pain emerging from the same windows.

BEDROS (V.O.)

Of course, the young Sycorax was grateful to the warlock for giving him shelter from the cruel world outside and so forgave the warlock all the cruel tortures and experiments he was subjected to. Over time, the Sycorax was taught to emulate peoples' appearances, but only those poor souls who had already died. This being his demon father's natural ability. And, to earn its keep, the warlock made the Sycorax use this ability to provide money, performing cheap imitations for local crowds.

INT. GARRETT'S BEDROOM - DAY

GARRETT is on the bed, surrounded by sheets made out of animal fur, having his muscular torso torn at by the teeth of several blue skinned female demons.

BEDROS (V.O.)

Until...

SAMANTHA bursts through the doors.

SAMANTHA

I've got something to tell you,
something that can make these
cheap floosies wait. A weapon we
can use for our own cause,
a shape shifter.

Garrett smiles, then goes full vamp face and bites into the neck of one of the blue-skinned demon women, blue blood splatters over the covers and across his face.

GARRETT

Delightful.
(beat)
Bring this creature to me.

EXT. WARLOCKS CASTLE - NIGHT

A cage containing the Sycorax is loaded onto the back of a wagon, the creature morphs into a middle aged woman with raven hair, a blonde haired youth, a dark skinned woman.

BEDROS (V.O.)

So, Garrett had the Sycorax brought to him for his own use. It took some magical conditioning and some time, but they used him to blow up the Watchers Council in Manchester.

(beat)

And, of course, planned to have him assassinate the Vampire Queen.

KENNEDY (V.O.)

But why stop me assassinating the Queen and then try to do it yourself?

INT. TRAIN CARRIAGE - DAY

VAMPIRE QUEEN

Simple, they want to do it. They want the pleasure of knowing that they have done it. However, heretofore, I have not been in a position to make a play for dominance. Now, everything is in my favor. I am a threat to them now unlike I ever was before, having consolidated my power, I am now in a position to use that power.

KENNEDY

You are overly fond of long winded monologues, aren't you?

VAMPIRE QUEEN

(laughs)

I don't pretend to know why
Garrett does what he does, I just
know that he does it and that he
must be stopped at any cost. You
will save yourself much time if
you don't bother about the whys.

MOIRA

Guys, Bedros hasn't come out his
trance.

Kennedy turns to look at Bedros who still has his hands
clamped to the face of the Sycorax.

DISSOLVE
THROUGH TO:

INT. WARLOCKS CASTLE - NIGHT

The Sycorax is strapped to a table and the WARLOCK stands
over him with a needle full of a strange luminescent green
fluid, the Warlock laughs and we get a look at his face for
the first time.

BEDROS (V.O.)

Now, isn't that a coincidence?

INT. TRAIN CARRIAGE - DAY

Bedros jerks back from the Sycorax and a smile flickers
across his face. Moira and Wade help him to his feet and he
brushes his robes down as the wind from the broken window
plays with everyone's hair.

WADE

Are you okay?

BEDROS

I'm fine, more than fine in fact.

KENNEDY

We should be arriving at our
destination in no time, we can
hand the Sycorax over to your
people, Your Majesty, then we
will be on our way.

VAMPIRE QUEEN

Thank you, Kennedy. I will make
arrangements. If your wizard
friend can make sure our guest
doesn't wake up in the meantime.

BEDROS
 I can, I shall...
 (flicks his fingers)
 ... and I have.

VAMPIRE QUEEN
 Oh, and Kennedy, the deal we made,
 it stands as I said it would.

Moira crinkles her brow:

MOIRA
 What deal?

KENNEDY
 Later, Moira.

Kennedy heads along the carriage, beckoning for Wade, Bedros and Moira to follow her. She slows down to walk beside Bedros.

KENNEDY (cont'd)
 What did you mean back there.

BEDROS
 What did I mean back where?

KENNEDY
 'Isn't this a coincidence?'

BEDROS
 Oh, as I said. Nothing. Not a
 thing you need to bother your
 pretty little head about at any
 rate, my friend.

EXT. TRAIN STATION - DAY

The train is idling at the station - people are getting onto the train and disembarking. There are several policemen gathered round a cage on a wagon, two thuggish men haul the Sycorax from the train and put him in the cage. The policeman on the wagon push the horses into action. They move away from the station.

Kennedy, Moira, Wade and Bedros disembark the train and disappear in the chaotic crowds.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

The wagon carrying the Sycorax in a cage moves down the street. Some people point and laugh at the demon, some shy away from it, and some even throw rotten fruit as it passes by them.

The Sycorax is still unconscious, but then a single eye opens, takes in the situation, the other eye opens and it growls loudly and ominously.

Its skin ripples as it morphs into a huge muscular man, akin to a professional wrestler.

It grabs the bars of the cage, pulling them apart. They squeal under pressure and the people in the streets scream and run.

The policemen on the wagon don't know how to react.

FADE OUT:

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

CLOSE UP on the ground as a plethora of feet pounds the road. PULL BACK to a stampede of bystanders fleeing from the escaped Sycorax.

ANGLE ON the Sycorax, still in the muscular man guise, HURLING one of the policemen out of its way.

The other policemen CHARGE at the beast. The Sycorax picks up the stem of the wagon and SWINGS it effortlessly like a baseball bat, knocking out all of its opposition at once.

It morphs back into its true form and looks around at the bodies strewn around the area. With a huff of what could be described as satisfaction, it exits.

FADE TO:

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Elsewhere in the city, Bedros leads the rest of the group. He's striding through the city with purpose. The rest lag behind, unsure of where they're going.

WADE

Anyone notice he walks with a certain...

He trails off, the proper word escaping him.

KENNEDY

Flamboyance?

WADE

Well I wasn't going to say that.

MOIRA

I have to say I'm a trifle disappointed.

KENNEDY

Huh?

MOIRA

Well, Mr. Wallace told me the legend of how the Slayer was created.

(beat)

I guess I expected a shaman of such powerful ability to be a little less...

(beat; points to Bedros)

... well, less that.

WADE

I concur.

KENNEDY

This from a group of girls who
can beat up larger men and
demons.

WADE

Ahem.

KENNEDY

What?

WADE

Not a girl here.

KENNEDY

(points off screen)

Hey, a rat!

Wade jumps about a mile, frantically looking around for the
rodent sized spawn of Satan.

WADE

(scared)

Where? Where?

He stops as Kennedy and Moira fight to stifle their
laughter.

KENNEDY

(grinning)

I rest my case.

BEDROS

Children, please!

Our three slayers turned to Bedros, who is sweeping his
staff back and forth in the air.

BEDROS

I'm trying to follow this
warlock's magical aura and you
three are mucking up my
concentration.

KENNEDY

What? We've been walking around
for a good two hours and you
don't know where we're going?

(beat)

I suddenly feel the urge to do
something violent.

BEDROS

I picked up on his aura when I read that foul beast's memories, but it was faint. I know he's in this town, but I'm not sure where. Thus my efforts to track him.

KENNEDY

So the hell is this taking so long?

BEDROS

That beast has changed form several times since we got off the train. Its energy is interfering.

Bedros spreads his arms out and closes his eyes. The rest of the group looks at him, still not sure what to make of this guy.

BEDROS (cont'd)

Now if the three of you would just keep your bantering to yourselves, I can focus my energy and find this man.

Kennedy's eyes stop on something off screen.

KENNEDY

Well, Lassie, you could do that. Or we could just try there.

She points to a hill on the outskirts of town. A CASTLE sits on the apex of the hill.

BEDROS

(embarrassed)

Yes, well... that could be a possible avenue.

MOIRA

How are you so certain he's there?

KENNEDY

It's a creepy castle in the mist outside of town. How can it not be the place?

WADE

Well, I... I can't argue with that logic.

MOIRA

I'm not sure.

KENNEDY

Look at it this way. If the guy we're looking for ain't there, there's probably something evil inside we can beat up.

BEDROS

Must it always come back to violence?

WADE

It's the Slayer way, as I understand it.

BEDROS

We did not create the Slayer to be a brute.

KENNEDY

No, you forced a girl to do all your fighting for you while you bunch of pansies ran and hid, but hey, that's cool because you're...

(splays her arms out)

Bedros!

Moira snickers. Bedros looks like someone stole his teddy bear.

KENNEDY

Show of hands. Who wants to check out the castle?

Moira and Wade raise their hands.

KENNEDY

Now, who wants to walk around in circles following Gandalf here.

Bedros raises his hands. Kennedy looks around like she doesn't see him.

KENNEDY

Anyone? Anyone? No objections? Good.

Kennedy starts towards the castle, Moira and Wade falling into step behind her.

Bedros stands there with his hand still raised, beet red in the face.

BEDROS

No respect for their elders.

KENNEDY
 (calling back)
 Respect is something you earn,
 not something you're entitled to.
 You coming or not?

With an indignant huff, Bedros follows.

MOIRA (O.S.)
 Gandalf?

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

The Sycorax wanders through town. The whole area is deserted now. It stops and growls.

ARC AROUND to show an angry MOB of villagers. Pitchforks and torches at the ready.

CLOSE UP on the Sycorax's face. Its eyes are darting side to side, not sure what to do.

The mob RUSHES in and we:

CUT TO:

EXT. CASTLE - DAY

We're at the castle now. Compared to Garrett's place, this place is a hut. Unkept vines hang all over the walls. The door looks worn and battered. It's barely a story tall.

MOIRA
 It looked a tad more imposing
 from the town.

WADE
 Better a small castle than a
 large tent I guess.

Bedros is back in front of the group now, clearly trying to maintain some sort of seniority. He signals a halt with his staff. CLOSE IN on his face.

BEDROS
 (eyes closed)
 I can sense him within. Now, we
 must proceed with caution. I
 know this man and he's not
 accustomed to your form of-

BANG.

PULL BACK to reveal Kennedy standing in the doorway. The door is on the ground, a foot size dent in the middle of it.

KENNEDY
(calling out)
Knock, knock!

BEDROS
(finishing)
Candor.

Kennedy steps inside purposefully. Bedros shuffles to catch up to her. Moira and Wade share a wry grin as they follow them into:

INT. CASTLE - DAY

From the inside, the place looks more like a large circus tent. The group looks around puzzled.

Kennedy walks over to a wall and pushes it lightly. It's paper thin.

KENNEDY
Well this is new.

BEDROS
He must have enchanted it to resemble a castle from the outside.

KENNEDY
Door felt real enough.

MOIRA
I don't understand why though.

BEDROS
Appearances. He obviously couldn't afford more palatial surroundings. These self important shaman today. Such superficial tarts.

KENNEDY
Yeah, because nothing about you is grandiose.

VOICE (O.S.)
Silence!

The group turns to see a WARLOCK in the corner of the room.

WARLOCK
How dare you invade my domicile without my permission.

KENNEDY

Yeah, whatever. Look we need
some...

(waving her hand)

... magic... thingamahjig.

BEDROS

The Henge of Ramos.

KENNEDY

Yeah, that.

WARLOCK

(chuckling)

A foolhardy venture, I must say.
Many have tried to acquire it and
failed.

KENNEDY

They weren't me.

BEDROS

My companions are more capable
than they appear.

WARLOCK

(sizing up the slayers)

Of course they are.

(beat)

According to the myths, it's in a
barren wasteland just outside
Clitheroe in England.

BEDROS

Clitheroe?

WARLOCK

Dreadful place, I must say. Full
of roughnecks and hooligan
vampires. I meant to train the
Sycorax there, but I couldn't
bear to stay for more than a
fortnight.

KENNEDY

The Syco-

She looks sharply at Bedros, the pieces falling into place.

KENNEDY (cont'd)

Coincidence.

BEDROS

It's of no importance. We know
where to go now.

KENNEDY

Wait, so that's it? I sat on that damn train and listened to a babbling old woman I probably should've staked just to spend 2 minutes here?

Just then, the Sycorax BURSTS into the room, huffing angrily.

Before anyone can react, it bound across the room and IMPALES the warlock with a sword it was carrying.

The warlock's face contorts in shock as blood streams out of his mouth. He slumps lifelessly.

Wade, Moira, and Kennedy advance on the beast. It throws the corpse into them, knocking them down.

Bedros is off in a corner, trying to avoid any semblance of a battle.

The Sycorax quickly exits as the entire room shimmers, the glamour spell on the building dissipating without the warlock to sustain it.

Kennedy is quickly back on her feet and takes off after the Sycorax. She's got a small grin on her face.

MOIRA

(to Kennedy)

What are you going to do?

KENNEDY

Something violent!

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

ANGLE The Sycorax sprinting into frame with Kennedy in hot pursuits.

AERIAL VIEW of the town as Kennedy runs through the area. There are dead bodies all over the place. The Sycorax has been busy.

FADE TO:

EXT. CLIFF - DAY

The Sycorax comes into frame. We're on a high cliff overlooking the town. It stops at the edge, out of room to escape.

Kennedy slows her approach, knowing she has it cornered.

SYCORAX
 (slowly)
 Why do you pursue me?

Kennedy looks a little taken aback that this thing can speak.

KENNEDY
 You massacred all those people in town.
 (beat)
 And you're ugly.

SYCORAX
 They attacked me.

KENNEDY
 Oh, so you were just defending yourself.
 (cracks knuckles)
 Yeah right. What about the Watchers' Council?

No response for that one.

SYCORAX
 I never wanted to be a monster.

Kennedy advances on her foe, fists clenched.

SYCORAX (cont'd)
 I'm not fit to be a man.

Kennedy is circling now. The Sycorax doesn't seem to be prepared to defend itself.

SYCORAX (cont'd)
 I'm not meant to be at all.

Without another word, the Sycorax turns and JUMPS off the cliff, falling to its death.

Kennedy rushes to the edge just in time to see the gruesome landing. We stay on her reaction for a bit.

KENNEDY
 Well that was anticlimactic.

CUT TO:

INT. WARLOCK QUARTERS - DAY

We're back in the warlock's home. Bedros is scavenging the various magical goods.

BEDROS

Oh my, a Suderian conjuring
stone! I've not seen one of
these in ages.

He pockets the stone as we PULL BACK to Wade, Moira, and
Kennedy.

KENNEDY

So then it just jumped off the
cliff.

WADE

Not even one punch?

KENNEDY

(pouting)
Nope. Can you believe it?

MOIRA

I actually think it's sort of
honorable.

WADE

More like cowardly. It failed to
complete its task, so perhaps it
killed its master to avoid
retribution.

KENNEDY

I think it just had the fear of
Kennedy in it.

MOIRA

Oh, do get over yourself.

KENNEDY

Come on now. It kills people on
the train, slaughters a town full
of people, one look at me and
it's off a hundred foot cliff.
Obviously it knew who I was.

MOIRA

(wry)
Right.

BEDROS

The scrolls of Nastula! I
thought these were lost.

KENNEDY

He's like a kid on Christmas.

MOIRA

Should we be letting him take all
these things?

KENNEDY

If it keeps him quiet on the ride
back to England, he can take
whatever he wants.

Wade nods in agreement. We slowly PULL AWAY and:

FADE TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

The Vampire Queen paces in an extravagant suite. She stops
as a CLOAKED MAN enters the room, bowing politely.

MAN

You summoned me, your highness?

VAMPIRE QUEEN

The one called Bedros cannot be
trusted. I want you to follow
him and the vampire slayers and
watch his movements. He seeks
power and I'll not have anymore
enemies popping up.

MAN

Yes, my queen.

VAMPIRE QUEEN

Do not bother with secrecy.
Infiltrate Kennedy's circle and
travel with them. If Bedros
makes any designs on disrupting
the balance, you are to stop him
immediately.

MAN

Of course, my queen.

The man bows and exits. Off the Vampire Queen's
expressionless face, we:

FADE TO BLACK:

END OF SHOW