

SLAYERS EAST

Episode Three

"Midnight Feast"

CAST

Candy	Jenni Sands
Cinth	Margie Worboys
CC	Rachael Worboys
John Ridgway	Andrew Salmond
Zak	Scott Anderson

## VOICEOVER

In every generation there is a chosen one. She alone will stand against the vampires, the demons, and the forces of darkness. She is the slayer, doomed to an impossible fight, and when the time comes the next of the chosen must be ready to take her place...

OPEN in a flurry of white and flashes of skin as a row of fists SNAPS forward with a cry. Punching practice at Exeter Karate Club; a mix of ages, mostly teens, all fix-eyed. In the centre of the screen is CC, going through the set with more discipline than anyone else there; she's pushing herself, reaching deeper, punching harder. She takes this seriously. We see others around her but no-one we recognise until, coming into focus over CC's shoulder, CHRISTIAN. His face is set as well; he is good at this, naturally athletic and full of concentration. His movements are smooth and precise rather than CC's aggressive style and he doesn't appear to be breaking much of a sweat.

In front of the group walks their sensei. He is early-twenties, blonde, his hair in tight short dreads.

## SENSEI

Again!

The class begins the set again. We switch focus back to CC, whose eyes are slightly distant, her punching almost wild, like she's pummelling something she hates or is terrified of. Or both. The camera closes in on her face.

## SENSEI

All right, everyone, break. Take five.

(to CC)

And you - relax. Keep that up and you'll strain yourself.

## CC

(she pauses the briefest moment - she's coming back from wherever she was)

I will? I will. That's bad, isn't it?

SENSEI

It can be.

(He pauses while CC wipes her face with her hands.)

CC, I got to ask, are things all right? You're too new for me to know where you're coming from but you seem a little...

CC

I'm fine.

He doesn't seem satisfied with this, but ultimately it isn't his problem.

SENSEI

(instructing CC, not unkindly)

Okay then. Ease up. You hurt yourself and I'll kick your ass. All right, people! Stay warm. Sparring in a couple.

CHRISTIAN

(coming over)

What did he say?

CC

(not at all overawed)

I think he told me to calm down.

CHRISTIAN

He probably wants to make sure you don't injure anyone when you come to sparring.

CC

Injure someone? Me?

CHRISTIAN  
(smiling)

You kidding? I'll say this, I pity anyone that tries to jump you in some dark alley.

CUT to a dark alley. A hideous vampiric face JUMPS out towards the camera, trying for its prey: CANDY, the vampire slayer. Candy wrestles free from the dangerous fangs; she is not impressed.

CANDY

Stupid vampire! You put a rip in my sweater!

The vamp, a grungy male, charges her again, and she ducks and rolls away from it. She leaps to her feet as it charges after her, swinging to meet it with a wooden stake. The vamp pulls up short and snatches a dustbin lid from some bins right next to Candy - a tactical error she pays for as he blocks the stake with the dustbin lid. On the back foot, she is helpless to resist as he pushes her back with the shield, slamming her against the brick wall and knocking the breath out of her. Candy ends up with her back to the wall right beside a fire-escape ladder, her hands up as high as her head. The stake is still in her right hand.

VAMP  
(approaching, eying the stake with the shield protecting him from it)

And now I put a rip in your neck!

With a snarl the vamp slams Candy's right arm with the shield, pinning it against the wall. The stake is useless. Candy looks afraid - she's still new at this. Grinning, fangs bared, the vampire leans in towards her neck, and

WHAM!

Candy uses her left hand to RIP the ladder out of the wall and SMACK the vamp right in the face with it. The vamp reels, stunned.

CANDY

Or not.

She DUSTS the vamp. Behind her in the alley is ALISON, her watcher. Alison is holding a crucifix and a clipboard.

ALISON

Not bad, considering.

CANDY

What's not bad?

ALISON

Your technique. I have noted down some areas for improvement -

CANDY

You were taking notes? I can't believe you were taking notes.

ALISON

(as if the thought hadn't occurred to her before)

Would you prefer it if I didn't?

CANDY

If I'm about to become a Candy slurpee I definitely prefer help to notes.

ALISON

Candy. We both know how this game is played.

CANDY

Maybe we can play another game from now on? Pictionary. I like Pictionary.

ALISON  
(puts a hand on Candy's shoulder)

You're doing fine.

CANDY  
(looks miserable, replaces the dustbin lid)

So that was our guy?

ALISON  
The trail leads here. It's him.

CANDY  
Yay! That means it's home time!

ALISON  
(flipping pages on the clipboard)  
Yes, I suppose it is. It's just... there's one thing I don't understand. The amount of blood he took tonight, its right off the usual charts. That was a very, very hungry vampire.

CUT AWAY to the interior of a car, tinted windows, looking across the road at Alison and Candy emerging from the alley. The image is suddenly cut off as a scraggly-haired young man SLAMS his face against the window, peering through it from close up. This is OPIE.

OPIE  
Look! They're not dead! Rufus didn't gettem!

FEMALE VOICE (off)  
Of course Rufus didn't get them. He is a fool, and foolishness is fatal against a slayer.

CLOSE on Candy, through the tinted windows, looking over her shoulder as she walks away down the street.

OPIE

She's a slayer?

Back to the interior of the car. OPIE continues to watch, fascinated, while listening to his companion.

FEMALE VOICE (off)

Opie, please be quiet. Rufus is dead, which means only one of our runaways is still a problem.

OPIE

The Knifey's still free, huh?

FEMALE VOICE (off)

Yes. The Knifey is still free. And if we don't fix that, these streets will run with far more blood than Rufus could have spilled.

Return to Opie's POV of the departing slayer. Candy turns, looks straight towards Opie through the tinted window, frowning.

OPIE

Look! Look! She can see me! Hee hee hee hee!

Candy looks puzzled, but obviously discounts her suspicions and turns away to keep walking. Opie is bouncing up and down, and presses his head hard against the glass, smearing his cheek.

OPIE

See you real soon, slayer...

A departing shot of Candy and Alison, tinted, Opie's POV, disappearing around a corner, as the ominous music signals into the beginning of the CREDITS SEQUENCE AND THEME SONG