

SLAYER ACADEMY

"12: Blood"

by
Alden Caele

Mia Wasikowska as Mela Haskins
Jessy Schram as Fran St. James
Adrianne Palicki as Clarissa Amaury
Dana Davis as Karen Tell

With
Bonnie Wright as Alyssa McPhee
Hayley Williams as Felicia McPhee

WEBISODE

MELA (V.O.)
I don't know how to tell this
story. I could start at the end, of
course.

FADE IN:

1

INT. CASTLE - NIGHT

1

Back in Kira's old castle, the walls cracked and in need of repair. In the dim light stands:

MELA, hands CRACKLING with energy. She faces off against:

DELANEY, whose eyes are narrowed in hatred, the SCYTHE in hand.

MELA (V.O.)
There are a thousand moments I
could start from, though at any
point you could see where things
would end. Moments that, if I'd
been looking, showed me where I was
headed.

A flash of quick CLIPS:

* Mela, face streaked with blood, gives FRAN a passionate kiss.

* Mela sits in the infirmary, hand clasped with that of CLARISSA, who is hooked up to a respirator.

* Mela saves DOUGLAS from the Virus Flowers (4x14).

* Mela knocks on a door, and Delaney looks up from some work.

* Mela, in an unknown building, looks over a door to see it's marked '36c'.

* Mela sits on Fran's bed, speaking silently to her.
("Fallen")

* Mela, sliding across the old school floor into danger, somehow BLASTS all the combatants away from her. ("Saved")

* A familiar redhead, ALYSSA, accidentally cuts her finger in the library.

* Mela sits across from a MAN at a kitchen table in a house.

CUT TO BLACK:

(CONTINUED)

MELA (V.O.) (cont'd)
I guess, as all things go, there is
a clear beginning after all.

FADE IN:

INT. HASKINS HOUSEHOLD - KITCHEN - DAY

The first sense we get of this room is happiness; white and yellow, accentuated by the warm sun coming in through the large windows.

TITLE CARD: JUNE 2001

At the table sits the handsome ADAM HASKINS (25), quietly doing his crosswords. In the background wanders a young brunette girl - this is Mela at ELEVEN YEARS OLD. She's cute, excitable.

MELA
(talking quickly)
So, I told her that she was stupid
and how I see her let Randall
Ramsey in by the back door every
Wednesday night. And I said I was
gonna tell you about it, and you'd
tell her mum, yeah?

ADAM
(distracted)
Mhm.

MELA
And then she said that my mom is a
crack whore and she'd tell everyone
if I didn't keep my mouth shut.

ADAM
(not listening)
Mhm.

MELA
But you said my mom is dead.

Adam's face freezes, and he looks up from his paper to see Mela staring at him, her face accusing.

MELA (cont'd)
What'd she mean, dad?

Adam doesn't respond. He merely stares, frozen, at his daughter. Off Mela's curious stare, we CUT TO:

3 INT. BUS - NIGHT

3

A slightly older MELA sits on the bus, her eyes lost in thought. Headphones cover her ears, protecting her from the seedier elements in the seats around her.

TITLE CARD: SEPTEMBER 2003

She stares out the window, lost in her thoughts. The bus stops.

4 EXT. DOWNTOWN - NIGHT

4

A WIDE SHOT, showing a rough neighborhood, to say the least. The houses are jammed a little too close together, with fences rotted and lawns merely messes of dirt.

The dirty-yellow house in the centre of the frame is falling apart, with windows opaque with grime. Everything seems stained by smoke or worse.

Mela approaches the door gingerly, as only a young girl can. Only the screen door is closed, and she swings it open without resistance.

WOMAN (O.S.)
(ecstatic)
Oh! Oh! Please!

Mela frowns, and moves down a hallway. The walls have patches where the paint has peeled, and there isn't a picture on the wall that isn't cracked or crooked.

Mela notices one, of her teenage father embracing a lithe, beautiful BLONDE. Mela frowns sadly at this.

WOMAN (O.S.) (cont'd)
(ecstatic)
No, don't stop... I need it...

Mela steps forward and cracks open a door;

A tall, dark-haired MAN stands in the middle of the decayed room, dressed in a beautiful suit. Pounding her fists on his chest is

The BLONDE woman, a decade older and clearly falling apart. Her hair is a little too long, and her clothes haven't been washed in weeks. She looks at the man's face, her eyes pleading.

WOMAN (cont'd)
You can't... I... please. Please.

(CONTINUED)

The man nods curtly, but his face breaks into a wide cruel grin. He presses his palms to her temples, and a kind of coloured LIGHT presses through his hands into her head.

She SCREAMS, as if there is an excess of noise and she needs to let it out, but she can't scream out enough. She presses her hands to his chest-

And he STOPS, dropping her to the floor.

MAN

(disgusted; Scottish)

The well runs dry here, Ms. Rourke.
My debt to your mother's paid, now,
tenfold. Next time, it'll be
expensive.

He turns and LEAVES, passing by Mela. He notices the girl and frowns.

MAN (cont'd)

Ye shouldn't be here, lass. Bad
neighbourhood. Let me take ye home,
yeah?

Mela nods mutely.

Mela sits across from the man, sipping a Coke. He sips his own coffee like a king among peasants.

MAN

It's a bad idea, child, visiting
her. She's no role model for ye.
For anyone.

MELA

(confused)

What were you doing to - with -
what was the light?

The man sighs and takes another drink. Mela stares at him; she wants an answer.

MAN

(coughs)

Well, that - your mother, she's
addicted to magic.

MELA

(sarcastic)

Like Cinderella's fairy godmother?

MAN

(sad)

No, not at all like that. She just, she's stuck. Her brain tells her she needs it, and she will do anything to get it. She sells her body, her mind...

(beat)

So no, nothing like that.

Mela frowns and takes a bite of toast. Thinks.

MELA

Can anyone be addicted to...

(wince)

'Magic'?

MAN

No, just those who use it. And it's a strong need. Magic itself can do things...

The man's face shimmers, and we recognise his new visage as HAMISH.

HAMISH

It's powerful stuff.

Mela stares at him, horrified and intrigued. She doesn't run; she takes another bite of her toast.

MELA

Could it happen to me?

HAMISH

Yes. It probably will, if you don't watch yourself.

Mela nods, takes another sip of her juice. Hamish looks into his coffee, thinking of things long past.

HAMISH (cont'd)

I've got a young girl, like you. I've never met her, but...

He looks at Mela, who frowns.

HAMISH (cont'd)

I could help you. Control it, that is. The bloke you're stuck with won't know the first thing to do with wayward magic.

(beat)

Offer's one time only, though. Come with me, I can help you.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

HAMISH (cont'd)
Once I'm gone, the only one
watching you is you.

He stares at her for a moment, but she doesn't look up from her cup. She, slowly, shakes her head.

HAMISH (cont'd)
(smiles)
Good girl. Maybe you'll be alright
after all.

He stands and leaves her sitting in the diner alone.

MELA (V.O.)
I think that started it. The fear.
I fell into a deep sleep.
(beat)
She woke me up.

Extreme close up of a table. A drip of BLOOD hits the surface. Another follows.

MELA (V.O.) (cont'd)
In the beginning, we started with
blood.

A hand comes into view, a small cut marring the pale skin of one finger.

Cut to a wider shot to reveal we are in:

INT. CAMPUS - LIBRARY

We see the owner of the injured finger, beautiful Scottish redhead ALYSSA, who is holding her cut finger tight. At the table, flipping through a magazine, is CLARISSA.

TITLE CARD: MAY 2006

ALYSSA
(Scottish accent)
Damn it!

CLARISSA
(amused)
It's so cute you don't know any
actual swear words.

ALYSSA
(wincing)
Just shut up and get me a bloody
bandage!

CLARISSA
Do I look like a nurse? Go find
Jaz, dumbass.

(CONTINUED)

Alyssa sucks on her finger, on the verge of tears.

FEMALE VOICE

Um...

Alyssa and Clarissa turn their heads to see a meek brunette Slayer rummaging through her bag. She looks up from her search; it's Mela.

She holds up a band-aid, victorious. Alyssa crosses to Mela's table and swipes the band-aid.

ALYSSA

(bandaging finger)

You're a lifesaver, you are.

CLARISSA (O.S.)

You're a Slayer, Lyss. It'll heal in like a minute.

ALYSSA

(glares at Clarissa)

Um, shut up!

Alyssa focuses on Mela's face and smiles. She offers her unhurt hand.

ALYSSA (cont'd)

Alyssa.

Mela seems to shrink a little as she takes Alyssa's hand.

MELA

(beat; nervous smile)

Mela.

ALYSSA

You're pretty cute for a Yankee.
Ring me up sometime; I've got two
for Radiohead in London in a couple
weeks.

Mela looks at Alyssa as if she just turned into a vampire.

MELA

I, uh, you've misunderstood
something -

ALYSSA

(smiles)

Come on, kid, we both know you've
been checking out my ass for, like,
fifteen minutes.

Mela, caught in the act, merely looks down and wishes as hard as she can to be invisible.

(CONTINUED)

Alyssa looks down at the girl, still that cocky grin on her face. Though Mela's bowed face is covered by her hair, Alyssa leans down to Mela's ear:

ALYSSA (cont'd)
I wanted your attention. Someday,
you're going to be amazing.
(beat; grins)
Seriously. Radiohead.

Alyssa leans forward and pecks Mela on the cheek. Then, satisfied with herself, she wanders away.

Mela looks up, turns her head. Alyssa's gone. Clarissa approaches, chuckling.

CLARISSA
I guess I'll see you around. Mela.

As Mela tries to process what just happened, Clarissa walks off. HOLD on Mela, who slowly, hesitantly, smiles.

CUT TO:

A flash of quick CLIPS:

* The girls dance together in the dorms, their fingers interlaced. They stare into each other's eyes romantically.

* The girls, along with FRAN, CLARISSA and CELINE, look up from a movie to see KAREN enter the room. Karen smiles.

* In the library, Mela and Goth Slayer LAYLA argue over a book, while Alyssa shakes her head.

* Mela, outside the Academy, hugs her arms close to herself. A cloud of Slayers move towards her, around a gurney - carrying a dead Alyssa! Mela doesn't look.

In a hospital bed lies Goth slayer LAYLA, one arm wrapped in bandages. At the side of the bed stands Mela, arcs crossed, tear streaks down both cheeks.

TITLE CARD: JULY 2007

Mela's gaze is averted. She can't look at Layla.

MELA
(quiet)
Where the hell were you? You were
there, you could've...

She SIGHS. Layla doesn't respond.

(CONTINUED)

MELA (cont'd)

Reiko says it was quick. Was it?

Layla is rocked by a SOB; she nods.

MELA (cont'd)

Good.

Mela turns around and exits, leaving Layla alone and sobbing quietly to herself.

INT. CAMPUS - HALLWAYS - DAY

Mela exits the infirmary, her pace quick but never breaking into a run. She moves through the crowded hallways, head down, not making eye contact.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

Mela! Mela, slow the frick down!

Mela just walks faster, finally reaching the door:

EXT. CAMPUS - DAY

Mela bursts through the doors, walking out into the field. Following close behind is a younger redhead, FELICIA.

FELICIA

Where are you going?

MELA

I'm getting the hell out of Dodge,
and none to soon.

FELICIA

(angry)

You're gonna run away from this?

MELA

I'm getting on a bus.

FELICIA

Like you always do.

Felicia follows after Mela, who keeps walking away from the school.

FELICIA (cont'd)

You're a coward. A fucking coward.

MELA

Tell me something I don't know,
Felicia.

FELICIA

How about the fact that you could have saved my sister, asshole, and you didn't even try.

MELA

(offended)

I wasn't even there!

FELICIA

You know that's not what I mean.

MELA

What the hell are you talking about?

(biting)

I could have saved her what, with **love**? There's not enough in the world.

FELICIA

Not love. Magic. My sister's dead because you were too scared to do a little magic!

Mela freezes.

FELICIA (cont'd)

That's right, you stupid bitch, Alyssa told me everything. Down to the last word.

Mela turns around and begins to walk away.

FELICIA (cont'd)

You can't escape it, Mel. Someday that dam's gonna burst and you're gonna wish you'd saved a couple lives before -

MELA

(yelling)

Before what?

Mela turns, eyes on Felicia. Mela stares through the younger girl, freezing her.

MELA (cont'd)

(quiet)

Before what?

Felicia stares at Mela, her face falling. Her anger dissipated, all she can do is let the cracks show. Her shoulders fall, her muscles relax.

(CONTINUED)

FELICIA

(quiet)

I just miss her. That's it.

MELA

Me too.

(beat)

You never mention what Alyssa told you to anyone. My mother, my grandmother... I don't want anyone opening that box. Ever.

FELICIA

That's okay. I'll... yeah.

Felicia steps backwards, turns and leaves. Mela stares after her.

MELA

(yells)

I loved her. I really did.

FELICIA

(flat)

Wasn't enough.

Mela watches her go, her heart sinking. Her eyes tear up.

MELA (V.O.)

Or maybe, it wasn't my mother, or Alyssa, or Felicia. Maybe this all started because I forgot to keep myself in check.

(beat)

Maybe not loving Alyssa enough was what saved me the first time.

Mela and Fran sit on Fran's bed. Mela looks like she's been struck in the stomach, and Fran looks drained.

TITLE CARD: JUNE 2008

Mela looks Fran in the eyes.

FRAN

And that's, well, it. That's my damage.

MELA

(looks down)

Jesus, Fran, that's... that's really awful.

FRAN

Yeah, it was, but I'm over it.
We've got plenty of trauma right
here to take over for it, right?

(off Mela)

No, really, I'm fine. I just, the
shrink wanted me to open up to
someone I... trust.

(grins suddenly)

And that's you.

MELA

(smiles)

It's an honour. Not many people
here trust each other, not really.

Mela's smile wavers, however, and Fran looks at her with
genuine concern.

MELA (cont'd)

(beat)

There's things I haven't told
anyone.

(sad)

Not anyone still around, that is.

Mela looks down at her hands, on the verge of something.
Fran, for once knowing what to do, reaches out and grasps
Mela's hand.

MELA (cont'd)

I'm a ticking time bomb.

Fran furrows her brows, and Mela meets her gaze.

MELA (cont'd)

Something bad runs in my veins,
Fran. Dark magicks. My mother...

(beat)

Fitzgerald doesn't know. When Kira
returns, she'll see her in me, and
that'll be the end of it.

FRAN

(confused)

Kira?

MELA

(big)

She knew my grandmother.

FRAN

As in...

(realises)

Oh.

(CONTINUED)

Mela looks down, away from Fran's eyes.

MELA

Yeah.

FRAN

(blinks)

But... you're good. You're a
fricking Slayer, Mel. What does she
or Kira or anyone have to do with
you?

Mela looks at Fran as if she's the biggest moron she's ever
met. Fran doesn't turn her gaze; she means it.

Mela, overcome, leans forward and KISSES Fran! She pulls back
suddenly, shakes her head, looks at Fran with apology in her
eyes.

Fran stares at Mela for a moment, gears shifting in her head.

FRAN (cont'd)

(breathless)

Thank you.

... before she leans forward and KISSES her back!

It's tender and kind of awkward, but there's truth to this
moment. After it ends, Fran looks into Mela's eyes.

FRAN (cont'd)

I'm not afraid any more, Mel. You
shouldn't be either. Do magic. Be
amazing. You deserve it.

Fran smiles, turns and exits the room, leaving Mela alone.

MELA (V.O.)

We trusted each other. We were
hopeful. We were stupid.

Mela smiles to herself, tracing the lines on her palm with
her fingers.

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

We were stupid.

And on Mela's happy, hopeful smile:

FADE TO BLACK:

END OF WEBISODE