

**SLAYER ACADEMY**

"Less Than 100%"

by  
Rob Kenneth

&

Lee A. Chrimes

**TEASER**

FADE IN:

1

INT. CAMPUS - CLASSROOM - DAY

1

It's a drab, dreary afternoon in the classroom for the back-up squad. HEIDI, ERIKA, DEBBIE and ANNA are sitting among the desks, waiting for AIDEN to finish scribbling in his notebook.

Heidi is close to the front of the room, twirling a strand of hair and looking quite bored. Anna and Erika chat quietly near the back, and Debbie sits in the middle with her head down, her face hidden.

Aiden finishes and stands up, getting the girls' attention as he shuffles the papers in his hands.

AIDEN

Okay girls, I've got your latest  
test results done.

Anna and Erika stop chatting and face Aiden, but that's all the reaction he gets.

AIDEN (cont'd)

Right, er...

(beat; starts over)

Heidi, you got ninety-three on your  
last test.

Heidi beams as only she can.

AIDEN (cont'd)

Erika, ninety-three as well.

Erika smiles and nods.

AIDEN (cont'd)

Anna, ninety-six.

Heidi scowls, but Anna doesn't notice. Aiden walks over to Debbie, holding the test paper.

AIDEN (cont'd)

And Debbie...

There's a beat as Aiden waits for her response.

DEBBIE

(discouraged)

Just tell me. Don't drag it out.

Aiden takes a breath.

(CONTINUED)

AIDEN

Well, you got through the tunnel course with a decent mark, and your combat skills are improving-

HEIDI

Just say it. We all know she failed.

ERIKA

(sharp)

Heidi!

Aiden rolls his eyes, and looks back down at Debbie.

AIDEN

Twenty-seven percent.

Debbie sighs, as Heidi gets up.

HEIDI

(sarcastically)

I'm shocked and amazed. Now can we get back to something important? Like, for example, when we're going to get a replacement for Debbie on my squad?

Erika and Anna scowl at her.

HEIDI (cont'd)

(beat; off others)

It's not like it's a big surprise. That girl's always flunking out!

ANNA

Heidi, give her a break.

ERIKA

Not everybody can be as perfect as you seem to think you are.

HEIDI

I know!

(blinks)

Wait, was that an insult?

DEBBIE

Guys, really, it's-

ANNA

(heated)

You're always on her back for one thing or another, and I'm sick of it! You're supposed to be our squad leader, not our drill instructor!

(CONTINUED)

HEIDI

Why? Why does everybody rush to  
defend her? She's a bad Slayer, and  
you all know it!

Debbie looks helplessly to Aiden as the argument spills out  
of control, and Aiden stands, turning to face Heidi.

AIDEN

Heidi, give it a rest.

HEIDI

(angry)

No! Our team looks bad because she  
keeps us back! Don't you want to  
get the respect that Skye's team  
does!?

Nobody moves as Heidi looks from one Slayer to the next,  
finally turning to glare at Debbie.

HEIDI (cont'd)

(louder)

She's holding us back! If I had my  
way, she'd be kicked out of the  
school!

ANNA

Heidi!

(indicating Debbie)

Don't you think she's trying?

HEIDI

(screaming)

I don't care!!

There's a long pause.

AIDEN

(trying to remain calm)

Look. Nobody's going to get  
anywhere with you yelling, Heidi,  
so let's just-

Heidi takes an angry breath.

HEIDI

(calmly)

I want another Slayer. I'm not  
taking another mission until she's  
off my squad.

Debbie stands, grabs the piece of paper from Aiden, and  
quickly walks out of the room.

2 INT. CAMPUS - HALLWAY - NEXT 2

We follow Debbie as she starts to run, and see the tears starting to fall down her face.

3 INT. CAMPUS - DORMS - LATER 3

Debbie comes in, crying, as she runs over to her bed. She reaches down, and pulls out a box from underneath.

She opens it, and we get a quick look in, seeing a bunch of papers, all with a large, red 'F' on them. She stuffs the paper she got today inside, and shuts the box.

Pull back to see her as she sits up on her bed, openly crying. Off this, we:

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF TEASER**

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

4

EXT. CAMPUS GROUNDS - PAVILION - DAY

4

It's a windy afternoon at the Academy, and a lot of the girls are just sitting around, enjoying the weather.

Two Slayers, SARA and MANDY, are sitting on the steps, laughing and chatting. Debbie brushes her hair out of her eyes as she walks up, and the girls look at her with equal amounts annoyance and disinterest.

DEBBIE

(nervously)

Um, hey. Sara? Have you seen Erika or Anna?

SARA

(shrugs)

No. Not since yesterday.

MANDY

Y'know, I thought I saw them out near the obstacle course.

(beat)

Of course, you'd never think to look there, would you?

DEBBIE

Excuse me?

The girls snicker, and Debbie looks hurt. Debbie starts to walk away when she bumps into BARBARA, who smiles as she sees her.

BARBARA

Oh, Debbie, just the girl. Can I talk to you for a moment?

Debbie seems nervous and relieved at the same time.

DEBBIE

Umm, sure.

Barbara nods and sets off, and as Debbie starts to follow, we cut to:

5

INT. CAMPUS - BARBARA'S OFFICE - NEXT

5

The door opens, and Barbara quickly walks in. Debbie slowly follows her, nervously closing the door behind her.

BARBARA

(indicating chair)

Have a seat.

(CONTINUED)

Debbie quickly PLOPS herself down, and Barbara sits down opposite to the young slayer.

BARBARA (cont'd)  
So. How is the infirmary assignment working out for you?

Debbie perks up at this.

DEBBIE  
Very well. I'm starting to get the hang of it.  
(Beat; laughs)  
Bloody well did my head in at first, I don't mind telling you!

There's an awkward pause.

DEBBIE (cont'd)  
Because of the magic part, I mean. Not the healing people bit. Because, er... well, I'm better at that.

Another pause. Debbie COUGHS nervously.

BARBARA  
Yes, well. That's not why you're here, actually.

DEBBIE  
Oh?

Barbara picks up a file folder from off her desk, and pulls out a stiff sheet of paper - Debbie's records.

Barbara looks over the records, and lets out a long breath.

BARBARA  
Well, Debbie, your field tests have never exactly been the greatest.

She waits for an answer, but continues on when she doesn't get one.

BARBARA (cont'd)  
But as of late, your academic marks have been slipping as well.

Debbie lowers her head.

BARBARA (cont'd)  
Any explanation?

DEBBIE  
I...

Barbara waits, but when Debbie fails to answer she puts the files back down and leans across her desk.

BARBARA

Look, I know this isn't exactly an easy life, and not everyone is made for it.

Debbie nods.

BARBARA (cont'd)

And if you're going to be better off somewhere else, then I'm prepared to make it easy for you to move on.

Debbie's head snaps up.

DEBBIE

What? 'Move on' where?

BARBARA

To somewhere less field-orientated. The Council always needs staff in dozens of its operations across the world, and I'm sure we could find somewhere you'd be happier.

DEBBIE

What makes you think I'm not 'happy' here?

BARBARA

Debbie, I don't want to sound condescending, but if you can't handle the job, then I can't have you here. Several of the girls and staff members here have raised doubts over your long-term ability to do what's needed of you, and rather than let things snowball out of control, I'd rather take action now. I don't want anything to happen to you or a member of your squad out there while we both had a chance to do something about it.

DEBBIE

(panicked)

But...

BARBARA

(firm)

I'm sorry Debbie, but I am not having another Slayer in...

(beat; sighs)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (3)

BARBARA (cont'd)  
There's a new mission for your  
squad. A simple, routine patrol. If  
you have anything to say about  
being... relocated, say it by doing  
well on the next mission.

Debbie sags, and as Barbara leans forward to write something  
on Debbie's records, Debbie cranes her neck to see.

Barbara notices, and looks up, moving the folder back out of  
view.

BARBARA (cont'd)  
That'll be all, Debbie.

DEBBIE  
Oh, uh, of course. Sorry.

Barbara shakes her head as Debbie scurries out the door.

INT. CAMPUS - ACADEMY HALL - NEXT

Debbie exits Barbara's office in a hurry, pushing past SOFIA  
and BRAEDEN. Braeden spins his head around to follow her.

BRAEDEN  
What's up with her? That girl's  
been speeding around like a hare  
with its arse on fire.

SOFIA  
Well, she's under a lot of stress.  
Heidi's been coming down on her a  
lot more lately.

BRAEDEN  
Have you heard her side of the  
story?

SOFIA  
Who, Heidi? She doesn't have a  
'story.' Just that she's a bitch.

BRAEDEN  
I'm sure that's not all of it,  
Sofes.

Braeden puts his arm around Sofia as they continue walking.

BRAEDEN (cont'd)  
Being squad leader can't be easy.

SOFIA  
(bitter)  
I'd know, wouldn't I?

The duo walk on as we cut to:

7

INT. CAMPUS - BRIEFING ROOM - NEXT

7

Sofia and Braeden enter the cluttered briefing room. SKYE and ALITA are already seated, and up at the front is GREG. Skye looks over at the arriving pair.

SKYE

(annoyed)

Nice of you two to show up. You  
working to Australian time now,  
Sofia?

Sofia casts a glare at her, but takes her seat without a word. Greg notices this, but says nothing.

GREG

Alright, girls and boy, here's  
today's task at hand. This mission  
is, you'll be glad to hear, nice  
and simple. We've got an African  
Shaman visiting the country, who's  
in talks to work with the Academy  
again.

SKYE

'Again'?

GREG

Yes, again. The Mal-tyk clan of  
South Africa is very in tune with  
ley lines and earth magicks. Their  
Shamans are some of the best,  
especially when they have their a  
focusing staff.

(beat)

Unfortunately, we lost their help  
after an... incident last year.

Sofia twitches at this.

GREG (cont'd)

But, after some careful political  
work, we've managed to get back in  
their good graces and now they're  
open for talks. Barbara wants the  
best team we've got for security,  
and that's you.

SKYE

So... it's just escort duty?

GREG

Precisely.

(beat)

And that's why you're taking Darcie  
along.

(CONTINUED)

SOFIA

What?!?

SKYE

(groans)

You've got to be kidding me...

ALITA

I agree with Skye. Darcie is a disruptive influence, and I'm not sure putting her with Sofia is for the best.

Greg sighs in annoyance.

BRAEDEN

Oh, she's not that bad.

SOFIA

(scowls)

You would say that! She's nice to you.

BRAEDEN

(shrugs)

I'm a likeable guy.

GREG

Alright, that's enough.

(beat)

Darcie needs the field experience. She's only along for that. If anything major goes down, she'll stay out of it. This is still your mission.

SKYE

(scoffs)

Yeah, right.

GREG

(eyes her)

It wasn't my call.

SKYE

Fine. But I'm not responsible for her. She goes all solo on us again, I'm not getting dragged down for it.

GREG

(nods)

She's under my watch.

Skye sits back, and sighs heavily.

8

INT. CAMPUS - LIBRARY - NEXT

8

FRANKIE sits alone at the check-out desk, flipping through a dusty old book. She looks distracted however, and sighs heavily as she turns the page.

We pan over to see the entrance, where Skye and Alita are visible through the windows in the doors. They exchange a concerned look, and step through.

Frankie hears them enter, and looks up with a faint glimmer of hope in her eyes, which she quickly blinks away, looking back at her book.

Skye and Alita approach the desk, both trying to look inconspicuous.

SKYE  
(casually)  
Hey, Frankie, how's it goin'?

Frankie continues reading, without looking up.

FRANKIE  
Well enough.

SKYE  
(beat)  
Well, just thought we'd stop by for some books.

ALITA  
Yes, we need more research material for...

SKYE  
(covering)  
... our next mission, so we were hoping you could help us.

Frankie closes the text she was reading, and looks up.

FRANKIE  
What did you need?

SKYE  
(beat)  
Uh, some books...?

Frankie gives her a look, and just shakes her head.

ALITA  
We are looking for books on advanced magics, particularly relating to ancient African artefacts and shamans.

(CONTINUED)

FRANKIE

(blinks)

*Pourquoi?*

SKYE

(catching on)

Yeah, uh, we need it for our latest gig. We're running escort duty for a visiting African shaman. Just looking to get a heads up on what he's capable of before we ship out.

FRANKIE

Why? 'e is on our side, *non*?

Alita discreetly KICKS Skye in the shin.

SKYE

Ow!

(to Frankie)

Uh, I mean, yeah, but...

Skye trails off, and shrugs. Alita sighs.

ALITA

Forgive us, Frankie. We are...  
concerned about you.

Frankie arches up a little, already on the defensive.

FRANKIE

*Pardon?*

SKYE

Well, nobody saw you out at the circus the other night, and we were worried that you'd just, you know... given up trying to be a part of the old gang any more.

FRANKIE

(flat)

I stayed in.

(beat)

I am fine, however.

ALITA

Good.

SKYE

(not convinced)

Positive?

FRANKIE

(nods)

*Oui.*

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

FRANKIE (cont'd)

(beat)

Now, that book you wanted?

SKYE

(beat)

Uh... y'know, it's probably not important anyway.

(to Alita)

C'mon, Allie. Let's go find the love birds and the posh cow and get going.

Alita and Skye turn to leave, and Skye throws one last concerned look at Frankie before exiting.

Frankie goes back to her book, and as she starts reading again, Debbie steps out from behind the stacks.

She nervously approaches the desk, holding a pile of books closely to her chest.

As her shadow falls over Frankie, the french girl lets out a YELP and looks up.

FRANKIE

(surprised)

Deborah! You startled me.

DEBBIE

Oh, uh, sorry. People keep saying I do that. I guess I must be rather quiet.

Frankie closes her book and puts it under the desk.

FRANKIE

It's alright. What do you 'ave?

Debbie reluctantly hands over her books.

FRANKIE (cont'd)

(reading)

"Psychology for Dummies", "Living with depression", "Heretics of Dune", and "Bullying: Cause and Effect."

Frankie puts the books down and looks up at Debbie.

FRANKIE (cont'd)

Are you having a *probleme* that I should know about?

DEBBIE

(sighs)

I just...

(Beat; nervously)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DEBBIE (cont'd)

Could you help me? I mean, I don't need... I just need some advice.

(opening up)

I can't ask anyone else, they'll just laugh. I can't make friends, I can't well on any Slayer stuff, my marks are dropping, my squad leader's a total bitch, and now Barbara is only giving me one last chance to shape up!

Debbie stops herself, takes a deep breath.

DEBBIE (cont'd)

Sorry. I'm just a little strung out at the moment.

Frankie is about to reply when the PA system crackles to life, and Barbara's filtered voice comes through.

BARBARA

(filtered)

Debbie Livesey, please report to the briefing room immediately.  
Debbie Livesey, to the briefing room.

Debbie looks back at Frankie.

FRANKIE

You 'ad better go. It could be something important. We can talk later.

Debbie reluctantly turns away, exiting the library.

Frankie sits back in her chair, deep in thought. She stares at Debbie's books, then grabs them and hides them under the counter as two more girls walk past, and we cut to:

It's a large, extravagant ballroom. Buffet tables line the outside, and a large dance floor is situated right in the middle of it all, where a number of well dresses people are milling about and chatting.

Over at one end, right up at the cocktail table, is Sofia and Braeden, their arms linked. Sofia is dressed in a very extravagant, floor length blue gown, while Braeden is smartly dressed in a sharp tuxedo. Both are grinning, enjoying the easy mission.

Across the room, Greg stands with a group of people, laughing, with DARCIE hanging off his arm. At the centre of this group is a short man dressed in robes, holding a gnarled wooden staff. This is the SHAMAN.

(CONTINUED)

Greg laughs at something the Shaman says, and glances up at the balcony over Sofia and Braeden. Skye is standing in the shadows, scanning the crowds. She nods at Greg, and looks across the room at the opposite balcony, where Alita is also watching for trouble.

She looks down, and we see that Darcie has made her way over to Sofia and Braeden.

Down with the couple themselves, it's obvious that Sofia isn't happy with the new arrival.

SOFIA

(hisses)

You're supposed to stay with Greg!

DARCIE

(smirks)

Lighten up, princess.

(off Braeden)

I thought I'd trade up. Greg's a darling and all, but he lacks a certain... orientation.

Sofia fumes, but Braeden just laughs it off.

BRAEDEN

(to Sofia)

Oh, come on, she's just kidding around, Sofes.

Sofia goes to say something, but a loud SCREAM cuts her off.

We cut over to see the Shaman, barely able to stand, with an ARROW in his chest!

Sofia's eyes bulge, but she quickly shakes it off as Braeden and Darcie spring into action beside her.

Greg tries to help the shaman, just as the old man falls over, dropping his staff.

Sofia looks around, up at the balconies, and in the one between Skye and Alita, she sees DANA, lowering a bow.

Sofia hesitates, remembering what happened the last time she faced Dana, but Darcie isn't intimidated as she steps forward.

DARCIE

(grins)

I was wondering when they'd show up...

She reaches down, and RIPS the bottom half of her gown off, revealing a pair of jeans underneath.

(CONTINUED)



Braeden backs up a step, reaching under the buffet table and pulling out Sofia's Scythe, and a short sword.

BRAEDEN  
(shouts; to Sofia)  
Catch!

He throws the scythe and raises his sword, taking a fighting stance next to Sofia.

SOFIA  
Thanks. Very smooth. We could  
almost be pros.

BRAEDEN  
Almost.

Back over with Skye, as she backs up a step and runs forward, JUMPING over the balcony railing, landing like a cat.

She immediately goes after Dana, but she's SPEARED to the floor by DELANEY!

Skye rolls over, and gets to her feet as Delaney ducks away from her with a defiant smirk.

She looks at Greg with the downed Shaman, and then at Sofia and Braeden, facing down Dana, who is now on the main floor with them.

All the people have scrambled by this point, causing a mass panic.

SKYE  
(wearily)  
Yup... nice and simple.

Skye scrambles to her feet as she sets her sights on Delaney, and we:

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF ACT ONE**

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

10

INT. HOTEL - BALLROOM - MOMENTS LATER

10

We're right where we left everyone. Skye facing Delaney and trying to keep an eye on her team. Sofia and Braeden eyeing Dana, and Greg trying to help the Shaman. Darcie and Alita are nowhere to be seen.

SKYE

(to Delaney)

So if you're here, I'm guessing there's something you want, right?

DELANEY

Could be. Maybe we're just making a point at how badly you Slayers always do when you're meant to be protecting someone!

SKYE

Point taken. Can I make a point of how easily I can kick your ass now?

DELANEY

Be my guest. Freak.

Skye takes a step forward, scowling angrily, when she hears Greg's voice drift up from below:

GREG (O.S.)

Somebody, help! Call an ambulance!

Delaney notices Skye's eyes wandering, but as she tenses up the attack, Darcie steps into frame and KICKS her in the stomach!

Delaney hits the deck, and Darcie grins triumphantly as the rogue Slayer picks herself up off the floor.

DARCIE

C'mon, precious, get up!

DELANEY

And who the hell are you?

DARCIE

I'm somebody who's heard a lot about how tough you're supposed to be, so I wanted a turn at kicking your arse to see what I'm missing.

As Delaney LUNGES forward with a yell and the two Slayers start to grapple, Skye turns to see Alita behind her.

(CONTINUED)

SKYE

Allie! Help Darcie out, I'm gonna find that third one.

Skye turns away, but suddenly Alita GRABS her arm, spinning her back around and PUNCHING her across the jaw, sending Skye staggering backwards.

SKYE (cont'd)

(dazed)

What in the-

Alita closes in for another attack, but Skye recovers, twisting around and PUNCHING 'Alita' with both fists.

Alita backs up, and MORPHS into RACHEL!

SKYE (cont'd)

Thought I smelled something bad.

RACHEL

Yeah, so did I. I just figured you hadn't washed for a few days.

SKYE

(frowns)

What? The hell kind of lame ass comeback was that?

A beat - then Rachel shrugs, and leaps into her attack, tackling Skye as the two get into it.

Over with Dana, we see that she's still just standing on the balcony, almost looking bored as Sofia and Braeden race up the stairs to meet her.

She turns to them, taking a step forward as they both strike offensive poses, weapons raised.

DANA

Please move.

Sofia and Braeden exchange a look, before Sofia takes a step forward, obviously wary of her.

SOFIA

That's not going to happen.

DANA

Can't get in the way. Be a bad girl, have to go home.

Dana steps forward, only for Braeden to grab her arm.

BRAEDEN

Hey, wait a sec...

(CONTINUED)

Dana spins around and KICKS him in the stomach, sending him CRASHING through the balcony railing and down onto the floor below!

SOFIA

Braeden!!

As the adrenaline kicks in, Sofia whips round and LEAPS at Dana, but the rouge slayer ROUNDHOUSE kicks her, sending her stumbling backwards.

As Sofia trips on the edge of her dress, she lurches over backwards and onto the stairs, CLATTERING painfully down them as Dana watches her.

Dana turns and races towards the balcony, placing one hand on the railing and VAULTING over it.

She lands neatly in the middle of the room, and as Greg closes in on her she smoothly PUNCHES him across the jaw, sending him sprawling.

Spotting the discarded shaman's staff, ignored amidst the stampeding guests around her, she charges forward, SLAMMING people out of her way as she reaches it.

She scoops up the Shaman's staff, lifting it up into the air and letting out a triumphant YELL.

Darcie is distracted by the commotion near the Shaman and looks over, giving Delaney an opening.

She rears back and PUNCHES Darcie square in the nose, spraying blood and knocking Darcie to the ground.

Delaney quickly makes her exit, but Darcie is quick to struggle back to her feet, yelling after her:

DARCIE

(screaming)

Get back here!

Back downstairs, Sofia rushes over to Braeden, who is untangling himself from the buffet table he crash landed into.

SOFIA

Braeden! Are you alright?

Braeden looks down in annoyance at his suit, which is now covered in soup and salad dressing.

BRAEDEN

(complaining)

Aw, man! Greg said I could keep this suit!

(CONTINUED)

SOFIA  
(relieved)  
You're fine.

Sofia scoops up Braeden's sword and tosses it to him, raising her Scythe.

SOFIA (cont'd)  
Go and help Skye, I'll get after  
Dana!

Braeden nods, and as Sofia spilt to chase Dana, Braeden dashes over to Skye and Rachel, who are trading blows.

Greg shouts from across the room:

GREG  
No! Braeden, Over here!

The Shaman weakly raises his arm, as if also seeking Braeden's help.

But Braeden ignores the call, swiping his sword at Rachel, who is forced to jump back.

Alita comes dashing through the double doors, looking very pissed off. She looks at Skye, Braeden and Rachel, but also spots Greg and the Shaman.

Greg calls out to her.

GREG (cont'd)  
Alita! Help over here!

Alita dashes over, kneeling down and brushing hair out of her eyes.

GREG (cont'd)  
Hold your hand here.

Alita moves to comply, placing her hand next the arrow lodged in the Shaman's chest.

GREG (cont'd)  
Where have you been?

ALITA  
I was attacked while we were  
outside establishing the perimeter.  
Somebody tied me up, and I have  
only just been able to free myself.

GREG  
At least you're here now.  
(beat)  
I'm going to pull the arrow out.

(CONTINUED)

Alita nods, and Greg gives a quick YANK, and the arrow comes free, prompting a groan from the Shaman.

GREG (cont'd)

Here.

He takes out a small bag of powder, and sprinkles it over the Shaman's wound, forming a small patch of scar tissue.

GREG (cont'd)

We need to get him to a doctor, and fast! That won't help him for long!

ALITA

(nods)

I will find one. Stay here.

She stands up, and dashes off.

We pan back over to see Rachel, as she KICKS Skye in the chest, and PUNCHES Braeden in the side.

She hops backwards, panting, but still smiling, hopping from foot to foot, fists raised.

RACHEL

C'mon, rookies, let's go again!

Skye GRABS her sais from her belt, twirling them round as she advances, but Rachel ducks down to grab Braeden's sword, BLOCKING Skye's attack.

BRAEDEN

Oi!

SKYE

(frustrated)

Get out of the damn way!

As Braeden and Skye get in each other's way, Rachel is free to KICK Skye away, and as Braeden is left wide open she SWIPES sideways, CUTTING a red line across Braeden's neck!

Rachel freezes, the move surprising even her as Braeden staggers backwards, clutching his throat.

RACHEL

(shocked)

Oh, God...

As Braeden sinks to the ground, Rachel drops the sword and runs out without a word.

Skye recovers, sees that Rachel is gone and turns to Braeden - and her jaw drops as she sees him on the floor.

(CONTINUED)

SKYE

Oh, crap... Braeden!

She dives to his side, frantically trying to work out what to do, and as Braeden COUGHS weakly, we cut to:

11 EXT. SHOPPING CENTRE - EVENING

11

It's quiet. The complex is closed, and the multi-level car park is empty. The theatre next door seems to be open, but nobody is going in or out.

Debbie steps into frame, looking chilly and breathing out mist. She appears deep in thought, but is interrupted by:

HEIDI (O.S.)

(annoyed)

Debbie, we're over here.

Heidi is standing over by the mall entrance, with Erika and Anna behind her, and BRYCE just off to the left.

DEBBIE

(sighs)

Coming...

Debbie joins the others as Bryce carefully inspects a series of CLAW MARKS on the door, measuring them and nodding to himself.

HEIDI

What were you doing? Is staring into space one of your special skills now?

DEBBIE

I was just looking around, actually.

HEIDI

Well, do that in your own time. We've got work to do.

ANNA

(to Bryce)

Speaking of... what's the word on tonight's bad guys?

BRYCE

Scavengers, possibly. Or, they could be belial demons. Either way, pretty dangerous. Better keep your guard up.

Erika nods, but that's all the reaction he gets.

(CONTINUED)

DEBBIE

So, what are we doing here again?

HEIDI

(rolls eyes)

If you'd been paying attention  
during the briefing, you'd know.

DEBBIE

Sorry, I was just a bit-

HEIDI

Still useless?

(huffs; to others)

Come on, let's go find these things  
and get out of here. This night's  
already giving me a migraine.

Heidi stomps around the corner, Anna and Bryce following.  
Erika mutters a Russian phrase under her breath.

DEBBIE

What?

ERIKA

(smiles)

Nothing. I am just a little...  
annoyed at our so-called leader.

Debbie smiles and nods.

ERIKA (cont'd)

Anyway, we're just here to take a  
look at some possible demon attacks  
in the area.

DEBBIE

So what-

ANNA (O.S.)

Fine! There's probably something  
useful for me to do over there  
anyways!

Anna storms around the corner, seething.

ERIKA

That did not take long. What was it  
this time?

ANNA

(pissed off)

That stupid bitch of a Slayer's  
giving me more and more reasons why  
I want to smack her sorry ass into  
shape.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



11 CONTINUED: (2)

ANNA (cont'd)  
Jesus, I could drop a freakin'  
pencil and she'd flip out on me!

ERIKA  
(chuckles)  
I think it would be wise to leave  
her to her own failures.

ANNA  
Yeah, probably.  
(beat; mutters)  
Stuck up dumbass wouldn't last ten  
minutes in my old neighborhood...

DEBBIE  
What was your old neighbourhood  
like?

Anna looks surprised to see Debbie - she'd forgotten Debbie  
was there!

ANNA  
(evasive)  
Oh, well, it's not-

But she's cut off by a SHOUT from off-screen.

HEIDI (O.S.)  
Aah! Get away! Get away!

A red blur flies out from the other side of the building,  
SMASHING into a pillar in the parking lot.

Heidi comes barreling around the corner, Bryce two steps  
behind her, both running for their lives!

BRYCE  
There's a whole nest of them! Take  
cover!

Debbie steps forward, raising a long sword.

DEBBIE  
Hang on a sec, I'll see if I can  
distract them for you!

ANNA  
Debbie, no! Wait!

Debbie runs forward as three of the DEMONS, red, scaly things  
about the size of a large dog, and while she manages to kill  
the first the second one lashes out with its forearms,  
SLASHING Debbie across the arm.

Debbie lets out a yelp, and drops her sword, and the creature  
is quick to follow up, lunging and PINNING her to the ground.

(CONTINUED)

Anna rushes out to help, and manages to reach Debbie while Heidi and Erika fend off the demons.

HEIDI

Debbie, you idiot, stay back!

Anna gets to Debbie and starts to drag her backwards, but as she tries to protect Debbie one of the demons leaps forward and BITES her in the side, causing Anna to SHOUT in pain.

More and more demons swarm towards the girls, and as Debbie looks up in horror at the tide closing in, we cut to:

12 INT. HOTEL - HALLWAY - NEXT

12

Sofia and Darcie are running down the hall in pursuit of Dana, who is only about twenty feet ahead of them.

Dana rounds a corner ahead of them, and Darcie and Sofia lose sight of her for a few moments as they catch up.

SOFIA

Did you see where Delaney went?

DARCIE

I didn't.

(disappointed)

I wanted to get her, too. Really impress Braeden.

They round the corner into another long hallway.

SOFIA

Oh, will you give it up? Braeden is my man.

DARCIE

Why? Because you two are always snogging between classes? Please. First girl to actually put out for him, and he's gone.

SOFIA

No, he'... he's not like that! Braeden's a good guy.

DARCIE

(scoffs)

You have no idea how many times I've heard that.

Sofia is about to reply when they both CRASH into Dana, who is frozen with fear.

Sofia and Darcie back up, glancing at each other, not knowing what to do.

(CONTINUED)

Dana turns to face them, still holding the staff. Darcie gets ready to attack, when-

DANA

Wait.

Sofia and Darcie exchange a confused glance.

DANA (cont'd)

You never should have brought him here. He's deadly. He needs to die.

Sofia takes a cautious step forward.

SOFIA

Who? Who needs to die?

Dana steps back, here eyes flicking left and right, clearly getting worked up about something.

DANA

He wants to kill us all. Chosen.  
I've seen him. It. First we weaken,  
then we die. Heart, and throat.  
Don't stop till you see dust.

Sofia frowns, trying to understand what she's saying, but Darcie is less patient, rolling her eyes.

DARCIE

Oh, for God's sake, let's just chin her so we can get out of here!

She tries to punch Dana, but her arm is caught by Rachel.

DARCIE (cont'd)

Hey!

Rachel KICKS Darcie in the gut, winding her. Sofia finally reacts and jumps in, but Rachel BARGES her to the side, knocking her back into Darcie.

RACHEL

You're lucky I'm not in the mood for any more fighting right now, else I'd teach you both a lesson for getting in our way!

(to Dana)

C'mon Dana, we've gotta split.

She turns to leave, but sees Braeden standing down the hall, holding one hand to his neck, and the other gripping his sword.

Dana sees him, and SHRIEKS!

DANA  
(screaming)  
Help him! He needs help! Need all  
our help!

Rachel looks down the hall at Braeden, then takes off, dragging Dana behind her, and tossing a small cylinder into the air which EXPLODES in a bright light and ringing sound.

After a few moments, the brightness fades, and Rachel and Dana are gone.

Sofia helps Darcie to her feet, while Braeden jogs down to see them. Sofia is obviously concerned about Braeden, and the angry red gash on his neck.

SOFIA  
Are you alright?

BRAEDEN  
(nods)  
Yeah, I'm fine. Just a scratch,  
really. Looks worse than it is.  
(beat)  
We messed up, didn't we?

Sofia looks back down the hall, and from her grim expression we cut to:

An ambulance is out front, along with a few Council representatives as they see to the shaken guests.

The Shaman is being loaded into the back of the ambulance. Once he's on, the doors slam shut and the vehicle takes off.

Behind it is another ambulance where Braeden is sitting on the back, getting his neck examined by Aiden and ELLEN.

Aiden wipes away the blood and moves a large wad of gauze to cover the wound, causing Ellen to wince.

ELLEN  
Missed your jugular by about two  
millimetres. I know how ironic this  
sounds, but you were lucky.

Braeden groans.

AIDEN  
Stay still, will you?

He moves the gauze back, and swabs the area with a damp cloth. He then spreads some thick, orange paste over the wound.

AIDEN (cont'd)

There. Leave that stuff on for a few hours, and your neck will be all healed up in time for dinner. No scars.

He pats Braeden on the shoulder, and he and Ellen walk over to Greg as he finishes talking to a Council member. Greg turns to them as they approach.

GREG

They want to know how we slipped up so badly.

AIDEN

Well, I'm no field expert, but it could have something to do with the fact that those rogue Slayers are conniving little brats, and they got the drop on you all.

GREG

(to Ellen)

Any word from Barbara yet?

Aiden frowns as Greg continues to ignore him.

ELLEN

Nothing yet. She's not gonna be happy, though. They got the staff, right?

AIDEN

What do they want it for?

GREG

(sighs)

Nothing good, I'll bet.

(to Ellen)

I'll get the team together and head back to the academy. Can you finish up here?

Ellen nods, Aiden goes to say something, but Greg just walks away. Off Aiden's disappointed look, we:

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF ACT TWO**

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

14

EXT. SHOPPING CENTRE - NIGHT

14

The area outside of the complex is now filled with dozens of the red, dog-like demons, pacing up and down and keeping a wary eye out for the Slayers.

The girls themselves are hiding out round the corner of a nearby building, with Bryce taking a careful peek out at the waiting demons.

BRYCE

There's still too many of them to  
try a direct attack here.

He leans back, and we see the ragged team hiding out alongside him - Anna grimaces as Heidi pulls a bandage tighter round her arm, while Erika has a comforting arm round the dazed Debbie's shoulders.

Debbie's sporting lots of smaller cuts and wounds and otherwise looks okay, but it's clear Anna's in a lot of pain.

HEIDI

Alright, then we switch to plan  
'b.'

ERIKA

What is plan 'b'?

HEIDI

We wait until we're up to it, then  
we get back out there and wipe the  
floor with those fugly things.

BRYCE

(shakes head)

I wouldn't recommend it. Those are  
belial demons, and they've already  
tasted human blood.

HEIDI

So?

DEBBIE

(quietly)

So they'll be faster now...

Debbie looks up, getting the others' attention.

DEBBIE (cont'd)

Human blood's like a drug to them,  
it speeds their metabolisms up.  
They'll be even tougher now.

(CONTINUED)

HEIDI

(snippy)

Oh, and I wonder whose fault that is?

ANNA

Knock it off! It's bad enough one of those things bit me without listening to you bitch about things afterwards!

ERIKA

I do not think we can do any more good here tonight, Mr. Bryce.

BRYCE

I agree. I can make a few calls and make sure nobody comes near this place for a while, get some Council help to quarantine the area, but we're gonna have to be right back on these things first thing in the morning. They breed like bloody rabbits.

HEIDI

Don't you mean 'rabbits'?

BRYCE

(smirks)

Nope.

With a last glance round at the demons, who are now starting to slowly pad back into the darkness, Bryce gestures for the girls to move out.

BRYCE (cont'd)

Let's go.

As Erika helps Debbie up and Heidi supports Anna, the dejected team beat a retreat as we DISSOLVE TO:

As one minibus pulls to a halt outside the Academy entrance, another is just disembarking - Skye's team are clambering out of their van and heading inside as Heidi's team pull up.

Skye hangs back as Sofia and Braeden head inside, with Darcie stomping off by herself. Alita notices Skye waiting and moves over to her.

ALITA

Skye?

Skye turns to see Alita giving her a questioning look.

SKYE

Huh? Oh, I'm just, you know,  
waiting for Erika. Girl stuff.

ALITA

Ah. I see. Then I shall see you  
back at the dormitories.

SKYE

Yeah, sure.

Alita heads off, and as Skye waits for Heidi's team to disembark, she wanders over to Erika once she's out.

SKYE (cont'd)

Hey, Erika.

ERIKA

(smiles)

Skye. How did your evening go?

SKYE

(sighs)

Not too good, really. I could use  
somebody to whine at, if you've got  
five minutes?

ERIKA

Of course. Lead the way.

Erika offers Skye her arm, and Skye grins as she takes it, the two girls heading back inside.

Debbie is quick to exit the van and head for the main doors, but Heidi isn't letting her get away that easily:

HEIDI

Hey!

Debbie doesn't stop, putting her head down and pushing through the doors as Heidi scowls after her.

ANNA

Give her a night off from you, huh?  
She was doing her best out there.

Heidi turns to Anna, POKING her wounded arm to a YELP of pain from Anna.

HEIDI

'Doing her best' wouldn't have  
gotten you that. And don't tell me  
what to do!

Heidi marches off in pursuit of Debbie, and as Anna fumes, cursing under her breath, we cut to:



16 EXT. CAMPUS - BALCONY - NEXT

16

Skye opens a small door and steps out onto a balcony at the back of the campus, just above the library and overlooking the fields.

She turns and helps Erika out, the two taking a seat on the small ledge.

ERIKA  
Where are we?

SKYE  
One of my other hiding places.

ERIKA  
(raises eyebrow)  
You have more than one?

SKYE  
I've got a few.

Skye looks out across the fields, and Erika waits patiently for her to speak.

SKYE (cont'd)  
I think I'm in trouble, Erika.

ERIKA  
How so?

Skye turns to her, glad to see Erika's sincere expression.

SKYE  
How long you got?

Erika smiles as we cut to:

17 INT. CAMPUS - LIBRARY - NEXT

17

Frankie is just closing down for the night, switching lights off in the main reading area and heading for her reception desk, when there's a KNOCK at the doors.

Frowning, she heads over and opens it, surprised to see a tearful Debbie in the doorway.

FRANKIE  
Debbie?  
(glances at watch)  
The library is closed now. Can this wait?

Debbie shakes her head, her lip trembling as she struggles to hold back the tears, and with a sigh Frankie ushers her inside as we cut to:

18

EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT

18

Standing with her back to us and looking out across the city below is KIRA BROGAN, her long hair flowing in the wind.

She hears the crunch of footsteps on the gravel behind her, and turns to see Delaney, Dana and Rachel approaching. Kira smirks when she see's the shaman's staff in Dana's hands.

KIRA

Well, this must be a first.

DELANEY

Huh?

KIRA

Something going right for a change.

Delaney lowers her head as Kira walks over, holding out her hands to Dana. Dana reverently passes her the staff - and Rachel doesn't look happy at Dana's act of supplication.

Kira turns the staff round in her hands, admiring its craftsmanship before she notices Delaney's bruises.

KIRA (cont'd)

What happened to you?

DELANEY

New Slayer. British, seems to think she's God's gift. Good right hook, though.

KIRA

Did you kill her?

DELANEY

(tense)

I don't kill people.

KIRA

(shrugs)

More fool you. She'll only hit you harder next time.

Delaney clenches her teeth - can she ever win?

KIRA (cont'd)

Good work, everyone. This is the last thing we need for now.

RACHEL

Can we ask what it's for?

KIRA

You can.

(CONTINUED)

RACHEL  
(beat)  
What's it for?

KIRA  
Mind your own business.  
(to Dana)  
Come along, Dana. We have a lot of  
work to do.

Dana obediently follows Kira as she heads away, stopping as Rachel calls out:

RACHEL  
Wait a second - what do you need  
Dana for?

Kira slowly turns round, raising an eyebrow at Rachel's outburst.

KIRA  
And what concern is that of yours?

RACHEL  
Just asking. Is that a problem?

KIRA  
Of course not.  
(sly)  
And I think you know why.  
(turns to Dana)  
Dana and I are going to have a  
little talk about some of the  
things she's been remembering.

Rachel frowns, looking to Dana, but Dana's not about to argue with her mistress. Kira turns and heads off, and as a stony-faced Rachel turns to Delaney, we cut back to:

Debbie is sitting up on Frankie's desk, pulling her jacket tighter as Frankie hands her a styrofoam cup of coffee.

DEBBIE  
Thanks.

FRANKIE  
I did not make it. It is from the  
machine.

DEBBIE  
Well, yes, but anyway... thanks.

Frankie packs the last of her things away, and Debbie can't help but notice Frankie's arm TWITCH as she works.

She sips her coffee, waiting for Frankie to turn back to her and gesturing towards her arm when she does.

DEBBIE (cont'd)

Does it... does that hurt at all?

Frankie glances down at her arm, tensing up a little.

FRANKIE

Sometimes.

DEBBIE

I never said 'thank you,' did I?

FRANKIE

For what?

DEBBIE

You were hurt saving me. If I hadn't gotten myself knocked out by Rachel last term, you wouldn't have had to have-

FRANKIE

(quickly)

Debbie, please. You did not 'ammer down my door at ten minutes past midnight to talk about old times.

DEBBIE

(sips coffee)

No... no, I didn't.

(sighs)

I'm going to get kicked out of this place, Frankie.

FRANKIE

I thought that is what you wanted? That all you desired was to 'ave your old life back?

DEBBIE

It is... sort of.

FRANKIE

You should feel lucky. Some of us do not 'ave the luxury of that choice. We are stuck 'ere.

DEBBIE

It's just...

(lowers head)

I don't want to be that girl.

FRANKIE

Quoi?

(CONTINUED)

DEBBIE

You know. The first girl to get booted out. The one who'll have all the stories told about her. 'Ooh, you don't want to do that, they'll kick you out just like they did that Debbie girl. She was bloody hopeless!'

FRANKIE

I am sure nobody is saying that.

DEBBIE

Yes, they are.

FRANKIE

(beat)

Alright, so I may 'ave 'eard a few things, but-

There's a sudden burst of loud KNOCKING on the door.

HEIDI (O.S.)

Debbie? I know you're in there! Get your English butt out here this instant!

Debbie shrinks away as Frankie heads to the door.

DEBBIE

Don't! Frankie... please. Don't.

FRANKIE

You 'ave to learn to face up to people like 'er, Debbie.

DEBBIE

Can't I learn tomorrow?

Frankie rolls her eyes and unlocks the door, almost getting knocked aside as Heidi stomps inside, making a beeline straight for Debbie.

HEIDI

Right! You and I are going to have a serious talk, and tomorrow morning we're going to see Barbara about getting you transferred the hell out of here.

DEBBIE

What?

FRANKIE

(butts in)

'ey! You can't-

(CONTINUED)

HEIDI

(sharp)

Shut up, Sicknote. When I want the opinion of the last girl picked for sports day, I'll ask for it!

Frankie's jaw drops at that remark, and as a furious Heidi rounds on Debbie again, we cut to:

EXT. CAMPUS - BALCONY - NEXT

Skye pulls at the hem of her shirt as she speaks.

SKYE

Remember that vampire lab we busted up a few weeks back?

ERIKA

Which one? The illegal abandoned Council base, or the one installed on the old cargo ship?

SKYE

Both, I guess. I found some stuff out that I've managed to keep kinda quiet, but now I'm starting to think I should tell somebody.

ERIKA

Such as?

SKYE

(beat)

Stuff that involves me and that Roland guy.

(looks to Erika)

I think he did something to me... to my blood.

ERIKA

I see.

SKYE

(sighs)

At least, I think so. I know he's gotten hold of my blood somehow and screwed with it in that lab of his, but until that thing at the circus I couldn't figure out why.

ERIKA

Did you learn something?

Skye lowers her head, looking guilty.

(CONTINUED)

SKYE

You know that stuff they shot you up with to sedate you? Make you part of the show?

ERIKA

The headache I carried for several days afterwards says 'yes.'

SKYE

They... they made it from my blood.

Erika falls silent, and Skye grows more anxious.

SKYE (cont'd)

Look, I'm sorry, I didn't-

ERIKA

Sorry for what?

SKYE

(blinks)

You know, the whole-

ERIKA

Did you willingly work with Roland and his vampires to produce this substance?

SKYE

What? No! 'Course not!

ERIKA

Then you have nothing to be sorry for. I am not angry with you.

SKYE

Well... okay, that's cool, but what am I gonna do about it?

ERIKA

You mean, who should you tell?

SKYE

I know the Council's still keeping tabs on me, looking for something to back up their theories that I'm still a risk. I can't let something like this get back to them. They'll lock me up and throw away the key, the map to the prison and any signs pointing to it.

ERIKA

(nods)

I can see your dilemma.

(CONTINUED)

SKYE

This is the part where you offer  
some advice.

ERIKA

(thinks)

I will help you.

SKYE

Help me do what?

ERIKA

Find some answers. When we have  
stronger evidence to take to the  
Council and prove you are innocent,  
then we shall reveal what we know.  
Until then, this will remain  
between you and me.

Skye smiles, leaning forward and hugging Erika.

SKYE

Thanks, man. That means a lot to  
me.

ERIKA

'No big,' as you are so fond of  
saying.

Skye laughs, and as she leans back from Erika, still keeping  
a hold of one of her hands, we cut to:

Heidi is busy laying into the cowering Debbie.

HEIDI

Do you have any idea what could  
have happened out there? We  
could've all been killed because of  
you!

DEBBIE

I'm sorry! I was only-

HEIDI

And another thing, where the hell  
do you get off running and crying  
to the damn librarian to bitch  
about me? If you've got something  
to say about me, say it to my face!

Heidi starts to open her mouth again when Frankie's hand  
SLAPS down hard onto her shoulder. Heidi slowly turns to find  
Frankie glowering with barely concealed anger.



FRANKIE

You need to leave my library.  
(fierce)  
Now.

HEIDI

Like hell! I'm not done yet!

Frankie **SHOVES** Heidi back a step, getting up in her face.

FRANKIE

(firm)  
You are done.

Heidi starts to answer back, glancing at Debbie, but Frankie's glare could stop a rhino in its tracks right now.

With a huff, Heidi throws up her hands and steps back, heading for the exit.

HEIDI

Fine. Hide behind your new best friend for tonight, Debbie. But tomorrow, we are going to see Barbara. You can count on it.

Heidi exits, **SLAMMING** the door after her, and as Frankie turns back to Debbie, Debbie slides off the desk.

DEBBIE

I should go...

FRANKIE

Non. Stay. Calm down first.

Debbie shakes her head, shoving her empty cup back into Frankie's hands before scurrying to the exit.

DEBBIE

Thanks for the coffee.

FRANKIE

Debbie, *attends!* Debbie!

Debbie exits, and Frankie **HUFFS** loudly, shaking her head.

With a strangely determined look on her face, Debbie is seen stuffing several items into her bag, quickly zipping it up and heading for the exit.

She bumps into Anna on the way out, who takes one look at the bag and Debbie's expression, standing in her way.

ANNA

Uh-uh.

DEBBIE

Anna, please. Let me go.

ANNA

You're not walking out of here.

DEBBIE

No, I'm not.

ANNA

Really? Bag on your shoulder says otherwise.

DEBBIE

It's not what you think.

ANNA

Like hell! Debbie, come on. Just sit down and talk about this, we-

Debbie SHOVES past her, heading down the corridor.

ANNA (cont'd)

Debbie!

Debbie puts her head down and pushes on, and we cut to:

EXT. SHOPPING CENTRE - NIGHT

Back outside the complex that housed the pack of belial demons, all is quiet once again.

Until Debbie steps into frame - and lifts up a SWORD.

DEBBIE

Alright, you bastards... let's finish this.

Debbie marches towards the entrance, and we:

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF ACT THREE**

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

24

INT. CAMPUS - CANTEEN - NIGHT

24

Ellen is standing by the drinks vending machine, rooting through her change as she looks for the right cash. She glances up as a concerned-looking Anna heads over to her.

ELLEN

Oh, hey, Anna. Have you got any small change? I'm coming up short for a cappucino here.

ANNA

Debbie's gone.

ELLEN

Come again?

ANNA

(frantic)

Debbie! She just took off earlier, and I didn't try to stop her because I didn't think she'd...

(sighs)

I didn't think she'd actually go. I just figured she'd get to the end of the drive and stop, you know?

ELLEN

Slow down. Debbie's gone where?

ANNA

That's just it, I don't know! You're the first staff member I've found who's up. We need to find her!

ELLEN

Why are you so worked up about this? I mean, I heard she got chewed out pretty bad by Heidi earlier, maybe she just needed some air?

ANNA

No, you don't understand!  
(deep breath)  
She took weapons.

ELLEN

(beat)

Weapons.

(CONTINUED)

ANNA

(nods)

A sword, a coupla throwing knives,  
and...

Anna pales as she finally puts two and two together.

ANNA (cont'd)

Oh, God... I know where she's  
going!

As a horrified Anna gives Ellen a pleading look to help, we  
cut to:

Debbie paces slowly forward down the main promenade of the  
huge, three-tiered centre. Shuttered shop fronts line either  
side of the path she's on, with a fountain up ahead.

She hears something CREAK overhead and freezes, her sword  
blade glinting in the moonlight streaming down from the large  
skylight high overhead.

Clearly petrified, she takes a deep breath, closing her eyes  
and starting to count to ten. She gets to 'five' and opens  
her eyes again, walking onwards.

She hears something GROWL from the shadows behind her, and  
she spins round, trying not to show her obvious fear.

There's nothing there, but it looks like there are SHAPES  
moving around within the shadows.

Debbie takes a step back, squinting as she tries to make out  
what's there, but when nothing steps into view she turns back  
round.

And there's a BELIAL DEMON standing right in her path!

The red-skinned creature just stares at her, its mouth closed  
and its muscular body looking relaxed.

Debbie tenses up, bringing her sword back and getting ready  
to fight back, but to her surprise the belial just turns and  
pads away from her.

Debbie waits for it to head round a corner before finally  
exhaling, pushing her glasses up her nose.

DEBBIE

Alright... that was a little too  
convenient.

She starts to head forward but freezes when she hears the  
belial's footsteps heading back towards her.

She watches as it rounds the corner ahead of her - followed by two more. Then three more. Then another three.

Debbie GULPS as a DOZEN of the creatures gather before her, still not looking too threatening - yet.

DEBBIE (cont'd)  
Okay, so... 'divide and conquer' no longer an option, then.

She reaches slowly into the bag over her shoulder and produces a THROWING DAGGER, getting to ready to chuck it as the first two belials start to pad towards her.

After a few steps, they break into a jog, and Debbie backs up, ready for them to charge.

With a sudden BARKING sound, the first two break into a sprint, and the rest of the pack burst away, tearing towards her!

Debbie SHOUTS in alarm, hurriedly throwing the dagger - and missing by a mile as the lead belial nimbly dodges out of its way.

DEBBIE (cont'd)  
Bollocks!

She turns and runs for it, and as the pack of demons chase her down, we cut to:

Greg starts up one of the minivans as both Skye and Heidi's teams pile into the back of it.

Barbara watches as Ellen hurries past her, loading her trusty shotgun.

BARBARA  
Are you sure about this?

ELLEN  
I'm following Anna's lead, but I think she's right, and if she is, then we need to get moving before there's nothing left of Debbie to bring back.

BARBARA  
(beat; nods)  
Go. And come back in one piece. All of you.

Ellen nods, clambering into the van and pulling the door closed. Greg shifts the van into reverse as we cut back to:

27 INT. SHOPPING CENTRE - NIGHT

27

We're looking out across another section of the centre as three of the demons pace past, their heads sweeping left and right as they search for Debbie.

The girl herself is huddled in the shadows, too scared to make a sound in case one of the belials hears.

Once they're out of sight, she slowly peels herself out of her hiding place, looking around as her shaking hand grips her sword tightly.

DEBBIE

(under her breath)

Stupid, stupid, stupid! What the bloody pissing hell were you thinking, Debbie? How is getting eaten alive going to prove a damn thing to anybody?

She hears a BARK from her left, and quickly hurries off screen as we cut to:

28 INT. MINIVAN - NIGHT

28

Inside the cramped van, the mood is sombre as the team speed towards their destination.

ANNA

(to Heidi)

If anything happens to her, I'll-

HEIDI

You'll what? Blame me? How is any of this my fault!

ANNA

You were the one ragging on her twenty-four seven, that's why!

GREG

Girls, come on! Save the bickering for after we find Debbie!

HEIDI

Oh, just shut up and drive!

SOFIA

Hey!

Sofia pushes her way over to Heidi, glaring angrily.

SOFIA (cont'd)

You don't get to speak to him like that.

(CONTINUED)

HEIDI

I can speak to whoever I want,  
however I want, for your  
information!

SOFIA

And that's where you're wrong.

HEIDI

Says the girl seeing a  
psychiatrist!

Sofia goes white as a sheet. There's a beat of stunned  
silence as all eyes turn to the dumbstruck Sofia.

SOFIA

How... but...

HEIDI

(smug)

There are no secrets in this place.  
You should know that by now.

Heidi glances at Braeden, then makes a big show of turning  
away from Sofia to look out through the window.

Sofia shrinks back into her seat, wishing the world would  
swallow her up as Braeden is quick to comfort her.

SOFIA

(quietly)

How could she...

BRAEDEN

It's okay. She-

SOFIA

(snaps)

No, it's not sodding 'okay'!

Skye and Alita shuffle over as Sofia hides her face in her  
hands.

SKYE

Uh, Sofes? Something you want to  
tell me?

SOFIA

Not now, Skye.

ALITA

What did Heidi mean? Are you-

SOFIA

I said, not now!!

(CONTINUED)

Skye glances at Alita, but Skye's serious expression tells Sofia she's going to get to the bottom of this.

The van falls back into an awkward silence as we cut back to:

Debbie runs past us - and two of the demons are hot on her tail!

She skids to a halt, bravely turning to face them, ready with her sword as the first belial LEAPS through the air towards her with a SNARL...

... and Debbie SLICES out with her sword, managing to catch the demon in mid-air and knock it to the ground!

The demon YELPS, and Debbie recovers her composure just in time to STAB her sword down into its chest. The demon dies with a final WHINE of pain, and Debbie yanks her sword out as the second belial closes in.

This one SNARLS at her for another beat before suddenly CHARGING forward, and as she tries to SWIPE her sword at it, it jinks to the side and SLAMS into her, sending her sprawling.

Her sword falls from her hand, and as she reaches out for it, another belial rears into frame, it's jaws SNAPPING around her hand!

Debbie YELLS in pain and yanks her hand back, ripping open an ugly wound on her hand as the demon BARKS at her.

It lunges forward, but she gets a boot up and KICKS it in the head, knocking it back for long enough for her to get to her feet and take off.

Now weaponless, she's in deep trouble as four of the demons run after her, clutching her bloody hand to her chest.

The demons are quickly closing in on her, and as the closest one LEAPS towards her, she manages to dive to the left, sending the creature SMACKING head first into a window display, CRACKING the glass!

Debbie stumbles but keeps going as the three remaining demons keep up the chase.

She approaches a display stand left out in the middle of the walkway, grabbing it and PULLING it to the floor.

One of the demons SKIDS to a halt to avoid it, but the third JUMPS over it, picking up speed.



Debbie's running out of space as she turns another corner, the demon inches away as its jaws SNAP at her heels.

Debbie's heading for a balcony looking out across the main hall of the centre, but as she heads towards the barrier at full speed, she hears the demon LEAP towards her...

... and she THROWS herself to the ground, watching as the belial sails straight over her - and right over the barrier!

It plummets off screen, THWACKING into the floor below as a breathless Debbie sits back up.

She hears more BARKING and the patter of running demons, and knows she hasn't got time to sit still. Pushing herself back up, she races off screen as we cut to:

The minivan SCREECHES to a halt, the doors already open and Anna leaping out before the van's even stopped moving.

The other Slayers pile out, but Anna is already running towards the gates, knowing she can't waste a second.

ANNA  
(shouts back)  
Come on! Come on!

ERIKA  
Anna, wait!

Greg and Ellen lead the girls as they head for the entrance.

ELLEN  
Alright, two teams! Skye, go with Greg. Heidi, with me. Find Debbie and get her the hell out of there. Don't get bogged down in fights you can't win. Got it?

There's a chorus of assent as the two teams hit the doors, pushing their way through and into:

The Slayers gather as they scan the deserted complex, listening for any sign of Debbie.

SKYE  
Any ideas where she'd be?

BRAEDEN  
Where did you see these things before?

ANNA

Outside. We didn't get this far.

HEIDI

Oh, for God's sake...

Heidi marches out in front.

HEIDI (cont'd)

(yells)

Debbie! Where the hell are you?

A beat. Anna NUDGES Heidi sharply.

ANNA

Oh, right, let everything in here  
know exactly where we are. Good  
one.

Heidi turns to her - and they hear a distant cry for HELP  
from Debbie. Heidi smirks as she starts to jog forward.

HEIDI

This way!

As the girls pile on, we cut to:

Debbie backs slowly into frame - and two of the demons have  
her cut off. There's a solid wall behind her and no way out.

She's breathing quickly, knowing she's staring death in the  
eye right here.

The demons are GROWLING, baring their needle-like fangs as  
they pad towards her, knowing they've got her.

Debbie finally hits the wall, looking around desperately but  
not seeing anywhere to go.

She looks back to the demons as they pause, ready to spring -  
and she closes her eyes...

THUNK! One of the demons YELPS, and as the second starts to  
BARK, there's a second, louder THUNK and the demon falls  
silent.

Debbie cautiously opens one eye - then the other, gaping in  
surprise at what she sees.

Both demons have been skewered to the ground - one by a  
sword, one by the Scythe.

Debbie looks up as Heidi and Sofia step out of the shadows.  
Sofia looks relieved, but Heidi just looks annoyed.

HEIDI  
(to Sofia)  
There. She's alive. Can we go now?

Debbie sags, exhaling at last, and though Heidi heads away as soon as she's pulled her sword out of one dead demon, Sofia approaches the shivering Debbie with a smile.

As Sofia starts to lead Debbie away, distant sounds of COMBAT drifting up from below as the other Slayers clean up the demons, we DISSOLVE TO:

Debbie lies on one of the beds, her hand heavily bandaged and other plasters covering the rest of her cuts. She seems peaceful, almost content.

She looks over as someone steps into frame - it's TYSON, clutching a comically small bouquet of flowers.

TYSON  
Hello, Debs.

DEBBIE  
(smiles)  
Hello.

TYSON  
(off flowers)  
I know this doesn't look like much, but if you concentrate on the thought behind the flowers rather than the size of the bouquet itself, then hopefully you'll get my message.

DEBBIE  
I do. Thank you. They're lovely.

TYSON  
Thanks. I picked them myself.  
(beat)  
Literally. I don't think Barbara's going to be too happy when she looks out her office window later.

Debbie manages to laugh, wincing a little as she does.

TYSON (cont'd)  
Let's get the redundant questions out of the way first. How are you?

DEBBIE  
Sore. Tired. A little embarrassed.  
In that order.

TYSON

Well, no death by evil demon dogs.  
That's a big tick in my book.

DEBBIE

I suppose so, yes.

TYSON

Um... you probably know Barbara  
wants to see you soon as you're up  
to it, right?

DEBBIE

I thought she might.

TYSON

What are you going to say to her?

DEBBIE

Actually... I think I know exactly  
what I want to say for the first  
time in my life.

Tyson blinks, not quite following, turning as Skye and Alita  
head into the infirmary.

SKYE

There she is! Little Miss First  
Blood, Part Three. You good?

DEBBIE

I've been better. Feeling a little  
bit silly about the whole thing.

SKYE

Pfeh. No big. We've all done stupid  
stuff.

(nudges Tyson)

Some more often than others.

TYSON

Oi!

Skye chuckles, pausing to pat Debbie on the arm before  
heading back out.

ALITA

We will see you when you are  
feeling better, Debbie.

DEBBIE

Hopefully, yes. Thank you.

ALITA

Tyson?

(CONTINUED)

TYSON

Hmm?

ALITA

Come with me.

Alita turns and marches out. Tyson blinks, a little taken aback by Alita's bluntness, but with a last glance at Debbie heads after her.

Debbie watches Tyson go with an odd look - and is that a forlorn SIGH she makes as he exits?

INT. CAMPUS - BARBARA'S OFFICE - NEXT

Barbara is working through some paperwork when there's a quiet KNOCK at her door. She looks up to see the still-bandaged Debbie in her doorway.

BARBARA

Debbie? Shouldn't you still be in the infirmary?

DEBBIE

Oh, I'm going back, don't worry. I just wanted to speak to you sooner rather than later.

Debbie steps inside, closing the door behind her.

BARBARA

I'm sure you don't need me to remind you how reckless and irresponsible what you did last night was.

DEBBIE

I know.

BARBARA

You endangered your own life and that of your fellow Slayers, and that's just unacceptable.

DEBBIE

(nods)

It is.

Barbara frowns - what's Debbie up to?

BARBARA

So... well, I don't need to ask why you did it, because I'm sure that part's obvious.

(CONTINUED)

DEBBIE

I wanted to prove I could do it.

BARBARA

There are far easier ways to prove yourself, Debbie.

DEBBIE

I know there are. That's why I didn't prove anything.

BARBARA

(blinks)

So what are you saying?

Debbie walks up to the desk, reaching round behind her - and drawing a STAKE.

Barbara looks surprised, even more so when Debbie carefully lays the stake down on her desk.

BARBARA (cont'd)

What-

DEBBIE

It's a symbolic gesture. It's what I want to do.

BARBARA

So what are you saying?

DEBBIE

I'm saying that's it. I'm done. I want you to transfer me out of Heidi's squad and let somebody else take my place. Maybe Darcie.

BARBARA

Debbie...

DEBBIE

But I'm staying at the Academy.

BARBARA

(beat)

Excuse me?

DEBBIE

I can do so much more here if I'm out of the field, and we both know that.

(counts off on fingers)

I help run the intranet and fix everybody's computers, I'm doing good work in the infirmary and I can help Frankie in the library.

(CONTINUED)

Debbie leans forward, deadly serious.

DEBBIE (cont'd)  
Let me do this. Please.

Barbara stares at her for a long beat, then looks down at her stake. She reaches for it, holding it for a beat before she nods, looking back to Debbie.

BARBARA  
Alright. I accept your...  
'resignation,' such as it is.

DEBBIE  
(smiles)  
Thank you.

BARBARA  
Come back and see me when you're  
officially checked out by Jaz, and  
we'll see what we can get you  
working on.

DEBBIE  
You won't regret this. This is the  
right thing for both of us to do.

BARBARA  
We'll find out, won't we?

Debbie nods, turning and exiting the office without looking back.

Barbara looks thoughtfully down at the stake in her hands, turning it over a few times before sliding open one of her desk drawers.

We look down into the drawer as Barbara drops the stake into it, and as she slides the drawer shut again, we:

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF SHOW**