

**SLAYER ACADEMY**

"Pieces"

by

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## TEASER

FADE IN:

- 1 EXT. CAMPUS GROUNDS - TRAINING GROUND - NIGHT 1
- Establishing shot. 'Little Argument With Myself' by Low plays over the following scenes.
- We close on ANNA, sitting in the field. She looks down - in her hand is a picture of the B-SQUAD. Her, Heidi, Debbie, and Erika, actually looking like a team for once.
- She fights back tears as she looks back at the field, obviously remembering their time training together.
- 2 INT. CAMPUS - INFIRMARY - NIGHT 2
- Wounded SLAYERS fill the infirmary's beds as DEBBIE orders fit Slayers around, somehow staying strong. For the first time, we see Debbie, not confident, but at least knowing exactly what she needs to do.
- A Slayer starts to seize, and Debbie races to help - as do AIDEN and GREG, coming off screen. Debbie orders them silently, and Greg injects something into the girl's IV.
- The girl calms. Debbie sighs with relief, and Greg and Aiden share a glance. Greg smiles, and Aiden returns it.
- 3 INT. CAMPUS - GREAT HALL - NIGHT 3
- As Slayers walk past them, BARBARA and ELLEN walk, talking silently. Both are obviously showing signs of having lived through yet another tragedy. Barbara inspects a broken doorway and sighs.
- 4 EXT. CAMPUS - ROOF - NIGHT 4
- SKYE sits at the edge of the roof, listening to her iPod, drowning the world out. She watches the horizon, betrayal still fresh in her eyes.
- 5 INT. CAMPUS - LIBRARY - NIGHT 5
- FRANKIE sits in the library, sobbing into one hand while the other lies limp at her side.
- 6 INT. CAMPUS - DORMS - NIGHT 6
- Curled in her bed, SOFIA sobs quietly, but the most pained of anyone else. It's almost as if she's running out of tears.
- She stands and rushes from the room:

7 INT. CAMPUS - BATHROOM - NIGHT 7

Sofia leans over a sink, rubbing a cloth over her mouth and holding her stomach. She's obviously just been sick.

She stares at her reflection in the mirror - tear-stained, tired, despairing... not pretty, but that's not important right now.

FOCUS ON: HER FACE. It shifts to a PICTURE of her, happy.

8 EXT. CASTLE BALCONY - NIGHT 8

We see the picture is one in the hand of BRAEDEN, who looks out over the horizon, reminiscent of Skye. He's in pain, too. He closes his eyes and THROWS the picture from the balcony.

As he watches it fall into the lake below, it's almost as if he himself is falling. He turns and enters the castle. Off his retreating back:

**FADE OUT:**

**END OF TEASER**

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

9

EXT. CAMPUS - QUAD - NIGHT

9

Sofia is walking through the quad as several other SLAYERS gather in clusters, or hurry along alone, tossing Sofia strange looks, with a mixture of confusion, fear and anger.

She steels herself as she passes a group of girls who can be heard WHISPERING about her.

SLAYER  
(whispering)  
It's her...

SLAYER #2  
I can't believe she's showing her  
face after everything that's  
happened!

Sofia ignores them, moving on, and entering into:

INT. CAMPUS - HALLWAY - NEXT

In an empty corridor, Sofia is quickly making her way along, a distant look on her face. She approaches a door marked "INFIRMARY" and hesitates, taking a deep breath.

Straightening herself up, she enters the room, and into:

10

INT. CAMPUS - INFIRMARY - NEXT

10

This room is a flurry of movement and sound. Slayers all around are being tended to by anyone who isn't injured.

Debbie is amongst them, administering a vitals check on one of the girls.

SOFIA  
(hesitant)  
How are they?

Debbie turns and looks at her, noticing the new arrival.

DEBBIE  
How do you think?

Sofia's face falls - all strength gone.

SOFIA  
Is there anything I can do?  
(beat)  
You know... to help?

(CONTINUED)

DEBBIE

Unless you can somehow find out why  
some of these Slayers won't heal  
right, then no.

Debbie pauses, but her attempt at gallows humour passes over  
Sofia's head. She coughs once and pushes her glasses up her  
nose.

DEBBIE (cont'd)

But, you know, if you've got any  
secret solutions hidden up your  
sleeve, now would be a great time  
to spring them.

Sofia simply shakes her head, and Debbie sags a little.

DEBBIE (cont'd)

It was worth a go.

SOFIA

Why won't they heal?

Debbie lifts the eyelid of a still, listless Slayer, and  
points a small flashlight into the unmoving eye, checking for  
any signs of movement. She leans back and sighs, flicking  
the flashlight off.

DEBBIE

I've started some preliminary  
tests, but nothing conclusive has  
come through so far. It's as though  
their Slayer healing just plain  
isn't working, but I'm buggered if  
I can work out why.

Debbie pauses to wipe some of the sweat from her brow.

DEBBIE (cont'd)

With Jaz... missing, I don't have  
access to some of the more advanced  
programs in the computer system.

(beat)

It's going to take some time to  
hack into them. Time some of these  
girls might not even have.

SOFIA

You're doing everything you can,  
Debbie.

DEBBIE

So everybody keeps telling me...  
and yet I can't shake an  
overwhelming feeling of  
uselessness.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DEBBIE (cont'd)

(beat)

I guess I'm not much good in or out  
of the field, am I?

Sofia approaches her sympathetically.

SOFIA

Don't say that. We got taken apart.  
Badly. But we're all still in this.  
We're Slayers, remember?

DEBBIE

(darkly)

I just wonder if that's enough any  
more.

Her words reverberate through Sofia, and her eyes shift over  
to the catatonic Slayer Debbie was just working with.

SOFIA

(hard)

It's going to have to be.

Debbie begins moving over to another Slayer, determined not  
to give up.

DEBBIE

I'm just going to finish checking  
on these girls here, and then it's  
back to the computers for me. I  
have to find a way into Jaz's  
files, or we might not even be able  
to move forward.

(beat)

Sofia...?

SOFIA

What is it?

DEBBIE

It's... it's Alita.

Sofia takes a deep breath, steeling herself.

SOFIA

Is she-

DEBBIE

Alive? Yes, yes, she's alive. Don't  
worry.

Relief floods over Sofia's face.

SOFIA

(exhales)

Thank God.

(CONTINUED)

DEBBIE

She's hanging on, keeps coming in  
and out of it. She's one of the  
stronger ones, at least.

(beat)

She... asked for you.

SOFIA

Where is she?

Debbie bites her lip, and before we hear her response, we cut  
to:

11

INT. CAMPUS - PRIVATE ROOM - NEXT

11

Alita is lying on a hospital bed, a heart-monitoring machine  
attached to her, and several other wires and tubes connected  
to her veins can be seen. She appears to be asleep, fidgeting  
as if she is dreaming.

Sofia quietly enters the room, making her way over to Alita's  
bed. The machines HUM and WHIR in the background, creating a  
foreboding sense.

SOFIA

(softly)

Alita?

The younger Slayer stirs, and her eyelids flutter open. She  
looks up at Sofia, a distant look in her eyes.

ALITA

(weakly)

Sofia...

SOFIA

(smiles)

It's me.

She pulls a stool up next to the bed and sits down, gently  
taking one of Alita's hands in her own.

SOFIA (cont'd)

How are you feeling?

(beat)

Don't answer that. That was a  
stupid question.

Alita manages a small smile.

ALITA

I am feeling a little better, thank  
you. I am glad to see that you are  
alright. I was worried.

(CONTINUED)

SOFIA  
(surprised)  
You were worried about me? You're  
the one lying in a hospital bed,  
Allie! Everyone's been worried sick  
about you. You seem to have a habit  
of always getting the worst of it  
whenever we get ourselves into  
something big.

ALITA  
Wounds will heal. Scars fade away.  
I am just glad that we all  
survived.

Sofia's face falls, but she manages to cover it.

SOFIA  
Right...

ALITA  
Have you seen Tyson? I know, it's  
been chaotic since....  
(beat)  
... but have you seen him?

Sofia struggles with her words, biting her lip.

SOFIA  
Alita, I -

She doesn't get to finish her sentence as Debbie barges into  
the room, frantic.

DEBBIE  
Sofia, I need your help!

SOFIA  
(jumps up)  
What is it?

DEBBIE  
It's... the... one of the girls!

Sofia looks between Debbie and Alita, struggling with what to  
do. Debbie is waiting impatiently, a frenetic look in her  
eyes as Sofia steals one last glance at Alita.

SOFIA  
I'll be back soon, okay? I promise.  
Get some rest.

Alita does not respond, and Sofia hurries out of the room  
with Debbie as we cut to:



12 INT. CAMPUS - BARBARA'S OFFICE - LATER

12

Barbara is sitting at her desk, trying to look for something amidst all of the papers and forms spread out before her. Clearly, some disorganization has occurred in the ensuing chaos in the wake of Kira's attack.

BARBARA

Why do I even bother cleaning?

She looks around the disheveled office, at the overturned furniture and scattered debris, and sighs.

Suddenly, the phone RINGS. As Barbara begins shifting things around on her desk, trying to locate the phone, it continues ringing, until finally - she finds it!

BARBARA (cont'd)

Hello? Er - Headmistress Griffin,  
how can I assist you?

INTERCUT WITH:

13 INT. WATCHER'S COUNCIL - OFFICE - NIGHT

13

A distinguished looking older gentleman, Head Watcher HARGROVE (who we have seen before) is sitting at a stately, organized desk, a fire blazing in the background.

HARGROVE

Miss Griffin, glad I could reach  
you so late. Victor Hargrove of the  
Watcher's Council.

Barbara reacts with a jerk.

BARBARA

Mr. Hargrove, what a... surprise to  
hear from you.

HARGROVE

Yes, well - I appreciate that  
things must be somewhat chaotic for  
you at the moment.

BARBARA

That's putting it lightly, sir.  
(beat)  
How are things at the Council?

HARGROVE

I'm afraid not so well, Miss  
Griffin. I am calling to request a  
meeting.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

HARGROVE (cont'd)  
I would like you to arrive in  
London tomorrow so that we can...  
assess the situations at hand.

BARBARA  
Now?

HARGROVE  
Is there a problem?

BARBARA  
Well, just that... my Academy was  
just raided, and I have several  
injured Slayers on top of the  
collateral damage to consider. I  
can't exactly-

HARGROVE  
(firm)  
Your presence is required at the  
Council, Miss Griffin. Does that  
make it any clearer?

Barbara pales.

BARBARA  
Of- of course, sir. I can arrange  
for that.

Hargrove straightens in his chair.

HARGROVE  
Good to hear. I will see you soon  
then, Miss Griffin. And I hope you  
manage to get the Academy back on  
its feet - if you need any  
assistance from us, just call the  
usual departments. We're all on  
standby.

Hargrove goes to put the phone down, and we're back to:

INT. CAMPUS - BARBARA'S OFFICE - NEXT

The line CLICKS and goes dead. Barbara slowly hangs up the  
phone, a worried look on her face, before we cut to:

INT. CAMPUS - INFIRMARY - NEXT

Debbie sits beside an unconscious SLAYER, using a wet cloth  
to wash away some remaining demon blood. She looks like every  
other occupant in the Academy - exhausted.

We hear a KNOCKING, and Aiden appears at the door. Debbie  
doesn't look up.

AIDEN

Hey.

DEBBIE

(numbed)

Hey.

Aiden strides over, then sits beside her, his eyes falling on the wounded Slayer.

AIDEN

How is she?

DEBBIE

Stable, but not brilliant. She should be in a better state by the morning, but I thought I should keep an eye on her just in case.

Aiden nods, letting silence fall back down for a beat.

AIDEN

You were amazing tonight, Debbie. That was a side of you I've never seen before.

Debbie smiles wryly, but there's no heart in it.

DEBBIE

I spent most of my life watching 'ER' and 'Casualty,' and performing surgeries on my stuffed animals. Never would've thought I'd be a practicing doctor at seventeen-and-a-bit.

(beat; heavy)

We lost three more Slayers in the last few hours alone. I don't even know how many will make it through the night.

AIDEN

There was nothing you could've done, Debbie.

DEBBIE

Nothing I could've done. If Jaz were here, at least one of them would've made it.

AIDEN

You can't know that.

DEBBIE

(quiet)

Actually... yes, I do.

(CONTINUED)

There's a silent moment. Aiden doesn't say anything, but gears up to speak. Before he has a chance:

DEBBIE (cont'd)  
(gesturing)  
Nadine over there?

Aiden nods.

DEBBIE (cont'd)  
Before today, she never even came  
in for a plaster in all the six  
months she's been here.

AIDEN  
Debbie-

DEBBIE  
She's practically dead.  
(ironic)  
And me, the, the... drop out...

Aiden grabs Debbie's shoulder, jerking her out of her thoughts. She seems to realise what she's been saying.

DEBBIE (cont'd)  
I'm sorry. It's been a long night.  
Just the teenage girl angst  
talking.

She smiles falsely, but she and Aiden both know she's trying.

AIDEN  
Now... there's some bad news.

DEBBIE  
Worse than this?

AIDEN  
(hesitant)  
They... they can't find Jaz. We  
looked over the whole Academy,  
but... she's gone. We don't know if  
Kira got her or what happened, but  
as of now there's still no sign of  
her.

Debbie practically collapses into herself, her hand going to her mouth in shock.

DEBBIE  
Oh, no!

AIDEN

We're gonna keep looking, don't worry, but I just thought you should...

He trails off as Debbie starts to SOB.

DEBBIE

I can't keep this up, I really can't... I was just hoping she'd show up, and everything would be okay, but... oh, God...

Debbie just buries her head in her hands. Aiden reaches out and embraces her - it's all he can do.

16 INT. CASTLE - DELANEY'S ROOM - NIGHT

16

A heavily bandaged DELANEY sits on her bed, reading but not really focusing on the words. Over in the doorway is:

17 INT. CASTLE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

17

KIRA stands at the door of Delaney's room, looking in - a look of concern, mixed with a form of tenderness, on her face.

HAMISH (O.S.)

Kira?

HAMISH enters frame and looks inside the ajar door.

HAMISH (cont'd)

What's wrong?

(completely serious)

Usually you don't make a habit of standing outside rooms without entering, is all.

KIRA

(without looking round)

Shut up, Hamish.

Hamish glances from Kira to Delaney and back, but as Kira turns on her heel and marches away he jogs to catch up.

The two leave the recovering Delaney and begin walking down the hallway.

HAMISH

Alright, sore subject. I'll avoid it. Now, I need to know - what's happening next? Usually you inform me of what you're planning.

(CONTINUED)

KIRA

This time, it's more important than before. You understand?

HAMISH

No, but I know to follow your lead. What do you need me to do?

KIRA

(raises eyebrow)

You're very eager to follow orders today, Hamish.

HAMISH

The alternative is to spend more time with that Australian man, Bryce. Every minute with him is like needles in my eyeballs.

(beat)

Uncomfortable.

KIRA

That said, you're going to have to deal with his presence for a while longer. The boy is important to our plan.

HAMISH

As you've said. Without a great deal more insight into said 'plan,' I might add.

KIRA

Make yourself useful - go find the girl, Erika. I have business to speak with her about.

HAMISH

'Business'?

KIRA

(sharp)

Not now, Hamish.

Hamish nods, knowing he can't win this one, and walks off in the opposite direction.

Kira sits, waiting, with a cup of tea. She looks up as ERIKA enters, a little disoriented.

KIRA

(all business)

Erika.

ERIKA  
(guarded)  
Ms. Brogan.

KIRA  
Please, call me- actually, don't  
refer to me by name.

ERIKA  
I will remember that. You wanted to  
see me?

KIRA  
Yes.  
(beat)  
In a manner of speaking.

Kira stands, and walks to a set of DOUBLE DOORS.

KIRA (cont'd)  
(calling back to Erika)  
Follow the sound of my voice,  
Erika.

Erika approaches her as she opens the doors to reveal a room  
filled with mystical objects.

A table for two has been readied, with a mysterious,  
obviously important, spherical object placed in the centre.

KIRA (cont'd)  
It's time to make a start on my end  
of the bargain.

And off Kira, we:

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF ACT ONE**

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

19 EXT. CAMPUS - DRIVEWAY - MORNING

19

Barbara is standing behind a car, a few suitcases at her feet, and she is preparing to open the trunk. A VOICE rings out behind her.

VOICE (O.C.)  
Need some help?

Barbara turns around, putting a hand over her eyes to shield against the morning sun, and she sees Ellen standing before her, a weak smile on her face.

BARBARA  
(flat)  
I'm not sure how to answer that.

ELLEN  
How about we just get that car loaded?

Barbara nods silently, and the two women quietly load the suitcases into the trunk. Barbara awkwardly turns to Ellen, unsure of what to say. Ellen swipes some hair out of her eyes and clears her throat.

BARBARA ELLEN  
You know, I- I just wanted-

Barbara laughs weakly.

BARBARA  
I'm sorry. I think the stress is finally starting to get to me. And this Council hearing... I think I've lost my mind.

ELLEN  
You're sure it's a 'hearing'?

BARBARA  
Let's recap the last twenty-four hours. The Academy is attacked by a lone witch and a pack of demons, breaking a dangerous rogue Slayer out of custody and leading to the very public defection of three Slayers and one staff member.  
(beat)  
I highly doubt they've asked me down to the Council for a chat and a cup of tea.

(CONTINUED)



ELLEN

Could be worse. For all you know,  
could just be a bunch of stuffy old  
Englishmen sitting around a table,  
puffing pipes and talking about  
figures and numbers.

BARBARA

(wryly)

You really are American, aren't  
you?

Ellen can't hide the tiny grin that flits across her lips.

ELLEN

So... London, huh?

Barbara sighs deeply, looking off into the horizon, as if  
hoping she might find some great answer out there, deep in  
the distance. She returns her gaze to Ellen.

BARBARA

I suppose so.

(beat)

Do you think they'll give me the  
sack?

ELLEN

(frowns)

Huh?

BARBARA

That means 'fire me.'

ELLEN

Fire you? You've kept this school  
alive!

(beat)

They probably just want to fill in  
all the little details. I've been  
where you're going. The Council  
types, they like to instill a bit  
of fear and intimidation, but you  
have to remember - they're just  
men. With tiny, tiny penises.

Barbara chuckles at this.

BARBARA

Those men have the power to take  
this whole school down.

(beat)

And that's what I'm afraid of.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BARBARA (cont'd)  
If they determine that our defenses  
aren't strong enough, or that we  
aren't fit to host all of these  
Slayers here...

Ellen puts a gentle hand on Barbara's arm. A touching moment  
shared between the two of them. It doesn't go unnoticed.

ELLEN  
You have done an incredible job  
with these girls, Barb. If the  
Council doesn't see that, then I'll  
come to London and kick all of  
their asses myself, you hear?

BARBARA  
I just might have to hold you to  
that.  
(beat)  
I have an awfully long drive ahead  
of me. You'll be okay here without  
me, won't you?

ELLEN  
We'll be just fine I got Debbie and  
Aiden watching out over the wounded  
girls, Greg leading teams in a  
constant patrol of the Academy  
perimeter, and me holding all the  
keys to the kingdom.  
(beat)  
We won't get surprised again.

BARBARA  
Just make sure Greg and Aiden  
aren't too busy watching each other  
and forget all about the girls.

ELLEN  
(raising an eyebrow)  
I'm only one woman, Barb.

Barbara goes around the car and opens the door, preparing to  
get in. Ellen follows behind, standing off to the side.

BARBARA  
Be careful.  
(beat)  
And thank you.

ELLEN  
It was nothing. Go get 'em.

BARBARA  
See you when I get back.

19 CONTINUED: (3)

19

Barbara gets into the drivers seat, and promptly pulls away. As Ellen watches her go, the car disappearing into the distance, we cut to:

20 INT. CASTLE - HALLWAY - DAY

20

Braeden walks along, not noticing DARCIE following close behind him.

Out of the blue, she suddenly snakes her arms round his neck and pulls him to face her.

There's a beat - then, with a grin, she lunges forward for a KISS! Braeden ducks his head back, and Darcie pouts theatrically.

DARCIE

Careful, lover. People might start to talk.

BRAEDEN

And even then, I doubt you'd be listening.

He calmly but firmly unwraps her arms, then starts to walk on again, with the smirking Darcie alongside him.

DARCIE

You're not still thinking about her, are you?

BRAEDEN

(quickly)

No.

DARCIE

Because, you know, we did sort of swap sides as per our agreement. That now makes her one of 'them.'

BRAEDEN

(dry)

Yeah, thanks for refreshing my memory.

Braeden looks like he'd rather be anywhere else, but as Darcie smoothly slips her arm round his, he decides to play along for now.

DARCIE

I'm so glad we're out of that dead end little school. Aren't you?

BRAEDEN

Guess you saw right through me.

(CONTINUED)

DARCIE

Don't be so cynical, Braeden. We're on the winning team now.

Darcie looks up and down the corridor, sighing petulantly.

BRAEDEN

Looking for something?

DARCIE

My room! I've been looking for where that Rachel girl told us to go for what feels like an hour now, but still nothing! How big is this place?

(sighs again)

Looks like I'm homeless for the night.

(sly)

Unless, of course, you're open to the idea of me bunking up with you...

Braeden turns to her, half amused and half irritated by her flirting, when he spots somebody turn into the corridor out of the corner of his eye.

He looks round and sees DANA, her arms wrapped round herself as she pads along, head down and straggly hair covering her face. She's shivering despite the warmth.

BRAEDEN

Dana?

DARCIE

(sees her)

Oh, perfect. The day just wouldn't be complete without a guest appearance from the house mental case, would it?

Braeden silences her with a sharp look, then heads for Dana. She doesn't look up but comes to a stop, leaning against the wall as she rubs her bare arms.

BRAEDEN

(cautious)

Hey, Dana. How are you?

Darcie reluctantly moves a little closer. Dana doesn't seem to notice them, starting to mutter:

DANA

(distressed)

The faces shift like ghosts.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DANA (cont'd)  
The sin wasn't great enough. It  
speaks like it's human.

DARCIE  
Great, more crazy talk-

BRAEDEN  
I said, shh!  
(beat)  
Dana? What do you mean?

DANA  
They want the screams for  
themselves. They think in words and  
numbers, but it all gets lost.  
(to Darcie)  
You're dangerous, little one, and  
you only know the half of it.

Darcie stiffens, narrowing her eyes.

DARCIE  
Look at me again, 'little one,' and  
I'll introduce you to a very sharp  
friend of mine.  
(tugs at Braeden)  
Come on, let's leave her to loon on  
someone else.

VOICE (O.S.)  
Dana!

Braeden looks behind Dana to see RACHEL running towards them. Rachel throws a glare at them as she reaches Dana, stepping between her and Braeden defensively.

RACHEL  
Think it's funny to make fun of  
her, do you? To gawk at her?

BRAEDEN  
We weren't-

RACHEL  
Save it. Come on, Dana.

She carefully starts to lead the still mumbling Dana away, throwing a final glare back at Braeden:

RACHEL (cont'd)  
I'm watching you, rookie.

On Braeden and Darcie, who's still behind him. Braeden looks spooked.

DARCIE  
Well! That was... fun.

(CONTINUED)

BRAEDEN  
(worried)  
Yeah. Yeah, it was.

A beat. Darcie's smirk slips back into place.

DARCIE  
(saucy)  
So... bunking together?

Braeden's still watching the departing Rachel and Dana, before he turns back to Darcie with a grin.

BRAEDEN  
As if I'm that easy.

She grins at him, and we cut to:

Hamish looks out over the side of the castle wall at the horizon, clearly enjoying the view. BRYCE joins him.

BRYCE  
This place has a great view.

HAMISH  
One of the best perks of our side,  
Mr. Bryce.

BRYCE  
Please, call me Eric.

HAMISH  
I'll stick with the formalities, if  
it's all the same to you. No need  
to make this any less of a  
professional relationship.  
(beat)  
Mr. Bryce.

Bryce smiles in realisation - Hamish isn't exactly his biggest fan.

BRYCE  
Ah. No worries, Mr. McFanchon,  
we're on the same page.  
(beat)  
So, if it wasn't to admire the  
view, why invite me up here? I  
presume it wasn't to push me off.

HAMISH  
It's your boy, Braeden. There's  
something... odd about him.  
(beat)  
(MORE)

HAMISH (cont'd)

The Academy had no hypotheses about his background? How he came to get his abilities?

BRYCE

Not so much, no. They're as puzzled as we are.

HAMISH

And his strength and reflexes - they're confirmed to be Slayer-related? No way he could be, say, half-demon?

Bryce ponders a moment.

BRYCE

Contrary to popular belief, not many humans can breed with demons, and I don't know of any half-demons who are, as far as anyone can tell, Slayers.

HAMISH

But is there any specific reason he's confirmed as a Slayer? Emphasis on the 'he.'

BRYCE

Far as I know, the Council did a load of tests that, I assume, confirmed it for them. I wasn't allowed near the results, before you ask.

HAMISH

Curious.

Bryce glances at Hamish.

BRYCE

Come on, Watcher man, you know they wouldn't let me touch those results with a ten foot pole. Highest of top secrets, was Braeden.

Hamish gives Bryce a sideways look.

BRYCE (cont'd)

What I want to know is, if you don't like me, and you have no idea what Braeden even is, why did your boss extend the offer?

HAMISH

There are... plans.

BRYCE

'Plans,' eh?

HAMISH

Yes. 'Plans.'

BRYCE

What kind-

HAMISH

If you think I'm privy to them,  
you're obviously less in the know  
than you think.

("goodbye")

Mr. Bryce.

BRYCE

(nods)

Mr. McFanchon.

Hamish walks back into the castle, while a casual Bryce continues to watch the horizon.

Sofia comes through a door leading out onto the roof of the dormitory, where she spots Skye sitting on the edge of the roof, her feet dangling over the side of the building. Sofia wordlessly moves over to her, and takes a seat next to her.

The sounds of MUSIC thumping out of Skye's headphones can be heard, and Skye doesn't seem to notice Sofia at first.

She glances casually to her side - and jumps a mile when she sees Sofia sitting there!

Skye rips the iPod headphones out of her ears, the music spilling out of them.

SKYE

Jeez, Sofes, you almost made my  
heart start beating again!

SOFIA

(lamely)

Sorry.

SKYE

What's up? Besides my blood  
pressure, I mean.

SOFIA

I just needed to get away.

(beat)

I haven't exactly been popular  
since...



Silence engulfs the two of them. They watch over the campus like a couple of stone-still gargoyles, a slight wind rustling through their hair and clothes.

SKYE

It's not easy being the outcast,  
huh?

SOFIA

(deadpan)  
It's really not.

SKYE

(grins)  
Welcome to Planet Skye. Better find  
yourself a spot to brood somewhere,  
this one's taken.

Sofia manages half a smile. Another beat of silence.

SKYE (cont'd)

Can I say something?

SOFIA

Please do.

SKYE

When everyone thought I was an evil  
murderer, you were one of the only  
people who had my back.

(beat)

You and Erika, I mean.

(dry)

Granted, you did get into a fight  
with me over it, and Erika really  
did go evil and joined up with  
Bitch Academy, but...

(beat)

Look, point is, you never strayed.  
You never bought into the hype. You  
wanted to help me. That means a lot  
to me, Sofes. It really does. I  
just, you know... I wanted you to  
hear that. Feels like the time to  
hear something positive.

Sofia is caught off guard by this sudden admission of  
sentimentality from Skye, but she can't hide the smile that  
takes over her face.

She looks down at her hands, and the smile slowly fades away.  
Skye waits for Sofia to start.

(CONTINUED)

SOFIA

Yes, well, I might not have ever believed you were evil, but I definitely got suckered by someone who really was.

(sighs)

How could I have been so blind, Skye? How could I have let Braeden manipulate me like that? And Darcie... don't even get me started on her.

SKYE

Trust me, we all saw that one coming. That girl was one bad trip away from trying to kill us all. She didn't even try to hide it.

(beat)

And Braeden...

Sofia's face falls.

SOFIA

(interrupting)

He made me look like a fool. That's what it is, Skye. The hard truth. I was fooled. I was your leader again, I was the one everyone is supposed to look up to - and I failed. I fell for the bad guy.

(sighs)

That's one of Buffy's habits I'd hoped to avoid.

Skye can't help but chuckle.

SKYE

It's been a while since you talked about Buffy. I was starting to think you'd finally moved on from that phase.

SOFIA

(confused)

What 'phase'?

SKYE

(raises eyebrow)

You really don't know?

SOFIA

(anxious)

No! Come on, tell me!

(CONTINUED)

Skye just rolls her eyes and looks back out into the horizon. Sofia gives up trying to get any information out of her and joins her gaze. They sit in silence for a moment or two.

SOFIA (cont'd)  
(teasing)  
At least I was never suspected of murder.

SKYE  
(without missing a beat)  
Brown-noser.

Sofia turns to her with a scandalized look. Skye just laughs. On this small moment of levity, we cut to:

Frankie is sitting in the library all alone, the lights down low. She looks to be trying to organize some volumes, but at an extremely slow pace.

DUNSTALL appears beside her, a look of comfort in his eyes. He takes a seat in an empty chair at the table.

DUNSTALL  
Hey.

FRANKIE  
(flat)  
'Ello. It's late. Shouldn't you be resting? Or patrolling? I cannot keep track anymore.

DUNSTALL  
I'm taking a break. Ellen and the rest of the girls have things covered for right now.  
(beat)  
I just wanted to check on you, you've not set foot out of here since Aiden discharged you. Is everything okay?

FRANKIE  
I am still the same.  
(beat)  
Still a failure.

She shakes her head miserably, SLAMMING a book closed.

DUNSTALL

You are not a failure, Frankie. You were right in the middle of the battle and you didn't even miss a beat. How long have you been out of the field? It's been months.

FRANKIE

And I lost. I contributed nothing to the fight. Alita still got 'urt, and those texts were stolen, and...

She starts to go on, but Dunstall shushes her, leaning forward and taking her into his arms.

DUNSTALL

Don't think about any of that. We can't dwell on what happened.

She looks up at him.

FRANKIE

How come I cannot make a difference? No matter how 'ard I try, I cannot...

Tears shine in her eyes.

DUNSTALL

You will make a difference. I know you will. You're one of the strongest people I've ever met.

(beat)

And I mean that mentally and physically.

FRANKIE

I do not feel very strong...

Dunstall moves back into his seat.

DUNSTALL

Is this because of that Darcie girl? What she did?

A new fire alights in Frankie's eyes.

FRANKIE

(spits)

Darcie. That bitch got away from me before I could finish 'er off.

(beat)

I am glad that she 'as finally shown 'er true colors.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

FRANKIE (cont'd)  
Now that she is definitely a bad  
guy, I won't feel bad about  
snapping her neck.

DUNSTALL  
You don't want that on your  
conscience. Darcie might be an  
evil, self-serving bitch, but she's  
a human being. She's a Slayer. Can  
you really see yourself killing  
her?

Frankie looks at him, deadly serious.

FRANKIE  
I can see myself trying.

The two of them sit in silence, and as Frankie continues to  
go about doing other mindless chores with the books, Dunstall  
simply sits and watches her, and we:

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF ACT TWO**

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

24 EXT. WATCHER'S COUNCIL - DAY 24

An establishing shot of the newly rebuilt Watcher's Council, nestled amongst the busy streets of downtown London.

25 INT. WATCHER'S COUNCIL - GUEST ROOM - NEXT 25

Barbara is standing inside a relatively small, but elegantly furnished private room, with nothing more than a bed, night stand, dresser and desk to occupy it.

A large mirror sits atop the dresser, and Barbara is looking at herself in the glass, a blank expression on her face. She is dressed in a pressed plain, dark suit, a lock of pearls around her neck, a vacant look in her eyes.

A KNOCK at her door catches her attention, and we see her reflection turn to look quickly towards the door. Silence takes over the room, and for a moment, Barbara doesn't move.

VOICE (O.C.)  
Miss Griffin?

Barbara finally finds her voice, obviously nervous.

BARBARA  
Y-Yes? Yes, I'm here!

She makes her way over to the door, swinging it open to reveal a BUTLER waiting patiently on the other side.

BUTLER  
Shall I escort you to the  
conference room, Miss Griffin?

Barbara nods absently, sparing one last glance at her room.

BARBARA  
My things...

BUTLER  
They will be taken care of.

BARBARA  
Right. Lead the way then, I  
suppose.

BUTLER  
Very well, Miss Griffin.

Barbara follows after him, a tense look on her face.

(CONTINUED)

BARBARA  
(under her breath)  
What, no continental breakfast?

The Butler stops, turning back to her.

BUTLER  
Ma'am?

BARBARA  
(quickly)  
Nothing.  
(deep breath)  
Let's just get this over with.

Barbara steels herself as they continue to make their way down a long hallway, and we cut to:

Barbara enters a large conference room (the same one she visited back in 1x14 "The Long Weight"), full of bookshelves and antiques, and a large oak table situated in the center of the room, elegant chairs lined up on all sides.

Several of the chairs are already occupied by the Heads of Council: Hargrove, the Head Watcher; a prudish woman in her forties, with a tight bun and glasses, a FEMALE WATCHER; and a skittish looking man with twitchy eyes, a MALE WATCHER.

Several other Watchers fill out the table, cool and calculated looks on their faces.

Barbara slowly approaches the table, her eyes flicking between the Watchers and trying to find a sympathetic face.

HARGROVE  
Ah, Miss Griffin. I trust you slept well last night? The Council prides itself on the treatment of their guests.

BARBARA  
Yes, sir. I slept perfectly fine, thank you.

The Head Watcher gestures to one of the empty chairs.

HARGROVE  
Please, have a seat. Let us begin.

Barbara follows the order and sits down, trying desperately not to look uncomfortable in front of all of these Watchers. They all seem to be staring right at her.

FEMALE WATCHER  
(reviewing a document)  
Let us begin with the attack on the  
Academy last spring...

Barbara is taken aback.

BARBARA  
I'm sorry, what?

The Female Watcher looks up at her, surprised by Barbara's response.

FEMALE WATCHER  
Is there a problem?

Barbara looks over at Hargrove, who is looking rather pleased with himself.

BARBARA  
Is this an... intervention?

Hargrove leans forward.

HARGROVE  
Miss Griffin, we have been  
monitoring your efforts at the  
Academy since you overtook the  
school as Headmistress.

The Male Watcher interjects.

MALE WATCHER  
Following your various exploits,  
charting all of your...  
indiscretions. We know that you've  
been known to use rather unorthodox  
methods in the past in order to  
achieve a goal.

Barbara can't believe this is happening.

BARBARA  
I thought we were going to do an  
evaluation on the looming threat of  
the Brogan Academy and the rogue  
Slayers, not air out all of my  
dirty laundry!

HARGROVE  
Mind your tone, Barbara.

The use of her first name catches Barbara's attention. She  
locks gazes with Hargrove for a beat - then backs down.



HARGROVE (cont'd)  
Don't misunderstand us, Miss  
Griffin. We will deal with the  
Brogan Academy in due course.  
(beat)  
But first we must discuss your  
continued tenure as Headmistress.

Barbara's face is flooded with anxiety, as we cut to:

Alita opens her eyes and looks around. She sees Debbie, who  
moves towards her when she notices she's awake.

DEBBIE  
Morning. Well, afternoon, really,  
but... never mind. Hello.

ALITA  
(nods)  
Debbie. How-  
(winces)  
How is everything doing?

DEBBIE  
(heavy)  
We had a bad night. Some of the  
girls... a few of us didn't make  
it, and needless to say, the  
infirmary's full.  
(sighs)  
Surprising to say, you might be one  
of the lucky ones.

Alita ponders this for a moment as Debbie crosses the room  
and grabs Alita's chart from a table.

DEBBIE (cont'd)  
Some Slayers ended up at intensive  
care in the hospital back in town,  
but we decided it'd be better if  
you and some of the other Slayers  
stayed here for some tests.  
(beat)  
Your Slayer healing kicked into  
full effect. You should be able to  
get out of bed by tonight, though  
you might want to wait until  
morning in case.

Alita nods politely, and Debbie crosses the room to leave.

ALITA  
(calls after her)  
Um, Debbie?

Debbie turns in the doorway.

DEBBIE

Yes?

ALITA

Tyson hasn't visited me yet. Do you know where he is? Have you seen him?

Debbie pauses awkwardly, and it's obvious she feels Alita's eyes on her.

DEBBIE

Well... I'm sure everything's... okay.

(beat; false smile)

I'll be back soon, Alita.

Alita looks at Debbie, a little confused as Debbie closes the door. Alita leans back.

Alita closes her eyes - then opens them. Wincing, she sits up, then lifts a leg over the side of the bed. She slowly gets out and walks to the door.

Throwing a glance behind her, she leaves the room.

Delaney sits on her bed, playing a GAMEBOY DS.

DELANEY

(bored)

So, what is it exactly you want?

She's speaking to someone off screen - specifically, KIRA, who is standing at the door with a medical kit in her hand. She strides over, standing beside Delaney.

KIRA

(forcedly pleasant)

Hello, Delaney.

Delaney looks up at her mother, putting down the Gameboy.

DELANEY

So, what's with the making an actual appearance in my room? Usually it's:

(yelling, Kira impression)

'Get your ass out here now, Delaney!'

KIRA

It's time to see to your wounds.

DELANEY

(grins)

Of course. You haven't come to see  
me of your own free will since...

(thinks)

... well, ever.

Kira looks at her daughter, frustration evident on her face  
as she sits beside her.

KIRA

Remove your shirt.

Delaney pulls up her shirt, leaving her with only her bra on.

DELANEY

(teasing)

Be careful, there's boys in the  
house now.

KIRA

(ignores her)

Aren't you going to ask why I don't  
just get a doctor to do it?

DELANEY

(sarcastic)

You've stumped me. Give the lady a  
gold star.

(beat)

So, what do you want?

Kira looks at Delaney's face as she pulls a bandage from  
Delaney's bruised face and dabs at it with a cloth.

KIRA

(almost tender)

I'm your mother, Delaney. Don't  
forget that.

DELANEY

That's funny - up until I got  
myself captured, you made it pretty  
clear I was supposed to. Suddenly  
you want to braid my hair and go to  
the movies together?

(beat)

Nice try, Mom.

Kira glares at her daughter as she presses a new bandage to  
her bloody cheek.

DELANEY (cont'd)

Hey, that hurts!

(CONTINUED)

KIRA

Stand.

DELANEY

Gonna spank me?

But she complies, and Kira begins to wash and bandage cuts and bruises on Delaney's chest. Kira can't help but look shocked at the state Delaney's in.

KIRA

(taken aback)

What did they do to you?

DELANEY

Watcher Junior used me for a bit of anger management. Surprised?

(beat)

Hey, don't make some sort of 'I'm your mother' face, just finish dealing with this so we can stop looking at each other.

KIRA

Delaney.

DELANEY

S'my name, don't wear it out.

This is definitely hard for her.

KIRA

You're my child. The only one I'm ever likely to have.

(beat)

You're more important to me than you know.

Delaney smiles.

DELANEY

Thanks, mom. It means a lot.

Kira almost smiles, but without changing her expression:

DELANEY (cont'd)

(nasty)

Like hell it does! You think you're going to waltz in here, play the mother card, and I'll be your willing slave for a few more months?

(beat)

Please. I'm not pretending that was about me.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DELANEY (cont'd)  
It was about retrieving your  
'assets.' The only motherly thing  
you've ever done is not leave me  
there.

KIRA  
(incensed)  
You don't speak to me that way!

DELANEY  
(narrows eyes)  
Of course, my lady. Would you like  
a drink? Maybe I could lick your  
boots clean? I'm great with my  
tongue, you know. Been learning all  
sorts of new tricks since you sent  
me to boarding school.

Kira just looks at Delaney. Something flashes over her face -  
genuine hurt? Annoyance? - before grabbing the medical kit  
and storming out.

DELANEY (cont'd)  
Hey, my bandages!

KIRA (O.S.)  
Don't be a baby! Dress your own  
wounds!

Delaney smirks and leans down to grab her shirt. Sue pulls it  
on and grabs the Gameboy, leaning back on her pillow.

DELANEY  
(to herself)  
Bitch.

As she furiously presses on the game's buttons, we cut to:

Barbara is still in the middle of being interrogated by the  
Council members, and she does not look at all happy about  
what she is hearing. A flurry of conversation brings us into  
the scene.

HARGROVE  
Everyone, please, let's calm down!  
We need to take this one issue at a  
time.

BARBARA  
(under her breath)  
Or you could continue attacking me  
all at once.

The Female Watcher interjects.

## FEMALE WATCHER

These are extremely serious allegations. We are talking about conspiring with known enemies, and divulging confidential information to persons without clearance. These are rather undisputable cases of neglect, Miss Griffin.

Barbara turns to her, struggling to keep her cool.

## BARBARA

You're referring to Eric Bryce?

The Male Watcher twitches and pulls out a file, and begins flipping through some documents.

## MALE WATCHER

Eric Bryce was the guardian of one Braeden Donovan, who we understand was found to be an anomaly - a male possessing the Slayer power.

## BARBARA

(nods)

I submitted a full report about Braeden to the Council as soon as he arrived at the Academy. I transmitted every test result to you directly. Mr. Bryce never even saw them.

Female Watcher leans forward, eyes narrowed.

## FEMALE WATCHER

And yet you had no idea they were traitors?

(beat)

Despite the fact that you gave Mr. Bryce classified security codes that he should have never had access to?

## BARBARA

I had no evidence not to trust Eric at that time.

Hargrove clears his throat. Barbara turns to look at him, the anger quickly mounting in her eyes.

## HARGROVE

These are all extremely serious matters, Miss Griffin. Your status as the Headmistress and Council liaison to the Academy is in question.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

HARGROVE (cont'd)

(beat)

Are you going to let your pride get in the way of letting us solve this problem?

BARBARA

(aghast)

My... 'pride'?

Hargrove chews on his lip.

HARGROVE

I know that you and Mr. Bryce were... involved.

(beat)

Romantically.

BARBARA

(long beat)

I have no idea how that is relevant, but yes. Bryce and I shared... moments.

FEMALE WATCHER

He gave you a weakness, which he took advantage of. You were tricked, and you compromised the security of the entire Academy as a result!

Barbara shoots her another glare that could shatter glass.

BARBARA

Are you trying to imply I allowed myself to be seduced?

Hargrove SLAMS his fist against the table, getting everyone's attention as all eyes turn to him.

HARGROVE

Enough! We are going to discuss this professionally. We are Watchers, and we will maintain a well-mannered decorum while within these walls.

BARBARA

'Well-mannered'? You've practically tied me to the stake and now you're holding the flame just inches from the straw!

(beat)

Why don't you just get it over with? Just get rid of me. I'm obviously not going to change any of your minds. You didn't call me down here to just 'evaluate' me.

(CONTINUED)

Silence overtakes the room.

MALE WATCHER

There is still the matter of the Initiative. They have pulled out their resources due to your manipulations of one Ellen Marklew. I understand she still works with you at the Academy?

BARBARA

Ellen is a trusted and valued member of the team. She has always had our best interest in mind.  
(beat)  
And, lest we forget, she's also a Slayer. That in itself earns her a place in the Academy.

HARGROVE

Yes, well, perhaps you should begin keeping her best interests in mind, as well. You two have been leading each other out onto thin ice, Miss Griffin.

Barbara is silent, unsure of what to say next.

FEMALE WATCHER

Our inside source has given us all the information we need to know, Miss Griffin. We just need your cooperation at this point.

Barbara looks up, the term "inside source" catching her attention. As she stares hard at the Council members, we cut back to:

Erika sits in a small side room, deep in meditation. Her eyes are closed, her hands resting on her knees as she sits cross-legged on her bed.

She hears footsteps approaching and opens her eyes, her head turning to follow the sound.

ERIKA'S P.O.V.

The world is still black and filled with shimmering lines of colour - but things are a little more distinct, giving us an almost wire-frame outline as a WOMAN stands in the doorway.

WOMAN

Oh, my God... Erika?!?



ON SCENE

Erika blinks, recognising the voice, and she quickly gets to her feet.

Push in on her as her mouth hangs open in shock, and the footsteps of the new arrival step into the room.

ERIKA

It... is that you?

We slowly pan round to see who's there...

... and it's JAZ!

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF ACT THREE**

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

31 INT. CASTLE - SIDE ROOM - DAY

31

Jaz stands in the doorway, as surprised to see Erika as Erika is to realise it's her. Erika is speechless, and Jaz is the first to compose herself.

JAZ

Erika?

Jaz quickly rushes over and hugs Erika, immensely pleased to see her. Erika doesn't look sure how to react.

JAZ (cont'd)

I can't believe... I mean, I would have never in a thousand years...

(shakes head)

What are you doing here?

ERIKA

I should be asking you the same thing.

JAZ

We'll get to that.

Erika looks up at Jaz. Jaz waits for an answer... then finally spots Erika's eyes.

JAZ (cont'd)

Your eyes, they... they look... different. What's-

ERIKA

(interrupts)

Kira is trying to restore my sight.

(hangs head; ashamed)

That's... that why I came here with her.

Jaz is speechless, and the obviously guilty Erika just keeps talking, looking down at her feet, hands knotted together.

ERIKA (cont'd)

After my Cruciamentum, when my vision left me once again, it was like something was missing inside. Not just my sight. I felt... incomplete.

(beat, sad)

You never notice your flaws until you see what it is like to not have them.

(CONTINUED)

Her voice is low, almost depressed. Jaz watches her a moment, then slips a hand inside Erika's.

JAZ

(hesitant)

Erika... I know this won't be as convincing as it would be if Sofia or Skye said it, but I'm going to say it anyway. You did the right thing.

ERIKA

But how could it be? I betrayed my friends, everyone I've cared about... for something I'm not even sure I need any more.

There, she's said it - the thing that's been troubling her.

Jaz looks down for a moment, trying to gather her thoughts. It's almost as if this explanation isn't just for Erika, but for her as well - so it needs to be good.

JAZ

This wasn't a choice of 'good' or 'bad', Erika. Kira's motives may be a bit... shaky, but I don't think she's evil.

(beat)

And you feel the same way I do, or else you wouldn't be here.

Erika nods reluctantly, then looks at Jaz, her eyes scanning her face. She glances at the book, then again at Jaz.

JAZ (cont'd)

Once Kira doesn't need us any more, we'll be free to live our lives as Slayers. We won't have to-

ERIKA

(interrupts)

What?

JAZ

You didn't know?

(off Erika's confusion)

You're not the only one getting something out of coming here.

(beat; smiles)

She's going to restore my Slayer abilities!

Jaz smiles widely, but Erika still looks pretty thrown by the whole scene as we cut back to:

32

INT. WATCHER'S COUNCIL - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

32

Hargrove stands up from his chair and signals to the other Council members to stay quiet.

HARGROVE

Miss Griffin, do you have any last words for the Council before the final decisions are made?

Barbara gathers herself up - it's now or never.

BARBARA

When I was young, I had no idea what was in this world. I didn't know about the evils that existed. I didn't know that there was an age-old battle being waged all over the world. I was just a normal girl.

(beat)

But then everything changed. I learned about the Watchers and the Slayers. I was taught everything there was to know about demons and spells and the dark arts.

(beat)

I worked hard to get where I am today. I have made that school survive until this point. I have trained those girls to not only be Slayers, but to be people, too. They aren't just weapons in a battle of good versus evil. They are human beings.

She looks at each of the Watchers in turn.

BARBARA (cont'd)

I am making a difference, day by day. And if you choose not to believe that, then I simply don't know how to convince you.

(beat)

Don't let your preconceived notions alter your opinions. There is always more to the story than you think.

(beat)

I took on the position of Headmistress because I wanted to be a leader. I wanted to be part of something bigger. If you take that away from me...

She pauses, taking a deep breath.

(CONTINUED)

BARBARA (cont'd)

Then you will have taken away my life. My reason for living. I am that school. It's a part of me. So don't think for one second that I can just walk away, just strip the duties away and forget about it.

(beat)

Because that won't happen. Not ever.

The Watchers are silent, and Barbara heaves a huge sigh of relief having said everything that was on her mind.

HARGROVE

It's good to know that your spirit is not broken, Miss Griffin.

(beat)

Because I am afraid that there are hard times ahead. For you, and possibly for others.

He shares a glance with some of the other Watchers before turning his gaze back to Barbara.

She watches him intently, knowing something is coming.

HARGROVE (cont'd)

You will be immediately relieved of all of your duties as Headmistress. You will remain at the Academy, in a state of suspension. Two Council representatives will return to the Academy along with you and supervise you and the Slayers with joint Headmastership.

(beat)

That will be all.

Before anyone can say another word, Hargrove leaves the conference room, and the other Watchers begin gathering their things.

SLOW MOTION as the remaining Watchers leave the room, and Barbara slides back down into her chair, a distant look on her face as the room becomes steadily emptier...

DISSOLVE TO:

The sun is setting behind the forest. Dana is sitting peacefully on a stone bench, watching it. It's clear from the expression on her face that this is one of her rare lucid moments.

(CONTINUED)

VOICE (O.S.)  
Beautiful, isn't it?

Dana glances over to see none other than Braeden approaching. Her calmness, her stillness - gone in an instant. Her eyes frantically search the stone walls for an exit, ignoring the ones that are there.

BRAEDEN  
(calming)  
Woah, Dana. I come in peace.

DANA  
(muttered)  
Peace... pieces. Pieces of lives,  
pieces of bodies, pieces of souls.  
Breaking her soul to pieces.

Braeden just watches her as she continues to ramble, taking all her craziness in.

DANA (cont'd)  
(confused)  
Under the ice, the dirty fish swim.  
Dirty, dirty... death. The ending  
is death, opening its jaws,  
freezing, stopping, ending...  
(looks straight at him)  
The seesaw tips, the scale bleeds.  
In the end, once is not enough. One  
by one, they all shall open, and we  
all shall fall. Again and again and  
again, until...

Braeden steps back as Dana turns around, clearly trying to figure something out, talking to herself.

DANA (cont'd)  
The heat goes away. The end of the  
year is always December. Christmas  
is coming, but the gifts are  
wrong... wrong... wrong!

Dana turns to Braeden and strides towards him. He steps back, clearly a little afraid.

BRAEDEN  
Dana?

Her eyes are wild, moving back and forth confusedly, dizzily.

DANA  
The ice- the fire- the pictures  
move too fast, the words st. Op.  
And. Start.

33 CONTINUED: (2)

33

Dana returns to the bench.

DANA (cont'd)  
(quiet)  
Don't kill the messenger.

Dana continues to mutter to herself. Braeden watches her for a moment, then returns to the castle, breathless.

Hold on Dana, sitting, the opposite of before Braeden came. She's a mess. Move farther out into the garden, into another walled subsection to see:

ERIKA, sitting against the wall, her brow creased in confusion, trying to make sense of what she heard.

34 EXT. CAMPUS GROUNDS - SUNSET

34

Alita walks, as in a daze, through the darkening evening, illuminated by lights on the Academy's walls. She often throws glances through windows to check if anyone can see her.

She looks through a glass door to see Ellen in a room talking on the phone. She slips inside.

35 INT. CAMPUS - HALLWAYS - NEXT

35

Alita enters, and as she walks past the room, she hears snatches of Ellen's conversation.

ELLEN (O.S.)  
... course, we'll have to contact  
the families...

Alita stops and listens.

ELLEN (O.S.) (cont'd)  
I can't believe something like the  
could happen. They're teenagers,  
they're not supposed to die-  
(listens)  
Yes, I know they're Slayers and  
it's their destiny.  
(sarcastic)  
You've been very, very helpful.

Ellen hangs up. Alita watches her a moment, then moves on. She enters:

36 INT. CAMPUS - SCIENCE LABS - NEXT

36

Alita enters. The lights are off - the only light enters through the windows.

(CONTINUED)

A number of covered bodies lay on various tables - at least seven. Alita shivers as she approaches them. Her hand reaches out to grasp a corner on a sheet. She pulls it back, slowly, to reveal:

A dead SLAYER. Alita blinks - her eyes show grief. She mutters something under her breath - a prayer. However, she moves faster onto the next table.

ALITA  
(whisper)  
Please...

She pulls it back to see:

A dead SLAYER, again. Alita closes her eyes, repeats the prayer, and moves on. She grasps the cloth with two hands, and pulls:

To reveal TYSON.

Alita closes her eyes and sways as if dizzy, grasping the edge of the table to steady herself.

She looks down at his body, his skin cold and pale. The ugly mark of the bullet wound in his chest has been stitched shut.

ALITA (cont'd)  
(quiet)  
Tyson...

Without another word, she sits down and lowers her head to her hand. A tear slips down her cheek.

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

Alita reaches out to touch Tyson's cheek, and flinches at the cold. More tears come.

ALITA (cont'd)  
(all she can say)  
I'm sorry.

And she leans forward, almost collapsing, as we fade to:

Braeden stands alone on the balcony, looking out at the sunset. Erika steps up beside him.

ERIKA  
I imagine it's beautiful.



BRAEDEN

Yeah, it is.

(curious)

Thought I heard somebody say you  
could see now?

ERIKA

Not quite yet. I can see...  
colours. Some shapes.

BRAEDEN

So how does 'colours and some  
shapes' feel?

ERIKA

It is... fulfilling.

BRAEDEN

Not regretting the decision? Not  
running back to Mommy Barbara,  
crying about how the castle is old  
and ugly?

Erika just looks at him.

ERIKA

You know I am not that person.

(beat)

Braeden... I have never seen you  
before. You are, well... good  
looking, I suppose is the term.

BRAEDEN

(smiles)

Thanks.

ERIKA

(not finished)

However, I do not trust you. I  
think Kira made a mistake bringing  
you here.

BRAEDEN

And what if I said the same to you?

ERIKA

I would point out that my motive is  
clear... while yours is, perhaps, a  
little murkier.

And Erika turns and leaves. We follow her, then cut to:

A conference room, with a small conference table. Seated at  
it are Bryce and Hamish, with Kira standing and pacing.

(CONTINUED)

KIRA

It's crucial that neither of you screw up your parts in this. It's more important than your lives, and yes, I can and will leave either of you behind.

BRYCE

Excuse me, Ms. Brogan?

KIRA

(dry)

Yes, Mr. Bryce, do you have something you desperately need to say?

BRYCE

I just want to make sure my boy's gonna to be looked after, and not, I don't know, crucified to fulfill some you-empowering demon ritual.

HAMISH

(interrupting)

You do realise, Mr. Bryce, you're not the one leading the pack this time around, correct?

BRYCE

Never have been. I just want to make sure that, at crunch time, you remember we came here of our free will.

Kira smiles, obviously annoyed at Bryce's insolence.

KIRA

Everything will be looked after, including you and Braeden. This is a deal that benefits everyone involved.

(beat; smirks)

Except, of course, Barbara's snot-nosed baby Slayers. I expect there will be some casualties, but you can't have steak if you don't kill some cows.

Bryce nods, and Hamish steps forward.

HAMISH

Now... I believe there's the actual plan that we need to go over-

KIRA

Actually, Hamish, there's one more member of our little committee that needs to be here. And now that the sun's gone down, he should be here any moment...

We hear DOUBLE DOORS fly open off screen, and Kira smiles as she turns to address the new arrival.

KIRA (cont'd)

Good to see you again.

VOICE (O.S.)

No, Ms. Brogan...

As Bryce and Hamish look towards the new arrival, their jaws dropping in unison, we pan round to see:

ROLAND!

He grins - sending a shiver down Bryce's spine.

ROLAND

... the pleasure is all mine.

And off his grinning face, we:

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF SHOW**