

SLAYER ACADEMY

"Slayer Cake"

by
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TEASER

FADE IN:

1

INT. LIBRARY - NIGHT

1

A clock on the wall shows that the time is only seconds from midnight. Pan over from there to FRANKIE behind the check out desk, trying to find something.

Frankie eventually stands up with a small BOX in tow.

Walking over towards the wall, Frankie turns off the lights in the library before walking into her office.

BARBARA (O.S.)

Hello?

Hearing a voice, Frankie steps back into the library and turns on the lights.

BARBARA (cont'd)

Oh, Frankie, there you are. I've
been looking for you.

Frankie glances over at the clock.

FRANKIE

At this 'our?
(concerned)
Is something wrong?

Barbara immediately shakes her head.

BARBARA

Oh no, nothing like that. And truth
be told, I should have known that
checking your room before the
library was counter-intuitive.

Barbara grins at her little joke - but it's lost on Frankie.

BARBARA (cont'd)

("moving on...")
Anyway, I just wanted to make sure
I talked to you before you went to
bed tonight, but first, let me be
the first person to wish you a
happy birthday!

Frankie again glances over at the clock. It's now after midnight, officially making it her birthday.

FRANKIE

So you are. *Merci*.

(CONTINUED)

BARBARA

You're welcome. Now, Frankie, I think it's important that we discuss your Cruciamentum.

FRANKIE

Yes, I 'ad actually been planning on talking to you about that in the morning. With everything that 'as 'appened, I would like to keep everything about my birthday and my Cruciamentum quiet.

BARBARA

'Quiet'?

FRANKIE

I just do not think a lot of fanfare would be appropriate, and 'onestly, I think that if everyone was trying to cheer me on it would only make me more nervous!

Barbara shifts in her stance, looking slightly uncomfortable. It's impossible for Frankie not to notice, and she can tell that something is up.

BARBARA

Well, actually, with the way these Cruciamentums never seem to work out the way we hope they will, and with your, ah, condition...

Frankie's face is very slowly falling, as she can almost already hear what's coming next.

BARBARA (cont'd)

I've decided that we're going to be postponing your Cruciamentum. Indefinitely.

Frankie is clearly very disappointed, but she doesn't turn it into a big thing.

FRANKIE

I... understand.

BARBARA

Frankie, I'm sorry to do this to you, but it's for your own safety.

FRANKIE

Actually, I am not that surprised, I thought you might decide to do this.

Frankie smiles slightly. She moves over towards the light switches again.

BARBARA

I'm sorry, Frankie, and I wish there was another way around this, but Stanley's being particularly firm on this one.

FRANKIE

Don't worry Miss Griffin, I don't blame you for anything that 'as 'appened to me since I 'ave been here. Now, if there isn't anything else-

BARBARA

Actually, there is.

Frankie stops. She moves back toward Barbara.

FRANKIE

I am listening.

BARBARA

It's something we've already spoken about, actually.

(beat)

Now that you're eighteen, I'm able to petition Stanley and Fitzgerald to allow you to undergo formal Watcher training.

Now THIS catches Frankie off guard. She's clearly shocked, but her exact emotion is unreadable.

BARBARA (cont'd)

What with your demonstrated research capabilities along with how well you've handled your increased responsibilities around here, well, it's just becoming more and more apparent to me that your talents are being wasted by keeping you out of the field. And after how well you handled yourself last week in combat, Watcher training seems like an excellent replacement for your decreased physical aptitude.

Frankie takes a moment to digest this information.

BARBARA (cont'd)

Of course, this all depends on if you want to receive the training.

(CONTINUED)

FRANKIE

I... I really don't know what to say right now. When do you need an answer by?

BARBARA

Don't worry about that right now. I still need to convince the Council to sign off on it, I just need to know whether you're completely opposed to the idea or not.

Frankie takes another moment to really think about the idea. She slowly begins to shake her head.

FRANKIE

No, I am not opposed to the idea, but I would really 'ave to think about it.

BARBARA

That's perfectly alright. This is a big decision and I'm expecting you to treat it as such.

Frankie nods her head.

FRANKIE

I will not let you down.

BARBARA

I'm sure you won't.

Barbara smiles and heads towards the exit of the library.

BARBARA (cont'd)

(as she leaves)

Now finish up and get to your room. You are still technically one of my students, and it's a long way past curfew!

Frankie smiles slightly and turns off the lights after Barbara leaves. She walks back into her office, and looks down at the box she had set down earlier.

Frankie's face drops slightly, and she slowly opens the box, revealing its contents.

Inside are a stake, some holy water, a small cross, and a stack of small books. The top book is entitled "Vampire Combat: The Importance of Strategy in Place of Strength."

Frankie continues to shuffle through the things in her box, finally showing her emotion as she lets out a quiet, sad sigh.

(CONTINUED)

Frankie notices another book, sitting on a trolley ready to be filed back on the library shelves, and walks over to pick it up.

Turning it over in her hands, we see the title - this book is called "The Watcher's Field Manual."

Casually, Frankie flips through the book, scanning its pages. After a few moments, Frankie turns back to the first page of the book, and after one final moment of contemplation, begins to actually read it as we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

2

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

2

Open on a dresser in a very plain bedroom, lacking any kind of decorations on the wall. On top of the dresser are several CANDLES, all lit, providing all the light in the room.

As the camera continues to move along the side of the room, we see that there are more candles lit as well as some incense that is burning as well.

The camera also moves past a window, showing that it's raining pretty hard outside.

BRAEDEN (O.S.)
Stop moving it.

SOFIA (O.S.)
I'm not moving it!

BRAEDEN (O.S.)
Then how is it moving?

SOFIA (O.S.)
That's kind of the point.

The camera finally settles on SOFIA and BRAEDEN, who are sitting on the floor right at the foot of a bed. Between the two is a OUIJA BOARD, which they both are playing with.

TITLE OVER: 8 Months Ago

Braeden looks a little more than skeptical of the whole thing, while Sofia is visibly enjoying it more than he is.

BRAEDEN
This is stupid.

SOFIA
No it's not! This is a respected tradition that I was introduced to by a good friend of mine, and I'd appreciate if you didn't make fun of it. When one of the most powerful wiccans in the world tells you something's the real deal, you tend to listen.

Sofia playfully pinches Braeden on the arm who equally playfully slaps her hand away.

BRAEDEN
Cut it out!

(CONTINUED)

SOFIA

Not until you spot being so negative about this! The spirits don't like that, you know.

BRAEDEN

(mocking)

"The spirits don't like that."

(normal)

You do realize that there's probably about a hundred different means for us to actually contact real spirits located somewhere in this building, don't you?

SOFIA

Yes, but I don't think the Watcher's Council will have those as readily accessible as my own, personal Ouija board.

Sofia grabs Braeden's hands and puts them back on the little pointer. She lets her hands linger on his for only a second longer than she has to before putting hers on the other side of the pointer.

SOFIA (cont'd)

Now come on, it's your turn to ask it a question.

BRAEDEN

Okay, question... alright, how about "Is anybody, living or dead, answering these questions other than Sofia?"

Braeden tries to move the indicator towards "No" while Sofia is nonchalantly as possible trying to move it towards "Yes." They're both well aware of what the other is doing, and eventually they both start laughing about it.

SOFIA

You know, if you're really serious about attending what is predominantly an All-Girl's School, you're going to have to be a little more open to silly little slumber party games.

BRAEDEN

Okay, okay, I'll quit offending the almighty Ouija gods. How about-

SOFIA

Nope, you lost your turn. Sorry.

(CONTINUED)

BRAEDEN

Oh, you're doing a great job of making me want to keep playing this. Bravo.

Sofia sticks her tongue out at Braeden.

SOFIA

Well, tough, because I just thought of a good one.

She switches into a serious, 'communing with the spirit world' kind of voice.

SOFIA (cont'd)

"Is Braeden going to be involved in the first ever instance of heterosexual love between two Slayers?"

Sofia asks the question in a somewhat flirtatious tone, and her and Braeden share a small smile before they both look down towards the board.

As the indicator is slowly making its way toward "Yes" we smash cut to:

Staring out a window at an equally rainy day is Braeden, clearly lost in thought.

We're in Kira's castle, the wind kicking up a fuss outside as it batters the old structure's walls.

DARCIE walks up behind him to see what he's looking at. Realizing nothing is there, Darcie then looks over towards Braeden, who doesn't even seem to notice her.

DARCIE

Yep, it's raining.

Braeden finally turns his head towards her.

DARCIE (cont'd)

And see, that only took me less than a second to figure out. Next time you're having trouble assessing the weather, come talk to me instead of trying to do it the hard way.

He turns away from her, his expression not changing, and she folds her arms, a little peeved by his lack of reaction.

BRAEDEN

See, what's funny about that last statement is that there would never be a situation where I would have to come looking for you, seeing as you constantly have nothing better to do then follow me around all day.

DARCIE

That's it, Braeden, vent out all that hostility that's been building up since you... how shall we put it? Mixed Scythes with Sofia?

Not liking the conversation, Braeden walks away from Darcie without another word.

DARCIE (cont'd)

Oh, come on! You know, I always thought the reason you weren't fun was because you were pretending to be a good guy, but you've been killing that theory lately!

As Darcie chases after Braeden, she walks by a slightly opened door that slams shut as she passes without her noticing and we cut to:

On the other side of the door we see that it was HAMISH who shut it, a look of disgust across his face.

HAMISH

Remember before, when there were only three wee slayers running around this castle? I think I didn't appreciate those days as much as I should have.

Hamish takes a seat a table that KIRA and BRYCE are both sitting around.

BRYCE

If a little banging around bothers you that muchm then why don't you go out and do some of the heavy lifting instead of the Slayers?

HAMISH

Let me rephrase myself. I miss the days when there were only three Slayers and two former Watchers.

Before Bryce can respond, Kira interjects.

KIRA

Boys! I have enough on my plate
right now without you two
constantly trying to figure out
who's the dominant male.

Hamish starts to speak, but a cold look from Kira silences him.

KIRA (cont'd)

And just so we're clear, if it came
to that the answer would be neither
of you. Clear?

Kira pauses for a moment to make sure that both Hamish and Bryce have understood her.

KIRA (cont'd)

Now, let us get back to the matter
at hand.

BRYCE

You mean what we're going to do
about the vampire you've allied us
with who's most likely eventually
going to stab us in the back?
(rethinks that)
Or, I guess, bite us in the neck...
from behind.

HAMISH

As much as it pains me to admit it,
I agree with Bryce.

BRYCE

Ooo... say that again, but slower
this time.

Hamish is about to retort but notices that Kira is cracking each of her knuckles individually, still not looking like she has any patience for this kind of banter.

HAMISH

I don't trust Roland, and I think
we need to start planning what
we're going to do when we stop
being of use to him.

KIRA

(sighing)

I don't trust him either, but if
his plans are a success, they're
going to affect both us as well as
the Academy, so it's in our best
interest that we stay on his good
side.

(CONTINUED)

BRYCE

Does he have a good side?

KIRA

(to Bryce)

So you need to start watching what you say around him.

BRYCE

(scoffs)

What's he going to do?

KIRA

What vampires usually do to humans,
and I'm not going to lift a finger
to stop him.

Bryce is too shocked to reply, and Kira silently stands up and leaves the room.

Hamish turns to Bryce with a grin.

HAMISH

Maybe it will go back to two former
Watchers round here after all, eh?

Hamish gets up to leave as well, and as Bryce continues to look a little nervous we cut to:

A long hallway in the dormitory of the Academy. Frankie walks down it, passing by a few Slayers.

She gets to one of the doors and pushes it open as we cut to:

Frankie enters the room to find SKYE, ALITA, and Sofia.

Skye is laying on the bed with her iPod in. Sofia is sitting in the window frame with her knees pulled up to her chest. Alita is sitting on a chair in front of the desk, not looking at anyone or anything in particular.

Frankie glances from person to person. None of them seem to notice her presence.

FRANKIE

So, are you three trying to see who
can look the most morose?

Sofia and Alita both look over towards Frankie. Skye doesn't hear her through her ear phones.

SOFIA

Oh, hello. I didn't hear you come in.

FRANKIE

I realised that when no-one said anything to me.

SOFIA

Sorry. It's just... I dunno, I'm just kind of out of it today.

Frankie turns over towards Skye, who is still staring at the ceiling with her headphones in, oblivious to the world.

Frankie walks over towards her and leans over till she enters Skye's field of vision. Skye takes out her headphones.

SKYE

's up?

FRANKIE

Don't you usually do that on the roof?

Skye sits up and looks over to the window and then back over to Frankie.

SKYE

's raining.

FRANKIE

Well, then, why don't we do something? When's the last time we all did something fun?

SKYE

We fought the Rogues. That was fun.

SOFIA

No, that was surreal, depressing, and kind of painful.

Sofia rubs her stomach tenderly where Darcie stabbed her.

SKYE

Oh, right. Well, it used to be fun.

SOFIA

So did a lot of things around here.

FRANKIE

Why don't we go get a movie or something? Order some food? Not look like someone just told us there is no *Papa Noel*?

(CONTINUED)

Alita blinks and looks at Skye, who just shakes her head to dismiss the reference. Skye looks at Frankie skeptically.

SKYE
Quite the little slumber party
you're describing there. Should I
pack my PJs?

Sofia chuckles slightly, remembering something, but her smile is short lived.

FRANKIE
Come on, isn't anyone even in the
slightest mood to party, just a
tiny bit?

Skye mulls it over.

SKYE
Nope.

With that Skye puts her headphones back in and lays back down on the bed. Frankie huffs and then turns toward Alita.

FRANKIE
And what about you? You are some'ow
managing to be more silent than
usual.

ALITA
I apologize, Frankie. I do not mean
to be rude, but I'm afraid my
sentiments are in line with Skye's
right now.

Skye gives Alita a thumbs up.

SKYE
That's my girl.

Frankie crinkles her nose in disgust.

FRANKIE
I thought your music was too loud
to hear anyone?

SKYE
It is. I read lips.

Frankie's had it.

FRANKIE
Fine, then! You three can just rot
away in 'ere for the rest of your
lives for all I care!
(MORE)

FRANKIE (cont'd)
I'm going to go find Sebastian.
'e'll at least pretend to not be
miserable!

With that, Frankie storms out of the room. Skye pauses her iPod and sits up in bed again.

SKYE
What's her problem?

Sofia shrugs her shoulders.

SOFIA
No idea. No one in this entire
Academy has any desire to go out
and celebrate or- oh bollocks, it's
Frankie's birthday!

Alita and Skye both look over towards Sofia, surprised by her outburst.

SKYE
No, it isn't.
(to Alita)
Is it?

Alita thinks, looking over at the calendar on the wall to check the date.

ALITA
Yes, I believe it is.

SKYE
Huh.

Skye starts to settle back down, but Sofia is quickly on her feet, yanking her iPod headphones from her ears,

SKYE (cont'd)
Hey! Remember those teeth I said
you wouldn't have if you did that
again?

SOFIA
Didn't you hear me? It's Frankie's
birthday!

SKYE
Yeah? And? She didn't seem like she
loved a party with a happy
atmosphere, if you know what I
mean.

Undeterred, Sofia grabs a protesting Skye's hand and pulls her to her feet.

SOFIA

Come on, we have a higher calling
right now.

SKYE

Meaning what?

SOFIA

Preparing a surprise party that
doesn't look half-arsed and thrown
together at the last minute.

SKYE

Even though it will be?

Sofia shoots her a look, and Skye sighs and throws up her
hands.

SKYE (cont'd)

Fine. But I'm using my whole ass
and nothing more.

Sofia manages a small grin as we cut to:

INT. CAMPUS - CAFETERIA - LATER

Dinner time has come around, and the cafeteria is full of
people. ANNA and DEBBIE are at a table eating together.

DEBBIE

So... the A-Squad, huh?

Anna nods as she takes a bite out of a hamburger.

ANNA

Yep. Rest in Peace, B-Squad, I
guess.

(beat)

Sorry, that was kind of in bad
taste.

DEBBIE

That's all right. It's still a
little too soon to start using even
gallows humour about it, though.
Especially since Heidi's killer is
still out there somewhere.

ANNA

Think it might have been one of the
traitors?

DEBBIE

You really think Erika would join
up with the people that killed
Heidi?

(CONTINUED)

ANNA

She got into that chopper with the rest of 'em, didn't she? Who knows what she's thinking any more.

Debbie thinks that over, but doesn't say anything.

In the background, Anna notices Sofia talking to a table of Slayers, none of whom look particularly interested in what she's saying.

Looking defeated, Sofia walks over to Anna and Debbie's table.

SOFIA

Does everyone in this school think I'm in league with Braeden?

ANNA

For the most part.
(off Sofia and Debbie's shocked looks)
What, you'd rather I lie to you? No thanks. That's not how I work.

SOFIA

Do you trust me?

ANNA

(rolls eyes)
Please. Give me a little more credit than that.

SOFIA

That's not an answer.

ANNA

It's a 'yes, now sit your ass down.'

Sofia manages to relax for a beat and take a seat.

ANNA (cont'd)

Besides, I'm on your team now. Barbara wouldn't have set that up if she thought I wasn't on your side still. And me and Debbie here, we've got your back. Right, Debs?

Debbie manages a non-committal grunt.

SOFIA

Thanks. But it's kind of a minor point when people won't even give me the benefit of the doubt to show up for Frankie's surprise party.

(CONTINUED)

DEBBIE

You're having a surprise party for Frankie?

SOFIA

That's the plan.

(beat)

At least, if I can get anyone else to agree to come. I wonder if Skye is having any better luck than I am?

Debbie looks up, and then points out a window to a covered walkway through the quad.

DEBBIE

Something tells me she isn't.

Skye is clearly yelling at a couple younger Slayers who begin to run away from her!

Sofia puts her head down in defeat.

SOFIA

This party's doomed! Just like everything I touch these days.

Anna puts what's left of her burger back down on her tray.

ANNA

Okay, that's it.

(pointing at Sofia)

You. Get over yourself and start working on supplies.

(pointing at Debbie)

You, you're with me. We're going to handle publicity for this thing.

Sofia looks up, and realises Anna's being serious.

SOFIA

You mean...

ANNA

I mean you've got work to do, so go do it! We're gonna have this party.

With renewed enthusiasm, Sofia stands up and starts to leave the table.

SOFIA

Anna, you're a life saver! Frankie is going to have a happy birthday, or I'm going to die trying!

(CONTINUED)

As Sofia heads out of the cafeteria Debbie turns back to Anna.

DEBBIE

Probably a good idea that we didn't mention that Sofia's dying would probably be just the thing to put the Academy in a partying mood right now...

ANNA

(sharp)

Yeah. Good idea. To not say that.
Ever.

Debbie meekly backs down, returning to her meal, and as Anna watches Sofia depart, we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

8

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

8

On a different, but still raining night, a broken, open window is seen behind a desk in an empty office.

As the camera moves across the small room, we can see that someone has ransacked it, as there are documents strewn across the floor.

TITLE OVER: 8 Months Ago

As the camera continues to move, it finally settles on a lone figure in the shadows digging through a filing cabinet.

He has a flashlight in his mouth while he uses both hands to flip through the files.

Finding whatever it was he was looking for, he takes the file out and moves over to the desk to read it.

As he enters the pale light cast by the desk lamp, we see that the figure is GREG!

Greg flips through the pages of the file. He comes to a certain page with a heading that simply reads "Evelyn Pierce."

Greg grabs a bag from the side of the desk and reaches for a file in it. He compares the page he has just found to the page in his records.

GUARD (O.S.)

Hello? Is someone in there?

Greg freezes for a moment. He listens as footsteps are getting closer towards the door of the office.

Greg takes both files from the desk and throws them in his bag as he turns off the light.

The GUARD knocks on the door.

GUARD (O.S.) (cont'd)

Hello?

Greg throws his bag out the window and turns to leave when he notices that some of the pages from the file fell onto the floor in front of the desk.

Greg steps down off the window frame but as the guard begins to open the door he DIVES underneath the desk.

The guard enters the room and turns on the light.

(CONTINUED)

GUARD (cont'd)
All right, who's in here?

The guard begins to search the room, reaching for the gun at his side.

Greg suddenly jumps up from his hiding place.

GREG
I'm over here. It's alright, I'm a
Watcher.

The guard stares at Greg skeptically, still with his hand on his sidearm.

GREG (cont'd)
Sorry about all this, but if you
look here I have my identification.

Greg approaches the guard, who obviously has had very little experience dealing with actual trespassers.

As Greg approaches the guard with his identification in his hand, he suddenly SUCKER PUNCHES the guard, knocking him out instantly!

GREG (cont'd)
Sorry about that, but I'm really
not supposed to be here.

Greg reaches down and picks up the papers that had fallen to the floor.

While on the ground, he checks to make sure that the guard is okay before getting up and heading towards the window.

As Greg begins to exit through the window we smash cut to:

INT. CAMPUS - STORAGE ROOM - DAY

Back in the present, Greg is kneeling in the corner of a storage room, rummaging through a cabinet for something.

AIDEN (O.S.)
Ah, here it is.

Greg looks behind him to see AIDEN grabbing a box off of a shelf.

Aiden places the box on the ground and opens it up, revealing that it's full of streamers and balloons.

AIDEN (cont'd)
Practically a party in a box. Now
if only there was a tank of helium
around here...

(CONTINUED)

Aiden turns to Greg to see that he's still looking through the filing cabinet.

AIDEN (cont'd)
What's in there?

Greg shakes his head and stands up.

GREG
Nothing. I was just thinking about something.

AIDEN
Oh? What about?

Greg again shakes his head as he grabs the box Aiden found.

GREG
Just the summer, nothing important.

AIDEN
You mean your big summer of soul searching? I seem to recall that being very important to you.

GREG
I mean it's nothing for you to worry about.

As Greg picks up the box and heads towards the door, Aiden grabs him around the waist from behind in an affectionate manner.

AIDEN
You know, sooner or later you're going to have to give me a report on how you spent your summer vacation.

Greg turns to face Aiden who just grins at him.

GREG
(flat)
No, I don't, actually.

Aiden's hands drop from Greg's waist.

AIDEN
Oh, come off it, Greg. I thought we were past all this?

GREG
We are, but that doesn't mean that this is something I want to talk about. Now come on, we're on a the clock with this one.

Greg walks out of the room, leaving Aiden with his hands on his hips as we cut to:

INT. CAMPUS - DUNSTALL'S ROOM - DAY

Dunstall's room is nearly immaculate, with the exception of a few pieces of clothing scattered about as well as a few boxes that are positioned around the room.

A KNOCK is heard at the door before the door opens and Frankie walks in. Frankie enters the room and looks around.

FRANKIE

Sebastian?

Dunstall's voice is heard coming from behind a door in the corner.

DUNSTALL (O.S.)

Hold on a second, just got out the shower.

Frankie grins mischievously.

FRANKIE

A shower? You know, I could really use one too..

DUNSTALL (O.S.)

Sure, I'll be done in here in a second and you can use mine.

Frankie's grin evaporates.

FRANKIE

Why is everybody being so... so... completely oblivious today?

Dunstall opens the bathroom door, a towel wrapped around his waist.

DUNSTALL

What was that?

FRANKIE

(sighs)

Oh, nothing. Just complaining that my friends are being unbearable today of all days.

DUNSTALL

That seems to be the status quo around here, so I guess today's just like any other day.

Dunstall shuts the door and the sound of running water can be heard in the bathroom.

Frankie, about to completely lose it, begins to stomp towards the door.

DUNSTALL (O.S.) (cont'd)
Oh hey, Frankie, can you hand me my
shirt off the dresser?

Frankie stops, her hands clenched into tight fists. Her right arm gives a little twitch. She spots a pair of SCISSORS on a desk.

FRANKIE
Of course. Just a second.

Frankie grabs the scissors and heads over towards the dresser.

FRANKIE (cont'd)
You want your shirt, I'll give you
your shirt, you *pitoyable*...

Frankie grabs the shirt off the dresser and begins to SHRED it with the scissors when she notices a small PRESENT wrapped in white wrapping paper with a pink bow.

Frankie immediately stops cutting up the shirt, and the guilt hits her like a shuttle train.

Dunstall begins to open the door from the bathroom, and Frankie drops the shirt and scissors to the ground.

Dunstall stands in the doorway of the room, wearing pants but still shirtless. He's grinning wide.

DUNSTALL
Did you think I forgot?

Frankie quickly kicks the shirt under the bed as she runs towards Dunstall and grabs him.

FRANKIE
Oh, Sebastian, thank you!

Frankie gives Dunstall a big hug and a kiss on the cheek.

FRANKIE (cont'd)
I think you 'ave just saved this
day from being completely ruined.

DUNSTALL
Well, you might want to actually
open it before you thank me.
(MORE)

CONTINUED: (2)

DUNSTALL (cont'd)
I'm notorious for picking out
terrible gifts.

FRANKIE
Oh, stop, I am sure it's wonderful.
And to think I was starting to
think that you didn't take this
relationship seriously!

Frankie heads back over towards the dresser to grab her
present. She grabs it and sits on the bed.

FRANKIE (cont'd)
Actually, I will open this later.
At dinner. Somewhere nice. And
romantic. And expensive. Just the
two of us.

Dunstall seems apprehensive.

DUNSTALL
I don't know about all that,
Frankie. Most of the money that I
had spare this month went into that
box you're holding.

FRANKIE
Well don't worry about the money.
I'll pay.

DUNSTALL
I think I'd rather just lay low
around here.

Frankie hesitates for a moment, then slowly sets her package
down beside her.

FRANKIE
Sebastian... I was right when I
said you take this relationship
seriously... wasn't I?

DUNSTALL
What? What are you talking about?

FRANKIE
I just... now that there are fewer
complications, I want to know where
this relationship is heading.

Dunstall's jaw drops slightly.

DUNSTALL
What... where is this coming from?

(CONTINUED)

FRANKIE

It is something I think we should discuss.

DUNSTALL

Yeah, but... now?

(glances down)

Can I at least get dressed first?

FRANKIE

(petulant)

You know what? Fine, we won't talk about it then!

With that, Frankie exits the room in a huff, leaving a confused Dunstall to sit on the bed as we cut to:

An ancient library filled with very old books. The high ceilings have windows near the very top and the ceiling itself is dominated by a large skylight that currently has rain pounding down on it.

Two GUARDIANS stand on either side of a set of large double doors. They're tall, strapping men wearing thick armour and each carrying a long halberd.

From the other side of the door, a STRUGGLE can suddenly be heard, sounds of fighting and raised voices.

The guardians turn slightly toward the doors - and one of them is suddenly kicked in!

Darcie bursts into the room, holding a pair of blood-soaked daggers. She smirks as the two guardians by the door jump back and ready their weapons.

DARCIE

Is the reading room still open?

Both guardians immediately lower their halberds and prepare to attack Darcie.

Darcie goes after the one on the left, catching his blade between her two daggers before kneeing him in the stomach.

The second guardian prepares to strike Darcie from behind before his weapon is knocked from his hand by a staff.

The guardian turns around to see ERIKA with her staff leveled at him.

Darcie's guardian is now on the ground with the wind knocked out of him. Darcie prepares to finish him off with her daggers.

As she begins to lunge towards him, the guardian SWEEPS her legs out from under her!

The guardian scrambles to try and grab his sword but he suddenly SCREAMS out in pain.

He looks back and sees that Darcie has pinned his leg to the ground by RUNNING IT THROUGH with her dagger.

Darcie stands up and walks over toward him. As he reaches down to remove the dagger Darcie KICKS him in the chin, snapping his head back.

DARCIE (cont'd)
You know, this could have been a
lot easier for you.

Darcie drops down behind the guardian and picks his head up. She makes a shallow CUT from ear to ear on the guardian, whose hands immediately fly to his throat!

DARCIE (cont'd)
But then you had to go and fight
back, so now you get to choke on
your own blood.

Pleased with her own dirty work, Darcie glances back to Erika who is still fighting her guardian.

DARCIE (cont'd)
Come on, Erika, I don't have all
day!

Erika ignores Darcie's complaint, taking a PUNCH to the jaw as she was momentarily distracted.

Falling back, Erika sees Darcie approaching her guardian. The dagger in Darcie's hand is still dripping blood.

Acting quickly, Erika connects with three fluid staff attacks, the first hitting the guardians side, the second the back of his knee, and the final one hitting on the side of his head, knocking him out before he ever hits the ground.

Darcie grins as she bends over to finish the guardian off, but Erika's staff keeps Darcie at an arm's length away from the guardian.

ERIKA
Stop. He is out.
(looks at dead guardian)
There is no need to spill any more
blood today.

Darcie looks up at her. There's tension that Darcie eventually breaks with a grin.

(CONTINUED)

DARCIE
Spoilsport.

Both girls begin to move toward the stacks of books.

ERIKA
This isn't a sport, Darcie.

DARCIE
See, that's where we disagree. This
is all just a game, one that you
need to get your head into.

Erika ignores her as they both continue to search for something. Darcie glances back at the downed guardians.

DARCIE (cont'd)
We should be thankful these sorts
of places are such stickler for
tradition, eh? I'd hate to have
taken on that many guardians if
they all had machine guns and
kevlar body armour.

Darcie's joke gets no response from Erika, and Darcie sighs theatrically to get her attention.

DARCIE (cont'd)
You're going to have to get your
hands dirty at some point. You
realise that, right?

ERIKA
I understand the consequences and
new responsibilities of my
defection.

DARCIE
Do you now? Because I think you're
full of crap.

A beat as Erika turns slowly to face her.

ERIKA
Fortunately for me, I've never been
one to value what other people
thought of me.

DARCIE
No-one buys it for a second that
you're going to sell out your
friends just to get your eyesight
back. Least of all me.

Without a sound, Erika moves her staff within a centimeter of striking Darcie's eyes.

(CONTINUED)

ERIKA

I could take away your eyesight
without having to break a sweat.
You'd have to come to terms with a
world of bland, emotionless gray.
Devoid of any of the few things
that even you must come to
appreciate. Art. Sunsets. Beauty.
All gone, in an instant.

Erika lowers her staff and Darcie remains motionless. Erika
walks towards a glass case on a podium.

ERIKA (cont'd)

Imagine coming to terms with a
world where the only
differentiation between objects is
the manner in which they move. And
then imagine after coming to terms
with this existence, accepting it
as unavoidable, you have your old
world dangled in front of you, for
just long enough that you hope,
that you pray that it will last,
only to have it taken away again,
just like everything else that a
Slayer is given in life.

Erika steps back from the glass case and SHATTERS it with her
staff.

ERIKA (cont'd)

Kira made me a promise. She gave me
my vision back. And now I'll do
what she asks, and I don't expect
you to ever understand why, because
you have never woken up in tears
because you realized that you no
longer remember what the color blue
looks like.

Erika takes the book and walks back over to Darcie and slams
it in her chest.

She marches towards the exit, grabbing the dagger that is
still pinning the dead guardian to the ground before leaving
the library, and we cut to:

Frankie is stomping through an empty hallway, still upset
about how her birthday is turning out.

Moving toward the library, Frankie pushes the double doors
open to be greeted by:

13 INT. LIBRARY - CONTINUOUS

13

SURPRISE!

Frankie's eyes fly open in shock as she takes in the sight around her.

The library is decorated with streamers and balloons and a banner is hung over the check out desk that reads: Happy Birthday Frankie!

There are a fair few slayers in the library, at least half the students of the school. Front and center are Sofia, Skye, Alita, Anna, and Debbie.

There are also a few staff members there as well, including Greg and Aiden who still look a little uncomfortable being around each other.

As Frankie processes exactly what is going on she manages a very small grin before we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

14

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

14

This is a very nice looking room in a very exclusive and very expensive hospital.

The room is immaculate with a high definition, flat panel television mounted to one of the walls.

Dozens and dozens of bouquets decorate the room.

TITLE OVER: 8 Months Ago

In an oversized bed lays Frankie in a designer night gown. Her right arm is bandaged and hung from a sling.

Also in the room is her father, HERCULE. He's wearing an expensive suit and pacing back and forth while talking into a cell phone.

HERCULE
(into phone)
Yes, I am still 'ere.
(Beat)
No! What I said was, "I need you to put me in touch with whoever is the leading expert in..."

Hercule trails off as he walks over to a side table. On the table is a computer print out. He picks it up and reads from it.

HERCULE (cont'd)
Neuropathy.
(beat)
Listen, I don't care if whoever they are is located on Jupiter. Just put me in touch with them!
(beat)
Fine, but I'm authorizing you to let them know that I will be making this more than worth their while!

Hercule shuts his phone angrily.

HERCULE (cont'd)
Americans...

Frankie just smiles at her father's display of concern. Hercule notices and walks over towards her, stroking her hair.

(CONTINUED)

HERCULE (cont'd)
(subtitled French)
Sorry to be in here causing such a
commotion, princess. 'ow is your
arm?

FRANKIE
(subtitled French)
It's fine right now, but of course,
I don't know 'ow long I'll be
saying that once the pain killers
wear off.

Hercule smiles but he begins to shake his head.

HERCULE
That school, 'ow dare they allow
this to 'appen to you! First thing
in the morning I'm calling my
accountant and 'aving 'im pull all
of my funding from-

FRANKIE
You will do no such thing!

Hercule stares down at his daughter who meets his gaze with
determination in her eyes, a change of pace from her prior
aloof expression.

FRANKIE (cont'd)
What 'appened to my arm is my doing
and nobody else's, and I will not
'ave you taking out your
frustration on the Academy.

Hercule searches for any kind of leniency in Frankie's face,
but finds none. She's resolved in this matter.

He nods his head just as a DOCTOR enters the room.

HERCULE
Finally! I was told that my
daughter would be receiving care 24
'ours a day!

DOCTOR
(subtitled French)
Monsieur DuCount, I assure you that
your daughter is one of our top
priorities. I'm just coming back up
with some more test results.

Hearing this, Frankie sits up in bed. Her father places a
supportive arm around her shoulder. Frankie looks up at the
doctor with eyes full of hope.

(CONTINUED)

FRANKIE'S P.O.V.

The doctor has trouble making eye contact with Frankie, looking away slightly ashamed.

DOCTOR (cont'd)

I'm afraid it's what we expected.
While your daughter has healed
remarkably fast from her injuries,
the nerve damage in her arm appears
to be untreatable. Complications of
this type of damage include a loss
of co-ordination, unpredictable
muscle spasms, random...

As the doctor continues to talk, we lose focus on him. He becomes slightly blurred, and we lose his voice to the beeping of a machine which eventually all blends together into a white noise.

Instead, we focus on the window behind the doctor, and watch as it begins to get pounded by rain from a sudden storm before we smash cut to:

INT. CAMPUS - LIBRARY - EVENING

Frankie is standing at her party in the library, staring out of a window. She's brought out of her thoughts when a sudden ARM SPASM causes her to DROP her drink.

It hits the floor with a SMASH, but thanks to the loud indie rock music blasting out of a hastily-retrieved stereo, nobody hears it.

Frankie looks embarrassed, and quickly looks around to make sure that nobody saw her.

From behind her, Skye approaches with a glass of punch in each hand.

SKYE

Need a fresh drink?

Frankie takes the drink with a smile.

FRANKIE

Merci.

Frankie takes a sip of the drink and nearly spits it back out. She looks from the drink and then to Skye, who's grinning back at her from ear to ear.

SKYE

You like it? It's my own special
recipe.

FRANKIE

And what would that be? Fruit punch
and grain alcohol?

SKYE

Yep. I think Aiden is supposed to
be on guard duty, but him and Greg
must be in the middle of another
lover's quarrel, because I was in
no way stealth about doing it.

Skye grabs a flask from her pocket and offers it to Frankie.

SKYE (cont'd)

Birthday shot?

FRANKIE

(beat; shrugs)
Sure.

SKYE

Cheers!

Skye takes a swig and then hands the flask to Frankie who
also has a drink, although it doesn't look as smooth for her
as it did for Skye.

SKYE (cont'd)

Attagirl. But look sharp, another
guest just arrived.

Skye points over to the entrance of the library where
Dunstall is standing, looking around for Frankie.

Frankie finishes the rest of her punch in one gulp and then
walks over to Dunstall.

DUNSTALL

Frankie, I'm sorry about before,
but I couldn't take you off campus
with the party and-

Frankie shushes him.

FRANKIE

'ow about we just put everything
else on 'old while you and I share
a dance?

DUNSTALL

To this music? Isn't it a little...
up tempo?

FRANKIE

(grins)
Then we will 'ave to improvise.

(CONTINUED)

Dunstall just smiles as he takes Frankie's hand and leads her over to an open area of the library to dance.

Skye watches them and is joined by TSULA, her long, dark hair braided for the occasion.

TSULA

Who's that?

SKYE

Dunstall. Former Initiative guy.
Currently... well, I don't know,
but he's Frankie's boyfriend.

TSULA

(surprised)

That's Frankie's boyfriend?

SKYE

Ah huh.

TSULA

He just seems too... boring for
her.

SKYE

Yeah, he gets that a lot.

(beat)

So, new girl. Where are you from,
anyway? We didn't get a chance to
talk before.

TSULA

I'm a Native Canadian.

Skye looks back at her in confusion.

SKYE

You mean, as opposed to someone
that was born somewhere else and
moved to Canada?

TSULA

(laughing)

No, as in my tribe has been in
Canada since before any Europeans
came across the Atlantic.

SKYE

(catching on)

Oh! Tribe. Like an Indian.

TSULA

Yeah... but we don't really call
ourselves that. It's kind of...
offensive.

(CONTINUED)

SKYE

Oh right, right... sorry.

(taking a sip of her
drink)

So, did you guys drink back in
Canada? I mean before you were
called?

TSULA

Yeah, sometimes. Usually on Fridays
while we were blazing.

SKYE

(surprised)

Oh, you blaze? Finally! I thought
this school would never get anyone
else who did. Do you wanna go out
on the roof with me and burn one
real fast?

TSULA

(confused)

You want to have a bonfire on the
roof? Isn't that a fire hazard?

SKYE

Oh... yeah... you meant bonfires.
Of course you did.

TSULA

Yeah, what did you think I meant?

Skye quickly downs the rest of her drink.

SKYE

(over-enthusiastic)

Hey, look, it's Sofia and the
others! Let's go see what they're
doing!

Skye walks over towards the other side of the library while a
confused Tsula follows her.

Meanwhile, Sofia, Alita, Anna, and Debbie are standing with
each other, drinking the punch, while no one else seems to be
talking to them.

SOFIA

Sorry guys, if you want to go
mingle with the others I can hang
out here by myself for a while.

ANNA

Hey Sofia, this is a birthday
party, not a pity party.

(CONTINUED)

DEBBIE

(a little drunk)

Yeah, seriously, with Heidi dead
and Darcie gone we're all out of
alpha bitches.

Everyone stares at Debbie, who takes a nervous gulp from her drink.

DEBBIE (cont'd)

Yep, definitely still too soon.

ANNA

I think you need to slow down a
little on that drink, Debs.

Two slayers stumble out of the crowd and over towards Sofia.
They are FRAN (From 2x01) and LIZ.

FRAN

(drunk as well)

So Sofia, I have a question for
you.

Sofia glances at Anna, then turns to face Fran as Skye and
Tsula finally join up with the others.

FRAN (cont'd)

How stupid could you possibly be
for being the only person in this
school to think that Braeden wasn't
evil?

Sofia's jaw drops, but Anna quickly shunts Fran out of the
way, covering the situation.

ANNA

Great, and now we have drunk
freshmen to entertain us.

SKYE

Hey Fran, you do realize that in
this school we routinely fight each
other for practice, so do you
really want to piss off the best
Slayers in this school?

FRAN

Oh, please. Now you have the next
most likely Slayer to turn on us
getting your back!

(to Skye)

Hey, Skye, of your two biggest
supporters, one of them turned out
to be evil and the other one was
banging evil!

(CONTINUED)

Sofia looks ready to spit, but Skye just calmly cracks her knuckles.

SKYE

I'm sorry, what was that you said?

FRAN

I said-

SKYE

(over her)

Because it sounded awfully like
'Skye, please kick my ass and leave
me hanging by my top lip from the
nearest church spire.'

Skye steps up to a now nervous looking Fran until Alita stands in between them.

ALITA

Stop it, Skye! Don't ruin Frankie's party.

Debbie lets out a snort of laughter, and all eyes turn to her.

DEBBIE

(still drunk)

Oh, now you're saving people Alita?
Where were you when Tyson needed
you?

From across the room, a pin is heard dropping.

ANNA

Okay, you really need to stop
talking now before-

ALITA

(furious)

HOW DARE YOU!

Someone turns off the music as the entire room is now staring at Alita. Alita is in Debbie's face now, screaming at her.

ALITA (cont'd)

How dare you have the... the...
disrespect to say something like
that to me! That's inexcusable!

Sofia touches Alita's arm.

SOFIA

Calm down, Alita. She didn't know
what she was saying.

(CONTINUED)

Alita violently rips her arm away from Sofia's grasp.

ALITA

You don't get to say anything to me either, Sofia! You're supposed to be my friend, but are you really so much of a coward that you lied to me for days about Tyson, until I finally had to find his body for myself in the morque!

More stunned and horrified silence. People throw all manner of appalled looks at Sofia, who quickly tires to cover:

SOFIA

Alita... you were hurt... I was just trying to be a good friend-

ALITA

A "good friend" would have told me the truth! You are nothing but a fraud, Sofia. You go around completely unashamed of your ego from all your adventures in Cleveland, but the first time you're seriously hurt, what do you do?

(another beat as Sofia is too stunned to answer)

You abandon your responsibilities. You are a coward.

That pushes Sofia's button. She switches into Attack mode and gets up in Alita's face.

SOFIA

No offense, Alita, but I wasn't exactly raised like you were. Maybe if I was trained on using a sword before I was trained on using the toilet I'd be as comfortable as you are at being stabbed about, oh, every month or so!

By this point Greg, Aiden, Frankie, and Dunstall have made their way through the crowd. Aiden grabs Sofia as Greg grabs Alita.

GREG

Hey! Stop this this instant! That's enough!

Alita throws Greg off of her and runs from the library.

Debbie now chooses this moment to suddenly bend over and THROW UP on the ground.

(CONTINUED)

GREG (cont'd)
Debbie, are you drunk?
(looks around)
Are all of you drunk?

From the giggles in the crowd and the ashamed looks from the A-Squad, Greg knows he's right.

GREG (cont'd)
(angry)
Aiden! You were supposed to make sure that something exactly like this didn't happen!

AIDEN
Hey, I thought I had!

GREG
Bloody looks like it!

AIDEN
(getting angry)
Well now, I guess I just figured that since you handle everything else on your own, that this party would be no different!

As Greg and Aiden start to fight now too, Frankie can only watch as her party begins to fall apart before we cut to:

Barbara is being kept from the party by STANLEY, who is having a fairly tense conversation with her.

STANLEY
So after you gave Mr. Bryce the security codes, how did he react.

BARBARA
Let me think. I believe he twirled his mustache whilst saying "excellent" and cackling maniacally.
(beat)
I imagine I should have seen it coming then, wouldn't you say?

STANLEY
(frowning)
I'm glad you find this situation so amusing, Miss Griffin.

BARBARA
No, I find the situation dire and regrettable.
(MORE)

BARBARA (cont'd)
This constant trial that you're conducting, though, that I'm finding amusing. I asked you down here to talk about my request for Watcher's Training for Frankie, not to have you interrogate me again about my personal life!

STANLEY
I'm sorry to have to repeat myself yet again, but unfortunately for you as headmistress of this school, you cannot be afforded much of a personal life. At least not one that you get to keep quiet.

BARBARA
Okay then, since you're now acting as headmaster, then let's hear all about your romantic life.

Stanley glares at Barbara, but she doesn't back down.

BARBARA (cont'd)
I'm waiting.

STANLEY
Miss Griffin, the Council is currently in the middle of planning a major offensive. With that in mind, it is imperative that we know exactly what happened here in the months that led to the disaster.

BARBARA
(sighs)
He was grateful, for what I thought at the time was for a building of trust between us. But, as we can now see, I was just being manipulated the whole time, and I fell for it.
(folds arms)
Is that everything?

STANLEY
(nodding)
Thank you. Now, after Mr. Bryce had access to the security codes...

Barbara sighs and we cut to:

We're out on a long, dark plain, wet grass crunching underfoot. By this point the sun has gone down, but the rain has yet to stop.

We see a dozen or so figures walking through the night, and as they pass through a patch of moonlight we see that the person leading them is ROLAND.

As they walk, another VAMPIRE walks up beside Roland.

VAMPIRE
How much further?

ROLAND
Just over this hill, my brother.

VAMPIRE
When will the others be joining us?

As they talk, they reach the top of the hill. Roland smiles, pointing out across the landscape.

ROLAND
See for yourself.

Roland points to the other side of the hill towards what is now recognized as Glastonbury Tor - a tall, sturdy stone tower rising imperiously from the ground.

And at the bottom of the hill, there are literally HUNDREDS of vampires!

Roland smiles as he slaps the other vampire on the back.

ROLAND (cont'd)
Not much longer now. Come. We must
make everything ready while there
is still time.

Roland walks down the hill as the other vampire waits, still staring in awe.

VAMPIRE
Yikes...

With a grin, the vampire hurries to catch up to Roland as we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

18 INT. CAMPUS - LIBRARY - NIGHT

18

The library is still in complete chaos as Slayers are at each other's throats.

Anna is helping Debbie clean up her mess while berating her for what she said, while Debbie is so far out of it that she only nods.

Skye is yelling at Fran who is taking advantage of the fact that Aiden is standing in between her and Skye and yelling right back at Skye.

Sofia is crying slightly while being reprimanded by Greg.

More staff are wading into the room to control the drunk Slayers.

Frankie is standing by herself as Tsula makes her way over to her.

TSULA

Before I forget, I just wanted to wish you a happy birthday.

Frankie manages a small laugh.

FRANKIE

Merci.

TSULA

So are birthdays always this interesting around here?

FRANKIE

Mon cheri, everything is this interesting around 'ere.

Frankie looks down at what's left of her drink and then over to Dunstall, who is breaking up a fight between two Slayers.

She comes to some kind of decision, and then throws back the rest of her drink.

FRANKIE (cont'd)

And it's about to get a little more interesting.

Tsula gives her a confused look before Frankie walks over to the check out desk and stands on it, a little unsteady but keeping her balance.

(CONTINUED)

FRANKIE (cont'd)
(Yelling - and drunk)
Everybody, *silence!*

Everyone's attention turns to Frankie. She holds their gazes for a few moments before relaxing slightly.

FRANKIE (cont'd)
Now. I 'ave a few things I wish to say, and I trust there will be no fighting, yelling or vomiting until I finish. Is that okay?

A beat. The crowd in the library aren't sure what to make of this - so keep listening anyway.

FRANKIE (cont'd)
It is still my birthday for a few more hours, so you are all going to listen to what I have to say!

(beat)

I never wanted to be a Slayer. I actually hated the fact that I lost the life that I knew. I would have given anything to just be a normal girl.

(beat)

But eventually, I came to accept it, not just as a part of who I am but as who I am in my entirety. I came to love it.

(beat)

But then it all was taken away, all because of a little nerve damage I received while saving a friend, an act I've never once regretted.

Frankie looks over towards Debbie, and gives her a small smile. Debbie blushes, but other than that is too humbled to react.

FRANKIE (cont'd)
(laughs)
'Nerve damage.' They let the blind girl take her Cruciamentum, but they don't let the girl whose arm twitches every once in a while.

Frankie laughs mirthlessly again, then falls quiet.

FRANKIE (cont'd)
I was pregnant at the end of last term.

A gasp can be heard from everyone in the room. Only a handful of them knew about it.

(CONTINUED)

Dunstall takes a few steps toward Frankie, but Frankie shakes her head.

FRANKIE (cont'd)
Probably shouldn't have said that,
but I'll blame that on the alcohol.
(beat)
I never wanted to be mother, but
that too was beginning to grow on
me, until again it was taken away
from me as well.

Debbie's hand covers her mouth, realizing what must have happened. Tears begin to well up in her eyes.

FRANKIE (cont'd)
I was taken off of my squad, stuck
in the library, and now they're
trying to turn me into a Watcher.
(Beat)
But the thing that I've learned
through all of this is that it's
never going to stop. Villains,
betrayal, death, it's going to keep
coming from now till the day we
die.
(to Skye)
We've lost friends.
(to Sofia)
We've lost lovers.
(to Greg and Aiden)
And now we're losing each other.
(beat)
But come on, we can't let this tear
us apart! *Oui*, this term 'as been
trying on all us, but we can't take
it out on each other. It wasn't any
one in 'ere's fault, and you need
to start realizing that!
(beat)
We need to be there for each other,
or else it's not going to be
someone from out there who is going
to destroy us, it's going to be
ourselves!

Frankie looks around at the crowd. Not a single person doesn't look at least slightly guilty, but no one says a word.

FRANKIE (cont'd)
Now if you excuse me, there's a
drunk Asian girl crying somewhere
that needs my 'elp.

18 CONTINUED: (3)

18

As Frankie jumps down off the desk and makes her way through the crowd, we cut to:

19 EXT. YARD - DAY

19

In the pouring down rain, Alita is doing push ups in her front yard, back home in her native Japan.

TITLE OVER: 8 Months Ago

As Alita continues to do push ups, her father, TAKESHIRO, stands behind her, holding an umbrella over his head to protect himself from the rain.

TAKESHIRO

(subtitled Japanese)

You disappoint me, Alita. Before you left for that school, you would have completed twice as many push ups in this time.

ALITA

(subtitled Japanese)

I apologize father, but I have been training very hard this past week, and with the rain-

TAKESHIRO

(interrupts)

And before you left for that school, you would have never dared to talk back to me or make excuses for poor performance.

ALITA

(bows head)

I apologize, father.

TAKESHIRO

You are becoming entirely too westernized, Alita. That school is brainwashing you, making you forget your responsibilities, your destiny.

(stern)

Have you forgotten your duty to this village?

ALITA

No, father, I have not.

TAKESHIRO

Then it is time you started making me believe that again, hmm?

(CONTINUED)

ALITA

I... yes, father.

TAKESHIRO

We have much work to complete this summer, and if you don't show a significant improvement then you will not be returning to your school in the fall.

ALITA

Yes, father.

Alita continues to do push ups as her father returns to the house.

After her father is gone, the clearly exhausted Alita collapses onto the ground.

Even though her hands are covered in mud, Alita buries her face in them, sobbing quietly, before we smash cut to:

INT. CAMPUS - STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Alita is sitting at the top of a flight of stairs, her face buried in her hands as she cries.

Frankie appears behind her, and quietly sits down next to her. Alita looks up, wiping her eyes. They sit in silence for a moment before Alita speaks:

ALITA

(quietly)

My father would be so ashamed of me right now.

FRANKIE

Why? Because 'is bad ass samurai daughter is crying?

ALITA

No, because I said awful things to my friends.

(beat)

And... I think I am drunk.

Frankie chuckles quietly.

FRANKIE

Then we'll just keep this a secret between me and you.

Alita turns and gives Frankie a tight hug as she sobs loudly.

FRANKIE (cont'd)

It's okay, Alita. Let it all out.

(CONTINUED)

ALITA
(sobbing)
I said awful things...

FRANKIE
I know, you already said that.

ALITA
Did I? I'm sorry, I'm drunk.

FRANKIE
(grins)
You said that, too.

Alita pulls away from her, a horrified look on her face.

ALITA
I need to apologize to Sofia!

FRANKIE
Maybe for the way you said what you said, but it sounded to me that you 'ad that bottled up inside of you for a while.

ALITA
What do you mean?

FRANKIE
I mean that when you apologize, if you try to say that what you were saying wasn't 'onest only to spare Sofia's feelings, then that would be no better than what she did to you.

Alita nods and then bursts into tears again.

ALITA
I miss Tyson.

Frankie gently pulls Alita to her and strokes her hair.

FRANKIE
I know you do.

ALITA
He meant so much to me, and Debbie was right, I wasn't there to protect him.

FRANKIE
It is a shame you did not 'ear my big speech.

Alita looks up as Frankie continues:

(CONTINUED)

FRANKIE (cont'd)

What I said was that things like that are going to keep 'appening to us, and you can't blame yourself for it.

ALITA

My father would be so ashamed of me if he saw me right now.

FRANKIE

You're starting to repeat yourself again.

ALITA

Oh.

(beat)

I don't like being drunk very much.

Frankie laughs as she lets Alita go.

FRANKIE

No one likes being an emotional drunk.

Alita manages a small smile as Frankie sits with her a moment longer before we cut to:

The library is deserted with the exception of Greg, Aiden, and Debbie, all three of whom are cleaning up what's left of the mess.

Aiden walks over toward Greg, who has a trash can and is throwing away streamers.

AIDEN

Need any help?

GREG

No, I've got it.

As Greg starts to get down off the table he was standing on, he slips - but Aiden catches him.

GREG (cont'd)

Thanks.

AIDEN

No worries.

(Beat)

Greg, I just wanted to say I'm sorry for-

Greg stops him.

GREG

Not now. I shouldn't have blamed
you like I did. And I know I keep-

AIDEN

You're right, not now.

Greg smiles, and after they stare at one another for a beat,
he and Aiden share a small KISS.

Debbie glances over at the two of them and smiles to herself,
and Aiden is grinning as Greg leans back again.

AIDEN (cont'd)

And just like that... it all goes
away.

GREG

What does? Us... fighting?

AIDEN

(beat; sighs)

That, not so quickly. But the
kissing? Definitely a step in the
right direction.

The doors to the library open and Frankie enters, taking a
look around.

FRANKIE

Where did everybody go?

Aiden walks towards the exit, carrying a full bag of garbage
in either hand.

AIDEN

Greg sent them all back to their
rooms to sleep it off.

Aiden walks out of the library and Frankie turns to Greg.

FRANKIE

You sent them back to their rooms?
But what about cake?

GREG

Skye smashed the cake into Fran's
face.

DEBBIE

It was pretty funny.

Debbie gets up off the floor, grabbing the bucket and sponge
she was using to clean with. Greg gives her a look.

(CONTINUED)

DEBBIE (cont'd)

What? It was.

GREG

(laughing)

I suppose it was a little funny.

(to Frankie)

Are you mad?

FRANKIE

About the party?

(shaking her head)

No, actually, I 'ad a good time tonight. Believe me, I 'ave been to more riotous parties than this.

(chuckles)

And I mean, what were we expecting to happen? Everything to go well?

Debbie and Greg both laugh. Greg grabs the last remaining bags of trash and heads for the exit, but he turns to Frankie first.

GREG

You said some things that really got through to people tonight.

FRANKIE

You think?

GREG

(nodding)

I do. And for what it's worth, I think you'd make a great Watcher.

FRANKIE

'Ow do you-

GREG

Barbara told me. She seemed pretty excited, actually, and wants me to put in a good word for you with Stanley and Fitzgerald. I'm hoping they'll approve the request.

Frankie grins.

FRANKIE

Merci. And for what it's worth, I kind of do too.

Greg smiles as he leaves the library with the trash.

GREG

Oh, and happy birthday.

(CONTINUED)

As Greg leaves the library Frankie turns toward Debbie, who is getting ready to leave as well.

DEBBIE

How is Alita?

FRANKIE

She'll be okay.

DEBBIE

I owe her a big apology.

FRANKIE

Yeah, I agree. But we should wait till tomorrow when you are both sober. She will appreciate it more then. Although, per'aps not the 'angover she will 'ave...

DEBBIE

Thanks, I will.

(beat)

You know, I was always the worst Slayer around here, but it was still hard for me to give it all up.

Frankie quirks an eyebrow, and Debbie tries to gather her thoughts.

DEBBIE (cont'd)

I'm not sure what I'm trying to say with that, still being a little tipsy and all, but I thought I should say it.

FRANKIE

I think you're trying to say that you understand what I'm going through.

DEBBIE

Yeah, that's it. You're a much better word person than I am right now.

Frankie laughs as they hear someone else enter the library.

Frankie and Debbie look over to see Dunstall, carrying his present from earlier. Debbie quietly excuses herself to leave them alone.

DEBBIE (cont'd)

Oh, and Frankie, about what you did for me, last term? I wanted to-

(CONTINUED)

Frankie stops her.

FRANKIE

You don't 'ave to say anything.

DEBBIE

I know I don't, but I want to.
Thank you. Thank you more than I
could ever possibly express with
words, drunk or sober.

Frankie smiles as Debbie quickly leaves the library.

DUNSTALL

You still didn't open your present.

FRANKIE

I almost thought that you were
taking it back after the way I
acted tonight.

DUNSTALL

Well, it was your party and you
obviously wanted to cry. I hear
those are the rules.

Frankie takes the present and delicately unwraps it. Inside
is a golden cross. She gasps in genuine surprise.

FRANKIE

Sebastian... it's beautiful!

Dunstall takes the cross out of the box and Frankie lifts her
hair so Dunstall can put it on her.

DUNSTALL

This way, you'll always have at
least one last line of protection,
if I'm ever not there.

Frankie leans in to kiss Dunstall, but he stops her.

DUNSTALL (cont'd)

Wait, there's something else I have
to say, about before.

FRANKIE

Sebastian, I was being unfair. I
know that you are-

DUNSTALL

I love you.

Frankie stops.

DUNSTALL (cont'd)

I just... I never said that to anyone who wasn't my mother before, and I needed to be absolutely sure before I said it, so I just said it.

(beat)

I'm in love with you, Francoise.

FRANKIE

And I am completely in love with you, Sebastian.

Frankie and Dunstall share a very passionate, very intense KISS that lasts a fairly long time, before they eventually break it but still staying close to each other.

Frankie lowers her head, and Dunstall is surprised to see a single TEAR roll down her cheek.

DUNSTALL

Hey, come on, I'm not that bad of a kisser! Don't cry.

Dunstall wipes away Frankie's tear, but Frankie just starts laughing.

FRANKIE

I'm sorry... it's just been so long since I've gotten a happy ending.

Dunstall smiles, and the two kiss again for a beat, before:

FRANKIE (cont'd)

Just promise me you're not thinking about your mother right now.

DUNSTALL

(smirks)

Trust me. Furthest thing from my mind.

She beams again and grabs him, the two getting back into another passionate kiss as we finally:

BLACK OUT:

END OF SHOW