

**SLAYER ACADEMY**

"Pulchritude"

by  
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**TEASER**

FADE IN:

1

INT. UNDERGROUND CAVE - NIGHT

1

We pan around a dark, gloomy cave. The place is a mix of general cave-related things, stalactites and such, and high-tech equipment. There's various pieces of machinery, oil drums and computers placed everywhere.

Various men in cloaks are standing around the machinery, operating and testing buttons and switches. We've seen the symbols on these cloaks before - they belong to Roland's cult.

One cloaked man approaches another, who's facing away from us, surveying the scene.

CLOAKED FIGURE

My liege?

The figured turns around and it's none other than ROLAND. He looks the cloaked man up and down before answering:

ROLAND

Status report?

CLOAKED FIGURE

The Tor's source of energy still hasn't been uncovered, but we know we're close.

ROLAND

(frowns)

The excavators said that the tower's energy would be stronger at sunrise.

CLOAKED FIGURE

All in good time, sir. If our calculations are correct, the gateway should be opened once we've mined through and struck the energy. All we need then is the body of the daywalker to tap the power.

ROLAND

(grins)

Good. That, at least, sounds like good news.

(beat)

The time has come, my brother. We will soon be led into battle. Our men will-

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED:

There's a sudden SCREAM of pain from off screen. Roland contorts his face in confusion and quickly rushes to see what's happened.

2 INT. CAVE - LOWER LEVEL - NEXT 2

Roland rushes down a flight of pristine steps, overlooking a gigantic chamber.

In the center of a circle of several large screens is a huge, drill-like machine, its 'nose' implanted in the ground. Around that are many workers gathered at various pieces of equipment. Roland approaches the commotion.

ROLAND

What is going on down here?

The workers disperse to show two of the workers apparently being ELECTROCUTED by the machine! Blue bolts of energy surge around their skin.

WORKER

We can't... we can't help them, my lord!

Roland starts to reply when the two workers fall to the floor in a heap and explode into DUST.

The workers gasp audibly, but Roland seems surprisingly happy and wears a smirk on his face. He turns to the audience of workers, chattering nervously amongst themselves.

ROLAND

Gentleman... we've found it.

The chattering soon turns into cheers as the workers raise their hands above their heads and begin shouting triumphantly.

3 EXT. GLASTONBURY TOR - NIGHT 3

With the CHEERS of the vampires down below ringing in our ears, we pull back from the tall, imposing structure of Glastonbury Tor, as the rising morning sun frames it across the fields. On this glaring scenario, we cut to:

4 INT. CAMPUS - STANLEY'S OFFICE - MORNING 4

STANLEY is sitting at his desk, nameplate displayed proudly. He's enveloped in various bits of paperwork, busily writing or rather scribbling down important notes.

There's a KNOCK at his door. He rises from his chair, coffee in hand, and opens it to reveal BARBARA.

(CONTINUED)

BARBARA

Good morning, Mr. Stanley.

STANLEY

Ah, Mrs. Griffin, nice to see you.

BARBARA

Thank you. And I assure you that it's Miss. There's no 'Mr. Griffin' in my life.

STANLEY

Oh. Well, I suppose everything eventually loses the battle with time.

Barbara tries not to let that comment sting.

STANLEY (cont'd)

So, what can I do for you?

Barbara walks into his office, closing the door.

BARBARA

I'm just here to remind you of the whole Mr. Giles issue.

Stanley sighs.

BARBARA (cont'd)

I know you've been discussing with Fitzgerald about what to do with Greg, and I just wanted to plead his case on his behalf.

STANLEY

If you must.

BARBARA

He's a good man, he's just... very distracted lately. He means no harm at all, so please; if he seems... snappy at you, disregard it.

STANLEY

I understand, Ms. Griffin, but I still feel that he's a loose cannon. Frankly, I feel that he could snap at any moment.

BARBARA

Over these last few days he's changed, and changed for the better. He managed a kind of reconciliation with his ex-boyfriend, and-

(CONTINUED)

STANLEY  
(blurts out)  
Excuse me?

Barbara looks at Stanley in confusion.

BARBARA  
Oh. You didn't know he was...

STANLEY  
Certainly not!

BARBARA  
(narrows eyes)  
You don't have a problem with that,  
do you?

Stanley starts to answer, but a sharp glare from Barbara just leaves him shaking his head and TUTTING.

STANLEY  
I suppose it's irrelevant...  
anyway, I appreciate you coming to  
me. Thank you. Now, I must get back  
to work.

He motions towards the door - time for her to go. Barbara doesn't look like she's done yet, but she walks over to the door as Stanley follows her.

BARBARA  
Just promise me one thing. Don't  
make any decisions personal.

STANLEY  
I assure you, Miss Griffin, any and  
all decisions I make here are for  
the overall good of the Academy,  
and are in no way affected by any  
personal bias.

Barbara studies him for a beat, as if trying to judge whether he's lying or not, but finally backs off.

BARBARA  
Alright, then. Thank you for your  
time.

Stanley closes the door and slumps back into his chair, rather unprofessionally.

Suddenly, the phone rings. He picks up the receiver and we cut to the other side of the phone conversation:

5 INT. CAMPUS - COMPUTER ROOM - NEXT

5

It's FITZGERALD, the other half of the Watcher team sent to the school. She's down in the computer lab, standing with a printout in her hands.

FITZGERALD  
Stanley, it's Grace.  
(beat)  
He's found it.

STANLEY  
My God. Are you sure?

FITZGERALD  
I'm afraid so. I just received word  
from the Council, they've had it  
confirmed.  
(beat)  
Assemble the team. It's time to  
move.

On Grace's anxious expression, we:

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF TEASER**

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

6

INT. CAMPUS - STAFF ROOM - DAY

6

We overlook a long table filled with various staff members from the academy. Everyone from Barbara, GREG and ELLEN down to people like AIDEN and DEBBIE are present.

Stanley is standing at the foot of the table, giving a presentation. Behind him is a picture of the Glastonbury Tor displayed on the screen.

STANLEY

Alright, then. Is everybody here?

He does a quick head count, his eyes holding on Debbie for a moment. She shifts awkwardly under his piercing gaze.

BARBARA

Everybody's here, Stanley. Now what's so important that you needed to call us all here so early?

GREG

Are you stepping down and returning to the Council?

Stanley tries to silence Greg with a withering look, but it just bounces off him. Fitzgerald wisely decides to step in.

FITZGERALD

I'm afraid it's bad news.

(beat)

It's Roland. He's assembling his forces and looks set to launch some kind of attack, and so-

STANLEY

(over her)

And so we're hitting back first.

The staff glance at one another.

STANLEY (cont'd)

We received formal confirmation this morning, so I'm sure you'll appreciate it when I stress that time is of the essence here.

ELLEN

Hey, we're here, aren't we?

Stanley glances at Ellen, then steps back towards the screen.

(CONTINUED)

STANLEY

The cult appears to have set up their base hundreds of feet below Glastonbury Tor, which I'm sure you're all familiar with.

DEBBIE

(nods)

It's a local landmark. A conical hill which also shows off the remains of a medieval tower that's been everything from a church, to a fort, to a place of execution.

ELLEN

Cosy.

BARBARA

Does the fact that the cult's base is below the Tor hold any kind of relevance? What's underneath there?

AIDEN

I'm getting a feeling the answer isn't 'more dirt.'

STANLEY

We believe that how the Tor is connected with the myth of Avalon holds the key to their plan.

ELLEN

'Avalon'?

GREG

You mean 'Avalon' as in the legendary island where King Arthur was buried?

AIDEN

'Island'... 'hundreds of feet below ground.' Forgive me if I'm missing the connection.

FITZGERALD

The myth may not be entirely true or false.

DEBBIE

Er... what?

Stanley glances at Debbie, then Barbara, as if to ask 'why is she still here?' Barbara quirks an eyebrow - it's a fair question. A beat as Stanley rechecks his notes.

(CONTINUED)



STANLEY

Avalon has been described as many things through the ages, from a physical land mass hidden within the bowels of the Earth where King Arthur and his knights sleep, to a massive source of pure magical energy, believed by some to be the very lifeblood of the country itself.

FITZGERALD

There's also the Glastonbury Zodiac, an astrological zodiac of immense proportions carved into the land itself and dripping with untapped magical energy, said to be lying in the earth around the Tor.

GREG

So either way, the Tor's a real hot spot for energies in this area, am I correct?

STANLEY

Glad to see you're paying attention.

Fitzgerald rolls her eyes at Stanley's brusque comment as she continues:

FITZGERALD

The cult seems to have struck a well of magical energy within the area, off the scales as far as our covens can tell us. We believe that he's going to use it as the primary power source for some sort of ritual.

BARBARA

And we have no indication of what this ritual could be?

STANLEY

At present, no. Ideally, we'd be able to gather more intelligence before we were forced to mount an offensive, but at the urgings of the covens the Council has decided we must strike now before Roland has a chance to act further.

Greg rises from his seat with a look of annoyance on his face.

(CONTINUED)

GREG

So you're telling us to lead our girls into what could be a fatal battle, to simply prevent Roland from getting to this power? Shouldn't the covens be getting involved in this as well?

FITZGERALD

Please, Mr. Pierce. No need to get angry with us. It's the Council who greenlighted the attack.

GREG

(cold)

Giles. It's Mr. Giles.

Greg slowly sits down and Barbara shoots him an icy look.

STANLEY

Now, as I was saying... we must assume the cult has already obtained this power, so we simply need to stop them from using it. From what we know, they still need some other artefact or device in order to unlock the power, as the levels involved are too large to be conducted without the use of some sort of conduit.

(beat)

The only way to stop them is to wipe them out entirely.

The Academy staff exchange shocked looks.

FITZGERALD

We need every Slayer for this offensive. The cult outnumbers us, that's true, but we can beat them if we go all out. One Slayer is worth a dozen vampires in the field.

STANLEY

We should be able to ave the advantage of surprise on them. Since we know their location, all we need to do is drive them out when they're not ready.

(beat)

Any questions?

Greg is about to speak but Barbara kicks him under the table. Greg grunts, but then shuts his mouth.

(CONTINUED)

STANLEY (cont'd)  
Very well, then. We attack tonight.

On Stanley's unwavering expression, we cut to:

INT. CASTLE - KIRA'S BEDROOM - DAY

We look inside Kira's bedroom. It's a very large room, and various gothic stylings outline her bed which is draped in dark sheets and a veil.

The door creaks open and we see KIRA enter. She has her phone pressed to one ear, continuing a conversation.

KIRA  
(into phone)  
No, Roland, I'm not questioning  
you. I'm just a little...  
surprised, is all.

ROLAND  
(filtered; through phone)  
Why?

KIRA  
Put it this way - Avalon's meant to  
be a legend, and yet here you are  
telling me you've not only found  
it, but are planning to drain it  
dry of power! You'll pardon me if I  
need a little time to digest all  
this.

She waves her hands and magically draws the curtains to see a massive window with a spectacular view.

ROLAND  
Time is one thing I do not have,  
Kira. I fear that the Slayers will  
soon be drawn to it. Something of  
this much power does not stay  
unnoticed for long once it is  
uncovered.

Kira sighs again and walks over to the window, through the net curtains and onto the balcony. The wind is strong, blowing Kira's dress and hair wildly.

ROLAND (cont'd)  
We need your assistance. This could  
be your chance. With my brothers  
and your team, we could rid  
ourselves of the Slayers for good,  
and reap the full rewards of the  
power of Avalon itself.

(CONTINUED)

KIRA

You still haven't cut our deal.

ROLAND

All in good time, Miss Brogan.

She grabs the railing and looks out onto the view with a resounding sigh.

Kira thinks it over. She closes her eyes, as though not wanting to hear what she's about to say:

KIRA

Alright then. We will assist, but from here on out, I get what I'm promised before I agree to any more of your little 'crusades.'

ROLAND

Of course. And, Miss Brogan?

KIRA

Hmm?

ROLAND

(stern)

Do not forget who you are talking to.

With a CLICK, the line goes dead. Kira blinks, then as the not-too-subtle threat in Roland's words sinks in, she lowers her phone and rubs her weary temples before we cut to:

SKYE, ALITA and SOFIA are all getting ready for morning class. There's an aura of silent distrust between the girls - the atmosphere is so thick that you could cut it with a knife.

Sofia walks over to the bathroom.

SOFIA

(icy)

Skye, can you please ask Alita to hand me my skirt?

ALITA

(even colder)

Skye, can you please tell Sofia that she should get her own things?

SKYE

Can you both please speak to each other properly?

ALITA

I'll speak to Sofia properly when she's not barking orders at me like a dog.

SOFIA

Since when have I ever 'barked' orders to anyone?

SKYE

Come on, Sofes. I think Alita just meant that occasionally you... you know... demand things of people-

SOFIA

(snaps)

What the hell are you talking about? When do I-

SKYE

(over her)

Would you let me finish here? It's hard enough to stop you two from throwing knives at each other! I'm already getting a migraine from playing Devil's Advocate and convincing Fran that I slipped, and the cake 'flew' out of my hands!

(beat)

I feel like freaking piggy in the middle!

Sofia goes over to her desk and takes a packet of biscuits. She stares at them for a moment and notices that they're all gone.

SOFIA

And that's what you are. Thanks for eating all my biscuits!

SKYE

As if I ate those! I don't even have to eat!

ALITA

Do you see, Skye? This is exactly what I'm talking about.

SOFIA

Oh, and you can but out as well, Little Miss bloody Sunshine!

ALITA

You're just proving my point even more!

(CONTINUED)

SOFIA

What 'point'? For God's sake,  
Alita, I've said I was sorry for  
not telling you about Tyson a  
thousand times, why are you still  
acting like this?

ALITA

Acting like what?

SOFIA

Like I don't feel bad enough  
already!

SKYE

Hey! Am I gonna have to knock you  
two into different time zones to  
get this to stop?

Suddenly, there's a KNOCK at the door.

SKYE (cont'd)

I betcha that's Frankie. Now c'mon  
girls, don't let her see us like  
this.

SOFIA

Oh, so now you care about her  
feelings?

SKYE

Sofia... shut up, alright?

Skye then opens the door before Sofia can respond, to reveal  
Greg.

SKYE (cont'd)

Oh, look. It's Greg.  
(to Sofia & Alita)  
Maybe he can lend me a cattle prod.

GREG

Excuse me?

SKYE

Never mind. What can we do you for,  
since this day already can't  
possibly get any worse?

GREG

Downstairs. Five minutes. We have a  
long day ahead of us.

SKYE

(blinks)  
That's it?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SKYE (cont'd)  
No 'terrible danger,' 'certain  
death' or even a 'could be a bit  
risky'?

Greg frowns, not following her point, then glances into the room and registers the frosty air between Sofia and Alita.

GREG  
Is everything alright in here? It  
looks like-

SKYE  
(quickly)  
Women's problems. You know.

Greg leans back a little, not sure he wants to hear this.

SKYE (cont'd)  
(shrugs)  
Fact of life, Gregory. Put too many  
chicks in one place and they all  
start, you know... obeying the  
lunar cycle at the same kind of  
time. If you get me.

Greg looks more than a little perturbed by this, glancing at the girls again before heading back down the corridor.

Skye sighs, then closes the door. She then slumps against the wall as she turns to Sofia and Alita.

SKYE (cont'd)  
Right. I just covered for both of  
you there, so you can pay me back  
by both shutting the hell up until  
we find out what crazy mission  
we're up for this time.

Sofia and Alita look across at each other - and then turn their backs in unison. Skye shakes her head, looking up as she mutters:

SKYE (cont'd)  
I just had to say it, didn't I?  
(to the sky)  
It's because I'm a vampire, right?  
I thought that you of all people  
would be against prejudice!

On this, we cut to:

We're in the briefing room of Kira's castle. It's been remodeled since last time we saw it, looking a lot more modern and less stony. However, it's nowhere near as smart as the one at the Academy.

(CONTINUED)

Sitting on the stands are the rogues - RACHEL, DELANEY and even DANA, and for the first time, ERIKA, BRAEDEN, DARCIE and JAZ. BRYCE and HAMISH stand near the back.

Taking the podium is Kira, looking very official.

KIRA

I imagine you all know why I called you here. We have another mission.

DELANEY

Oh, no. We're not still working for that Israeli vampire creep are we?

KIRA

(mock sweetness)

I'm afraid so. So why don't you just put on a happy face and shut the hell up?

DARCIE

(smirks)

Told!

DELANEY

Oh, I know! Why don't we just pull a gun on them?

(pointedly; eying Darcie)

That gets rid of all our problems!

DARCIE

(firmly)

Evidently not.

DELANEY

Oh, you wanna go right now? I'll go right now, you Limey bitch!

Delaney stands up and advances down the stairs to Darcie's seat but is knocked back by a bolt of lightning, courtesy of Kira.

KIRA

I don't miss twice.

(beat)

Moving on from that little distraction... we will be working with Roland, but once again we'll be working against the Slayers. So in the end, we can kill two bitches with one stone.

(beat)

We'll need all of you in this battle, and it'll work as a good chance for you new recruits to prove yourself in the field.

(CONTINUED)



She eyes Erika, Jaz, Braeden and Darcie as she says this.

KIRA (cont'd)

Basically, we're on a simple kill, crush, destroy motif. Bag as many Slayers as possible. Stop them from obtaining Avalon... yadda, yadda, yadda.

(beat)

Do I really need to go over this?

She looks around and everyone is silent.

KIRA (cont'd)

Good. We'll set up base tonight at the Tor.

(to Jaz)

I trust you're ready to join your colleagues?

JAZ

(nods)

I'm ready.

KIRA

No lingering feelings of doubt at all over potentially having to murder your old friends?

JAZ

(firm)

I'm not killing anybody.

Darcie SCOFFS loudly, and Jaz shoots her a sharp glare before turning to look at Erika.

JAZ (cont'd)

Some of us still have our morals.

KIRA

How sweet.

(turns sour)

Just don't expect them to last.

Kira turns on her heel and marches out of the briefing room, leaving a distinctly chilly atmosphere behind her as we cut to:

We're in the familiar main Academy hall, with display boards up on the stage as the hall is turned into a makeshift briefing room.

Almost every Slayer in residence is crammed into there, with Stanley taking center stage as he stands behind a lectern, addressing the troop.

STANLEY

I know this is going to be the biggest challenge this Academy has faced, but we need every Slayer on the attack if we're going to have a chance.

(beat)

The Glastonbury Tor is high on a hill, so we may be at a disadvantage. It'll be a literal uphill struggle, but this an all out attack. No holds barred. We cannot let Roland and his followers get to the power source within the Tor, so your objective is simple.

(Beat)

Wipe them all out.

The girls begin to chatter, and Stanley steps back from the lectern as Barbara joins him.

BARBARA

I notice you left out the part where you warn them they may not all be coming back.

Stanley looks round to her, but doesn't have an answer for her, flinching away from her gaze as he looks back out across the assembled girls, and we:

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF ACT ONE**

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

11 INT. CAMPUS - GYM - DAY

11

Just as old times were, Sofia, Skye, Frankie, Alita and Greg are in the training room. Sofia's practising movements with her Scythe, Skye's viciously punching a punch bag, Alita's doing some Tai Chi exercises and Frankie's practising movements one-handed with her rapier.

Greg's holding a clip board and talking to Frankie, who's still practising whilst talking.

GREG

Are you sure you're ready for this?

FRANKIE

It's not as if I 'ave a choice.

GREG

I'm sure we could pull some strings-

FRANKIE

I would do it anyway. 'Onestly, I'm bored and I'm ready to fight. A rapier only takes one 'and to use.

Greg smiles, encouraged by her attitude.

GREG

Well, if you're sure, then I suppose I can't stop you.

Frankie continues with her movements and Greg moves on to Skye, who's still viciously punching.

GREG (cont'd)

How are you feeling right now?

SKYE

Do you really care, or is it to fill out that stupid form?

Greg glances down at his clipboard.

GREG

Well... both. But one more than the other.

Skye stops punching, putting her hands on her hips and looking, quite frankly, pissed off.

SKYE

Fine. I'm feeling venomous and morbid. You?

(CONTINUED)

A beat. Greg rolls his eyes.

GREG  
Moving on. Alita?

He moves over to Alita.

ALITA  
Sorry, Greg. I'm a little busy at the moment.

GREG  
Alita, you know that those bloody Council people need to get data on every Slayer's state of mind for their research.

SKYE  
Still not seeing how ticking boxes on a sheet of paper tells them a damn thing about how I feel.

She PUNCHES the bag again to prove her point, almost blasting it off its ropes.

Greg turns back to Alita, who scowls as she steps out of her practised movements.

ALITA  
I'm tired. Very tired.  
(beat)  
And I feel like a tree.

GREG  
Why a tree?

ALITA  
Why not a tree?

Greg shoots her a confused look.

GREG  
Very well, then. And Sofia?

He walks over to Sofia.

SOFIA  
I'm feeling like my back has destroyed a few knives.  
(beat)  
And also slightly fearful of my life, but then that's nothing new since my boyfriend betrayed me and one of my friends was murdered.

GREG

I really don't think you have to worry, Sofia.

(off the Scythe)

Especially when you've got that little number on you.

ALITA

Debbie's going into this battle.

GREG

And there's that, yes.

SKYE

Changes nothing. We could all die and Debbie could survive.

SOFIA

Not bloody likely.

GREG

Girls, stop slandering, and Skye, calm down. You're going to wear yourself out.

(beat; eyes punching bag)

Apparently by punching a picture of Kermit the Frog.

We catch a glimpse of a crappily drawn picture of a blonde girl. At least, that's what it's supposed to be.

SKYE

It's Fran, Greg.

GREG

That girl who blabbed about you?

SKYE

The one and only.

GREG

Skye, please. You know better than that.

Skye begins to advance on Greg.

SKYE

Do I really? Or am I just the "next most likely person to turn on you guys"?

Skye has raised her fists in anger whilst saying this.

GREG

Okay, point taken. I think we should just lower these...

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: (3)

11

Greg gently pushes her hands back down.

GREG (cont'd)  
... and I'll be on my merry. We  
leave in an hour. And for God's  
sake, all of you... save it for the  
fight!

Greg leaves, visibly uncomfortable before we cut to:

12 INT. CAMPUS - GYM - TRAINING ROOM #2 - NEXT

12

We see a separate training room, this one's much bigger. A few choice slayers, namely DEBBIE, FRAN and TSULA are dotted around the room. Anna is commanding the girls, acting as their guide.

Debbie seems to be having trouble practising, clearly not wanting to do this.

ANNA  
C'mon Debbie, don't slack. We gotta  
get through this.

DEBBIE  
I don't see why I have to do this!  
Wouldn't it be better for me to be  
the medic?

ANNA  
Debs, I know. I think it's dumb  
too. But that ass Stanley wants  
every Slayer on the attack, and  
Barbara's appointed me to train you  
guys up.

DEBBIE  
Easy for you to say, Miss A-Squad!

ANNA  
You think this is easy for me? If  
any of you guys die out there...  
(trails off; shakes head)  
Look, my job is to make sure that  
doesn't happen, alright? So shut up  
and listen up, in that order.

Debbie shakes this off, but still looks more nervous that she ever has. Something catches her eye off screen.

DEBBIE  
What's she doing?

We pan across to Tsula, drawing some kind of symbol in chalk on the floor of the gym.

(CONTINUED)

ANNA

She said it was some kind of tribal ritual, invoking some goddess or other to give us strength. Sounds a load of crap to me.

Tsula begins whispering in her native tongue as she crosses her arms.

DEBBIE

Out of everything you've seen in your time here, you call that 'a load of crap'?

ANNA

She should be fighting, not prancing around the solstice. She's only been here, what, two months? I haven't even seen her in combat yet!

DEBBIE

I heard she's pretty good. She's been fighting since she was eight.

FRAN

From what I can tell, she's a pacifist. Hardly a healthy combat attitude.

ANNA

As if I need "Heidi Numero Deux" up in my face.

(beat; snaps)

Hey! Get back to training already!

FRAN

Geez. Lil' Kim much?

And with that retort, Fran wanders off to carry on her shadowboxing elsewhere. Anna simply sighs.

ANNA

I guess it's true. Buxom and backstab are a deadly combination indeed.

On Anna's deathly stare we cut to:

The rogue slayers are all in the castle's weapons room, picking out their tools for the forthcoming battle.

Braeden's Scythe is the most prominent weapon out of all of them, and he swishes it a few times through the air.

RACHEL

How come he gets the really cool  
axe thing, and all I get is a  
flimsy stick?

She holds up her choice of weapon, a quarterstaff.

BRAEDEN

Hey, this thing chose me, princess.  
Non-negotiable.

We pan backwards to see Kira, Hamish and Bryce observing like  
parents.

KIRA

I was fearful that this would  
happen.

HAMISH

(frowns)  
Rachel losing her temper because  
she got a staff?

KIRA

No, you plank.  
(beat)  
Notice how they're standing. The  
people who defected from the  
Academy are taking one side, and  
our own rogues are taking the  
other.

BRYCE

It's to be expected. Kids are  
always going to form little  
alliances, Kira.

KIRA

Not in my castle, they're not.

Dana suddenly cries out in a feral, deep voice.

DANA

This place... darkness... the  
power... it's too much!

Dana SCREAMS pitifully, covers her ears and falls to the  
floor, curling up into a tight ball.

A beat. The defected Slayers all look shocked by this random  
outburst.

KIRA

Don't worry. She just needs her  
sedatives. She'll be back in action  
soon.

(CONTINUED)



RACHEL

Miss Brogan, you're not going to let her fight, are you?

(beat)

She hasn't recovered from the testing you put her through, and-

KIRA

Rachel, keep your insolent mouth shut! When are you going to learn that Dana is my responsibility, and not yours?

RACHEL

She's a human being and she has feelings!

DARCIE

She's an empty shell. She can't feel anything in the state she's in.

RACHEL

Oh, and you'd know, being here all of ten days!

DARCIE

You honestly think that babbling invalid can even tell you're being nice to her? She'd slit your throat as soon as look at you and not even realise what she'd done!

RACHEL

(enraged)

That's not true! You shut your damn mouth, you jumped-up little-

KIRA

Enough!

Kira throws more BLUE ENERGY in a fit of rage, but this time it connects with Rachel, knocking her back a few feet.

The other Slayers scatter as a furious Kira stomps forward, walking up to the dazed (and smoking) Rachel.

KIRA (cont'd)

I told you I don't miss twice.

(beat)

No further questions. Grab your weapon and get going.

(to Rachel)

Now!

And on Rachel's dark expression we cut to:

14

EXT. GLASTONBURY TOR - NIGHT

14

We're overlooking the hill where the Glastonbury Tor is situated. The crumbling stone structure is bathed in moonlight as the wind wisps across the grass.

Near the Tor we spot something. It's a gigantic machine; more specifically the one we saw in the teaser. Around it are standing about a hundred CULT MEMBERS, dressed in hooded cloaks.

Some are standing a few feet away, carving a strange symbol into the ground.

We pan back, over the hill to see the A-squad Slayers and Greg, ducking down behind a hill.

SOFIA

(stunned)

My word...

ANNA

This is insane. We're completely outnumbered! We have to go back.

GREG

We can't.

ANNA

Oh, that is such a crock! What, Stanley really reckons we can take that many vamps?

ALITA

Anna, I believe Greg is right. We are outnumbered, but we're forgetting that they're vampires.

(beat)

And we slay vampires.

SKYE

We're really gonna do this, huh?  
We're gonna need more people up in the first wave, then. Who else we got?

Ellen steps into frame, a sword strapped across her back and a huge SHOTGUN in her hands.

ELLEN

You got me. Good enough?

With an exchange of grins between Skye and Ellen, the main squad all nod at each other, then with a massive WAR CRY, the Slayers pour down the hill and into battle!

15

EXT. GLASTONBURY TOR - HILLSIDE - NEXT

15

As they run down the hill, weapons raised, the vampire cult begin to hear the war cry.

Roland steps forward, grinning as he watches the small gang of Slayers racing towards him. He turns to address the cultists nearby.

ROLAND

The time is upon us!

He raises the axe he is holding, and on his signal several dozen cultists throw back their heads, revealing their VAMPIRE game faces.

ROLAND (cont'd)

Charge!

Roland levels his axe at the approaching Slayers, and with a cry of their own his troops surge past him, swarming towards the incoming Slayers.

And the battle is on!

As the two opposing forces begin to mingle, we see punches, kicks, various fights being exchanged.

One cult member carrying a spear straight away drives it right through the chest of a Slayer, lifting her up high.

A few of the vampires are instantly DUSTED as well when some slayers stake them.

We view Sofia's battle, gracefully wielding the Scythe like a powerhouse, beheading cult members left and right. She dodges a few punches and using the pointed end of her scythe, DUSTS a vamp from behind.

One cult member tries to kick her in the face, but she grabs his leg, takes him to the floor and STAKES him right in the chest.

Next, we move on to Skye's battle. Wielding her sai's, she manages to deflect a downward swipe by a sword wielding cult member.

She KICKS him in the face and he goes flailing backwards into another vampire.

Behind her we see Debbie, scared out of her wits clutching her stake close. Skye notices this, and gently pushes Debbie forward. This causes Debbie to stumble and inadvertently STAKE a passing vampire!

(CONTINUED)

Debbie tuns backwards, and Skye simply shrugs and dives straight back into the action.

We cut to Tsula, wielding what seems to be a modified bow. Taking an arrow out of the quiver in her back, she professionally FIRES at a nearby vampire, pinning its shoulder to a tree.

She walks up to it and quickly STAKES it with the pointed end of her bow. She then uses her bow to smack a few more vamps around before we cut to:

Alita and Frankie, working as a duo taking down cult members. Alita spins her nunchucks like rotary blades on an aeroplane and dives straight at a vamp, knocking him back in a flurry of blows before dusting him.

Frankie is wielding her rapier like a real pro, swiping at cult members. She manages to behead one or two, but then something stops her.

Her arm is TWITCHING!

FRANKIE  
(horrified)  
Oh no! Not 'ere! Not now!

As Alita clobbers a few more vamps around the head in the background, Frankie has thought of something.

She wraps her spasming arm tightly behind her back, attacking one-handed with the rapier - just as she was practising.

She launches herself back into battle and we cut back to Alita.

Alita is weaving in and out with her nunchucks, managing to stake a vampire or two in the process.

As she's pushed back and apparently surrounded, she comes back to back with Anna, who's holding her sword up to protect occasional attacks.

Anna and Alita both look back to see each other and signal something.

Anna drops to one knee and Alita FLIPS over Anna's back, KICKING a vamp square in the jaw.

Anna rises up and STABS a confused vampire right through the chest.

ANNA  
The reverse Rush Hour. Works like a charm.

(CONTINUED)

She smiles, and on this we cut to:

Ellen and Greg, almost making it to the top of the hill and advancing towards Glastonbury Tor and the large machine.

ELLEN

(off machine)

That's the thing that's gonna suck  
all the juice out of this place?

GREG

That's my best guess. If any of  
those myths are even half true,  
then the 'juice' is Avalon. We need  
to destroy that device before it  
gets going.

ELLEN

Better get started then, while the  
girls keep the goons busy!

ROLAND (O.S.)

On the contrary...

Ellen and Greg look left to see Roland standing there, axe in hand. Ellen snaps her shotgun round to bear on him, but Roland doesn't even flinch.

ROLAND (cont'd)

Ah, so you must be the overgrown  
Slayer. Well, I say 'Slayer.' You  
barely qualify as human any more.

Greg looks at Ellen, confused.

GREG

What is he talking about?

ELLEN

(quickly)

Nothing! It's just crazy talk from  
a crazy vamp.

(beat)

Who's ass I'm about to go crazy on.  
Greg, take care of business.

GREG

But Ellen, we-

ELLEN

Now!

Greg hesitates, but then turns and rushes towards the machine.

(CONTINUED)

Roland grins as he steps forward, twirling the axe round expertly in his hand.

ROLAND

Best say your last prayer to  
whichever God you think will save  
your soul.

ELLEN

Sorry, pal. Confirmed atheist.

Roland pauses - then surges forward, just as Ellen SHOOTs her shotgun with a terrific BANG, and we SMASH CUT back to:

Sofia, battling against a cult member. Just as she is about to strike down on him, something SLICES into frame and CLANGS against Sofia's Scythe, knocking her back.

Sofia staggers back a step, looking up to her mystery attacker...

... and there's Braeden, Scythe in hand and a cold, determined look on his face.

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF ACT TWO**

**ACT THREE**

FADE IN:

16 EXT. GLASTONBURY TOR - NIGHT

16

Up close on Sofia's shocked face and the two weapons still entwined. Fights rage on in the background.

Sofia swings her Scythe around her body and untangles it from Braeden's, neatly spinning back round to face him.

SOFIA

Braeden...

Braeden shows a look of slight guilt, but still doesn't back down.

SOFIA (cont'd)

You're working for them now?

BRAEDEN

Kira's working for them. And I'm working for Kira.

SOFIA

I won't fight you.

BRAEDEN

(flatly)

I'll fight you.

Sofia raises her Scythe.

SOFIA

If that's what it takes.

The Scythes instantly CLASH, locking blades. Sofia and Braeden are locked in a tug of war, as both try and overpower the other.

SOFIA (cont'd)

Is it worth me asking why you're doing this?

BRAEDEN

You wouldn't understand.

SOFIA

Try me!

Sofia retracts her blade, rolls under a strike from Braeden and KICKS him square in the jaw. Braeden stumbles backwards and Sofia follows up.

SOFIA (cont'd)

Believe me, I want to know!

(CONTINUED)

BRAEDEN

And believe me, there's nothing you  
can say that'd make any difference!

Sofia pauses, momentarily dropping her guard - and Braeden  
takes advantage with a quick PUNCH, knocking her back.

BRAEDEN (cont'd)

Sorry, Sofia. But this is how it is  
now.

SOFIA

(recovering)

I'm sorry too...

Braeden blinks - and Sofia suddenly SLICES up with her  
Scythe, straight for Braeden's throat!

A DAGGER suddenly streaks into frame, CLANGING off her Scythe  
and deflecting it, giving Braeden space to jump back.

Sofia snaps round to see Darcie, the one who threw the blade.  
She seductively walks over to Braeden.

DARCIE

Aww, poor baby. Did she hurt you?

SOFIA

Get away from him! This is between  
us, Darcie.

DARCIE

(sly)

Considering I'm now, shall we say,  
'involved' with Braeden, I think  
there's nothing 'between' you two  
anymore.

SOFIA

(shocked)

What?

DARCIE

He's a demon in the sack, you know.  
But, then again, I suppose you know  
that already...

We view Braeden, who looks surprisingly uncomfortable.  
Sofia's eyes bug out.

DARCIE (cont'd)

I'm surprised you even got that far  
though. Why have fish-sticks when  
you can have caviar?

(CONTINUED)



Suddenly, Darcie is thrown to the ground from behind, and goes tumbling down a hill!

A surprised Braeden turns to see Frankie, rage blazing in her eyes as she chases straight after the rolling form of Darcie.

All other opponents are forgotten as Frankie closes on Darcie, who sees the inbound Frankie at last.

FRANKIE

Round two, bitch!

DARCIE

(smirks)

My pleasure.

And with that, Darcie FLIPS Frankie over her head and gets up to her feet. As Frankie tries to regain her balance, Darcie tries to sweep her off her feet.

Frankie flips backwards, narrowly avoiding Darcie's leg and takes out her rapier. She holds it up to Darcie's throat.

FRANKIE

*En garde.*

DARCIE

This is seeming awfully familiar...

FRANKIE

Per'aps. Only this time, it is you who shall fall.

DARCIE

Oh... I don't think so.

Suddenly, Darcie cartwheels backwards to reveal a BLADE at the bottom of her heel! Frankie just about gets out of the way, but the blade catches her shirt, ripping it.

FRANKIE

And that was Gucci!

Darcie viciously BACKHANDS Frankie, who blocks with the hilt of her blade, and in turn, she KICKS Darcie in the stomach.

Darcie pulls an ornamental knife from her side pocket and holds it up near her face.

DARCIE

You really think you can win with one hand tied behind you back?

FRANKIE

No. I know I can win.

(CONTINUED)

Frankie lunges, and on this we cut to:

Erika and Skye, squaring off. Erika keeps her staff up and is carefully circling Skye.

SKYE

Why did you do it?

ERIKA

I don't need to explain myself.

SKYE

Erika, you betrayed us!

(beat; sincere)

Betrayed me!

ERIKA

Some things can only be conveyed  
through battles. Prepare yourself.

Erika CHOPS with her staff at Skye, who steps left, out of the way. She grabs on to Erika's staff, pulls it towards her and causes Erika to lose balance.

Skye then takes out her sais and LUNGES at Erika, who spins to the right and KICKS one of the sais out of Skye's hands. It flies through the air and Erika SNATCHES it on mid-descent.

ERIKA (cont'd)

I want this to be a fair fight. I  
owe you that much.

SKYE

(scowls)

You don't owe me jack. If you're  
really stupid enough to go through  
with this...

Erika answers her with another attack, and Skye is forced to block again, twisting her sai to roll the staff away.

As the two girls deflect each others' blows, Skye begins to drive Erika backwards. On this we cut to:

Anna STAKES another vamp, but as she turns and looks for a fresh target, she comes face to face with Jaz.

ANNA

Oh, look who it isn't.

JAZ

Hello, Anna.

(CONTINUED)

ANNA

The hell are you doing out here,  
Jaz? Shouldn't you be at home,  
babysitting Kira's-

POW! Jaz suddenly snaps forward and PUNCHES Anna square in the jaw. Anna reels back, shocked to have been hit so hard - and then it hits her. Slayer strength. Jaz grins and raises her fists.

JAZ

Actually, I think you'll find I'm  
exactly where I'm supposed to be.

Anna rubs her jaw - but then her expression darkens, and she launches herself at Jaz with a YELL, the two Slayers getting down to business as we cut back to:

Roland vs. Ellen. Roland's massive size makes Ellen look like a child fighting him, but she seems to be getting hits in.

Her empty shotgun lies discarded on the floor, but Ellen's brandishing a sword like she was born to use it - although Roland seems to be blocking it with just his arms!

ROLAND

You cannot hope to defeat me,  
inhuman!

ELLEN

(incensed)  
Stop calling me that!

Roland laughs as her attacks get angrier - and sloppier.

ROLAND

I call something by how I see it,  
and when I look at you I see  
nothing but a hybrid creature.  
Neither human nor-

ELLEN

Shut up!!

She punches with her left and then her right, finishing off with a roundhouse kick. This doesn't seem to phase Roland though, who simply GRABS Ellen by the throat and raises her.

ROLAND

I presume you will die just as  
easily as any other creature,  
however...

Roland VAMPS OUT, baring his fangs as he HISSES at her, and Ellen struggles to get free of his iron grip...

(CONTINUED)

Suddenly, he drops her and stumbles forwards a little. We pull back to reveal Aiden, mace in hand!

AIDEN

Funny, I was always brought up not to pick on girls!

Roland whips round, SNARLING with bestial fury at Aiden, who pales as he realises he may be out of his league here!

Ellen COUGHS, gasping for breath as she tries to get back to her feet and help Aiden out.

As Roland advances on Aiden he stumbles back a little, clearly intimidated by Roland. He looks behind him, but all he can see are Slayers and vampires fighting down below.

AIDEN (cont'd)

Uh, you know, I'm really not all that much of a-

He's GRABBED and hoisted up by the throat by an angry Roland, kicking his legs in hope of escape.

ROLAND

You insignificant insect!

Aiden keeps kicking, struggling for breath, as we cut to:

Greg, over by the cult's complex-looking machine. He manages to lever off a side panel to expose the machine's inner workings, ready to slot an explosive inside, but he pauses.

The machine is HOLLOW. There's nothing inside it but padding - scrap metal and thick knots of unconnected cable.

GREG

(frowns)

What on earth...

Suddenly, he notices Aiden in peril, as Roland reaches round and scoops up Ellen's discarded sword.

GREG (cont'd)

Oh, God... Aiden!

Greg abandons the machine and rushes towards Roland - but it's too late:

Roland rears back with the sword and drives it straight into Aiden's gut!

GREG (cont'd)

No!!

(CONTINUED)

SLOW MOTION:

Greg is running as fast as he can, but he's helpless to watch as Aiden GASPS, blood bubbling round his lips as Roland TWISTS the sword in his belly.

Roland releases him, and Aiden's limp body falls to the floor as Roland stalks away, already moving on to his next target.

RESUME:

Greg rushes up to Aiden's limp body. It begins to rain as he frantically checks Aiden's pulse, but he finds nothing.

GREG (cont'd)  
(panicked)  
No... no... no...

Ellen staggers over, her heart sinking as she sees Aiden's pale body in Greg's arms, blood soaking through his shirt.

ELLEN  
No... Aiden...

Greg pulls out his transceiver and speaks into it.

GREG  
Barbara, this is Greg. We have to retreat! We're dropping like flies, and Aiden... Aiden's hurt! We need help!

On Greg, nearly in tears, we cut to:

Barbara is sat at the table, receiver up to her ear, Stanley and Fitzgerald are looking at some kind of computer monitor, and an obviously concerned Barbara gets their attention.

BARBARA  
Greg wants to pull our girls back, he says they're taking too many losses.

STANLEY  
Deny it.

BARBARA  
'Deny it'? Maybe you didn't hear me! My girls are getting wiped out!

STANLEY  
If it means stopping Roland from reaching Avalon, then I'm prepared to make sacrifices.

(CONTINUED)

Barbara stares at him with a look of shock and horror.

FITZGERALD

Stanley, we can't just-

STANLEY

If we pull back now, then what's to stop Roland from taking and using all the power Avalon can provide him? We can't allow that to happen, even if it costs us the lives of some of our Slayers!

There's a long beat of stunned silence from Barbara. Greg's voice can be heard through her receiver, still frantically crying out for help.

STANLEY (cont'd)

Tell him.

BARBARA

I... can't.

Stanley snatches the receiver out of Barbara's hand and puts it up to his ear.

STANLEY

You are to continue with the mission, Mr. Pierce.

GREG

(filtered; through  
receiver)

What?!?

STANLEY

Do you have any comprehension of what could happen if Roland drains Avalon of its power unopposed?

GREG

(furious)

I will not let any more blood be spilled!

STANLEY

You have your orders.

Stanley lowers the receiver and clicks it off, and we cut to:

Greg drops the receiver to the floor with a beyond shocked expression. He looks up and all around, still cradling Aiden in his arms as the heavy rain continues to pour down.

(CONTINUED)

Ellen has gotten into another fight, and everywhere Greg looks all he can see are Slayers being attacked by vampires - another SCREAMS as two of the cultists BITE into her!

It's not all bad news - Frankie and Darcie are still in the middle of their grudge match, with Frankie keeping Darcie honest as she CHOPS and STABS with her rapier.

Unseen by Greg, however, another vampire is creeping up behind him, axe in hand...

From out of nowhere, an ARROW flies through the air and SPEARS straight into the vampire's chest. It DUSTS as Greg whips round, startled by the sound.

We cut away to see Tsula, lowering her bow and allowing herself a victorious grin. She reaches over her shoulder for another arrow - but she's all out!

DELANEY (O.S.)

Well, well... what's this?

Delaney steps into frame, clutching a sword.

DELANEY (cont'd)

A little lamb seems to have strayed from the flock.

TSULA

Oh, I remember you. I remember when I last saw you, you were almost blown to pieces.

DELANEY

(beat; shrugs)

What can I say, I have nine lives.

ALITA (O.S.)

Mind if I cut in?

Alita steps into frame, glancing at Tsula.

ALITA (cont'd)

I have a certain grudge which I must attend to.

TSULA

Be my guest.

Tsula smiles and grabs her bow. She turns around and jumps straight back into the fray.

DELANEY

Ah, Alita. Seems you have a new little companion.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DELANEY (cont'd)  
Never thought you'd find someone as  
pointless and boring as Tyson, but  
you proved me wrong!

ALITA  
Enough talk.  
(beat)  
Time for you to die.

Delaney reacts to the coldness in Alita's expression, but as Alita strikes a combat pose Delaney settles back into her fighting mode.

They circle one another warily, but it's Alita who makes the first move, SURGING forward and raining down a flurry of kicks and chops onto Delaney.

She blocks them all, landing a solid PUNCH to Alita's gut, but Alita twists her body round the blow and SMACKS her forearm across the back of Delaney's neck!

Delaney stumbles forward, but as Alita tries to press her advantage, Delaney drives her ELBOW back into Alita's ribs, winding her.

Delaney turns, dropping a HEADBUTT on the Slayer and following it with a hard SHOVE that sends Alita SPLASHING back into the muddy field.

Alita CRIES OUT as she lands - she's fallen awkwardly and twisted her shoulder badly.

Delaney flexes her fists with a smug grin, looking down on the still recovering Alita.

DELANEY  
Now would ya look at that.  
(shakes head)  
Depressing, ain't it?

Delaney's smirk twists into a sneer as she draws a KNIFE from her jacket and twirls it round her fingers.

DELANEY (cont'd)  
You ready to finish this, half  
pint? 'Cause I'm just getting-

SMASH! Something heavy crashes into Delaney's head, and she SLAMS face-first into the ground, stunned.

A surprised Alita looks up - and sees Tsula, the crumbling remains of a STONE in her hands. She grins as she tosses it away, looking down on Delaney.

TSULA  
You just got your ass kicked by  
Garden Variety!



On Tsula's pleased smile, we cut to:

Sofia and Braeden, still battling viciously. They're both covered in wounds and mud, and are drenched from the rain.

They're are at opposite ends of the square and eyeing each other up, waiting for the kill.

Suddenly, they both rush at each other, Scythes drawn. As they impact, SPARKS fly and they're both pushed backwards.

Sofia regains her balance and lifts her Scythe again, but her eyes are drawn to Braeden's Scythe as something starts to happen to it:

It begins to GLOW - the same kind of light that used to come from Sofia's!

SOFIA

What's...

(penny drops)

Oh, oh no... please, no...

Her eyes bulge as she looks from the Scythe to Braeden and back. He follows her gaze and sees what she's realised.

BRAEDEN

Ah...

SOFIA

(disbelief)

It was you! You stole the power!

Braeden offers an apologetic shrug, sweeping the Scythe round and leaving trails of wispy light in the dark night.

BRAEDEN

Guilty.

SOFIA

I can't believe this! You planned this whole thing, didn't you?

Braeden does actually looks quite guilty. Sofia raises her voice, nearly screaming at Braeden at this point.

SOFIA (cont'd)

You never loved me! You played me, manipulated me into loving you!  
You... you... bastard!

Sofia drops her scythe and just runs at Braeden, her rage taking her over as she SCREAMS!

(CONTINUED)

Braeden easily GRABS her arm and pulls her close, as if they were in some kind of twisted embrace. She fights to get away, but he keeps her held tight, until he whispers:

BRAEDEN

Join me.

SOFIA

(freezes)

What?

BRAEDEN

Come over to our side.

SOFIA

You're insane!

BRAEDEN

It's not so bad. We could be together again.

(beat)

We're not the bad guys.

SOFIA

I will never do anything for you!

BRAEDEN

(beat; sighs)

Then run.

Braeden then simply releases her, turns and runs, and Sofia is left in too much confusion to gather her wits and get after him.

He slips through a gap in the crowd of warring Slayers and vampires, and is gone in an instant.

Sofia looks up at last, and all around her, Slayers being brutally killed by the cult members.

An Asian girl gets STABBED in the stomach with an axe and falls to the floor.

A redhead Slayer is getting her blood drained by a vampire, struggling to shove him off her.

Sofia finally comes to her senses and yells:

SOFIA

Run!!

Several Slayers turn to look at her, and as she recovers her Scythe she holds it into the air, trying to signal to her comrades.

(CONTINUED)

SOFIA (cont'd)  
Come on! We have to go, all of you!

Slayers begin retreating, many of them carrying wounded or dead bodies of others.

Sofia runs past Alita, grabbing her hand.

SOFIA (cont'd)  
Allie, we have to go!

ALITA  
But-

SOFIA  
It's over. We've lost.

Alita doesn't know how to respond, but as Sofia keeps moving she turns and runs with the rest of the fleeing Slayers.

Skye however, has different plans. She notices Roland, standing on top of the hill but sweeping round, preparing to leave.

SKYE  
(narrows eyes)  
Oh, no you don't...

She races up the hill and lunges straight towards Roland with her sai daggers and a feral cry.

Roland turns, sees her coming and smirks - and draws some kind of STAFF from his robes, RAMMING it into Skye's gut!

Skye is suddenly enveloped in a wave of ELECTRICITY, and she writhes as the currents ripple over her.

Roland pulls the weapon back and Skye CRASHES to the ground, smoke rising from her stunned form.

With the rain still coming down, the gaggle of retreating Slayers pause to glance behind them - but the cult isn't chasing after them.

In fact, they're leaving too!

Sofia reaches Anna and Frankie, both sporting war wounds. Fran is being supported by Tsula, a SPEAR HEAD sticking out of her side.

SOFIA  
Come on, we can't...  
(stops; looks round)  
Oh, God - where's Skye?

Sofia turns to the battlefield as Frankie scans the survivors.

FRANKIE

I 'ave not seen 'er.

TSULA

Hey, look! The cult members...  
they're all gone!

And we view the battlefield. The cult members are nowhere to be found. All we can see is the muddy, ravaged battlefield, Glastonbury Tor and the bodies of the fallen Slayers.

Sofia's face shows her absolute bewilderment, and as the survivors gather behind her, just as dumbfounded, we:

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF ACT THREE**

**ACT FOUR**

FADE IN:

19 EXT. CAMPUS - FRONT GATES - NIGHT 19

We view the front of a very panicked Academy. Littering the front gates are various private ambulances, hoisting in injured Slayers on gurneys.

20 INT. CAMPUS - RECEPTION - NEXT 20

We're back in action as a male medic, followed closely by a bruised Debbie is rushing alongside a severely injured Slayer on a stretcher.

DEBBIE

We need to get her to the infirmary. Aiden hasn't shown up yet, and I need all the help I can get!

MEDIC

I'll take care of her, don't worry.

DEBBIE

Thanks, but I need more than that! With all these injuries there won't be anywhere near enough resources!

MEDIC

I'll contact the Council. Maybe they can get some of the wounded airlifted to nearby hospitals, try to ease the workload round here.

DEBBIE

(relieved)

Thanks. I appreciate it.

And with that, the medic nods and is on his way. Debbie continues to tend to the wounded, noticing a dazed Sofia leaning against one of the walls.

Sofia has her eyes closed, looking like she's tuned out to the mayhem around her, but as someone else calls for help Debbie has to tear her gaze away and move on.

However, she's only made it a few steps when she freezes in her tracks, her jaw dropping in horror.

There's Aiden - laid out on a stretcher, with a dumbstruck Greg still holding his hand. Aiden's chest wound and pale, still body tells the whole story.

Greg's red eyes are wet with tears as he looks up and sees Debbie, and as she gasps in horror we cut to:

21

INT. CAMPUS - BARBARA'S OFFICE - NIGHT

21

Barbara, Fitzgerald and Stanley are all standing in Barbara's office. There's a heady mix of tension, depression and anger in the air.

FITZGERALD

This attack was... a disaster.

BARBARA

You're telling me! Eleven girls dead, God knows how many wounded - we've crippled ourselves, and for what?

(eyes Stanley)

All because of you!

STANLEY

We had to do it! At least this way, we've created some kind of threat. Roland will think twice before attempting another scheme like this.

BARBARA

Oh, that is such bollocks!

STANLEY

(haughtily)

You seem to be forgetting that you're in the presence of higher ranking Council members.

BARBARA

Didn't you hear what happened out there? We attacked, Roland's cult was an easy match for us, and when my girls had to pull back, they left! This was never about Avalon at all - it was about showing us that we can't stop him!

STANLEY

(stern)

Miss Griffin, should I have you removed from this room?

Barbara starts to snap back, but Fitzgerald gets in front of her, shaking her head and trying to gently nudge Barbara back.

FITZGERALD

Come on, Barbara. This isn't the time or the place.

(CONTINUED)

Barbara takes a deep breath, doing her best to calm down. When she speaks again it's more calmly, but still just as critically.

BARBARA

If you're really members of the Council, you'd never sacrifice Slayers. For anything.

STANLEY

The Slayers were doing their duty! We identify threats and they deal with them! That's how it's always been!

BARBARA

Oh, so now there's more of them you're suddenly willing to toss them into suicide missions like toy soldiers? This is inexcusable!

FITZGERALD

Hey! Nobody thinks like that, Barbara. We just...

(uncertain)

It was agreed that this was the best way to-

BARBARA

(interrupts)

Never mind.

Barbara turns and stomps away from the two Watchers, pausing in the doorway.

BARBARA (cont'd)

I'm going to go and check on my Slayers.

Barbara exits, leaving an indignant Stanley and a dejected Fitzgerald behind as we cut to:

Once outside the office, Barbara manages a handful of steps before she lets out an involuntary SOB, her hand reaching to the wall for support.

She takes a moment to fight back her emotions, wiping her eyes and trying to restore her appearance before walking on, as we cut to:

All the main girls, less Sofia, are resting, sitting with their backs to the wall as Council medics rush past them.

They all look seriously burned out, glad not to be in as bad shape as some of the Slayers around them.

ANNA

Wow. That was really something, huh?

FRAN

Totally.

There's a pause, and a frantic Sofia steps into frame.

SOFIA

Where's Skye? Has anyone seen her since we came back?

TSULA

She'll turn up somewhere. She can't be killed, right?

FRANKIE

Not exactly 'ow it works.

SOFIA

So nobody's seen her?

FRANKIE

Non, Sofia. Sorry. I 'ave not seen a lot of people, including Greg and Aiden. Let us know if you find them.

Sofia hurries away, clearly worried about her missing friend.

ANNA

So... who did you guys go up against?

ALITA

Me and Tsula fought with Delaney for the hundredth time.

TSULA

That was my first knockout, too.

FRANKIE

I beat up that *chienne* Darcie, but she got away before I could finish the job.

ANNA

I fought Jaz.

This gets a row of shocked looks from the others.

FRAN

What?!?

(CONTINUED)



FRANKIE

Jaz, as in... as in Jaz? Our Jaz?

ANNA

The same.

(beat)

She's a Slayer now.

ALITA

But... but how could...

ANNA

Three guesses. And the first two don't count, because you should get it in one.

ALITA

(nods)

Kira.

ANNA

Looks like everybody got something out of switching sides, huh?

Frankie looks up as Sofia reappears.

FRANKIE

Sofia?

SOFIA

Hmm?

FRANKIE

Who did you find yourself fighting tonight?

Sofia hesitates, not wanting to give information away.

SOFIA

No-one in particular.

Frankie throws a confused look, since she saw Sofia and Braeden locking Scythes earlier, but decides not to push it as Sofia leaves again, and we cut to:

All the rogue slayers, still slightly bashed up from the night's work are sitting around the stands as before, whilst Kira takes the podium.

DELANEY

I'm not lying! When I turned around he really had gone without a trace. And that machine of his.

KIRA  
What 'machine'?

DELANEY  
I dunno, said he needed it to get  
power out of the Tor, or something  
like that.

KIRA  
But that doesn't make any sense, he  
told me he'd already done that  
before we even got there, so...

Kira tries to work things out for a beat, before angrily  
SLAMMING her fist down on the podium.

KIRA (cont'd)  
I knew he couldn't be trusted!

DARCIE  
He just used us as muscle to get  
what he wanted? That's  
disgraceful... and one of my ideas!

DANA  
He took her! He took the key!

DARCIE  
Can somebody please gag her?

Kira stops for a moment, frowning.

KIRA  
Wait. She knows something.

Kira's expression turns into a cheeky smile.

KIRA (cont'd)  
Seems like he's got the hybrid.

BRAEDEN  
You mean Skye?

KIRA  
Bingo. He's planning something.  
We're no longer of any use. He'll  
turn on us in a second. Unless...

The team are left hanging, but Kira suddenly shakes her head,  
dropping the subject.

KIRA (cont'd)  
Well, children, it's been a tiring  
day. We all need our beauty sleep.  
Apart from me, of course.  
Goodnight.

Kira turns and walks away, leaving the surprised room behind. Hamish and Bryce exchange a glance, then shrug and follow her out. The rogues sit for a beat, then start to get up as well.

DELANEY

Guess class is dismissed.

Delaney looks over to see Rachel trying to comfort the agitated Dana. Darcie steps over to her.

DARCIE

I don't know why she bothers. It's not like she can-

DELANEY

(snaps)

Yeah, heard you say that earlier.

(beat)

D'you mind?

Darcie looks suitably offended, turning and grabbing Braeden as she exits.

Delaney hesitates - then heads over to join Rachel and Dana, to a grateful smile from Rachel as we cut to:

All the girls are asleep, tucked away in their beds. All apart from Alita, however. She's sitting on her bed, ceiling light on, and for some reason, a phone on her lap.

ALITA

Okay... here goes.

She takes a deep breath, picks up the receiver and dials a number. The phone starts ringing.

ALITA (cont'd)

(subtitled Japanese)

Father?

INTERCUT WITH:

We cut to TAKESHIRO, Alita's father, who is talking into the other side of the phone.

TAKESHIRO

(subtitled Japanese)

Alita?

ALITA

It's me. Father, I need to tell you something.

(beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ALITA (cont'd)  
Tyson... Tyson passed away a few  
nights ago.

TAKESHIRO  
I'm sorry to hear that. I knew how  
much he meant to you.

ALITA  
But he really taught me something.  
For the past sixteen years I've  
been living by rules. And since  
I've come here... I've lived  
independently. Honestly, I wasn't  
happy with either.

TAKESHIRO  
Alita, I don't understand-

ALITA  
Please... let me finish. I need to  
get this out. I need to find a  
balance. My life isn't for anyone  
else, it's my own. But then again,  
it was selfish of me to live it  
just for myself.  
(beat)  
I need to stand on my own two feet,  
father.

TAKESHIRO  
Your own... Alita, what's gotten  
into you? You sound like... what's  
happened?

ALITA  
Nothing's happened, father. I've  
just... I think I've opened my eyes  
at last.

Takeshiro is silent for a long beat. Disapproval is etched  
into his features.

ALITA (cont'd)  
Father? Are you-

TAKESHIRO  
(over her)  
I hope you realise what is at stake  
here, Alita. And I very much hope  
you haven't forgotten about your  
destiny.

Alita bows her head, his comment hitting home.

ALITA  
I... I haven't.

TAKESHIRO

Then that is all I have to say for  
now. Goodbye.

He hangs up, and as Alita slowly lowers the phone, knowing  
that should have gone a lot better, we cut to:

INT. CAMPUS - GREG'S OFFICE - NEXT

Greg walks into his office, stained in blood and an  
expressionless face.

He sits down at his desk. There's a painfully long pause as  
Greg just stares into nothingness.

Greg begins to tear up. He puts his head in his arms. He  
smacks the desk and his tears blow into a full on cry.

He SWEEPS his arms across the desk with a YELL, dislodging  
his files, computer and everything else to the floor with a  
series of CRASHES.

His rage takes over as he leaps to his feet and attacks his  
bookcase, grabbing anything he can and hurling it back across  
the room.

Greg ROARS in unrestrained fury as he sends a flurry of books  
through the air, before his energy finally gives out and he  
slumps to the floor, SOBBING freely.

He remains half-crouched, his head in his hands as he weeps  
bitterly, until a SHADOW falls across him from the doorway.

AIDEN (O.S.)

Greg?

Greg turns around in shock - to see Aiden standing in the  
doorway! His shirt is bloody where Roland stabbed him, but he  
looks absolutely fine. Not one scratch on him.

AIDEN (cont'd)

Did I just die?

And on this, we cut to:

INT. UNDERGROUND CAVE - NIGHT

Close in on Skye, still unconscious and looking battered from  
the fight around the Tor.

As we pull back, we notice that she's chained to a machine by  
metal restraints. Many cult members are drawing strange  
symbols, reminiscent to pentagrams on her stomach in thick  
black ink.

Roland steps into frame, passing a hand over her eyes.

(CONTINUED)

ROLAND

Awaken.

And Skye's eyes flutter open. She looks around, slightly panicked, and notices Roland. She tries to get up but finds she's chained down.

SKYE

What... what are you doing to me?

ROLAND

You'll see soon enough. You're an important part of the solution.

Skye tries to wiggle her way out, but it's no use. She twists her body to disrupt the cultists drawing in her.

SKYE

Hey! Get these goons off me!

Roland nods, and the cult members cease drawing on Skye and leave the room.

SKYE (cont'd)

Alright, so you got my attention. Now tell me something. Why am I so special? Why do you need me, of all people?

ROLAND

Your unique gift. Well, it's more of a curse, isn't it?

SKYE

My friends will come for me.

ROLAND

They will be too late.

He walks over to a flip-switch on the wall.

ROLAND (cont'd)

It's time to fulfil your destiny, Skye. And the best of luck to you.

Roland flips the switch, and waves of BLUE ENERGY, the same that zapped the vampires at the Tor, envelops Skye, and she SCREAMS in pain!

On this horrific scene, we:

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF SHOW**