

SLAYER ACADEMY

"Best Served Cold"

by
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TEASER

FADE IN:

1

INT. CAMPUS - BRIEFING ROOM - NIGHT

1

A heavy STORM lashes the windows with rain, LIGHTNING flashes punching through the rolling thunder.

PULL BACK to take in the briefing room, lights on as GREG stands by the video screen at the head of the class.

GREG

... and so far, this is all we've
managed to find out.

He brings up a set of FLOOR PLANS as we continue to PULL BACK, taking in the four girls sitting behind desks.

SKYE, ALITA, ERIKA and ANNA are all in attendance, Anna's attention flicking towards the storm as Greg continues.

GREG (cont'd)

As you can see...

(points)

... we've got several entry points
here, here and here. This means
there are a number of way in which
the Cabal can move their resources
in and out.

SKYE

They'll probably have boats as well
as their usual trucks and stuff,
then.

There's a RIVER running behind the property outlined on the floor plans, which Greg zooms in on.

GREG

You're not wrong - which is why
we'll be going in that way.

ANNA

Yeah... I seem to recall our last
attempt to get anywhere by water
hitting plenty of problems.

GREG

The trip to Alaska? Trust me.
Definitely no white water rafting
or invisible water demons involved.
(beat)
I think.

He grins, bringing up a new slide full of photos.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GREG (cont'd)

Okay. These are the Cabal personnel that our recon has seen moving in and out of the base. None of the key players, but we've managed to identify this character.

He brings up a larger image - it's DR. SVETSON.

GREG (cont'd)

Say hello to Doctor Johan Svetson. Demonologist turned Cabal scientist.

SKYE

He must have been a real gas at house parties.

GREG

His presence suggests the Cabal are running another of their science-based operations here, which means -

ALITA

Which means we cannot allow it to continue.

GREG

That's right. Gold star for Alita.

SKYE

Brown noser.

Greg switches off the video screen and starts passing out manilla folders with the mission specs to the girls.

GREG

We'll be leaving at twenty-one hundred, and we're gaining access by dinghy to the riverside entrance.

ERIKA

Are we to engage the enemy?

GREG

(shakes head)

Recon only. We don't know what they're up to in there, so our first job is to find that out.

ALITA

What if we are discovered?

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED: (2)

GREG

Then we estimate the odds, and
either run like hell or fight like
buggery.

ANNA

So our standard plan, then.

ERIKA

I was not aware of any other kind.

SKYE

Stay on this team long enough,
you'll learn we can't even manage
that plan properly half the time.

Greg chuckles, but another, terrifically loud CRACK of
thunder makes him look outside.

GREG

(mutters)

Now we just need this bloody storm
to roll over...

As he keeps his eyes on the dark, churning clouds filling the
sky outside, we MATCH CUT TO:

2 INT. CAMPUS - LIBRARY - FRANKIE'S OFFICE - NEXT 2

PULL BACK to find ourselves inside FRANKIE's office, the girl
herself going through some paperwork.

There's another RUMBLE of thunder and the lights in her room
FLICKER, eliciting an annoyed SIGH from Frankie.

She stops writing, looking at the pile of work and then at
her watch, weighing up her options.

FRANKIE

C'est tout.

She puts the lid back on her pen and SHOVES the filing out of
the way. She's done for the night.

3 EXT. CAMPUS - LIBRARY - NEXT 3

We watch through the windows from just outside as Frankie
leaves her office and travels downstairs.

Soon she's in the main body of the library, switching the
main lights off and basically putting the library to bed.

The last few Slayers hanging around are shooed away before
she trots back up the stairs to her office.

(CONTINUED)

As Frankie re-enters her office, PULL BACK to find a FIGURE watching Frankie from the shadows!

RAIN rolls off them despite being sheltered underneath branches overhanging the Academy's security fencing.

Frankie returns to her desk and switches on her computer, rattling away at the keyboard.

PAN ROUND to see her mystery observer, dressed in dark clothes wrapped tightly against the cold.

Deathly pale skin with flecks of icy blue veins, shoulder-length auburn hair and dark-rimmed, burning eyes.

It's DARCIE!

BLACK OUT:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

4

INT. CAMPUS - RECEPTION - NIGHT

4

Skye's team are checking their bags and gear, ready to ship out.

SKYE

Oh, yeah, any of you guys seen Ellen yet?

ANNA

Didn't know she was back.

SKYE

Yeah, apparently she got in a few days ago, but she's still staying at a hotel while she moves her things over.

ERIKA

Is she here to stay now?

SKYE

(shrugs)

No idea. Maybe. I guess it depends how nice we are to her.

ALITA

I heard she was suffering some kind of illness. Does this mean she has recovered?

Skye's stuck for an answer, but she's saved by the bell - Anna's PHONE starts to ring, and she steps away to answer it.

ANNA

(into phone)

Hello?

VOICE

(filtered)

Status report.

Anna's eyes widen, and she glances over her shoulder to make sure nobody's listening.

She scurries away, hiding round the corner that leads to the staircase up to the assembly hall balcony.

ANNA

(quieter)

You guys sure know how to mess me about with your timing!

(CONTINUED)

VOICE

Your personal schedule is of no concern to us. We just need to know the details of your next mission.

Anna sighs, closing her eyes.

ANNA

Alright. Here's what I -

She freezes - JUANITA pushes open the doors leading to the cloakrooms, strolling by as she notices Anna.

JUANITA

Hey.

ANNA

(quickly)

Hi! Hey. Uh... sorry. Hi.

Juanita quirks an eyebrow, but to Anna's immense relief keeps moving.

Anna returns to her call - but doesn't see Juanita cast a suspicious glance back her way.

INT. CAMPUS - LIBRARY - FRANKIE'S OFFICE - NEXT

Frankie is still at her PC, but is now fiddling with a WEBCAM, trying to get it balanced on top of her monitor.

It slips and falls to the floor, and she reaches for it with her injured arm without thinking.

FRANKIE

Stupide plastique tranche de crap!

She almost throws it away in anger before taking a beat to calm herself back down.

A few more rounds of adjustment get the webcam perched on top of her monitor, and Frankie grins at a job well done.

She runs through a few programs, bringing up some kind of messenger service and opening a connection.

She taps her fingers as the 'Establishing Connection...' screen flashes on her monitor.

A BLACK SCREEN follows, and Frankie sits up in her seat. She glances at the webcam - the green light is on. It's working.

Shapes BLUR past on the black screen, until we start to make out furniture and an open window - we're looking into someone else's room!

(CONTINUED)

Frankie twists her lip nervously as a pair of HANDS come into view, adjusting the camera at the other end of the call.

VOICE
(filtered)
Hello? Can you hear me?

Frankie smiles, letting out a coquettish SIGH.

FRANKIE
I am 'ere.

The camera stabilises at last - and the smiling face of DUNSTALL comes into view at last!

DUNSTALL
Hey, baby.

FRANKIE
Bonsoir.

DUNSTALL
Evening already? What time is it over there?

FRANKIE
Almost nine o'clock.

DUNSTALL
Damn. I don't think I'll ever get my head round time difference.

Frankie leans forward, resting her chin on her hands as she stares adoringly at Dunstall.

FRANKIE
'Ave you missed me?

DUNSTALL
It's been two days, Frankie. What do you think?
(beat; smiles)
Of course I missed you.

She beams, KISSING her two fingers and pressing them to his on-screen lips.

FRANKIE
'Ow is your treatment going?

DUNSTALL
See for yourself.

He picks up the camera, the screen blurring as he moves it round. He pans round the room he's in - it's some kind of hospital suite, private and obviously expensive.

(CONTINUED)

DUNSTALL (cont'd)
I'll say this for your Council
people over here - they know how to
take care of their own.

He returns the camera to its rightful place, YAWNING.

DUNSTALL (cont'd)
Sorry. Haven't been up long here.
Still taking an armful of pills
every day to help with the
treatment, you know?

FRANKIE
Crossbow bolts will do that to a
man.

DUNSTALL
Yeah, that and all the drugs and
steroids the Initiative pumped me
full of during basic training. The
docs here say it'll be another few
months before it's all out of my
system.

FRANKIE
And what about after that? Are you
still coming back to the Academy?

DUNSTALL
You bet! Think I'm gonna stay away
from my girl a day longer than I
have to?

He knows how to sweet talk her, all right. Frankie smiles
appreciatively, and we PULL BACK from them to CUT TO:

There's a KNOCK at the door - the room is empty, no sign of
Aiden.

ELLEN (O.S.)
(through door)
Aiden? Hey, it's Ellen. Just
thought I'd swing by and say hi.

She waits a beat, then opens the door - ELLEN peeks round and
checks the interior.

ELLEN (cont'd)
Huh.

She's about to leave when Aiden's PHONE starts to ring - he
has his own landline, set on a table by his bed.

Ellen hesitates, then takes a step forward to answer it when the ANSWERPHONE kicks in.

AIDEN
(filtered)
Hey, you've reached Aiden. Leave a message.

After the BEEP, a woman's voice begins to speak:

WOMAN'S VOICE
(filtered)
Oh, er... I was hoping you'd be home.
(sighs)
Okay, well... call me when you get this. I just wanted to make sure you were still coming over.

Ellen frowns - why would a woman be calling Aiden?

WOMAN'S VOICE (cont'd)
So don't forget, it's number eighteen, Gervaise Drive. Oh, and that thing you asked about? Part reptok demon. Apparently.
(chuckles)
I'm not all that sure. Had to wake my dad up to ask him! Anyway. See you in a few hours. I hope.

She hangs up, and Ellen hangs around, processing what she just heard. She turns and heads for the door as we CUT TO:

INT. CAMPUS - LIBRARY - FRANKIE'S OFFICE - NEXT

Back with the video call. Frankie is ticking things off on her fingers as she speaks:

FRANKIE
... but since that Reiko girl came back, she won't tell any of us anything about this Sennybridge place. Says it was 'too weird' for 'er to talk about.

DUNSTALL
Well, she took her Cruciamentum two years early. That's enough to spook anyone out, Slayer or not.

FRANKIE
The rest of us need to know what is out there, though! 'Ow are else are we expected to -

(CONTINUED)

CLUNK. The lights and power suddenly go dead, plunging the office into darkness.

FRANKIE (cont'd)
Sebastian?

She HITS her computer, but it's no good - the power's gone.

FRANKIE (cont'd)
(mutters)
Je ne réclamer très pas...

She gets up and starts rooting round inside her desk drawers, BUMPING into something and cursing.

She manages to locate a FLASHLIGHT, flicking it on and scanning the office.

With an irritated SIGH, she heads for the door, steering round stray piles of books, files and cabinets.

Quick shot of the thick POWER CABLES running down the wall outside the library - and they've been CUT THROUGH!

Meanwhile, out with Skye's team, the girls and Greg are heading downriver in a small motorised dinghy, the team dressed in black to blend into the darkness.

Up ahead is a large BUILDING, busy with activity as vehicles pull in and out of the premises. Lights are on all over the building, and SPOTLIGHTS keep the front half illuminated.

Greg steers the dinghy closer to the edge of the river - it's more of a canal scything through the middle of an industrial estate.

By keeping the high canal walls between themselves and the Cabal facility, the girls are able to get pretty close before Greg turns the engine off.

He breaks out a set of OARS, handing them to Skye and Alita as the others start unloading their weapons.

We're at the edge of the facility's grounds, overlooking the river as a pair of BOOTS walk past - a guard on patrol.

He moves out of frame, and a moment later Skye cautiously lifts her head up to take a look around.

There's a small SHACK nearby, and Skye clambers up and scurries over to it, waving for the rest to follow.

She's soon joined by the others, the team safely out of view of any patrolling guards. Greg looks out with a pair of binoculars.

GREG

(quiet)

I'm counting eleven... no, twelve guards between us and the first way inside.

ALITA

But if we try to fight our way past them, we will soon face many more.

SKYE

More of these places should have a back door for occasions like this.

ERIKA

That would surely take all the fun out of our jobs!

Greg's sharp look reminds the girls of the need to stay quiet. He scans the grounds again.

GREG'S P.O.V:

Through his binoculars, he zooms in on something being unloaded from the back of a large van.

Large GLASS TUBES, about eight feet high, are being wheeled into the building.

ON SCENE:

ANNA

What's out there?

GREG

Looks like some kind of science park...

SKYE

Maybe they're branching out?

Greg lowers the binoculars, mulling the team's next move. Skye taps him on the arm.

SKYE (cont'd)

I saw little trip sensors on the fences by the gates as we came in. Want me to rustle up a diversion?

(CONTINUED)

GREG

Be my guest.

Skye ducks down and heads off, the others watching.

ON SKYE as she darts from cover to cover, using the piles of packing crates, parked vehicles and stocky junction boxes to keep her hidden.

She's soon closer to the ELECTRIFIED FENCE running the perimeter of the facility, all the way up to the riverside. Flashing RED LIGHTS indicate the alarms are active.

She scoops up a nearby PEBBLE and takes aim, a snap of her wrist sending the stone hurtling towards the fence.

It hits one of the lights and SMASHES it, triggering a shrill ALARM that has several guards hurrying over.

Skye takes advantage of the distraction to scurry back over to the others, who watch as the guards between them and the facility move away to investigate the alarm.

GREG (cont'd)

(impressed)

Nice throw.

SKYE

You think? I was aiming for the fence, not the lights.

ALITA

Let's go, before they come back.

Alita leads the team as they hustle towards the facility, keeping their heads down as they pass through perilously open space.

They're soon pressed flat against the side of the building, with only a locked door between them and the way inside.

GREG

Allow me.

He clamps a small BOX onto the electronic keypad by the door, swiping a blank KEYCARD down the slot and watching as red numbers whirr across the box's LED screen.

ALITA

What is that?

GREG

A homecoming present from Ellen.

11 CONTINUED:

11

There's a soft BEEP as the numbers flash, and with a CLICK the door unlocks.

GREG (cont'd)
Which now makes me feel a little
guilty for not getting her
anything...

He opens the door to let the girls slip inside, and follows them in as he closes the door behind them. It locks again with a CLICK as we CUT TO:

12 INT. CAMPUS - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

12

Frankie is walking down one of the classroom corridors when she meets Ellen coming the other way.

ELLEN
Frankie?

FRANKIE
Ah, Ellen! I 'eard you were back.

ELLEN
Yeah, yeah, you can call off the
dogs. I'm back now. Looks like the
storm tripped the power, huh?

FRANKIE
Oui. I am just going to find the
fusebox.

ELLEN
Need any help?

FRANKIE
Non, I can manage. But *merci* all
the same.

Frankie heads past her, but Ellen calls out:

ELLEN
Uh, Frankie? Have you seen Aiden?

FRANKIE
Not since he left to 'ead into
town.

ELLEN
He didn't say where he was going,
did he? I haven't said hello to him
yet, so I wanted to catch him up.

(CONTINUED)

FRANKIE

(thinks)

'E said 'e was going to visit a friend somewhere. 'E didn't say where.

ELLEN

Okay. Never mind. Thanks.

The ladies go their separate ways as we CUT TO:

INT. CABAL FACILITY - GROUND FLOOR - NIGHT

More GUARDS pass us, the base still on a state of alert as the girls slip silently through the shadows.

They stop at the edge of a wider open space, crouching behind rows of steel shelves full of LAB EQUIPMENT, unpacked and unassembled.

A FORKLIFT TRUCK rolls by, carrying heavy cargo crates from one area to another, and as it passes the team get their first proper look at the facility.

WELDING SPARKS fly as teams of engineers set the large tubes into place - and there are DOZENS of rows of them, stretching all the way across the facility floor!

Large VATS of green fluid bubble away in one corner, constantly stirred by other machines mounted over them. More engineers and lab-coated scientists mill around.

Walkways and gantries running overhead are covered with thick CABLES and more equipment, trailing down and linking to each of the large tubes.

About half the tubes are full of the green fluid, mounted on bases that anchor them to the ground, their surfaces covered with flashing lights.

And in a handful of those tubes, suspending in the liquid and floating serenely within, are bodies. DEMON BODIES.

Breathing masks are connected to the sealed tops of the tubes, with fresh fluid running in and out from the cables overhead.

The closest demon TWITCHES in his tube, like someone asleep and dreaming.

ON THE TEAM as their shocked, open-jawed expressions say exactly what they're thinking.

SKYE

So... not a science park.

(CONTINUED)

They duck back down, crowding together.

ERIKA

What is out there?

ANNA

Trust me, you do not want to know.

ALITA

What should we do?

GREG

This is too big an operation for the five of us to do anything about.

ERIKA

Could somebody please tell me what is going on?

SKYE

The Cabal are... actually, I don't know what the hell they're doing, but there's a whole hell of a lot of demons in jars out there.

GREG

If I had to guess, I'd say it looks like they're... breeding.

ANNA

(blanches)

Jesus...

ALITA

Creating their own demons?

SKYE

And you saw how many empty tubes there were.

The girls look suitably shocked as Greg steels himself.

GREG

Come on. We need to find as much out as we can.

He rises, starting to head closer to the equipment, and as the girls tentatively follow we CUT TO:

Frankie heads down a short staircase into the basement level of the Academy, shining her torch left and right.

She's HUMMING to herself as she paces down the long, dark corridor, the distant sounds of the storm outside echoing down the cold, concrete passage.

She hears a DOOR CLOSING somewhere behind her and turns round, shining her flashlight into the gloom.

FRANKIE

Allo?

(beat)

Is someone there?

No answer. Frankie shrugs and turns back round. She keeps one hand against the wall to help guide her onwards.

Tracing her hand over the thick power cables running along the wall, she soon comes to a large mounted FUSE BOX.

She opens the cover, its CREAK reverberating down the tunnel, resting her flashlight on one shoulder as she scans the switches.

Each one is labelled for the part of the campus they control in this wing, but each one she tries to flick up just SNAPS back into place.

Confused, she moves down the row and tries each one - until her flashlight falls on the SHARD OF METAL embedded in the main power supply!

FRANKIE (cont'd)

Comment?

VOICE

(right behind her)

Boo.

Alarmed, she whips round but jumps as she BUMPS into someone behind her:

And there's a brief flash of Darcie's leering face, and Frankie lets out a CRY of surprise!

Her flashlight CLATTERS to the floor, and as the bulb dies with a soft HUM, we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

15 INT. CABAL FACILITY - GROUND FLOOR - NIGHT 15

PAN DOWN past several of the tubes, swimming with green fluid, and at the monstrous DEMONS inside each one.

Skye and Alita peek out from behind one, watching as a Cabal scientist checks the readings on one unit and moves on to the next.

Skye nudges Alita - there's a COMPUTER TERMINAL just up ahead, and nobody's near it right now.

Checking both ways, Skye rises to dart out from her cover, but Alita suddenly YANKS her back:

And two GUARDS pace past, carrying rifles and swords as they continue their patrol.

Skye nods her thanks to Alita, checks carefully both ways this time and then heads for the terminal.

Over on another side of the facility, Erika stands guard, pressed against the wall and wrapped in shadows as Anna and Greg try to crack into an OFFICE at the rear corner.

ON SKYE as she starts rattling away at the terminal, Alita keeping watch behind her.

SKYE

Score. It's not locked.

Free to browse inside the files, she starts opening folders and scanning their contents quickly.

ON GREG AND ANNA as he manages to pop the lock of the office, the two slipping inside as Erika stays on close watch.

16 INT. CABAL FACILITY - OFFICE - NEXT 16

Greg heads straight for the computer as Anna wedges open the filing cabinets, leafing through the thick folders inside.

GREG

Just look for anything that says
'reports' or 'summary.' We won't
have time to take much.

Anna begins pulling out files, stuffing them inside her jacket as Greg taps away at the computer.

GREG (cont'd)

(grimaces)

Password protected.

(CONTINUED)

ANNA

No chance you've got more presents
from Ellen to hack into that, huh?

GREG

Remind me to ask for some next
time.

They hear VOICES outside as two scientists walk by, the duo
inside ducking out of sight.

Seconds later, there are two muffled THUDS as Erika takes
care of the unfortunate workers.

Anna closes the cabinet as Erika leans into the office:

ERIKA

I think it is time we left.

Greg's been unable to get into the computer, taking the rest
of the files Anna liberated as the trio make their exit.

INT. CABAL FACILITY - MAIN FLOOR - NEXT

Anna reaches Skye and Alita, with Skye rooting around on the
desk under the terminal for something.

ANNA

We're moving out.

SKYE

Just a sec...

ALITA

She is looking for something to
store the data she has found.

ANNA

Just use your memory, girl! We
can't exactly sit on our asses and
wait for copies!

Skye holds up a small object - a MEMORY STICK.

SKYE

Ah! Perfect.

She slots it into the terminal and starts copying files
across. She waggles her eyebrows at Alita, who just wants to
get going as we CUT TO:

INT. CAMPUS - BASEMENT - NIGHT

The basement corridor is as dark and empty as when Frankie
entered - but now, there's no sign of Frankie either.

A few moments pass before REIKO bounds into view, SNAPPING some bubblegum loudly as she sweeps her flashlight round.

REIKO
Frankie? Fran-kie!

She heads on, reaching the fuse box and noticing something on the floor.

She stoops to retrieve it - it's Frankie's flashlight. Reiko frowns, and then notices the fuse box.

Examining the hole left by the damage caused to it, she purses her lips - something isn't right here.

REIKO (cont'd)
(calls out; louder)
Frankie? Are you here? Frankie!
Where are you?

SMASH CUT TO:

With Reiko's voice still ECHOING, a bruised Frankie lifts her head into frame. A single, bare BULB hangs overhead.

She looks around groggily, still coming round as she finds herself tied to a chair in some kind of old, run down building.

She tests the bonds, finds them tight, and tries again to get free. No good.

FRANKIE
Allo? Allo!
(seethes)
Whoever you are, come out and face me!

VOICE
(from shadows)
Don't worry...

Frankie's head turns as Darcie steps out of the darkness.

DARCIE
(smirks)
... I can hear you.

FRANKIE
(gapes)
Da... Darcie?

Darcie paces forward, her features still largely obscured by shadow.

DARCIE
In the flesh.

FRANKIE
But... this cannot be... you are
dead!

DARCIE
Apparently.

FRANKIE
I killed you!

DARCIE
Yes, you did. About the only thing
you've ever really achieved with
yourself, I might add.

Darcie starts to slowly circle her, keeping tantalisingly out
of the light as Frankie struggles to keep up.

FRANKIE
But... 'ow...
(shakes head)
This is some sort of trick. An
illusion. Somebody wants to -

CRACK! Darcie quickly SLAPS Frankie across the cheek,
retreating to the shadows in a flash.

DARCIE
Illusions tend not to be able to do
that.

Frankie's expression flows from disbelief to anger, her lip
curling as she spits:

FRANKIE
Whoever you are, I am not fooled!
Darcie is rotting in Hell like the
chienne that she is, and that is
where she should stay!

Darcie suddenly BURSTS from the gloom, right in front of the
startled Frankie.

DARCIE
Oh, but I'm so very much alive,
Francoise...

Frankie boggles at the face before her - Darcie has changed,
and not for the better.

DARCIE (cont'd)
And as you can see, I'm feeling
better than ever before.

(CONTINUED)

She straightens, letting Frankie examine her. Darcie's skin is porcelain white, with raised blue veins standing up just beneath the skin.

Her eyes are a BLOOD RED, with thin black streaks, almost like tiger stripes, flicking back from around her eyes.

FRANKIE

You... what are you?

Darcie grins - and reveals a mouth of more FANGS than teeth!

DARCIE

Good question.

Darcie starts to languidly roll up her tattered t-shirt - revealing an ugly red SCAR in her gut. Right where Frankie stabbed her with a two-foot icicle.

DARCIE (cont'd)

I think you'll agree I've every right to be a little... vexed by you continuing to draw breath.

Darcie drops the shirt, starting to circle the increasingly bewildered Frankie again.

FRANKIE

Darcie, whoever - or whatever - you are, I should warn you. My friends will come for me. You should let me go now and save yourself the trouble of being killed a second time.

DARCIE

I've no doubt your little gang of Brownies will come after you - but how will they know where to look?

FRANKIE

I expect they will simply follow the stench of your perfume.

DARCIE

(chuckles)

Oh, Frankie. I've missed our little *tete-a-tetes*.

FRANKIE

And I 'ave missed your 'ead. Especially the moments when I could bounce it off walls.

Darcie suddenly PUNCHES Frankie in the gut, and as she GASPS Darcie quickly RAKES her nails across Frankie's cheek!

(CONTINUED)

Frankie recovers - and tastes BLOOD from the cuts Darcie has left on her.

Darcie slowly raises her hand to her mouth, and Frankie sees her gnarled, jet black nails are more like CLAWS now. Darcie licks a drop of BLOOD from them like someone tasting the first mix of icing sugar.

DARCIE

What would you say to a little history lesson, then? After all, we've got so much to catch up on.

Darcie grins again as we CUT TO:

INT. CAMPUS - BARBARA'S OFFICE - NIGHT

BARBARA looks up as someone knocks rapidly on her door, and Reiko bursts inside.

REIKO

Miss Griffin! Frankie, she -

She pauses, realising Juanita and TSULA are here as well.

REIKO (cont'd)

Did I miss something?

BARBARA

If you were going to tell us Frankie's missing, then we've just found that out ourselves.

JUANITA

Somebody cut the power cables outside the library...

TSULA

... and I found tracks outside to indicate somebody came in who wasn't Frankie.

BARBARA

We think she's been taken, but we have no idea by whom or for what purpose.

REIKO

So we're gonna go look for her, right? I mean, there's this book on Asian mythology I wanted to check out, and...

(off their looks)

What?

BARBARA

Get your things together and meet
me in the reception in five
minutes.

The girls file out as Barbara picks up her phone, dialling a
number. She waits for the call to connect as we CUT TO:

21

EXT. HOUSING ESTATE - NIGHT

21

Ellen's PHONE rings as she walks down a quiet street, but as
she checks the display she tucks the phone away, ignoring it.

She approaches a row of cars parked on the outskirts of a
small suburb, looking down at the map in her hand.

She looks up and checks a street sign - this is Gervaise
Drive. Folding and tucking the map away, she walks further
into the estate as we CUT TO:

22

INT. CABAL FACILITY - MAIN FLOOR - NIGHT

22

Skye, Anna and Alita rejoin Greg and Erika.

SKYE

Okay, we've got plenty of intel
here. Let's split.

She registers Erika's troubled expression, and notices Greg
messing with a small package of some kind.

SKYE (cont'd)

Or... not?

ERIKA

Greg has made an executive
decision, based on what he has read
in the files he and Anna
discovered.

GREG

This facility goes live in less
than a week. Once it's up to normal
speed, they'll be producing almost
a hundred demons a month. And this
is just one of several similar
bases.

ALITA

Which is more reason for us to
return to the Academy, inform Miss
Griffin and Miss Fitzgerald and
then return with larger numbers!

Greg holds up what he's been working on - it's an EXPLOSIVE
DEVICE, C4 fastened to a detonator!

(CONTINUED)

SKYE

Woah! When did somebody set us up
the bomb?

(off looks)

Oh... forget it.

GREG

We can't let this facility go
online before we're able to
mobilise an attack. There's no
telling how many demons could be
waiting for us.

SKYE

Yeah, but surely 'blow 'em up real
good' goes against our whole 'sneak
in, sneak out' strategy?

Greg stands, pressing another wad of explosives into Skye's
hands. She steps back and BUMPS against one of the tubes.

GREG

Strategies change.

With that, he marches past her, and the other girls swap
concerned glances before they follow him.

STAY on the tube Skye bumped as they all troop past it, the
slumbering demon within curled up in the foetal position.

But as lights turn from GREEN to RED on the many flickering
displays lining the tube's monitors, the demon inside
STIRS...

Frankie remains on her chair, watching coldly as Darcie
strolls back towards her, a bottle of CHAMPAGNE in hand.

DARCIE

I thought we'd have a toast.
Something to mark this auspicious
occasion of our reignited rivalry.

She starts to uncork the bottle, then pauses, turning to
Frankie with a smirk.

SMASH! She breaks the top of the bottle against Frankie's
head, ignoring her cries of pain as she pours the frothy
liquid down her throat.

Frankie lets rip with a stream of CURSES, which just makes
Darcie SNORT with laughter.

DARCIE (cont'd)

Whoo! Bubbles up my nose.

She SNEEZES, tossing the bottle behind her with an off screen SMASH.

DARCIE (cont'd)
Come on, Francoise! You should be celebrating! Now your life has meaning again!

FRANKIE
Vissez-vous, vous salope!

Darcie DRAGS another chair across the room, the ragged SCRAPING sound echoing as she plonks it before Frankie.

Sliding into the chair and crossing her legs, Darcie wipes her hands dry on her jeans.

DARCIE
Now then. Let's recap. Last time you saw me, I believe I was about to crack your skull open, before you so very rudely impaled me on an icicle. Is that right?

With blood seeping down her face from a gash on her forehead, Frankie just GLARES.

DARCIE (cont'd)
Then, I believe you pitched me off the edge and down into the depths of the abyss, never to be seen again. So what, I hear you cry, brought me back from the brink?

She leans closer, whispering:

DARCIE (cont'd)
Magic.

She licks her lips as we DISSOLVE TO:

Right back inside the Hub, as Darcie grapples with the thoroughly battered Frankie.

DARCIE
And now...

Darcie raises her fist - and she's holding a STONE.

DARCIE (CONT'D) (cont'd)
... you'll get to meet her. Tell her I said fu- She stops. Coughs. Looks down.

A razor-sharp ICICLE sticks out through her chest. Her wide, startled eyes look down to Frankie - who holds the other end of the lethal spike.

FRANKIE

Tell her yourself, bitch.

With a HEAVE, Frankie shoves Darcie back, and with another TWIST she pitches Darcie head-first over the lip of the platform!

Darcie drops silently into the darkness, chased by falling fragments of the crumbling cavern walls. Her RED EYES blaze out of the gloom as she falls, until they're finally gone.

Breathless, Frankie pushes herself back up, looking around helplessly for a way out as we CUT TO:

Darcie's limp body plunges into the depths, speeding silently towards whatever lies at the bottom...

WHAM! She SLAMS back-first into a huge STALAGMITE, the pointed hunk of rock punching clean through her chest.

Darcie hangs, suspended on the tip, for a few beats, then starts to slowly SLIDE DOWN the stalagmite, all the way to the bottom.

She comes to rest, sprawled limply on the floor, the red blaze in her eyes slowly fading away...

... until she suddenly bursts back to life, letting out one last, defiant HOWL of pain... and then she falls still again.

DARCIE (V.O.)

And that, as they say, was that.

TIME LAPSE as layers of ICE creep across her, Darcie's body crystallising as it remains undisturbed in the frost.

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

Everything was black, as far as I was concerned. No sensation, no light at the end of the tunnel, nothing.

(beat)

There's a line of conventional wisdom that says all Slayers are born with an innate death wish. Well, I can now say with authority that I've been there... and there's nothing waiting on the other side. Not for me, at least. But then, I wouldn't expect anything else.

NORMAL SPEED as two SHADOWS fall across her - it's Alita and DELANEY, with the young DARWIN in company as they approach.

DARWIN
(nauseous)
Friend of yours?

ALITA
(slowly shaking her head)
No... not mine...

DELANEY
Not my friend either.

Darwin, who obviously has not had much experience with death, turns away from the others and VOMITS.

DARCIE (V.O.)
But how did I know they were there?
That's the million-pound question,
isn't it?

The trio start to move on, but we're UP CLOSE on Darcie as the last shadow falls away - and her eyes FLICK OPEN!

She COUGHS, gulping in breaths - and WAILS as her eyes fall on the stalagmite protruding from her chest!

Her face contorts in rage as she HAMMERS her fists against it, pounding over and over until the rock starts to CRACK.

Her hands BLEED from the force but Darcie doesn't stop, eventually planting her hands against it and PUSHING, ROARING with exertion as she heaves a huge chunk of the stalagmite away from her!

She's left with a few agonising inches to haul herself up and off the rest of it, and with every fraction causing her to GROAN in pain, she claws her way slowly to freedom.

Falling away from the jagged base and collapsing on the floor, she clutches the hole in her chest and starts to SOB, curling up into a ball and SHIVERING.

DARCIE (V.O.) (cont'd)
Not that I'd let a little thing
like that slow me down for long, of
course.

Staggering along, her ripped shirt wrapped round her waist as a makeshift bandage, Darcie stumbles from one wall to the next.

She stops as something passes the mouth of the tunnel - one of the gorilla-like DEMONS filling the caves.

Darcie tenses up, knowing she's in no shape to fight - but the demon just SNIFFS her way a few times, then with a GRUNT pads on its way past her.

A puzzled Darcie hobbles forward, watching the disinterested demon amble off down another tunnel.

DARCIE (V.O.)

It didn't take a genius to work out something had changed.

Looking towards the gaping mouth in the ice that is the entrance to the Arctic Hub - and Darcie's HANDS scrabble for grip on the edge of the hole.

She hauls herself painfully up onto solid ground, lying on her back in the snow as she catches her breath.

She gingerly touches her bandaged stomach - but double takes. Hurriedly unwrapping the scraps of shirt, she gapes at:

Her wound is GONE. There's a jagged scar, but her flesh has somehow knotted itself back together!

DARCIE (V.O.)

Abandoned out in the middle of the Arctic meant it took me a fair while to beg, steal, borrow and bribe my way back to civilisation, but one thing kept me going.

Darcie leans back, allowing herself a lavisicious smirk.

DARCIE

The thought of seeing you again, and making sure you paid dearly for what you took away from me.

FRANKIE

The only thing I took from you was your life.

DARCIE

Oh, it's a lot more than that, my little spoilt princess.

She stretches one leg out into the shadows, dragging back a LEATHER SATCHEL.

DARCIE (cont'd)
 You took away my humanity. I'm not
 pretending to understand what's
 happened to me, but I know one
 thing for certain.

She unfastens the satchel, letting it fall open - revealing
 dozens of KNIVES and TORTURE IMPLEMENTS as they tumble to the
 floor!

DARCIE (cont'd)
 (hisses)
 It's your fault.

Frankie GULPS, starting to lose her nerve as we CUT TO:

INT. CABAL FACILITY - MAIN FLOOR - NIGHT

Greg is kneeling by one of the main generators, quickly
 setting the timer on his explosives.

Skye joins him, glancing urgently over her shoulder as Alita
 and Anna join them.

GREG
 Are we set?

SKYE
 We're done. Let's go. Something's
 making my Slayer-Sense tingle and I
 ain't sticking around to see what.

He nods, looking up as Erika backs towards them, quarterstaff
 raised and ready for action...

... and with a SMASH, one of the tubes she passes EXPLODES
 outwards, drenching her in the thick green liquid!

She YELLS, spinning round - just as the DEMON inside LUNGES
 out and grabs her with a feral ROAR!

Erika struggles as the demon clamps its thick, muscular arms
 round her neck, SQUEEZING the life out of her as we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

30

INT. CABAL FACILITY - MAIN FLOOR - NIGHT

30

The others race to Erika's aid, bashing and attacking the demon as it keeps its chokehold on her!

SKYE

Hang on!

ERIKA

(splutters)

Get it... get it off me!

Their combined beatings are having no effect, so Alita looks round for something else to use.

Erika is starting to pale, GASPING for breath as the awakening demon tightens its grip...

SHINK! Alita rams a chunk of discarded GLASS into the demon's eye, hanging on for dear life as she's SPRAYED with black ichor!

The demon releases Erika, who collapses wheezing into Skye's arms, quickly pulling her away.

Alita staggers back, coated in thick slime as the demon THRASHES around wildly, WAILING in agony.

SKYE

Jesus! Remind me not to sneak up on you...

GREG

Let's go!

The team begin to make a run for it - and ALARM KLAXONS start to sound all round them, RED LIGHTS flashing all over the complex!

A pair of GUARDS are on them in seconds, but Alita delivers two swift KICKS to each, knocking them down.

As the team make it onto clearer ground, they see more guards racing towards them, blocking their way to the exit.

Skye draws her SAI DAGGERS with a flourish, still supporting the recovering Erika as Anna and Alita take positions either side of Greg.

ANNA

How long 'till those charges blow?

(CONTINUED)

GREG

Not bloody long enough, given our
current situation!

ALITA

Look out!

She PUSHES them to one side as BULLETS rake past them.

SKYE

Get back!

She sprints away from Erika, racing for the armed guards
gunning for them with a WAR CRY as she VAMPS OUT

They OPEN FIRE, bullets raking into her, but it doesn't even
slow her down before she SLAMS her sais into one, lifting him
off his feet!

Skye lands a two-handed STRIKE to the next, bringing her KNEE
up into his face and hurling him to the floor!

Erika finds two Guards in her path, these two drawing swords
to take her on, and with the alarms disorientating her she's
having trouble holding them off.

She drops to the floor and SWEEPS her staff, knocking them
off their feet, and hurriedly races past as they recover.

Anna, meanwhile, is sword-to-sword with another Guard, this
one leering at her as he pushes her back.

GUARD

You might as well give up now,
Slayers! There's too many of us for
you to fight your way past!

CRACK! The Guard is dropped as Skye smashes the MONITOR from
the computer terminal across his head.

SKYE

Yeah, that's what you people always
say.

(to Anna)

You okay?

Anna nods her thanks and turns to find her next target - and
sees two scientists fiddling with the equipment round several
of the demon-filled tubes!

ANNA

Oh, man...

(to others)

We're gonna have company!

(beat)

More company!

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED: (2)

30

As the demons inside the tubes start to wake up, fluid GUSHING from vents to speed up their recovery, we CUT TO:

31 EXT. TOWN HOUSE - NIGHT

31

Ellen stands outside number eighteen, looking to each window for signs of life.

She sees the upstairs front room light is on, the curtains drawn to stop her looking inside.

Ellen glances round - nobody else is about at this hour. She twists her lip, weighing up her options.

She finally heads for the door, pushing it on the off chance it's already open. It isn't.

She SIGHS, reaches into her jacket and takes out a small LEATHERMAN, an Army-standard multi-purpose tool.

Here, one of those purposes is jamming open the front door, and as Ellen puts her Slayer weight against it and opens the door with a wince-inducing CRACK, she steps into:

32 INT. TOWN HOUSE - HALL - NEXT

32

Ellen leans into the house, senses alert for any sign of Aiden.

She hears VOICES upstairs and steps inside fully, closing the door behind her.

And that's when she hears the SCREAM - a woman, clearly in pain. And then Aiden's voice, urging her to keep still!

ELLEN

Aiden?

The voices are coming from upstairs, so she bounds up the staircase and into:

33 INT. TOWN HOUSE - BEDROOM - NEXT

33

Ellen BURSTS into the tiny bedroom, gawping at the sight of AIDEN standing over a YOUNG WOMAN on the bed.

His hands are on her belly - and the SCALES over her skin tell us she's far from human - and BLOOD coats both Aiden, the woman and the sheet around her!

Aiden's head snaps round, frozen at the unexpected sight of Ellen, but as the woman lets out another MOAN of pain and writhes underneath him, we CUT TO:

34

INT. DARKENED ROOM - NIGHT

34

SLAP! Frankie's head lolls back as she takes another hit, and as she recovers it's clear this is the latest in a long line of punishment - her lip is split, she has a black eye and dozens of CUTS all over her skin.

Darcie lowers herself into frame before her, seeming all the more monstrous this close up.

DARCIE

You see, the one thing I still
can't figure out is why you always
hated me so much?

Frankie meets her gaze, SPITTING out some blood.

FRANKIE

I am obviously an excellent judge
of character.

Darcie grins, leaning back - and then she JABS a silver dagger into Frankie's thigh!

Frankie SHRIEKS in pain, trying to reel her emotions back in as Darcie casually puts her weight on the dagger.

DARCIE

Oh, don't bother trying to be all
heroic here. Holding back the
screams won't make me think any
more of you.

She YANKS the dagger out, tossing it away. We follow it to the floor, where it joins several other discarded, bloody tools of the trade.

DARCIE (cont'd)

We both know I'm just getting
warmed up.

Darcie scoops up the half-smashed champagne bottle, swigging back a mouthful and then SPRAYING it into Frankie's face!

The alcohol STINGS each and every one of her cuts, and as Frankie lets out a soft WHIMPER of pain, Darcie steps forward and pours the rest of the bottle over Frankie's head.

DARCIE (cont'd)

Much as I hate to waste a good
vintage...

She reaches into her satchel - and withdraws a small BLOWTORCH!

(CONTINUED)

DARCIE (cont'd)
... that stuff was only cheap.

She LIGHTS the torch, waving it perilously close to Frankie's face and smiling with glee every time she flinches.

FRANKIE
What do you want?

DARCIE
Isn't that obvious? I want to cause
you an immeasurable amount of pain.
How am I doing so far?

FRANKIE
Darcie... you are sick.

DARCIE
Why thank you.

Darcie heads back to the bag, leaving the blowtorch to one side as she rummages through for more toys.

FRANKIE
I mean you are not well. Something
is 'appening to you...
(beat)
... so let me 'elp.

Darcie SCOFFS, standing up and holding what looks like a large metal HOOK and CHAIN.

DARCIE
'Help'? What could you possibly do
to help me? Look up what I'm
turning into in your little
library?

Darcie spins the chain like a lasso, tossing it up into the ceiling and wrapping it over one of the ceiling struts.

DARCIE (cont'd)
I fail to see what good that would
do, beyond making you appear
incompetent as a Slayer and a
librarian.

Darcie adjusts the hook until it's at neck height, then reaches into the satchel again - this time, for a length of thin CORD.

FRANKIE
What if this is just the beginning?
What if you get worse from 'ere?
Become even more like some kind of
demon?

Darcie pauses, the 'd' word hitting a nerve. She pulls a loop of cord tight before marching over to Frankie.

DARCIE

What if... I don't care?

She ties the cord round Frankie's wrists, pulling it tight so it BITES into her.

DARCIE (cont'd)

So save your breath for something more important, darling.

Darcie starts to smirk - and then PUSHES Frankie bodily backwards, the cord round her wrists DIGGING IN and causing her to SHOUT in pain!

Ellen charges forward, grappling Aiden and hauling him away from the woman.

AIDEN

Ellen, no! Stop!

ELLEN

What?

AIDEN

You don't know what you're doing!

ELLEN

Aiden, whatever the hell this is, it has to stop!

She SHOVES him away, quickly going to the injured woman.

ELLEN (cont'd)

Can you hear me? It's alright!
You're safe!

WOMAN

Where... where...

AIDEN

Ellen, come on!

He tries to return, but she keeps him at bay with one hand.

ELLEN

It's okay. You're safe now.

WOMAN

Where's... Aiden?

Ellen stops, turning slowly to Aiden.

AIDEN

Now can I get back to helping her?

Thrown, Ellen steps back, and Aiden dives back to the woman's side, his hands pressed against her belly.

She lets out a nerve-jangling MOAN of pain again, and Ellen watches in horror as more BLOOD seeps out from between the woman's scales!

ELLEN

What the hell is going on here?

AIDEN

She's a reptok demon, and she's very sick. If I don't help...

The woman BUCKS underneath him, and he fights to keep her held down.

AIDEN (cont'd)

... then she'll die.

Ellen doesn't know what the hell to do, but as she watches she knows she can't sit and do nothing.

ELLEN

What... is there anything I can do?

AIDEN

Help me hold her.

Cautiously, Ellen reaches forward and pushes the woman's shoulders down, her Slayer strength helping keep her still.

AIDEN (cont'd)

Alright, Keela, bite down hard on something because this going to hurt...

The woman, KEELA, nods, gritting her teeth.

ELLEN

What are you -

And Aiden pushes his hands INTO HER CHEST! Keela SCREAMS in pain, and a shocked Ellen has to fight to hold her down.

AIDEN

Keep her still!

Aiden's hands are up to the wrist inside her, almost like he's rooting round for something.

AIDEN (cont'd)

Almost... got it...

(CONTINUED)

He suddenly pulls his hands free - and a writhing WORM is clutched between his hands, slick with blood!

The slippery creature almost escapes from his grip, but he quickly drops it to the floor and STAMPS on it, popping it in a spray of GOO.

At once, Keela begins to calm down, her breathing slowing and her struggles fading as a stunned Ellen looks on.

Aiden catches his breath, laying a sheet across Keela's bloody belly with a smile.

AIDEN (cont'd)

It's gone.

ELLEN

What...

Aiden closes his eyes, his hands still on Keela's belly, and an amazed Ellen sees his hands begin to GLOW with soft light.

The glow brightens and then fades away, and Aiden removes the sheet to reveal Keela's belly is completely healed.

He turns to Ellen, who looks like she just witnessed the Second Coming.

AIDEN

I'm guessing you'll want to hear
the full story...

A dumbfounded Ellen can only blink as we CUT TO:

Juanita and Reiko head down a side road, still in fairly rural territory, to find Tsula crouched on the ground.

The storm has passed now, and the fields nearby glisten with dew in the moonlight.

JUANITA

No sign of any tire tracks.

REIKO

And I think we'd have heard a
helicopter.

Tsula straightens, narrowing her eyes and peering into the distance.

TSULA

(points)

They went this way.

JUANITA

'They' Who's 'they'?

TSULA

Frankie and one other person. Very fast, very strong. Crossed open ground on foot as quickly as a car would be able to.

Juanita and Reiko swap a bemused look.

REIKO

You figured all that out from looking at the ground?

Tsula turns to them, tying her hair up in a loose bun.

TSULA

Scent. Frankie's perfume is strong enough by itself, but whatever took her is giving off a kind of...
(searches for the word)
... brackish smell.

JUANITA

That's not a word.

TSULA

It is where I come from.

REIKO

What does it mean?

TSULA

It means it smells... brackish.
(turns round)
We should go. They've got a head start already.

Tsula begins marching off towards the first clusters of buildings marking the town limits up ahead. Reiko and Juanita swap a glance, shrug and then start to follow.

And right back into the thick of it - the girls are besieged on all sides by Cabal forces, with vat-fresh demons weighing in alongside the guards!

Her skin still peppered with bullet wounds, Skye DUCKS under one attack but takes two KICKS as she recovers, managing to get her daggers round but leaving one EMBEDDED in the helmet of the nearest guard.

SKYE

Guys! We're getting paled here!

GREG

Just keep moving for the doors!

He BARGES one guard down, grabbing his gun and quickly SHOOTING another.

Erika grapples with a demon, her staff keeping it at bay as powerful jaws full of fangs SNAP at her face.

She struggles for a beat, then DROPS to the floor, rolling back and planting her boot in its chest.

She FLIPS the demon up and over, bowling it straight into a cluster of guards!

Anna races past, pausing to help pull her up before the two keep moving.

Alita, meanwhile, is still knee deep in combat, her fighting senses running on auto pilot as her nunchucks SNAP left and right.

She breaks from the melee and tries to run, but skids to a stop when a guard levels a RIFLE at her!

Alita nimbly runs up the nearest stack of equipment, BULLETS chasing her as she BACKFLIPS off the surface, landing with enough time to close in and DROP KICK the shooter.

Recovering, she's only taken one step when a huge DEMON lands on her back, pinning her to the ground!

Skye turns, sees she's gone down and races back to help her, ELBOWING one Guard in the face to get him out of her way.

SKYE

Hang on, Allie! Incoming!

Skye charges in to help, but doesn't see the demon's prehensile TAIL snapping round, and its heavy BARB lashes across her chest.

Skye staggers back, BLOOD oozing from the deep cut, but that just makes her more angry.

SKYE (cont'd)

(snarling)

You god forsaken, mass produced piece of...

With a YELL, Skye races forward and TACKLES the demon off Alita, who quickly flips back to her feet.

An enraged Skye PUNCHES the demon over and over, ROARING as she lets the vampire inside of her take over.

(CONTINUED)

Anna dives into frame, grabbing Skye by the arm and hauling her away.

ANNA
Skye! Time to go!

SKYE
I'm not done yet!

Skye manages to get one last KICK in before finally turning and following Anna.

SKYE (cont'd)
Shouldn't things be blowing up by now?

ANNA
Just keep moving!

As she passes more of the tubes, full of fluid but without any demons, Skye stops, an idea forming.

Bracing her weight against it, she starts to PUSH the tube, managing to unbalance it and lean it a few degrees over.

Anna and Greg quickly join in, and with their combined effort the tube TOPPLES like a falling tree, SMASHING open.

Skye looks up as a fresh wave of demons and guards closes in, the fluid between them.

Skye reaches for her belt and takes out a FLARE, striking it on the ground to light it.

SKYE
(to guards)
Hope you guys can handle a flambe...

She tosses the flare into the fluid - which bursts into a wall of FLAMES!

Skye laughs at the diversion as she catches the others up, the exit doors in sight ahead.

ANNA
How long now?

GREG
We're officially at the 'oh, bollocks' stage of the countdown.

ALITA
We're almost there! Just -

She stops as something BOUNCES across the floor before her.

(CONTINUED)

It's Greg's bomb!

VOICE (O.S.)

Nice try on the mechanism...

The Slayers look up - and DEXTER steps into frame!

DEXTER

... but you can always spot a rush
job. Far too easy to crack.

The team's collective heart sinks, and as the grinning Dexter
is joined by another round of Cabal guards, we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

38

INT. CABAL FACILITY - MAIN FLOOR - NIGHT

38

As more demons and guards pile in from all sides, the Slayers and Greg pull back to form a circle.

Dexter starts to APPLAUD, slowly and mockingly, as he paces forward towards them, more demons behind him.

DEXTER

If we were handing out marks for effort, then I'd have to give this at least... six.

He reaches for his belt, drawing out a long, barbed SWORD - and its blade starts to GLOW as soon as it's unsheathed.

Skye and the other girls' eyes are drawn to it, the glow seeming to entrance them.

Greg realises this and tries SHAKING Skye's arm to snap her out of it, but she's also suddenly woozy and disorientated.

GREG

Skye?

SKYE

Can't...

(blinks)

Can't focus...

Dexter grins, theatrically waving the sword from side to side.

DEXTER

Feeling a little sickly, Slayers?

Greg narrows his eyes - he has to do something about that sword before the assembled demons rip them to shreds!

DEXTER (cont'd)

I guess this is the part where I ask if you have any last words...

Greg surreptitiously reaches a hand into his jacket.

GREG

Nothing springs to mind...

And he raises his hand - to reveal another BOMB, the timer ticking down!

GREG (cont'd)

... except maybe 'duck!'

(CONTINUED)

He TOSSES the bomb towards Dexter, who DIVES out of the way, the demons clustered round him following his lead.

The bomb hits the floor with a harmless CLUNK - the timer isn't connected.

GREG (cont'd)

Go!

He grabs Skye's hand and drags her after him, making a break for freedom as the scattered demons blunder clumsily into one another.

Dexter recovers, fuming at the deception, but as he tries to follow he's blocked by the demons tripping over each other.

DEXTER

(yells)

Stop playing monkey-see, monkey-do
and get after them!

Now that they're away from his sword, the girls are back to their senses, Alita stopping to KICK one guard out of their way as Erika strikes three rapid staff hits to another.

More demons start BOUNDING across the floor after them, but Skye and Alita quickly pick up a large table, SMASHING it into a large vat of fluid!

The fluid SPRAYS all over the floor, sending the demons slipping and sliding as they scamper across.

Turning a corner, the girls are heading for an emergency exit - but it's sealed by heavy SHUTTERS descending over it!

ANNA

You got any more of those
explosives?

GREG

That was my last one.

SKYE

Stand back. I got this.

Skye runs up to the door, placing her hands beneath it and HEAVING, lifting it up a few crucial inches.

As the smallest of the team, Alita ducks underneath the shutters and SNAPS her nunchucks to hit the door mechanism.

The shutters start to rise again, and Erika has to YANK Skye out of the way as more volleys of GUNFIRE rattle across the doorway!

Diving underneath, the girls are soon outside:

39 EXT. CABAL FACILITY - NEXT

39

However, more GUARDS are closing in, and there's still the matter of the perimeter fence to deal with.

ANNA
We're cut off!

GREG
Get to the fence! I'll hold them
off! You can -

Erika PULLS Greg back as he tries to stand and fight.

ERIKA
No offence meant, Gregory, but that
is a pretty bad idea.

The girls fan out, PUNCHING and KICKING their way through the guards.

ALITA
How are we going to get over the
fence?

Skye looks round, then spots a Cabal driver escaping from his truck and running from the melee.

SKYE
(grins)
Not 'over.' 'Through.'

She runs for the truck, more GUNFIRE chasing her as she leaps up into its cabin and shuts the door:

40 INT. TRUCK CABIN - NEXT

40

Skye finds to her relief that the truck's engine is still running, and so she stamps on the gas.

41 EXT. CABAL FACILITY - NEXT

41

Swerving past the other Slayers, she RAMS into several guards as Greg and the girls quickly grab hold of the truck, hanging on any way they can.

Skye leans out of the window as she aims for the gates and keeps accelerating.

SKYE
Hang on!

ANNA
We are!

(CONTINUED)

SKYE

Tighter!

A demon manages to pull alongside the truck, running on all fours flat out to keep up, but a swift KICK from Alita sends it rolling away.

The truck hits the gates head on, BURSTING through them in a shower of SPARKS, the metal gates clanging to either side.

Skye keeps going, the truck BOUNCING across the uneven road as it escapes into the night.

Dexter marches up to the front gates, guards falling into line either side of him and continuing to FIRE at the truck.

His furious expression needs no explanation, and as he turns on his heel and stomps away, we CUT TO:

Darcie jams a CATTLE PROD into Frankie's side, Frankie SCREAMING as she convulses in her chair.

DARCIE

Louder!

She keeps the pressure on, Frankie's muscles agonisingly tightening as the current zaps through her.

DARCIE (cont'd)

Come on, Frankie! Where's that Gallic spirit that saw you get your arses kicked in World War Two?

She JABS Frankie's other side, holding the prod in place for a few more moments before stepping back, letting Frankie slump forward.

Frankie gulps down more air, barely conscious now after the beating she's taken.

Darcie tosses away the cattle prod, KICKING her satchel over and letting an array of outlandish TORTURE DEVICES spill onto the floor.

DARCIE (cont'd)

Have you had enough yet? Are you ready for me to finish the job I started back in the Arctic?

She grabs a handful of Frankie's hair and YANKS her head back. To her surprise, however, Frankie starts to LAUGH.

Darcie's leer drops, replaced by first confusion and second rapidly blossoming anger.

FRANKIE
You can't kill me...

DARCIE
Shut up!

Darcie SLAPS her, keeping Frankie's head in place, but Frankie keeps on laughing.

FRANKIE
I'm all you 'ave left!

DARCIE
Shut up!

FRANKIE
The thought of 'urting me is what made you crawl back from the Arctic... what will you do when I am dead?

Darcie gnashes her teeth in rage, releasing Frankie and grabbing the first item she finds from the floor.

It's a TASER, and even as she holds it close to Frankie's eye, SPARKING its jaws, Frankie keeps on laughing.

FRANKIE (cont'd)
You need me, Darcie. I am the only reason you 'ave left to be alive!

DARCIE
You shut your stinking, ugly mouth, you insolent bitch!

Darcie SHOVES Frankie as hard as she can, sending Frankie and the chair hurtling back across the room!

She SMASHES into the far wall - and it takes Darcie only a second to realise her mistake.

As Frankie quickly rises from the shattered remains of her chair, Darcie quickly closes the distance to her.

Frankie is ready, HURLING the sharpest piece of chair she can find at Darcie, who is forced to SWAT it away.

When Darcie recover, Frankie is GONE - out through the door and clattering down the stairs!

DARCIE (cont'd)
No!

Darcie rushes for the door, throwing it open:

43 INT. ABANDONED BUILDING - STAIRCASE - NEXT 43

Frankie is literally falling down the stairs, one floor after the next, in her haste to get away. Darcie appears at the railings above her.

DARCIE
You won't get far! Run all you
like, I'll be one step behind you!

Frankie keeps going, leaving the staircase into:

44 INT. ABANDONED BUILDING - CORRIDOR - NEXT 44

Frankie can only favour one leg, the other BLEEDING badly from earlier wounds, and she drags it behind her as she hurries onwards.

She comes to a disused ELEVATOR, pounding her hand against the call buttons to no avail.

She tries to lever the doors open but can't get a grip, until she notices something on her leg.

It's a small DAGGER BLADE, twisted off and embedded in her thigh. Frankie grits her teeth and gets a grip on the blade, starting to pull it back out of her leg.

She lets out a CRY of pain as the blade pops free. It's not much, but it's enough for her to wedge in between the doors, twisting it to push them apart a fraction.

45 INT. ABANDONED BUILDING - ELEVATOR SHAFT - NEXT 45

From inside the shaft, the doors are slowly dragged open as Frankie puts all her strength into it.

She sees the ELEVATOR CABLE hanging a few feet away, too close for her to safely reach from the doorway.

46 INT. ABANDONED BUILDING - CORRIDOR - NEXT 46

And that's when Darcie bounds down the staircase, GRUNTING murderously as she charges towards her!

Frankie is forced to JUMP for it just before Darcie reaches her, the doors SLAMMING shut!

47 INT. ABANDONED BUILDING - ELEVATOR SHAFT - NEXT 47

Frankie manages to grab the cable, swinging perilously in the darkness, the ground still a long way down.

She hears Darcie's HOWLS of frustration as she HAMMERS at the doors, and starts to climb down the cable as fast as she can:

48 EXT. TOWN OUTSKIRTS - NIGHT 48

Tsula steps into frame, kneeling again as she examines a trail of muddy FOOTPRINTS leading towards a block of condemned buildings.

TSULA

This way.

She hurries forward, Juanita and Reiko right behind her.

49 EXT. ABANDONED BUILDING - NIGHT 49

Frankie barges out through the front doors, tripping and rolling ungainfully down the steps to land in a heap.

Hauling her exhausted body to its feet, she staggers down the street as quickly as she can.

And moments later, Tsula turns a corner, doubling her speed when she sees her!

TSULA

Frankie! Hang on, we're coming!

The other two girls are right behind her, but Tsula reaches Frankie first. She COLLAPSES into Tsula's arms.

50 INT. ABANDONED BUILDING - NEXT 50

Darcie is bouncing down the staircase, almost at ground level when she looks out through a broken window.

There's Frankie, being rescued by the three younger Slayers. Darcie pulls to a sharp stop, eyes narrowed.

51 EXT. ABANDONED BUILDING - NEXT 51

Frankie looks back towards the building - and sees Darcie glowering at her from the window.

She blinks for a second as Juanita and Reiko help her to her feet - and when she looks back, Darcie is gone.

Too weak to even speak, Frankie lets the girls support her and start to lead her to safety, as we DISSOLVE TO:

52 INT. CAMPUS - INFIRMARY - NIGHT 52

Heavily bandaged and tucked into one of the more private beds, Frankie looks towards Aiden as he stands beside her.

He reaches down and takes her hand, placing both of his own around it, but as he lowers his head Frankie stirs, stopping him.

(CONTINUED)

FRANKIE

Do not 'eal everything.

AIDEN

Huh?

FRANKIE

Do what you can, but... leave me something to remember tonight by.

AIDEN

I don't understand.

FRANKIE

I want something physical left from tonight, so that every time I look at it, I am reminded to kill that *chienne* when I next get the chance.

Aiden hesitates, then nods, his hands starting to GLOW.

AIDEN

I'll see what I can do.

She smiles, closing her eyes and letting Aiden do his thing.

Barbara and Greg look at the scorched but otherwise intact Cabal vehicle they stole as part of their evening.

BARBARA

What would you have us do with this gas-guzzling monstrosity?

GREG

I was thinking a lick of paint, a few tweaks here and there... it'll make a good replacement for the minibus we left behind.

BARBARA

And I suppose you'd be the one driving?

GREG

Well, it was my team who stole it...

They share a grin, but it's soon back to serious matters.

BARBARA

I'll call an emergency meeting first thing. You can present your findings from tonight and we'll work out a course of action.

GREG

We need to destroy that facility
and any others like it. That's the
only course of action.

He begins to walk away.

BARBARA

What about that sword you
mentioned? You said it had some
kind of effect on the girls?

GREG

I'm not positive yet, but I think
it has something to do with why
Braeden and his team have been
cutting down so many of our girls.

Barbara nods, leaving the rest of the discussion until
morning as Greg walks back inside. She looks back towards the
truck, easily the biggest thing on the car park as we CUT TO:

Aiden steps away from Frankie's bed, reaching up to pull a
curtain around it as DEBBIE comes into view, pushing a PC
mounted on a wheeled tray.

DEBBIE

How is she?

AIDEN

She'll be alright. Physically,
anyway. I think her pride took most
of the damage tonight, but we'll
have to wait and see.

FRANKIE (O.S.)

I can still 'ear you both, you
know.

Debbie and Aiden grin, and as Debbie pushes the tray behind
the curtain, Aiden heads for the exit - where Ellen waits.

ELLEN

Nice work.

AIDEN

Thanks.

ELLEN

I was talking about earlier.

Aiden looks round to make sure nobody's listening.

AIDEN

Look, about all that...

ELLEN

Oh, you're going to explain it all to me. Right now, I need to get to bed, but you and I are going to have a pretty detailed talk in the morning.

She turns and marches out, leaving Aiden in no doubt as to her mood. He SIGHS and follows her out.

WITH FRANKIE as she watches Debbie fuss with the PC, booting it up and fiddling with the cables.

FRANKIE

Debbie, I am very tired, so whatever this is, I am sure it can wait until -

Debbie steps back - there's a WEBCAM up on top of the PC.

DEBBIE

Ta-dah!

(beat)

I'll leave it up to you to continue your conversation from earlier.

FRANKIE

'Ow did you...

DEBBIE

(rolls eyes)

You've been mentioning it for weeks, Frankie. Even people who don't live here know about your long distance relationship by now!

Frankie smiles, nodding her thanks.

FRANKIE

Merci.

DEBBIE

Just try not to let him get you too worked up. You're to rest until told otherwise.

Debbie slips back outside, and as Frankie sits up in bed, leaning forward to open a connection through the camera again, we CUT TO:

55

EXT. TOWN CENTRE - NIGHT

55

Darcie stomps down the street, head down and fists clenched, the missed opportunity of tonight still haunting her.

She pauses by a shop window, looking up to see her own reflection.

She doesn't like what she sees.

With a YELL of frustration, she PUNCHES the glass and SHATTERS it into a thousand pieces, chest heaving as the shop's ALARM rings out.

Darcie finally turns and marches away, a thousand reflected images of her appearing in the broken glass as we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF SHOW