

**SLAYER ACADEMY**

"This Means War"

by  
Li Robb

TEASER

FADE IN:

1

INT. CAMPUS - LIBRARY - DAY

1

Focus on the counter, taking in the serenity and silence of this place. Here, all is quiet and calm.

Until a BOOK flies past us with a cry of frustration and something SMASHES off screen.

FRANKIE's head pops up from behind the counter with an angry scowl on her face, as we PAN OUT, revealing the nearest research table, which is occupied by DEBBIE, REIKO, JUANITA and TSULA.

Behind them, another table is occupied by FRAN, and two other Slayers; a tiny redhead, and a raven-haired goth girl.

FRANKIE

Who the 'ell did that?

Reiko gives Frankie a guilty grin, and the blonde narrows her eyes in response.

FRANKIE (cont'd)

Do not throw the books, mon ami.

DEBBIE

You really don't want to. She gets rather attached to them.

REIKO

Sorry.

(blurts)

But why are we stuck in here doing this? I can't even read olde English!

FRANKIE

Because it needs doing, and you 'ave a day off.

(beat)

I checked.

Frankie walks around the counter with another pile of books in her arms, and drops them on the table in front of Tsula, who falls into a fit of coughs as the books omit a cloud of dust.

Taking no notice of Tsula's struggle to breathe, Frankie turns to Reiko.

FRANKIE (cont'd)

Besides, you cannot possibly 'ave anything more important to do.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REIKO  
(wistful)  
I just bought a new Nintendog.

JUANITA  
Excuse me? I think I bought that  
piece of crap.

REIKO  
(rolls eyes)  
I said I'd pay you back.

FRANKIE  
The point is, this research is more  
important than... Nin... tengos.

Frankie looks up at the clock on the wall with disapproval,  
before looking back at the younger Slayers.

FRANKIE (cont'd)  
Now, lunch is in two 'ours. I want  
to see focus, 'ard work, and  
dedication until...  
(beat)  
Oh God, I've turned into Greg.

Reiko and Juanita burst into laughter, and Debbie and Tsula  
share a look of amusement, as Frankie shakes her head.

FRANKIE (cont'd)  
Just get on with it. I will find  
some more...

The others look at her questioningly as she falls silent, her  
eyes fixed on the other end of the room.

TSULA  
Frankie?

VOICE  
How's it going?

And they all turn to the door, as DUNSTALL walks into the  
room, a giant grin plastered on his face.

FRANKIE  
(surprised)  
Sebastian?

And with an excited squeal, Frankie LEAPS over the table into  
his waiting arms, as the others watch on in amusement.

REIKO  
Important, huh?

And as it gets a bit sappy, we cut to:

2

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

2

CLOSE UP on a syringe sat on a bedside table, full of BLOOD.

FRANKIE (O.S.)

Come now, what is all this?

PULL OUT to reveal FRANKIE, dressed in a nurse's uniform, standing over a hospital bed. Staring back at her from the bed is none other than DARCIE.

Looking suitably more like a patient and less demonic than we know her, Darcie frowns in worry as Frankie steps closer.

FRANKIE (cont'd)

Darcie, you 'ave to eat your food.  
'Ow else will you get better?

DARCIE

Stay away from me...

FRANKIE

(stern)  
Enough!

DARCIE

Please...

Darcie whimpers, and tries to scramble away as Frankie grabs hold of her arm.

FRANKIE

(furious)  
Darcie!  
(beat)  
Very well. I think it is time for  
your medicine, no?

DARCIE

(terrified)  
No! No! Please, don't...!

Frankie PUNCHES Darcie, and she falls silent.

FRANKIE

That's enough. I do not see why you  
are trying to make this so  
difficult.

Frankie picks up the syringe from the bedside table, and SINKS the needle point into Darcie's arm.

FRANKIE (cont'd)

Now, isn't that better?

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

2

Darcie SCREAMS as the blood is pumped into her body, and we:

SMASH CUT TO:

3 EXT. ALLEYWAY - DAY

3

CLOSE UP on a pair of red demonic EYES as Darcie's scream bleeds into this scene.

PULL OUT to find that those eyes belong to the real Darcie, who is screaming in agony, half unconscious, sprawled in a mound of rubbish bags!

This Darcie is more of a beast than a Slayer now; her lips curl back to reveal pointed fangs where her teeth should be, her skin is mottled and greying in colour, and her scream is anything but human.

Finally, Darcie scrambles to her feet and with a cry of pure fury, PUNCHES the wall in front of her, leaving a sizable dent, before disappearing into the shadows.

BLACK OUT:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

4

EXT. CAMPUS - GARDENS - DAY

4

Next to a small pond in the campus gardens, Frankie sits alone on the grass, throwing stones into the water's surface. The sun is bright and strong, and Frankie's busy enjoying it.

After a few moments, she turns to look to her left, revealing that she is in fact not alone; Dunstall is knelt in front of a small headstone, honouring Ellen's memory.

DUNSTALL

It's strange to think she's not here, you know?

Frankie removes her sunglasses and fixes him with a supportive look.

DUNSTALL (cont'd)

It's not like I haven't known people who have died before, but... she was different.

FRANKIE

She was.

And that's all the conversation requires - they fall back into silence as Frankie begins to throw stones into the water again.

VOICE (O.S.)

Frankie?

Frankie turns her head to look at the nearest entrance to the Academy, where the GOTH GIRL from earlier is stood in the doorway.

FRANKIE

Oui?

Spotting the French Slayer, the other girl walks towards her, as Frankie throws the last of her stones into the pond.

GIRL

(British accent)

Miss Griffin came to the library to find you. She wants to see you both in her office.

FRANKIE

Thank you, Layla.

(beat)

'Ow is the research going?

(CONTINUED)

LAYLA

Reiko's bored, Juanita looks like she wants to kill something. The usual.

FRANKIE

That sounds about right.

LAYLA grins and heads back into the Academy, as Frankie gets to her feet.

FRANKIE (cont'd)

Are you ready, Sebastian?

Dunstall nods, and gets to his feet as well.

DUNSTALL

What do you think she wants?

FRANKIE

(shrugs)

Maybe the girls tore the library apart, and I am about to get fired?

DUNSTALL

(grins)

At least we'd have more time to ourselves.

Frankie smiles, and arm-in-arm they head back towards the Academy.

A KNOCK at the door interrupts BARBARA, whose tired eyes are scanning a document in her hands. A pile of paperwork sits next to her, and FITZGERALD is perched at the edge of the desk, going through a similar pile of paperwork.

Barbara looks up at the door, a small frown on her face.

BARBARA

Come in.

The door opens and Frankie and Dunstall walk into the room. Barbara puts her paperwork down and gives them a smile in greeting.

FRANKIE

You wanted to see us, Miss Griffin?

BARBARA

Yes. Take a seat.

Barbara motions to the two chairs in front of her desk, and Frankie and Dunstall glance at each other before taking them.

(CONTINUED)

BARBARA (cont'd)  
I'm glad to see you back, Dunstall.  
I wish you'd have let us know  
sooner, we could have made  
preparations.

DUNSTALL  
(shakes head)  
You have more important things to  
think about than me.

BARBARA  
(nods)  
True.  
(beat)  
However, seeming you're here on a  
visit, and Frankie has been working  
non-stop in that library for  
months...

Frankie and Dunstall share equal looks of confusion, as  
Fitzgerald lifts her head from her work to focus on this turn  
in the conversation.

BARBARA (cont'd)  
You should go out and have some  
fun.

FRANKIE  
(beat)  
*Quoi?*

BARBARA  
Fun, Frankie. Do you remember the  
word? You have the day off.

FRANKIE  
But the research...

BARBARA  
I'll put Debbie in charge of the  
girls. The research isn't going  
anywhere. And you deserve it.

FRANKIE  
But...

BARBARA  
No arguments.

FRANKIE  
But I can't...

BARBARA  
I said no arguments, Frankie. Now  
go on.

(CONTINUED)



Frankie and Dunstall glance at each again, this time in surprise, before they both rise to their feet.

FRANKIE

Uh... *merci*.

BARBARA

(smiles)

No problem.

Frankie grins, grabs Dunstall by the arm, and drags him out of the room before anything else can be said.

Barbara chuckles in amusement, but Fitzgerald looks far from happy. After a moment, Barbara senses her gaze, and turns to look at her.

BARBARA (cont'd)

What?

FITZGERALD

Was that wise, Barbara? Frankie's our best researcher within the academy.

BARBARA

The other girls can cope. One day isn't going to kill anyone. She deserves it, Grace.

Fitzgerald sighs in defeat and returns to her work, as Barbara's eyes linger on the doorway.

The moon above is the only source of light, as we follow a dark figure through the trees of this heavily wooded area. This person walks alone, and is covered in a deep red cloak, obscuring all their features.

P.O.V:

Through unknown eyes, we watch this figure pass us, but we stay hidden in the trees. It isn't time to make ourselves known yet.

ON SCENE:

The figure continues their journey, but the slow down as a shadow DARTS behind them, from one clump of trees into another.

Slowly, the figure turns, to reveal FRANKIE, dressed as little red riding hood. Peering into the shadows, she smiles, before putting her basket down.

(CONTINUED)

FRANKIE

I know you are there. Show  
yourself.

Frankie pulls down the hood of her cloak as the normal-looking Darcie slips from the trees and cautiously walks towards her.

FRANKIE (cont'd)

I knew it was you. Who else would  
it be, but you?

DARCIE

Where are we?

FRANKIE

It is a fairy tale.

(beat)

Big bad wolf. Lamb to the  
slaughter.

DARCIE

(frowns)

What?

Before Darcie can react, Frankie grabs hold of her shoulders, and her mouth opens impossibly wide to BITE down into her throat!

Darcie SCREAMS, as blood pours down her front, and we:

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. CAMPUS - ENTRANCE - DAY

Crouched in the bushes outside the main Academy entrance, the real Darcie clutches her head in pain as she tries to suppress her screams.

Shaking and struggling to control her body as it convulses, Darcie is caught somewhere in between her demonic visage and her young panic.

Finally managing to calm herself down, Darcie's eyes snap upwards in focus, as voices sound out across the entrance. She crawls towards the edge of the bushes, and pushes the branches out of her way.

P.O.V:

Through Darcie's eyes, we watch as Frankie and Dunstall leave the Academy and head towards the exit, talking and laughing and carrying a picnic basket between them.

(CONTINUED)

FRANKIE

Don't be silly, Sebastian. We'll  
take the bus. It's not too far  
away.

DUNSTALL

You clearly haven't used British  
buses before.

ON SCENE:

Darcie seethes quietly as she watches them leave, listening  
to Frankie's laughter, as we cut to:

INT. CAMPUS - HALLWAY - DAY

A few young Slayers are talking quietly as they leave a  
bathroom, but otherwise the hallway is deserted.

ALITA walks down the hallway cautiously, but with purpose,  
and she waits until the other Slayers have walked out of  
sight before turning to a door that has "Restricted" printed  
across it.

Making sure she's completely alone, Alita grabs hold of the  
door handle, and SNAPS it off. Once again checking that the  
cost is clear, she pushes the door, which results in a dull  
CLUNK as the door handle on the other side falls to the  
floor.

With one more last cautious glance down the hallway, she  
pushes the door open and disappears inside:

INT. CAMPUS - RESTRICTED FILES - CONTINUOUS

Alita closes the door behind her and looks up at what seems  
to be a large cupboard - but it's full to the brim with boxes  
and boxes of files.

She immediately gets stuck in, pushing boxes out of her way  
until she finds one with the words "Coven di Fuoco" scribbled  
hastily on top of it.

With a triumphant look, she takes down the box, but jumps in  
surprise as the door swings open, and SKYE walks in.

Alita freezes, the box half way to the floor. Skye looks from  
the box to Alita and back.

SKYE

Bit of light reading?

Skye walks over and glances down at the box in Alita's hands,  
before the two Slayers share a meaningful look.

(CONTINUED)

SKYE (cont'd)  
We're heading out. Greg has a mission for us.  
(bad British accent)  
It could take a few days, for all I know.  
(beat)  
But... I'll say you're having women's problems.

ALITA  
(blinks)  
What?

SKYE  
Trust me. You'll be clear.

Skye grins, nudges her on the shoulder, and walks out, closing the door behind her.

Alita sighs, before sitting down in front of the door, and starting to sift through the files and folders in the box.

10

EXT. FIELD - DAY

10

Welcome to the British country side. A field full of grass, edged by woods, and sunshine. Sometimes.

At the edge of the field connected to a dirt road, Frankie hops over a fence onto the grass and turns to take the picnic basket from Dunstall.

She waits for him to climb over the fence as well, and they head off into the field to find somewhere to lay their picnic down.

DUNSTALL  
I don't think I've ever seen so much green grass in one place. I don't know why, but most of America doesn't seem to have countryside like this... at least not the parts where I've lived.

FRANKIE  
Let's just 'ope we do not get eaten by sheep.

DUNSTALL  
(frowns)  
Sheep?

FRANKIE  
(shrugs)  
They 'ave that look about them.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

10

With a grin, Frankie walks off, and Dunstall shakes his head in amusement, before jogging after her.

11 INT. CAMPUS - LIBRARY - DAY

11

The library is hardly the hive of activity we expect to see. In fact, it's the complete opposite, as most of the condemned Slayers seem to have given up.

Reiko is busy chomping on bubblegum, and though her eyes are fixed on the book in front of her, it's clear that her eyes are out of focus. She's in a complete and utter dream world.

Juanita also has a book sat in front of her, but she's given up even pretending to read it. Instead, the Latina Slayer occupies herself by filing her nails.

Opposite them, Tsula is valiantly continuing her research, though she shares a similar bored expression with her team mates, and halfheartedly makes notes on a pad of paper.

On the other table, Layla and the redheaded Slayer are busy having a quiet conversation, their books lying forgotten. Fran is purposely staying out of their conversation, a look of intense distaste on her face.

DEBBIE (O.S.)

Uh... excuse me?

The Slayers collectively look up to see Debbie stood at the door, holding a tray of drinks in her hands.

DEBBIE (cont'd)

What happened to actually reading the books instead of ignoring them like old relatives?

JUANITA

(shrugs)

We got bored.

DEBBIE

It's not meant to be fun.

REIKO

It's not fair. It's our day off too, and we shouldn't have to be stuck in here doing this.

JUANITA

Frankie gets a day off.

(CONTINUED)

DEBBIE

(scowls)

That's because Frankie is always in here doing this. Is one day really too much to ask of you?

REIKO

All I'm saying is, why can't we get someone else to do it? If I have to read anymore of this, I'm going to throw myself off the tallest roof top...

FRAN

(to Reiko)

Do you think you could lay off it? Your voice is starting to get really annoying.

REIKO

Hey!

DEBBIE

(firmly)

Look! Frankie has a day off because she deserves it. All she gets is one bloody day, and she didn't even ask for it!

Debbie SLAMS the tray down on the table, and the Slayers jump in surprise at the uncharacteristic behaviour, as coffee and tea spills over the rims of the cups.

DEBBIE (cont'd)

(to Reiko)

So why don't you shut up and drink your coffee, and get stuck into that book, before I go and tell Barbara you're refusing to help your fellow Slayers!

And with that, Debbie storms across the room and disappears inside Frankie's office, SLAMMING the door behind her.

The Slayers look at each other in surprise for a moment.

REDHEAD

(Scottish accent)

And here I thought she couldn't kick arse.

FRAN

Shut up, Alyssa.

And as ALYSSA rolls her eyes in response, we cut to:

12

EXT. FIELD - DAY

12

In a patch of short grass, the picnic has now been laid out, and Frankie tucks into a bowl of strawberries, as Dunstall attacks a pile of sandwiches.

DUNSTALL

Hmm. These are good.

FRANKIE

It's only tuna.

DUNSTALL

Yeah, but when you've been eating nothing but hospital food for months? Even Council hospital food? You appreciate a good sandwich.

FRANKIE

(smiles)

Well, I am glad you appreciate my cooking.

DUNSTALL

Cooking?

FRANKIE

Or... my sandwich making skills, my tuna... my bread...

(beat)

You know what I mean!

Frankie throws a strawberry at him, which hits him dead between the eyes.

DUNSTALL

(playfully)

Hey!

FRANKIE

(grins)

What? At least it wasn't a crossbow bolt.

DUNSTALL

(laughs)

No, at least it wasn't.

FRANKIE

But if I...

A SCREAM rings out, echoing across the field and interrupting the conversation. Frankie's head instantly whips round to search the nearby woods, where the sound originated.

(CONTINUED)

DUNSTALL  
(worried)  
You don't think...?

Being met with another SCREAM, they both leap to their feet, the picnic forgotten.

FRANKIE  
Looks like it.

And they both take off, racing towards the woods as fast as possible.

Frankie races through a clump of trees and comes to a stop as she hits a clearing, her Slayer speed giving her an advantage over Dunstall, who stumbles into the clearing several moments later, struggling for breath.

DUNSTALL  
God, I forgot how fast you are...

FRANKIE  
Shh.

Dunstall looks at her questioningly, but Frankie's senses are on high alert as she studies the trees around the clearing.

DUNSTALL  
What is it?

FRANKIE  
We are not alone. Someone 'as been watching us.

DUNSTALL  
How do you know?

FRANKIE  
It is a trap. They are still 'ere.

DUNSTALL  
Where?

VOICE (O.S.)  
Right here, of course.

The pair of them spin round on themselves to find the origin of the voice, and Dunstall cries out as Darcie ERUPTS from the trees behind him!

With one solid PUNCH, Dunstall goes down, and as Frankie reaches for him, Darcie KICKS her in the chest, throwing her backwards into the undergrowth.



DARCIE

Uh-uh. I don't think so, Frenchie.

Darcie grabs hold of Dunstall, and pulls him closer to her, as Frankie sits up, clutching her chest in pain.

FRANKIE

(shocked)

Darcie?

Frankie takes a moment to stare at Darcie's monstrous appearance, completely horrified at what she's become.

FRANKIE (cont'd)

What... what is 'appening to you?

Darcie looks down at her hands, as Frankie's eyes widen in horror at the sight of her.

DARCIE

'What's happening'? You...

(growls)

You did this! You did this to me!

FRANKIE

(horrified)

No, I didn't! I wouldn't...

DARCIE

(roars)

Tell me what you did!

FRANKIE

Darcie, I didn't!

Darcie shakes in rage, and pulls a KNIFE from her belt, turning it around in her hand, and kneeling down next to Dunstall.

Frankie quickly jumps to her feet, as Darcie raises the knife, leaving it to hover above Dunstall's body.

FRANKIE (cont'd)

No, Darcie! Please...

DUNSTALL

(groggily)

Let her go.

The two Slayers look down at Dunstall as he starts to regain consciousness. Darcie grabs him by the hair and pulls his head up, causing him to cry out in pain.

DARCIE

What was that, soldier boy?

(CONTINUED)

DUNSTALL

Let Frankie go, and you can have me.

Darcie frowns slightly as she considers his words, becoming calmer as Frankie grows more panicked.

FRANKIE

Don't be stupid, Sebastian.

DARCIE

No, no, I think he has the right idea there.

FRANKIE

What?

Darcie points the knife at Frankie, keeping her tight grip on a fistful of Dunstall's hair.

DARCIE

You're going to find out what's wrong with me. And Dunstall is going to keep me company until you get back.

(beat; disgusted)

I'm not staying like this... thing, whatever it is. I can't. I won't.

(beat)

You have twenty four hours.

FRANKIE

But...

DARCIE

And no rescue attempts, or he dies. I promise you, Frankie, I could tear him apart before any of your little bitches got anywhere near me. You know it.

Frankie considers the situation, panic in her eyes as she tries to decide what to do, as we:

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF ACT ONE**

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

14

EXT. WOODS - CONTINUOUS

14

Resume scene, as Frankie's eyes flick worriedly from Dunstall, back to Darcie's increasingly demonic face.

FRANKIE

I'll... I'll need a sample, some skin or... or some blood, or...

Darcie SLAMS Dunstall's head into the ground, knocking him back out, and climbs to her feet, holding the knife out for Frankie to see.

Frankie's eyes flick cautiously to the knife, and Darcie smirks as she sees the fear in Frankie's expression.

DARCIE

I could, couldn't I, Frankie?  
You're practically defenseless, and  
all it would take is...

BAM!

Frankie decks her and grabs hold of her knife hand at the same time, but the blow doesn't do enough damage, allowing Darcie to TWIST out of the hold and SLAM her own fist into Frankie's face!

Frankie cries out and swings into another punch, but Darcie grabs her arm and SLAMS her up against a tree.

Frankie quickly ducks as another punch is aimed at her face - Darcie's fist splintering the tree trunk behind her instead.

Before Frankie can consider another attack, Darcie spins and KICKS her in the face, sprawling her out in the undergrowth!

Gritting her teeth, Frankie tries to get back up, but Darcie sits on her back, keeping her down, pulling her head up by the hair, and raising the knife to the blonde's throat.

DARCIE (cont'd)

Big mistake!

FRANKIE

No, don't! Please, Darcie, I'm  
sorry!  
(beat; panicking)  
I'm sorry!

Darcie GROWLS in response and prepares to slash the blade across her throat.

(CONTINUED)

FRANKIE (cont'd)  
No, Darcie! I can 'elp you! You  
need me, remember?

Darcie freezes upon hearing those words, the knife an inch from cutting Frankie a new hole. Darcie's eyes flicker uncertainly.

Frankie grimaces in pain as Darcie's tight hold on her hair remains strong, and the knife quivers at her throat.

But finally, Darcie SLAMS her head into the ground and gets off her, walking casually over to the unconscious Dunstall.

With a grunt of effort, Frankie pulls herself up to her knees, as Darcie stands protectively over her victim.

Frankie climbs to her feet, and shoots a desperate look at Dunstall.

DARCIE  
Twenty four hours, Frankie.

Darcie fishes a small CELL PHONE out of her pocket and tosses it to Frankie.

DARCIE (cont'd)  
Contact me on this.

Darcie holds out her other arm, and CARVES into it with the knife, pulling out a chunk of her flesh and throwing it to Frankie, who catches it with a look of disgust.

DARCIE (cont'd)  
You might want to run.

Shooting Dunstall one last look, Frankie races into the trees and disappears in moments.

Darcie sighs, and grabs Dunstall by the arms, pulling him up into her arms.

DARCIE (cont'd)  
Come on then, soldier boy. Let's  
find somewhere a bit more  
comfortable.

With a wicked grin, Darcie disappears into the trees in the opposite direction, carrying Dunstall in her arms.

Alone now, Barbara is still struggling with the weight of her paperwork. Making hurried notes on one sheet of paper, she sighs and moves it to her 'complete' pile, which is much smaller than her 'unfinished' pile.

Barbara reaches for another file, but is interrupted as her phone begins to RING.

BARBARA  
Oh, for crying out...

Throwing her pen down on the desk, Barbara reaches for the phone instead.

BARBARA (cont'd)  
(into phone)  
Hello? Frankie?

Barbara's expression quickly turns from one of annoyance to one of intense worry as Frankie's barely audibly words grow steadily more frantic.

BARBARA (cont'd)  
(firmly)  
Frankie! Calm down and start again,  
I can barely understand you.  
(beat)  
Yes, yes, hurry. Meet me in the  
library, and we'll...  
(beat)  
Yes. Alright, Frankie, stay calm.

She puts the phone down, and runs a hand through her hair before getting to her feet. This is a situation she really didn't need to find herself with.

She walks to the door just as it opens and Fitzgerald walks in, carrying another pile of paperwork under one arm. She takes one look at Barbara and frowns.

FITZGERALD  
What's wrong?

BARBARA  
(frustrated)  
Darcie bloody Deyncourt, that's  
what!

And as Fitzgerald shoots her a confused look, Barbara hurries out of the office and disappears out of sight.

Barbara sits at the edge of Frankie's desk, clicking away at the computer in search of book titles, as she waits for Frankie to arrive.

She clicks through titles with a look of determination, though it's clear that she hasn't found anything yet.

FRANKIE (O.S.)

Barbara?!

She looks round as Frankie appears in the doorway, closely followed by a severely-worried Debbie.

DEBBIE

Frankie, what's wrong?

Frankie spots Barbara and enters the office, SLAMMING the office door in Debbie's face.

BARBARA

Frankie...

Barbara look Frankie up and down for a moment; her nose is bloody, her clothes are torn and muddy. She's still clutching Darcie's flesh in one hand.

BARBARA (cont'd)

God, Frankie, sit down.

Barbara gets up and turns the chair towards Frankie, who takes a deep breath before sitting down.

BARBARA (cont'd)

Okay, now, I need you to tell me, calmly, what happened, and then we'll figure out the best way to handle it.

FRANKIE

She just...

(beat)

She was so strong, Barbara. I tried to stop 'er, but she was so strong.

BARBARA

(nods)

And she said you had twenty four hours. To do what?

FRANKIE

She wants me to find out what's 'appening to 'er.

Frankie opens her hand and shows Barbara the bloody chunk of flesh.

A beat, as Barbara stares at the flesh dripping blood from between Frankie's fingers.

BARBARA

They let you got on the bus with that?

(CONTINUED)

FRANKIE  
(sniffs)  
I ran all the way 'ere.

BARBARA  
(beat)  
The girls are waiting. We should  
probably...

Frankie doesn't wait for what the 'should probably' is; she gets to her feet and storms out of the office, and Barbara quickly follows.

Debbie is still stood by the office door, but the other Slayers are all assembled by the research tables. They all look round as Frankie storms out of the office and marches up to the tables.

Barbara and Debbie follow her, but Frankie's on a mission, and isn't going to be slowed down.

TSULA  
Are you okay, Frankie?

REIKO  
You look like hell.

Tsula nudges her.

REIKO (cont'd)  
What? She does!

FRANKIE  
Dunstall and I were attacked by  
Darcie.

FRAN  
Darcie? As in... Darcie, Darcie?  
The one who's, y'know... back from  
the dead?

FRANKIE  
*Oui.*  
(beat)  
She was very strong, and very...  
demonic. She let me go so I can  
find out what's wrong with her. And  
if I do not have that information  
in...

Frankie looks up at the clock on the wall.

FRANKIE (cont'd)  
... about twenty three 'ours, then  
Sebastian is dead.

JUANITA  
Why don't we just mount a rescue?

FRANKIE  
No.

BARBARA  
It is an option, Frankie, and  
probably our most sensible one.

FRANKIE  
No! If she sees any of you, 'e is  
dead. She is much faster and  
stronger than she used to be. 'E  
would not stand a chance.

BARBARA  
So what do you propose?

FRANKIE  
We do exactly as she says.

BARBARA  
(beat; nods)  
Very well.

Frankie nods and turns to Debbie, taking her hand and placing  
the chunk of flesh into it. Debbie grimaces.

FRANKIE  
That is 'ers. Find what you can.

DEBBIE  
Uh... okay.

Holding the flesh like it's a bomb ready to explode, Debbie  
quickly exits the library, while Frankie turns to the others.

FRANKIE  
The rest of you, you are looking  
for books that deal with demonic  
infection, possession, and genetic  
mutation.

The Slayers look back at her, but don't react.

FRANKIE (cont'd)  
(claps hands)  
*Allons-y! Vite! Vite! Vite!*



17 CONTINUED: (2)

17

The girls jump in surprise and Reiko, Juanita, Tsula, Fran, Layla and Alyssa spread out into the library, searching for the relevant books, as Frankie turns back to Barbara.

BARBARA

Are you sure this isn't just a game, Frankie? After the last time?

FRANKIE

That is 'ow I know she is serious. She needs to know this, and Sebastian will be fine as long as we do what she says.

Barbara nods, unconvinced, but Frankie has no time to argue, and sets off to climb up into the restricted section of the library.

18 INT. CAMPUS - HALLWAY - DAY

18

A number of Slayers are walking up and down the hallway, some armed and apparently ready for training or going out on missions, others carrying books or medical supplies.

The Slayers part like the red sea as Debbie flies down the middle of the corridor, holding the chunk of bloody flesh in her hands.

DEBBIE

Move! Move! Get out the way!

And with that, she manages to reach the end of the hallway and disappear out of sight, leaving a hallway full of very confused Slayers behind.

19 EXT. BEACH - DAY

19

A beautiful, sunny beach. The kind with white sand, blue sea, and towering palm trees. Wherever we are, we're certainly not in England anymore.

Sat in the sand with her feet in the surf, a normal Darcie enjoys the sunshine, dressed in a bright, flowery summer dress. She looks content, peaceful and human.

FRANKIE (O.S.)

It is beautiful 'ere.

Darcie looks up to find Frankie stood beside her, dressed in a white summer dress, a big straw hat, and even bigger sunglasses.

DARCIE

I suppose it is.

(CONTINUED)

Frankie smiles and sits down next to her, and the two barefooted Slayers enjoy the sun and the sea together.

DARCIE (cont'd)  
One more beautiful place. One more  
paradise to be destroyed.

FRANKIE  
I cannot think why I 'ave never  
been 'ere before.

DARCIE  
We've always been here.  
(beat)  
But how did we get here?

FRANKIE  
(shrugs)  
It is only natural, I suppose. You  
'ave always been 'ere, and you need  
me, so 'ere I am.

Darcie frowns, and turns to look at her.

DARCIE  
Do you need me?

Frankie takes her sunglasses off and fixes her with a sympathetic look.

FRANKIE  
No one 'as ever needed you, 'ave  
they?

Out of nowhere, Frankie raises a dagger, and SLAMS it down into Darcie's midsection!

Darcie SCREAMS, as Frankie grabs her by the hair, and pulls them both to their feet, dragging the redhead into the waves, and leaving a trail of blood in the sand.

FRANKIE (cont'd)  
(cackling)  
What made you think I would need  
you?

And with a savage grin, Frankie dunks Darcie's head under the water and holds it there, laughing manically as she drowns her!

CLOSE UP on the real Darcie's sleeping face as she twitches in her sleep.

PULL OUT to take in the interior of an old, rusty bomb shelter, at least twenty feet high and thirty feet wide, with a long steel ladder leading up to the hatch in and out.

At the opposite end of the room to Darcie, Dunstall is tied to one of the roof supports with a length of rope, and his cautious eyes are watching her sleep as he tries to struggle free from his bonds.

Finally, Dunstall manages to get one arm free, and grins triumphantly as he reaches over to work on the rest of the ropes.

Until a hand appears from nowhere, and GRABS him by the wrist!

Dunstall looks up in surprise, and finds Darcie glaring down at him, her fangs bared in fury.

DARCIE

Going somewhere, dear?

DUNSTALL

(shrugs)

Thought I might go for a walk. I mean, your hospitality isn't that great, if I'm honest.

Snarling, Darcie twists her hand, SNAPPING Dunstall's wrist with a sick CRUNCH!

While Dunstall roars in pain, Darcie reaches round and firmly ties him back to the roof support.

DARCIE

It's not quite time to leave yet, so why don't you be a good boy, and nurse that little injury you just gave yourself.

Desperately clutching his broken wrist, Dunstall grits his teeth and stares back at Darcie's bloodshot eyes defiantly.

DUNSTALL

You know, you're one sick f -

Darcie PUNCHES him, smacking his head off the steel support behind him, and causing him to have to fight for his consciousness.

DARCIE

You're right, soldier boy. I am sick. Which is why your little blonde bombshell has gone to help me get all better.

(CONTINUED)

DUNSTALL

(laughs)

No, she hasn't.

DARCIE

Yes, she has! She's going to help me! She has to!

DUNSTALL

No! You stupid, demonic bitch. She's not going to help you. She's going to kill you!

Darcie ROARS, and rakes her fingers down Dunstall's face, leaving four long bloody slashes!

DARCIE

You're wrong!

Darcie starts to rock backwards and forward on her knees, desperation temporarily taking over her.

DARCIE (cont'd)

You have no idea what you're talking about, you useless...

Something WRITHES behind Darcie's skin, and she cries out as she struggles to control the pain, clutching Dunstall's shoulders for support.

They both SCREAM, as her pain attacks her, and her fingers attack him, slicing into his shoulders!

DARCIE (cont'd)

I'm alright! I'm alright!

DUNSTALL

(laughs)

You just keep telling yourself that.

DARCIE

I'm fine, I'm fine...

And as Darcie fights the pain and Dunstall laughs openly at her, we cut to:

Frankie sits on the edge of the upper floor of the library, her legs dangling down, surrounded by books as she studies hard and efficiently.

Reiko, Juanita and Fran are all researching below at the research table, their attention focused completely on the task at hand.

(CONTINUED)

Barbara, Layla and Alyssa work at the counter, pouring through ancient texts and scribbling down notes.

TSULA (O.S.)

Frankie?

Frankie blinks and looks up as Tsula kneels down next to her, holding a large black book in her hands.

FRANKIE

'Ave you found something?

Tsula bites her lip, before passing the book to Frankie.

TSULA

Maybe. I'm not sure how credible it is, though.

(beat)

This is a demonic journal which dates back to Medieval France. A similar transformation happened to an advisor to the Queen of France in...

FRANKIE

Does it say why, 'ow, or 'ow to fix it?

TSULA

(beat)

No, but -

FRANKIE

(firmly)

Then why are you wasting my time?

TSULA

(uncertainly)

It says that it may have been a birth defect of demonic inter-breeding, but...

FRANKIE

'May' 'ave been?

TSULA

(nods)

Yes.

FRANKIE

Not good enough.

Frankie turns back to her own book, and Tsula looks a little stung by Frankie's attitude.

(CONTINUED)

TSULA

I'm sorry, Frankie! I'm trying.  
We're all trying. But we've been  
here for hours, and this is the  
most we've been able to find on  
what could be happening to Darcie.

Frankie SLAM her book shut and turns back to look at Tsula,  
who clearly isn't going to back down from Frankie's glare.

FRANKIE

I know you are trying to 'elp,  
Tsula, but this is not good enough.  
Do you understand that? Failure  
means death.

(beat)

As a Slayer, you should know that.  
We cannot afford to fail. I refuse  
to let 'im die.

TSULA

(sincerely)

We won't let him die either,  
Frankie. He's your man.

(beat)

That makes him one of us.

Frankie smiles at the support offered to her, but it clearly  
isn't much comfort to her.

BARBARA (O.S.)

Frankie!

The two Slayers look down into the depths of the library to  
find Barbara holding the receiver of the library phone.

FRANKIE

What is it?

BARBARA

It's Debbie. She wants to see you  
in the infirmary. She's found  
something.

Frankie nods, and hands the books back to Tsula.

FRANKIE

Keep looking.

Tsula nods and hits the books again as Frankie hurries  
towards the exit, and we:

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF ACT TWO**

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

22 INT. CAMPUS - INFIRMARY - NIGHT

22

The lights are all turned off except a desk lamp that lights up a research area at the far end of the infirmary, where Debbie is busy loading a tray underneath a microscope.

MANU, the Academy's recently acquired doctor, stands nearby, watching her work with interest.

An athletic Chinese Slayer is sleeping in a bed at the other end of the room, her face covered in patches and bandages. She groans in her sleep, and Debbie looks up momentarily to check on her.

The door flies open, and Debbie jumps in surprise as Frankie hurries into the room, paying no consideration to who else may be using the infirmary's facilities.

The injured Slayer stirs, and Debbie hurries over to her, shooting a disapproving look at Frankie.

DEBBIE

Shh, Da-Xia, it's okay. You need to rest.

With a bit of gentle persuasion, the Slayer settles back down and Debbie beckons for Frankie to follow her to the research area, where Manu is waiting for them.

FRANKIE

(quietly)

I am sorry. I did not realize...

(beat)

What is wrong with 'er?

DEBBIE

Third degree burns to the face and neck. Some kind of explosion.

(beat)

Cabal.

Frankie sighs as they reach the research area, and Debbie pushes the microscope towards her. Frankie hesitates before looking down it.

FRANKIE

What am I looking at?

DEBBIE

This is the DNA structure of an ordinary person.

(CONTINUED)

FRANKIE  
(raises eyebrow)  
Whose?

MANU  
Mine.

Manu takes the slide out of the microscope, and inserts another one, motioning for Frankie to take another look.

FRANKIE'S POV:

Looking down through the microscope, we see a number of squirming cells - however, these are remarkably disfigured and squirming to get free of the glass they're held in. They JUMP UP at the microscope violently!

ON SCENE:

Frankie jumps, and backs away from the microscope, as if the cells had indeed tried to jump up at her.

DEBBIE  
And that's Darcie.

FRANKIE  
Okay, so there is something wrong.  
We already knew that.

DEBBIE  
Well, straight away we can rule of possession and infection. Whatever's there has been dormant in her DNA for a while. Somehow, some kind of demon genetics have found their way into her system.  
(beat)  
When you... you know...

FRANKIE  
Killed 'er?

DEBBIE  
Uh... yeah.  
(beat)  
I think that's when the dormant cells were awoken. It effectively saved her life, but it accelerated this transformation.

FRANKIE  
(frowns)  
'Transformation' into what?

(CONTINUED)



DEBBIE

My guess is she's just going to get more and more demonic until...

(beat)

Well, until there's nothing of Darcie left. No Slayer, no human... just demon.

FRANKIE

That is not something I should be telling 'er.

(beat)

Is there any way to reverse it?

DEBBIE

I don't know. Scientifically, though, I can't think of anything that wouldn't kill her.

MANU

From what we can gather, the 'coming back from the dead' part of these awakened cells was a one time deal. It was part of the change, a defence mechanism.

DEBBIE

In other words, once her cells stop changing and regenerating, she'll be as vulnerable as anyone else.

FRANKIE

So we keep looking for mystical solutions.

(beat)

Thank you, Deborah, Dr. Cairns.

Frankie turns and heads towards the door, but Debbie calls after her.

DEBBIE

Frankie!

(beat)

He'll be alright.

And the two Slayers share a smile before Frankie leaves.

The early morning sun is now filtering through the windows, and the Slayers are now showing signs of defeat, exhaustion, and demoralization.

Reiko is resting her head on Juanita's shoulder, as the two Slayers sit at the main research table, still pouring through old dusty books. Both of them look just about ready to drop where they're sat.

Fran and Alyssa sit opposite them; Fran with her head rested in her arms as she stifles a yawn and turns another page in a book, and Alyssa pouring coffee down her throat as she reads two books at once.

Tsula sits on the floor with her back against the counter, surrounded by piles of books, and Layla sits opposite her, flipping through a file.

After a moment of silence, Frankie appears on the upper level and looks down at the busy Slayers.

FRANKIE

'Ow are things going?

REIKO

That depends. Do you want the books with no information in them, or the books with no information in them?

FRANKIE

I want the books with the answers in them. We are running out of time!

TSULA

I think we're...

Frankie shoots her a look, and Tsula looks to the other girls for support before continuing.

TSULA (cont'd)

I think we're wasting our time.

A beat.

Tsula waits as Frankie absorbs that, the blonde Slayer looking around at the others to see where their alliances lie.

And they clearly lie with Tsula.

TSULA (cont'd)

I want to help Dunstall. You know I do, but we aren't going to find anything to stop what's happening to Darcie. We don't have enough time, or enough resources at the moment.

(CONTINUED)

BARBARA (O.S.)  
Tsula's right, Frankie.

Frankie's eyes turn to the door, as Barbara, Fitzgerald and Debbie enter the library.

BARBARA (cont'd)  
Our first priority is getting  
Dunstall back safely.  
(beat)  
I'm sending a team in.

FRANKIE  
No!

BARBARA  
I'm sorry, Frankie, I have to make  
the decisions here.

Fuming, Frankie quickly clatters down the staircase and onto the lower level, storming up to Barbara.

FRANKIE  
She will expect that! She will kill  
'im!

FITZGERALD  
Are you saying our Slayers aren't  
capable, Francoise?

FRANKIE  
(offended)  
'Your' Slayers?  
(beat)  
They are not your Slayers,  
Mademoiselle, and in case you 'ave  
forgotten, I am a Slayer too. I am  
the Slayer that knows our  
opposition the best.

BARBARA  
I was prepared to allow you to  
bargain with her, Frankie, but we  
have nothing to bargain with.  
(beat)  
If what you say is true, then  
Darcie is very powerful and  
unstable right now. She could just  
as easily kill him, even if you do  
help her. Sending a team in is the  
only way to save Dunstall.

FRANKIE  
It is the way to get 'im killed!  
(beat)  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

FRANKIE (cont'd)

Are you even listening to me? She  
will kill 'im!

BARBARA

(outbursts)

She would have killed him anyway!

(beat; calmer)

Do you think she would have just  
taken a cure from you and let you  
both go?

(beat)

Think about it Frankie. She would  
have taken the cure, and then slit  
your throat and made him watch!

Frankie turns away from the others, fuming, as the Slayers  
glance around at each other, unsure how to react to this very  
public argument.

FRANKIE

I 'ave some answers for 'er. I can  
tell 'er what is 'appening, and  
what will 'appen.

(beat)

Perhaps, with that, she will let  
'im go, and agree to giving us more  
time to find a cure.

FITZGERALD

We can't risk it.

FRANKIE

(snaps)

Who said I was asking for your  
permission?

Fitzgerald frowns and opens her mouth to snap back, but  
Frankie nods to Barbara and cuts her off.

FRANKIE (cont'd)

I was asking for 'ers.

And all eyes turn to Barbara, as the headmistress studies  
Frankie's pleading face.

BARBARA

Do you really think you can talk  
her round?

FRANKIE

(firmly)

Oui. I know I can.

BARBARA

(sighs)

Very well.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BARBARA (cont'd)  
You're in charge of this one,  
Frankie. I hope you know what  
you're doing.

The conversation is interrupted as the phone begins to RING.  
Frankie crosses to the counter and answers it.

FRANKIE  
(into phone)  
*Oui?*

Frankie freezes, and turns to look at the others, her eyes  
wide.

FRANKIE (cont'd)  
Put her through, please.  
(beat)  
Darcie?  
(beat)  
I am.  
(beat)  
I think so.  
(beat)  
I know. I will.

Frankie puts the phone down, and reaches over the counter,  
pulling out a roll of maps, as the others gather around her.

DEBBIE  
What's happening?

FRANKIE  
She 'as given me a location.

BARBARA  
Where?

Frankie points to a location on the map.

FRANKIE  
It is an old dam, about a mile away  
from where she attacked us.

BARBARA  
Someone will need to go with you.

FRANKIE  
She said I must go alone.

BARBARA  
You'll need transport. You can't  
bring Dunstall back on the bus!

Frankie considers this a moment, before nodding.

FRANKIE  
Fine. But they must stay away.

BARBARA

Layla, you have your minibus  
license, don't you?

LAYLA

Yes, Miss Griffin.  
(off looks; shrugs)  
Mr. Giles thought it was a good  
idea to have more drivers.

Barbara reaches into her pocket and pulls out a set of keys,  
throwing them to the surprised Slayer.

BARBARA

Take the Cabal truck.  
(to Frankie)  
And be careful. I mean it, Frankie.  
She's dangerous.

FRANKIE

I know. And I will.  
(beat; to Layla)  
Come.

Frankie strides towards the door, and Layla shares a  
meaningful look with Barbara before following.

As soon as they're gone, the other Slayers immediately jump  
on Barbara's actions.

REIKO

You're not seriously letting her go  
alone, are you?

DEBBIE

Darcie's a bloody psychopath!

FRAN

If she's as strong as Frankie said,  
then she's walking into a death  
trap!

BARBARA

(firmly)  
Enough!

The Slayers quiet down, but their body language still screams  
confrontation.

BARBARA (cont'd)

She isn't going alone.

TSULA

What?

(CONTINUED)

BARBARA

We're going in as back up. Grace,  
you're in charge here.

FITZGERALD

Of course.

BARBARA

(to Slayers)

Mount up, ladies. We have an  
exchange to attend.

And Barbara strides towards the door as well, all business,  
leaving the Slayers stunned at her duplicity.

24 EXT. FIELD - ROADSIDE - DAY

24

The Academy's recently liberated CABAL TRUCK speeds down a  
thin country road, and comes to a stop alongside a field  
similar to the one we've seen previously.

25 INT. TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

25

Layla turns the ignition off, and looks over at Frankie, who  
is scanning the horizon through the window, her eyes narrowed  
in concentration.

LAYLA

Are you sure this is it?

FRANKIE

*Oui.*

LAYLA

Do you want me to come too? I can  
wait outside.

FRANKIE

No, you stay 'ere.

LAYLA

(nods)

Okay. Just be careful.

Frankie opens the door and steps out onto the road, before  
turning to look at her.

FRANKIE

I will be fine. Just get ready to  
leave quickly. We may need to.

Layla nods, and Frankie closes the door, setting off across  
the field at a march.

Layla watches her for a moment until she's far enough away,  
and pulls out a vibrating mobile phone, answering it quickly.

(CONTINUED)

LAYLA  
(into phone)  
Miss Griffin? Yeah.  
(beat)  
Yeah, she's going.

And as Layla watches Frankie leave, listening to Barbara's instructions, we cut to:

Cutting a large river in half, a large stone bridge covers this dam, at least thirty feet above the surface, the water of the river flowing through it.

A manic looking Darcie stands near to the edge of the middle of the bridge, a KNIFE held to Dunstall's throat, the pair of them waiting for Frankie to show up.

Dunstall has suffered a number of other batterings since we last saw him, but he's managing to keep his footing.

DARCIE  
I didn't want this, you know.

DUNSTALL  
Funny way of showing it.

DARCIE  
I just want to be normal again.

DUNSTALL  
You were never normal, Darcie. You know that.

DARCIE  
Yes, I...

DUNSTALL  
No, you weren't!  
(beat)  
Frankie told me all about you. I know everything you've done, and the way you've treated me today? I doubt there was ever any human in you!

DARCIE  
(snarls)  
Are you trying to get me to kill you, Sebastian? Because let me tell you, you're awfully close.

DUNSTALL  
(sneers)  
I'm not scared of you.  
(MORE)



DUNSTALL (cont'd)  
I've known government officials  
that could tear you a new one  
without batting an eyelid.

DARCIE  
And what a shame the same can't be  
said for your Frankie, eh?  
(beat)  
Remember our little scuffle in the  
library that time she tried to stop  
me leaving?  
(laughs)  
That was the most humiliating  
defeat I've ever witnessed.

DUNSTALL  
That time. Are you forgetting that  
time she kinda killed you?

DARCIE  
And yet, I'm still here.

DUNSTALL  
Not for much longer. You've got  
nothing on her.

DARCIE  
(grins)  
Aww, young love.  
(beat)  
Puke.  
(beat)  
What is it with you people? Always  
thinking with your heart or with  
your bloody di -

FRANKIE (O.S.)  
Darcie!

Darcie turns her head to the other side of the bridge to see  
Frankie walking towards them. Dunstall immediately struggles  
as he sees her, but Darcie holds him tight.

DARCIE  
I was beginning to think you were  
going to stand me up, Frankie dear.

And as Darcie grins, and Frankie glares, we cut to:

Out in the woods, Barbara leads the way as Reiko, Juanita,  
Tsula, Fran, Layla and Alyssa hurriedly search through the  
trees, looking for the river.

FRAN  
Are you sure this is the right way?

LAYLA

I'm sure. She came this way.

And the Slayers continue their frantic search, until Reiko cries out, nearly tumbling down a hillside, but just managing to grab onto a tree to save herself.

JUANITA

(rolls eyes)

You clumsy -

But Reiko shushes her and points out down the hillside, where Darcie, Dunstall and Frankie can clearly be seen on the bridge over the river below!

REIKO

Here!

The others hurry over and gather around, looking down at the exchange.

JUANITA

What's going on?

TSULA

(squints)

I can't tell.

(to Barbara)

What should we do?

BARBARA

Wait.

A beat. Juanita rolls her eyes.

JUANITA

Oh, screw this.

And Juanita takes off down the hillside, half-running, half-stumbling towards the bridge.

BARBARA

Juanita, no!

But the Latina Slayer keeps running, and Barbara cries out in frustration, motioning to the other Slayers.

BARBARA (cont'd)

Bloody hell...

(beat)

Go! Go!

And as the others scramble after Juanita, we cut back to:

28

EXT. DAM BRIDGE - NEXT

28

The scene is as we left is, as Frankie watches her opponent wearily, Dunstall still struggling to escape.

DARCIE

So, then, should we engage in some meaningless chit-chat, or shall we get straight to the... uh...

Darcie digs the knife in a little, and Dunstall winces in pain as she wiggles her eyebrows suggestively.

DARCIE (cont'd)

... point.

FRANKIE

Let 'im go. I am 'ere. I won't try anything.

DARCIE

That's what they all say.

(beat)

So, come on then. Suspense doesn't suit you at all. Spill the metaphorical beans.

FRANKIE

(beat; frowns)

What?

DARCIE

(rolls eyes)

The cure, Frankie.

FRANKIE

Oh.

(beat; uncertain)

Well... you see...

(beat)

There isn't one.

DARCIE

(dangerously)

I'm sorry?

FRANKIE

(quickly)

We need more time!

(beat)

Deborah says that the only option is to research mystical cures, so if you come back to the Academy with me, I can 'elp you!

(CONTINUED)

DARCIE

Frankie, you and I both know the moment I step through those doors I'll be killed, or locked up, or worse. How stupid do you think I look?

DUNSTALL

(smirks)

Do you want me to answer that one?

Darcie glances at him, a wild look in her eyes, before turning a grin back to Frankie.

DARCIE

Well then, I suppose I only have one option left.

A look passes between the two Slayers, and Frankie's eyes widen in horror as she realizes the implications of Darcie's last option.

FRANKIE

Darcie, no!

But before either of them can react any further, a disheveled-looking Reiko stumbles out of the trees nearby and falls onto the end of the bridge with a YELP!

She looks up guiltily, embarrassed, and grimaces as Darcie's eyes rest on her.

REIKO

Uh... oops.

DARCIE

(to Frankie)

You tricked me!

FRANKIE

No! Darcie, I didn't...!

And with a savage snarl, Darcie buries her face in Dunstall's neck, BITING into his flesh ravenously, SPRAYING blood all over Frankie as she reaches for him!

As Darcie only sinks her teeth in deeper, we:

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF ACT THREE**

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

29

EXT. DAM BRIDGE - NIGHT

29

With a cry of fury, Frankie pulls Dunstall one way, and grabs Darcie by the hair, pulling her the other. Darcie lets go of Dunstall, and he slumps to the floor, as Frankie SLAMS a fist into Darcie's face!

FRANKIE

That's it, *chienne*! It is time for  
us to end this farce, right now!

And Frankie throws herself at Darcie as the others Slayers shoot out from the trees, Juanita stopping to help Reiko back to her feet.

Frankie slams two more quick punches into Darcie's face, and spins to deliver a sharp kick to her chest, as Alyssa and Layla rush over to drag Dunstall out of harm's way.

Darcie recovers quickly, and BODYSLAMS Frankie back, causing her to SMASH into Tsula, as the First Nations Slayer tries to attack.

Before the girls can get Dunstall to safety, Darcie sets her deranged eyes back on him, and GRABS Layla's arm.

DARCIE

Where do you think you're going?

Layla looks back at her fearfully, and with a sickening CRUNCH, Darcie pulls her arm back. The young Slayer cries out in pain as her arm snaps, before Darcie sprawls her out on the ground with a vicious HEADBUTT!

Spinning, Darcie catches Reiko in mid-attack and PUNCHES her into the oncoming Juanita, sending them both rolling across the bridge.

Darcie turns back to Alyssa as the Scottish Slayer continues to drag Dunstall away, and lifts up her knife.

DARCIE (cont'd)

Now look here, I didn't say I was  
finished, did I?

Alyssa's eyes widen as Darcie's grin becomes only more savage, and the other Slayer doesn't even have time to scream as Darcie throws the knife at her, STABBING into her chest with a wet THUD!

Alyssa hits the ground, knife protruding from her chest, dead eyes staring up at the sky, as Darcie grabs onto the bleeding Dunstall once more.

(CONTINUED)

Behind her, the Slayers are regrouping, but Darcie has him now and they're all too far away. Reiko, Juanita, Tsula, and Fran all glare back at her, ready to attack.

TSULA

Don't do it.

JUANITA

You won't get past all of us.

DARCIE

I just did, or were you not paying attention?

FRAN

Let him go!

DARCIE

No, I don't think...

Darcie freezes as she realizes Frankie isn't stood before her as well. She looks around, counting her opponents; the four Slayers in front of her, the unconscious Layla, the dead Alyssa...

FRANKIE (O.S.)

(mocking)

Boo!

Darcie spins, just as Frankie appears out of nowhere, wielding a thick, dislodged metal rail from the bridge.

SLAMMING the metal into Darcie's face, Frankie cries out in fury as the demonic Slayer goes down!

FRANKIE (cont'd)

(grits teeth)

Big mistake, Deyncourt.

And with that, Frankie KICKS Darcie in the chest, sending her flying back into Reiko and Tsula's waiting hands. Darcie struggles in their grasps, but the two Slayers hold her tight, as Frankie advances.

FRANKIE (cont'd)

I would 'ave 'elped you, Darcie.

But now...

Frankie looks over at Dunstall, as Fran kneels next to him, tearing strips from his top to make bandages.

FRANKIE (cont'd)

Go to 'ell, bitch!

And Frankie STABS the rail right through Darcie's midsection!

(CONTINUED)

Darcie SCREAMS in agony, and Frankie tears the metal from her body, raising it once more to attack.

DARCIE  
(panting)  
Never knew... you had it in you...  
Frankie...

FRANKIE  
(off her wound)  
Now you know 'ow that feels.

Her face contorted in fury, Frankie swings the rail, but Darcie kicks out, throwing Frankie backwards!

Turning on her captors, Darcie CRACKS Tsula's knee with a sharp kick, and HEADBUTTS Reiko sharply in the face, causing both Slayers to let go of her.

Reiko rushes at Darcie, despite the blood flowing from her broken nose, but Darcie grabs her and SLAMS her into the attacking Juanita, sending them both to the ground once more.

The two Slayers hit the concrete, and look up as Darcie SPEEDS away in the direction the Slayers had come from!

JUANITA  
I wish she'd stop doing that...

And the two Slayers scramble to their feet and take off after her.

Frankie's got back to her feet now, and heads over to Dunstall, throwing a glance at the Slayers sprinting across the bridge.

She throws a desperate look to Fran, who is patching him up as best she can.

FRANKIE  
You are going to be okay. I  
promise.

Dunstall manages a grin through the pain.

DUNSTALL  
I know.

FRAN  
She means it. I have first aid  
training.  
(smiles)  
Bit of sticky tape, a few  
plasters... you'll be fine.

Dunstall accepts her warm smile with one of his own, as Fran finishes tying his bandages.

FRANKIE

Is that it?

FRAN

(shrugs)

I'm no Debbie, but it'll hold for a while.

FRANKIE

Then we should get him back to...

DUNSTALL

No.

FRANKIE

What?

DUNSTALL

Tsula and Fran can get me back. You need to go after Darcie.

A long moment passes between them, before Frankie quickly KISSES him, and sprints after Juanita and Reiko, a fiery look in her eyes.

Darcie scrambles up the hillside, bloody, savage and desperate in her attempt to escape the Slayers racing after her.

She's so desperate in her attempt that she doesn't notice as Barbara steps out of the trees behind her, swinging a dislodged tree branch!

Darcie cries out as the branch CLUBS her around the back of the head, and she goes down hard.

BARBARA

I don't think so, Darcie!

Barbara lifts the branch once more to make sure she stays down, but Darcie springs upwards, SLAMMING Barbara back into a tree!

Barbara slumps to the ground, stunned, as Reiko climbs over the edge of the hill, closely followed by Juanita.

REIKO

Miss Griffin!

Darcie speeds off into the trees once more, as Reiko and Juanita hurry over to the headmistress.

(CONTINUED)



JUANITA

Is she okay?

REIKO

I think so. Go!

Juanita nods and races after Darcie, just as Frankie appears at the top of the hill.

Without needing to be asked, Reiko points wildly in the direction Darcie and Juanita went.

REIKO (cont'd)

That way!

Frankie takes after them, as Reiko lifts Barbara into a sitting position.

EXT. CLIFF - DAY

We follow Darcie as she tears through the trees and undergrowth, and it isn't long before she hits a clearing - and the edge of a cliff!

DARCIE'S POV:

Through her eyes we look down over the edge of the cliff, finding a good hundred foot drop down to the river below.

ON SCENE:

Knowing that she could be trapped here, Darcie turns to run in the other direction, but finds Juanita blocking her way!

JUANITA

Going somewhere?

DARCIE

Well, yes. I thought I might go for a cup of tea at Buckingham Palace - what do you think, newbie?

Juanita smirks, and falls into a fighting position.

JUANITA

Mostly, I think you're about to get your ass handed to you on a plate.

And Juanita springs into an impressive kick that looks more like a dance move than a fighting force, but it connects all the same and Darcie stumbles back towards the edge of the cliff, barely keeping her footing.

Darcie snarls and throws herself at Juanita, but the younger Slayer rolls with it, using Darcie's weight to throw her over, SLAMMING her into a clump of trees.

(CONTINUED)

Darcie springs back to her feet as Juanita prepares herself, but the Latina Slayer is too slow to block a vicious PUNCH that throws her to the ground.

The redhead raises a foot to kick her opponent on the ground, but is suddenly TACKLED to the floor!

Darcie hits the ground and Frankie lands on top of her to deliver a sharp PUNCH to her face!

FRANKIE

I do not think we are finished  
quite yet, *non?*

Frankie tears a clump of Darcie's hair out in a demonstration of undignified cat fighting, but immediately follows with a perfect right hook.

Darcie cries out and manages to pull Frankie off her, spinning the blonde Slayer round and rising slowly to her feet. Every move seems to be hurting her now.

Frankie rights herself as well, and blocks a kick aimed at her face, but is too slow to block the next punch, which causes her to stagger backwards.

Darcie stumbles back a few steps herself, hand clutching the wound in her side. She's slick with her own blood.

DARCIE

What's the matter... Frankie dear?  
Didn't like... the gift?

FRANKIE

(glares)  
I swear to God, Darcie, I am going  
to tear the heart from your chest  
if 'e dies!

DARCIE

(grins)  
Oh, he'll die. I've already... made  
sure of that.

Frankie's face registers confusion, but Darcie doesn't explain any further. She steps back, sagging a little.

DARCIE (cont'd)

I just wanted you... to know... one  
thing.  
(beat)  
I win. Bitch.

And with that, Darcie turns and sprints to the edge of the cliff, SWAN DIVING off the edge before Frankie can even hope to grab hold of her!

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED: (2)

31

FRANKIE

No!!

Frankie runs after her, but she's far too late, watching helplessly as Darcie plummets out of sight!

On Frankie's shocked and stunned expression, we cut to:

32 EXT. FIELD - ROADSIDE - DAY

32

The Academy minibus is now parked next to the truck Layla was driving, and Debbie is stood leaning against it. She looks up as she sees the back up team hurrying across the field towards her.

DEBBIE

Oh, my God...

Frankie and Fran are helping the heavily beaten and bandaged Dunstall walk, both of them covered in his blood, and Tsula is carrying Layla. The others follow up, looking around cautiously. Reiko is noticeably wet.

DEBBIE (cont'd)

What the hell happened?

REIKO

What do you think? Come on, med girl, we need some help here!

Barbara climbs into the van, and Debbie begins to check Dunstall's wounds, as Frankie helps Dunstall sit down in the back of the van. He's shivering from the cold, yet sweating - his eyes going in and out of focus.

DUNSTALL

T-thanks for c-c-coming to s-cave me...

FRANKIE

Like I was going to leave you with 'er.

(beat)

I am sorry.

DUNSTALL

W-what? This w-wasn't your f-fault.

FRANKIE

I know, but you came 'ere to visit, and you end up fending off a psycho and 'aving 'er torture you for an entire night.

(CONTINUED)

DUNSTALL

(shrugs)

S-seems like... a normal visit...  
to me...

Frankie shakes her head in amusement, as Dunstall cracks a grin.

FRANKIE

Well, I suppose...

REIKO

Guys!

They look up at Reiko, who is shivering due to being soaked through, as Barbara exits the mini bus, talking quietly into a mobile phone.

Debbie quickly gets to her feet and hurries over, pulling her jacket off.

DEBBIE

What the hell were you doing?

JUANITA

We went to try and find Darcie's  
body.

REIKO

(through shivers)

I fell in.

Debbie rolls her eyes and wraps the jacket around Reiko's shoulders, and looks up at Juanita.

DEBBIE

You couldn't find her?

JUANITA

(shakes head)

Sorry.

FRANKIE

(shakes head)

No matter.

(beat)

Come on, we should...

(beat)

Sebastian?

All eyes turn to look at Dunstall as he seems to be struggling to breathe, clutching his chest with his not-broken hand, his veins popping out of his skin.

(CONTINUED)

FRANKIE (cont'd)  
 (panicking)  
 Sebastian?!  
 (beat)  
 Deborah! Debbie!

Debbie hurries over to them, and sits down next to Dunstall, removing the bandages around his neck, revealing a big black BRUISE where Darcie bit him.

FRANKIE (cont'd)  
 Debbie?!

DEBBIE  
 (freaked out)  
 I... I don't know. It shouldn't be  
 that colour. The punctures have  
 gone...

Dunstall's eyes roll into his head and he begins to convulse as Frankie tries to hold him still.

FRANKIE  
 Debbie! What's 'appening?

DEBBIE  
 I don't know!

FRANKIE  
 (screams)  
 Debbie!

Debbie grabs Dunstall under the arms and drags him all the way into the van, motioning for the Slayers to get in.

DEBBIE  
 Hurry up! We need to get back to  
 the Academy, now! He's arresting!

FRANKIE  
 (sobbing)  
 Oh, my God...

Barbara and the Slayers climb into the minibus, and slam the doors shut, and with a desperate Frankie still visible in the back window, the van splutters to life and speeds away down the road, leaving the truck alone at the roadside.

In the hallway outside the infirmary, Frankie, Barbara, Reiko, Juanita, Tsula and Fran sit on chairs, waiting to hear news about the injured.

Frankie is quietly crying to herself, while Fran rubs at the blood on her shirt with slight annoyance.

(CONTINUED)

They sit in complete silence, until the infirmery door opens and Debbie appears. Frankie quickly springs to her feet.

FRANKIE

Well?

DEBBIE

He's stabilized. He's resting now.

FRANKIE

Can I see 'im?

DEBBIE

No, not yet. He...

(beat)

Frankie, something happened when Darcie bit him. There was some kind of transference, and he's been infected with the same DNA that Darcie has.

FRANKIE

You mean...?

(beat)

'E will... change as well?

DEBBIE

Possibly. I don't know. He's been infected, while Darcie always had these cells...

BARBARA

Don't worry, Frankie. As soon as he's able to travel, I'll have him sent to Council specialists. If anyone can stop the transformation, it's them.

FRANKIE

(snaps)

'E wouldn't have been infected if you 'ad just let me do what was right!

BARBARA

Frankie...

FRANKIE

(enraged)

No, Barbara!

(beat)

I asked for your trust and you threw it in my face! I could 'ave put a stop to all this if you 'ad just let me try!

(CONTINUED)

JUANITA

Frankie, it was my fault. I broke ranks, and...

REIKO

And I fell out of the tree I was hiding in...

FRANKIE

(terse)

I do not want to 'ear it.

(beat)

But let me assure you all that I will not forget this.

(eyes Barbara)

Your mistakes.

(eyes the Slayers)

Nor your loyalty.

(beat)

And let me also assure you that I will not let Darcie 'ave the last laugh. She thinks she 'as won by infecting Sebastian and making a cure 'arder to find.

(beat; to Barbara)

I will work 'arder than ever before to make sure she 'as not won.

Frankie turns to Barbara, locking gazes.

FRANKIE (cont'd)

So I do not want to be sitting behind a library desk, when I could be out there, looking for a cure.

BARBARA

You mean...

FRANKIE

I want to be put back into a squad.

BARBARA

Frankie... your arm, you know you're not ready for -

FRANKIE

I will make myself ready.

Frankie and Barbara stare at each other for a few moments, before Barbara lowers her head and nods.

BARBARA

If it's what you want. If you're sure you'll be able to handle field duty again.

(CONTINUED)

FRANKIE

Oui. I 'ave spent too long standing still. It is time for me to start moving again.

And with that, Frankie storms away down the hallway, quickly followed by Reiko, Juanita and Tsula, as Barbara sighs in defeat and turns to Debbie.

BARBARA

And Layla?

DEBBIE

Broken arm. She'll be fine.

BARBARA

(nods)

Very well. Then I suppose I'd better go and fill out yet more paperwork.

(solemnly)

And send another girl home for burial.

With a face full of guilt, Barbara turns and strides down the hallway as well, leaving Debbie alone with Fran.

FRAN

You need some helping clearing up?

DEBBIE

Oh, God, yes.

Fran smiles and gets to her feet, and they both walk into the infirmary, as we cut to:

Frankie, Reiko, Juanita and Tsula walk down another hallway, all headed back to their own rooms, passing various Slayers who are going about their daily business.

Frankie purposely walks in front of the others, her head down as she tries to control her tears. The others follow at a distance, shooting her worried looks.

SKYE (O.S.)

Frankie! Hey!

The girls turn to find Skye, ERIKA and ANNA coming up behind them, each of them carrying a weapon and showing signs of a vicious battle.

The two groups look each other up and down for a moment, taking in each other's battered appearances.

(CONTINUED)



SKYE (cont'd)  
What the hell happened to you?

REIKO  
(deadpan)  
Don't ask.

And the girls disappear into various directions, as the A Squad Slayers swap confused glances.

ANNA  
I thought they all had a day off?

Skye shrugs, and we cut to:

35 INT. CAMPUS - LIBRARY - DAY

35

The afternoon sun filters in through the windows, and despite the dark, musty atmosphere of the library, and the dark events of the previous day, things are more or less normal.

Frankie sits behind the counter of the library, doing her own research, while keeping one watchful eye on a group of younger Slayers who are doing their own work at the nearest research table.

But it's clear that all is not right with our resident librarian. How could it be?

BARBARA (O.S.)  
Frankie?

Frankie turns her head to find Barbara stood at one end of the counter, and forces a smile of greeting.

FRANKIE  
What can I do for you?

BARBARA  
You can talk to me. In private, if you'd prefer.

FRANKIE  
(shrugs)  
I 'ave nothing to 'ide.

BARBARA  
(nods)  
I just wanted you to know that Dunstall is leaving at five o'clock this evening, to go to a very specialist facility in London, where mystical experts and top doctors will be working with him.  
(beat)  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BARBARA (cont'd)  
You're relieved of your duties this  
afternoon to go and say goodbye.

FRANKIE  
(heart sinks)  
'E is being... sent away?

BARBARA  
I'm sorry Frankie, but Debbie and  
Dr. Cairns are simply not qualified  
enough to deal with this situation.

FRANKIE  
What about Darcie? 'Er body, 'er  
skin sample? There must be  
something we can do?

BARBARA  
I'm afraid we've still been unable  
to recover Darcie's body, and the  
flesh sample has degenerated. It's  
no use to us.

Frankie takes this in, and nods almost absently, as the cogs  
turn in her head.

BARBARA (cont'd)  
(uncertainly)  
And Frankie, about the, uh... the  
squad position... I've spoken to  
Grace, and she thinks that the B  
Squad could use another -

FRANKIE  
(firmly)  
I want it. Are you to tell me there  
are more experienced Slayers 'ere  
looking for the position?

BARBARA  
It's just that the position is for  
a leader, and...

FRANKIE  
I think I proved yesterday that I  
can do it, Barbara. And I feel I  
'ave a lot to teach those girls.

BARBARA  
I'm just wary that your desire to  
search for a cure for Dunstall may  
cloud your judgement.  
(beat)  
I don't want you pushing yourself  
back into duty for the wrong  
reasons.

FRANKIE

I'm telling you that my desire to find a cure will only make me a more driven Slayer. There is no one more suited for the job.

A beat.

BARBARA

Alright, Frankie.

(beat)

I'll talk to Grace and have it arranged. You'll need to meet the squad here tomorrow, bright and early.

FRANKIE

(curtly)

*Merci.*

And Barbara watches Frankie return to her library duties, before leaving her to it.

Dunstall lies in a bed, heavily bandaged and heavily sedated, but even through the bandages we can see that his skin has turned almost yellow as whatever was inside Darcie spreads through his body.

Frankie sits on a chair by his hand, holding his hand carefully in hers. She watches him calmly, the panic and the hate, the pain and the hurt - it's all gone.

This is about love, and nothing more.

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF SHOW**