

SLAYER ACADEMY

"MERCY"

STARRING

EMILY BROWNING

EMILY BOOTH

PARIS HILTON

MILA KUNIS

RACHAEL LEIGH COOK

KYOKO FUKADA

WITH

JACQUELINE MCKENZIE

EVE MYLES

NAVEEN ANDREWS

OLESYA RULIN

SPECIAL GUEST STAR

RACHEL TAYLOR

GUEST STARRING

JULIA LING as 'Zoe'

HAYLEY WILLIAMS as 'Felicia'

AKI MAEDA as Zilvia'

VICTOR GARBER as 'Dr. Reynold'

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(C) MUTANT ENEMY, INC. AND FOX

PREVIOUSLY

FRANKIE V.O.)
Previously, on Slayer Academy...

INT. DARKENED ROOM - NIGHT

A groggy, bruised FRANKIE is tied to a chair inside a plain, darkened room.

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.

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

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

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

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, as we:

CUT TO:

EXT. DAM BRIDGE - DAY

Frankie faces off against Darcie - who has DUNSTALL held fast before her. They're standing on a bridge over a huge DAM.

FRANKIE

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

DARCIE

That's what they all say.

(beat)

So, come on then. The cure, Frankie.

FRANKIE

(uncertain)

There... there isn't one.

DARCIE

(dangerously)

I'm sorry?

FRANKIE

(quickly)

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!

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

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.

FRANKIE

(horrified)

Darcie, no!

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!

CUT TO:

EXT. CLIFF - DAY

Darcie bursts from the woods behind to find herself facing a CLIFFSIDE - with a huge drop to the water below,.

Darcie turns - and Frankie appears to PUNCH her!

FRANKIE

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

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

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

DARCIE

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!

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:

EXT. FIELD - ROADSIDE - DAY

Frankie sits by the pale and shivering Dunstall, his bloody neck swabbed with bandages.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DUNSTALL

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

FRANKIE

Like I was going to leave you with
'er.

(beat)

Come on, we should... Sebastian?

Dunstall struggles to breathe, clutching at his chest with
his veins popping out of his skin!

FRANKIE (cont'd)

(panicking)

Sebastian?!?

She removes the bandages around his neck, revealing a big
black BRUISE where Darcie bit him.

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

FRANKIE (cont'd)

(sobbing)

Oh, my God...

CUT TO:

INT. CAMPUS - HALLWAY - DAY

Frankie stands as DEBBIE emerges from the infirmary.

DEBBIE

He's stabilized. He's resting now.

(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?

CUT TO:

INT. CABAL HQ - LAB - NEXT

Frankie stumbles into another of the base's many labs,
struggling to stay upright and shielding herself from the
dozens of FIRES.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She turns to go, when another EXPLOSION dislodges several rows of MORGUE LOCKERS mounted on one wall!

They CRASH from the wall, several flying open and disgorging their contents - including one BODY which lands near Frankie.

FRANKIE
(shocked)
Il ne peut pas être...

It's DARCIE'S BODY! Her demonically-altered features are the same, but her skin is blue and pale - as if she'd been underwater for some time.

Shellshocked, Frankie's mind races - and she spots a computer terminal nearby. Ignoring the further TREMORS that try to bowl her off her feet, she races to the console.

CUT TO:

INT. TECH SUITE - NEXT

Delaney sits at the computer reading, but is interrupted by a BEEP. Her screen reads: ONE NEW EMAIL. She opens it.

It reads "You do me a favour... Just consider my debt paid." Beside this is a link. She clicks it:

A VIDEO. It's fuzzy and dark, but someone is lying on a table. It's KIRA! She lies on the table, prone, as a fuzzy figure works over her. However, the voice is unmistakable:

HAMISH
Kira, Kira, Kira... how the mighty
have fallen. No more your stupid
little apprentice now, eh?

And, if to underscore the point, the camera person shifts the camera up and ZOOMS IN on HAMISH's face!

The video cuts to a map of Europe, and begins moving closer and closer, into France, closer, until it lands on a small uninhabited area outside PARIS.

Text underneath reads: HAPPY HUNTING - MALLORY. Delaney looks at this, eyes wide, breathing hard. She grins.

BLACK OUT:

END OF TAG

TEASER

FADE IN:

1 INT. CAMPUS - INFIRMARY - MORNING

1

The steady BEEP of a heart monitor greets us as we follow MANU through rows of beds, the infirmary overflowing with sick SLAYERS.

He's going through a stack of paper work, lost in its information as he absorbs the complicated jargon.

He looks up for a moment, spotting ERIKA stood at the other end of the room, looking down at the bed containing the sleeping MARIA.

He pauses, watching her with worry.

A young, redheaded SLAYER next to him suddenly lurches to the side, and as if anticipating it, Manu lifts a bowl up to greet her as she vomits violently.

Panicking, the girl CLAMPS a hand onto Manu's wrist, causing him to drop his papers as he tries to steady her and the bowl.

He looks down in surprise as Erika swoops from nowhere, snatching the papers out of the air.

MANU

Thank you.

Erika nods her head as Manu turns back to the other Slayer.

MANU (cont'd)

You're okay, Felicia, you're okay.

Erika turns away sadly as FELICIA continues to gag and vomit. She's so pale and weak; she doesn't appear to have much time left.

When she's done, Manu places her bowl on the floor next to her and places a hand on her forehead.

FELICIA

(shakily)

I'm not hot. I'm cold. Very, very cold.

Manu pulls her blanket up around her chin, and despite the state she's in, the young Slayer gives him a warm smile.

MANU

I'll be over here if you need me.

She nods, and watches him leave and join Erika.

(CONTINUED)

ERIKA

She does not sound well.

MANU

(quietly)

She only has a few days left. I can numb the pain but they just keep...

ERIKA

Slipping away?

He nods sadly, joining Erika at Maria's bedside. She hands him back his papers.

ERIKA (cont'd)

So what did you find?

MANU

(sighs)

I'm afraid your fears were confirmed. Maria has the virus.

Erika bites her lip, but doesn't speak.

MANU (cont'd)

(thinking out loud)

The thing is, we know Maria's blood is different, but we hadn't anticipated exactly what would happen. We'd hoped the antibodies would develop to fight it.

ERIKA

But?

MANU

(careful)

It's unusual. Something in her blood seems to have mutated the virus, creating a new strand.

ERIKA

(getting frustrated)

Meaning what, Dr. Cairns?

MANU

It's a different animal to the virus we've been fighting these past few months. It does not seem to be advancing at present. For which we can be thankful, but when it does choose to go on the attack... I'm not sure I have anything that can counter it, and its effects may be very different to what we've already seen.

(CONTINUED)

ERIKA
(straightforward)
Then you will find a cure. Soon.

Manu looks directly into her eyes, seeing exactly how important this is to her.

MANU
(serious)
Yes.

Erika, despite relieved at his confidence, isn't comforted.

ERIKA
Make sure you keep an eye on her.
(half smile)
If she dies, I will kill you.

Manu smiles good-naturedly, but it doesn't quite reach his eyes.

He watches as Erika, head down to hide the coming tears, turns quickly and leaves.

CLUNK!

Her rapier hitting the desk as she moves it out of her way, FRANKIE sighs as she sits down behind her computer.

Her desk - in fact, her whole lab - is in a state. Books are spread everywhere; papers, mystical artefacts, weapons and food cartons scattered all over the place.

A picture has the honoured placement right beside the computer monitor, of Frankie and DUNSTALL in a happier time.

The blonde Slayer is in serious research mode, and doesn't appear to have left the lab in a number of days.

Drawing a microscope closer, she looks up in annoyance as someone knocks on the door.

FRANKIE
Qu'est-ce que c'est?

REIKO'S head pops out from behind the door, her hair currently an electric blue. She holds up a cup of coffee.

REIKO
I had a break from training,
thought you could use some...
(beat)
Wow, this is how Amy Winehouse must live.

FRANKIE
(frowns)
Quoi?

Reiko indicates the state of the room and bounces inside, putting the coffee down next to Frankie.

REIKO
Apart from the drugs.
(beat)
There's no drugs, right?

FRANKIE
Non, not unless you count the boxes
of aspirin I 'ave been forced to
order in bulk since becoming leader
of B Squad.

REIKO
So whatcha doing?

Reiko leans clumsily over the desk, taking a good, intrusive look at Frankie's research. She peers curiously down the microscope, and Frankie sighs, exasperated.

FRANKIE
Reiko....
(off Reiko's look)
I appreciate you bringing me the
coffee and being a good friend.
'Owever, caffeine or no caffeine,
if you spill anything or knock over
my research, or mess up my notes?
(beat)
I will beat you to death with my
new Gucci sandals.

Reiko grins brightly, heartened by this show of character, and moves away from the desk.

REIKO
Yes, ma'am.

FRANKIE
Merci. Now what else can I do for
you?

REIKO
Do for me?

FRANKIE
Why are you still 'ere?

REIKO
I just wanted to, you know, make
sure you're okay.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

REIKO (cont'd)
You've been locked in this room for
like a week now.

FRANKIE
I am close to... I 'ave some very
important research to complete. But
I am fine, Reiko, I promise you.

Reiko looks at her carefully, searching for any trace of
deception. She shrugs, happy to be wrong in her worries.

REIKO
Okay! Enjoy the coffee.

FRANKIE
Merci.

Despite herself, Frankie can't help but smile as Reiko bounds
from the room. Turning back to her research, Frankie pulls
the microscope closer and peers into it.

FRANKIE (cont'd)
Non. It cannot...
(beat)
Oui. Oui! Yes!

Grabbing her notes, Frankie double-checks something before
peering back into the microscope. Slowly, a confident smile
spreads across her features.

FRANKIE (cont'd)
(victorious)
You don't win, Darcie Deyncourt. I
do.

Grabbing up the phone, Frankie quickly dials a well-memorized
number.

FRANKIE (cont'd)
'Ello, could I speak to Dr. Reynold
please? It is Frankie DuCont from
the Academy. I 'ave some important
information about Sebastian
Dunstall.
(beat)
I may 'ave synthesised an antidote.

Grinning from ear to ear, Frankie waits anxiously as we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

3

INT. INITIATIVE COMPLEX - WAITING ROOM - AFTERNOON

3

Frankie sits, tapping her very expensive high heels in frustration. She's going over her notes in her lap, muttering things under her breath. A small BLACK CASE sits at her feet.

Yes, for once in her life, Frankie DuCont is nervous.

FRANKIE

(under her breath)

As you can see, this pathogen
isolates and completely eliminates
the demonic -

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

Ms. DuCont?

Frankie looks up from her notes to see DR. REYNOLD (50's), a deceptively hard-looking older man in a lab coat. He nods in greeting.

Frankie grabs the case and walks up to him. Her stature belies a confidence we know isn't completely secure.

FRANKIE

Dr. Reynold.

She offers her hand - they shake.

DR. REYNOLD

A pleasure to see you again. How is
Ms. Fitzgerald?

FRANKIE

(smiles)

As flustered as ever.

DR. REYNOLD

Glad to hear it. Come this way.

He leads her into:

4

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

4

The two walk down the hallway, crossing paths with many soldiers, military doctors and the like.

FRANKIE

I assume you received my notes?

DR. REYNOLD

Yes, yes, and the whole team
approved them.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DR. REYNOLD (cont'd)
I can't believe we hadn't stumbled
on this yet.

(beat)
I'm sincerely impressed. For a
former Slayer without college
experience, you've developed quite
a skill in mystical biology.

FRANKIE
(smiles)
Practice. Plus, I take a lot of
courses.

DR. REYNOLD
Of course.
(off case)
Is that the pathogen?

She nods, holding the case out to him. They stop as he pops
the catches and looks inside:

Two test tubes of GREEN LIQUID, nestled securely inside the
case's padded interior.

DR. REYNOLD (cont'd)
Fantastic. I can't tell you what a
relief it is to finally see
something concrete in all this,
Miss DuCont!

FRANKIE
Please. You may call me 'Frankie,'
doctor. We 'ave known each other
long enough by now.
(beat)
And I assume that the sample I sent
to you passed all your preliminary
tests?

DR. REYNOLD
(nods)
The blood sample we used it on
showed a full recovery. I think we
can safely try the finished article
on Sebastian.

He gestures for her to move on. She follows him into:

Reynold indicates a bench for Frankie to sit.

DR. REYNOLD
You can watch us give him the
injection from a safe distance, and
when we've confirmed his condition,
we'll let you in to see him.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DR. REYNOLD (cont'd)

(beat)

According to your notes, the
pathogen works very quickly, right?

FRANKIE

It should take fifteen to thirty
seconds to travel through the
bloodstream. After that, per'aps
another minute to attack and
destroy any demonic cells it
encounters.

DR. REYNOLD

Excellent.

He turns to leave, so she stops him:

FRANKIE

May I...'ave moment, please?

DR. REYNOLD

Of course.

He moves on, leaving Frankie alone. The wall next to her is
dominated by a large:

WINDOW

Which looks directly into a patient's room. In fact, the one
in the bed is the demonically-infected DUNSTALL!

His once handsome features are warped by the demon blood
within him, his skin a sickly yellow and caked in sweat.

He is bound by every limb and is struggling madly to get out,
GRUNTING like a caged animal.

TEARS are in her eyes as Dr. Reynold lays a gentle hand on
her arm.

DR. REYNOLD (cont'd)

We're ready.

She nods, wiping the tears away, as Reynold moves towards a
door, swiping a keycard and entering a code:

She watches as he enters Dunstall's room. Several other
SCIENTISTS are waiting nearby - a defibrillator is standing
by, along with more TRANQUILISERS.

There's also a SOLDIER standing nearby, his weapon loaded and
ready. Just in case.

Reynold opens the case and takes out one test tube, loading
it into a SYRINGE.

(CONTINUED)

He turns to Dunstall's IV and pumps the drug into it.
Dunstall GROANS on the bed below. Frankie watches, rapt.

ON DUNSTALL

He bites his lip as the chemical begins pumping its way
through his veins.

He starts to GRUNT more urgently, writhing around within his
restraints.

Dr. Reynold steps back as Dunstall lets out a SHOUT of pain,
his fists clenched tight as his muscles seem to spasm...

... until he lets out a GASP of air, sagging back limply on
the bed.

Frankie watches from the window, hands over her mouth, as
Dunstall's struggles die down at last.

The colour of his skin starts to change, fading from
jaundiced yellow back to a pale, pinky flesh tone.

His fists unclench - and his darkened, crooked nails start to
FLAKE AWAY, revealing thankfully normal human nails beneath.

He opens his eyes - which are losing their angry red glow to
fade to his natural baby blues.

Frankie lets out a SOB of relief, tearing towards the door
and throwing it open:

INT. DUNSTALL'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Frankie bursts into the room, startling the scientists around
the bed.

FRANKIE

Get 'im out of that bed! Quickly!

Frankie looks around them.

DR. REYNOLD

Ms. DuCont, that might not be wise -

FRANKIE

(points at Dunstall)

Look at 'im! 'E is cured!

She looks down at him, and his eyes are roving across the
room frantically. Finally, he looks up into her eyes.

FRANKIE (cont'd)

And 'e is miserable. 'E 'as
suffered in this room for long
enough.

(CONTINUED)

The other scientists look to Dr. Reynold for his answer. Frankie looks at those around her, daring them to argue.

Reynold shares a look with another doctor, then nods.

DR. REYNOLD
(exhales)
Alright. Let him go.

The soldier moves forward to open the restraints. Frankie smiles down on Dunstall as first his head is released, then his arms and legs.

DUNSTALL
(weak)
... Frankie?

Frankie throws her arms around his neck and plants a kiss on his cheek.

FRANKIE
I love you, Sebastian! I love you
so much...

DUNSTALL
Love... you... too...

Frankie beams as we CUT TO:

Maria sits on her bed, looking relatively alright despite the IV in her arm. She's just very, very bored.

She takes a look around the infirmary, and sees in a nearby bed, the weak-looking but awake Felicia. Maria grins.

Hopping out of bed and bringing her IV with her, she approaches Felicia.

MARIA
Hey!

Felicia looks over and sees Maria.

FELICIA
(puzzled)
Uh... hi. Aren't you that crazy
girl who injected herself with the
virus?

MARIA
Yeah. But I feel okay right now.

FELICIA
You don't look okay.

MARIA
(shrugs)
Maybe...

Maria holds up a pack of CARDS.

MARIA (cont'd)
You ever play Magic?

Felicia's small smile slowly develops into a full on GRIN.

FELICIA
You're on, missy.

Maria clambers up on Felicia's bed and grabs a lunch tray to put between them. She shuffles the cards as we CUT TO:

SOFIA sits on a stone bench, sedately studying the names written on the stone memorial. She approaches it almost like a girl studying for an exam.

DELANEY (O.S.)
Romero.

Sofia looks up to see DELANEY approaching her.

DELANEY (cont'd)
Yo.

Sofia gives a small, uncomfortable wave.

SOFIA
'Yo.' Are we addressing each other by our surnames now? 'Brogan'?

DELANEY
Not really. Just trying to add some variety.

Delaney approaches and sits on the other end of the bench, eyes also on the memorial. They sit in silence for a moment.

DELANEY (cont'd)
I want to make a proposition. We aren't friends, but we're teammates, and we do have a history - however much of it you can actually remember. So, consider all of that before you say yes.

SOFIA
Yes.

DELANEY

(thrown)

'Yes'?

SOFIA

I'll do it.

DELANEY

You don't know what it is.

SOFIA

(shrugs)

Doesn't matter. I'm in.

DELANEY

I could get my ass killed.

SOFIA

Always a possibility. Still in.

Delaney looks at Sofia, who is waiting.

DELANEY

(almost disappointed)

But... I had a whole speech!

Heartwarming stuff about
teammateship and loyalty. Luther
King Jr. woulda been proud.

SOFIA

(grins)

Doesn't matter.

(beat)

After Reiko cracked that spell, I
got another big chunk of my
memories back. I've spent the past
week just... sitting, thinking.
Remembering.

(beat)

I've spent all the time since I've
been back moping about my problems.
I want do something that helps.

Delaney looks Sofia over, almost impressed.

DELANEY

Fair enough. You want to volunteer
without a safety net, be my guest.

Delaney pauses, looking back at the memorial and thinking
about how easy it would be to end up as just another name
etched on it.

DELANEY (cont'd)

I need your help plotting a solo
Cabal raid. One girl in, two out.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DELANEY (cont'd)
(beat)
I'm breaking Kira out.

SOFIA
(raises eyebrows)
What do you need my help for, if
it's 'one girl in'?

DELANEY
Me'n you are going to take a little
field trip into that head of yours.

Delaney grins, but Sofia's a little perturbed as we CUT TO:

Frankie and Dunstall make their way down across the green
grass, hand in hand. Frankie looks at Dunstall, practically
glowing.

FRANKIE
And so after we 'ave eaten, I
thought we could 'ead into
Salisbury itself. They 'ave some
amazing bookshops, and -

DUNSTALL
Let me guess - occult book stores,
right?

FRANKIE
'Ow did you know?

DUNSTALL
(grins)
Let's just say your shopping
priorities have shifted a little
since you became the librarian.

She SIGHS happily, squeezing his arm.

FRANKIE
I don't think I 'ave 'ad chance to
feel this 'appy for years.

He smiles and kisses her on the cheek.

DUNSTALL
Thank you, Frankie. Being in that
hospital, being locked up... being
stuck inside my own body and
feeling it changing every day,
knowing there wasn't anything I
could do...

He steps forward a few steps, looking up and opening his arms
to the sky.

DUNSTALL (cont'd)
Just glad to be back, you know?

Frankie smiles fondly and lays down the picnic blanket as he takes in the air.

He turns around to look at her, still happy, as she sits down on the blanket and begins taking out the food.

DUNSTALL (cont'd)
The air, the sun... everything
feels brighter, louder. It's
incredible.
(smiles)
Hey, it's almost enough to help me
forget how you killed our baby.

Frankie's head darts up. What?

He turns and smiles at her, but there's something less benevolent in it now. Anger, playfulness, sadness.

Frankie doesn't exactly know how to take this accusation.

FRANKIE
Sebastian, what... what do you
mean?

DUNSTALL
(flippant)
Oh, you know.

She slowly rises, frowning.

FRANKIE
Did I just 'ear you say that?

DUNSTALL
Come on. You find out you're
pregnant, then a couple weeks later
you just have to race into battle?

FRANKIE
The school was attacked -

Dunstall interrupts her with a chuckle.

DUNSTALL
If you'd loved me, if you'd loved
our kid, you wouldn't have even
still been at that school. You
would've stayed out of harm's way.

Frankie, faced with her perfect day falling apart around her, just stares at him in horror. But he cracks a smile.

DUNSTALL (cont'd)
Don't worry, I told you, I already
forgave you.

He steps forward, kneels to meet her face. She watches him, unsure of whether this is something he's been wanting to say or whether this is the demon speaking.

He reaches out and touches her cheek, pulls her in for a kiss. She resists a little, unsure of what's going on.

FRANKIE
I'm... I'm sorry, I never... I
didn't want to -

DUNSTALL
No, it's not a big deal. But.
(grins)
What if we made a baby now,
together? Right now?

Frankie chuckles. She loosens up a little.

FRANKIE
Come on, Sebastian. Outside?

DUNSTALL
(winks)
Didn't stop us before.

Frankie rolls her eyes, charmed but unswayed.

FRANKIE
We don't even know whether your
body can 'andle *rappports* right now.

He leans forward for another kiss. He's so happy, so quickly, she doesn't know how to react.

DUNSTALL
Don't you wanna find out?

She searches his eyes for some kind of meaning. At her hesitance, he frowns a little.

FRANKIE
(careful)
Not yet. We need to make sure you
are completely alright. The
pathogen I created, it 'as only
been tested in a lab before now...

His expression darkens, and he moves in for another kiss. She lean back a little, but he reaches out and holds her head, smashes his lips onto hers. Frankie turns her head.

(CONTINUED)

FRANKIE (cont'd)
(scared)
Sebastian, what -

He grasps her, and despite her struggles to the contrary, pushes her down with superhuman strength. He positions himself on top of her.

DUNSTALL
I've been waiting, Frankie. So long.
(beat)
I need you. Now.

Frankie looks at him, and sees that his eyes have turned RED.

FRANKIE
(whispers)
Non...

Dunstall goes in for another KISS, and just as their lips are about to touch-:

Frankie, knowing what she has to do, HEADBUTTS him and ROLLS so that she is on top of Dunstall.

She rips her wrist from his grip and PUNCHES him in the face once, twice, three times.

She stands, stepping back away from him. She turns and rifles through her bag. She stands.

Dunstall is behind her in a flash, his arms around her waist tenderly, his face against her cheek. If it weren't so menacing, it'd be sweet.

DUNSTALL
(dark, but childish)
I missed you.

Frankie pulls away, turning towards him, RAPIER in hand. She looks at him with pity, sadness and disgust.

FRANKIE
(broken)
I missed you too.

DUNSTALL
(off rapier)
What's this? Didn't you trust me?
Did you already know I was going to go like this?

FRANKIE
Non! I... I 'ad to be certain...

With that, Dunstall backs away, and turns to run away into the forest, faster than a regular human ever could.

Frankie watches, her heart breaking as she fumbles for her cell phone. She dials a number, puts it to her ear.

DR. REYNOLD (V.O.)
(filtered)
Hello, Ms. DuCont?

FRANKIE
Dr. Reynold. The cure...
(too hard to say)
It did not work. Dunstall attacked
me, and now... 'e is loose.
(beat)
I am sorry.

The man on the other end goes silent for a moment.

FRANKIE (cont'd)
Dr. Reynold?

DR. REYNOLD (V.O.)
(filtered)
Ms. DuCont, I suggest you come back
to the HQ for protective custody.
(beat)
He's our man, Frankie. We'll get
him.

Frankie bites her lip, then hangs up on him. She pockets the phone.

She appraises her rapier with a grudging knowledge of what she has to do, and looks up at where Dunstall disappeared into the trees.

She strides toward where Dunstall disappeared into the trees, eyes cold.

This is her mess. She'll clean it up.

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

10

EXT. WOODED AREA - NIGHT

10

An Initiative Jeep drives down a beaten path through a wooded area. The Jeep drives slowly, as two INITIATIVES AGENTS walk along the path on either side of the jeep, shining the lights mounted to the top of their guns into the darkness.

AGENT FISHER is in his early 30's and is tall with dark hair with the beginning of a receding hairline. AGENT BLANDFORD is younger, shorter, has close cropped blonde hair, and looks annoyed.

FISHER
Anything over there?

BLANDFORD
Nada.

Fisher and grabs a radio from his beltloop.

FISHER
(into radio)
Sector 4G is clear.

VOICE
(filtered through radio)
Copy that Agent Fisher. Move on to
Sector 4H.

FISHER
Moving out.

Fisher puts the radio back onto his belt and jumps onto the back of the jeep.

BLANDFORD
I thought we were done cleaning up
Slayer messes.

FISHER
We are. This is one of our own.

Fisher helps Blandford onto the jeep. Blandford shakes his head.

BLANDFORD
These Slayers have been nothing but
trouble. First Agent Marklew and
now Dunstall.
(beat)
I wish these Slayers would just
stick to destroying their own
lives.

(CONTINUED)

Fisher nods as the jeep begins to speed away, moving on to the next sector.

A few moments after the jeep is out of sight, PAN UP one of the trees to see Frankie sitting on one of the branches with her back pressed up against the trunk.

Frankie looks up to the sky, closing her eyes and letting out a sigh.

She shakes off whatever she's thinking before reaching into her bag and pulling out a pair of NIGHT VISION GOGGLES. The goggles emit a low hum as Frankie turns them on and brings them up to her eyes.

NIGHT VISION P.O.V.:

Frankie spots another Initiative jeep with two more INITIATIVE AGENTS flanking it moving along another path.

Frankie turns to spot a third INITIATIVE JEEP driving down another path in a clearer area.

Frankie turns off the goggles and places them back into her bag.

Zippering her bag back up, Frankie lets it fall to the ground with a soft thud.

A moment later, Frankie drops from the tree, delicately falling on her two feet on the ground below.

She stands up, dusts herself off, grabs her bag, turns...

... and comes face to face with VICTORY!

Victory is only a few feet away from Frankie, her expressions and demeanor neutral.

VICTORY
I know we only -

Before she can finish, Frankie grabs Victory by the shoulders and SLAMS her against the tree before pressing her forearm against her throat.

VICTORY (cont'd)
(smiling)
So I guess that means you've heard
of me.

Frankie slams Victory against the tree again before throwing her down on the ground. Frankie turns to her bag and grabs a stake before turning back toward Victory...

(CONTINUED)

... who has already recovered and TACKLES Frankie to the ground, pinning her down!

Frankie tries to struggle, but Victory has her overpowered.

VICTORY (cont'd)

Back to what I was saying. I don't know what you may or may not have heard about me -

FRANKIE

Victoria "Tori" Townsend. Alias: Victory. Status: Formerly: Slayer; Currently: Vampire.

VICTORY

Impressive. Word travels fast.

FRANKIE

It is not 'impressive,' it is my job.

Frankie tries again to free herself, but Victory pushes her back down.

VICTORY

Don't strain yourself, Princess, and you can relax.

Victory stands up but Frankie is instantly on the attack again, attempting to spear tackle her!

Victory falls back but on her way down she uses her momentum to flip Frankie behind her!

VICTORY (cont'd)

I said you can relax.

(beat)

I'm here to help.

Frankie begins to stand up, not believing a word Victory says but still giving her a sideways look, as we CUT TO:

Maria and Felicia are still on Felicia's bed, a game of SCRABBLE balancing on a tray between them. Felicia, though still looking like a refugee from hell, is in brighter spirits.

She glances at Maria's hand - which is criss-crossed with dark GREEN VEINS - as she spells out her next word.

MARIA

M-E-R-C-Y, Mercy. That's twelve, thirty-six with my triple word score.

(small grin)

Look, Felicia, English is my second language and I'm kicking your butt. What's on your mind?

FELICIA

Painkillers.

Maria chuckles at this, but soon sobers up.

MARIA

So... you have any siblings?

Felicia nods, exerting some effort to do so.

FELICIA

My older sister, Alyssa... she was a Slayer. She died last year, though.

MARIA

(sad)

Oh.

Felicia smiles sadly.

FELICIA

I'm not afraid to go, though. I mean, our parents are dead, and all my friends are dead. Even if the Virus was cured, it'd be fighting demons 'til I slip up one day.

(beat)

When I came here, I thought it was gonna be this amazing adventure. I was gonna be a superhero.

Felicia doesn't continue, but she doesn't have to. Maria completely understands.

Felicia glances at her letters, and begins placing down a word:

T-O-R-T-U-R-E.

Maria looks up at Felicia, who attempts an ironic smile as she writes down her points.

MARIA

Come on. It can't have been all doom and gloom.

(CONTINUED)

FELICIA
(shrug)
Pretty much.

Maria looks back at Felicia's word, 'torture' and flinches as if hit.

MARIA
(without looking up)
What's your favourite memory from
Slaying?

Felicia knits her eyebrows together in confusion.

FELICIA
Well... we were doing this recon in
Plymouth, year and a half ago. Easy
stuff, a moron could figure it out.

Maria looks at Felicia, hopeful.

MARIA
Yeah?

FELICIA
We finish up with the mission, and
we're at the fleabag motel waiting
to go back to the Academy. And our
team leader, this big Amazon of a
dumb blonde, can't remember her
name, decides to sneak out. We
decide to follow her, right?

Maria nods, smiling a little.

FELICIA (cont'd)
As it turns out, the guy she sneaks
behind a bar to make out with is a
vamp. And she gave this ridiculous
little shriek, you'd think she'd
never seen one before.

Felicia chuckles at the memory.

FELICIA (cont'd)
We had to fight him and his buddies
off, 'cause the chick was suddenly
completely useless.
(mocking)
"Oh my God, where's my stake?!? Ow
ow ow ow!"

Maria chuckles at this. Felicia smiles at the memory.

11 CONTINUED: (3)

11

FELICIA (cont'd)

(proud)

Alyssa was so amazing in that fight, sweeping from one vamp to another. God, she could've been A Squad. She was... beautiful. She saved both our butts.

(beat)

She was my hero.

Maria reaches over and takes Felicia's hand in her own, giving it a squeeze. The girls share a smile.

12 INT. GRACE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

12

GRACE FITZGERALD sits at her desk, staring intently at four folders on her desk. CERY'S MASON stands in front of her desk, arms crossed.

FITZGERALD

Look, Cerys, I'm going to have to pick a replacement for Claire today. I know you were close to her...

Cerys slips into a chair, clearly still affected by last episode's events.

CERY'S

But... these are my choices?

(frustrated)

Tia lacks focus, Liz is a hothead, Neela doesn't have the field experience required. And...

(looks at folder again)

Clarissa? Really? The girl is still on probation, if you don't remember the incident with -

FITZGERALD

None of these girls are going to be Claire Frye, Cerys. You need to accept that we don't have the options we once did.

Cerys SIGHS heavily. Fitzgerald looks at her sympathetically.

FITZGERALD (cont'd)

Look, Cerys, I know you were looking at the girl for C Squad captain after Mei's death, but we have to choose -

DELANEY (O.S.)

Boss woman?

(CONTINUED)

Fitzgerald looks up to see Delaney, who has entered the room unsolicited.

FITZGERALD

I do have a name, you know,
Delaney. Everyone else manages to
remember it perfectly well.

Delaney hands Fitzgerald some papers.

DELANEY

Need you to sign off on a solo
mission.

Fitzgerald looks at Delaney, and skims the folder.

FITZGERALD

(confused)
Paris?

DELANEY

Look, A Squad's still recovering
from last week's Reyes escapade, so
it's not like the other girls will
be jetting off tonight.

(beat)
I'll be back by morning, scout's
honour.

Fitzgerald looks at Delaney, then signs the paper and hands
it back to her.

FITZGERALD

Alright, I trust you. Just don't
get yourself killed. I'd hate to
have to explain what happened to
your mother. When we find her, that
is.

DELANEY

Yeah... when we find her.

Delaney salutes and EXITS. Fitzgerald turns to Cerys.

FITZGERALD

(checks watch)
I'm meant to be speaking to Skye
shortly, so let's try and sort this
out now. Let's go over their
training time stats...

As she shuffles through the folders, we CUT TO:

Delaney exits the room to find Sofia waiting for her.

(CONTINUED)

13

CONTINUED:

13

SOFIA
All sorted?

DELANEY
(thumbs up)
Let's do this thing.

Sofia nods, and the two walk down the hall.

14

INT. CAMPUS - DARK ROOM - CONTINUOUS

14

The two enter the unused classroom, which has the lights off. A number of candles and incense burners are set on the desks around the centre of the room.

SOFIA
What are the candles for? Ambience.

DELANEY
Thyme and wormwood.
(off look)
Magic stuff. Never mind.

Sofia raises an eyebrow, but decides against inquiring further. Delaney leads Sofia to the centre, where they sit across from one another, legs crossed.

SOFIA
So, do you take my palms -

DELANEY
Shh.

Sofia nods and falls silent as Delaney grabs her hands and grips tightly, closing her eyes.

15

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - NIGHT

15

Victory walks down another path cut through the woods. Her arms are crossed in front of her chest, and there's a distinct look of annoyance about her.

VICTORY
You know, when I said I was here to help you, this scenario was not on my list of potential plans for assistance.

Victory walks on, revealing Frankie several metres behind her, pointing a CROSSBOW at her back!

FRANKIE
Funny, this is the only way I saw this 'appening. Although you still 'aven't told me why you are 'ere.

(CONTINUED)

VICTORY

Yes, I did. I said I have eyes and ears in enough places to know when something interesting is going down - and this is definitely classed as 'interesting.'

They walk on a few steps.

VICTORY (cont'd)

You know, you should really be more appreciative. How exactly did you plan on tracking Dunstall without my senses?

FRANKIE

I don't need to track 'im. I know exactly where he is going.

VICTORY

So why haven't you pulled the trigger yet?

Frankie misses a step and Victory notices as she turns around to grin at her.

VICTORY (cont'd)

Just go ahead and ask me already. You know everything about me - so you must know about that.

Frankie's expression hardens. She points behind Victory with her chin.

FRANKIE

Walk.

Victory smiles while ignoring her and begins to take a step forward but stops when Frankie immediately tightens her grip on the trigger.

VICTORY

Come on, just ask me. You know you're dying to know.

(beat)

This could make for an excellent bonding opportunity. We are both Slayers, after all.

FRANKIE

You are a vampire.

Victory grins again and shrugs her shoulders.

VICTORY

What's the difference any more? The rules of the world keep changing, Princess. It's not so black and white any more.

FRANKIE

I 'ave a soul and you do not. That will forever make us polar opposites.

VICTORY

Oh, I think we both know that we have a lot in common -

FWIP! Frankie pulls the trigger on the crossbow!

The arrow darts across the gap between the two girls:

And Victory easily pulls it out of the air and throws it on the ground.

Frankie assesses the situation before slowly lowering her crossbow and cautiously grabbing her stake with her free hand.

Victory just smiles, looking slightly impressed.

VICTORY (cont'd)

You know, that wasn't half bad. A year ago that probably would have done me in.

(beat)

Not bad for a girl with a gimpy arm.

Victory waits for a reaction, but realizes she won't be getting one when she sees that Frankie is no longer looking at her.

Following her Frankie's eyes, Victory looks over to where she threw the arrow...

... to see two mutilated BODIES!

They are young, a boy and a girl, no older than late teens. From the looks of the carnage, they never stood a chance.

VICTORY (cont'd)

Looks like we're on the right track.

FRANKIE

Do not. Talk. To me.

(beat)

Leave. Now.

(CONTINUED)

VICTORY

Okay, but can you take a break from talking like a caveman for a second to think this one through?

(beat)

Do you see what he did to these kids? What chance do you really think you'll have against him?

Frankie leans over and reaches into her bag to grab a small quiver of arrows.

FRANKIE

I can 'andle this myself.

VICTORY

Right, just like you handled your Cruciamentum?

Frankie freezes while reloading the crossbow. If possible, her face looks even more angry than before.

VICTORY (cont'd)

(grinning)

I actually did quite well on mine, it was just everything that happened afterwards that I wasn't prepared for.

(beat)

Or maybe I should say it was everything that didn't happen.

Frankie places the crossbow back in her bag and stands back up. She listens but still doesn't say a word.

VICTORY (cont'd)

Still don't want to ask me that question?

As Frankie stares Victory down in tense silence we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

17

INT. CAMPUS - FITZGERALD'S OFFICE - NIGHT

17

Grace is at her computer when there's a KNOCK at the door.

FITZGERALD

Come in.

The door opens as SKYE peers inside.

SKYE

You, uh... you wanted to scold me?

FITZGERALD

Sit down, Skye.

Fitzgerald switches off her monitor, waiting for Skye to cautiously take a seat. A beat passes.

SKYE

So.

FITZGERALD

You're human now.

SKYE

Yep.

FITZGERALD

When were you planning on telling anyone?

SKYE

Uh... eventually.

FITZGERALD

How did it happen?

SKYE

Does it matter?

FITZGERALD

One of my most powerful resources has lost a large percentage of what her so powerful in the first place, so yes, it does matter.

Absconded, Skye fidgets in her seat for a moment.

SKYE

It was when we raided the Cabal's base in the Arctic. I'd been told by that Alaric guy that they had some mohra demons locked up, and -

(CONTINUED)

FITZGERALD

I'm sorry - Alaric told you? Why?

SKYE

(shrugs)

Beats me. Guess he wanted to see if I'd act on it. Maybe they had a plan.

FITZGERALD

(beat)

Go on.

SKYE

I found the demons - you know what they are, right? What their blood can do?

FITZGERALD

(impatient)

Yes, Skye. Please.

SKYE

Right. So, I took one out, mixed its blood with mine, and... poof. Human again.

Fitzgerald leans back in her chair, studying Skye.

SKYE (cont'd)

Am I... in trouble, or something?

FITZGERALD

I haven't decided yet. I mean, on one hand I can't blame you for taking the opportunity to become human - I know your vampire side is something you always felt singled you out for a variety of reasons, not least a suspicious Council.

SKYE

You got that right...

FITZGERALD

But conversely, your vampire strengths gave your squad a wealth of advantages in combat which I'm... frankly, I'm annoyed at having lost.

SKYE

Look, Manu's still sticking me full of pins and needles to figure out if there's anything funky about what happened to me.

(CONTINUED)

FITZGERALD

I know, I make sure I get copies of every report.

SKYE

So you know so far I'm clean, right?

FITZGERALD

So far.

(beat)

Skye, my main concern here is that the Cabal purposefully manipulated you into finding that mohra demon and becoming human again. What concerns me isn't that you're no longer a vampire - it's what reason they had for making you that way.

Another beat passes. Fitzgerald finally nods, sitting up.

FITZGERALD (cont'd)

Alright, you can go. For now, you're still fit for duty so I won't be suspending or 'benching' you.

Relieved, Skye starts to rise:

FITZGERALD (cont'd)

But I am going to be keeping a close eye on you. You did what you did with honest intentions - but we can't be certain yet that there isn't some other factor here that's yet to come into play.

Skye hesitates, then finishes getting out of her seat.

SKYE

You don't have to worry about me, Grace. I swear.

FITZGERALD

I hope you're right.

Skye nods, then leaves the office. Fitzgerald thoughtfully watches her go as we CUT TO:

Back as before, with Frankie and Victory staring each other down.

Frankie lets out a low sigh, holding her hands out in front of her in a sign of defeat.

(CONTINUED)

FRANKIE

Fine, let us get this over with.
What do you want me to tell you,
Tori? That I know that you lost
your powers after your
Cruciamentum? That the serum's
effects were permanent in your
case?

(beat)

I would have thought that you 'ad
already realized that.

Victory begins to look animated. This is what she was waiting
for.

VICTORY

Close, but you forgot to mention
that this wasn't an isolated
incident.

Frankie's eyebrows rise as surprise washes over her face.
Victory's expression is even more surprised.

VICTORY (cont'd)

What, you couldn't dig deep enough
into the Council's records? I'm not
the only Slayer that was handed an
early retirement.

Frankie shakes her head slowly.

FRANKIE

How could you possibly know any of
that?

(beat)

Why are you even here?

VICTORY

(smiling)

I have my ways. I was a top Council
Op after all. Maybe that's why I'm
here, trying to continue the good
work of the Council.

Frankie listens to this, but she's clearly preoccupied,
processing a lot of information at the same time.

Victory looks on, almost beaming with pride.

VICTORY (cont'd)

Come on, put together all the
pieces. The hallucinogenic
Cruciamentums that the Council
tried out? The end of the tests at
the Academy last year?

(CONTINUED)

Frankie still looks angry, but it's over powered by her desire to know the truth.

FRANKIE

It's the serum..the girls that lost their powers...

VICTORY

(beaming)

... were already losing their powers. The serum just sped the process up.

(beat)

And the Council...

Frankie's eyes fly open, suddenly putting together the last piece of the puzzle.

FRANKIE

The Council knows all of this!

Victory claps her hands, mocking Frankie.

VICTORY

Beautiful, athletic, and brainy to boost.

(beat)

Daddy's little princess really is the complete package.

Frankie's jaw drops as she looks out of the corner of her eye, hit by one final realization. Victory's grin only gets wider.

VICTORY (cont'd)

Now are you going to ask me that question?

FRANKIE

My father...

VICTORY

(nods)

Knew about all of this as a top Council donor. In fact, wasn't your Cruciamentum canceled long before there were any formal procedures in place? I wonder how many girls weren't quite as lucky as you?

FRANKIE

(snarls)

Enough!

Frankie races toward Victory, momentarily catching the vampire off guard.

(CONTINUED)

Frankie lands a hard ELBOW to Victory's chin and follows it up with a JAB to her chest!

Frankie prepares to uppercut Victory, but Victory regains her composure and dodges the attack, grabs Frankie's arm and TWISTS it behind her back before PUSHING her away.

VICTORY

Now there's the princess I was looking for!

FRANKIE

Go to 'ell!

Frankie jumps back to her feet and comes at Victory hard, but again Victory is able to dodge the attack.

VICTORY

Come on, keep the fire coming, you're going to need it for what you have to do now!

FRANKIE

Shut up! Don't pretend to understand me, Tori!

Frankie lands a PUNCH across Victory's face, but Victory ROUNDHOUSE KICKS Frankie hard enough to send her falling back.

VICTORY

I don't understand you?

(beat)

Just like I don't understand how you're now going to go take away Dunstall's choice to become something better, just as your choice to take the risk attached to your Cruciamentum was taken away from you?

Frankie listens to this, breathing deeply as she catches her breath.

VICTORY (cont'd)

(mocking)

You're right. This probably is one of those things that only someone with a soul could understand.

FRANKIE

(final)

Leave.

Victory shrugs before turning toward the woods, walking away from Frankie.

(CONTINUED)

VICTORY

Whatever. Good luck, killer. Knock him dead.

Frankie watches Victory walk deeper into the woods as she continues to seethe with anger, as we CUT TO:

INT. CAMPUS - INFIRMARY

Manu stands at a table looking through a microscope when a hand on his shoulder forces him to look up.

Erika stands there, awkward and worried.

ERIKA

You wished to see me?

MANU

Ah, yes.

Manu brushes his hand through his hair, unsure of how to tell Erika what he has to tell her.

MANU (cont'd)

I did some tests on Maria's blood, Erika. The strain that's been produced, it is indeed volatile. It's as dangerous as the original, and...

(beat)

I don't have a cure for it, and it is infinitely more complex than the Slayer variant.

ERIKA

But... I was just talking to her, she seems fine, she can't possibly -

MANU

Maria has weeks at best, and I don't think I will be able to synthesize a cure in time.

He looks over at Felicia's bed, where both Maria and Felicia have drifted to sleep.

MANU (cont'd)

I'm sorry. I'll keep working on it.

He stares at her face, unable to read her. The sounds of a Slayer CRASHING force him to make his exit.

ON ERIKA

Shaking, unable to speak, barely able to breathe. She stands still, trying to get a hold of herself, but can't.

20 INT. CAMPUS - DARK ROOM - NIGHT

20

Sofia and Delaney sit, hand in hand, eyes closed.

SOFIA

I don't think this is worki -

Her eyes OPEN, her eyeballs completely WHITE.

SOFIA (cont'd)

Woah...

CUT TO:

21 EXT. KIRA'S CASTLE - BALCONY

21

Sofia appears on the balcony, looking out at the view. She's confused, completely and utterly.

SOFIA? (O.S.)

Hey.

Sofia turns around to see... HERSELF? This is the short-haired, devious-looking version of herself. This is the Sofia who fought for the Cabal.

She steps out of Kira's castle confidently. We'll call her SONYA.

Sofia looks at Sonya, utterly confused.

SOFIA

Who the hell are you?

Sonya smiles, moves forward and touches Sofia's cheek.

SONYA

I'm you, baby. The girl, corrupted.

Sofia looks over her alter ego and scoffs.

SOFIA

Thank god I don't remember much of being you. Did I really look that bad with short hair? Or speak like a bloody American?

SONYA

Cut the BS, Sofes. I was the best time of your life. Carefree, in love...

(sideways grin)

Hands were a little bloody, but that was the team's prerogative. We mostly stood there and looked evil.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SONYA (cont'd)

(beat)

And hot.

SOFIA

Please say this isn't me 'facing my demons.' If it is, I've clearly been worried over nothing.

SONYA

(chuckles)

No demons. Just little pieces of you. I've always been here, when you needed to look inside.

Sonya shifts into the guise of EMMA!

EMMA

Remember, sweetheart? Our little alternate universe fun?

(beat)

Whenever you look into the mirror...

She shifts back to SONYA.

SONYA

... I'm the one looking back.

SOFIA

But why are you here?

Sonya smiles, and clambers onto the railing of the balcony. She looks down.

SONYA

Things are coming, Sofes. You know, I know, that he's searching for us.

SOFIA

(confused)

Us? You and me?

Sonya smiles, amused, as if speaking to a child.

SONYA

The Few.

Sofia's eyes widen as Sonya turns and DIVES from the railing into the mist!

Sofia looks down after her, completely lost, before DIVING after her:

And a thousand small things FLASH before her eyes:

* A list of WEAPON SCHEMATICS:

21 CONTINUED: (2)

21

* A detailed dossier of CASSANDRA HOLMES:

* A list marked ANTI-SLAYER CANDIDATES:

* A BLUEPRINT of a facility marked EVREUX BASE, FRANCE, 2000:

DELANEY (V.O.)

Stop! That's enough!

We are jerked back to:

22 INT. CAMPUS - DARK ROOM

22

Sofia opens her eyes to find herself lying on her back,
Delaney staring down at her.

DELANEY

(smiles)

Nice work, Sofes.

SOFIA

(dazed)

Sorry, all I could get you was an
eight-year-old blueprint. No hard
copy, even.

DELANEY

Trust me, it's enough. Get some
sleep.

Delaney stands and heads off. Sofia pushes herself up.

SOFIA

I, uh... I think I could do with a
hand...

But Delaney's already gone. Sofia SIGHS.

SOFIA (cont'd)

Right.

Still woozy, she fights to stand up as we CUT TO:

23 EXT. LAKE SHORE - NIGHT

23

Lit by the moonlight, the clearing near the small lake is
almost empty, save for a FIGURE perched on the beach, looking
down into the water.

It's Dunstall. His face is still almost human, but even he
sees it now - something lurking behind his eyes.

DUNSTALL

(horrified)

What are you?

(CONTINUED)

He lashes out and SMASHES his reflection, but only serves to get himself wet.

He stands up, angrily turning:

To see Frankie stride out of the trees, rapier in hand!

ON DUNSTALL

Whose eyes have once again gone BLOOD RED. He views Frankie with a predatory gaze, licking his lips.

FRANKIE

(sadly)

This is the only way.

It's a question, but it's posed so halfheartedly it's more of a statement. Both parties stare one another down, neither flinching.

Dunstall LUNGES forwards and Frankie moves to meet him. She swipes with her rapier, but he sways back out of reach.

Using this momentum, he swings around, under the rapier:

And DIVES at Frankie's feet, pushing her over. Both skid across the dusty ground, Frankie's rapier lost, kicking up clouds around them.

Dunstall jabs a brutal ELBOW into Frankie's gut and she coughs hard, but kicks him off.

She moves quickly and KICKS him in the chest, and he rolls across the ground.

Frankie steps forward, but sways a little. She looks up to see Dunstall running towards her, clawing out with his hands.

She swings out of his way, dropping down and grabbing the handle of her RAPIER.

She turns to meet him as he turns to see her, and she SWINGS it at his neck:

And STOPS at the edge of his neck, barely nicking him.

ON HER FACE

As she realises she can't do it. She can't kill him. He looks at her with red, rageful eyes, daring her to put him out of his misery, and she can't.

Frustrated, he smacks away the rapier and. With the other hand, reaches out and grabs her NECK.

(CONTINUED)

He picks her up like a rag doll and SLAMS her against a tree, the rapier falling to the ground uselessly.

She struggles for breath, but he wraps his other hand around her neck as well, strangling her. She tries to fight, but her limbs go LIMP.

Dunstall drops her, stepping back. She slumps to the ground, landing on her side, eyes staring into nowhere.

ON DUNSTALL

The red slowly fades from his eyes. He looks at her, and cannot think, cannot move, horrified by what he's done.

DUNSTALL

No... no!

She's not breathing. She's DEAD!

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

24

EXT. LAKE SHORE - NIGHT

24

He falls to his knees and wraps his arms around her, letting out a SCREAM of anguish. He lays his head onto her chest and WEEPS - but after a moment he stops and looks up.

Victory stands at the edge of the trees, watching. She looks disappointed.

DUNSTALL

(voice breaking)

What the hell are you looking at?

This seems to jog him out of his anguish, and he looks at Frankie again. He thinks.

Hurriedly, he lays her on the ground and kneels at her side. He checks her pulse, then begins performing CPR.

He opens Frankie's mouth and breaths into it twice. Then he moves to her chest, pressing down on it, pumping furiously.

He does this a couple times, growing more and more frantic, until finally:

Frankie BURSTS to life, taking in a deep breath. She looks around, panicked, and winces in pain.

Dunstall steps back, looking at his hands unsure of what to do. Frankie looks at him, speaking with trouble:

FRANKIE

(realising)

Sebastian... you saved my life!

He looks at her, fear in his eyes, unsure of how to answer.

After a moment of careful breathing and control, he steps towards her and helps her stand. She puts a hand to her throat and winces in pain.

FRANKIE (cont'd)

I... died.

Dunstall nods. Though he's just helped her up, he holds his hands back away from her. He's afraid to touch her.

Instead, he kneels and picks up the rapier. She watches him, worried but unafraid.

He faces her and puts the rapier into her hand. He doesn't speak, but his face says everything. He wants her to kill him.

(CONTINUED)

FRANKIE (cont'd)
(with effort)
No, Dunstall. No. I can't.

DUNSTALL
Frankie...

He steps back and holds his arms wide open, nonthreatening.
He looks at her frankly.

DUNSTALL (cont'd)
I wouldn't ask you to do it if I
could trust myself to do it for
you, but I've become something...
(finding words)
Something worse than I was even at
the hospital. I can feel it,
this... this incredible rage, just
waiting for me to let it out.

He looks into her eyes, as she stares blankly, unable to
believe what he's saying.

DUNSTALL (cont'd)
I'm not the man you loved, Frankie.
Not any more. It's been bit by bit,
but after those months, locked into
a bed staring at that ceiling,
never allowed to move or even eat
on my own, not even allowed to
die...
(beat)
I was still me, and I was half
crazy by the time you injected that
stuff into me. Now, I'm halfway
between sick and healthy, halfway
between the man I want to be and
the man I want to kill for hurting
you.

He steps forward, taking the blade of her rapier and letting
the edge rest on his chest, while Frankie freely, silently
lets tears fall down her cheeks.

DUNSTALL (cont'd)
I killed two people today just
because they were in my way. I
can't go back now, even if you find
another way to fix me.

FRANKIE
But... we can still 'elp you!

DUNSTALL
No, you can't. The best thing you
can do for me now is let me go.

(CONTINUED)

FRANKIE

Please... do not make me do this...

She disintegrates into SOBS, and this time Dunstall allows himself close enough to HOLD her.

She wraps her arms around him, face buried in his shoulder as she cries...

... but one hand lowers and takes hold of her rapier again even as she weeps.

She looks up, and he tenderly wipes away the tears. She places one hand against his cheek and KISSES him softly.

Frankie and he share a lifetime in the next moment staring into one another's eyes before:

FRANKIE (cont'd)

(whispered)

I'm sorry.

He GASPS, body stiffening - Frankie has plunged her rapier straight into his heart.

He lets out one final breath and sags against her, and Frankie CRIES again.

She gently lowers him to the ground, one hand over the patch of BLOOD forming over his heart.

She drops her rapier, leans forward and KISSES him lightly on the lips, before sitting back and just staring at his body, breaths coming in slow, heavy sighs.

VICTORY (O.S.)

Forgetting something?

Frankie looks up to see VICTORY striding out of the forest, a sober look on her face. Frankie stares at her, despair raging behind her eyes.

FRANKIE

(given up)

Please. Not now. Just leave me alone, Tori.

VICTORY

Come on. You know that this was never about anyone other than you.

(beat)

You won't let go of your power. It defines you.

Victory steps toward her and she shifts into GAME FACE.

(CONTINUED)

VICTORY (cont'd)
And I can make it permanent.

Frankie holds her gaze, blinking in surprise.

VICTORY (cont'd)
How about it? You won't be the
first person I've saved from what's
happening to you. And I make a
point of quality control. You can
consider yourself honoured that I
want you.

(beat)
If you know what I mean.

FRANKIE
This... is 'ow you build your army?
You find Slayers who are weak, who
'ave lost or are losing their
powers... and you turn them into
vampires?

VICTORY
Vampire Slayers, if we're gonna get
technical.

(beat)
So what's it going to be? My way,
or...

Frankie stands, grasping her fallen rapier.

FRANKIE
(icy)
Tu m'emmerdes, bitch.

Frankie LEAPS forward and brings the rapier down at Victory,
who blocks it with a small KNIFE.

Frankie, cold with rage, swings the sword at breakneck speed,
forcing Victory to dodge and step back. Frankie takes every
given inch, forcing Victory back towards the trees.

VICTORY
Suit yourself.

Frankie slips her rapier past the knife and IMPALES Victory
clean through!

VICTORY (cont'd)
(grimaces)
Son of a bitch!

Frankie presses her foot against Victory's chest and SHOVES
her off her rapier onto the ground.

Victory, angered, touches the hole in her chest.

VICTORY (cont'd)
You know, being a vampire doesn't suddenly make that crap stop hurting!

FRANKIE
Save it for somebody who will listen to your poison, *chienne*.

VICTORY
Why are you resisting your destiny?

FRANKIE
Because I told you, Tori, I am not like you.

Frankie bears down on Victory like a wounded animal, her swipes half rage and half cool need to cause this bitch as much pain as possible.

Victory, for her part, is doing an amazing job avoiding her. Any other vampire (or indeed, Slayer) would be dead by now.

VICTORY
Don't you understand, Frankie? I'm the only chance that you have! I am the only chance that any Slayer has!
(beat)
I am the salvation of the Slayer line! Without me, it ends!

Frankie stops, steps back and looks at Victory - really looks at her.

FRANKIE
If you are this year's salvation, I think I am going to wait for next year's line.

Victory listens to this, and becomes impatient.

VICTORY
Unfortunately for you, you don't have a choice in the matter.

Frankie's eyes widen as Victory POUNCES on her, quickly overpowering her and tackling her to the ground!

VICTORY (cont'd)
See, one way or another I always get what I want.

Victory pins Frankie's arms above her head, and as much as Frankie struggles, she can't break free!

VICTORY (cont'd)
(smiling)
You're too weak to even push me
away. This is just the natural
progression of things.

Victory leans in close to Frankie's neck, FANGS bared...

... but suddenly HOWLS in pain as she jumps off of Frankie!

Victory looks down in confusion as SMOKE pours out from her chest.

Frankie stands up, and as she does she pulls the CROSS NECKLACE out from underneath her shirt and we SMASH CUT TO:

From 2x18, we're in the library as Dunstall has just given Frankie her small birthday gift.

Frankie takes the present and delicately unwraps it. Inside is a golden cross.

FRANKIE
Sebastian... it's beautiful.

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

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

As Dunstall finishes clasping the necklace we SMASH CUT TO:

Frankie rubs the necklace delicately with her thumb.

FRANKIE
There is more to strength than just
being strong, Victoria.

Victory's grin fails. As the two standoff, neither moving, Frankie's watch alarm BEEPS.

Victory looks up to see the light of the SUN beginning to peer over the tops of the trees.

Frankie stares at her from a growing pool of dawn's early light, daring Victory to step forward.

VICTORY
 (shaking her head)
 You're going to regret this.
 (beat)
 I did.

FRANKIE
 No offense, but if salvation means
 I would 'ave to go to a salon to
 ever get a decent tan again... then
 I think I'm on the right side.

Victory silently steps back and disappears into the trees.

Frankie, bravado no longer needed, collapses to her knees.
 Though she doesn't cry, the look on her face, of utter
 despair and defeat breaks out hearts as we:

FADE TO:

INT. CAMPUS - INFIRMARY - MORNING

On Frankie's face, PULL BACK and see she's sitting on a bed
 in the infirmary. Manu is examining her bruised throat.

MANU
 Despite your throat, you seem to be
 alright. You should be mission-
 worthy in a couple weeks. I suggest
 bed rest for a few days, though.

Frankie barely notices; she isn't even really listening. Lost
 in her own world.

MANU (cont'd)
 I know this is inconvenient, but
 maybe this will be a time... for
 you to grieve. Allow yourself some
 time off, Frankie.

Frankie mumbles something. Manu gives her a quizzical look.

FRANKIE
 I'm just realising, Manu. I'm not
 allowed to be 'appy. None of us
 Slayers are.
 (beat)
 It's been a long night.

Manu is unable to respond, possibly because he's starting to
 feel the same way. He turns, and moves to:

MARIA, who stands beside an empty bed, shaking.

MANU
 Maria?

(CONTINUED)

Maria looks over at him, tears running down her face.

MARIA

(sad)

They said she had three days or so,
so I told her I'd...

(lost in thought)

But, when I woke up, she was... she
was gone.

As Maria looks back at the bed, Manu grabs Felicia's chart.

MARIA (cont'd)

I'm gonna die, aren't I?

Manu's voice is shaky; he wants to believe what he says next,
but he doesn't:

MANU

Not if I can help it.

He flips through Felicia's chart, looking at it, worried.

MANU (cont'd)

This is odd.

(beat)

Felicia did have three or four more
days, and there was no reason she
should have...

He looks back at Maria, and realises this isn't something he
wants her to hear. He rests a hand on Maria's shoulder and
squeezes sadly.

ACROSS THE ROOM

Leaning against the wall, watching, is Cerys. Sadly, she
turns and exits the infirmary as we CUT TO:

A young Asian Slayer sits on her bed, going through some old
photos with a sad expression.

The door opens as ZOE steps in, heading for the other Slayer.

ZOE

Zilvia? Zilvia Paik?

ZILVIA looks up.

ZILVIA

That's me. Who wants to know?

ZOE

I'm Zoe. I, uh... I wanted to ask
you about something...

She trails off, noticing the photographs - they show Zilvia
and her family, presumably in happier times.

ZOE (cont'd)

That your family?

Zilvia nods. Zoe sits down on the bed. Questions can wait.

ZILVIA

They, uh... they're dead.

ZOE

I'm so sorry.

ZILVIA

That new anti-Slayer guy, Josh, he
found them a few months ago. Wanted
to know where I was. When they
wouldn't tell him, he... he...

Her lip starts to tremble. Zoe quickly reaches out and takes
her by the shoulder.

ZOE

It's alright. I understand.

ZILVIA

It's just... it's so unfair, you
know? What did they ever do? They
never did anything but take care of
me, and then he... he just walks
into my house, my home, and he -

ZOE

You can help me stop him.

Zilvia hesitates, looking up. Not understanding.

ZOE (cont'd)

I need to know about your cousin.

(beat)

Dade.

Zilvia puts the photos down, wiping her eyes.

ZILVIA

I haven't seen Dade for years, why
do you -

ZOE

Trust me. It's very important.

Zoe looks round, spots a box of TISSUES by Zilvia's bed and grabs one. She passes it to Zilvia, who blows her nose.

ZOE (cont'd)

If you also know anything about your Aunt Huang, that'd be a huge help too.

ZILVIA

Oh, Auntie Huang's in protective custody.

ZOE

What?

ZILVIA

(nods)

You know that's not her real name, right?

Zoe looks blank - she didn't.

ZILVIA (cont'd)

She's got a lot of enemies. After she ragged on that big coven about twenty years ago, the Council put her up somewhere safe and she's been there ever since.

ZOE

Do you know where?

ZILVIA

(scoffs)

Like I'd know that!

Zoe consider this new information, then rises.

ZILVIA (cont'd)

Sorry I couldn't be more help.

ZOE

No... no, you helped.

(smiles)

Thanks.

Zoe turns and leaves the room, returning Zilvia to her solace as we CUT TO:

Delaney, all decked out in black, makes her way down a hallway. She looks down at her hand.

A rough drawing in pen of the BLUE PRINT is on her palm! She checks it, and turns to a DOOR.

(CONTINUED)

She presses her hand to the lock - and a little haze of BLUE LIGHT forms around it.

DELANEY
(mutters)
Sesame.

The lock CLICKS, and Delaney tests the handle; it opens. She slips through the doorway as we CUT TO:

Delaney moves down the dark stairs cautiously. She kneels, and the view through the bars emulates the view from the VIDEO Mallory sent her!

Including, lying on a table, the prone body of KIRA!

Delaney stands and moves down the stairs, soon standing over her mother. She's hooked up to a kind of BRAIN-WAVE MONITOR and another HEART MONITOR, neither of which trouble Delaney, and bound by heavy metal restraints.

Quickly, Delaney unhooks the monitors and ZAPS the metal restraints and leans down to her mother's face.

DELANEY
Mom. Wake up.

She reaches out and lightly SLAPS Kira's cheek.

DELANEY (cont'd)
Mom! Wake the frick up!

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
I'm afraid your mother won't be
joining us today.

Delaney looks up - to see JOSH standing on the steps with his Scythe!

JOSH
Hey. Delaney, right? Been looking
forward to meeting you.

He raises his Scythe, and Delaney's eyes widen as we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT FOUR

NEXT WEEK

DELANEY (V.O.)

Next time, on Slayer Academy...

INT. CABAL FACILITY - KIRA'S ROOM - NIGHT

DELANEY faces off against JOSH, the comatose form of KIRA lying on a table between them.

DELANEY

Get the hell out of my way, kid.

JOSH

As soon as you put the witch back.

DELANEY

Then I guess you're losing one more guest tonight.

JOSH

You'll have to get through me to get past this door.

Delaney LAUNCHES off one foot and SMACKS his Scythe aside momentarily, smirking.

Josh FLIES FORWARD and SMACKS Delaney aside, sending her stumbling into a wall.

He UNSHEATHES his Scythe fully and the darkness of it almost seems to GLOW in the light.

CUT TO:

INT. CAMPUS - FITZGERALD'S OFFICE - SECONDS LATER

The door BURSTS OPEN and SKYE and RACHEL rush in to find FITZGERALD.

FITZGERALD

Skye, have you considered the concept of knocking?

SKYE

Were you doing something important?

FITZGERALD

Well, no, but -

SKYE

Then it's fine then, isn't it?

(beat)

It's about Delaney. She's gone. Missing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RACHEL

She's gone after Kira. Hamish has her in a Cabal facility, and Delaney found out from one of her sources where the facility was.

FITZGERALD

And you want me to authorise a rescue mission on a rescue mission that could risk lives?

SKYE

(beat)

When you put it like that, it does sound kinda silly.

FITZGERALD

I'm sorry, Skye, but with Frankie and Dunstall... I'm sorry.

(beat)

I can't justify maybe killing more Slayers than the Virus, or the Cabal are taking and have already taken.

Skye sighs in frustration and shares a look with a still nervous and scared Rachel:

CUT TO:

INT. FACILITY - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

ALARM BELLS are ringing, the entire complex on high alert.

HAMISH

Oh, bollocks...

TANNOY (V.O.)

System failure imminent. System failure imminent.

HAMISH turns to address several GUARDS waiting behind.

HAMISH

Get down to the sub-levels as fast as you can. Protect Subject J contained and stable and make sure that it stays contained.

The guards nod, grabbing their state-of-the-art weaponry and speeding away down the corridor towards the sub levels.

CUT TO:

INT. FACILITY - KIRA'S ROOM - NEXT

Josh steps over to a PANEL and FLIPS IT OPEN, revealing a red BUTTON. Josh then calmly walks away...

... and REVERSE KICKS it, setting an ALARM off!

JOSH

Let's get this done.

Delaney HISSES in anger and SLUGS Josh twice in the stomach before SNAPPING his head back with a vicious UPPERCUT. He drops onto the bed and Delaney LAUNCHES in the air and Josh rolls to avoid being SMASHED by Delaney's leg.

She receives a forearm PUNCH to the back of her head for her trouble, disorientating her enough for Josh to SWEEP KICK her legs from under her.

She COLLAPSES as Josh SWEEPS her legs from under her and places a foot on her chest, making her WINCE in pain.

The glint of Delaney's blood on the Scythe SHIMMERS a little and Josh looks at it curiously.

JOSH (CONT'D) (cont'd)

That's a new one.

He TWIRLS the Scythe, pushing down harder on Delaney's chest. She YELPS in pain and HISSES.

He STAMP KICKS her in the chest and she CRIES out. Her hands flail and try to claw at Josh but he SMACKS her forehead with the Scythe.

JOSH (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Let's end this...

He raises the Dark Scythe above his head before PLUNGING it down and forcing us to:

BLACK OUT:

END OF SHOW