

# SLAYER ACADEMY

**"LONELYSLAYER15"**

**STARRING**

**EMILY BROWNING**

**EMILY BOOTH**

**RACHAEL LEIGH COOK**

**RACHAEL TAYLOR**

**KYOKO FUKADA**

**PARIS HILTON**

**WITH**

**JACQUELINE MCKENZIE**

**BRADLEY COOPER**

**MIA WASIKOWSKA**

**JESSY SCHRAM**

**OLIVIA WILDE**

**AARON YOO**

**AND**

**MICHELLE FORBES**

**MATT SMITH**

**ADRIENNE PALICKI**

**KIRSTEN PROUT**

**CHIAKI KURIYAMA**

**LACEY MOSLEY**

**GUEST STARRING**

**BLAKE LIVELY as 'Fiona'**

**TEASER**

FADE IN:

1 INT. CAMPUS - DORMS - MORNING

1

Thin beams of light pierce the cracks in thick curtains hanging over the windows.

Across the room, a door creaks open and REIKO enters gingerly, poking her head through first before stepping inside.

She's carrying a laptop and dressed in bright pink "Hello Kitty" pyjamas.

REIKO

Skye?

No response. She enters further into the room, carefully avoiding discarded clothes, food wrappers, the occasional sharp object.

She flicks a light switch and we see three unoccupied beds accompanied by a fourth which is host to SKYE, buried under a sea of covers and still not moving.

REIKO (cont'd)

(brightly)

Wake up morning glory!

Skye, not bothering to roll over, keeps her head buried in the pillow and mutters something.

REIKO (cont'd)

(wide eyed)

Was there any need for that?

Giving in, Skye rolls over under the covers and scowls.

SKYE

Sometimes 'go away' doesn't cut it.

What's the problem?

Reiko opens up her laptop, a page is already open and Skye rolls her eyes, turning over in bed again.

SKYE (cont'd)

Reiko, we've been over this, J-Pop is not my thing. If you don't mind I was having an awesome dream I'd like to get back to.

REIKO

(eyebrows raised)

You were staking Edward Cullen again, weren't you?

(CONTINUED)

SKYE  
Goodnight, Reiko.

Reiko narrows her eyes, swipes away some of Skye's mess from a nearby desk and sets the laptop down. She then turns back to Skye and YANKS the covers away.

CLOSE ON: REIKO'S FACE

Eyes go wide, she blushes.

REIKO  
Please don't roll over.

A beat. A rustle of bedding. Reiko covers her eyes.

REIKO (cont'd)  
Didn't need to see that.

ON SCENE

Skye sits up, facing away from us with her bare back exposed, pulling on a T-shirt.

SKYE  
It's okay, you can look now.

Peering first, Reiko sees that it's safe. Skye turns around.

REIKO  
Do you always sleep naked?

SKYE  
(shrugs)  
Thought I'd give it a shot, girls  
moving out means I get my own digs,  
nobody to complain.

REIKO  
Could you have at least warned me?

SKYE  
Honestly, I thought the rule of  
"pull my sheets off me and I'll  
kill you" would be enough.

Her eyes drift towards the laptop, sees that there's a YouTube page open.

The title reads "LonelySlayer15 #1."

SKYE (cont'd)  
(frowning)  
Is that what I think it is?

REIKO  
See for yourself.

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED: (2)

Skye stands, taking the sheets with her, and walks over to the laptop, presses play and takes a seat on the foot of the bed.

ECU on the screen as the video starts to play:

2 INT. UNKNOWN DORM ROOM - UNKNOWN TIME

2

A dark room lit by the dull glare of a computer screen. A fairly impersonal dorm, tidy bed, some discarded magazines, a poster for *Zombieland* stuck to the wall.

The video quality is poor, filmed with a handheld camera that slowly PANS to reveal a little red hair and a teenage girl's mouth. LONELYSLAYER15's identity is hidden.

LONELYSLAYER15

Into every generation a slayer is born. She alone stands against the vampires, demons and other nasty critters the night has to offer. All without the world knowing a thing. That's the way it was.

(beat)

Things change.

A series of newspaper headlines concerning the slayers WHIZ past the screen for a moment before we rejoin LonelySlayer.

LONELYSLAYER15 (cont'd)

And now you know who we are, you glorify us. I gotta say, the attention's pretty groovy, but catch this:

(beat)

We're still dying. Every day. One by one. We're fighting a war and all you people do is cheer our names like we're fricking action heroes or something.

The slayer's hand brushes her red hair aside as it gets in her face.

LONELYSLAYER15 (cont'd)

This is the deal. I'm going to show you what we're doing. Who we really are and what it's like for us every single day. This isn't a documentary, it's not the damn movie you all want so much, it's war. You are going to see the best and the worst. You'll see us fight, maybe even see us die. If these videos stop, I've either been caught...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

LONELYSLAYER15 (cont'd)  
(beat, swallows)  
Or killed. Enjoy.

A hand reaches forward, and the camera CUTS TO BLACK.

3 INT. CAMPUS - DORMS - MORNING

3

As before. Skye takes a moment to process what she's seen.

SKYE  
She's crazy.

REIKO  
Yeah, but it's getting hard to spot  
them around here. Nobody has any  
idea who she is.

SKYE  
Who's seen this?

Reiko taps the number of views, it's over nine thousand!

SKYE (cont'd)  
In a day?

REIKO  
Half the school's seen it. And  
there's already a couple of field  
videos up there too. Remember that  
C-Squad outing the other week that  
Grace wanted to keep quiet?

She doesn't have to explain the rest.

SKYE  
Fitz is gonna be pissed.

REIKO  
It's worse than that. Look at the  
title. The 'Number One' is a little  
ominous, don't you think?

The girls contemplate where this could lead, and we:

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF TEASER**

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

4 INT. CAMPUS - BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

4

TORI sits alone in the room, absently tapping out a rhythm on the table. A door opens, Tori looks over her shoulder as Skye enters.

Skye stops, glares at her new team mate. Tori glares right back, not wanting to back down.

With a sneer, Skye moves across the room and makes a point of taking a chair a good distance away from Tori and turns her back to her.

For a long beat there's an icy silence. Tori opens her mouth, thinks better of it, then tries again.

TORI

Are we early or are they -

SKYE

(sharply)

Punctuality isn't exactly a priority at the minute. Everyone's got their own things going on.

The inclination rises in Tori to snap back, but she thinks better of it.

ON SKYE: Her expression is strained, it's taking everything she has just be in the room with her old enemy. Civility is completely out of the question.

ON TORI: squirming, bravado falling away to reveal that she's incredibly uncomfortable. She knows doesn't belong, she doesn't need Skye making it any clearer.

For the briefest of beats, she seems almost sad, but snaps out of it as:

The door opens, Sofia and DELANEY enter the room laughing at some unheard joke. They stop laughing pretty sharpish as they sense the vibe of the room.

SOFIA

(awkward)

Hi. How're things?

Skye and Tori look at each other, trying to work out who it is she's talking to.

DELANEY

(to Tori)

She was just being polite.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DELANEY (cont'd)  
Nobody cares. Skye, how's life in  
your own room?

SKYE  
Oh, the usual. Mess, late nights,  
tasteful nudity.

She cracks a grin and Delaney chuckles.

DELANEY  
Heh, I should try that out.

SKYE  
Since when are you tasteful?

DELANEY  
(looks offended)  
Harsh.

SOFIA  
But fair.

Delaney drops the offended look, just accepts that she's not  
going to win this one and laughs at herself.

They take their seats next to Skye, leaving Tori several  
seats away from the rest of the team. She tries not to look  
too upset, but she's no Oscar winner.

There's a sound of folders being dropped outside, some half  
heard muttering through the door and a failed attempt to turn  
the handle.

SKYE  
Greg's here, then.

A moment later a rather flustered looking GREG enters  
carrying the recently dropped folders which he plants on the  
desk before breathing a sigh of relief.

DELANEY  
(re: books)  
Apocalypse or Slayer related  
prophecy?

SKYE  
Or both? I love it when it's both.

Greg quirks an eyebrow, scanning the room.

GREG  
You're all a little brighter than  
usual this morning.

SKYE  
(shrugs)  
We're alive, just relishing.

(CONTINUED)



GREG

Can't say that I blame you.

Sofia nods to the hefty pile of files.

SOFIA

So what are they, really?

GREG

I'm guessing you're all aware of the recent "Lonely Slayer" video posted online?

One by one, the girls nod.

GREG (cont'd)

Miss Fitzgerald asked if I could look at the student internet activity to see if I could track down whoever is responsible.

SOFIA

So Grace has seen them?

GREG

She's seen it, yes, and suffice to say...

(beat)

'Them'?

Delaney, Sofia and Skye all nod.

GREG (cont'd)

(exhales)

Balls. You didn't tell me, alright?

DELANEY

Secret's safe with us. But aren't these things a little easier with the computers, you know, easier to access?

GREG

We've taken in a handful of technopagans in the last few weeks, supervised by Mela - printed records are a little harder to forge.

TORI

Same old Council.

She laughs at her own little input, the rest of the team stare daggers, not appreciating her drawing attention to herself. She sinks back in her chair.

(CONTINUED)

SKYE

What have you got for us?

GREG

You're probably not going like it.

SOFIA

(grimaces)

Not another bloody slime demon? I  
can't stand to hear another "Who  
You Gonna Call?"

Sofia slowly turns and scowls at Delaney.

DELANEY

I thought it was funny.

SKYE

Thank you, Delaney. You always  
were my favourite. Even when you  
were evil.

SOFIA

(grins)

Oh, sod off the both of you!

Tori eyes them, she and we begin to wonder if they're only  
getting on quite so well because they're avoiding the  
elephant in the room.

GREG

I'm sorry to say, it's a training  
mission. Something to get Tori  
here better acquainted with the way  
we do things.

The team look less than thrilled at the prospect, and Tori  
doesn't exactly appear to appreciate the special attention  
either.

Greg, hardly oblivious to their dismay, puts on his  
diplomatic hat.

GREG (cont'd)

Listen, I know it's not ideal for  
any of you, but the Council have a  
bug up their arses about this squad  
as it is, and any friction between  
you all is only going to draw more  
attention.

TORI

Fine, then I'll move to another  
squad.

(CONTINUED)

SKYE

Like anyone else would have you either? You're former public enemy number one. You're lucky nobody slits your throat.

GREG

That's enough!

Skye actually jumps a little as Greg leans across the table, red faced and at the end of his tether.

GREG (cont'd)

Last time I checked not one of us has a perfect background, or do I have to remind you of our collective misdemeanors?

None of them seem particularly eager for him to do so.

GREG (cont'd)

Didn't think so. Tori, you're on the A-Squad for as long as Hamish is after you, don't like it, tough. As for the rest of you, you've got a new team member and you bloody well better get used to it.

Rant over, he takes a breath and calms down.

GREG (cont'd)

You're going out with C-Squad. After their little... tiff the other week Grace has seen fit to give them a bit of a kick up the arse. In the meantime, I suggest you sort out your animosity towards Victory.

That name hits like a punch to the gut. Tori turns away from the rest of the team and Greg looks instantly remorseful.

GREG (cont'd)

I'm sorry - Tori.

TORI

(turning back)

No, it's fine. Can't make a name for yourself then bitch when everyone uses it.

Greg can't help but admire her for seeming to bounce back quite so quickly. He nods, then takes out a remote which turns on a PowerPoint presentation. As he starts to detail their mission, we CUT TO:

5 INT. CAMPUS - DADE'S ROOM - EVENING

5

Speakers BLARE with Bon Jovi's 'You Give Love A Bad Name' as Dade sets about making himself pretty for a night out.

He preens his hair in the mirror, constantly moving his head to check the angles are all looking right before looking almost smug at the results.

He points at himself in the mirror.

DADE  
(singing)  
You give love a bad name!

Heavy POUNDING on his door interrupts his vanity for a moment and he swaggers over to answer it, revealing Reiko, scowling, on the other side.

DADE (cont'd)  
(Welsh accent)  
Oh, Reiko, what's occurring?

REIKO  
(barging inside)  
I do pop culture, Dade. We agreed.

She frowns at his choice of music and hastily unplugs his speakers. Dade pouts.

REIKO (cont'd)  
Bon Jovi?

DADE  
(shrugs)  
Psych mix, I'm headed out.

REIKO  
Meeting anybody?

DADE  
Probably. You know me, I head out,  
women come to me, I'm powerless to  
stop them.

She gives him a SHOVE, which thanks to her Slayer strength sends him down onto his unmade bed, on top of a heap of discarded potential outfits for the night.

DADE (cont'd)  
I really don't have time for this.

REIKO  
Don't worry, it won't take long.

(CONTINUED)

DADE  
(sly, pats the bed)  
Don't believe the rumors. We could  
be here all night.

REIKO  
(disgusted)  
You're joking about this? The other  
week C-Squad nearly got killed  
because you couldn't keep it in  
your jockstrap, and now there's a  
damned video of it online! Those  
girls are humiliated!

DADE  
So you saw the LonelySlayer video?  
Look, those girls were fun, but if  
they thought there was more to come  
then that's not really my fault.

He stands, straightening himself.

DADE (cont'd)  
Don't hate the player -

REIKO  
Tell me to 'hate the game' and I  
will hurt you.

Like a child pushing his luck, Dade saunters up to Reiko and  
WHISPERS something that sounds remarkably like "hate the  
game" in her ear.

Smug, he pushes past her and plugs his speakers in just as  
Guns & Roses' "Paradise City" starts to play. He does a  
little head banging on the way up and is caught by surprise  
and Reiko BANGS his head against the wall!

He stumbles to one side, holding his head in one hand and  
grabbing one of his speakers with the other. He pulls the  
speaker away from the wall as he falls.

The music gets a little quieter as the speaker blows, then  
turns off completely as Reiko breaks the other with a flick  
of her wrist.

REIKO (cont'd)  
Oops.

DADE  
(pained)  
What the hell?

Reiko drags him to his feet, fixing him with an unusually  
fierce gaze as she pulls him close.

(CONTINUED)

REIKO

Check your libido at the door  
before you get somebody killed. Do  
I make myself clear?

DADE

Go screw yourself.

Accepting defeat, Reiko just shakes her head and shoves him out of the way. She SLAMS the door behind her.

Dade's phone rings, he takes it out of his pocket and checks the ID before answering.

DADE (cont'd)

Hey, sorry I got caught up. Could  
be a little...

(beat, disappointed)

Oh. Sure, no problem, I'll just  
have to do without my wingman for  
the night.

He listens and a cheeky grin crosses his face.

DADE (cont'd)

No problem. Have fun.

He disconnects the call and surveys the damage from hurricane Reiko, then turns to the door, showing the slightest hint of remorse as we CUT TO:

We are in FIRST PERSON POV as we walk down a quiet city centre street - walking before us are A Squad and the current roster of C SQUAD - CLARISSA, BELLE, PATTY and TIA.

FIONA (O.S.)

Hey, Belle, say hello!

Belle turns to FIONA, the one wielding the camera, but shoots her a quick look that screams 'keep it down!'

Unfortunately, Skye has heard the exchange, and turns to address both Belle and Fiona.

SKYE

Lesson number one, babies. Do not  
speak. Ever.

BELLE

But she was just -

SKYE

Ah! Ever.

Skye shoots the camera a glare, then turns back to rejoin the rest of her squad.

Fiona closes in on Belle and the others.

FIONA (O.S.)

Sorry...

BELLE

It's alright. You've seen how they're all behaving at the moment. Because of her.

Fiona quickly sweeps the camera towards Tori, and ZOOMS IN.

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

You can tell Skye hates having her on the squad. She can't even look at her.

PATTY (O.S.)

Can you blame her?

The camera turns towards Patty, with Clarissa alongside.

PATTY (cont'd)

Every one of us has got at least a dozen reasons to ram a stake through that thing. There are friends we all lost because of her.

CLARISSA

That's enough, Patty.

PATTY

I'm just saying what we're all -

CLARISSA

(sharp)

I said that's enough!

Patty scowls, and Fiona pans the camera back towards A Squad ahead - only to realise Sofia, Skye and Delaney are now glaring at them.

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

I was just -

SOFIA

Whatever it was, it wasn't working. I'd suggest keeping your team quiet, Clarissa.

Delaney holds a hand up to stop the group, checking a GPS handheld and then pointing towards a nearby building.

(CONTINUED)

DELANEY

In there.

Skye and Sofia hurry off, and after hesitating Tori follows.

DELANEY (cont'd)

(to C Squad)

You girls, with me. When we find the nest, A Squad are gonna hang back and let you take care of it.

(to camera)

Fiona, you're just documenting all this, so keep out of trouble. Right?

FIONA (O.S.)

Right. Document. No problem. No trouble suits me just fine.

Delaney leads the girls around the other side of the building, but then pulls up sharply.

DELANEY

Uh-oh.

CLARISSA

'Uh-oh' what?

Delaney slowly turns, and with all the gravitas she can muster:

DELANEY

Fangirls.

Fiona aims the camera down the street and FOCUSES it - and a group of wide-eyed YOUNG WOMEN are heading down the street towards them!

BELLE (O.S.)

What do we do?

Fiona turns the camera back to face the others.

BELLE (cont'd)

I mean...

TIA

We can't let them see where we're going. They'll follow us right into that nest. Someone could get hurt.

PATTY

Serves them right.

CLARISSA

No, it'll serve us right.

(CONTINUED)



DELANEY

Okay, new plan. I'll go... talk to them, you girls head inside.

FIONA (O.S.)

What are you going to say?

Delaney just fixes the camera with a piercing glare until Fiona turns it away, following C Squad as they jog back around the building.

CLARISSA

Alright, ladies, you know the drill. Noses clean, no heroics.

BELLE

Even when we're so good at it?

TIA

(to Fiona; smirks)

I hope Belle's display of unashamed modesty there got caught on tape?

FIONA (O.S.)

Don't worry, it did.

Clarissa locates a FIRE DOOR, checks up and down the street then CRUNCHES it open with her shoulder. She heads inside, the girls following before we CUT TO:

7

INT. CAMPUS - FITZGERALD'S OFFICE - NIGHT

7

GRACE FITZGERALD sips from a mug of cold coffee, makeup not quite covering the bags under her eyes.

A knock at the door. Fitzgerald looks up.

FITZGERALD

Come in!

MADISON enters, looking a little troubled.

FITZGERALD (cont'd)

The girls got back from their mission just now. Little brush with some adoring members of the public, but otherwise I think we've got what we need to make our decision about...

(registers her expression)

What's the problem?

MADISON

I have something you need to see.

Reluctant, she walks over to Fitzgerald's computer.

(CONTINUED)

MADISON (cont'd)

May I?

Fitzgerald rolls back in her chair a little, makes room for Madison to type away.

She opens up a video on YouTube. It buffers instantly and starts to play. The title "LonelySlayer15" appears first, then grainy footage fades in. It's of the C-Squad argument in 5x02!

After a few seconds, she pauses it and turns to Madison.

FITZGERALD

(face turning sour)

I ordered the footage to be kept quiet. How did this happen?

MADISON

I don't know. One of the girls must have leaked it online.

FITZGERALD

Can we take it down?

MADISON

Unlikely. It's been up a few days already as best I can tell, chances are it's gone viral by now just like the last one.

Fitzgerald turns to the screen, closes the window.

FITZGERALD

Then we need to look up a list of suspects starting with the girl who made this recording.

MADISON

Of course, I'll see that it's done straight away.

Sensing Fitzgerald isn't in the mood for idle chat, Madison quickly backs out of the room.

Fitzgerald sits, sips her coffee, then types away at her computer, clicks something on screen and we hear the argument play out again.

Hold on Fitzgerald, face like thunder.

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF ACT ONE**

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

8 INT. CAMPUS - CORRIDOR - DAY

8

Sofia and Greg walk side by side in a 'West Wing' style walk and talk.

SOFIA

Grace has completely lost the plot.

GREG

She's the headmistress and she's well within her rights...

(beat)

But you're right. If she thinks she's going to find the girl this way...

SOFIA

It doesn't really matter though, does it? The damage is already done and the servers are under watch.

GREG

She wants to make an example of whoever it is. We're in the public eye now, we have to face that together or we'll be in a whole lot of trouble.

They reach a set of double doors and stop.

GREG (cont'd)

Just answer the questions and you'll be fine.

SOFIA

Sure. Not like half the people here would like to see me kicked out or anything.

She smiles playfully, pops Greg on the arm and enters:

9 INT. CAMPUS - MAIN HALL - DAY

9

The main hall has been packed full of tables and chairs as every SLAYER in the room is paired up with another member of STAFF, the girls outnumbering the faculty greatly meaning there's a long line of bored looking girls waiting to be interrogated.

FIONA is sat opposite Fitzgerald. The headmistress scans every inch of Fiona's expression and posture, scrutinizing her. The Slayer looks indifferent, calm.

(CONTINUED)

FITZGERALD

You understand that you're prime suspect for releasing these videos?

FIONA

Because I'm the one with a camera?  
(laughs nervously)  
How long did it take to get to me?

FITZGERALD

So, you confess?

Under Grace's cold hard stare, Fiona's paper thin bravado is crushed.

FIONA

No! I'm just saying that you're looking way too closely and missing all the details.  
(beat; stressed)  
It wasn't me, I swear!

FITZGERALD

And I'm supposed to take your word for that?

For a moment Fiona has to think, and then -

FIONA

Wait! I have an alibi. I was out all night the night that video was posted.  
(then, quickly)  
Check the time stamp!

Fitzgerald stares the Slayer down - it's hardly Oscar material. Or is she genuinely nervous?

FITZGERALD

Can anyone vouch for that?

FIONA

(nods)  
Sure.

She takes out her cell and scrolls through it for a moment. We catch glimpses of photographs on the screen but no details.

She passes the phone over to Fitzgerald, who inspects it for a second.

FITZGERALD

(disapproving)  
Really?

(CONTINUED)

FIONA

It's not what you think!

FITZGERALD

What you do in your spare time is none of my concern, even if your tastes are a little... lacking.

Relieved, Fiona stands.

FITZGERALD (cont'd)

We're not done here. Any ideas on who this could be? You understand we need to plug this leak.

FIONA

(shrugs)

Honestly, I don't know. Mallory taught half of the girls here to pick locks, and the staff have keys to the dorms. Everyone here is a suspect. I should be asking you where you were when those videos were posted.

She laughs at her own little joke. Fitzgerald doesn't. Fiona stops, looks at her feet.

FIONA (cont'd)

Can I go now?

With a resigned sigh, Fitzgerald nods. Fiona looks up and then stands and hurries out as Madison steps into frame.

MADISON

That went well?

FITZGERALD

She's just nervous. Shy girl.

MADISON

Are you sure that's all? She could be overselling it.

FITZGERALD

(considering it)

The lady doth protest too much... No, something else is wrong there and I'd like to know what.

MADISON

Is she at least out of the frame, then?

Not entirely sure, Fitzgerald has to think about it for a minute but soon shakes her head.

(CONTINUED)

FITZGERALD

Not yet. I need to check her alibi, but even that doesn't prove much. What about Delaney?

MADISON

(shakes her head)

No, if she wanted attention she'd shout from the rooftops. I think we can rule out the rest of A-Squad as well. Skye and Sofia aren't exactly keen on the media sticking their noses in and Tori isn't about to do something to upset her guardians.

FITZGERALD

I think you may be right. I want a list of all the prime suspects by the end of the day.

MADISON

Assuming we can get through them all, and their alibis.

The two women turn to the long queue of Slayers waiting impatiently to be questioned. It's not getting any shorter.

Daunted, but not beaten, Fitzgerald quaffs some of her coffee, emptying the mug. She takes out a thermos and fills the mug again.

FITZGERALD

Then I suppose we'll have to get back to work.

She waves over the next Slayer in line. Patty comes over and takes a seat.

FITZGERALD (cont'd)

So, Patty -

CUT TO:

10

INT. CAMPUS - LIBRARY - LATER

10

DANNY, carrying a small mountain of books, teeters slightly on the edge of a ladder.

A book falls from the top of the pile -

Straight into Skye's waiting hand.

She pauses, then slots the book back into the nearest available space on the closest shelf.

(CONTINUED)

DANNY

(tuts)

Do you have no respect for the  
Dewey decimal system?

SKYE

(dry)

You mean you don't just stick  
everything in here alphabetically?

Danny rests his pile of books on an empty bit of shelf then comes down. He takes Skye's book and removes it, putting it in its proper place.

DANNY

Was there anything in particular  
you wanted from the library, or are  
you on a mission of general  
annoyance? I'm told you're quite  
good at those.

Skye puts on her best thinking face before -

SKYE

The second one.

Danny raises an eyebrow, and she exhales.

SKYE (cont'd)

Okay, okay. I'm here to see  
Frankie.

DANNY

Miss DuCont is out at the minute.  
She's helping interview the  
Slayers, trying to find out exactly  
who leaked the footage.

SKYE

Oh, must have missed her.

Plonking herself on the nearest table, Skye sits cross legged and disinterested.

DANNY

Am I to take it you've been  
interviewed?

SKYE

Like I'd be the one. But yeah,  
Harold gave me a grilling. I'm in  
the clear. Not guilty, your honor.

DANNY

Glad to hear it. Would you like me  
to take a message for Francoise or  
do you want to come back later?

(CONTINUED)

His eyes drift from Skye to the pile of unsorted books. "Hint, hint." Skye notices, doesn't pay a great deal of attention to him.

SKYE

No, just needed someone to vent to who wouldn't weigh in with their own woes or tell me I'm being unreasonable.

DANNY

(understanding)

Ah, the situation with Miss Townsend? She's been assigned to A-Squad, I understand.

SKYE

Yep, they put her on my squad and I'm just expected to go along with it. That bitch killed a lot of people - our people.

(beat)

A lot of friends.

DANNY

I wouldn't say that.

SKYE

Oh?

DANNY

Look at it from the Council's point of view. If Hamish McFanchon gets his hands on Miss Townsend, then everything we're working towards here is over in an instant. If the best way to protect the livelihood of every Slayer in the world - and goodness knows there aren't many of you left right now - means Miss Townsend has to become part of your squad, then I'm afraid that's that. Throwing a hissy fit or complaining to your friends won't change that.

Dumbstruck, it takes Skye a few moments to catch her breath after Danny's little rant.

DANNY (cont'd)

Sorry if that seems blunt, Skye, but I'm just trying to tell you what's best here. I know you appreciate honesty, especially from Council personnel.

The man himself seems more than a little relieved at having gotten all of that out. Doesn't last long.

(CONTINUED)



SKYE

Who the hell are you to talk about  
hissy fits and towing the line?  
You're what, twelve? Here's a  
thought - shut up and take a look  
at this place. See how it runs.  
You're liaison for the Council  
here, seeing how it's all going,  
then do your job and don't come in  
here telling us what to do. Until  
then, stick to your books.

(muttering)

Know-it-all limey dick.

She storms out, and a moment later the door slams. Danny  
flinches as it BANGS.

A head appears from behind one of the many bookshelves -  
Dade, a few books in hand.

DADE

... that went well.

DANNY

(sighs)

As far as my interactions with Skye  
usually go, yes, that did.

DADE

(Yoda voice)

Feisty one, she is, hmm?

DANNY

I just don't know how to talk to  
her.

(beat)

Maybe if I told her about -

DADE

(quick)

No! No way. Trust me, dude... the  
longer she goes without knowing  
about that, the better for all our  
sanity.

Danny seems a touch deflated, so Dade pats him on the arm.

DADE (cont'd)

You're doing fine work here, my  
good man. Keep it up.

Dade gets back to work and Danny just stands, not quite sure  
what to do with himself. ZOOM OUT from that, the quality of  
the image deteriorates then FREEZES.

CUT TO:

11 INT. CAMPUS - FITZGERALD'S OFFICE - LATER

11

Exhausted, Fitzgerald slumps in her seat. Her coffee has been replaced by a glass of red wine which she quickly empties and replaces.

A knock at the door, Madison enters without waiting for approval. Fitzgerald sits up, startled.

FITZGERALD

That was fast.

MADISON

We're still checking alibis.  
There's something you should see.

FITZGERALD

Another video?

She's already typing before Madison can get to her. A video comes up on Fitzgerald's screen and plays.

SKYE (O.S.)

(filtered, recorded)

... they put her on my squad and  
I'm just expected to go along with  
it. That bitch killed a lot of  
people, our people. A lot of  
friends.

Fitzgerald pauses the video. Looks shocked.

FITZGERALD

Who was in the library at the time?

MADISON

Just Skye, Danny and Dade, who we  
have on a security feed as having  
been nowhere near any recording  
equipment.

FITZGERALD

So somebody hid the camera.

MADISON

So it seems.

Fitzgerald SLAMS her fist down on the desk, knocks over the glass of wine.

FITZGERALD

(grunts)

Damn it!

The wine starts to spread, Fitzgerald and Madison hastily try and mop it up with bits of paper. Fitzgerald loses it a little, runs her wet hands through her hair.

(CONTINUED)

FITZGERALD (cont'd)

Look, we're getting nowhere. You have at least some idea who the prime suspects are?

MADISON

Yes, we have three likely candidates including Fiona. Mallory and Patty are the others.

FITZGERALD

Then isolate them.

MADISON

I'm not sure that's going to work.

Fitzgerald gathers up a pile of papers now drenched in red wine and tosses them into the bin.

FITZGERALD

Then what -

More papers go into the bin -

FITZGERALD (cont'd)

Do you suggest?

MADISON

We send them all out on a mission, nothing too difficult, just something worth recording, then if a video goes up we know it's one of them. From there we just figure out which it is.

FITZGERALD

Too obvious. They'll know a mile off that's exactly what we're planning.

MADISON

Ah, but that's where we've got them. So we make this an easy mission, blatantly designed to catch one of them out as the culprit. So what better way for this Lonely Slayer character to stick two fingers up at us than to still upload a video following the mission?

FITZGERALD

I don't follow.

(CONTINUED)

MADISON

So far, this girl's built her reputation on disobeying your authority by chronicling what goes on behind closed doors at this place. All we have to do is make sure only those three girls have access to the camera and the footage. If we give our culprit the rope to hang herself by...

FITZGERALD

... then we at least know for definite it's one of those three, which is more than we know right now.

She considers it for a few beats.

FITZGERALD (cont'd)

It'll do. If anybody else brings up any red flags I want them out there as well. I want this over and done with.

MADISON

Yes, ma'am.

Madison exits.

Fitzgerald turns, looks at the video on her screen, at the red wine staining her desk. Grabs her bottle of wine and chugs directly from the bottle, and we:

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF ACT TWO**

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

12

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

12

Wobbling, night vision, first person view. We're seeing the dark woods Blair Witch style.

TILT UP to reveal Fiona, documenting as always.

FIONA  
Creepy, no?

PATTY (O.S.)  
Fiona, keep up!

The camera scans the area, finds Patty and MALLORY off in the distance.

Fiona JOGS, the camera staying remarkably still as she joins the others.

FIONA (O.S.)  
Sorry, had to get the camera running.

MALLORY  
Sure. Let's just get this joke mission over with.

The camera darts between.

PATTY  
I wouldn't say 'joke'.

MALLORY  
Entrapment then, whatever. They're convinced it's one of us that's leaking things, one way or another they're going to find out the truth, this just saves them looking for us.

FIONA (O.S.)  
We don't know that.

PATTY  
We could always just tell them. We all know -

FIONA (O.S.)  
(quickly)  
No. Do the mission. Mela told me something a couple of days back. Slayers stick together, always.

(CONTINUED)

Mallory SNORTS, rolls her eyes.

MALLORY

Fine.

The camera wobbles once more, now it TILTS UP to see Mallory, now holding the cam. She turns it to Fiona.

FIONA

Be careful with that.

MALLORY (O.S.)

(disinterested)

Sure.

PATTY

The demon is probably somewhere around here. We should get a move on, only a few hours left before sunrise, don't want the locals picking up on us.

The girls start to move, and the camera changes angle so that it looks at the ground for a few beats.

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

(irritated)

Oh, come on... you never could - just give it here.

MALLORY (O.S.)

I've got it, love, just easy to forget you're carrying it.

Once more the camera focusses on the girls, Patty and Fiona looking less than impressed.

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

Just a little further.

She pushes ahead, ignoring the girls and forcing them to catch up as she reaches a clearing.

A screen displays a live feed from camera. Fitzgerald, Harold, Madison, Danny, Greg, and a number of other members of staff watch carefully.

GREG

Do you think they know we're watching?

FITZGERALD

Even if they do, it's only a matter of time before they slip.

13 CONTINUED:

The trees on the feed disappear as Mallory turns back to the other girls who emerge from the woods.

MADISON  
A shame, I was hoping for them to  
turn on each other.

GREG  
Then you don't know these girls all  
too well, do you?

Madison shrinks back in her chair. Well and truly told.

GREG (cont'd)  
They live together, die together.  
Everything they do is... together.

A thought occurs, he frowns. Nobody is really listening to him. He stands, trying to act natural.

FITZGERALD  
Where are you going?

GREG  
Just had a thought.

He slips out of the room, Fitzgerald doesn't think anything of it and turns back to the screen.

14 EXT. HILLSIDE - NIGHT

14

Free of the woods, the moon, almost full, makes the whole area much lighter.

ON SCENE. The camera still rolls, as seen by a little red light, but we take in the whole scene.

Just below we can see a sleepy village. Several farms surround the outlying homes, all sporting great black patches which smoke a little.

Patty stares at the farms, disgusted.

PATTY  
Cattle mutilation. Always fun.

Mallory tosses the camera to the distracted Patty, who barely spots it flying towards her in time to catch it.

FIONA  
Hey, watch it! That camera's  
expensive!

MALLORY  
As you keep reminding us.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

Patty adjusts the camera and scans the area looking for any sign of trouble. She takes a step forward and something CRACKS under her feet.

She stops, turns.

A bone. A human femur. Buried in the mud.

PATTY (O.S.)  
Guess we're in the right place.

CUT TO:

15 INT. CAMPUS - GREG'S ROOM - NIGHT 15

Greg bursts into his room and taps the keyboard of his old, slightly beat up laptop, the machine whirring loudly as it fires up.

After a few frustrated beats he starts to type away, bringing up his internet browser.

ON SCREEN as he types -

'LonelySlayer15'

Immediately thousands of results pop up - we catch fragments of the results as we scroll down -

- LonelySlayer15 baffles Council
- Why is LonelySlayer15...
- Spend an evening with a lonely...

Greg rolls his eyes, rubs his hands through his hair then types again -

'Who is LonelySlayer15?'

And a list of conspiracy sits, do-it-yourself detective pages and other such results pop up on screen.

Greg clicks the first link. Waits for it to load.

16 INT. JIMMY'S BEDROOM - DAY 16

JIMMY, 19, emo looking teenager looks at us with a strange combination of amusement and cynicism. Yes, it's a video blog.

JIMMY  
It's not just me who's disappointed with these videos? If you want people to listen, don't just show the morbid bits, show us the occasional pillow fight.

(CONTINUED)



He smiles awkwardly at the camera.

JIMMY (cont'd)  
Alright, hands up, it was me.  
Sorry girls, I've been living with  
you for months and you didn't  
notice. Nothing to say but thanks  
to the girls that let me cuddle up  
to you because I was scared. It  
was a very special time.

Once again he chuckles to himself, then there's a slightly  
awkward silence.

JIMMY (cont'd)  
So... don't forget to rate the  
video. Five stars, obviously.

CUT TO:

A black "LOADING" screen appears for a minute while a video  
buffers -

Two reporters, BOB (60's, greying, serious) and SARAH-JANE  
(30's, redhead, inquisitive) sit in a news room accompanied  
by a fairly thin man in a tweed jacket. MR. ROLAND (40's) is  
an old school looking Watcher, the public image.

SARAH-JANE  
So do you have any leads so far?

ROLAND  
We do, as it happens. We believe a  
rogue element within the our  
establishment is behind the release  
with the girl behind the camera is  
merely a proxy. It's only a theory.  
But with recent leaks we're certain  
that no single Slayer could  
possibly have done this without  
being caught. She must be getting  
help from the outside, and seeing  
as none of our Slayers would  
willingly try to damage the public  
image of her sisters, putting their  
lives in danger, we're quite  
convinced -

CUT TO:

ANGRYGIRL22 glares into the camera. She's early teens, an  
emo poster child with her dark hair and makeup.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

ANGRYGIRL  
I am so sick of all this  
"sisterhood" crap!

CUT TO:

19 INT. SUPERSLEUTH'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 19

A man, big beard, still living in his mother's basement, mid thirties and going by the name SUPERSLEUTH looks rather impressed with himself.

SUPERSLEUTH  
It's all really very simple. Take  
a look at the videos -

Three images appear on screen. LONELYSLAYER15 with red hair and lots of shadow.

After a moment, Supersleuth appears again, now leaning forward.

SUPERSLEUTH (cont'd)  
Spot the difference? Look again.

Once again we see the three images, now with circles around various features - eyes, nose, ears, even the way in which the hair is styled.

CUT TO:

20 INT. GREG'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS 20

Greg watches the screen, everything falling into place.

SUPERSLEUTH (O.S.)  
There is no "LonelySlayer15" -

GREG  
There's three of them.

CUT TO:

21 EXT. HILLSIDE - NIGHT 21

As we left them, though it's now a few minutes later and they've done a little digging.

More bones are visible. The majority of an arm, a crushed jaw, pelvis. Nothing much else. No flesh.

MALLORY  
Safe to say we're in the right  
place then?

FIONA  
Looks like.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED:

Patty angles the camera up, noticing something in the distance -

A pile of rocks. A small gap in their formation suggests a cave.

PATTY (O.S.)  
We have a winner.

MALLORY  
(sighs)  
Always caves.

Patty takes point, leading with the camera.

22 INT. CAMPUS - BRIEFING ROOM - NIGHT 22

The staff, minus Greg, are still watching the feed through Patty's slightly less steady filming.

FITZGERALD  
They're not calling in for an order to make a move.

HAROLD  
More than likely they think we're close, watching them. They'll just assume we'd stop them.

MADISON  
Should we?

For a moment Fitzgerald thinks about it. She looks at the feed, then at the floor. Finally:

GRACE  
No, they can handle themselves.  
Besides, B-Squad are waiting nearby for support.

She turns back to the screen -

CU on her eyes, facade breaking, uncertain that she's doing the right thing.

23 INT. CAVE - NIGHT 23

It's a little later, Patty takes point, the light on the camera guiding her path. Mallory and Fiona follow close behind.

Switch to POV: HANDHELD CAMERA

Blair Witch once more. We hear the slightly heavy breathing of the girls.

(CONTINUED)

FIONA  
Maybe we should call in for  
support?

PATTY (O.S.)  
They won't come, they're looking to  
trap one of us.

FIONA  
Even so I -

SCREE!

Something screams past us, the camera whirls around  
frantically and winds up on the floor.

PATTY (O.S.)  
Crap!

She leans down to pick it up and a SPIDER DEMON lashes out  
with its talons, splitting a great GASH in her arm!

Patty SCREAMS!

She hits the ground. Tries to get up, the spider rushes  
again, SLASHES at her legs. She SCREAMS again.

MALLORY  
Patty!

FIONA  
Get her out!

Mallory draws a sword with one hand, drags Patty by the back  
of her shirt with the other.

Fiona stands between the demon and Mallory, a dagger in each  
hand.

The spider attacks, Fiona BURIES a dagger in the wall, uses  
it to HOIST herself up, then drops back down, CRUSHING the  
spider with her heel.

FIONA (cont'd)  
That wasn't too bad.

She smiles, turns, face falls.

A TALON on the end of a giant spider's leg reaches out,  
SLASHING across her chest!

She falls backwards, bleeding. Wounded. But alive.

Turning back, Mallory is almost out with Patty.

Fiona arches her back, flips herself onto her feet just in  
time to avoid another strike.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED: (2)

She spins around, knocks the talon aside, then turns, CARTWHEELS, snatches up the camera, then lands neatly on top of the leg which she BREAKS between her feet.

A louder SCREE!

24 EXT. HILLSIDE - CONTINUOUS

24

Mallory struggles to get Patty out, the former bleeding profusely from her wounds.

MALLORY  
Not much further.

A hand falls on her shoulder, she turns, see REIKO! The Japanese slayer is accompanied by FRAN and MELA.

MALLORY (cont'd)  
You're here? Where the hell were  
you?

REIKO  
(ignoring)  
Where's Fiona?

Death stares. Mallory seethes at Reiko. But it's not the time for a vendetta. She nods to the cave and Reiko motions to the others to head inside.

REIKO (cont'd)  
Since when do we leave people  
behind?

MALLORY  
Don't you dare question me! You  
were waiting all along, and now -

REIKO  
(harsher)  
You did this. We were waiting  
because of your crap!

There's no love here, both Slayers look at each other with utter contempt.

REIKO (cont'd)  
Just stay here!

Mallory tries to have the last word, but Reiko's already gone.

Patty moans, Mallory snaps out of it and starts to put pressure on the wounds. She looks helpless.

At the mouth of the cave, Reiko turns back. Sees Mallory covered in blood. She softens slightly, then enters.

25

INT. CAVE - CONTINUOUS

25

Reiko charges, fans zinging through the air, coming into contact with demonic flesh.

She takes in the scene, Mela and Fran are fighting off other legs, pushing towards the great hulking body at the center of it all.

No sign of Fiona.

REIKO

Fiona?

A cough. A splutter. Wheezing.

Reiko knows what's coming.

REIKO (cont'd)

Fiona?

She climbs over a rock and there she is -

Her stomach ripped open, gashes all over her body, a bloody trench across her face where her eyes used to be.

This is all that's left of the beautiful blonde Slayer.

And she's still alive.

REIKO (cont'd)

Fiona?

FIONA

(quietly)

Reiko?

REIKO

I'm here. We're going to get you out.

FIONA

It was all of us. The three of us.  
We all... Lonely...

Reiko takes it in her stride, tries to see if there's any way she can move Fiona without finishing her off.

FIONA (cont'd)

Don't.

The mortally wounded Slayer shows her stomach wound. Reiko's face falls. There's nothing she can do.

SCREE!

A great, final THUD as the demon dies in the background.

(CONTINUED)

Moments later, Mela and Fran enter, covered in demon blood, and stop dead as they see Fiona.

FIONA (cont'd)  
Did we do it?

Neither can speak.

REIKO  
Couldn't have done it without you.

FIONA  
That's not...

A cough. A choke. A long, laboured breath.

Fiona Stone dies.

Reiko looks down at her comrade's hand. The camera, soaked in blood, is still running, filming the Slayer's mangled face.

With a tear in her eye, Reiko reaches forwards and turns the camera off.

Static.

ZOOM OUT from the screen to reveal the staff. All of them dumbstruck.

They sit in silence. Not looking at each other.

A noise. A door, creaking. Greg opens, ready to tell them what he knows.

He stops. Senses the atmosphere.

GREG  
Oh, no...

Harold nods, sadly. Greg closes his eyes, a moment to mourn.

On Madison, guilt clearly washing over her.

She turns to Fitzgerald.

Grace is just staring at the static.

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF ACT THREE**

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

27

EXT. CAMPUS - GARDENS - DAY

27

NOTE: Stone Sour's 'Bother' plays over the next few scenes.

A shot of the sky, clear blue, not a cloud to be seen.

STONE SOUR (V.O.)  
 (singing)  
*Wish I was to dead to cry. My self  
 affliction fades.*

TILT DOWN to reveal the Academy not too far away.

Then, green grass. Flowers. Trees.

STONE SOUR (cont'd)  
*Stones to throw at my creator,  
 masochist to which I cater.*

Headstones. Countless headstones.

The Academy's memorial garden may be beautiful but the juxtaposing grey stones bring about the grim reality.

STONE SOUR (cont'd)  
*You don't need to bother. I don't  
 need to be.*

TRACK along the stones until we come to an open grave.

STONE SOUR (cont'd)  
*I'll keep slipping father.*

Around it, MOURNERS, staff and slayers, along with others we've never seen before. Family perhaps, friends.

STONE SOUR (cont'd)  
*But once I hold on, I won't let go  
 'til it bleeds.*

Everyone seems... broken. Crying. Genuine mourning.

STONE SOUR (cont'd)  
*Wish I was too dead to care. If  
 indeed I cared at all.*

CU on Mallory, her eyes bloodshot, tears streaming. She wipes them away. Harold pulls her in close, she rests her head on his chest.

STONE SOUR (cont'd)  
*Never had a voice to protest -*

(CONTINUED)



Even he, stoic Watcher, seems heartbroken.

CU on Patty, holding back the tears, but her expression seems empty. Guilt, anger, and a sadness deeper than tears.

STONE SOUR (cont'd)  
*So you fed me shit to digest.*

She moves away, drops a photograph of herself and Fiona into the grave where it flutters towards the coffin.

STONE SOUR (cont'd)  
*I wish I had a reason;*

ON FIONA'S COFFIN

As more and more photographs and flowers fall into the grave.

STONE SOUR (cont'd)  
*My flaws are open season. For this,  
I gave up trying -*

TILT UP: The legend carved into a marble headstone -

FIONA STONE, BELOVED FRIEND

STONE SOUR (cont'd)  
*One good turn deserves my dying.*

On that, we DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CAMPUS - A-SQUAD DORM - DAY

The music fades to a mournful solo as -

Sofia sits at a computer, she's watching a LonelySlayer video, hand to her mouth. Stunned.

Skye steps in behind her, doesn't speak, just watches.

On the screen we see two Slayers SHOVING each other, baring their teeth, showing pure hatred.

So much for sisterhood.

Behind Skye we see a bag, her bag, resting on a stripped bed with a few things already unpacked. Looks like she's moved back in with the others.

Skye places her hand on Sofia's shoulder and the two look at each other, smiling. Sofia rests her head against Skye's arm for a moment, before we DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CAMPUS - CAFETERIA - DAY

Tori sits alone in a sea of tables where girls chat to each other.

(CONTINUED)

She sips at a cup of hot chocolate. Doesn't seem all that interested in it.

Sofia enters, takes a seat next to her. Delaney follows not far behind.

They begin to talk. Uncomfortable, but it's a start.

Tori seems to rise a little, smiles. It means the world.

PULL BACK to reveal Skye, watching, uncertain, as we DISSOLVE TO:

Dade sits on his bed, head bowed, hair flat and without style. He's dressed in a smart suit, his top button still undone, tie hanging untied.

STONE SOUR (V.O.)  
*You don't need to bother.*

He's crying. Not just a few tears but full on emotional breakdown now. Raw, unhindered emotion.

STONE SOUR (cont'd)  
*I don't need to be.*

There's something in his hand.

STONE SOUR (cont'd)  
*I'll keep slipping farther.*

CU on DADE'S PHONE

A single text message is displayed -

"Hey, I'll be your wing man some other time. Go get 'em, tiger ;) - F."

STONE SOUR (cont'd)  
*But once I hold on:*

A beat. Dade presses a button, scrolls down.

Delete.

The message disappears. Dade's wallpaper is seen.

Dade and Fiona, grinning, holding drinks, cheek to cheek, their respective "pulls" for the evening flanking them.

STONE SOUR (cont'd)  
*I'll never live down my deceit.*

The music fades away and we hear Dade's final sobs before we FADE TO:

31 INT. CAMPUS - FITZGERALD'S OFFICE - DAY

31

Fitzgerald sits opposite Patty and Mallory. All three are dressed in normal clothes, this is several days later now.

FITZGERALD

So tell me how all of this worked.

PATTY

You already know.

FITZGERALD

Mostly, but I'd like to hear it from the two of you, so that I don't miss anything.

Mallory and Patty give each other a look. Nothing to lose any more.

FITZGERALD (cont'd)

How did you get together?

MALLORY

Fiona. She knew everyone here better than anyone. Real sociable girl. Slipped under your radar but everyone here loved her to bits.

FITZGERALD

(sadly)

I noticed that.

MALLORY

She had the camera, said she thought it was time the world got to see what was out there.

FITZGERALD

So it was her idea?

PATTY

Mostly. She found us, realised we'd be the best to get her stuff out there, a hacker and a thief.

CUT TO:

32 INT. CAMPUS - LIBRARY - DAY (FLASHBACK)

32

Mallory slinks into the library, she eyes the camera carefully, timing her movements to avoid being seen.

She eventually finds a blindspot -

LEAPS into the air. Lands just below it, fiddles with a few cables, pulling them loose.

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED:

She places a small wire tap into the cables, then puts the wires back.

Within seconds she's out of the door.

FRANKIE enters, looks around.

FRANKIE

'Allo?

No answer, she frowns, turns back to a stack of books.

CUT TO:

33 INT. CAMPUS - C-SQUAD DORM - DAY

33

Away from the rest of her team, Patty taps away at a laptop before a screen opens up displaying the tapped security camera feed.

PATTY

And with one -

She hits a few more keys and a dozen or so more screens come up showing footage from more of the Academy's security cams.

PATTY (cont'd)

Ignorance is strength. I'm watching you.

CUT TO:

34 INT. CAMPUS - CORRIDOR - DAY

34

Mallory looks over her shoulder to make sure nothing's coming, then PICKS THE LOCK on a door. The door opens easily.

CUT TO:

35 INT. CAMPUS - FIONA'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

35

Mallory slinks inside, trying not to wake the other SLAYERS asleep in their beds.

We take note of a "Zombieland" poster on the wall.

She spots the camera, quickly lifts it and gets out, all in a matter of seconds.

CUT TO:

36 INT. CAMPUS - FITZGERALD'S OFFICE - DAY

36

As before.

(CONTINUED)

FITZGERALD

And because you each had different assignments, you could act as an alibi for each other.

MALLORY

And we all played the LonelySlayer.

PATTY

I edited the videos so that we couldn't be identified.

Fitzgerald sits back, rubs her eyes.

FITZGERALD

I can't say I'm not impressed. But I trust I don't need to tell either of you that this ended the moment Fiona...

(beat; exhales)

This stops. Now.

Mallory goes to stand, ready to lose her temper, but Patty holds her back.

FITZGERALD (cont'd)

Fiona died. I can't afford to lose anyone else. What you're doing is dangerous. So it stops. Am I clear?

Both girls wait a beat, then nod reluctantly.

FITZGERALD (cont'd)

Good.

(beat)

I liked having Fiona around just as much as anyone else here. She'll be missed. And I'd like to think that out of respect for her memory, nothing like this will ever happen again.

(beat)

You're dismissed.

Silently, the two girls get to their feet and leave the room. Patty is about to close the door behind her when she turns back, takes something out of her jacket pocket.

It's the camera. Still covered in Fiona's blood.

She places it on Fitzgerald's desk. She stares at it, then looks up at Patty, surprised.

PATTY

She'd want you to use it. After that, we're done. For good.

(CONTINUED)

She doesn't give Fitzgerald the opportunity to argue, just leaves the room.

After a beat, Fitzgerald allows herself to look down at the camera. We do the same, taking in its battered silver form and the dark brown splatter marks and finger prints, before we DISSOLVE TO:

Fitzgerald stands before the rest of the staff. The camera sits on the edge of the table.

FITZGERALD

I think it's time we put an end to this.

She picks up the camera, opens the side to reveal a cracked preview screen.

FITZGERALD (cont'd)

The footage on here... it needs to be deleted for good.

Nobody responds for a moment.

MADISON

With all due respect. I disagree.

FITZGERALD

I'm sorry?

MADISON

I know you like to think of me as... a sometimes unwanted Devil's Advocate. But I've been watching everything that happens here over the last few days, and one thing that's really struck me is that these girls need a voice. The world needs to see this. They need to know what life is like for these girls.

(beat)

It's what Fiona wanted.

The door BURSTS open and Dade staggers inside. His eyes are puffy and bloodshot.

DADE

(slurring)

Who the hell are you to tell anyone what she wanted?

FITZGERALD

Dade, this is a private meeting.

DADE

To hell with private! You want to  
show the world how she died?  
You're sick!

FITZGERALD

Mister Huang, from what I've heard  
the memory of our girls hasn't been  
what you've shown interest in since  
arriving here.

That's it. Dade ROARS with anger as he lunges forward at  
Fitzgerald, trying to YANK the camera out of her clutches.

Harold steps in, SHOVES him away. Dade hits the ground, hard.

He looks up, sees himself surrounded by Danny, Harold,  
Madison and Greg. All of them glare, disappointed.

DADE

She was my friend! Since Zoe, she  
was...

His voice breaks. Greg's expression softens, understanding,  
sympathetic.

DADE (cont'd)

She was my friend.

He gets to his feet, steps away.

DADE (cont'd)

Fine. To hell with all of you.

He storms out leaving a whole heap of bad feeling in the  
room.

GREG

For what it's worth. I'm with  
Madison. Too many girls died  
because of their "calling" without  
anyone knowing it. Maybe it's time  
the world got to see that side of  
things too.

FRANKIE

I 'ave to agree.

Fitzgerald is shocked, looks as though she's being mutinied  
against. But as she scans the room she sees a lot of faces  
that seem to agree also.

FITZGERALD

Then we'll take a vote. All in  
favour of deleting the video?

A small scattering of hands are raised.

(CONTINUED)

FITZGERALD (cont'd)  
And all of those in favour of  
making it public?

No count necessary, the vast majority raise their hands,  
Greg, Harold, Danny, Madison, and Frankie included.

FITZGERALD (cont'd)  
(sighs)  
Then it's settled.

She turns the camera over in her hand, well aware that it's a  
can of worms.

PUSH IN on the lens, into the black:

The same video from the Teaser, Patty's editing undone so  
that Fiona, though shrouded in darkness, can be recognised.

FIONA  
Into every generation a slayer is  
born. She alone stands against the  
vampires demons and other nasty  
critters the night has to offer.  
All without the world knowing a  
thing. That's the way it was.  
(beat)  
Things change.  
(beat)  
And now you know who we are, you  
glorify us. I gotta say, the  
attention's pretty groovy, but  
catch this:  
(beat)  
We're still dying. Every day. One  
by one. We're fighting a war and  
all you people do is cheer our  
names like we're fricking action  
heroes or something.

The Slayer's hand brushes her long blonde hair aside as it  
gets in her face.

FIONA (cont'd)  
This is the deal. I'm going to show  
you what we're doing. Who we really  
are and what it's like for us every  
single day. This isn't a  
documentary, it's not the damn  
movie you all want so much, it's  
war. You are going to see the best  
and the worst. You'll see us fight,  
maybe even see us die. If these  
videos stop, I've either been  
caught...  
(MORE)



38 CONTINUED:

FIONA (cont'd)  
(beat, swallows)  
Or killed. Enjoy.

A hand reaches forward, and as she touches the camera, we CUT TO:

39 EXT. HILLSIDE - NIGHT

39

Hands on as Fiona, Mallory and Patty stalk their prey.

FIONA  
Mela told me something a couple of  
days back, Slayers stick together,  
always.

CUT TO:

40 EXT. WASTELAND - NIGHT

40

Tori faces down a demon, it breaks her defence and she goes down!

The demon strikes at her -

The blow is parried by Skye's sai daggers!

CUT TO:

41 INT. CAVE - NIGHT

41

The camera, image cracking and fizzing, catches sight of Fran and Mela taking the demon down.

It falls slightly, catching sight of Fiona.

FIONA  
(weak)  
This is how we live. How we die.

She coughs, splutters, and then -

Reiko appears, just in the view of the camera. She's more than concerned, she looks as though she's been punched in the gut. It's the first time we see her reaction to a dying friend up close and personal.

REIKO  
Fiona?

FIONA  
(quietly)  
Reiko?

REIKO  
I'm here. We're going to get you out.

(CONTINUED)

FIONA  
It was all of us. The three of us.  
We all... Lonely...

The camera shows Fiona's bloodied face. Still resilient, defiant, not going gently into the night.

FIONA (cont'd)  
Did we do it?

REIKO  
Couldn't have done it without you.

The camera turns one final time onto Fiona as she readies herself to die.

FIONA  
That's not...

A cough. A choke. A long, laboured breath.

Fiona Stone dies.

And we hold on that. For a long time until the video:

FADES OUT.

TITLE: LonelySlayer15

PULL OUT to reveal comments posted beneath the video:

"Unbelievable"

"Shocking, how do you do it?"

"You have the weight of the world on your shoulders. How can you keep going?"

"I'm so sorry for your loss"

The comments go on and on. Thousands of them.

PULL OUT further to reveal Dade sat at the computer. He watches, tears in his eyes.

He moves his mouse around -

ON SCREEN: He clicks - Log Off.

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF SHOW**

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