

SLAYER ACADEMY

"PRESSURE"

STARRING

EMILY BROWNING

RACHAEL LEIGH COOK

PARIS HILTON

WITH

JACQUELINE MCKENZIE

BRADLEY COOPER

FAMKE JANSSEN

MAGGIE CHEUNG

MIA WASIKOWSKA

AARON YOO

AND

JACK COLEMAN

MICHELLE FORBES

ADRIENNE PALICKI

KIRSTEN PROUT

CHIAKI KURIYAMA

LACEY MOSLEY

GUEST STARRING

MELINDA CLARKE as 'Jilhandra'

MARIBEL VERDU as 'Ana Marquez'

TEASER

FADE IN:

1 INT. BAR - BACK ROOM - NIGHT

1

In the center of a small, grimy looking room is a round table, around which three people are seated.

Two are clearly DEMONS with mottled skin and three eyes, but without a nose. They look almost nervous to be there.

TITLE OVER: 02:00 AM

The other one is a human female, with brown hair tied back into a ponytail and wearing a battered leather jacket. She doesn't look much older than eighteen. It's BELLE PARRISH.

BELLE

So, are you gonna spill or am I
gonna have to get the knife out?

DEMON #1

Just a little bit more...

BELLE

Fifty quid is enough for what I'm
asking.

DEMON #2

Please, you don't -

THUNK! A KNIFE swings out from the inside of Belle's jacket and she slams it into the wooden table.

BELLE

Just tell me the info, and no-one
will get hurt.

DEMON #1

Fine, just show us the money.

Keeping one hand on the knife, she reaches into her jacket with the other hand and pulls out a couple of twenty pound notes and a tenner. She hands them over. The demons check them, before looking up and leaning in closer.

DEMON #1 (cont'd)

Freddie told Gambon who -

BELLE

Cut to the chase, Manny.

DEMON #1

Well, there's rumours that they're
planning the factory just north of -

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BANG!

Everyone freezes. Belle's eyes scan the room... and sees a SHADOW flicking to and fro the window outside. Belle stands.

DEMON #1 (cont'd)

Wait, what are you...?

BELLE

Stay here and shut up.

ON BELLE as she exits the bar via the BACK EXIT as we CUT TO:

EXT. BAR - ALLEYWAY - NEXT

STAY ON BELLE as she turns at the sound of another BANG - and land on a DUSTBIN LID, which is still rattling as if it had fallen off something. Next to it is the dustbin, still as anything.

Belle narrows her eyes, sliding across to where the bin finally stops rattling.

DEMON #1 (O.S.)

What's wrong?

Belle SPINS, KNIFE at the ready - and SIGHS at the Demon, having emerged from the

BELLE

I know you don't understand the concept of personal space, Manny... but jeez if you don't give a girl a heart attack.

DEMON #1

I repeat, what's wrong? 'Cos whatever you did, everyone in the bar got freaked and made an exodus. Slayers aren't exactly good luck charms round here, anyway...

She holds a hand out, telling him to shut up. The Demon - MANNY - falls silent as Belle approaches the large dustbin.

She peers inside.

SNAP! SNAP! Belle jumps back, covering her eyes from the FLASH as the bin topples over, exposing a hidden REPORTER with his camera at the ready!

Manny spots him, snarling and GROWLING as his fingernails lengthen into sharp CLAWS.

The reporter nervously SNAPS a single picture, before Manny ROARS and LEAPS for him!

(CONTINUED)

BELLE

Oh, crap! Manny! Stop!

ON BELLE as she dives into the fray, pulling Manny free and slamming him across the alleyway as she looks up... to the sound of more GROWLS...

To see the bar's demon PATRONS at the other end of the alleyway and coming straight for them!

BELLE (cont'd)

Aww... bugger.

TIGHT ON BELLE as she dives in the way of the demons, slamming the knife into the chest of one demon with a squelching THUNK as BLOOD sprays out and onto the lens of the camera.

The reporter stays back, wiping his camera lens in order to start snapping another picture.

However, with Belle distracted, a second demon LUNGES for the reporter, and Belle's too slow to react as the demon sinks a claw into the reporter's stomach!

He screams and goes down, clutching his wound and dropping the camera beside him. It FLASHES as it takes another photo.

BACK ON BELLE as she races forward, grabbing the demon's arm as it prepares to take another swing at the reporter, and twisting it back.

With a sickening CRUNCH, the arm breaks and the demon roars!

Even as the fight continues, the reporter reaches out with one arm for his camera, whilst still holding his wound.

The demon turns on Belle, but she's ready, SLASHING the knife across it's stomach and HEADBUTTING it to the ground. Even as it falls, she STABS it in the heart.

The reporter snaps another photo of Belle standing above him, causing her to groan in annoyance.

BELLE (cont'd)

You have to be kidding me.

Ignoring his constant snaps, she kneels down beside him, looking over his wound.

BELLE (cont'd)

You're an idiot. You shouldn't have been following me.

BANG! The rear exit to the bar BREAKS OPEN, exposing several more demons cracking their knuckles and growling at Belle. She looks down at the reporter.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED: (2)

Manny STIRS beside her:

BELLE (cont'd)
Get out of here.

He freezes, staring at the scene.

BELLE (cont'd)
I said go!

And the reporter scarpers, half crawling and half running to get out through the back door.

BELLE (cont'd)
Manny, if you know what's good for you, I'd get out.

Belle raises her knife, not looking so confident as more and more demons step into the alleyway.

Behind her, Manny slinks away wisely as Belle SPINS her knife, removing a second KNIFE.

BELLE (cont'd)
Let's have at it, then.

And as she charges forward, we SMASH CUT TO:

3 INT. CAMPUS - CANTEEN - MORNING

3

The doors swing open, exposing Belle, looking extremely rough with scars and bruises across her face and arms, and her hair a mess. She yawns.

TITLE OVER: 09:00 AM

Everyone in the room turns and stares at her. Some of the girls look at each other, others talking in low whispers whilst still glancing over.

Belle doesn't seem to even notice as she slowly trudges towards the rest of C SQUAD, who are sitting at the far end of the canteen.

As she walks across the canteen, all eyes follow her and the whispering builds up, with some now pointing and others craning their necks to take a look at her.

ON BELLE who sits down beside the other members of C-Squad: CLARISSA (looking exhausted); PATTY (with her nose in a newspaper) and TIA (silent and in world of her own).

BELLE
Mornin' guys.

No-one replies. All eyes fall on her. Patty lets the newspaper drop. Belle blinks, frowning.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BELLE (cont'd)
What? Do I have a zit or something?
Seriously, if someone's stolen my
Neutro -

CLARISSA
You don't know?

BELLE
Know... what?

Patty lifts up the newspaper.

PATTY
About this.

ANGLE ON THE NEWSPAPER:

The front page has a picture of Belle, standing center frame with a bloodied knife in her hand and looking down with an annoyed look on her face.

The caption reads "BELLE PARRISH - THE NEW ROGUE SLAYER".

Belle blinks, shaking her head in disbelief. Patty lowers the newspaper, placing it on the table. Tia looks worried as Belle struggles to get her head around it.

BELLE
That - that's....
(beat)
That's bad.

And off Belle's worried expression:

BLACK TO:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

4 INT. CAMPUS - MEETING ROOM - LATER

4

In the middle of the meeting room, Belle has sunk deep into a chair as people either side of her argue. She's keeping quiet, looking down and away from everyone else.

TITLE OVER: 09:30 AM

On her right, GRACE FITZGERALD is on her feet, her palms on the table as she faces off against MADISON RILEY, who is opposite her and looking equally angry.

MADISON

This isn't just going to blow over,
Grace, people are believing that
Belle attacked that reporter, and
there's no evidence against it!

FITZGERALD

You're the expert then, Madison,
why don't you show us why we hired
you and clear her name!

This comment really gets to Madison, and her face flushes even redder. The other staff watch silently, fearing to say a word.

MADISON

That's easier said than done! It
takes time to -

FITZGERALD

Then don't waste your time.

Madison and Fitzgerald face down, but after a few moments, Madison turns on her heel and walks out.

Sighing, Fitzgerald sinks into her chair, rubbing her forehead with her hands in an attempt to calm herself down.

FITZGERALD (cont'd)

(slowly)

Does anybody else have any
suggestions?

There's a few moments silence, before GREG speaks up, a little quietly.

GREG

I suppose we can try and find out
what this guy has against
Annabelle.

(CONTINUED)

FRANKIE

Oui, and why 'e was following 'er
in the first place.

(thinks)

I can go check our records, see if
'e is mentioned in any, non?

FITZGERALD

Get on that right away.

FRANKIE nods, standing and quietly exiting the room without a
look back. All eyes fall on HAROLD, who is sitting next to
Belle and has so far kept silent.

FITZGERALD (cont'd)

And what do we do about Belle's
squad placement? That's up to you,
Harold, as C-Squad's Watcher.

HAROLD

(awkward; beat)

I suppose all we can do is remove
Belle from active duty until this
is all sorted out. Having a
supposed "rogue slayer" on one of
our leading teams won't show us in
a good light, and with the movie
coming up and everything...

(to Belle)

I'm sorry.

Her expression is distant, and she faintly nods at the news.
Fitzgerald sighs, sitting back down in her chair.

FITZGERALD

I agree that it would probably be
for the best.

(beat)

Does anyone have anything else to
say?

After a few seconds of silence, Belle politely raises her
hand.

BELLE

Can I go now?

FITZGERALD

I suppose so.

(slowly)

Just please make sure to keep
within the grounds.

Without another word, Belle pushes her chair back and swiftly
exits. Fitzgerald sighs again.

(CONTINUED)

FITZGERALD (cont'd)
I suppose I'd better talk to
Madison, shouldn't I?

Harold stays watching the closed door, a guilty look on his face. As Greg stands to leave, he pats a hand on his shoulder.

The two share a knowing look, before he moves away as we CUT TO:

DADE is seated at one of the wooden tables in the library, holding a piece of paper with a list of names scribbled on it. He looks over them with interest.

DADE
(looking up)
All of them?

REVERSE ANGLE:

To reveal KIRA standing on the other side of the table with her hands on her hips and looking very in control.

To the side, placing some books back on the shelf and pretending not to listen in, is Frankie.

KIRA
Every single one.
(beat)
I trust that won't be a problem.

FRANKIE
Non. I shall 'elp 'im.

KIRA
(rolls eyes)
I expected as much.
(to Dade)
Come find me as soon as you've located any of them.

DADE
(nods)
Sure thing.

Kira turns on her heel and marches out of the room. Frankie walks round the desk to look at the list. She scans it. One of the names catches her eye. She points it out to him.

FRANKIE
La. That looks familiar.

DADE

Really? News to me.

(beat; sighs)

Better get going. I like having my
head on my neck.

FRANKIE

As do I. You would look incomplete
without that big 'ead of yours.

Dade gives a sarcastic GRIN, exiting. Frankie just chuckles,
but her eyes are still narrowed as she keeps her eyes on the
names as we CUT TO:

INT. CAMPUS - C SQUAD DORM - DAY

Clarissa, Tia and Patty are all seated on their respective
beds in silence. Tia has her nose in a book, Clarissa is
listening to her iPod and Patty is just staring blankly
ahead.

Belle appears at the doorway. Immediately the others look up.
Clarissa pulls the headphones out of her ears and sits up
straighter.

Without meeting any of their eyes, Belle trudges forward and
collapses on her bed. The others share worried looks.

PATTY

Did you get your ass kicked?

Belle mumbles something underneath her breath.

TIA

Badly?

BELLE

(mumbling)

Suspension.

Clarissa snaps up, swinging her legs round the side of her
bed to get a better view of Belle.

CLARISSA

What?! They can't do that!

TIA

You didn't even do anything!

Belle just remains silent.

PATTY

Mind enlightening us, princess?

BELLE

(sighs)

Wrong place, wrong time.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BELLE (cont'd)

Just saved that arse - from Manny,
of all people - and he went and
took a few pictures.

(beat)

Bloody reporters.

Tia catches Patty's eye and raises an eyebrow. The smallest
trace of a smirk appears on Patty's face.

CLARISSA

I'm going to speak to them.

And with that, Clarissa stands and storms out of the room, a
woman on a mission.

PATTY

(beat)

I suppose with the movie and
everything...

TIA

(shocked)

Patty!

PATTY

(blankly)

Belle needs to know that -

Tia glares at Patty, silencing her. Belle stays staring into
space.

TIA

Don't worry Belle, everything will
sort itself out soon. Right, Patty?

She maintains her glare on Patty and she gets the message,
shrugging.

PATTY

Probably not.

KNOCK KNOCK. Tia and Patty look up at the door, to find SOFIA
standing in the doorway. She smiles slightly at Tia and steps
inside.

Getting what she means, Tia reaches over and grabs Patty's
arm. Patty raises an eyebrow.

TIA

Come on, we've got that thing to
do.

PATTY

What 'thing'?

(CONTINUED)

TIA
The thing with the... other thing I
told you about.
(whispers)
Just get your autistic ass outta
here.

Without answering, Tia just pulls Patty up and out of the room.

Sofia moves forward, sitting on the end of Belle's bed. Belle doesn't even react.

SOFIA
(long beat)
So are you going spend all day
moping?

BELLE
Go away.

SOFIA
Or what, you'll silence me to
death?

Silence.

SOFIA (cont'd)
(shrugs)
Alright then, whatever you like. I
like the quiet - you never get it
sharing a dorm with Skye since she
decided to share with us all again.

They sit for a few more moments in silence before Belle eventually gives in, SIGHING.

BELLE
What do you want?

SOFIA
I believe your story.

Belle just sighs, not looking at her.

SOFIA (cont'd)
I know what it's like for people to
talk about you, to doubt you. And
believe me, that's what these girls
will be doing.

Belle just grunts, before quietly noting:

BELLE
Patty seemed a bit off with me.

(CONTINUED)

SOFIA

Patty's 'off' with everyone.

(beat)

And if we're going to stop it,
you're going to have to stop
moaning right now and help me.

Belle sits up slightly, looking at her with her brow
furrowed.

BELLE

What are you talking about?

SOFIA

(grins)

Let's go see the man behind the
curtain.

And grabbing Belle's hand, Sofia dashes for the door, pulling
the younger Slayer along with her as we CUT TO:

INT. CAMPUS - CANTEEN - NEXT

SKYE sits at a table, munching her way through a tray full of
junk food. She looks up as MALLORY decides to join her, a
LAPTOP under her arm. Mallory winces a little as she sits.

SKYE

Hey.

MALLORY

Hey yourself.

(off food)

Having a blood sugar crisis?

SKYE

I was hungry. How's the side?

MALLORY

Sofia was right, my liver was about
to pop out...

She lifts her top a little to reveal GAUZE over what looks
like a nasty wound.

MALLORY (cont'd)

... but yer girl's got some magic
in those healing hands. Patched me
up pretty good.

SKYE

Yeah, she's Florence Nightingale
alright.

(off laptop)

So what'd you find out?

(CONTINUED)

Mallory grins, opening the laptop and tapping in a few commands before turning it to face Skye.

MALLORY

Daniel 'Danny' Blake, Council liaison with the Academy. Oxford graduate, and possibly the least interesting man on the planet when it comes to digging up dirt.

Skye pulls the laptop closer, scanning the screen - various files and folders are there to browse through.

SKYE

Criminal record?

MALLORY

Few parking tickets, which given the various angles he leaves his car at in the parking lot every morning seems to fit.

SKYE

What about socially? Any known associates that'd come up on our radar?

MALLORY

(shakes head)

Clean as a shiny whistle. Like I said - boring.

Skye frowns, continuing to search.

MALLORY (cont'd)

However...

Skye looks up, and Mallory grins, relishing the moment.

MALLORY (cont'd)

You wanted to know why he seemed to know so much about you, especially things that happened before he started?

She reaches over and taps a file on the screen.

MALLORY (cont'd)

Have a read of that.

Puzzled, Skye opens the folder - it's a text document, professionally formatted. She makes it as far as the title before her eyes widen.

SKYE

Is this...

(CONTINUED)

MALLORY

Says so right there on the page.

(amused)

I imagine you'll be wanting a few
choice words with young Mr. Blake
after this?

Skye keeps reading, her expression darkening with every line.
Whatever it is, she is not amused.

SKYE

Where is he now?

MALLORY

Running laps out on the field.
Frankie's closed the library for
something Kira's got her working
on. D'you want me to -

But Skye has risen and gone, leaving half her food behind.

MALLORY (cont'd)

Apparently not.

Mallory pushes the laptop closed, then starts to pick at
what's left on Skye's tray as we CUT TO:

Dade is sitting on one of the wooden tables, his eyes closed
and murmuring a chant under his breath. The list is in front
of him.

Standing beside her desk and trying not to watch is Frankie,
but it's clear she's too intrigued and keeps on looking up
from her work.

There's a few seconds silence as Frankie watches Dade
intently when he suddenly GASPS and falls backwards! Frankie
rushes over, grabbing on to his hand. He's breathing heavily,
his eyelids fluttering.

FRANKIE

Merde! Dade, are you okay?

Dade struggles to catch his breath, his vision swimming.

Frankie grasps his hand tighter. He blinks rapidly and
groans, his hand slipping from Frankie's to clutch at his
head.

FRANKIE (cont'd)

Are you alright?

DADE

(gasping)

I... found one of the names.

(CONTINUED)

FRANKIE

You did? That's *fantastique*!

(beat)

Stay 'ere, rest. I will get Kira.

KIRA (O.S.)

No need.

Frankie turns - to see KIRA, having WARPED in a blaze of LIGHT! She holds a cup of TEA in one hand.

KIRA (cont'd)

I set up a little spell to transport as soon as Dade was able to find one of the names.

(beat; to Dade)

Which one?

FRANKIE

Give 'im a second, 'e is tired.

Frankie helps Dade into a seated position. He rubs his head slightly before looking up at Kira.

DADE

(beat)

One Ana Marquez.

Kira's eyes narrow. She nods slightly. Frankie looks intently from Dade to Kira, frowning slightly.

And then it clicks.

FRANKIE

Wait a second, Ana Marquez? From the Coven Di Fuoco? What the 'ell are you doing looking for 'er?

Kira looks momentarily impressed, before she slips back into her collected expression.

KIRA

I see you've done your research. We have some business to settle with Ana, business that could affect the entire world if we don't get to her quickly enough.

Frankie steps forward, crossing her arms and looking rather menacing.

FRANKIE

Explain. Now.

Now it's Kira's turn to look menacing as she raises herself to her full height, towering over Frankie.

(CONTINUED)

KIRA

I think you'll find I don't need to explain myself to you, Miss DuCont. So, in future, please keep your little blonde head out of my matters.

(to Dade)

With me.

Dade looks apologetically over at Frankie, but she's still scowling at Kira. He slips past her, following Kira out of the doors. Frankie shakes her head.

FRANKIE

Merde. God 'elp us all.

And with that, Frankie walks off, still cursing under her breath, as we CUT TO:

EXT. CAMPUS - PAVILION - DAY

Out on the pavilion steps on the edge of the playing fields, the gym block in the background, DANNY jogs to a halt.

He's a little flush, decked out in shorts and a t-shirt, and reaches for a towel and bottle of water when:

WHAM! Skye GRABS him and SHOVES him furiously down against the hard stone steps.

DANNY

Skye? What -

SKYE

Start talking. Right now. And don't act like you don't know what I'm on about. I know, Danny. I know.

DANNY

But I don't know what you're on about!

He sits up, rubbing the back of his head.

DANNY (cont'd)

I think you've given me a bloody concussion...

She jolts towards him, and Danny lurches backwards, terrified.

SKYE

Don't think I won't go Mr. T. on your two-faced Limey butt!

(CONTINUED)

DANNY

Look, whatever this is, I'm sure we can discuss it reasonably, like adults, instead of -

SKYE

Or, you could assume that I've seen what you wrote to graduate your Watcher training, and adjust your answers accordingly.

Danny hesitates - then slumps, exhaling.

DANNY

Skye, I'm... I'm sorry.

SKYE

Don't be sorry yet. Tell me everything, then wait for me to decide if I should kick your ass into next Tuesday or not. Then you can be sorry.

(beat)

Now start talking. I want to know every single detail about why you wrote a goddamn thesis on my entire life, and why in the Hell you think I should ever even look at you ever again.

And as Danny looks up at the seething Skye, we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

10

INT. CAMPUS - FITZGERALD'S OFFICE - DAY

10

Sitting in her office, surrounded by piles of books and files, with a laptop open in front of her, is Fitzgerald. She looks stressed to breaking point.

TITLE OVER: 10:00 AM

There's a faint knock at the door. Fitzgerald looks up from her work.

FITZGERALD

Come in.

The door opens, Sofia pokes her head through. Fitzgerald frowns.

SOFIA

Do you have a minute?

FITZGERALD

Uh, yes, of course, why not. What is it?

Sofia shuts the door behind her and sits in one of the chairs opposite Fitzgerald, who clears some of the files from her desk.

FITZGERALD (cont'd)

What can I do for you?

SOFIA

It's about Belle.

FITZGERALD

(nods; beat)

Ah, so you've heard?

SOFIA

Who hasn't? It's the news of the school.

There's a few moments of silence. Fitzgerald shifts in her seat, an uncomfortable expression on her face.

FITZGERALD

So, what was it you wanted to talk about?

SOFIA

I want permission to take Belle out on a mission.

(CONTINUED)

FITZGERALD

I'm a -

SOFIA

It's just a quick recon mission.
Out of the public eye too so there
won't be anymore trigger-happy
reporters... do reporters have
triggers?

(beat)

And if I'm right, my A Squad
placement and supervision over-
rides the probation, doesn't it?

Fitzgerald sighs, shaking her head. She pulls forth a piece
of paper and signs it, before pushing it across the desk to
Sofia.

FITZGERALD

I'm afraid you're right. Consider
it authorised. However, if I see a
thing about this in any paper, I'm
counting you responsible, you
understand?

SOFIA

Perfectly. I'll tackle the Sun
goons myself if needs be.

And with a grin, Sofia quickly dashes out of the room.
Shaking her head, Fitzgerald returns to her work.

INT. CAMPUS - CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Belle is leaning against the wall, next to the office door,
fiddling with the hem of her shirt.

She's looking down as several GIRLS walk past, looking at her
and whispering.

Seconds later, the door opens and Sofia steps out. Belle
immediately looks over at her, pushing herself off the wall.

BELLE

Well?

SOFIA

(grinning)

Looks like we're going out.

BELLE

(frowns)

But the probation -

SOFIA

Don't worry about that. Got the
permission slip and everything.

(CONTINUED)

11

CONTINUED:

11

She raises the piece of paper Fitzgerald gave her. Belle cracks a smile.

BELLE

So where are we going then?

Sofia grabs Belle's arm and pulls her along. As they disappear, someone else rounds the corner into the corridor.

Kira.

12

INT. CAMPUS - FITZGERALD'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

12

The door swings open and Kira enters, standing in the doorway with her hands on her hips. Fitzgerald looks up, only fractionally surprised.

FITZGERALD

Do come in, Kira.

KIRA

I'm going to be taking Delaney, Gregory, Mela and Huang with me to locate Ana Marquez.

Fitzgerald just rolls her eyes, leaning back in her chair and folding her arms.

FITZGERALD

That's a lot of -

(beat)

Wait a second, Marquez? From the Coven?

She leans forward in her seat, interested.

KIRA

One and the same. I assume there won't be a problem with this arrangement?

FITZGERALD

(considering)

It's an awful lot of people out. Mela was supposed to be in practise today and I asked Delaney too -

(off Kira's look; sighs)

Frankly, I'm not even sure why you asked.

KIRA

(shrugs)

Maybe your sense of etiquette is rubbing off on me.

Fitzgerald glances at Kira - and the pair share a quick GRIN.

(CONTINUED)

12

CONTINUED:

12

And with that, Kira turns on her heel and strides out, closing the door behind her.

Fitzgerald sighs, rubbing a hand through her hair and shaking her head. She turns back to her work, exhausted as we SMASH CUT TO:

13

INT. CAMPUS - DORMS - NEXT

13

Skye enters, checking around to make sure the others are all out before motioning for Danny to follow.

She stands over by the window, arms folded, and as he goes to sit on one of the beds.

SKYE

Uh-uh. That's my bed. Put your sweaty ass down somewhere else.

Danny rises, moving to another bed. He glances at her - she nods - and he sits at last.

DANNY

What would you like to know?

SKYE

What gives you the right to turn my entire life so far into a damn essay?

DANNY

Because you're fascinating.

SKYE

(cracks knuckles)
Wrong answer.

DANNY

Because you're one of the single most interesting characters to ever become a Slayer?

SKYE

Strike two.

She takes a step towards him, fist raised menacingly.

DANNY

(quickly; hands raised)
Because I think you're important!

She pauses. He slowly raises his hands.

DANNY (cont'd)

Skye, whether you like to believe it or not... you're very important to just about everything.

(CONTINUED)

SKYE

(beat)

Alright, I'll bite...

DANNY

How much of it did you read?

SKYE

I skimmed it.

DANNY

Ah, so you probably read the first page and marched straight over here to confront me, didn't you?

SKYE

(shifts; lying)

No.

DANNY

Go back and read it all. Trust me. You might still want to hit me afterwards, but hopefully not quite as hard.

SKYE

Still doesn't explain why you didn't tell me.

DANNY

(chuckles)

Because I knew you'd react like this.

SKYE

(narrows eyes)

This conversation's going to end with me screaming 'damn you, get out of my head!' isn't it?

DANNY

As long as no violence is involved, I don't care how it ends.

(beat)

Just go and read it. Then we'll talk. If you still want to beat me up... I'll take it.

Thrown by his candid reply, Skye hesitates a moment, then heads quickly out of the dorms. Once she's gone, Danny breathes a deep sigh of relief as we DISSOLVE TO:

A darkened office, filled with desks and chairs, which support computer terminals.

(CONTINUED)

Notice boards are hung on the walls, in between the windows, with newspaper clippings and other notes pinned onto them.

ANGLE ON A WINDOW:

As it SMASHES when a hand punches through it!

The hand pushes the glass inside, and then another appears on the windowsill.

Seconds later, someone pulls themselves up and through the window frame. It's Sofia.

TITLE OVER: 19:30 PM

She turns and helps Belle through it after her. They both dust themselves down, looking around themselves.

BELLE
(whispering)
Why are we here?

Sofia creeps towards the nearest computer terminal and switches the monitor on. It's still logged on.

SOFIA
That journalist delivered the story to this paper. There'll be a record of his address somewhere on these computers. With any luck I'll be able to find it.

She brings up a program with a list of names. She scrolls down for a bit.

SOFIA (cont'd)
Let's hope Delaney's Google-fu skills come in handy. What was his name again?

BELLE
(dark)
Andrew Harwood.

Sofia scrolls down for a bit until

SOFIA
Aha, got it!

Belle leans over her shoulder to look.

BELLE
Does it have an address?

Sofia pulls a piece of paper and a pen towards her. She looks up at Belle with a grin.

(CONTINUED)

SOFIA

Of course.

She scribbles the address down, exits the programme, pockets the piece of paper and stands.

BELLE

Do we need anything else?

SOFIA

No, I think that's it.

(beat)

Let's go see what this guys beef is then.

And as they move out of frame, we CUT TO:

EXT. CHURNDALE - EVENING

On a silent road, a small town lies ahead, the tall buildings standing out against the natural environment. In the foreground is a welcome sign reading "WELCOME TO CHURNDALE".

A MINIBUS drives past at a ridiculous speed...

INT. MINIBUS - NEXT

Greg is at the wheel, with Kira riding shotgun. MELA, LADY HUANG, DADE and DELANEY are all seated comfortably in the back of the minibus.

Mela and Delaney are chatting whilst pointing at things out of the window, but Huang is sitting alone, her eyes closed and deep in thought. Dade watches her with a sour expression.

GREG

Looks like we're almost there.

Delaney looks up and over at him.

DELANEY

About time. I don't know why we didn't just magic our way there.

Kira looks over her shoulder at Delaney with a disapproving expression on her face.

KIRA

You'll need everything you have for what might go down. Teleporting to the other side of the country is going to do nothing but wear Mela out now that you've...

DELANEY

(snaps)

Yeah, okay! I get the message. Mom.

Kira just pretends she didn't hear that. She turns to Greg.

KIRA

It's further into the centre of town.

(beat; sharp)

And speed up a bit.

GREG

If I go any faster, I might hit someone if they step out into the road.

KIRA

And? They're obviously bloody morons.

Greg puts his foot down on the accelerator, his hands tightening their grip on the wheel. Delaney just sighs, looking out of the window into the dark countryside sky - annoyed and angry at herself as we CUT TO:

INT. REPORTER'S HOME - OFFICE - EVENING

A fairly large room with a home computer, and an entire wall taken up by a board on which several pieces of information are pinned onto.

On the opposite wall there is a map with photographs of several SLAYERS surrounding it and thread linking to different sections of the map.

TITLE OVER: 20:00 PM

The door handle rattles - but it's padlocked from the inside.

Seconds later, the lock snaps off after a fairly hefty shove, revealing Sofia and Belle behind the door. They stride in, looking around.

BELLE

Woah, this guy has a ton of stuff.
And not like, y'know... typical guy stuff...

She walks up to the map, scanning it. There's some familiar faces - her, Sofia, Delaney etc.

BELLE (cont'd)

... and he's a total creep.

Sofia, meanwhile, moves across to the desk, looking at some of the papers on it.

SOFIA

Wait a second...

BELLE

What is it?

Sofia lifts up a letter. In the top right corner, there is no return address, but instead a logo reading "CABAL".

SOFIA

These letters. They're from the Cabal.

BELLE

Holy frak attack!

Belle walks over as Sofia starts scanning the letter.

SOFIA

They're talking about building some kind of factory.

BELLE

It must be the one I was trying to get the information about!

SOFIA

That'd make sense.

Sofia picks up another letter and Belle continues to read over her shoulder. She shakes her head in disbelief, laughing slightly.

BELLE

So the guy's working for the Cabal?

SOFIA

Looks like. Just when I thought we'd got rid of them.

Belle picks up the first letter Sofia found, folding it and putting it into her jacket pocket.

BELLE

We'd better take this information to Ms. Fitzgerald.

SOFIA

We need a location, though. If we can find out where they're building this thing and shut it down before it's finished, it'll be a major plus for us - and let's face it, we could do with as many of them as we can get.

BELLE

(beat; nods)

Good point.

(CONTINUED)

Belle walks over to some of the cabinets, pulling them open and breaking the lock with her strength.

As she begins rifling around the files, Sofia cracks open some of the drawers below the desk. There's more files and paper.

BELLE (cont'd)

Aha!

Sofia looks round to see Belle holding up some blueprints.

BELLE (cont'd)

And we have a map. Score two for us.

Grinning, Sofia turns back to the drawers and picks up the letter on top and scans it. Her grin just gets wider.

SOFIA

And now we have a location.

BELLE

Bingo.

(beat)

Time to go, Sofes?

SOFIA

(grinning)

Absolutely.

(beat; smirks)

'Sofes'?

Belle BLUSHES deeply as they both make haste for the door, leaving the room in a complete mess behind them without any care as we SMASH CUT TO:

Loud music is blaring - Lady Gaga's 'Bad Romance' - strobe lighting casting everyone in green and red light and people are partying like there's no tomorrow.

It's a den of sweating, gyrating bodies - a typical nightclub on a Tuesday night.

Kira and her crew are standing by the door, looking in on the nightclub. Delaney shrugs, nodding slightly with approval.

GREG

(to Delaney)

It's really wrong that I a) know this song and b) really want go and start dancing, isn't it?

Kira casts him a glare - but Delaney and Greg share a GRIN, the latter alleviating the former's mood a touch.

(CONTINUED)

KIRA

So typical.

(beat)

I didn't expect any more of Ana.

HUANG

Of course you wouldn't, Kira.

Kira turns to look at her make-shift coven.

KIRA

Split up. We need to find her and soon. I have no doubt in my mind that the Cabal have followed us.

Delaney nudges Mela slightly and nods her head towards the crowd. They disappear off. Kira shakes her head, looking at Greg.

KIRA (cont'd)

If you catch Delaney doing anything she shouldn't...

(pauses)

I'd advise not telling me if you want her to live.

Greg raises his eyebrows, chuckling slightly - but stops suddenly when he sees Kira's stone cold expression. And then he slinks away. Dade shakes his head, walking after him.

HUANG

I trust you need no help locating Ana?

KIRA

That's right, Harry. We're not in Kansas anymore.

And with that, Kira storms off towards the VIP boxes. Huang watches her go with a slightly bemusement in her eye, before walking off also.

We follow Kira as she scans the VIP box... WEALTHY BUSINESSMEN, TROPHY WIVES cheating with younger men, you name the cliché, they're here.

Kira watches them with narrowed eyes, slowly prowling around, all work and no play.

And then she stops.

ANGLE INSIDE ONE OF THE BOXES to reveal an elegant WOMAN inside. A sultry Hispanic beauty - Penelope Cruz meets Catherine Zeta Jones. Long, dark hair and wearing a slinky, revealing dark dress.

This is ANA MARQUEZ herself.

(CONTINUED)

Kira shakes her head, stepping forward, causing Ana to look up. Her jaw drops slightly before regains her posture.

ANA

(nods)

Kira, what a surprise.

ON MELA down below as she SHIVERS, staggering a little and causing Delaney to catch the younger girl.

Mela's looking paler than usual, a couple of nervous SPARKS bouncing off her fingertips - something Delaney picks up on at once.

DELANEY

Hey, pint size - what's wrong?

MELA

I've got a bad feeling about -

BOOM!!! The doors fly off their hinges, knocking several people down as JILHANDRA storms into the room, followed by several WICCAS and WARLOCKS.

The partygoers SCREAM in horror, herding themselves instinctively into one corner as Jilhandra and her horde advance.

Her eyes scan the room and she immediately spots Kira and Ana. Her eyes then track over to Huang, a sly smile creeping onto her lips.

JILHANDRA

Well isn't this just a big family
reunion? And look - Mommy's home...

And as her hands begin to CRACKLE, we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

19

INT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

19

Glasses SMASH and people SCREAM as two opposing streams of ENERGY COLLIDE and BLAST everything surrounding the collision area!

Kira sends a stream of flickering FLAMES in Jilhandra's direction, but she jumps out of the way, before throwing another STREAM OF ENERGY back at Kira.

Jilhandra's followers spread out across the dancefloor as innocent victims try and make an escape. They're CUT DOWN or FRIED as the warlocks and wiccans advance!

Delaney catches Mela's eye and nods.

DELANEY

Ready, Small Wonder?

MELA

As I'll ever be.

Mela nods back, grinning and the two charge into battle with a WARLOCK each.

Mela places a hand on the warlock's chest, and he SCREAMS as he goes up in FLAMES! He stumbles around, before turning to dust. Mela goes onto the next opponent.

Delaney BUTTERFLY KICKS the oncoming warlock which knocks him off his feet. As he goes down, Delaney SUCKERPUNCHES him, knocking him out.

She looks up, spotting Dade being harassed by two warlocks. Her eyes narrow and she leaps forward to help him.

One of the warlock's looks up at the last second and CRIES OUT, but Delaney's already upon him, PUNCHING him around the face. There's a CRACK as something breaks.

Dade takes advantage of the distraction and HEADBUTTS the second warlock. He drops to the floor and Dade KICKS him in the face, breaking his nose. Blood sprays everywhere.

DELANEY

(impressed)

And he comes out swinging!

He just shrugs and disappears off into the fray. She sighs.

DELANEY (cont'd)

(calling out)

Hey, jackass, wait up!

(CONTINUED)

Grumbling under her breath, she follows him - just as a FIREBALL passes by her head and hits the wall behind her!

Jilhandra and Kira are getting closer together, throwing SPELLS at each other, but none connect either missing or being blocked.

Kira makes a SLASHING motion, and a CUT appears across Jilhandra's cheek. She laughs mockingly.

JILHANDRA

Is that all you've got?

She thrusts both of her hands forward, and Kira's BLASTED OFF her feet, landing in a heap several feet away.

Jilhandra surges forward to follow up, but with a quick gesture from the floor Kira brings up a WALL of energy that Jilhandra bounces off.

This gives Kira time to get back to her feet, hands CRACKLING with energy as she recovers.

KIRA

Nice shot. Cheap, but effective.

JILHANDRA

Wouldn't want to waste the big guns on you, would I?

With a SNARL, Kira drops the wall and RUSHES Jilhandra, the two witches grappling furiously.

Huang engages a WICCA in battle, several lightning-fast STRIKES sending her opponent crumpling to the floor. However, it's left her open as a WARLOCK stalks forward, his hands crackling with energy.

Delaney narrows her eyes, throwing her hands forward on reflex - but nothing happens. Cursing under her breath, she sprints forward and LEAPS onto the warlock, pulling him to the floor.

Delaney holds him as Huang delivers a KICK that KO's him. They're joined by Greg and Mela, both of whom have magical energy swirling around them.

DELANEY

This is getting ridiculous!

MELA

There's too many of them!

HUANG

Just keep going!

(CONTINUED)

Several more WARLOCKS storm through the doors, knocking aside some partygoers with YELPS as the majority of the innocents scramble for the exits.

DELANEY

Easier said than done!

Bracing themselves for attack, the guys raise their fights into fighting positions as the warlocks charge and we CUT TO:

The remaining faculty are gathered around in the meeting room. On the opposite side of the table sit Sofia and Belle. They look separated from the staff.

In front of Fitzgerald are the papers and blueprints that the girls 'liberated' from the reporter's home. She scans them over and looks up.

FITZGERALD

(impressed)

This is some serious information you girls have here. Well done, this may just be a major breakthrough.

(beat)

The weapons they're going to be producing here could do some serious damage to our girls if they're not stopped.

SOFIA

Which is why we brought it straight to you.

FITZGERALD

However, I can't stress enough how risky that was. If you'd have been caught...

(sighs)

Perhaps it was a mistake allowing you take Belle out, Sofia.

Blustered, Belle tries to respond but can't find the words. Sofia puts a hand on her arm, and speaks calmly.

SOFIA

Fine, we broke a few laws but still, if we can shut this factory down before it even starts producing, think how easily we can get the upper hand! And are we forgetting what happened the last time one of the Cabal's factories went into action?

HAROLD

(beat; nods)

Perhaps it would be best to send C Squad in to check it out. Sofia's right, we could get an upper hand from this.

FITZGERALD

(sighs)

I'll allow to it, as long as you accompany then, Miss Romero. You're turning into quite the trouble maker and we can't have that with the premiere coming up.

Sofia rolls her eyes and looks over at Belle.

SOFIA

(muttering)

How could I forget that.

FITZGERALD

Then we're agreed. Harold, get your team together and move out within the hour. The sooner this place is shut down, the better.

Harold nods and stands. The two girls stand as well. Fitzgerald nods to them.

FITZGERALD (cont'd)

That'll be all, gentlemen. Ladies.

They turn and leave, followed by Harold, who closes the door behind them. Fitzgerald stares at the closed door for a second longer, sagging back in her chair with a resigned SIGH as we CUT TO:

Gathered around a small minivan is C Squad, Harold and Sofia. Harold and Patty are loading on a bag of weapons onto the minivan.

Sofia moves over to Belle and taps her on the arm. Belle looks at her and Sofia nods her head away. They walk a few steps away from the group.

SOFIA

I'm not coming with you.

BELLE

But Ms. Fitzgerald said -

SOFIA

I know, but there's something else I need to see to first.

Belle frowns, but Sofia puts a comforting arm on her shoulder and smiles.

SOFIA (cont'd)
Don't worry, it's not too risky,
but it's going to be worth it.

Not understanding, Belle nods slowly. Sofia laughs and looks over at the others. They haven't even noticed they've moved away.

BELLE
What do I say to them?

SOFIA
(sly smirk)
Nothing. You weren't looking, were
you?

Belle smiles slyly and Sofia mock salutes before silently padding off into the darkness. Slowly, Belle walks back to the group. Seconds later, Harold turns round.

HAROLD
Belle, Clarissa - where's Sofia
gone?

The others turn around, including Belle. After a few seconds, she shakes her head and shrugs.

BELLE
Must have something else to do. No
big.

Harold sighs and shakes his head, before making his way around to the drivers seat. Belle allows herself a little smile.

SPARKS fly, FIRE circles round, glass SMASHES and BODIES are HURTLED across the room as the battle completely tears the club to piece.

The Academy's makeshift coven has somehow found itself gathering towards the center of the clubs, with enemies coming at them from all around.

Kira and Jilhandra are still locked in their fierce draw, neither getting one up on the other.

The others are fending off the seemingly never-ending stream of WARLOCKS and CABAL GRUNTS who are marching in.

Greg scans the room, and in the corner of his eye he spots Ana Marquez leaning against the wall, watching.

Her own hands are crackling with energy but she makes no move to join the fray.

Looking around further, he spots Mela fending off two warlocks at once - a BLAZE of FIRE engulfing one warlock with a SCREAM! She's the nearest one to Ana.

GREG

Mela!

Backhanding one of the Warlocks, Mela quickly looks over.

MELA

Make it quick! I'm kinda busy here!

GREG

Stay near Marquez - we need her!

MELA

Got it!

Mela nods and quickly spins round - only to be hit full on by a blast of energy. Delaney rushes over to help her to her feet and they take on the two warlocks together.

TRACK OVER to Kira and Jilhandra. They're surrounded by crackling energy, their hair floating around them and both hovering several feet off the ground!

Arcs of lightning energy fly between the two, only to be bounced off - striking the walls and a couple of unlucky civilians!

As Kira's preparing another attack, Jilhandra strikes first BLASTING Kira off her feet!

Kira struggles to her feet, only to see Jilhandra backing towards the exit.

JILHANDRA

We're out of here. Move!

The warlocks and cabal grunts make a run for the door. Several are caught by the Academy's coven - BLASTED into unconsciousness or worse - but many sprint through the exits.

ON JILHANDRA as she throws Huang and Kira a last look - before fleeing... just before the doors telekinetically SLAM SHUT!

Kira stares at the door, eyes narrowed. She spins around, eyes scanning the room.

KIRA

(sharp)

Where's Marquez?

(CONTINUED)

The others look around and confirm Kira's suspicions: she's gone.

Greg's eyes track over to Mela, who looks guilty. She stares down at her feet, uncomfortable.

KIRA (cont'd)
Unless my memory deceives me, I believe Gregory asked you to keep an eye on her, Miss Haskins. Am I correct?

Mela nods slowly, still not looking up.

KIRA (cont'd)
(sharp)
Good work, then.

Delaney glares at her mother, wrapping an arm around Mela.

DELANEY
(snaps)
Back off! I notice you didn't take Jilhandra down, did you? So leave her alone.

KIRA
(exhales)
It's time we got back to the Academy.

She turns away from Mela, looking like she could kill something. Mela guiltily looks up at Delaney, who offers a weak smile.

MELA
You... confuse me sometimes.

DELANEY
What do you mean?

MELA
One minute, you're looking at me like something you stepped in, and the next... the next, you stand up to her.

Mela nods towards the departing Kira. Delaney chuckles, laying an arm round Mela's shoulders.

DELANEY
It's called 'being an apprentice', Mela. Besides... I've had plenty of experience getting chewed out by her. I know how to handle it.

Delaney leads her away, as we DISSOLVE TO:

23 EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

23

Down a long, dark alleyway covered in piles of rubbish and scattering rats, run the Cabal's forces. They're keeping low, and staying quiet.

Jilhandra is at the back of the pack, striding along at her full height, although she has a sour expression across her face.

ANA (O.S.)
(calling out)
Becky!

Jilhandra freezes, turning on the spot. The troops continue on without her.

Standing at the mouth of the alleyway is Ana Marquez, as tall and confident as Jilhandra herself.

She strides forward until there's only a few feet between her and Jilhandra.

JILHANDRA
(nods)
Ana.

ANA
So, this is where life's got you?
Head of some corporation hellbent
on ruining Brogan?

JILHANDRA
(shrugs)
Old habits die hard. You should
know that - I mean, another
nightclub, Ana? We both know you
can do so much better.

Slowly, Ana nods, watching Jilhandra closely. Jilhandra's expression is unreadable.

ANA
(after a beat)
I want in.

A smile begins to form on Jilhandra's lips as we CUT TO:

24 EXT. CABAL BUILDING SITE - NIGHT

24

Up ahead, lit by street lamps, is a large building sight. The building is nearing completion, with scaffolding surrounding what seems to be a finished building.

A large METAL FENCE surrounds the entirety of the building sight, although it is only about six and a half feet high.

(CONTINUED)

Through the metal fence, several WORKERS can be seen patrolling the area, chatting and sipping mugs of coffee. It all seems very normal and non-suspicious.

TRACKING BACK, we see HAROLD and C SQUAD - watching the scene with confused expressions on their faces.

PATTY
(turning to Belle)
You sure this is the place?

BELLE
(nods)
Positive. That's what all the files said.

Tia looks from Belle to Clarissa, frowning.

TIA
You think it was a set up? I mean, this guy's already tried to frame one of us - this could all be some ploy to take an entire squad out...

CLARISSA
We'll have to be careful and find out. Split up and move in. Patty, Tia and Harold I want you to go from the back, me and Belle will get in from here.

Harold looks a bit baffled at Clarissa taking charge so quickly but nods after a second.

CLARISSA (cont'd)
Make sure you don't take direct action until we know for sure that it's Cabal property.
(at Harold)
You got those blueprints?

Harold nods and reaches into his back pocket. He pulls out some blueprints and unfolds them. Clarissa quickly scans them over and points towards a small square.

CLARISSA (cont'd)
This hatch should lead down into the testing cells. If it's not there, then we know for definite that's it's bogus info, okay?

She looks around at her squad. They all nod slowly back.

HAROLD
(looks at the others)
All right, let's go.

(CONTINUED)

Harold's eyes dart towards Belle, before he leans closer in towards Clarissa.

HAROLD (cont'd)
(whispering)
Keep her out of sight.

Without another word, he turns and walks off. Tia and Patty look confused, but follow him after a beat.

Belle glares, although he doesn't see it. Clarissa turns to her, shaking her head.

CLARISSA
Look, I know it's hard - nobody
trusting you and all that, but it's
gonna get better.

BELLE
Is it?

CLARISSA
I'm not stupid. I know what
Romero's doing.

A grin starts to form on her lips and Belle's eyebrows raise, also looking slightly happier.

Clarissa looks from her to the building behind the fence and then back.

CLARISSA (cont'd)
Shall we take a look?

BELLE
(grins)
Of course, fearless leader.

The two Slayers turn to the fence, grab hold of the mesh and begin to climb, as we CUT TO:

The office doesn't look like it's been touched since Belle and Sofia broke in previously. The broken lock is still on the floor and the door swings loosely on it's hinges.

After a second, it's pushed further open. It creaks. Wincing at the noise, Sofia walks in. She allows the door to fall back behind her.

She inhales a deep breath, before shaking her head and walking over to the desk where they found the papers earlier.

Leaning down, she opens some of the drawers, pulling yet more bits of paper out, when:

CONTINUED:

CLICK!

Sofia spins round, standing up at a lightning pace. Her eyes widen as the SCYTHE flicks out...

Because standing at the door with a REVOLVER in his hands is the reporter, ANDREW HARWOOD!

HARWOOD

What the bloody hell are you doing
in here?

Sofia struggles to speak, her eyes trained on the gun pointed at her face, despite her hand on her Scythe. Harwood's grip on the trigger tightens.

BLACK OUT:**END OF ACT THREE**

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

26

INT. REPORTER'S HOME - OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

26

Back with Sofia and Harwood in his office. He still has the revolver pointed at her. Her eyes continuously dart from the gun to him.

He takes a few steps forward and Sofia backs into the draw. A terrified look appears on his face.

HARWOOD

What...? What the Hell do you think
you're doing here?

SOFIA

(dry)

Forgive me if I don't sign your
autograph - and I'd be pretty thick
not to know what I'm doing here.
You framed my friend, you...
reporter.

HARWOOD

You... you don't understand!

Sofia stands up straight, her confidence increasing.

SOFIA

The public will bite anything
that's thrown their way - you know
that.

(beat)

You framed her and I'm going to
prove it. Now drop that gun or I'll
break your hand to drop it.

Harwood lowers the gun slightly, and Sofia takes a step forward, her confidence growing by the second.

HARWOOD

Please, I just... they're...
The Cabal are making me do this.
They gave me money - hell, they
promised me the exclusive of a
lifetime!

SOFIA

(snorts)

Typical bloody journalist - only
thinking that he's the next
bleeding Pulitzer winner!

Harwood shivers - looking genuinely terrified.

(CONTINUED)

HARWOOD

Please... I'm just so sorry. Your friend... where is she, I...?

SOFIA

She's about to bust open the Cabal's new factory, and show the public who the bad guys really are.

HARWOOD

(beat)

Please...

Sofia narrows her eyes, clenching her hands into fists.

SOFIA

What do you mean?

HARWOOD

(teary)

I'm not a good reporter, Miss Romero. I'm sloppy and always miss the big stories... for once I wanted something big. I wanted to be famous.

SOFIA

(softer)

Then help us.

HARWOOD

I can't! If I go back on our deal... then I'm dead. My Mum, my Dad... everyone I love is dead.

Sofia stands, relenting.

SOFIA

Put the gun down, Andrew. Let me help you. I promise you can be safe with us - as long as you help us clear Belle's name.

HARWOOD

(shakes head)

You'll just kill me with that sword... thing when I lower it.

(looks at Sofia)

I don't want to die.

ON SOFIA as she sighs - and then lowers her Scythe to the ground.

SOFIA

There. See? Now we'll just...

(CONTINUED)

CLANG! The Scythe is swept far to the other end of the office - as Sofia stands and looks at Harwood... who GRINS, levelling the gun at her!

HARWOOD

You're a lot less smart than I gave you credit for, Romero! And I thought I was a terrible actor and all.

SOFIA

You lying bastard.

HARWOOD

(shrugs)

I'm Cabal, Sofia. It pays to know how to lie convincingly.

He raises the revolver again, pointing it straight at her head. He grins like a madman as we CUT TO:

INT. CABAL BUILDING SITE - CORRIDOR #1 - MOMENTS LATER

The walls are grey, with no visible decoration. Just long corridors of grey walls and floors. Nobody is in sight, and it's silent apart from the faint noises of the workers outside.

After a second, a GUARD walks around the corridor. He scans the corridor lazily, before sighing and beginning to slowly trudge down the corridor. He doesn't look happy to be there.

Several seconds later, Clarissa and Belle sneak around the corner behind him. They're staying as quiet as possible.

Clarissa sneaks up behinds him and BACKHANDS him around the head. He drops down, out cold.

CLARISSA

If that intel isn't true I'm so going to regret all this.

BELLE

You and me both.

(beat)

The hatch should only be up here anyway.

They continue for a few more steps. Belle pulls out another copy of the blueprints and unfolds it. She finds the hatch on it.

BELLE (cont'd)

In fact... we should be right on top of it.

(CONTINUED)

27

CONTINUED:

27

They both take a step back and look down - there's no hatch. Belle and Clarissa share wide-eyed expressions.

Clarissa reaches into her pocket and pulls out her mobile phone. Quickly, she dials a number.

INTERCUT WITH:

28

INT. CABAL BUILDING SITE - CORRIDOR #2 - NEXT

28

ON TIA as she SPIN KICKS a guard down the corridor - JUMP KICKING a second and PUNCHING a third:

TIA

Patty! How's the explosives coming?

Behind her, PATTY is prepping the last in a long line of C4 EXPLOSIVE PACKS, Harold keeping the guards at bay.

PATTY

Thirty seconds 'til go time,
Consuela!

HAROLD

Patty!

Harold BACKHANDS one guard - and then notices their lack of weaponry. Nothing but a TORCH on their belts.

HAROLD (cont'd)

Tia... do you think...?

TIA

Yeah, there's something weird 'bout
the guards - it's like they're
just...

RIIIING! Patty spins round, glaring at Tia, who's fishing her mobile phone out of her pocket.

TIA (cont'd)

I forgot to put it on silent! I'm
sorry!

She looks down at the screen, about to turn it off...

PATTY

If this one of your gal pals, I
will actually beat you into next
Tuesday.

ON TIA as she indicates the phone:

TIA

It's Clarissa.

(CONTINUED)

HAROLD

Answer it, then!

Tia puts the phone to her ear as Patty KARATE FLIPS one guard.

TIA

What is it?

CLARISSA

This is a set up. There's no hatch.

Frowning, Tia looks over at the others. Harold glances over at Patty who's finishing prepping the explosives.

TIA

You sure they haven't built it yet?

CLARISSA

Do you see any Cabal guards round?
'Cause these guys all look pretty ordinary to me.

TIA

(nods)

True - we noticed that. So, we getting out of here?

CLARISSA

As soon as.

TIA

On it.

END INTERCUT:

Tia presses the disconnect button.

TIA (cont'd)

(spies Patty)

Crap! Patty, abort! It's fake!

Patty stops, her finger poised over the remote trigger.

TIA (cont'd)

It's not Cabal property.

HAROLD

(sighs)

Of course it isn't...

(beat)

We'd better go.

PATTY

(long beat)

I'm keeping the C-4.

(CONTINUED)

HAROLD

(spies unconscious guards)
So these gentlemen...

TIA

Your average run-of-the-mill
security guards. Trust me, I feel
worse than I look.

Tia and Patty share a look, raising their eyebrows as we
SMASH CUT TO:

Harwood still has the gun trained on Sofia. She's trying to
hold her ground, but the nerves are showing on her face as
Harwood approaches.

SOFIA

So what, you think you can just
shoot me and this will all go away?
Good luck getting out of that one.
And why the hell bother will all
the 'scared blackmailed reporter'
crap when I was on my own?

HARWOOD

(shrugs)
You had a weapon and our records
implied that empathy was a bit of a
soft-spot for you.
(beat)
As for getting away with it...
(thinks)
You broke into my home. Not knowing
who it was, I used self defense,
when you attacked me with a gun. I
managed to get the gun and shoot
you.
(grins)
The public will believe anything.

SOFIA

And then you get done for
manslaughter for killing a lone
Slayer. Good thinking there,
Einstein.

HARWOOD

(shrugs)
The Cabal have their methods of
keeping their people safe.

SOFIA

Like?

HARWOOD

They've got people in the
government. In the forces.

(laughs)

You see, we're anything but
finished -

SOFIA

If you say "we're only just
starting", I must just gag from one
too many cliched lines.

Harwood's grip on the gun tightens. Sofia winces.

HARWOOD

Any last words?

SOFIA

(beat; thinks)

What about... 'did you catch all
that'?

HARWOOD

(frowns)

What?

Sofia reaches up towards her loose-fitting blouse and pulls
the front down an inch or two...

Revealing a small MIC taped high on her chest!

Harwood's eyes bulge - and Sofia uses the distraction to SPIN-
KICK the revolver out of his hands!

Harwood stumbles back, clutching his hand and looks up to see
Sofia storming forward. He goes to speak:

SOFIA

Remember how I kept saying I was
alone?

WHAM! Sofia KNEES him in the face. There's a CRUNCH and then
he goes down, out cold.

Sofia looks down at the fresh blood on the knees of her jeans
and sighs, shaking her head.

SOFIA (cont'd)

I was lying too. And it turns out,
I'm quite a good actor.

(beat; smirks)

Time to make a real reporter out of
you.

ON SOFIA as she starts HAULING Harwood's form onto her
shoulders and we DISSOLVE TO:

30

EXT. CAMPUS - FRONT ENTRANCE - EARLY MORNING

30

The sun is just rising up above the hills in the distance, casting the Academy in a golden morning light.

Down below, a MINIBUS slowly rolls up the gravel path towards the reception area.

The minibus pulls up outside the reception and slowly Greg hops out from the drivers seat. Kira swiftly exits from the passenger seat, slamming the door behind her.

The others silently clamber out from the back, all looking fairly depressed or down.

The glass doors open and out step Fitzgerald, Madison and Frankie. They stand just to the side of the doors.

FITZGERALD

How did it go?

Without answering, Kira storms past. She's still got an angry expression on her face.

Greg walks up the stairs. Fitzgerald raises her eyebrows.

FITZGERALD (cont'd)

Greg?

He goes to say something, but catches Delaney's sharp glare. He sighs, and follows Kira inside.

The others follow them inside without another word. The three staff members share looks and Fitzgerald shakes her head sadly.

FITZGERALD (cont'd)

Blast.

They turn to go inside - when a second MINIBUS starts to roll up the drive. Fitzgerald shares a look with Madison and crosses her arms.

The minibus pulls up and C-Squad exit. Fitzgerald looks over and frowns.

FITZGERALD (cont'd)

Where's Sofia?

HAROLD

(shrugs)

She didn't even come with us.

FITZGERALD

(blinks)

Oh. Right.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

FITZGERALD (cont'd)

(beat)

So what happened?

HAROLD

Hoax. Luckily, Belle and Clarissa realized before anyone was hurt.

He throws approving looks over at the two girls, who smile. Fitzgerald nods, smiling.

FITZGERALD

I'm glad no-one was hurt. However, that unfortunately does not solve our issue with Mr. Harwood.

MADISON

Actually, I've been meaning to tell you something.

Frowning, Fitzgerald turns to look at Madison - just as someone WHISTLES. Everyone turns to look only to find Sofia walking up the drive with a smile on her face.

FITZGERALD

Where the hell have you been? You don't just skip out on missions you've been assigned to, no matter what the -

SOFIA

Getting a confession.

As she approaches, she holds up a TAPE. She passes it to Madison.

SOFIA (cont'd)

Courtesy of Mr. Harwood himself. I think you'll find some interesting stuff on there.

FITZGERALD

(to Madison)

Is this what you wanted to tell me?

MADISON

(nods)

A genius idea on Sofia's behalf, I must say. She came to see me last night as C Squad were leaving.

Madison smiles at Sofia, who blushes slightly. She looks over at Belle and grins.

MADISON (cont'd)

All we need to do now is to give this to the press, and Miss Parrish will be off the hook.

(CONTINUED)

FITZGERALD

(nods)

Good work, all of you.

(beat; to Sofia)

And where's Harwood now?

SOFIA

Oh, he won't be going anywhere soon.

Fitzgerald raises her eyebrows, and we CUT TO:

INT. REPORTER'S HOME - OFFICE - EARLY MORNING

Harwood has been handcuffed to his office desk with a gag tied around his mouth.

Above him, taped to the wall is another copy of the tape - a large red arrow drawn and pointing to it.

Beneath it, the words "Full Confession! Love, your friendly neighbourhood Slayers. xoxo :)"

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. CAMPUS - FRONT ENTRANCE - EARLY MORNING

Madison turns to Fitzgerald.

MADISON

We'd better get to work delivering this. If we hurry we could get this on some of the breakfast news shows.

Fitzgerald nods and looks back at C Squad and Sofia.

FITZGERALD

Once again, good work, all of you.

They nod back at her, and then she and Madison walk into the reception. Harold and the rest of C-Squad turn to look at Belle.

HAROLD

(nervous)

I'm - uh - sorry for doubting you, Anabelle.

BELLE

(shrugs)

Don't mention it.

He claps a hand on her shoulder. She raises her eyebrows, bemused. With a smile on his face, he shakes his head and walks inside.

(CONTINUED)

Tia wraps Belle into a tight hug and she laughs along with her, before:

BELLE (cont'd)
Guys, still need to breathe!

Sofia laughs as they pull away and then enter through the doors. Clarissa nods at Belle with a smile on her face, and Belle returns the motion before Clarissa follows the others inside.

Belle turns to look at Sofia, smiling widely. The expression is mimicked on Sofia's face.

SOFIA
You did good today.

BELLE
(grinning)
Couldn't have done it without your help.

SOFIA
Hey, us girls have got to stick together.

Sofia wraps an arm around Belle's shoulders and they begin to walk inside, chatting happily.

PULL AROUND a very dilapidated area - very little furniture, no lighting. Looks like the sort of place squatters wouldn't dream of staying in.

The area is very dimly lit, allowing us only to see a long table in the center of the room, surrounded by several chairs.

On one end of the table is a large THRONE, and on the wall behind is written "ALARIC".

We follow a very smug-looking Jilhandra as she strides into the darkened room. Her eyes scan around but she's alone. She walks forward to the throne, her finger tracing along it.

JILHANDRA
(to the throne)
My God... I can't wait to move. So
I no longer have to look at where
you festered...
(beat; calling out)
I assume you're here?

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
Of course.

A smile forms on Jilhandra's lips - when there's a KNOCK on the door. She turns, looking at the door she just entered from.

JILHANDRA

Come in.

The door creaks opens and in steps a CABAL GRUNT in a dull grey uniform. He looks fairly nervous and is sweating heavily.

JILHANDRA (cont'd)

(snapping)

What is it?

GRUNT

Err... um, it's...

JILHANDRA

Do you problems with words more than one syllable? Need to loosen your tongue?

GRUNT

(blurts out)

It's concerning the plan involving the Slayers Romero and Parrish, ma'am.

JILHANDRA

Yes?

The Grunt shifts uncomfortably. Jilhandra crosses her arms, casting him a sharp glare.

GRUNT

(looking at the floor)

It failed, ma'am. Harwood couldn't keep his mouth shut under pressure. Romero found him and made him confess.

JILHANDRA

Blast it. Damn fool never could.

(without hesitating)

Cut off all ties, make sure it can't be traced back to us. The last thing we need is the media on our tail as well.

(beat)

And kill Harwood's family.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

Ever the caring woman, eh, Becky?

Both Jilhandra and the Grunt turn as through the darkness walks:

(CONTINUED)

HAMISH, dressed in all black. A devilish SMIRK in place as behind him, the disguised RA follows in.

HAMISH

Looks like another one of your plots has gone down the drain, hasn't it?

JILHANDRA

Says the man who spent years as Kira's loyal little bitch and lapdog.

Hamish approaches her, the smug smile sending the barb melting away into nothing. Ra tenses, he ready for action.

HAMISH

The past is the past, love. You nae learnt that lesson yet... Rebecca?

Hamish touches the throne, Jilhandra peeling herself away...

JILHANDRA

(scowling)

And you have better ideas, I suppose? Better than the one in London - and we all know how that little chestnut went don't we?

HAMISH

Oh yes.

(smiles wickedly)

I've got plenty of ideas to keep those girls busy.

JILHANDRA

For now, they can wait. You know where we need you to be.

HAMISH

Aye, I do that. Just on my way now, as it happens.

JILHANDRA

(dry)

Of course you were.

ON JILHANDRA as she gazes at Alaric's 'throne', her wicked smirk increasing as Hamish watches, and we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF SHOW

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