

SLAYER ACADEMY

"SURVIVALISM"

STARRING

EMILY BROWNING

EMILY BOOTH

RACHAEL LEIGH COOK

RACHAEL TAYLOR

KYOKO FUKADA

PARIS HILTON

WITH

FAMKE JANSSEN

MAGGIE CHEUNG

MIA WASIKOWSKA

JESSY SCHRAM

OLIVIA WILDE

AARON YOO

AND

MICHELLE FORBES

MATT SMITH

GUEST STARRING

EMILIE AUTUMN as 'Alana'

GEORGIA MOFFETT as 'Eva'

CHRISTINA COLE as 'Jem'

JANA MANOSHEE as 'Luyu'

KODA KUMI as 'Miya'

TEASER

FADE IN:

1 EXT. HIGH STREET/BANK - DAY 1

Typical high street, people strolling up and down and in and out of various shop fronts.

There's a BANK here, its glass frontage reflecting the sunlight as its modern architecture stands out between the older buildings either side.

FOLLOW a slender, pretty young BLONDE as she sashays up the street, pulling open one of the doors and entering:

2 INT. BANK - FOYER - NEXT 2

She pauses just by the entrance and looks around - the minimalist style continues inside, all straight lines and neutral colours.

The Blonde heads for an ATM, careful eyes scanning the room as she retrieves her wallet.

She locks gazes with a petite ASIAN GIRL waiting in line by one of the teller stations, a barely noticeable nod passing between them.

Blonde slots her card into the machine and punches up an account number. She hits a button:

ON SCREEN the balance display reads a big fat \$0.

Blonde looks up and round again - this time picking up a classy-looking PALE BLONDE over by one of the financial advisor's desks.

They're having a discussion about something, the girl's clothes oozing casual opulence.

Pale Blonde leans back in her chair and glances round, registering the other Blonde and again nodding to acknowledge her.

Blonde withdraws her card and steps away from the ATM, heading back for the door when:

Two more GIRLS burst in, the first swiping the security guard's gun and PISTOL-WHIPPING him with it as the second shuts the door and wedges a CROWBAR between the handles!

The first is SKINNY, pale and has brightly-coloured hair, while the other is a dark-skinned NATIVE AMERICAN, both girls with bandanas to cover their features.

(CONTINUED)

Before anybody can register their attack, Skinny hurls a TIN CAN across the foyer, which BOUNCES to a halt - then HISSES as thick clouds of WHITE SMOKE start to pump out of it!

Finally, people start to SHOUT in alarm, customers huddling together and COUGHING as the smoke spreads.

The two girls make for the teller station quickly, more GUARDS moving to intercept them:

But one guard is felled as a large CHAIR smashes across his back, and as he drops it reveals Pale Blonde was the attacker!

She's got her own face covered against the smoke now, throwing a mock salute to the two intruders.

Another draws his gun and aims at the Native girl, before his gun is KICKED away - by the Asian girl!

A KNEE driven into his gut drops him, and an ELBOW to the back of the neck leaves him down. She takes his GUN and KEYS as she pulls her neckscarf up to cover her face, tossing the gun to Blonde.

Her own features now concealed behind a thick scarf, Blonde falls in behind Skinny and Native as they head for the tellers, the Native girl SHOVING customers to one side as she works crowd control.

The Asian girl takes a bulky electronic device from her bag, sticking it on one counter and switching it on.

As they approach the TELLER, the terrified woman's hand reaches for a silent alarm button beneath her desk:

SKINNY

(American)

Ah, ah.

She pulls a rusty but deadly home-made CROSSBOW from her bag, aiming it at the teller.

SKINNY (cont'd)

I know what you're thinking - 'that thing can't possibly get through this reinforced glass!' But ask yourself this - would I be aiming it at your heart if I knew it couldn't?

The teller hesitates - then slowly withdraws her hand.

SKINNY (cont'd)

Good girl.

(CONTINUED)

She looks to her side - where Blonde has another member of staff in an ARMLOCK, forcing her to enter the code to open the access door into the teller's booths.

Once it's open, the two Blondes swoop inside, while the Asian girl uses the guard's keys to open another door.

Using the guard's gun, Blonde keeps the handful of tellers in their seats as the Pale Blonde approaches the first teller.

PALE BLONDE
(crisp, educated)
Sorry to have to do this to you on
a Saturday, darling, but if you
wouldn't mind keeping out of the
way?

She PUSHES the teller's chair back, and she hurtles back against the wall!

Reaching for the register, Pale Blonde simply YANKS the drawer open, grabbing handfuls of NOTES and stuffing them into her purse.

BLONDE
Same goes for the rest of you.
You'll save time by not making us
repeat ourselves.

One by one, the tellers do as they're told as we CUT TO:

The Asian girl is joined by Skinny, as the former opens the first security gate with her purloined keys.

SKINNY
We're behind. Go faster.

ASIAN
You really think we're going to
have every key we need to get
through? We need to find one of the
vault managers!

SKINNY
You're right. Let me go find one.

She reaches into her bag - and takes out a bundle of PLASTIC EXPLOSIVES!

SKINNY (cont'd)
And oh look, here he is.

CONTINUED:

Asian rolls her eyes, running out of keys to use to get past the final gate.

ASIAN

I'm out.

SKINNY

Stand back and cover your ears.
Pretty sure I made the sort that
actually goes 'boom' this time.

ASIAN

'Pretty' sure?

Ignoring that, Skinny quickly pats wads of the explosive around the gate frame, running detonator wires from each piece.

INT. BANK - FOYER - NEXT

Reconvening, the Blondes and the Native girl look towards the open door the others went through.

NATIVE

They are taking too long.

PALE BLONDE

Patience is a virtue, dear.

BLONDE

Not when we're ripping off a bank,
it isn't.

There's a muffled BOOM - followed by clanging ALARMS.

PALE BLONDE

Oh, good. She got it right this
time.

BLONDE

Let's go!

The girls race into the vault:

INT. BANK - VAULT - NEXT

Where the other two girls are stuffing more cash into bags, the smoking gate frame behind them.

The others join them, Pale Blonde glancing at the larger BANK VAULT door to their left.

SKINNY

Forget it. We don't have the tools
or the time.

(CONTINUED)

ASIAN

Always next time, right?

SKINNY

And that's why she's on the team,
everyone.

BLONDE

(checks watch)

Two minutes over. Police'll be here
any -

Sure enough, SIRENS can be heard in the distance.

SKINNY

(to Native)

You know the exit strategy. Go
start it up.

She nods, stealing out of the room. With their bags full,
Skinny and Asian get up to leave, the Blondes falling in
behind them.

EXT. BANK - REAR ENTRANCE- NEXT

With a SMASH, the fire exit door is KICKED OPEN, the girls
pouring out into a small yard behind the bank.

The sirens are much louder now as they head for the various
BINS lining the area - each girl retrieving a piece of
metallic equipment from a bin.

Skinny quickly assembles them, slotting the pieces together
to create what looks like a scrap-built JETSKI.

Native is already heaving up a MANHOLE COVER to the rear,
Skinny wedging the jetski down and letting it fall to the
sewers below.

With a nod, she DROPS down into the hole, the others
following:

INT. SEWERS - NEXT

As Blonde is the last to arrive with a SPLASH, the others are
already waiting.

The jetski has the money bags packed onto it, each girl
holding onto a handle sticking from the body, half submerged
in the filthy sewer water.

SKINNY

What are you waiting for? Grab on!

She does as she's told, Skinny hitting a button on the
jetski's body.

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED:

8

An ENGINE starts up, the machine pulling away and almost dragging the girls along with it, speeding them away from the scene.

9 EXT. BANK - NEXT

9

Outside the bank, the police have just managed to SMASH through the barricaded doors, officers flooding inside as we start to PULL BACK:

10 INT. CAMPUS - BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

10

To find we're watching events via a NEWS BROADCAST on a TV set in the Academy briefing room.

B SQUAD are watching, with FRANKIE and MADISON behind them. MALLORY is the first to speak as she WHISTLES, impressed.

MALLORY

Damn. They're good.

BLACK OUT:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

11 INT. CAMPUS - BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

11

Back with the girls as the TV is switched off, and Frankie lowers the video screen.

She switches it on - smaller displays showing other news reports as a list of dates and locations scrolls down alongside.

FRANKIE

What you just witnessed was the latest 'eist courtesy of the I.O.G. Girls, as they 'ave christened themselves, on a Bank of Scotland branch this last Saturday.

MALLORY

Smart time to hit a bank. Winding down for the day, fewer customers, plenty of crowds to lose yourselves in afterwards.

Frankie hits a button and up come crime scene photos of the various home-made devices the robbers used.

FRANKIE

They used a variety of 'and-made devices during the robbery, from smoke grenades to mobile phone jammers.

REIKO

You can make those at home?

FRAN

Why are we being told about this? So they're an all-girl team of bank robbers. Yay for them. Let the police handle it.

FRANKIE

They are not just 'girls,' Francesca.

MELA

They're Slayers?

FRANKIE

(nods)

Reports of exceptional strength and agility, feats that only girls with our - your level of strength could perform.

(CONTINUED)

She brings up more photos from the heist to illustrate her point.

MADISON

All of which means they are your absolute worst nightmare right now. A walking PR disaster just waiting to be exploited by the gutter press.

REIKO

So what's our plan? Bring them in?

FRANKIE

In a manner of speaking, *oui*. You are to locate and approach these girls first, learn as much about them as you can, and convince them to return with you to the Academy.

MALLORY

They'll never do that. Why should they?

MELA

Besides which, why are we doing that instead of just handing them over to the police?

MADISON

We have reason to believe they're gathering resources for increasingly larger scale jobs, given the escalation of their crimes over the last few years.

FRAN

Years?

FRANKIE

They 'ave remained off our radar until recently because officially, they do not exist. No National Insurance numbers, no passports, no bank accounts, nothing. They are like ghosts.

REIKO

Ghosts we can handle. Bank robbers? Little more tricky.

MELA

Plus, if they really are Slayers, that means we'll be fighting our own.

FRAN

With the eyes on us at the moment,
that's not going to look good
either.

MADISON

I'm sure none of you need reminding
that *Tale Of The Slayer* opens next
week - the spotlight's never been
brighter on all of you. This is a
situation that needs to be handled
immediately.

MALLORY

And I s'pose A Squad are all tied
up getting their hair and makeup
ready for the premiere, right?

FRANKIE

(stern)

They 'ave other duties, Mallory. Do
not use that as an excuse for
flippancy.

MALLORY

Course not. I imagine they're
running round in circles right now,
trying to get everything done in
time, eh?

Smirking, she leans back in her chair, hands behind her head,
as we CUT TO:

Out in a nook sectioned off from the main playing fields by a
high wall of shrubs, SOFIA sits on the ground, legs crossed,
eyes closed.

She inhales deeply and exhales slowly, her meditative
demeanour suggesting she's concentrating.

SOFIA

I don't feel any less stressed.

She squints open one eye - to find LADY HUANG sitting
opposite her, in the same pose.

HUANG

Because you are not trying to
relax, Sofia.

SOFIA

A film based on my entire sad,
sorry story so far is coming out
next week.

(MORE)

SOFIA (cont'd)

Not exactly a recipe for sunshine
and hollow chocolate bunnies, is
it?

HUANG

The more you allow you fears about
what the public will make of this
film to take root, the longer it
will take you to dispose of them.

SOFIA

Let's just assume they've well and
truly taken root and move on to
Phase Two, shall we? Delaney said
she can get hold of some industrial-
strength sedatives that should keep
me -

Huang opens her eyes with a SIGH, admitting defeat. Sofia
chews her lips, wriggling on the spot.

SOFIA (cont'd)

And, my leg hurts. Pins and
needles. Does that mean I'm not
doing this right?

HUANG

I...

SOFIA

Actually, never mind.

With difficulty, Sofia disentangles herself and stands,
dusting her clothes down.

SOFIA (cont'd)

Sorry. I don't mean to seem
disrespectful, especially with all
the hard work you're putting into
helping mentally prepare me for all
of this, but... it just feels like
far, far more than I'm ready for.

HUANG

What is it you think will happen?

SOFIA

Apart from being pelted with rotten
fruit the minute I arrive at the
Leicester Square Odeon, you mean?
Which, by the way, reminds me to
give Madison bloody Riley a slap
for booking us into that
monstrosity of a publicity engine.
What happened to 'low key'?

HUANG

Nothing about your current situation is 'low key,' Sofia.

SOFIA

Don't I know it! The phone's ringing off the hook for last minute interview requests, and whenever I find one I like I have to turn it down because of missions that keep coming up! Steve Jones is going to think I can't stand him, the number of times I've cancelled on an E4 slot...

Huang rises, placing her hands on Sofia's shoulders. Sofia lets out a breath, Huang smiling down warmly at her.

HUANG

You are afraid that after baring your soul to the world, people will hate what they see, is that correct?

SOFIA

(sniffs)

I mean, I like Steve Jones...

HUANG

Even tragic stories can inspire good in people, Sofia. Many of the world's most beautiful and memorable tales are those woven with pain and anguish. Plays, songs, paintings - it doesn't matter what form the story takes, as long as the audience connect with the journey.

SOFIA

I don't connect with my 'journey.' How will anybody going to see the story of my life come out thinking I'm anything more than a... than a...

HUANG

Murderer?

Sofia's spine freezes. She hugs her arms to herself.

HUANG (cont'd)

That's what you're most afraid of, isn't it?

SOFIA

I've done... questionable things.

(CONTINUED)

HUANG

And yet here you stand. A champion.
Still battling to save the world
and everyone in it, even after
suffering trials that would have
broken the will of many a lesser
man or woman.

Sofia looks up at Huang, who nods.

HUANG (cont'd)

I have only known you personally a
short time, but already I have seen
enough of the fire that burns
within you to know such passion
does not die so easily.

SOFIA

(weak smile)

You know, you'd probably make a
good living out of writing greeting
cards...

HUANG

Come. Let me show you another
breathing technique. All you need
is a moment and it will steady both
your heart rate and your nerves. I
imagine you will find it useful
should this 'Steve Jones' call
again.

Huang sits back down, patting the ground before her. After a
beat, Sofia joins her, adopting the same posture as before.

HUANG (cont'd)

Now. With me. Breathe in slowly...

Sofia shuts her eyes and starts to breathe in...

CUT TO:

WHAM! And a FIST slams into a red PUNCHING BAG with enough
force to send its bearer staggering back several feet.

TORI looks up from behind the bag, clad in training gear and
scowling angrily over at:

SKYE, sweat dripping from her as she hops from foot to foot,
hands clenching into fists.

TORI

Go for my throat next time, why
don't you?

(CONTINUED)

SKYE

You wanted to train. We're training. So shut up.

TORI

Yeah, 'train.' The purpose is that you aim for the punching bag, not try to knock my organs out of alignment through it.

SKYE

Heads up!

She sends a SPIN KICK flying at Tori, who only just gets the bag up in time.

The impact BLASTS it out of her hands, sending both Tori and the bag sprawling on the floor.

SKYE (cont'd)

Too slow. Your reflexes suck for a vampire.

Tori SNARLS as she sits up, Skye still defiantly hopping before her.

TORI

You're trying to piss me off, aren't you? Start a fight so you can stake me and claim it was all self defence?

SKYE

Now why would I do a thing like that?

TORI

Because we both know how much your stomach turns every time you have to look at me, that's why.

Tori takes her time getting back up, retrieving the punching bag and resuming her previous position before Skye.

TORI (cont'd)

But you know you can't do that. You're stuck with me just as I'm stuck with you. So all you can do is -

POW! Skye DROP-KICKS the bag and knocks Tori back several feet.

TORI (cont'd)

(roars)

That's it!

She HURLS the bag to one side, VAMPING OUT as she rushes Skye with a bestial ROAR!

Skye's ready for her, jinking to one side and HIP TOSSING Tori overhead.

Tori lands on her feet - which Skye tries to SWEEP from beneath her, but Tori nimbly HOPS over her outstretched leg.

She drops a mid-air PUNCH down across Skye's jaw, but Skye counters by snapping her ELBOW into Tori's arm and then her FISTS into her shoulder.

Tori CRIES OUT and staggers back, Skye pressing her advantage with a SNAP KICK to Tori's gut.

She goes for a second, SPINNING on her heel, but Tori GRABS the leg and FLIPS Skye up and over.

Before Skye can land, Tori TACKLES her with a YELL, driving them both to the floor.

Tori rains down several PUNCHES on Skye, pinning her to the ground, before Skye BUCKS to push Tori up and then HEADBUTTS her in the midriff.

Tori rolls back off her, and Skye is quick to grab her from behind, ensnaring Tori in a tight HEADLOCK.

Tori struggles, but Skye's got her held fast - and after a few moments, Tori eases off, grimacing against the pressure but no longer fighting back.

TORI (cont'd)

What are you waiting for? Do it!

Skye HISSES, keeping her grip firm.

TORI (cont'd)

I know you want to. Twist just a little harder and snap! One problem in particular turns to dust.

SKYE

Shut up!

TORI

Stop fighting it, Skye! We both know the second you find a way around what you need to keep me here for, you'll drive a stake through my heart faster than anybody can tell you not to. So why bother waiting until then?

SKYE

You... you don't know...

(CONTINUED)

TORI

I don't know what? What it's like
to take another Slayer's life? Of
course I do!

Skye squeezes tighter, but this just makes Tori angrier.

TORI (cont'd)

You didn't put me in a sleeper hold
so you could knock me out. You
wanted to know if you could get
this close to pulling my head off
and still back away from it.

(beat)

So? Can you or not?

SKYE

I'm warning you...

TORI

Because if you can, hurry up and do
it already so this nightmare can be
over for both of us!

Skye hesitates - and with a GRUNT, Tori drives an elbow back
into Skye's gut, wriggling out of the headlock and flipping
Skye onto her back.

Tori clamps one hand round her throat, pinning Skye down and
raising one fist over her.

TORI (cont'd)

Because if you don't...

A HAND snaps round her raised wrist - Tori turns to see
DELANEY, shaking her head.

DELANEY

(cool)

You need to back off. Right now.

Tori holds her gaze - then DE-VAMPS with a shake of her head.
She yanks her wrist free from Delaney's grip, stepping off
the downed Skye.

Skye's up in an instant, but Delaney gets between her and
Tori before she can resume the offensive.

DELANEY (cont'd)

What? What are you gonna do, Skye?
Huh? Kill her?

SKYE

(spits)

She knows that's what I want to do!

(CONTINUED)

DELANEY

And we all know you can't! If anything happens to her...

Skye PUSHES away from Delaney.

SKYE

I know, I know.

DELANEY

Hamish wins. He gets his hands on the Slayer power, and we have the literal end of the line.

Skye turns away, breathing hard. Delaney rounds on Tori.

DELANEY (cont'd)

And you -

TORI

Ah, stow it, Delaney. Nothing you can say to me that'll make me feel any worse.

DELANEY

Not interested. This death wish thing you're pulling? Getting very old now. After Debbie -

TORI

After Debbie what? Gave her life to keep me alive? You honestly think I feel good about that? What part of me is worth saving?

DELANEY

Whatever she saw in you that made her do it.

Tori doesn't have a comeback for that. Delaney steps back, addressing them both.

DELANEY (cont'd)

I get that it's never gonna be plain sailing when both of you are in the same squad, really I do. But acting like this? It's gonna get someone else killed while you two bitchfight one another in the crossfire. Either sort this crap out, or someone else will.

She turns on her heel and marches away, her point made. Tori watches her go, then turns to Skye.

TORI

Skye...

(CONTINUED)

She doesn't want to hear it. Skye heads straight for the changing rooms without looking back.

TORI (cont'd)
(calling out)
She's right! We can't go on like
this! Skye! Are you listening?

ON SKYE as she clamps her eyes shut, TEARS falling even as she fights to hold them in.

TORI (cont'd)
It's not one of us that'll end up
dead if we keep this dance going!
Is that what you want?
(beat)
Answer me!

But Skye keeps on walking, right INTO CAMERA and we CUT TO:

INT. CAMPUS - CANTEEN - DAY

Reiko is at the buffet section of the cafeteria, scooping up several packaged items for later.

MELA (O.S.)
Um, Reiko?

She turns - Mela stands behind her.

MELA (cont'd)
Before you say anything... I know
about the 'problem' you have with
me and Fran being together.

Reiko opens her mouth to reply, but Mela continues:

MELA (cont'd)
And I know this because Miss
Fitzgerald and I had a long talk a
few days ago about it. She told me
about your concerns, and how you
asked for me to be transferred.

REIKO
I'm not -

MELA
I know this isn't a... I don't
know, gay thing or whatever. You
think that us being a couple could
influence our decisions in the
field. That's why she gave me this.

She produces a sheet of PAPER and presents it to Reiko, who starts to scan down it.

CONTINUED:

MELA (cont'd)

It's an evaluation form. She wants you to complete one of these after each mission, to make sure my performance is up to standard. I'm technically on probation for the next six months.

(beat)

Is that okay?

REIKO

Um... yeah. I guess.

MELA

Great. Thanks. See you out front.

Mela walks away, leaving the bemused Reiko behind her, and meets back up with Fran, who'd been waiting nearby.

FRAN

How'd she take it?

MELA

I think we're okay.

FRAN

Cool.

(beat)

And... us? Are we... okay?

MELA

(frowns)

Why wouldn't we be?

FRAN

After your little... freak out thing last week, I mean.

MELA

(puzzled; shakes head)

I didn't 'freak out'. I'm fine.

We're fine.

She smiles, and then pecks Fran on the cheek.

MELA (cont'd)

See you in a minute.

She heads off, but Fran's expression darkens as Mela walks away, not convinced by her words at all before we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

14

INT. CAMPUS - IT SUITE - DAY

14

DANNY is at one of the terminals, scrolling through a series of street maps and typing co-ordinates into another terminal when Skye enters.

SKYE

Oh, sorry. Didn't know you were busy in here.

Danny looks up, rolling back on his chair to call after her:

DANNY

Skye? Got a second?

SKYE

Not really, but try me anyway.

DANNY

I heard about what happened in the gym earlier. Wondered if you felt like talking about it.

SKYE

Uh-huh.

(beat)

I don't.

She tries to leave again, but he adds:

DANNY

You need somebody to talk to about this stuff, Skye. You can't keep bottling it all up.

SKYE

Oh, because you're the expert on me, aren't you? How could I forget.

DANNY

I'm saying that as a friend.

SKYE

No, you're saying it as somebody who keeps looking at me and seeing a little folder marked 'thesis' walking around.

DANNY

I prefer to think of it as having a unique perspective on things.

(CONTINUED)

SKYE

On me, you mean. And I'm not interested.

With that, she stalks out. Danny SIGHS, wheeling back to his desk and picking up a mobile phone. He dials and waits:

DANNY

(into phone)

Oh, hello, Reiko. The maps you need should be uploading now.

He turns to watch a progress bar creep across his screen, a map displayed behind as we MATCH CUT TO:

A GPS UNIT, the map scrolling down as it loads in. PULL BACK to find Reiko watching the download. She looks up, scanning the buildings around her:

She's in a quiet business district, very little activity but plenty of boarded up and closed down warehouses and offices.

She taps a finger to the BlackBerry earpiece she's wearing:

REIKO

You guys found anything?

ON FRAN AND MELA, in another part of the same district, similarly deserted.

FRAN

(to earpiece)

Zip over here too.

MELA

Is this all because of the recession?

FRAN

I wouldn't know. I stopped reading newspapers when they started talking about me.

MELA

All these closed down places, I mean.

FRANKIE

(filtered)

Mela, sweep the area magically, see what you can find.

MELA

Will do.

She closes her eyes, inhales and stretches her hands out before her.

She's lit by a GLOW from beneath, her hair buffeting as a breeze kicks up around her.

Fran watches, a grin spreading, as Mela slowly turns on the spot, her head tilting as though listening.

Finally, she opens her eyes and the magical glow fades away. She turns to Fran, shaking her head.

FRAN

Marvel Girl's got nothing.

ON MALLORY, who is perched atop a rooftop and using binoculars to peer into an ABANDONED WAREHOUSE up ahead.

REIKO

(filtered)

Are we sure this is the right place?

FRANKIE

(filtered)

Absolument. Based on their recent patterns of movements and judging by likely 'iding places nearby, this is the most logical place to find them.

FRAN

(filtered)

Yeah, because Slayers have always been so obsessed with logic.

REIKO

(filtered)

Mallory, what about you?

(beat)

Mallory?

Mallory hesitates, looking towards the warehouse again before pressing a finger to her ear.

MALLORY

Maybe got something. Two lanes over from where Reiko is.

She lifts the binoculars again as she continues.

MALLORY (cont'd)

Looks like an old mail order goods warehouse or *somesuch*. Shut down from the outside but still plenty of stock inside.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MALLORY (cont'd)

It'd be a pretty nifty place to lay low, plus lots of stuff to trade, sell or use for those home-made weapons they're so fond of.

FRANKIE

(filtered)

Alright, go and take a look. The rest of you, convene on Mallory's position.

Mallory crouches, eyes narrowing as she scans the warehouse, before we CUT TO:

DADE sits opposite Huang, the former devouring an overstuffed baguette as Huang picks neatly at a bowl of noodles.

DADE

(mouth full)

So then, after, like, months of trying to get anybody on the course to listen to me, I finally find a way in when I catch one of the TA's sneaking into the principal's office one day, and turns out he'd got the keys to the chief's drinks cabinet and was sneakily helping himself to -

HUANG

Dade, please.

She nods towards the baguette, then back to Dade. He blinks - then gets it, chewing and swallowing before he continues.

DADE

Sorry. Lots to catch up on, and I never know how long I'll have you for.

HUANG

I would hope long enough for me to finish my lunch.

DADE

Round here? No guarantee of anything.

He checks his watch.

HUANG

Do you have somewhere else to be?

DADE

Officially yes, I'm supposed to be feeding B Squad some field intel while they look for those Slayer bank robbers.

HUANG

You should not be neglecting your duties just to spend time with me, Dade.

DADE

I'm not. Danny can handle it. And besides, like I said, I never know when -

KIRA (O.S.)

Ah, there you are.

Dade looks up as KIRA approaches, and his face falls before she even reaches their table.

HUANG

Yes?

KIRA

Business. Come on.

HUANG

I am eating my lunch and talking to my son, Kira. 'Business' can wait until then.

KIRA

Ordinarily, I'd say 'no, it can't,' but even by my usual standards, no - it can't. Time sensitive opportunity for cross-dimensional communication. These things don't really respect people's lunch breaks.

Huang looks to Dade, who nods, head down.

DADE

Go. I understand.

HUANG

You are still a very bad liar.

DADE

Or maybe I just don't want to make a scene for once?

(beat)

Seriously. Go do... whatever.

(CONTINUED)

KIRA

(dry)

You're very gracious, Dade, to let your mother take time off from her busy schedule of listening to you use up all the room's oxygen.

HUANG

Kira, please.

(to Dade)

We'll continue this later.

DADE

We both know that won't happen. But thanks for saying it anyway.

Huang nods, conceding the point. She tidies her lunch away and rises, reaching over to lay a hand on Dade's shoulder.

HUANG

We have only reached the middle of your first term at university. There is plenty of time to hear the rest of your life's story so far.

He nods again, not looking up. Huang hesitates, but gets the hint and follows Kira away from the table.

Dade finally looks up to watch them go, his face a picture of annoyance as he takes another bite of his lunch.

DADE

All the damn time in the world.

He drops the last of his baguette, no longer in the mood to eat as we CUT TO:

B Squad and Frankie are now all together on the roof overlooking the suspect warehouse.

FRAN

How are we gonna play this? Walk up and knock?

MALLORY

Not a bad idea. Shows we come in peace.

MELA

Except we don't.

MALLORY

Aye, but they don't know that, do they?

REIKO

I say we split up. Frankie and I'll take the front door, you three get up on the roof, find another way in and have our backs in case they attack.

FRANKIE

Agreed.

They head for the edge, checking their weapons and getting ready to climb down.

FRAN

(to Mallory)
What's with you?

MALLORY

Hmm?

FRAN

You've got this faraway look in your eyes, same as that time I accidentally clocked you with a girder on that run in Lebanon.

MALLORY

(shrugs)
Nothin' really.
(points)
That's our way in.

They follow her finger - she's located a wide SKYLIGHT accessible by ladder up the side of the warehouse.

MALLORY (cont'd)

Good coverage of the floor below, including the entrance. Shouldn't be hard to jimmy it open and slip inside.

MELA

Won't the place be alarmed?

Mallory shoots her a wry grin, and Mela remembers who she's talking to, nodding her head and blushing as we CUT TO:

PAN ACROSS the rows of uneven stacked boxes scattered across shelves and pallets. Many are opened, shrink-wrapped contents and discarded bubble wrap littering the floor.

PUSH IN on the main staff access door, next to larger cargo bay shutters, as the two girls outside KNOCK three times.

(CONTINUED)

After a beat, the handle turns, the door opening as Reiko peeks cautiously inside.

REIKO
(calls out)
Hello?

She steps in, Frankie following. Both girls scan the warehouse for any signs of activity - there are two mezzanine levels and offices against the far wall.

REIKO (cont'd)
We, uh, we're not here to hurt you.

Frankie taps her shoulder, indicating they should split up and spread out. Reiko nods, the girls heading off in separate directions.

REIKO (cont'd)
We know about what you've been
doing recently, but that's not why
we're here. We just want to talk.
(beat)
Anyone?

UP ABOVE, Mallory, Fran and Mela can be seen through a panel of the filthy skylight moving into position.

Mallory produces a small GLASS CUTTER and etches a hole in the glass, reaching through for the skylight latch.

ON FRANKIE as she paces between rows of stacked shelves, looking up and all around - and seeing nothing but boxes.

REIKO (O.S.) (cont'd)
We're from a place where plenty of
girls like you live. Somewhere
you'll be safe, especially from the
press and police.

MOVEMENT behind Frankie makes her turn - but there's nothing there. She frowns and carries on.

ON MALLORY as she dangles halfway through the skylight, silently lowering herself to the walkway below.

Her eyes flick from side to side, and she turns to push the panel open fully for Fran - then freezes.

FOCUS on a WIRE running from the top of the panel to a wad of EXPLOSIVES alongside. Near that, SIGILS and SYMBOLS have been painted on the wall, an added layer of occult protection.

Mallory holds a hand up to stop Fran, then deftly flicks the detonator off to disarm the trap.

(CONTINUED)

She waits as Fran and Mela clamber through, pointing out the bomb as an incentive to stay sharp. She peels off, leaving them behind.

ON REIKO as she keeps walking, looking round - then we're watching from behind a pile of BOXES on a higher shelf.

REIKO (cont'd)
All we want to do is talk, so if
you just say you're here we can
stop hiding and start -

CLICK. She stops, looking down - and she's got one foot on a well-hidden PANEL on the floor.

REIKO (cont'd)
Uh...

VOICE (O.S.)
Don't move.

Reiko does as she's told, hearing MOVEMENT from the next level but not daring to even turn her head.

REIKO
I'm not here to fight.

VOICE (O.S.)
Damn straight, you're not, or you'd
have been a lot more careful.

Reiko gingerly tilts her head - and sees SKINNY aiming her crossbow at her from the next level.

SKINNY
No time for twenty questions - that
pressure-sensitive panel you're on
has a thirty second detonation
timer and we've already used half
of that. I can deactivate it, but
only if you turn around and walk
straight out of here when I do.
Otherwise -

She tenses up - PULL BACK to reveal Frankie, with her rapier pressed into the small of her neck.

FRANKIE
Actually, I think you should
deactivate it now, and then we can
start making our demands.

Skinny just smirks - then WHIPS ROUND, snapping her crossbow up to knock Frankie's rapier away!

REIKO
Uh... guys?

Skinny is fast, swinging the heavy crossbow bluntly and forcing Frankie back.

Frankie spots a REMOTE CONTROL on the girl's belt and dives for it, but is TRIPPED UP for her trouble.

Frankie tries to land on her feet and roll, but Skinny KICKS her in the side, knocking her clean off the shelf!

Frankie hits the deck with a THUD, right by the still frozen Reiko.

REIKO (cont'd)

Frankie!

VOICE (O.S.)

Oh, she's the least of your problems.

Reiko turns - the Pale Blonde is before her, a HANDGUN aimed right at her!

REIKO

(rapid)

We're not here to fight, we just -

But the girl SHOVES Reiko back off the panel, jumping back herself before the thing EXPLODES in a cloud of smoke!

ON FRAN as she reaches the edge of the walkway, seeing the altercation below - and the other three girls from the robbery moving to intercept Frankie and Reiko!

FRAN

Mela! Covering fire, ground floor!

With that, Fran VAULTS the walkway, sailing down to land with a THUMP next to the Asian girl.

Fran goes for a SPIN-KICK but the Asian ducks underneath it, GRABBING Fran's outstretched leg and SHOVING her to the walkway floor.

ON MELA as she lifts her hands, muttering an incantation as she conjures a sphere of BLUE ENERGY in the air.

She lets the sphere fly free - FOLLOW it down to the ground floor, where it's a moment away from striking Skinny when something STREAKS through it, dissolving the energy:

ON BLONDE as she straightens back up, reaching for another BOLA from her belt and starting to spin it round.

DOWN BELOW as a coughing Reiko helps Frankie up - just as three CROSSBOW BOLTS thud into the ground by her feet!

(CONTINUED)

REIKO
(shouts)
Hey! I said we come in peace!

Reiko turns - and the Native American emerges from the smoke, spinning a KATANA round her hand.

Reiko GULPS, reaching for the razor fans strapped across her back - but the girl DARTS to one side and hits a button on the shelf next to her.

Reiko looks up - as several huge BOXES are dislodged from a higher shelf, falling straight for her!

She throws a hand up to shield herself - but Frankie TACKLES her out of the way, the boxes CRASHING down behind them.

They get up, Reiko opening her mouth to speak when the boxes burst into FLAMES!

REIKO (cont'd)
Would you hate me if I yelled 'fall back' right now?

FRANKIE
Non.

REIKO
(yells)
Fall back!

The duo head for the exit - but not before FIREWORKS come screaming out of the fallen boxes towards them!

They duck and cover, SPARKS sputtering all around them as the makeshift missiles whizz past.

ON FRAN as she picks herself up - the Asian girl is nowhere to be seen, only Mela as she offers a hand.

MELA
Time to go.

FRAN
But we haven't -

Mela shuts her eyes - the two girls GLOW brightly and then simply FOLD out of sight, vanishing with a POP.

And with another POP, they teleport right back out on the same rooftop where they started.

FRAN
- even gotten started yet!

CONTINUED:

Mela looks round - sees Reiko and Frankie fleeing the building, smoke and noise chasing them out.

MELA

Little late for that.

(frowns)

Wait... where's Mallory?

She looks back towards the warehouse as we CUT TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE - NEXT

PAN DOWN from the flaming boxes, the fireworks exhausted as the group of girls reconvene.

SKINNY

We're going to have to find
somewhere else to hang.

BLONDE

Or we could just defend this place
a little better.

SKINNY

Won't matter. They know we're here
now, only a matter of time before
they -

MALLORY (O.S.)

Could I make a third suggestion?

The five girls spin round - there's Mallory, hands raised.

MALLORY (cont'd)

You let me join your gang, and I'll
help you fight them off next time.

The girls swap surprised looks, to which Mallory just smirks before we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

21 INT. WAREHOUSE - OFFICES - DAY 21

PAN ROUND from behind Mallory, seated and bound to a chair inside the gutted office block at the back of the warehouse.

The girls are gathered in a circle a few feet away, hushed voices debating something quite intensely, until:

MALLORY

You know, you could just try asking me what you want to know.

They stop, exchange glances, then let Skinny walk forward.

MALLORY (cont'd)

I mean, I let you tie me up, didn't I?

SKINNY

You didn't 'let' us do anything.

MALLORY

(smirks)

Didn't I?

PALE BLONDE

Oh, for heaven's sake...

She marches forward, closer to Mallory.

PALE BLONDE (cont'd)

What's your name?

MALLORY

Mallory Spencer.

PALE BLONDE

Good. I'm Jem, my flamboyantly-coutered friend here is Alana -

ALANA hisses at JEM to cut her off.

ALANA

No names!

JEM

This isn't 'Legends of Earthsea,' sweetie. Knowing what passes for our names these days won't give her any special advantage over us.

MALLORY

Nice to meet you both.

(CONTINUED)

JEM

Back there we have Eva, Miya and Luyu, and now you know the whole gang.

EVA (Blonde), MIYA (Asian) and LUYU (Native American) swap a few glances at being outed so carelessly.

JEM (cont'd)

As for us, however, what we'd like to know is why you turned your back on your Slayer chums without so much as a backwards glance.

MALLORY

I never said they were my 'chums.' Or anything else.

JEM

No, but you showed up here with them and helped them break in past our defences - which will need updating somewhat...

Jem shoots a sly look over her shoulder at Luyu.

JEM (cont'd)

... so we'll need a little more convincing than that charming brogue of yours to make us think you're ready to swap sides.

MALLORY

(shrugs)

Name your price.

ALANA

This isn't about money.

MALLORY

Figure of speech.

ALANA

Still not being convinced.

Alana's hand drums lightly on the hilt of a DAGGER sheathed on her belt. Mallory glances down, getting the hint.

MALLORY

Let's start by saying I know what it's like for the five of you.

EVA

(snorts)

I doubt that.

(CONTINUED)

MALLORY

Always on the run, never having a firm place to so much as close your eyes, let alone sleep. Having to steal just to eat. Learning how to hotwire junction boxes for power. Diverting heating pipes for warmth.

(beat)

Am I getting warm?

EVA

How could you possibly know any of that?

MALLORY

(nods to her right)

Army surplus sleeping blankets.

Warmer than average but lighter to carry.

(off ceiling)

Half those cables and pipes have the logos of buildings next door.

(to her left)

More of those home-made traps, ready to deploy. Easy way to make a nailbomb, using a tin can and a roll of -

JEM

(cuts her off)

We get the idea. You're very observant.

MALLORY

Like I said - I know what it's like.

ALANA

(narrows eyes)

Go on.

MALLORY

Not so long ago, I was just like any one of you. Out for myself, not caring who I had to screw over to get what I wanted. Then, like all of you, just over a year ago I got sick. Really sick.

MIYA

We remember.

(off looks; bows head)

There used to be more of us.

MALLORY

The Academy, they -

(CONTINUED)

LUYU

The Slayer Academy? So it is real?

MALLORY

Real as this place. Not as homely,
but -

ALANA

Yeah, yeah, you're a master of
comedy. Get to the point.

MALLORY

They took me in even after I pulled
a fair few stunts on them, gave me
somewhere to belong. Just one
problem.

JEM

You never felt like you deserved
it.

MALLORY

Exactly right. They benched me for
months, kept me under house arrest
while they decided what to do with
me.

MIYA

Yes, but they obviously let you out
eventually.

MALLORY

Watching me like a hawk to make
sure I wasn't lifting from anyone's
pockets, yeah. Do you know what
it's like to be welcomed with open
arms only to find you're treated
like an even bigger risk than
before?

Alana and Eva exchange meaningful looks.

MALLORY (cont'd)

With how crazy life's been getting
for us past twelve months, not too
long ago I thought screw it. First
chance I get, I'm out of here.

(grins)

Then you lot came along.

ALANA

How convenient.

MALLORY

Hey, I wouldn't trust me either. So
let me do something to prove it.

(CONTINUED)

JEM

Such as?

MALLORY

I'm a wanted girl - on some of my identities - in half of Europe. You find me something.

Jem and Alana look to one another, then call another huddle as the girls discuss what to do with her.

Mallory looks around, taking in some of the details around her - sleeping bags, food cartons, weapons - when the huddle breaks, Alana approaching her again.

ALANA

We've got a job for you. Small start, but if you pull it off clean, then we'll start talking about your long-term prospects round here.

MALLORY

Sounds good.

(beat)

So do I get out of this chair first, or what?

Alana smirks, drawing her dagger with one fluid SHINK, and we CUT TO:

B Squad are sitting on a patio bench outside a modest motel, one of the Academy minivans behind them.

Reiko looks up as Mela approaches with a tray of drinks and snacks, placing them on the table.

The others tear into the food, devouring them and slurping their drinks down. Mela SIGHS at her team mates' mess.

FRANKIE

Still no word?

Fran removes her mobile from her ear, shakes her head and knocks back a gulp of soda.

FRAN

Her phone screen's gonna run out of digits to display how many missed calls she has before long.

FRANKIE

Mela, 'ave you tried again to contact Mallory telepathically?

MELA

(sitting down)

Same as the last dozen times. Some kind of shielding's round that warehouse -

REIKO

If they're even still there by now.

MELA

Well, yes, and that too. They've got some kind of warding up to block any unwanted snooping.

FRAN

Makes sense. I mean, they knew we were coming.

REIKO

Still doesn't explain why she'd do any of this, though. I mean, I thought she liked us?

FRANKIE

That 'as never been a good excuse for anything, Reiko.

REIKO

We're Slayers. A sisterhood. Friends. You don't just turn your back on everything we've all been through just like that. Something's not right.

FRAN

Or...

(off looks; raises hands)

Devil's Advocate, as per usual, but what if she's just been waiting all this time for the right opportunity to drop us for?

MELA

That doesn't sound like Mallory.

(beat)

Does it?

FRAN

Think about it. She used to be a grade A thief for hire, right? Like Delaney. Now, with Delaney you've got the whole 'Kira is her mom' angle as something to tether her to this place, and if what I heard about her and Greg is true...

REIKO

What did you hear?

FRAN

Let's just say there's a...
resemblance.

FRANKIE

Zut! I will not allow such idle
gossip while we 'ave an actual
problem on our 'ands.

MELA

We could go back? I might be able
to get a better trace on her if we
start at the start.

FRAN

We could get Danny to hit up the
satellite feeds again, see if he
can spot them leaving the area.

REIKO

What about the other Slayers,
though? They seemed pretty dead set
on not hearing our great sales
pitch for joining the Academy.

FRANKIE

Per'aps diplomacy is not the way
forward.

REIKO

So, what? We just charge in there
and kick them 'till they give up?

FRAN

Works for me.

ON MELA as she turns, taking a moment and letting the
afternoon sun fall on her face.

She closes her eyes, the voices of her team mates fading away
for a few moments - until the shadows falling across her
start to MOVE slowly.

She frowns, opens her eyes - and then blurts out:

MELA

The van!

She JUMPS UP, the others craning round - and their minivan is
pulling away from its parking spot!

Mela is on her feet and racing after it, but with a SPLUTTER
the engine starts - and Mallory leans out of the window!

(CONTINUED)

REIKO
(jaw drops)
Mallory?!?

FRAN
What the hell are you doing?

Without another word, she leans back inside, drops the gas and pulls a hard left, the van SKIDDING and BOUNCING across a grass verge.

Mela can't keep up as the van reaches the main road, pulling away and off into the distance.

Mela comes to a stop, catching her breath as the other girls catch up to her.

FRAN (cont'd)
Not bad. Another coupla seconds and
you'd definitely have caught her.

MELA
(breathless)
Shut up.

Reiko walks out ahead, crouching down to retrieve something from the ground.

FRANKIE
What is it?

Reiko turns - she's holding a small grey BOX with a bundle of wires sticking out.

REIKO
The van's GPS device. Means we
can't remotely trace her via the
Academy.

FRANKIE
Clever girl.

Reiko stands, the van receding into the distance as it joins the nearby motorway, before we CUT TO:

Alana and Eva are waiting on a street corner, sticking out thanks to Alana's scruffy, bright clothing.

The Academy minivan turns into the alleyway next to them, and with a quick glance round the girls follow it:

Mallory cuts the engine, climbing out of the cabin as Alana and Eva approach.

MALLORY

As requested.

She PATS the side of the van as Eva looks it over, Alana sliding open the side door and taking a peek inside.

MALLORY (cont'd)

Mileage is pretty good, top speed could be better but it's great at blending in when you need it, and it can carry up to eight and their kit without affecting your acceleration much.

ALANA

It'll do.

MALLORY

(wry)

Oh, sorry, d'you want me to go back and ask if they have something better?

EVA

You weren't followed?

MALLORY

("as if!")

Yeah, because I haven't been doing this long enough already. No way they can trace us. Trust me.

Eva and Alana swap a glance. Mallory watches.

MALLORY (cont'd)

Well? Do I get told what stage two is now or what?

Alana reaches into her pocket and tosses a MOBILE PHONE to Mallory, which she catches.

ALANA

Start driving. Get a few streets away and you'll be called with further instructions.

With that, the girls head off.

MALLORY

That's it?

ALANA

That's it.

With a shrug, Mallory slides back into the van and starts it up again as we CUT TO:

25 EXT. STREET (MOVING) - DAY 25

Mallory is at the wheel, coasting through mid-afternoon traffic when the phone RINGS.

 MALLORY
 (answered)
 Hello?

 ALANA
 (filtered; through phone)
 Look up ahead, three streets to
 your right. See that navy blue van?

Mallory looks, spots the VAN waiting to join the main road.

 MALLORY
 What about it?

 ALANA
 Follow it until it takes a turn off
 into the Nash Industrial Estate.

 MALLORY
 And then?

 ALANA
 What are you, taking a Chinese
 order? Just follow it and wait for
 the next call!

Alana hangs up. Mallory blinks, then puts the phone down and dutifully changes lanes to keep a few cars behind the van.

As it pulls out, a white-and-red LOGO is visible on one side. Mallory squints, but isn't close enough to make it out.

26 EXT. STREETS - NEXT 26

ON THE BLUE VAN as it brakes at traffic lights, Mallory's van a few places behind.

The blue van indicates and takes a turn, passing under an overhead road bridge towards an industrial estate.

27 INT. MINIVAN - NEXT 27

The phone RINGS again, and Mallory picks up:

 ALANA
 (filtered; through phone)
 Once you're clear of the main road,
 take the van out. We want what's in
 the back.

(CONTINUED)

MALLORY

(blinks)

It's an armoured vehicle, and I'm in a minivan. What am I supposed to do, embarrass them into flipping over?

ALANA

Hey, you're the one who wanted to impress us with how serious you are. You'll think of something.

Alana hangs up again. Mallory bites her lip, exhaling slowly as she tries to come up with something.

EXT. STREETS - NEXT

The blue van pulls round a corner and onto a side road, away from the flow of traffic.

Moments later, Mallory's van reaches the same corner, but pauses, driving straight on instead of following.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL ESTATE - NEXT

Rumbling along a busier district with factories, open warehouses and squat, plain office blocks, the blue van makes its way towards a smaller building at the far edge of the compound.

It turns behind one large warehouse, briefly out of sight of the rest of the estate:

And that's when Mallory's minivan ROARS into frame, pushing a large DUMPSTER in front of it!

It powers straight on and T-BONES the blue van, SLAMMING it hard against the warehouse wall!

The minivan's impact didn't do much, but the solid brick wall CRUMPLES the side of the van, its wheels SPINNING and WHITE SMOKE pouring from its engine.

As the two MEN in the driver's compartment struggle to get out, one door jammed against the wall and the other pinned by the dumpster, Mallory LEAPS out of her van.

She lands on the blue van's bonnet, swinging a length of PIPE round to SMASH the reinforced windscreen!

Two more hits and she can KICK the fractured glass in, quickly disabling both drivers with a flurry of PUNCHES. She reaches in, snaking a ring of KEYS from the driver's belt.

She slips off the bonnet and rushes round to the back of the van, but pauses as she passes the logo:

(CONTINUED)

It reads HARKNESS DEMOLITIONS. Mallory hesitates, but hears SHOUTS from nearby and knows she doesn't have long.

She reaches the back doors, quickly sorting through the keys until she can throw open the back doors:

And inside the van are piles of EXPLOSIVES! They're safely boxed up and protected from the impact, but clearly marked with 'DANGER,' 'FLAMMABLE,' 'HIGH EXPLOSIVE' and 'AUTHORISED PERSONNEL ONLY.'

Mallory's jaw drops - there's enough back here to level the nearby warehouse!

MALLORY

What in the name of Jesus are they
planning...?

More SHOUTS, closer now, and she snaps back to action, scooping up the nearest crate of explosives as we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

30

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

30

The stolen Academy minivan sits just inside the bay doors, the side door open to reveal the cargo of explosives within.

The girls are cackling over their haul, sorting through the boxes and dividing them into piles of different materials.

Mallory sits far back from this, watching the girls with an unreadable expression.

She JUMPS as Jem appears beside her, not looking at Mallory and watching the others work.

JEM

You did a grand job today, Mallory.

MALLORY

Would've helped to know what I was getting myself into.

JEM

Nevertheless, here we stand, observing the fruits of your hard work.

MALLORY

I coulda been killed.

JEM

But you weren't.
(smiles)
Well done, you!

Jem heads off, rejoining the others. Mallory's icy glare follows her over.

ON THE GIRLS as Jem arrives, Miya and Luyu unloading the last of the boxes as Eva makes notes.

JEM (cont'd)

So how are we doing?

ALANA

Better than expected. This is plenty more than what we need.

JEM

Are you sure? The plans you had in mind were rather... dramatic.

EVA

She knows what she's doing.

(CONTINUED)

JEM

I never said she didn't, I just meant that -

MALLORY (O.S.)

Speaking of this 'plan' of yours...

They turn to see Mallory standing behind them, arms folded expectantly.

MALLORY (cont'd)

Isn't it about time you let me in on what I've signed up for here?

They swap a few looks, before Alana nods.

ALANA

Alright, newbie. Go wait for us upstairs, we'll be there soon.

Mallory hesitates, but when she realises that's all she's getting, she heads for the metal staircase leading to the offices.

Alana carefully watches her go, and once she's out of earshot:

ALANA (cont'd)

Still time to stop this getting any more complicated.

Jem's eyes flick to Alana's hand, which rests on the hilt of her dagger.

JEM

Is that really necessary?

EVA

Pretty sure we can trust her after what she did for us today, Alana.

ALANA

Trust isn't something I give away easily.

JEM

(exhales)

Don't we all know that...

ALANA

Something to say, English?

JEM

Only that your paranoia could end up costing us a perfectly viable new recruit, dear.

(CONTINUED)

MIYA

She seems on the level to me.

ALANA

Yeah, we all know you've got a soft spot for the Council, Miya.

MIYA

They abandoned me, remember? If this Mallory girl went through anything like the experience I did...

EVA

What about you, Luyu? Should we take a vote or are we all agreed we can let her in?

LUYU

If she still plans to betray us, then she has come a long way down our path already. Returning to her friends would be difficult now.

ALANA

But not impossible.

Eva HUFFS loudly, then raises her hand.

EVA

I vote Mallory stays.

One by one, the others all raise their hands - leaving Alana.

ALANA

(sighs)

Fine. She can stay. But she steps out of line just once -

JEM

Yes, yes. Now let's not keep the poor girl waiting any longer.

Jem leads the way as the girls head towards the staircase, and we CUT TO:

B Squad are spread around the room - Mela is poring over a pocket-sized spellbook while Fran and Reiko work at a laptop. Frankie paces up and down, talking on her phone:

FRANKIE

(into phone)

It does not matter 'ow we lost it, only that it is stolen!

Reiko looks up, then glances at Fran, who rolls her eyes.

FRANKIE (cont'd)
No, we 'ave not formulated a plan
of attack yet. We are considering
our options.
(listens; sharp)
I 'ave more than enough experience
in this kind of thing, Greg. Do not
forget that.

She hangs up, tossing her phone onto the bed. Rubbing her
eyes wearily, she turns to the others:

FRANKIE (cont'd)
Please tell me we 'ave something to
go on, girls...

FRAN
Danny's satellite data suggests
they're still at the warehouse.
Cloud cover got in the way a
little, but we've also got what
looks like our van pulling into
their warehouse a few hours ago.

FRANKIE
Bon. At least we know where Mallory
is.

MELA
We just don't know what they're
planning.

REIKO
We also found news reports of a hit-
and-run on an armoured van
transporting explosives to a
demolitions site. No real eye
witnesses, but police have said
they're looking for a minivan that
sounds a lot like ours.

FRAN
So for now, all we can do is wait.

Reiko leans back, staring darkly at the laptop screen as we
CUT TO:

ANGLE DOWN on a table as a movie poster is spread across it -
it's for the imminent premiere of 'Tale of the Slayer.'

Mallory looks up quizzically, the other girls around the
table before her.

MALLORY

We're going to see a movie?

JEM

(amused)

Not exactly.

Alana stabs a finger down onto the poster - right onto the actress playing Sofia's face.

ALANA

This represents the single biggest threat to our lives right now.

MALLORY

The poster?

EVA

The movie.

MALLORY

Right... you're gonna have to spell this one out for me a little clearer, ladies.

MIYA

Think about it. Up until now, even with what happened in London, Slayers are still very much an urban legend.

JEM

A fantastically popular, well-documented and highly-publicised one, but an urban legend nonetheless.

ALANA

This film comes along, suddenly we're the new 'Twilight.' Or Harry fricken Potter. A phenom. A franchise.

EVA

That'll be it for our lives. We'll be as good as admitting to the world that we exist once and for all.

MALLORY

And that's bad because...?

ALANA

Because what do you think's gonna happen once this gets out there?

(CONTINUED)

LUYU

Everyone will know to look out for us.

MALLORY

They already do!

ALANA

No, you don't understand.

MALLORY

Obviously I don't.

ALANA

We've survived this long by staying a secret. Right? Some people know about us, sure, but to the general public we're just something in the news. Wait long enough, that'll die down and we can go back to our lives in peace.

EVA

The only way we can stop this movie from turning Slayers into gossip magazine fodder is to turn it back on itself.

Mallory glances towards the minivan, visible down below with the boxes piled around it.

MALLORY

Wait a minute, you're not saying -

ALANA

I'm saying we take the premiere that the Watchers Council thinks will spearhead a bulletproof PR campaign, and we turn it into a massacre.

MALLORY

So, what, you're gonna blow up the Leicester Square Odeon? How will that help?

EVA

Because we can blame it on the Slayers. All of the Slayers. Make out like it was all just a trick.

MIYA

Plenty of people out there already denounce them as vigilantes, terrorists, insurgents, anything you can think of.

(CONTINUED)

ALANA

We make a little madness at this premiere, then all of those voices get a lot louder, and the Academy won't be able to stop them.

Mallory looks from girl to girl.

MALLORY

You're serious, aren't you?

JEM

Deathly, sweetheart.

MALLORY

But... these are innocent people! Yeah, the Slayers turning themselves into a movie franchise ranks up there on the Top Five Worst Ideas Ever, but...

ALANA

What's the matter? Thinking about developing a conscience?

She leans across the table, one hand behind her back, getting in Mallory's face.

ALANA (cont'd)

Also in the Top Five.

EVA

(reaching out)

Alana...

ALANA

Back off, Evie.

Eva snaps her hand back, hurt.

ALANA (cont'd)

So what do you say, newbie? You gonna help us stop the Slayers turning our lives into more of a playground than they already are, or are you gonna crawl back to them and hope they let you off with a smacked ass?

Mallory looks down at the poster for several beats - before slowly nodding her head.

ALANA (cont'd)

Well, alright.

Alana leans back, triumphant.

(CONTINUED)

MALLORY

One condition.

ALANA

I don't think we 'do' those.

MALLORY

No innocents die. Or I walk, right now.

Alana starts to reply, but Jem cuts in with:

JEM

Deal.

(off Alana's look)

No point making this messier than it needs to be, is there?

ALANA

Alright, we'll play it your way. But you're in on this now. If you were looking for the point of no return, you passed it a coupla hours ago.

MALLORY

Understood.

(beat)

So can I get something to eat now?

Jem grins, stepping round the table and nodding for Mallory to follow.

JEM

This way. Sure we can find something to suit your tastes.

ON ALANA as she watches Jem and Mallory walk away. PAN ACROSS to reveal she had her dagger in her other hand behind her back the whole time, before we CUT TO:

It's a few hours later, the girls grabbing some sleep. Some on the beds, some on the floor.

Reiko's phone starts to RING, a tinny J-Pop tune that seems tremendously loud in the silence.

Reiko jolts awake, the others following suit as she digs her phone out of her jacket and answers:

REIKO

Hello?

INTERCUT WITH:

34 INT. WAREHOUSE - TOP FLOOR - NIGHT

34

Tucked away in recess up in the far corner of the warehouse, and whispering to keep quiet, Mallory replies:

MALLORY

Who were you expecting, exactly?

REIKO

Mallory? Are you -

MALLORY

'Course I'm alright.

(beat)

I'm in.

REIKO

(relieved)

Whew. So they bought it?

MALLORY

Hundred per cent. Remind me to congratulate the others on their acting skills.

Reiko looks round - the others are crowding round, so she sets the phone down and puts it on speaker.

FRANKIE

I still cannot say I fully approve of this plan, Mallory.

MALLORY

If it hadn't have worked, I'd agree with you, but as it did, I'll settle for a 'well done.'

FRAN

Still don't get why you couldn't just tell us all before you and Reiko cooked this up.

Fran shoots Reiko a dirty look, and we FLASH TO:

35 EXT. WAREHOUSE DISTRICT - DAY (FLASHBACK)

35

Back on the rooftop before the run on the warehouse. Frankie, Mela and Fran are climbing down the fire escape. Reiko starts to follow, but Mallory grabs her arm to stop her.

MALLORY

Hold on a sec.

REIKO

What is it?

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED:

MALLORY

Got a proposition for you. A backup plan, if you like.

Reiko frowns, not sure what she means as we FLASH TO:

36 INT. MOTEL ROOM/WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

36

Back with the girls. Reiko shrugs, a little awkward.

REIKO

Sorry.

MALLORY

Don't blame her. Only way we could sell the retreat and me staying behind, if you three didn't know it was coming.

MELA

Was there anyone with you when you came for the minivan in the end?

Mallory smirks at the memory as we FLASH TO:

37 INT. MOTEL - LOBBY - DAY

37

Reiko listens in on her phone, looking out at the minivan parked outside.

MALLORY

(filtered; through phone)
I'll be there in about twenty minutes. If you get the others to wait outside, make like you're having a pow-wow about what to do next, then when I grab the van act like it's the biggest shock of your lives.

REIKO

I don't know about this...

MALLORY

Trust me. Same deal as back at the warehouse. They may be watching me, so it's got to look real. Reckon they can manage that?

Reiko starts to respond, but the passing Frankie SNATCHES the phone away and answers:

FRANKIE

They will 'ave to create a new Academy Award category after our performance. Trust me.

(CONTINUED)

MALLORY

Good to know, boss. See you soon.

Frankie hangs up, passing the phone back to Reiko as we FLASH TO:

And return to the huddle once more.

MALLORY

Look, end of the day, they think I'm one of them now and they filled me in on their evil plan, so let's chalk this half of the plan to the good guys and move on.

FRANKIE

What are they planning?

MALLORY

Something big. They're going to use those explosives they had me nick earlier to gatecrash the 'Tale of the Slayer' premiere in a few days' time.

FRAN

'Gatecrash'? What, like storm the red carpet?

MALLORY

More like blow it up. They want to turn the event into a terrorist attack, try to make it look like we Slayers set the whole thing up to cause chaos.

MELA

Oh, no...

MALLORY

Exactly why we can't let that happen.

REIKO

So what else can you tell us?

MALLORY

For now, not much. Their leader, Alana, she's the skinny one, she's not telling me anything until the last second. Don't think she trusts me as much as the others. Can't say I blame her.

FRANKIE

Just keep your 'ead down and do
what you're told, Mallory. We will
work on our side of things.

JEM (O.S.)

Mallory?

Mallory turns - Jem's voice is close by.

MALLORY

Gotta go. Speak to you again when I
can.

END INTERCUT:

Mallory quickly switches off the phone, slipping it into her
pocket and emerging from the shadows - just as Jem rounds a
corner.

JEM

What are you doing all the way up
here?

Mallory smirks - producing a crumpled pack of cigarettes from
her pocket.

MALLORY

Filthy habit anyway, plus this is
the best spot in the whole place
not to set off your smoke alarms
there.

JEM

Fair enough. Well, if you're done,
we've got plenty more to discuss.

MALLORY

Aye. I'm right behind you.

Jem nods, heading back the way she came. Mallory's cheery
expression flicks back to one of trepidation - she's in deep
here and she knows it. She starts to follow Jem as we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF SHOW

CREATED BY

LEE A. CHRIMES

WITH

CHRIS KELLY & PAUL ROBINSON

PRODUCER

DANIEL LOACH

PRODUCER

TOM EAST

PRODUCER

LI ROBB

PRODUCER

CHRIS HAIGH

EXECUTIVE PRODUCER

ALDEN C. CAELE

EXECUTIVE PRODUCER

LEE A. CHRIMES

WRITTEN BY

LEE A. CHRIMES

BASED ON CONCEPTS AND CHARACTERS CREATED BY JOSS WHEDON
(C) MUTANT ENEMY, INC. AND FOX

