

SLAYER ACADEMY

"STORY OF MY LIFE"

STARRING

EMILY BROWNING

EMILY BOOTH

RACHAEL LEIGH COOK

RACHAEL TAYLOR

KYOKO FUKADA

PARIS HILTON

WITH

JACQUELINE MCKENZIE

BRADLEY COOPER

MIA WASIKOWSKA

JESSY SCHRAM

OLIVIA WILDE

MAGGIE CHEUNG

AARON YOO

AND

MICHELLE FORBES

JACK COLEMAN

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. LEICESTER SQUARE - DAY

1

Before us stands the ODEON, its wide, gleaming frontage flanked on both sides by a row of pubs, clubs and restaurants.

A RED CARPET has been laid down from the front door all the way out into the Square itself, fenced off and with a small crowd already gathering either side.

Technicians and workmen continue to assemble the scene, adjusting lighting rigs, laying down lines of cable and hammering things into place.

PULL BACK to find a young REPORTER getting ready to cover the scene, fussing with her hair in her reflection on the CAMERAMAN's lens.

REPORTER
(to Cameraman)
We ready yet?

CAMERAMAN
Uh, pretty much, yeah.

REPORTER
Thank God for that. Can't wait to
get out of here and get away from
all these freaks.

She takes a quick drag on her cigarette, turning round to survey the current assortment of punters:

A lot of young women, some holding banners and placards with slogans like 'VAMPIRES SUCK - SLAYERS ROCK,' 'SOFIA U R MY HERO' and 'I WANNA BE A SLAYER TOO!'

Of course, there are also a smaller group of protestors, whose placards say things like 'BAN THIS FILTH,' 'VAMPIRES DON'T EXIST' and 'DOWN WITH THIS SORT OF THING.'

These people are hollering their anti-Slayer message to anyone within earshot - not that anybody's paying them much attention.

Back to the Reporter as she takes a final drag on the cigarette, grinds it beneath her foot and then turns back to the camera.

REPORTER (cont'd)
Alright, let's do this. Corrie's on
soon and I'm not missing it for
this.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The Cameraman nods, sets the tape rolling then counts her down three, two, one...

THROUGH CAMERA:

With the Reporter front and left, the cinema and crowd framed behind her.

REPORTER (cont'd)

Meanwhile, over here at Leicester Square, there's already a palpable buzz of excitement in the air for tonight's world premiere of 'Tale of the Slayer,' the global phenomenon that's incited such great support - and opposition - even before its release. Is it, as the PR would have us believe, based on real events and thus as near as we'll ever get to a documentary-like insight into the alleged world of the vampire slayers? Or is it merely another cynical stunt designed to divert attention further away from the growing dossier of evidence against the existence of these so-called 'Slayers'?

(turns)

Either way, the crowds of faithful supporters are already starting to turn out in their dozens, with numbers in the hundreds expected before tonight's big premiere.

(turns back)

Later, we'll be talking to people on both sides of the fence to find out their opinions on the film, before our uninterrupted live coverage of what promises to be one of this cinema's more memorable occasions.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. CAMPUS - DORMS - DAY

And the new report is playing on a portable TV in the A Squad dorm room, watched by a somewhat glum SOFIA.

Her hair's up in rollers, her fingers and toes separated by foam wedges as her nail varnish dries, her makeup half-finished.

She lets out a heavy SIGH as the report on screen wraps up:

(CONTINUED)

REPORTER
(filtered; on TV)
This is Danielle Patrick for
Channel 4 News.

CLICK. The TV is switched off, and Sofia turns to see SKYE holding the remote. Skye is also half made up, half her usual elegantly scruffy self.

SOFIA
I was watching that!

SKYE
No, you weren't.

SOFIA
(beat)
Alright, I wasn't. But I've got to do something. I can't just sit here waiting for my nails to dry for the next three hours!

SKYE
Would you relax?

Skye heads over to the dresser, where a dizzying array of cosmetics, beauty products and utensils are scattered around.

SKYE (cont'd)
Whatever happens, we've all got your back, right?

Looking in a mirror, Skye starts to apply some lipstick before stopping, squinting at herself, then wiping it away.

SKYE (cont'd)
All you have to do is look pretty and smile for the cameras. Piece o' cake.

SOFIA
Says you! You're not the one who has to sit through a dramatisation of her own bloody life story with half the planet watching your every move!

SKYE
No, I'm not. But then I'm not as pretty as you are.

Sofia scowls at her - Skye just winks back. Then holds up her other hand - her fingers were crossed.

SOFIA
(huffs)
And where's Belle with the -

(CONTINUED)

BELLE (O.S.)
Here, I'm here!

BELLE bustles into the room, carrying a literal armful of dresses and outfits which she deposits onto the bed.

BELLE (cont'd)
(breathless)
Sorry, but three flights of stairs,
and the... and couldn't find the
chemise you wanted, so I... so I
had to -

Sofia gets up, heading over to the pile.

SOFIA
It's alright. Thank you. No sense
anybody else killing themselves
over tonight.

Belle glances at Skye, who just rolls her eyes and gets back to picking out a lipstick.

Sofia starts sorting through the clothes, holding up two dresses against herself in turn.

SOFIA (cont'd)
Have we heard from Mallory yet?

SKYE
Not yet. That's why they call it
deep cover.

BELLE
She'll be fine. Whatever those
girls are planning, Mallory's on
top of it.
(off looks)
I mean... she will be, won't she?

Sofia looks to Skye, who doesn't reply as we CUT TO:

The same news report is wrapping up in the office suite currently occupied by THE GIRLS - EVA, ALANA, JEM, MIYA and LUYU, along with MALLORY.

REPORTER
(filtered; on TV)
This is Danielle Patrick for
Channel 4 News.

Alana flicks the set off in disgust, turning to face the others with her arms folded.

(CONTINUED)

ALANA

As if we needed any more
motivation.

JEM

She's right about one thing - it's
certainly going to be a memorable
night.

EVA

Mallory?

MALLORY

(distracted)

Hmm?

EVA

You've hardly spoken all day. Are
you alright?

Mallory's gaze is fixed on the pile of EXPLOSIVES neatly
arranged in one corner of the room.

MALLORY

(dark)

Yeah... yeah, I'm just fine.

She looks to her left - two tables are covered with a variety
of home-made WEAPONS, from crossbows to daggers and
everything in between.

She turns to the others, but they're already chattering
animatedly amongst themselves. Mallory looks back to the
bombs with growing trepidation, and we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

4 INT. CAMPUS - ASSEMBLY HALL - DAY

4

The whole campus is here, CHATTER creating a wave of hubbub and bustle.

Up on stage, FITZGERALD stands in discussion with MADISON, GREG and KIRA, getting ready to address the troops.

Finishing up, Fitzgerald heads to the podium and waits a few beats for the room to fall into silence.

FITZGERALD

Thank you all for coming. I know quite a lot of you are still engaged in the arduous process of getting ready for tonight.

A ripple of LAUGHTER. Fitzgerald allows herself a smile.

FITZGERALD (cont'd)

I'm going to keep this brief and hand you straight over to Madison Riley - she's got a few things to say about the spotlight many of you are going to be under tonight, and most likely over the months to come if all goes to plan.

She steps back from the podium, nodding to Madison who approaches.

Madison glances at Greg, who starts to unfurl a PROJECTOR SCREEN and laptop behind her, then to Kira - who SNAPS her fingers, the curtains across the right-hand windows drawing shut.

Madison raises an eyebrow, but Kira just responds with a shrug, motioning for her to continue.

MADISON

(to crowd)

I'll be blunt to make sure all of you understand this - tonight is going to be one of the most important nights of your lives.

That comment starts a fresh ripple of chatter. Greg uses the laptop to bring up a slide - a movie poster for 'Tale of the Slayer.'

(CONTINUED)

MADISON (cont'd)

When 'Tale of the Slayer' has its premiere tonight, the whole world is going to be watching.

(beat)

Not just the film, but you.

(beat)

What we're hoping to achieve with this is answer dozens of questions the public has about the Academy, Slayers and the world you girls have been living in for the past however many years.

Greg flicks to another slide - a collage of NEWSPAPERS, all with Slayer-related headlines.

MADISON (cont'd)

Those of you who have already been in contact with the press are going to be hounded even more, and those that haven't are about to start getting a lot of phone calls.

Next slide - news coverage of the Lonelyslayer15 incident.

MADISON (cont'd)

There's already a healthy wave of unsubstantiated rumour and chat show prattle cluttering up the airwaves - tonight's the night the Academy answers back.

(beat)

So what can you expect tonight, those of you off to Leicester Square?

She pauses as the next slide clicks across - it's a photograph of an army of PAPARAZZI.

ON THE GIRLS as several of them blanch visibly at the prospect of what's out there, before we CUT TO:

Meanwhile, FRANKIE and HUANG are heading up a briefing that includes A SQUAD (Sofia, Skye, DELANEY and TORI) and B SQUAD (REIKO, FRAN and MELA).

Up on the whiteboard are maps of the area surrounding the Odeon, with lines and markings over that.

FRANKIE

We are expecting the main crush of press to be 'ere.

She circles two areas outside the cinema.

HUANG

Sofia, this is where you'll be making your grand entrance.

SOFIA

(flat)

Yay.

FRANKIE

'Owever, as we know, the British media do not play any rules except their own, so we are expecting to find more of them lurking 'ere and 'ere.

She indicates two more areas around the rear entrance.

FRAN

So that's where those of us not Sharpay'd to the nines are heading, right?

She glances sideways at the still half-ready Sofia, who scowls back at her.

DELANEY

Can't we just throw down a few glammers? Cover our tracks? And by 'we,' I of course mean 'Mela.'

MELA

I'm not sure that's a good idea.

DELANEY

Why not? Simple misdirection spell, maybe even a few tech-jinxes to stop their cameras working.

MELA

I meant do we want to be using magic so publicly?

SKYE

You got a better idea?

TORI

What if we give them what they want?

All eyes turn to Tori.

TORI (cont'd)

Give them something to look at, I mean. Let them snatch a glimpse of a few of us moving around, make them think they've got an exclusive. Keeps them busy.

(CONTINUED)

FRANKIE

(considers)

That could work...

REIKO

So then, while the press out back are distracted, we can move anyone we need in and out, check the place out, and more importantly keep close by in case Mallory needs us, right?

(to Tori)

Good idea.

Tori manages half a smile, but Skye soon interrupts:

SKYE

Last time we checked, those rogue Slayer chicks had a truck full of explosives, right? I'm gonna bet roughly two-thirds of my fantastic ass on Mallory needing us at some point.

FRANKIE

And that is our primary situation. We know these rogues are planning an attack, but unless Mallory can tell us more about where and when, we 'ave to keep all angles covered.

FRAN

They're gonna know that.

SOFIA

Fran's right. Think about it - these girls must know we're going to have our own security staking out the place, but they also know we don't know where they're attacking from. We'll have to spread ourselves thin and they're poised to take advantage of that.

MELA

And that's another reason we have to be careful about using magic. Anybody gets caught in the crossfire...

DELANEY

And we have an international incident on our hands.

Sofia lets out a loud SIGH, echoing the sentiments of the others.

(CONTINUED)

Frankie approaches the whiteboard and starts making notes with a red marker, as Huang goes to Sofia.

FRANKIE

'Ere is 'ow we will deploy. Skye, Delaney, you are with Sofia as she arrives out front and makes 'er way inside.

SKYE

(nudges Delaney)

We are officially hangers-on.

DELANEY

My mom would be so proud. If 'pride' was an emotion I thought she'd understand.

FRANKIE

Reiko, Fran, Mela, you three each take one of these positions at the rear. This will give you full coverage of any black spots in our surveillance.

Tori blinks, then raises a hand.

FRANKIE (cont'd)

Oui?

TORI

Uh... what about me?

FRANKIE

What about you?

TORI

Don't I get an assignment? I mean, better or worse... still part of A Squad. Aren't I?

SKYE

You stay here.

TORI

(groans)

Oh, come on...

SKYE

It's too exposed. Too many people. Hamish makes a swipe for you -

TORI

Hamish isn't dumb enough to try something anywhere this open! There's gonna be half a million cameras out there!

(CONTINUED)

SOFIA
Oh, thanks!

TORI
You guys need an extra pair of
hands.

SKYE
No.

TORI
But -

SKYE
(stern)
I said no.

Tori slumps, defeated. The others swap quick glances, the
atmosphere in the room dropping several degrees.

HUANG
Are you ready for all of this,
Sofia?

SOFIA
Absolutely not.

HUANG
Good.

SOFIA
Not sarcasm.

HUANG
I know.

SOFIA
I mean it.

HUANG
(smiles)
I know.

REIKO
What's our plan for when Mallory
and the rogues turn up?

Frankie nods, turning back to the whiteboard as we CUT TO:

Mallory is pacing along rows of boxed merchandise, making a
show of idly reading the various labels.

Close by are Alana and Eva, discussing their plans as they
stow various weapons and items into bags.

(CONTINUED)

It's clear that Mallory is trying to discretely listen to them, and she's picking out a few key words when:

JEM

Mallory?

She turns as Jem heads towards her. Mallory quickly tries to look innocent.

MALLORY

Just wondering what you ladies have been doing with all this stuff.

She reaches into an open, shrink-wrapped pallet of boxes, taking out a small LEAF BLOWER.

MALLORY (cont'd)

I mean, I can see where Alana's scavenged some of the parts to make all her fancy crossbows and things, but even I'm struggling to find a use for one of these.

JEM

(amused)

We sell them.

MALLORY

Oh.

JEM

Take a look around.

She gestures to indicate the high, fully-stacked shelves on all sides. Several pallets and boxes have been looted but there's still lots to go.

JEM (cont'd)

This place used to be the main storage depot for some online sales place, but it went bankrupt before it could arrange to sell off or ship out the excess stock. Thus, a perfectly good warehouse just full of supplies and nobody to use them.

Jem starts to steer Mallory away from Eva and Alana.

JEM (cont'd)

When Alana found this place, she reasoned we could put it to good use, selling the stock off in small, carefully measured doses to get us enough hard cash to do what we need to do, without us ever needing to get on anyone's radar.

(CONTINUED)

MALLORY

And all the banks you lot knocked off?

JEM

Besides the extra funding we needed to accrue for our current occupation, I have rightfully lavish tastes in many things, darling. Woman cannot live by bread alone and all that.

She smiles, Mallory returning it - but casting another glance back towards Eva and Alana. Jem spots it this time.

JEM (cont'd)

They'll tell you what you need to know, and I'm afraid that's all you're likely to get. Even I have to push them for anything more detailed than 'move from point A to point B' most of the time.

MALLORY

I just want to get a feel for what I'm meant to be doing, you know? I don't work well flying blind.

JEM

If there's one thing I've learned, it's that you can trust those two.

MALLORY

We're about to go up against Slayers. Probably a lot of Slayers. Not to mention police and security already on site, and this is with the eyes of the world watching their every move.

Jem just GRINS at that, and Mallory realises that's exactly the kind of scenario the rogues are looking for.

ALANA (O.S.)

Ladies?

They turn - Alana is at the end of the row, nodding with her head towards the offices.

ALANA (cont'd)

Last pow-wow before we go.

She exits, and with a grin to Mallory, Jem follows. Mallory exhales, not liking the way this is going as we CUT TO:

7

INT. WAREHOUSE - OFFICES - NEXT

7

Jem and Mallory enter to find Miya and Luyu already there, several MAPS and BLUEPRINTS spread across the tables.

Mallory glances quickly at the crates of EXPLOSIVES stacked neatly to one side as she joins the others round the tables.

ALANA

Okay, final round table to make sure everybody knows what they're doing before we head out. It's gonna take us a few hours to reach Leicester Square, and we need to be all set up before it gets too crowded.

She points to various spots on the maps as she continues:

ALANA (cont'd)

Here's where they've got the red carpet leading up to the foyer, so the Slayer cavalcade is gonna approach from here.

Eva draws lines and crosses to illustrate Alana's points.

ALANA (cont'd)

We're gonna have two waves of civilians - autographs hunters, fangirls and haters all clustered around the security fences here, here and here...

MALLORY

And the press leading up to the foyer, lining the carpet on either side.

ALANA

Girl's been to a few premieres, I see.

MALLORY

Nah, but one of my old dorm mates watched them all the time.

(off looks)

She had a thing for designer dresses.

MIYA

Luyu and I will be underneath all of this at this point, gaining access to the cinema itself via this basement area.

(CONTINUED)

LUYU

Security sweeps and patrols give us plenty of time to get in, head to the maintenance area behind Screen One and start setting up.

EVA

But before they get to that, they'll be planting small charges all over the square itself, underneath the pavements.

Alana nods towards an instrument leaning against the wall - a jury-rigged STONE CUTTER.

ALANA

They'll be using that to carve into the floor beneath every trash can and rig those to explode at my signal.

JEM

Which will, of course, be shortly after those Slayers step out of the limo they've no doubt hired.

MALLORY

What about the civilians?

ALANA

What about them?

Mallory looks up, holding Alana's defiant gaze.

MALLORY

Coulda sworn we had a deal. No innocents die, or I walk.

ALANA

They get caught in the blast, not our problem. We're not specifically targeting them, are we?

MALLORY

You can't just -

ALANA

(voice rising)

Hey, we're on the edge of fighting a war here, princess! To sell this as the disaster we need it to be, maybe a coupla morons gotta take some shrapnel.

EVA

Allie, come on. You don't have to be so...

(CONTINUED)

ALANA

So what?

EVA

Bloodthirsty.

ALANA

You think I want to kill anyone?
They're the ones who forced us into
this! We were doing a damn good job
keeping out of plain sight until
somebody safely tucked up in that
Academy of theirs decided to rose-
tint our lives and turn it into a
fricken teen movie!

MALLORY

So don't kill anyone! Let me take a
look at this, maybe I can find
better places to set the explosives
so nobody -

As Mallory reaches for the map, Alana SNATCHES it away and starts rolling it up.

ALANA

Nope. No way. Plan's set. We all
know what to do.

Mallory steps back, arms folded. Alana sets her hands on her hips and fixes her with a tenacious smirk.

ALANA (cont'd)

You gonna turn around and walk
away? Go ahead. I dare ya.

The others look between them, knowing they're a fraction away from a fight kicking off.

ALANA (cont'd)

(sly)

You think you'll make it more than
ten feet outside this place before
I put one between your shoulder
blades?

Mallory's resolve twitches - she catches Eva's gaze, and the worry in her big brown eyes tells her Alana means it.

MALLORY

Anybody dies, and I mean anybody -
Slayer, reporter, security, even a
damn usherette - and our working
relationship comes to an abrupt and
violent end.

(CONTINUED)

Alana licks her teeth with a devilish grin, wagging her eyebrows.

ALANA

Now that I would pay to see.

She RAPS her knuckles against the table.

ALANA (cont'd)

Alright, ladies, time to pack up
and move out! We've got ourselves a
party to crash.

The others slink away one by one, leaving Mallory alone with Alana.

They hold each other's gaze for a long beat before Mallory finally turns away, Alana watching her all the way.

As Mallory exits the office, Eva approaches her, laying a hand on her arm. Alana lays a hand over Eva's.

EVA

Please tell me you're not thinking
of doing something I'll regret.

ALANA

Relax. I'll only kill her if she
tries to stop us.

She turns and gives Eva a KISS on the forehead.

ALANA (cont'd)

Promise.

She moves away. Hold on Eva's troubled expression before we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

8 EXT. LEICESTER SQUARE - DAY

8

Late in the day now, with shadows starting to creep across the open spaces.

Outside the ODEON, and the security fences and TV crew stations have all been fully assembled. CAMERAS on cranes rise above proceedings.

Down below, the small crowd of anti-Slayer protestors from earlier are now well and truly drowned out by the fanboys and girls:

Hundreds of cheering, shouting and screaming people have flooded the Square, a sea of posters, placards and banners now festooning the fences, trees, walkways, balconies and anywhere else they can hang.

There's a team from every major news channel here - the BBC, Sky, Channel 4 - even some international correspondents.

ON THE CINEMA itself, huge illuminated posters for 'Tale of the Slayer,' along with advertising banners, cover the frontage of the cinema.

They show a girl very much like Sofia, locked in a struggle over the Scythe with a boy who looks very much like Braeden.

As the hubbub and anticipation continues to rise, we PULL BACK from this scene until:

9 INT. EMPTY ROOM - NEXT

9

Where Alana stands at a window inside a disused apartment, a few floors up as she stares down at the scene below.

ALANA

Look at 'em. Cockroaches. Clapping
and cheering like seals at feeding
time without a single clue what
they're here for.

Eve appears behind her, sliding a gentle arm around Alana's waist.

ALANA (cont'd)

(exhales)

Makes me wonder if we wouldn't be
better off just nerve gassing the
whole damn postcode.

Eva's arm jerks away, and Alana turns to register her horrified expression. She rolls her eyes.

(CONTINUED)

ALANA (cont'd)
Kidding! Jeez.

But as Alana walks past:

ALANA (cont'd)
We'd never find that much gas in
time anyway.

Eva watches her go, then looks back to the Square below. Her eyes scan the slogans on display:

EVA'S POV:

Some say 'FANG-TASTIC' while others read 'THEY SAVE THE WORLD - A LOT,' but Eva's eye is caught by ones such as 'LIES LIES LIES,' 'VIGILANTES OFF OUR STREETS,' 'WHERE ARE THEIR PARENTS?' And 'THESE GIRLS ARE DYING.'

ON EVA:

Her resolve suitably hardened, she turns away from the window - right into Mallory.

EVA
Oh! Sorry.

MALLORY
'S alright, just coming to take a
peek myself.

Mallory leans past her, Eva watching her reaction as she scans the crowds outside.

MALLORY (cont'd)
(chuckles)
They really have no idea, do they?

She leans back, glancing at Eva - she can sense Eva's conflicted thoughts a mile away.

MALLORY (cont'd)
Either side, I mean. The ones
cheering us think we're superheroes
crossed with pop stars, and the
ones booing seem to think we're
making it all up to hide the fact
we're murderers or something.

Eva is silent. Mallory turns and leans against the window.

MALLORY (cont'd)
How did you end up here, if I can
ask?

EVA
What do you mean?

(CONTINUED)

MALLORY

You know - living rough, doing what
you girls have been doing.

Eva looks away, mulling over what to say for a long beat.

EVA

A year and a half ago, I was in
foster care. Batted from place to
place, 'problem child,' 'moody and
unresponsive,' or just too much
hard work for the parents that
tried.

MALLORY

Slayer strength and reflexes make
rough and tumble with other kids a
little tricky once they kick in,
huh?

EVA

(nods)

May 2003, that's when I first felt
it hit me. Broke James Gough's nose
at recess when all I meant to do
was give him a push on the swing.

(off look)

Ten feet up, ten feet straight
down.

MALLORY

Ouch.

EVA

Plus, the... dreams, they don't
help. Didn't help, I mean. Waking
screaming from nightmares every
night is the kind of thing that
most foster parents think is worth
a 'pass' on.

She turns now, revealing the rest of the room at last - Alana
is cleaning and checking her home-made weapons, while Miya
and Luyu sort through the EXPLOSIVES.

EVA (cont'd)

So, I ran. Managed about a
fortnight before Alana found me.
She'd been doing what I was failing
badly at doing for a lot longer,
and she...

Eva smiles. Mallory glances slyly between them.

MALLORY

Under the wing.

(CONTINUED)

EVA

Exactly. I owe her my life. We all do. If she hadn't brought us together -

MALLORY

Then we wouldn't be here now, planning to blow up a cinema to make an impression.

With a smirk, Mallory pushes away from the window and walks off. Her last remark hits home with Eva, whose face falls again before we CUT TO:

10

INT. CAMPUS - RECEPTION - DAY

10

Gathered in the foyer now are A, B and C SQUADS, Skye's team dressed for the cameras while the others are ready for action. With them are Fitzgerald, Madison, Greg, Frankie and Kira.

FITZGERALD

Alright then girls, the limos will be here shortly.

FRAN

Or in our case, the stinky old minivan.

FITZGERALD

(ignores that)

You're going to be absolutely fine, Sofia. All you need to do is leave the limo, walk into the cinema and Madison and myself will already be there waiting.

Fiddling with an earring, Sofia manages a half-smile.

FRANKIE

Reiko, you are clear on what our team 'as to do?

REIKO

Crystal.

(beat)

That's the right word, isn't it?

ON FRAN & MELA as Fran sneers at the evening gowns A Squad are wearing.

FRAN

Look at those idiots. Anybody'd think they were the ones in the film.

(grins)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

FRAN (cont'd)

You'd look pretty hot in one of those Monsoon dresses, though.

She waits - no reaction. Smile dropping, Fran nudges Mela.

MELA

(distracted)

Hmm? Oh, oh, right. Yes. Sorry.
Yeah, I... I suppose I would.

Fran waits for the return compliment - but it never arrives. She frowns as Mela heads off to speak to Reiko.

Greg joins CLARISSA, PATTY, TIA and Belle, Clarissa staring enviously at Sofia's outfit.

GREG

Are you girls all square on your part of things?

BELLE

(nods)

We're the cavalry.

GREG

Harold's already out there, doing a little recon. You'll be going straight to his location, hanging back just outside the Square in case we need some extra pairs of hands to clear the situation.

CLARISSA

(clipped)

Fine.

Greg gives her an odd look, then steps away.

PATTY

What's the matter?

CLARISSA

Nothing's the matter.

PATTY

Yeah, yeah, and tonight's going to go exactly according to plan. Come on - what is it?

CLARISSA

(irritated)

Nothing, alright? I'm fine.
Everything's... fine.

Patty opens her mouth to reply, but Tia lays a hand on her arm and gives a warning shake of the head.

(CONTINUED)

ON A SQUAD as Skye nudges Sofia - their black LIMOUSINE has indeed just rolled to a halt outside the main doors.

SKYE

Game time, Hepburn.

SOFIA

Please. I'm more like... I don't know, Lily Allen or somebody.

SKYE

(beat)

Yeah, no idea who that is. Let's go.

Sofia walks by first, followed by Delaney, who is shifting and tugging at her dress.

DELANEY

This thing itches like a bitch.

SKYE

Then it suits you more than I even thought possible.

Skye smirks, and with a HUFF Delaney follows Sofia outside. Skye turns as Kira steps up behind her.

SKYE (cont'd)

So you'll -

KIRA

Stay with Tori and make sure nothing happens to her, yes. You have nothing to worry about. Well, on that topic, at least.

Skye pulls a face and walks towards the doors as we CUT TO:

Within the stolen Academy minivan, Alana driving and Eva shotgun as Mallory sits in the back with the others. Jem is applying lipstick as Mallory opens with:

MALLORY

How about you, Miya?

Miya shrugs, absently sharpening a SWORD.

MIYA

Council took me in when I was twelve, shared my time between my folks in Osaka and my Watcher's place. They had Council ties so I got a free pass, basically.

JEM

Yes, our darling Miya here arguably received the second most sheltered upbringing of all of us.

MALLORY

After you, you mean?

JEM

(smiles)

Of course.

MIYA

Things went great, even after Willow switched us all on, but then I got assigned the case of tracking these girls down.

She looks around at the team, a wry smile in place.

MIYA (cont'd)

Took me months to find them, approach as a rogue Slayer and infiltrate them... and find out along the way that everything I believed in was fake.

Mallory SWALLOWS - this isn't going where she'd like.

MIYA (cont'd)

With my eyes opened to the Council's inadequacies and incompetence, I came clean to Alana about my original mission, and she welcomed me with open arms. After kicking me into a coma for two weeks, anyway.

Mallory SHIFTS - and Jem catches her doing it.

MIYA (cont'd)

Anyway, I went back to my Watcher and told her I was leaving to join Alana's crew.

(beat)

They didn't take it well.

Mallory waits for more, finally asking:

MALLORY

So what happened to them?

MIYA

They came after me - after us - and we had to defend ourselves.

(CONTINUED)

She puts her sword down, settling back. Mallory glances at Jem, who nods - the story's over.

ALANA

We're here.

Mallory exhales, relieved, as Alana brings the van into a side street and parks it. She turns in her seat to address them all:

ALANA (cont'd)

Everybody clear on the plan?

They nod back, starting to grab their various bags.

ALANA (cont'd)

(grin)

Then let's go ruin somebody's day.

Mallory fixes her game face in place as Luyu opens the van's sliding side door, the girls disembarking as we CUT TO:

Sofia fidgets in the limo, oblivious to Skye hungrily perusing the minibar. Delaney flicks through channels on the TV, stopping on Sky News 24:

NEWSREADER

(filtered)

Just a few hours to go before the British premiere of 'Tale of the Slayer,' the film promising to reveal the secrets of the vampire slayers that may - or may not - be based on actual events. Christine has more, as we move over to -

Sofia SNATCHES the remote away and flicks the TV off.

DELANEY

Right, because ignoring a problem actually does make it go away.

Skye sits back, tossing handfuls of M&Ms down her throat.

SKYE

Would you both chill? This'll be a cakewalk.

SOFIA

(off sweets)

We have to pay for those, you know.

SKYE

Somebody does. We don't.

Sofia HUFFS, and Skye puts the bag aside to shuffle closer.

SKYE (cont'd)

We get it, you know. How big and scary all this is for you. How millions of people are going to watch arguably the worst period of your life and there's nothing you can do about it. You must feel pretty -

SOFIA

Helpless, is what I feel.

SKYE

But that's just it, don't you see? This is the exact opposite of helpless. This is us, the Slayers, telling the world okay - we're just people. We fall in love with the wrong guy. We make bad choices. We screw up. We die.

DELANEY

Is this a pep talk? 'Cause it sucks.

SKYE

But you know what else? We save the world. We save the world a lot, and we've been doing it just fine for thousands of years despite all of our faults.

Sofia turns to her - Skye's speech is working.

SKYE (cont'd)

So yeah - here's what we do and here's how we do it. You don't like it, fine - we're gonna keep doing it because it works. It worked before you even knew about it.

With that, she reaches for the sweets again.

SKYE (cont'd)

Here to stay, baby.

She scoops up another mouthful, and with a smile Sofia digs in for some herself.

Delaney shakes her head as she looks at the two of them.

DELANEY

The world is definitely doomed.

She looks out the window as we CUT TO:

13

INT. SEWER TUNNEL - DAY

13

Down in the depths now, British sewer access nowhere near as roomy as its American counterpart.

Mallory is with Luyu as she uses Alana's hand-built STONE CUTTER to excavate a small circular hole overhead.

MALLORY

So after you left the reserve because of the... you know, the accident, what happened then?

LUYU

I moved around, trying to find work to pay for my grandmother's hospital treatment. Eventually, I found myself here, and I started dancing.

MALLORY

What, like in a show? West End?

LUYU

Not exactly.

There's a THUNK as the cutter completes its circuit, and Luyu steps back as a disk of STONE drops down - a RUBBISH BAG on top of it.

Mallory quickly ushers it to one side as Luyu reaches into her bag, taking out one of the small wads of explosive.

LUYU (cont'd)

Soho. The Red Light District. A woman of my looks and exotic background proved very valuable to the club owners. I would dance for them and their customers, they would pay me enough to keep my grandmother looked after.

Mallory watches, surprised by the story, as Luyu carefully fixes the bomb to the interior of the WASTE BIN visible above though the hole.

LUYU (cont'd)

One night, I was dancing for another girl - which was not unusual - when she started to ask me about my dreams. My strength. My powers.

MALLORY

(twigs)

Alana.

(CONTINUED)

LUYU

(nods)

Eva had dreamed of me and told her where to find me, and after Alana and I spoke for many hours about what I really was and what I could do, I left the club and have never danced again.

MALLORY

But what about your grandmother, is she -

LUYU

She was already dead. The hospital did not inform me but kept receiving my cheques for her care anyway. One of the first things Alana helped me to do was to get over there and reclaim my money.

(beat)

And teach them a lesson they did not forget.

Luyu replaces the bag, positioning it over the hole she made.

LUYU (cont'd)

Come. We have several more of these to set.

She moves off, TORCH snapping on to light her way through the gloom. Mallory hesitates before following, and we CUT TO:

EXT. LEICESTER SQUARE - NIGHT

The sun is down, the streetlights are on and the Square is now awash with colour from buildings and signs.

The crowd has grown since we last saw it, now making even more of a racket as press photographers take PICTURES of them.

The crane cameras swoop down over the excitable crowd, the sea of placards and banners waving happily as they pass.

EXT. LEICESTER SQUARE - ROOFTOP - NEXT

Watching this live feed on a small portable TV is Patty, as HAROLD stands at the edge, looking down on the Square a short distance away with binoculars.

HAROLD

No sign of anything yet, ladies, but A Squad's limo'll be here any second. Look sharp.

He hears a loud CHEER and we CUT TO:

16 INT. LIMO - NEXT

16

Inside with the girls, looking out at the baying crowds heaving outside though the tinted windows.

SOFIA
(hyperventilating)
Oh God, oh God, oh God...

SKYE
Hey!

Skye grabs her hand, turning Sofia to face her. She points from her eyes to Sofia's.

SKYE (cont'd)
Of the tiger. Got that?

SOFIA
Tiger. Right. Yes.

The limo comes to a stop. A DOORMAN steps dutifully up to the door, ready to open it.

SKYE
Let's do this.

She lets Sofia shuffle past first, and as the door opens the sheer wave of noise and barrage of FLASH BULBS hits them as we CUT TO:

17 INT. VAN - NEXT

17

Where Alana and Eva wait, close enough to be able to see Sofia emerge from the limo.

Alana raises her hand - she's holding a REMOTE DETONATOR, thumb over the red button.

Eva looks across to her, but Alana's gaze is focused on Sofia, and with a vicious smirk she PUSHES THE BUTTON:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

18 EXT. ODEON CINEMA - NIGHT 18

Sofia emerges from the limo, blinking at the bombardment of FLASH BULBS and SHOUTS that greet her:

Before she realises that people are CHEERING! She looks left and right, surprised:

The crowd pressed thick against the barriers either side of the red carpets are going CRAZY for her!

Placards and banners wave, people YELL, WHOOP and WHISTLE, and there's a surge of APPLAUSE as Sofia takes a hesitant step forward.

19 INT. VAN - NEXT 19

Within the van, Alana's brow creases. She hits the button again - nothing.

ALANA
What the crap?

EVA
(looking outside)
Allie?

Alana starts POUNDING the button, her face twisted into a snarl.

ALANA
Stupid plastic piece of -

EVA
(barks)
Alana!

Alana looks to her, then follows her gaze outside:

Where Reiko stands, one of the explosive devices in her hand, powered down and deactivated! She WINKS impishly.

ALANA
(explodes)
Damn it!

She quickly SLAMS the van into gear and STAMPS on the accelerator:

20 EXT. ALLEY - NEXT 20

And as the van BARRELS towards her, Reiko gulps and quickly DIVES aside!

(CONTINUED)

It SCRAPES the wall as it misses her by inches, SPARKS showering down.

It BOUNCES across a kerb and out onto the road, several cars SKIDDING to a halt to avoid it, leaving a chorus of angry HONKS in its wake.

Reiko scrambles to her feet, up and running to chase the van as it careens through heavy traffic. She quickly fumbles for her phone, bringing it to her ear:

REIKO
(into phone)
They're on the move! Heading east,
back towards the square!

HAROLD
(filtered; through phone)
Copy that, Reiko. C Squad are
moving to intercept.

Reiko keeps running as we CUT TO:

Back with Sofia as Skye and Delaney join her, the still-dumbstruck Sofia blinking helplessly at the sea of fans before her.

Skye looks to her left - a wall of PAPARAZZI are clamouring for her attention, FLASH BULBS still sparking continually.

SKYE
(nudges Sofia)
Do something, Sofes! They're
waiting!

Sofia remains still for a beat - before breaking out into a huge SMILE, waving back at the fans! A fresh CHEER rises from the masses as Sofia returns their admiration, and we CUT TO:

With Alana and Eva, as the growling Alana SLAMS the van through smaller cars all around.

EVA
I don't understand, the Slayers -

ALANA
It was Mallory! That Irish bitch
sold us out!

EVA
We don't know that! They -

ALANA

Wake up, Eva! She's been playing us
since day one! She must've led the
Slayers straight to the bombs!

Alana's eyes are on the road, so she misses Eva's expression
of - relief, perhaps?

ALANA (cont'd)

But don't worry. We've got a plan
'B' ready and waiting.

Eva looks back, concerned again as we CUT TO:

INT. ODEON - MAINTENANCE ROOM - NEXT

A dusty, dark service area within the cinema. Silence for a
beat - before something starts to CUT THROUGH the floor,
GRINDING against the concrete as it etches a circle.

EXT. ODEON - NEXT

Delaney presses a finger discretely to her ear as she follows
Skye and Sofia up the red carpet.

Sofia is now posing for photographs, signing autographs and
generally acting like an Oscar winner on awards night.

She glances over and catches Skye giving her an odd look. She
leans back from the crowd a little, lowering her voice:

SOFIA

What?

SKYE

No, nothing, I just... I never
realised all that stuff Lady Huang
was teaching you would actually pay
off.

SOFIA

Believe me, I'm running on
autopilot at the moment.

Sofia's back to all smiles again as a near-hysterical FANGIRL
gets her to lean in close for a picture on her mobile phone.

Delaney steps up to Skye, whispering something in her ear.
Skye nods, beckoning Sofia closer:

SKYE

B Squad got the bombs. Two hostiles
got away but they're in pursuit. C
Squad are after the ringleader. All
clear, as promised.

SOFIA

Thank God for that. Maybe tonight
won't be such a horror show after
all, eh?

She turns to WAVE at the crowd again, the girls almost at the
foyer doors as we CUT TO:

EXT. ODEON - REAR ENTRANCE - NEXT

Fran and Mela are waiting as Reiko jogs over to them, out of
breath.

REIKO

See anything?

FRAN

Nothing here. A few press snooping
round, but we got rid of them.

MELA

Did we get all the bombs?

Reiko glances down - Mela's carrying a bag full of
deactivated EXPLOSIVES, the same Luyu was planting earlier.

REIKO

We think so. Remind me to thank
Patty, like, a lot later.

FRAN

And our delectable hostiles?

REIKO

Still no sign of Mallory and the
other rogues, but C Squad are
chasing two of them back towards us
as we speak.

FRAN

(off cinema)

If anything else is gonna happen,
it'll be in there.

Reiko nods, the trio heading for the back door as we CUT TO:

INT. ODEON - MAINTENANCE AREA - NEXT

Where a person-sized HOLE has now been cut into the floor.
The room is still empty, the door ajar.

INT. ODEON - CORRIDOR - NEXT

Two STAFF walk by, carrying bags of POPCORN ready for the
foyer dispensers.

(CONTINUED)

They turn a corner, and moments later a 'Staff Only' door opens a touch - before Miya emerges from it, checking the coast is clear.

She steps out, motioning for Luyu and Mallory to follow, the trio making their way deeper into the cinema.

LUYU

Still no word from the others?

MIYA

No phone signal. All those TV crews out there aren't helping, and plus we're in the wrong part of the building to get reception. Walls are too thick, too much electrical interference.

Mallory looks around - and allows herself a quick, relieved GRIN while her back is turned.

LUYU

Come. We still have much to do.

She scampers off ahead, the other two following as we CUT TO:

Where Sofia, Skye and Delaney are taking their seats - prime seating real estate, right in the centre of the stalls.

All around, more people are filing in - media, guests, socialities and clusters of lucky fans.

SOFIA

(looking around)

This is a big screen.

SKYE

All the better to see you with.

SOFIA

How's everything going outside? I feel like a bit of a lemon sitting here when Reiko and the others are doing all the hard work.

DELANEY

It won't kill 'em to take point for once. Arguably, your job of sitting here and being seen is just as important.

SOFIA

Not to me, it isn't.

SKYE

Today isn't about you.
(off look; shrugs)
It's not. Sorry.

SOFIA

(sighs)
I know, I know... I just wish I
could do something other than sit
on my arse for the next few hours.

Skye looks to her right - a staff member waits with a
REFRESHMENTS TRAY before them.

SKYE

You could go get us some ice cream.
Delaney?

DELANEY

Oo, yeah, I'd go for that.

Sofia shoots her a look, but Skye just grins back. Sofia
rolls her eyes, rising and shuffling past as we CUT TO:

Traffic is still slow on the streets outside, but that
doesn't stop Alana's van SMASHING its way onto the car park,
SCRAPING past several vehicles on its way.

It SCREECHES to a halt by one of the cinema's side doors,
SECURITY GUARDS hurrying over.

The van doors open and Eva hops out, bracing herself to meet
the security:

Who are suddenly struck by CROSSBOW BOLTS, each one dropping
to the floor!

Eva whirls - Alana lowers her crossbow, already reloading as
she jogs past Eva and grabs her arm.

ALANA

Come on!

Alana KICKS a fire door open and drags her inside.

CLARISSA (O.S.)

This way!

Moments later, C SQUAD round the corner, heading for the
abandoned van and open doors.

Clarissa charges on ahead, Patty right behind her as Belle
rapidly speaks into her phone:

BELLE

They're on foot and inside the
cinema, we're in pursuit!

Tia has paused to look down on the bodies of the unfortunate security guards, but Belle gives her a nudge to keep moving.

She turns - Harold rounds the corner, noticeably more red-faced than the girls. He waves for Belle to carry on ahead, and as he arrives on scene, we CUT TO:

Luyu leads Miya and Mallory up an access staircase, reaching a door labelled 'Screen One Staff Access Only.'

LUYU

We are here.

MIYA

Mallory and I'll take out the
projectionist, Luyu, you hook up
the laptop and get ready to play
the video.

Luyu nods, slipping through the door. Miya goes to follow but Mallory holds her back.

MALLORY

'Video'? Did I miss something?

MIYA

Jem cooked it up for us. Got the
idea after watching that Tarantino
movie about the Nazis. A little
message for the people watching
about what's really going on. It'll
give them lots to talk about once
we shut the movie down.

MALLORY

Where the hell is Jem, anyway?

MIYA

(beat)

She's plan 'C'.

Miya heads through the door. Mallory hesitates - her expression tells us this isn't going how she'd like before we CUT TO:

Back with Sofia's trio, every single seat in the cinema now packed in tight. There's a level of hubbub and chatter.

31 CONTINUED:

31

Skye looks to Sofia, who lifts her hand as if to chew her nails, stops when she sees the manicure they've received and puts her hand back down with a HUFF.

Skye opens her mouth to speak - just as the house lights go down. There's another CHEER as the eager audience show their approval, and we CUT TO:

32 INT. ODEON - CORRIDOR - NEXT

32

C Squad hustle into frame on one of the cinema's long, plushly-carpeted corridors, doors leading to various numbered screens on both sides.

CLARISSA

Alright, we split into two. Patty, with me. Tia, Belle, you take the next level. Check every screen, even the empty ones. They're most likely going to hide out somewhere until the premiere's been rolling a few minutes.

TIA

How do you know that?

CLARISSA

To get the most attention, that's what I'd do.

BELLE

What about Harold?

CLARISSA

He's with security making sure we don't get hassled by the staff.

Clarissa breaks off, Patty following as Tia and Belle go the other way, and we CUT TO:

33 INT. ODEON - SECURITY BOOTH - NEXT

33

Harold enters to find Frankie already with two Odeon SECURITY GUARDS manning a bank of CCTV monitors.

HAROLD

Any sign of them?

FRANKIE

Non. They must know where the cameras are, we 'ave not seen a thing so far.

(CONTINUED)

HAROLD

We'd better just keep looking.
Everyone's inside for the premiere
now, so that at least keeps the
civilians out of the way.

FRANKIE

Or all in one place, ready for an
attack.

Frankie either doesn't notice or chooses to ignore the
concerned looks she gets from that, as we CUT TO:

INT. ODEON - STAFF ROOM - NEXT

BAM! The doors are kicked open as Alana barges in, startling
the handful of staff members inside.

STAFF

Hey! You can't just -

THWACK! Alana BACKHANDS him and sends him CRASHING into a
table, upending it and scattering the others.

Eva quickly shuts and LOCKS the door behind them as Alana
GRABS a staffer who tries to run, using their momentum to
HURL them face-first into a vending machine.

They bounce off it with a SMASH, landing stunned on the floor
as Alana hops up onto a chair.

ALANA

Anybody else want to try something?

The terrified staff back up, shaking their heads. Alana GRINS
wickedly.

EVA

Alana, we don't have time for this!

ALANA

Yeah, we do.

She reaches into her bag, rooting round for something.

EVA

What are we even doing in here?

Alana brings up another EXPLOSIVE DEVICE, her eyes falling on
the cowering staff.

ALANA

Insurance.

And as she hops off the chair, advancing on the staff
members, we CUT TO:

35

INT. ODEON - CORRIDOR - NEXT

35

Luyu's team are moving along a narrower backstage corridor now, the RUMBLE of sound from Screen One close by.

LUYU

The screen is just beyond this wall.

MIYA

(nods)

So we're almost there. You got what you need to -

FRAN (O.S.)

Hey!

The girls spin round - Fran and Mela have just turned a corner behind them!

FRAN (cont'd)

You know, this is the kind of thing they cancel your membership over.

MALLORY

Go! I'll hold them!

She SHOVES Miya, letting her and Luyu run on ahead. Fran and Mela start towards Mallory, waiting until the other two are out of sight...

... before slowing to stop just before Mallory.

FRAN

You alright?

MALLORY

I'm fine. Where's Reiko?

MELA

Sweeping back downstairs. The two rogues from the van are still loose. What's happening here?

MALLORY

They're going for the projectionist, they've got some kind of video they're gonna play once they crash the film.

MELA

We'll take care of it.

Mallory nods, starting back down the corridor.

(CONTINUED)

35

CONTINUED:

35

FRAN

Hey! Aren't you coming with? Where
are you going?

MALLORY

(over shoulder)
To find plan 'C'!

Fran frowns, puzzled, as we CUT TO:

36

INT. ODEON - SCREEN ONE - NEXT

36

Where the title sequence to 'Tale of the Slayer' is rolling - lush orchestral music plays as the camera sweeps low over verdant English countryside, cast names fading up and out over that.

SKYE

(to Delaney; whispers)
You heard of any of these people?

DELANEY

(shakes head)
I don't really watch movies. That's
your thing.

Delaney takes a look at Sofia, who is biting her lip nervously, eyes glued to the screen before we CUT TO:

37

INT. ODEON - FOYER - NEXT

37

Reiko emerges into the largely empty foyer, the crowd outside unable to see within thanks to the darkened glass doors.

There's a few staff behind the concessions counter, idly turning hotdogs and loading popcorn machines.

She nods to them as she passes, her razor-tipped fans tucked discretely out of view.

She hears a SHOUT from one side of the foyer, through a pass door leading to one set of screens, and rushes towards the source as we CUT TO:

38

INT. ODEON - SCREEN ONE - PROJECTIONIST BOOTH - NEXT

38

The small booth overlooking Screen One is home to the large, bulky PROJECTOR, basically a big blue box.

Next to that sits the PROJECTIONIST, PC running as he keeps one eye on the film playing outside.

The door to his office is FLUNG OPEN as Miya and Luyu burst in, the projectionist turning round:

WHAM! He's floored by one swift punch from Miya, who then nods to Luyu.

(CONTINUED)

Luyu takes a seat at his desk, SWEEPING his clutter away before taking a LAPTOP from her bag and starting to hook it up to the PC.

Miya drags a heavy CABINET full of spare parts across to block the door - just as Fran CHARGES into it!

FRAN O.S.)

Ow! Fricken... damn it!

Miya is knocked back from the impact but the door holds, Fran visible outside straining against it.

Outside, Fran puts her shoulder into it but can't budge the heavy cabinet.

MELA

Let me.

She raises her hand, BLUE ENERGY starting to form - but Fran pushes her hand back down.

FRAN

Too risky. You'll fry the projector and they'll still have won.

MELA

So what do we do?

Fran looks back at the door, mind racing as we CUT TO:

Reiko turns a corner and finds Clarissa and Patty, looking up ahead. She joins them:

REIKO

Hey! What's the -

Following their gaze, she sees the problem - Alana and Eva, each holding a petrified staff member, both of whom have active BOMBS strapped to their chests!

REIKO (cont'd)

(eyes bulge)

Holy crap!

CLARISSA

Yeah, we've run through all our expletives already.

ALANA

(noticing Reiko)

Alright, I'll repeat this for the benefit of the latecomers.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALANA (cont'd)
Stand aside and let my girls
upstairs do their thing...

She YANKS her whimpering hostage towards her, waving a hand
over the TICKING bomb duct taped to her uniform.

ALANA (cont'd)
... or we find out how good I
really am at making these things.

Reiko and Clarissa swap a worried glance, and from this stand
off, we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

41 INT. ODEON - CORRIDOR - DAY

41

Back on scene with Eva and Alana holding a bomb-rigged hostage each, facing off against Reiko, Clarissa and Patty.

REIKO

Let them go, Alana.

ALANA

(frowns)

How d'you know my...

(shakes head)

Never mind. She tell you my favourite Ben & Jerry's flavour too?

CLARISSA

We've got every exit covered. Even if you get past us, more are waiting. Nobody needs to get hurt.

ALANA

Oh, I disagree. I think several people at least need to get hurt before anybody out there in the great unwashed mass of humanity takes any notice!

The three Academy Slayers are inching forwards, Eva noticeably more twitchy than Alana.

EVA

Allie, come on... let's just get out of here.

ALANA

(off Slayers)

Not until they call off the dogs.

PATTY

What 'dogs'?

ALANA

The rest of your team, stupid. Whoever else you've got between my girls and our mission.

CLARISSA

This isn't a 'mission', Alana. That'd imply any of this had a purpose.

(CONTINUED)

41

CONTINUED:

41

ALANA

The hell do you know about
'purpose', princess?

Reiko risks a quick glance past the two rogues:

FURTHER BACK, Tia and Belle are creeping silently forward, using stray pieces of furniture and larger advertising standees as cover.

ALANA (cont'd)

Call your team off, right now, or
we all go boom and find out just
how much explosive I can pack into
one of these things.

She gives her hostage a quick SHAKE, his bomb BEEPING on cue as the terrified guy WHIMPERS. Reiko and Clarissa share a cautious look as we CUT TO:

42

INT. ODEON - SCREEN ONE - AUDITORIUM - NEXT

42

On the girls as something EXPLODES on screen with a terrifically loud BANG, several audience members visibly jumping in their seats.

Skye is happily munching POPCORN. She offers some to Delaney, who waves it away with a wrinkled nose.

DELANEY

(whispers)

That stuff smells like ass.

SKYE

(whispers)

Suit yourself. Sofes?

But Sofia is staring at the screen with rapt attention, seeing her own life in a whole new light through the camera's lens.

Skye registers this and grins, nudging Delaney to let her see it too. The girls exchange a sly look as we CUT TO:

43

INT. ODEON - SCREEN ONE - PROJECTIONIST BOOTH - NEXT

43

Miya stands guard by the door, sword in hand as she glances back round to Luyu - who is busy cueing up the home-made video ready to interrupt the film.

MIYA

Hurry it up, they're not going to
be kept at bay for long!

(CONTINUED)

LUYU
 (still working)
 I just need another minute to cue
 this up...

Miya turns to face her - and with her back to the wall, she doesn't notice a soft GLOW start to ripple across it.

MIYA
 Once you're done, we need to be on
 our way out of here the second you
 press 'Play'...

She keeps talking - as Mela and Fran literally PHASE right through the wall, Fran clinging grimly to Mela as the two finish emerging and step away from the bricks.

MIYA (cont'd)
 ... So we can rendezvous with the
 others and -

FRAN
 Ahem.

Miya boggles, spins round - WHACK! - and is floored by one powerful ELBOW from Fran.

Luyu leaps to her feet but Mela is already onto her, her first PUNCH met by a block before Luyu GRAPPLES her.

Fran goes to grab Miya but she SCISSOR-KICKS as she flips back up, sending Fran CRASHING sideways into a rack of equipment that clatters down around her.

Miya GRABS her and whips her round, SHOVING her back against the bulky projector. Fran's head CRACKS painfully off it.

MIYA
 Might have known you Slayers'd find
 a way in here eventually.

POW! She slugs Fran, keeping the stars spinning.

MIYA (cont'd)
 You're too late to stop us now.
 Once we hit that button, everybody
 down there gets to know the truth!

She SWINGS again but Fran recovers, SNAGS her fist and WRENCHES her arm round.

FRAN
 Nobody cares about the truth,
 moron...

She pulls Miya towards her, reverses position and bounces her head off the projector with a loud CLANG.

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED: (2)

43

FRAN (cont'd)
... that's why they're watching a
movie.

She yanks Miya back, ready for another slam, and as she
SHOVES her forward we CUT TO:

44 INT. ODEON - SCREEN ONE - AUDITORIUM - NEXT

44

Looking towards the huge SCREEN, showing four young girls
battling a creature modelled on the SONHO DEMON - as the
screen SKIPS for a beat.

ON SOFIA as she frowns, turning to the others. Skye offers a
puzzled shrug as we CUT TO:

45 INT. ODEON - SCREEN ONE - PROJECTIONIST BOOTH - NEXT

45

Fran lets the unconscious Miya drop from her grip, turning to
see Mela down Luyu with a flurry of fearsome CHOPS.

Luyu starts to rise, but Mela viciously STAMPS on her chest,
knocking Luyu down for the count.

Mela SNIFFS away a drip of blood from her nose, throwing her
hair back and catching the frown Fran is giving her.

MELA
What?

FRAN
(shakes it off)
Never mind...

She steps past and examines the laptop - a TIMER is running
on screen, the video ready to play behind it. Fran taps a few
buttons - no response.

FRAN (cont'd)
Aw, crap, she must've locked us out
when we barged in here!

Mela follows the cable from the laptop to the projector as
Fran keeps hitting different buttons.

MELA
Try the power. Get the battery out.

FRAN
Right, right.

Fran lifts the laptop and turns it over, staring at the
underside for a beat.

FRAN (cont'd)
Um...

(CONTINUED)

MELA
(rolls her eyes)
Give it here!

Fran gratefully passes it over, switching places as Mela starts trying to prise the laptop battery out.

MELA (cont'd)
Hmm...

FRAN
'Hmm' what?

MELA
It's stuck. Give me a second.

FRAN
We don't have a second, Mel!

She glances at the rapidly dwindling countdown, then to the cable attached to the projector.

FRAN (cont'd)
(sighs)
Ah, screw it. There'll be another showing.

She grabs the cable with both hands and YANKS it free!

46 INT. ODEON - SCREEN ONE - AUDITORIUM - NEXT

46

Again on the screen, now with an actress resembling Sofia swapping doe-eyed looks with an actor resembling Braeden.

The screen STUTTERS for an agonising beat - but then resumes. More MURMURS from the crowd, but as the film continues, we CUT TO:

47 INT. ODEON - CORRIDOR - NEXT

47

Eva and Alana have made it closer to the foyer doors now, still unaware of Tia and Belle behind them.

Reiko's phone BEEPS and she quickly flips it open - then GRINS smugly, turning back to the rogues.

REIKO
Hate to say I told you so, but we took care of your girls upstairs trying to stop the performance.

EVA
(narrows eyes)
You're lying.

(CONTINUED)

REIKO

(checks message again)
Something here about a laptop
hooked up to play a video you guys
made also getting neutralised?

CLARISSA

(sucks in her teeth)
Looks like today just isn't your
day, ladies.
(beat)
Take 'em.

ALANA

What -

She half-turns as Tia and Belle surge forward, but Alana is
quicker - she thumbs a FLASH GRENADE on her belt and yells:

ALANA (cont'd)

Cover your eyes!

She and Eva both clamp their eyes shut as the grenade
DETONATES, filling the corridor with a burst of blinding
white light:

And when it clears, the two hostages have been abandoned, Eva
and Alana already halfway across the foyer as Tia and Belle
rise, blinking through watering eyes.

REIKO

(also recovering)
Which way did they -

CLARISSA

C'mon!

She grabs Reiko's arm, hauling her along as she heads after
the fleeing rogues.

Patty skids to a halt over the two hostages, both squirming
to get away as the BOMBS on their chests continue to BEEP.

PATTY

Sit still...
(louder)
Stay still! I can't defuse this if
you're worming around like that!

TIA

(rubbing her eyes)
Can you deactivate them?

Patty's already at work, unfurling a TOOLKIT from a pouch on
her belt and hunching over the first bomb.

(CONTINUED)

PATTY

If they're the same design as those
others, yeah. No time to evacuate.
Give me some room.

Tia backs off as we CUT TO:

EXT. ODEON - CAR PARK - NEXT

Reiko and Clarissa burst out through the fire door - as Alana
REVERSES the van at speed away from them, BASHING into other
parked cars!

REIKO

The barrier!

Clarissa nods, racing across the parking lot towards the
SECURITY BOOTH at the exit.

Alana CRUNCHES gears as she tries to manoeuvre the bulky van
towards the exit first.

INT. VAN - NEXT

Alana CURSES as she clips another car, Eva watching
helplessly as Clarissa bounces into the security booth.

EVA

Come on! She'll get the barrier
down, and then we'll be -

Her door suddenly FLIES OPEN as Reiko tries to get in,
grabbing hold of Eva!

As she YELPS in surprise, Alana scoops her CROSSBOW from the
dashboard and FIRES, the bolt clipping Reiko's shoulder.

She drops away with a CRY of pain, and Alana reaches across
to SLAM and LOCK the door.

ALANA

Watch yourself! We can't afford any
more -

She glances outside - and her heart drops as the heavy
SECURITY BARRIER drops, closing off their way out.

Knuckles white against the wheel, she stares ahead, Eva
looking from Alana to the gate and back.

EVA

What... what are we...

Alana silently reaches for her phone, not taking her eyes off
the fallen barrier.

EVA (cont'd)
We can't... this can't be it! Come
on! We have to find something!

She starts rifling under her seat and in the footwells,
looking for another weapon to use as Alana puts her phone to
her ear, and we CUT TO:

A BLONDE WOMAN is walking away from us, listening to her
phone, when she hears:

MALLORY O.S.)
Hey!

She turns - it's Jem, watching as Mallory jogs into view. Jem
glances away, nods once and then hangs up the call.

JEM
Mallory.

MALLORY
It's over, Jem. Miya and Luyu are
in custody, and Eva and Alana are
cut off in the car park.

Jem just raises a wry eyebrow.

JEM
And what about me? Are you going to
hand me over to your Slayer
accomplices too?

MALLORY
(beat)
I don't have to.

JEM
Now I am interested. Go on...

MALLORY
Look, I never wanted... I
understand. I do. What you've all
been through, what you've had to do
to survive, you didn't -

JEM
Oh, we had a choice, alright. Just
like you do right now. Do you
apprehend me along with the
others...

She turns, looking over her shoulder towards the alley exit.

JEM (cont'd)
 ... or tell them you lost sight of
 me, and assuage your conscience at
 betraying us a little by helping me
 escape?

Mallory stares back at her, Jem only offering her
 infuriatingly benign smile as we CUT TO:

Eva is still frantically searching for something, anything to
 help when she opens the glove box - and freezes.

She turns slowly to Alana, who meets her gaze at last. Eva's
 lip starts to tremble, and she reaches out for Alana's hand.

INTERCUT WITH:

Outside, the van remains stationary as the Slayers close in,
 Tia tending to Reiko's injured shoulder as Harold takes
 point, calling out:

HAROLD
 Eva! Alana! Turn off the ignition
 and step out of the van, and we
 will not use force to take you in!

ON MALLORY, still sizing up Jem.

JEM
 Your choice, of course.

Mallory EXHALES slowly, then drops her head - and nods.

MALLORY
 Go.

JEM
 (grins)
 Good call. See you in another life,
 sister.

She turns and strides boldly away, an obviously conflicted
 Mallory's expression full of frustration.

ON JEM as she discretely removes something from her jacket -
 a small black BOX with an extendable aerial.

IN THE VAN, Alana falls into Eva's arms, letting out a loud
 SOB. Eva pulls her tight, her eyes falling back round to:

The final BOMB, nestled within the glove box and BEEPING
 loudly.

(CONTINUED)

ON JEM as she hits the single button on the box.

END INTERCUT:

KA-BOOM! The van EXPLODES, the shockwave knocking the encroaching Slayers flat!

The flaming shell of the van is launched several feet into the air, SLAMMING BACK down onto parked cars.

Every CAR ALARM on the lot goes off in a cacophony of HONKS, KLAXONS and WAILS, the burning wreck of the van settling as FLAMES lick across its ruined surface.

As the stunned Slayers pick themselves back up, Mallory skids into view from an alleyway nearby.

Her jaw drops as she takes in the devastation before her, the dawning horror of what she just allowed to happen sinking in as we DISSOLVE TO:

Mallory and Reiko sit facing Fitzgerald's desk, as Grace herself paces up and down, flicking wearily through a file.

FITZGERALD

Frankly, I'm amazed we managed to cover any of this up.

Reiko shifts, wincing as she pulls her bandaged shoulder.

REIKO

Well, um, miss, the cinema staff helped us a lot, especially after the whole, you know, bomb thing, and Miss Riley's cover story of the gas main explosion in the car park really helped to...

She trails off, withering under Fitzgerald's stare.

FITZGERALD

And what about you, Mallory? What do you have to say for yourself?

MALLORY

(quiet)
I'm sorry.

FITZGERALD

What was that?

MALLORY

(louder)

I'm sorry.

FITZGERALD

Damn right, you're sorry! I've got two rogues in custody, one at large and two dead, and the Council snapping at my heels for a full explanation!

She SIGHS, flopping into her chair and rubbing her weary temples.

FITZGERALD (cont'd)

I mean, we've got the silver lining of early reviews for the film being littered with glowing adjectives, but frankly after the positive press those god awful 'Twilight' movies got, I don't hold much faith in film critics any more.

MALLORY

I'll take full responsibility.

Fitzgerald looks up. Alarmed, Reiko shakes her head.

REIKO

No, no, I'm squad leader, it's my call who got to -

MALLORY

I didn't provide you with correct intel to base your decisions on, Reiko. I should have known about the video, and... and the last bomb. I let you down.

REIKO

(protests)

Miss Fitzgerald!

FITZGERALD

It's her decision, Reiko. Like I said, the Council are demanding an answer. I can't hold them off this time, much as I may want to.

(beat)

Mallory, I want you to think very carefully about this. If you choose to formally accept the blame for this...

MALLORY

I know. You'll have to bench me.

(CONTINUED)

FITZGERALD

At least.

(beat; softer)

Are you sure you want to do this?

MALLORY

Two girls are dead because of me.

I'm sure.

Fitzgerald nods gravely, and we DISSOLVE TO:

Sofia is brushing her hair in the mirror as Skye and Delaney enter. Sofia's ready for bed but the girls are still in their premiere dresses. And drunk. Very drunk.

SKYE

There she is! Woman of the, of
the... the hour! The day! The...
The friggin' year!

DELANEY

(belches)

Yep. That's her.

Skye FLOPS back onto her bed, sprawled out. Delaney crawls more gingerly up onto hers and lies down, pulling a pillow protectively over her head.

SOFIA

I take it you girls had fun at the
after party?

SKYE

(waves it away)

After party... pah! You know how
much booze it takes to get a Slayer
this wasted?

DELANEY

(muffled)

A lot.

SKYE

A lot. And as such, it was our
solemn duty to prove this
scientific fact by consuming as
much as possible.

DELANEY

(muffled)

I think I threw up on the girl that
played me.

SKYE

(laughs)

I spent half an hour talking to her
thinking she was you!

Rolling her eyes with a grin, Sofia gets into her own bed.

SOFIA

I'm glad you both had fun. I'd had
quite enough excitement for one
evening.

SKYE

We missed all the good stuff.

Delaney finally removes her pillow, blowing hair out of her
face.

DELANEY

We did?

SKYE

(nods)

Explosions, chases, fights - Mela
told me she walked through a wall,
all David Copperfield and
everything. Sounded awesome.

With a GROAN, Delaney replaces the pillow.

DELANEY

(muffled; flat)

Yay.

SOFIA

It was strange, though. Seeing my
life - our lives - up there, played
out by different people... I don't
know, it almost made it feel more
real. Does that make any sense? As
if having what we went through
absorbed into popular culture
somehow verifies, or justifies it.

(beat)

What do you two -

She turns - and they're both asleep. Skye SNORES softly.

SOFIA (cont'd)

And now you're talking to yourself,
Sofia. Time for bed.

She glances back at the sleeping girls, then turns on her
side and opens her bedside drawer.

(CONTINUED)

She rifles through and brings up a thick, leather bond book, leafing to near the back and opening a fold-over panel to reveal a clutch of PHOTOGRAPHS.

They're of Sofia and BRAEDEN, back in happier times. Sofia smiles fondly as she flicks through them, stopping on one where his arm is around her, kissing her head while she beams for the camera.

Sofia traces a finger along Braeden's face, suddenly finding TEARS in her eyes.

SOFIA (cont'd)

Good night.

She looks at the photo for another beat, then quickly wipes her eyes, packs them all away, replaces the book and settles down in bed. As she reaches over to turn out the light, we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF SHOW

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