

(Name of Show)

("Title of Episode")

by
(Name of First Writer)

(Based on, If Any)

Revisions by
(Names of Subsequent Writers,
in Order of Work Performed)

Current Revisions by
(Current Writer, date)

Name (of company, if applicable)
Address
Phone Number

WEBISODE

WOMAN (V.O.)
(American accent)
I have to ask - do you think this
world is new to us, Miss
Fitzgerald?

FADE IN:

1

INT. CAMPUS - CORRIDOR - DAY

1

GRACE FITZGERALD walks down the corridor alongside MADISON RILEY - forties, attractive with a dangerous edge. She smiles, at the moment, amused.

Behind the two follow GREG GILES, HAROLD FIELDING and the weathered EDMOND BRYDON, fifties.

MADISON
We've been covering PR for covens,
demons groups and all sorts of
supernatural societies for decades.

EDMOND
In fact, I believe we've helped
your Council out a number of times.
When certain... information needed
to be buried in a hurry.

Fitzgerald tosses a look to Greg.

FITZGERALD
I don't recall seeing your
company's name on any of the
official documents.

EDMOND
I believe our involvement was kept
secret, on both ends. The lion's
share of our clients are...

MADISON
Normal.
(off looks)
Compared to what goes on here,
anyway. So, looking over your
concerns here?

She looks at her Blackberry, moving through a few screens.

MADISON (cont'd)
For your more overt crises - public
assignments, mostly - Edmond will
be heading a small team to create
cover.

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED:

1

The group reaches a door; Edmond steps up and opens it, letting the rest enter.

2 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

2

Sitting at the ever-familiar table are SOFIA, SKYE, REIKO, C-squad leader CLARISSA AMAURY. All four sit at attention; they know this is important.

Madison looks over the girls as the rest sit at the table. She begins her pitch by handing out folders to each of those in attendance.

MADISON

Girls, a pleasure to meet you.
Madison Riley, of Riley, Kramer and Solis, a public relations firm that your Academy has hired to help keep that bastion of impartial coverage - the media - from whipping up the ever patient and understanding general public into a frenzied mob whose only desire is to tear you apart.

SKYE

(blinks)

Cheery.

Madison raises an eyebrow; Skye shrugs - fair comment.

MADISON

Underwood, Kimusume, Amaury. As prominent Squad leaders, you are the faces of this Academy.

Skye tosses a look at Clarissa, horrified at the thought. Madison notices and smiles, amused.

MADISON (cont'd)

Now, Skye, Ms. Amaury isn't detrimental to our purposes. In fact, as the daughter of action movie star Eric Amaury, she's already a paparazzi favourite.

CLARISSA

(dry)

Yay me. And here I was, almost forgetting who my dad was for a second.

MADISON

Please open your books.

The three leaders do so; the rest of the room follows suit.

(CONTINUED)

MADISON (cont'd)

Skye - A Squad are the best-known at the Academy, but you're also very important. I'm afraid your job just got harder, because we can't exactly erase the media coverage of you three.

Turning to a screen, Madison turns it on - to show the faces of Skye, Sofia and DELANEY, all named.

MADISON (cont'd)

We're looking to paint you three as the faces of redemption. Your... varied pasts have either become public or are on the verge of breaking, so we're finding a way to spin it as testament to your search for redemption.

SKYE

Now I'm starting to miss the good old days.

EDMOND

Aren't we all. In the past six months our firm has had to drop most of our more conventional clients. This 'outing' of yours has caused a lot of problems.

REIKO

It wasn't our fault!

EDMOND

Nonetheless, you're going to have to remember that we've got a full docket of clients, all of them demanding attention. You're not the only ones inconvenienced here.

Reiko pouts, sitting back. Edmond nods to Madison. She changes the screen, with now Reiko, FRAN, MELA and MALLORY's faces showing.

MADISON

Kimusume, the public loves you. Especially back in Japan.

Reiko gives a shallow nod, suddenly uncomfortable.

MADISON (cont'd)

We're using that. However, you've got to be careful with your teammates. We're trying to convince the world to accept Slayers;

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MADISON (cont'd)
with St. James and Haskins' very
unrestrained behaviour, the Right
has already condemned the Academy
as a liberal crime haven -

Greg COUGHS, Grace looks to Madison, worried.

FITZGERALD
Surely it can't be that bad?

MADISON
You never piss off the conservative
Right. They're merciless. I've
learned that a fair few times in my
career. Thankfully, Mr. Giles'
lifestyle has remained a mystery.

GREG
I'm sorry - my what?

MADISON
Don't pretend you don't know what I
mean, Greg. And don't act for a
second like the world is a happy
and understanding place full of
people skipping through fields and
singing 'Kum By Yah.'
(to Reiko)
Also, your new girl, Mallory. Grace
has apprised me of her history. I
want you to know that we've
controlled that knowledge.

REIKO
Um, thank you?

MADISON
However, she's a major liability if
any of her previous activities get
out. I suggest, as she's been
comfortable with before, giving her
a different public identity.
(important)
The Academy can have no connection
to a 'Mallory Spencer' - for your
or her sake. It's too easy to
connect the dots.

Reiko frowns, but doesn't object. Madison clicks again - C
Squad, made up of Clarissa, TIA, PATTY and BELLE.

MADISON (cont'd)
C Squad's troubles are few. These
girls are low-profile, except for
Amaury, who will have to be one of
our figureheads.

(CONTINUED)

Clarissa looks up from the folder, confused.

CLARISSA

'Scuse me?

MADISON

The public knows you. They wanted to see you in rehab for pill addiction, but this is good enough for them. Show them you're classy, warm and real, and you could be the key to public Slayer acceptance.

SKYE

(interject)

I'm sorry, but her? She's the one who holds the power here?

CLARISSA

(scowls)

Skirting around the sheer bitch factor of that comment, I agree. They've been calling me the next Lohan since, well, the last one went kaput. Why me?

Madison flicks the screen through a number of images - tabloid pages covering Clarissa's 'vacations', on-the-street photos, and 'who is she dating?' shots.

MADISON

Because you're beautiful, and you're famous, and in this culture, that's all that matters.

(to Skye, Grace)

I'm sure A Squad are a larger asset to the aims of the Academy, but you're all black holes of public sympathy.

(slow smile)

Except...

She turns to Sofia, who blinks, confused.

SOFIA

I... What?

(beat)

I worked for the enemy! I betrayed us! I...

(stops herself)

I did evil things, Ms. Riley. This makes no sense.

(CONTINUED)

MADISON

You're our heroine, Romero. This morning, I read four proposals for films based on your life. I've had over ten this week.

(beat)

We want to greenlight a movie about you. A, well, a propaganda film, showing the trials and tribulations of Buffy Summers' chosen successor.

Sofia's jaw drops. She turns her glance to Fitzgerald.

SKYE

Boss, this doesn't sound right to me.

SOFIA

They'll be out in the streets with pitchforks and torches!

REIKO

(gulps)

People still do that?

CLARISSA

Oh, quit overreacting, all of you. The amount of movies these days about sulky teenagers getting all breathless with desire over studly vampire boys, one more movie won't make much of a difference.

SOFIA

I'm sorry - 'studly vampire boys'?
I've never -

REIKO

Wait, will we all be in this movie?

Fitzgerald sits, deep in thought, as the girls continue to chatter. Madison faces her.

MADISON

(pushing it)

This is the smart thing, Grace. Get Romero and Amaury out there on talk shows, get people buzzing about casting news. It will normalise you.

Fitzgerald, slowly, nods.

FITZGERALD

Lets do it.

(CONTINUED)

Sofia is stricken; Skye tosses her a protective look.

SKYE

I don't like this.

FITZGERALD

None of us like this, Skye. We're all just going have to survive any way we can.

SKYE

And by 'survive,' you mean lie. Again. Overlooking the fact that some of us have already been doing that for years to protect the people we love.

Fitzgerald frowns - then the penny drops.

SKYE (cont'd)

Your parents... Skye, I hadn't -

Skye closes her folder and STORMS out, slamming the door. Fitzgerald watches her, unsure.

Madison places a piece of paper in front of Sofia.

SOFIA

What's this?

MADISON

Consent form. You'll get a piece of the action, as will the Academy in general.

(points)

Sign here.

Sofia stares down at the sheet of power, unhappy. She tosses a glance at Fitzgerald.

Fitzgerald nods, eyes fixed on Sofia, apologetic. Sofia SIGHS - then grabs a pen and SIGNS.

BLACK OUT:

END OF WEBISODE