

SLAYER ACADEMY

"EYES OF THE WORLD"

STARRING

EMILY BOOTH

EMILY BROWNING

RACHAEL LEIGH COOK

KYOKO FUKADA

PARIS HILTON

WITH

JACQUELINE MCKENZIE

BRADLEY COOPER

FAMKE JANSSEN

JESSY SCHRAM

MIA WASIKOWSKA

OLIVIA WILDE

AARON YOO

AND

MAGGIE CHEUNG

MICHELLE FORBES

GUEST STARRING

DAVID ANDERS as 'Hamish'

MELINDA CLARKE as 'Jilhandra'

TEASER

FADE IN:

1

INT. BAR - NIGHT

1

UP CLOSE on a TV SET as it plays a news report:

PRESENTER

(on screen)

... and now, live from the scene
of the accident is Joanne Malin.
Joanne, what can you tell us?

PULL BACK as the view on screen switches to a female REPORTER standing near the scene of a traffic accident. Police cordons hold back onlookers from the cluster of emergency services.

REPORTER

Thanks, Ted. I'm here at the A435
near Amesbury, where what started
out as a simple traffic incident
quickly escalated into something
much worse.

PULL BACK further to reveal the bar - smoky, dark and just the way its clientele like it. Given that they're all DEMONS.

REPORTER (cont'd)

Onlookers have reported seeing a
large, scaly ape-like creature
smash its way through a row of
cars stopped at traffic lights...

DEMON

Turn that crap off!

The BARTENDER turns to face the surly, fish-faced DEMON scowling his way through another beer.

BARTENDER

TV stays on, mate. House rules.

DEMON

Yeah, well, the house can kiss my
arse!

DEMONS (O.S.)

Keep it down!

The Demon shoots a filthy look over his shoulder, then reluctantly turns back to the TV.

(CONTINUED)

REPORTER

... only for a group of young girls to drag the survivors out of their cars, and then enter into a vicious hand-to-hand battle with the creature as it tried to escape.

The Demon SCOFFS loudly, addressing a rant to nobody in particular:

DEMON

Sodding Slayers... they're everywhere you look! The news, the papers, the internet... who gives two craps about what they're wearing this week?

BARTENDER

Alright, Ray, take it easy...

But RAY is in full swing now:

RAY

(louder)

You know what they've got now? Slayer cards! Birthdays, anniversaries, bloody... bloody pets, they've all got cards with the faces of those damn girls plastered all over them!

DEMONS (O.S.)

Will you shut him up?

The Bartender throws a sympathetic shrug to the disgruntled patrons - what can I do?

RAY

And I tell you, I tell you something else -

He raises his drink, sloshing it around as he gesticulates:

RAY (cont'd)

I'll bet you not one of those stuck up little bitches has the guts to come down here and say -

WHAP! A HAND snaps round Ray's wrist. He pauses, gapes, then follows the hand back to its owner:

SKYE

Who raises an eyebrow expectantly.

CONTINUED: (2)

SKYE

And say...?

Ray GROWLS and wrenches his hand free of hers, clumsily SWINGING the glass at her.

Skye easily dodges, swooping under his outstretched arm and quickly enveloping him in an armlock.

His glass drops and SHATTERS, drawing an angry shout from the Bartender:

BARTENDER

Oi! If you're gonna rough him up,
do it outside!

SKYE

I ain't gonna rough anybody up.
Isn't that right, Ray?

She DUTCH RUBS the top of Ray's head. He SPLUTTERS angrily, trying to get himself free.

SKYE (cont'd)

We're just going to stroll
outside, nice and quiet, and have
a little talk about adjusting his
attitude.

Skye walks a few paces away from the bar, Ray still snared in her grip, until:

A solid line of DEMONS blocks her way out. She narrows her eyes, sizing them up.

SKYE (cont'd)

I'm not looking for trouble.

DEMON #1

Your kind are always looking for
trouble.

DEMON #2

All we see, hear or read about
these days is how you killed
another one of us...

They start to advance on her, six of them now, slowly circling her. Skye retreats a few steps.

DEMON #3

... burned down some vamp nest...

DEMON #4

... took down that dragon over in
Aberystwyth...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

DEMON #5

... or how about that whole
apartment block full of vermilli
demons you handed over to the
bloody Americans?

Skye's eyes dart left and right, a battle plan quickly
drawn up in her head.

SKYE

Look, fellas, Ray and I here go
way back. I'm just gonna ask him
a few questions, then I'm gone.
Right, Ray?

RAY

Don't listen to her! She never -

Ray YELPS as Skye twists her grip a little - but the demons
are still approaching.

SKYE

Alright, final warning. I count
to three, and if you're not -

SMASH! A PINT GLASS impacts with the side of her head, and
Skye drops, releasing Ray as she falls.

The demons POUNCE as one, piling on top of her before she's
even hit the ground, FISTS and BOOTS flailing as they try
to get their hits in quick...

... until Skye BURSTS FREE of them, several demons
stumbling back and CRASHING into tables and chairs!

More drinks are spilt, more demons enter the fray as the
Bartender scurries into the back room.

Skye SNARLS, fists raised, and a quick SWEEP ROUND shows
she's now facing a DOZEN demons on all sides.

BLOOD drips down the side of her face from the cut she
received.

The scene holds for a beat - the demons are hunched, ready
to strike, Skye still building up her attack, until:

SKYE (cont'd)

Three!

And she CHARGES forward with a yell, TACKLING two demons
and sending them cartwheeling back through the air to land
with a CRASH, before we CUT TO:

2

EXT. BAR - LATER

2

Outside the bar now, with three unmarked POLICE CARS and an AMBULANCE on scene.

PLAIN-CLOTHES POLICEMEN are manhandling the demons into the backs of their cars, flashing blue lights bathing the scene. All the demons are sporting cuts and bruises.

Over by the ambulance, Skye presses a wad of bandage to her head wound as a female PARAMEDIC tends to a nasty gash along her forearm.

SKYE

Seriously, I'm fine.

PARAMEDIC

(sighs)

I know you'll be fine, Miss Underwood. This is the third time I've patched you up in as many weeks.

Skye reacts, squinting as she studies the paramedic's face.

SKYE

Wait, wait... Rebecca, right?

PARAMEDIC

Susan.

SKYE

Susan! Right. Course.

(beat)

Um... how're you doing?

The paramedic rolls her eyes and keeps working, leaving Skye to turn and watch the demons get hauled away. Ray in particular is making a real racket.

She spots a tall brunette, dressed in a severe power suit, surveying the mayhem with arms folded - and GROANS.

SKYE (cont'd)

Madison...

MADISON RILEY spots Skye and strides towards her, looking rightly pissed off.

MADISON

Dare I ask?

SKYE

They started it?

(CONTINUED)

MADISON

(sighs)

That's not the kind of answer I
was looking for.

SKYE

Sorry.

(beat)

They definitely started it.

MADISON

Skye...

SKYE

What? Look, I'm sorry, alright? I
just went in there to - ow!

Skye WINCES as the paramedic extracts a shard of GLASS from
her arm.

MADISON

Whatever you went in there for,
it doesn't matter. We just about
managed to keep this out of the
news, and the SSU boys behind me
will keep your latest set of
playthings out of general
population.

Skye glances towards the policemen as they stuff the last
of the protesting demons into their cars.

SKYE

So what happens now?

MADISON

Now? You let Susan here finish
cleaning you up.

(to Paramedic)

Hello again.

She nods back in response.

MADISON (cont'd)

And then, young lady, you get to
explain yourself to Grace. And I
hope you have a better excuse by
then.

Madison turns on her heel and stalks away, Skye slumping in
defeat before we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

3 EXT. CAMPUS - FRONT ENTRANCE - DAY

3

Rolling slowly towards the tall front security gates at the top of the long, curved driveway that leads to the Academy entrance.

As the gates start to swing open, CAMERAS peering down as we PUSH FORWARD, a voiceover begins:

FITZGERALD (V.O.)
I think the one thing that's
surprised me most in all this is
how little has actually changed.

CONTINUE down the drive - to our right, the TENNIS COURTS have a few SLAYERS playing in them.

FITZGERALD (V.O.) (cont'd)
Life finds a way, I suppose. No
matter how much the outside world
tries to change us...

A squad of jogging Slayers passes as we continue towards the main entrance - the staff car park is full as always.

FITZGERALD (V.O.) (cont'd)
... we stick stubbornly to our
guns, put our heads down and keep
doing what we've always done.

As we approach the front entrance, more activity visible within, the camera suddenly LAUNCHES up into the air, rising up above the roof (and Skye's favourite haunt).

FITZGERALD (V.O.) (cont'd)
It's only when you fool yourself
into thinking nothing's actually
wrong that it catches you out.

We fly over the entrance and carry on over:

4 EXT. CAMPUS - QUADRANGLE - CONTINUOUS

4

To hover above the main square of the campus, two floors of corridors on either side with the Assembly Hall beneath.

But it's dead. Silent. Not a soul is moving.

FITZGERALD (V.O.)
You realise just how few of them
are left now.

CUT TO:

5 INT. CAMPUS - CORRIDOR - NEXT

5

Moving along a corridor now, peering in at the various CLASSROOMS along the way:

Here, a class of Slayers are taking a lesson on demon biology; next, two students practice a low-level spell.

What's noticeable is how few students are in each class.

FITZGERALD (V.O.)
Did I tell you how we think
there's less than two hundred
Slayers in the whole world now?

CUT TO:

6 INT. CAMPUS - LIBRARY - NEXT

6

It's the same story over in the library - plenty of empty seats and only a handful of students leafing through books and papers.

FRANKIE stands at the top of the first-floor staircase, surveying her domain below. She SIGHS.

FITZGERALD (V.O.)
Nobody's talking about it.
Everybody knows - we can see it,
it's not exactly a secret to
anyone - but still... nobody's
talking about it.

CUT TO:

7 INT. CAMPUS - DORMS - NEXT

7

Now we pass a dorm room, where inside a squad of Slayers are watching a news report - the same one playing in the bar previously.

FITZGERALD (V.O.)
In a way, all the extra attention
we're getting now makes dealing
with the emptiness that bit
easier. The girls feel more...
connected to what's out there.

As the report flashes up some blurry video footage of several SLAYERS taking on the demon, the girls CHEER - they've just recognised themselves.

CUT TO:

8 INT. CAMPUS - GYM - NEXT

8

Over in the gymnasium, where HAROLD is putting C SQUAD (BELLE, PATTY, CLARISSA and TIA) through their paces.

They're the only girls in the whole room - and they seem very small as a result.

FITZGERALD (V.O.)
Some of the girls are taking it
in their stride, ploughing into
their work and training like
nothing was wrong...

CUT TO:

9 EXT. CAMPUS - PAVILION/FIELDS - NEXT

9

While out on the pavilion overlooking the playing fields at the back of the campus, DELANEY stares morosely out across the nearly empty grass before her.

A few handfuls of Slayers and Watchers can be seen, jogging or training.

FITZGERALD (V.O.)
... some seem to be feeling the
pinch more than most.

CUT TO:

10 INT. CAMPUS - STAFF ROOM CORRIDOR - NEXT

10

Heading towards the door to the staff room, RAISED VOICES audible as we approach.

AMELIE, fresh-faced and blonde as ever, stands guard outside, trying not to listen to the argument within.

FITZGERALD (V.O.)
And some are just as big a
headache as they've always been.

CUT TO:

11 INT. CAMPUS - STAFF ROOM - NEXT

11

Right into the middle of a heated exchange between Madison, her colleague EDMOND, Skye and a visibly pissed off FITZGERALD.

FITZGERALD
How could you be so... so...
careless?

(CONTINUED)

SKYE

Hey, I was plenty careful!
(off looks)
All I broke was that one glass.
And that was because some dude
threw it at my head.

Grace throws up her hands in despair. Edmond steps forward.

EDMOND

What Miss Fitzgerald is trying to
say is that perhaps your...
behaviour in public needs to
be... moderated. Slightly.

SKYE

'Moderated' how?

FITZGERALD

Would you blame me if I said I'd
considered putting you on a
leash?

MADISON

Grace. Please.

FITZGERALD

Don't 'Grace, please' me - she's
becoming a bigger bloody
liability to this place than
Victory and Jendayi!

A beat of silence. Fitzgerald winces, knowing she maybe
stepped too far with that remark.

FITZGERALD (cont'd)

Skye, I didn't...

SKYE

(waves it away)
You're pissed. I get it. We say
things we don't mean all the
time.
(beat)
Right?

Fitzgerald heads for a chair and flops into it, rubbing her
weary eyes.

FITZGERALD

I'm just having trouble
understanding why you seem hell
bent on sabotaging what little
good reputation the Academy has
in the eyes of the public.

(CONTINUED)

MADISON

Concerns are being raised about
your conduct, Skye.

SKYE

How many times? They started it!

EDMOND

Only in defence, because you
thought you could march into a
crowded demon bar and manhandle a
client out again without anybody
taking issue with it?

SKYE

How a bunch of low-rent alcoholic
demons 'take issue' with what I
do ain't up to me.

MADISON

(stern)

Perhaps in future, you'd better -

Her phone RINGS. She glances at Edmond, then steps to one
side to answer it.

SKYE

So... what? Am I benched or can I
get back to work?

FITZGERALD

(wearily)

Go. I'll decide what to do about
you later.

Skye nods, heading for the exit. As she leaves, Grace adds:

FITZGERALD (cont'd)

But don't go off campus!

The door shuts, and Fitzgerald sags back in her chair.

FITZGERALD (cont'd)

What am I going to do about her?
Ever since London, she's been -

MADISON

Grace.

Fitzgerald turns to face her - and registers the dark look
Madison is now sporting as she lowers her phone.

MADISON (cont'd)

We have a problem.

From her concerned expression, we CUT TO:

12 INT. CAMPUS - CLASSROOM - NEXT

12

In another part of the campus, KIRA presides at the head of a larger, emptier room. Desks and chairs have been pushed to either side, curtains drawn across the windows.

KIRA

Now. Let's try that again.

PULL BACK to pick up the 'students' facing her - GREG, MELA and two more SLAYERS - with LADY AREUM HUANG seated elegantly at the back of the room.

As one, the students trace a slow circle in the air with one finger, then lightly trace a symbol on the palm of their other hand.

A halo of LIGHT quickly blazes before Mela - but nobody else. Kira raises an eyebrow.

KIRA (cont'd)

Really, Greg?

GREG

This one's difficult!

KIRA

So difficult, in fact, that a ninety pound nineteen-year-old has picked it up quicker than you.

MELA blushes, awkward at the praise.

MELA

(whispers; to Greg)

Just try to focus on -

HUANG

Mela.

Mela turns - Huang just shakes her head.

MELA

Sorry...

Kira glances at her watch.

KIRA

Right, then. It's half past tea o'clock. Time for a break, I think. We'll reconvene in twenty minutes and have another go at that one. Hopefully this time I'll be able to cancel my pre-order of those copies of 'Magic For Dummies.'

(CONTINUED)

Mela and the other two girls quickly file out of the classroom. Huang rises from her seat and approaches them.

HUANG

You do not need to be so hard on your students, Kira.

KIRA

'Hard'? I'm practically stapling training wheels to their shins as it is!

GREG

Clearly, we have different definitions of the word.

KIRA

Oh, stop it. The *helo lucis* spell is something toddlers learn, right after saying 'da da' and soiling themselves in public.

Kira hesitates, registering the looks Greg and Huang are giving her.

KIRA (cont'd)

What?

HUANG

(amused; to Greg)

Perhaps we should get ourselves some tea.

GREG

Yes, perhaps we should.

He crooks his arm and offers it to her - she snakes hers through and the duo head for the door.

KIRA

Right! Well. I suppose I'll just stay here, then. Quietly despairing at the lack of progress.

GREG

Have fun with that.

KIRA

(as they exit)

See if they have biscuits!

CUT TO:

13 EXT. CAMPUS - CORRIDOR - NEXT

13

Mela is chatting to the other two girls when she senses something and looks round:

Delaney is watching them all from the far end of the corridor, earphones in and bag over her shoulder.

Mela offers a friendly smile and a wave - but Delaney's sullen expression holds as she turns and marches off.

Mela lets out a breath, disheartened - until a pair of HANDS reach round to cover her eyes!

VOICE

Guess who?

MELA

(smiles)

King Louis the Sixteenth.

The hands drop - and FRAN steps into view, smirking.

FRAN

Bonjour, ma cherie.

She theatrically kisses Mela's hand. Mela chuckles - then pulls Fran in for a quick KISS.

FRAN (cont'd)

Done with Glinda yet?

MELA

She was the good witch. You mean Elphaba.

FRAN

Yeah, her. So?

MELA

Not yet. I think we've got another hour to go. Depends on what kind of mood she's in. Last week we were in there twenty minutes before she lost her temper and kicked us all out.

FRAN

Some 'coven' she's setting up if she can't even run a class properly, huh?

MELA

She's doing a lot better than you'd think. You know, given she used to be all -

(CONTINUED)

KIRA (O.S.)

All what?

Mela JUMPS, the girls turning to find Kira stood behind them. She raps her fingers against her arm, waiting.

MELA

(gulps)

Um, well... I just meant - I- I mean, I didn't -

FRAN

Do you mind? We were having a moment.

Fran turns Mela towards her, KISSES her again.

FRAN (cont'd)

I'll see you later.

With a sharp glance at Kira, Fran heads off. Mela watches her go, Kira stepping beside her.

KIRA

Either that girl's going the right way towards the receiving end of a level eight fireball spell...

Mela's eyes bulge and she spins to face Kira:

KIRA (cont'd)

... or I'm starting to like her.

(nods towards classroom)

Come on. You don't need twenty minutes to recharge like the others do, and Areum's gone off for another of her sessions with Sofia. May as well make use of the place now she's gone.

With a last look towards the departing Fran, Mela follows Kira back inside before we CUT TO:

Over on the other side of the quadrangle and up on the first floor, where Fran can be seen below exiting a doorway and walking across the square.

REIKO (O.S.)

I'm telling you, it isn't right.

PULL BACK to find REIKO watching her, with DADE alongside.

DADE

What's not 'right' about it? They
like each other.

REIKO

Yeah, and that's the problem!

DADE

You're not still on this 'bad for
the team' thing, are you?

They step away from the glass wall and head back down the
corridor.

REIKO

It's a potential complication in
the field. Feelings like that get
in the way of good judgement.

DADE

You're starting to sound like my
mom.

REIKO

I wouldn't know.

(off look)

You think she's been spending
time with me when she's not with
Sofia? Please. It's either Sofia,
Kira or she's asleep. There is no
fourth setting.

DADE

Yeah, well...

(beat)

I have no pithy comeback to that.

They're approaching the back doors that lead into the
library.

DADE (cont'd)

But this Mela/Fran thing - stop
obsessing over it. You've got a
classic hothead/cool hand
relationship there, they'll take
care of each other in a fight.

REIKO

And everyone else? What if Fran
abandons the plan mid-punch to
save Mela? Or vice versa?

DADE

Then you deal with it, team
leader.

(CONTINUED)

REIKO

(pouts)

I don't wanna be in charge any more.

DADE

(grins)

Sure you do. What's the alternative? You could end up -

FRANKIE (O.S.)

(stern)

Dade!

Dade looks up - a severe Frankie is waiting by the open doors.

FRANKIE (cont'd)

You were meant to be on duty thirty minutes ago! *Allons-y!*

She steps back inside. Dade exhales, turning to Reiko.

DADE

I was about to say 'you could end up like me.' Whipping boy to the gravity well of bitchness in there.

Reiko smirks, patting him on the head. Dade is not amused.

REIKO

See you later, little not-bro.

DADE

You too, big not-sis.

They go their separate ways before we CUT TO:

Skye is sitting on her bed, earphones in, as she leafs through a thick wad of PHOTOGRAPHS.

ANGLE ON the pictures as she flips through them - they're of the girls in happier times, with ERIKA a prominent feature as they smile and mug for the camera.

The photos are suddenly YANKED aside - to reveal MALLORY, quite obviously the bearer of bad news.

She starts to speak, but Skye holds up a hand, popping out the earphones to a burst of tinny music.

SKYE

What, you don't knock?

MALLORY

I've been knocking.

SKYE

Guess my hearing's not what it used to be.

(off photos)

You wanna give those back?

MALLORY

Depends. You may not want to sit here on your lonesome reminiscing when you hear this.

SKYE

(rolls eyes)

What's wrong now? Did 'Heat' run another feature on Sofia and she think her ass looks big again? Did Reiko start crying about the photo they used for that Teen Vogue cover? Has Mela been reading that crazy guy's blog? I told her, he can't possibly know what she wears to -

MALLORY

(sharp)

Skye!

(beat; off look)

Sorry.

Skye HUFFS, impatient.

SKYE

Spit it out!

MALLORY

(sighs)

You're being sued.

ON SKYE as this sinks in. Well, maybe not 'sinks in.' But it gets a reaction:

SKYE

Crap.

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

16

EXT. CAMPUS - LAKE - DAY

16

Further out on the grounds, where the small LAKE lined by trees sits, shimmering in the midday sun.

FITZGERALD (V.O.)
 You'd be proud of Sofia now.
 She's come a long way from the
 scared little girl who showed up
 after her time in Tibet.

In the middle of the lake sits a small BOAT, and standing with her feet braced against its side is SOFIA.

FITZGERALD (V.O.) (cont'd)
 She's found a new path for
 herself now. Although only she
 seems to know what it is.

Eyes closed, hands by her side, the breeze wafts through her long, dark hair. She's dressed in simple white robes.

HUANG (O.S.)
 (distant)
 Visualise the centre of your
 being.

Sofia frowns, opening one eye and squinting at Lady Huang, who stands on the nearby shoreline.

SOFIA
 And how does one do that,
 exactly?

HUANG
 Draw your focus inward. Let your
 body concentrate on where its
 power - its soul - resides.

SOFIA
 (beat)
 I'm just going to take a deep
 breath and hope for the best, is
 that alright?

Sofia INHALES deeply, then slowly raises her arms. The boat JITTERS as she tries to maintain her balance.

SOFIA (cont'd)
 Now what?

HUANG
 Now stay perfectly still.

(CONTINUED)

SOFIA
For how long?

HUANG
Until I tell you otherwise.

ON SOFIA as she keeps her composure, little shivers rippling across her as she keeps her muscles taut.

After several long moments, she frowns again, opening her eyes and peeking round:

To see Huang settled down in a deckchair, reading a paperback!

SOFIA
Hey!

She turns - promptly losing her balance, the boat TIPPING OVER and depositing her into the shallow water with a SPLASH.

She SPLUTTERS, getting to her feet - the water is only waist deep.

SOFIA (cont'd)
(peeved)
I'm sorry, am I keeping you from something?

HUANG
(off book)
Yes, it seems young Bella is attracting far more attention from the boys at her school than she would be comfortable with.

Huang manages to hide a grin, amused by Sofia as she stomps back towards the shore.

Sofia pulls herself out of the mud with a SQUELCH, her sodden form plodding past the seated Huang.

SOFIA
Bella and Edward go to the prom in the end, and even though she asks he won't turn her into a vampire.

Huang lays the book down, fixing Sofia with a raised eyebrow. Sofia SAGS, the moment of rebellion soon passed.

SOFIA (cont'd)
Look, I'm sorry, but I don't understand what it is you're trying to teach me!
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SOFIA (cont'd)

We've been at this for over two months now, and I don't feel like I've learned a single thing!

HUANG

What I am teaching you cannot be learned in a matter of months.

SOFIA

Then give me something! Can I at least get a 'wax on, wax off' for my troubles?

(off look)

Right, of course. I forgot you've never heard of the twentieth century.

Sofia flaps her sleeves, dripping wet all over. She pouts miserably.

HUANG

All of this will make sense in time, Sofia. You must learn to trust me.

SOFIA

No offence, but I don't really know you all that well. You've shown an unnerving amount of interest in me since I arrived and you've yet to even hint at why that is.

HUANG

Because it is not yet the time.

SOFIA

Well, when will it be -

DADE (O.S.)

Uh, guys?

They turn - Dade is cautiously approaching. Sofia quickly checks her robes to make sure they're not transparent.

DADE (cont'd)

Relax. I can't see anything.

SOFIA

I wasn't -

DADE

Yes, you were. These are trained eyes of mine.

(CONTINUED)

SOFIA

Can you blame me? You do have something of a reputation around here.

DADE

(blinks)

I do?

HUANG

What can we help you with, Dade?

DADE

Oh, uh, there's a staff meeting. A and B Squads are needed too. Sorry, Sofes.

SOFIA

Can you at least hand me a towel?

Dade looks round - no towel. Sofia HUFFS loudly.

SOFIA (cont'd)

Never mind.

She heads off, footsteps SQUELCHING all the way, leaving Dade and Huang to share an awkward silence.

HUANG

How have you been?

DADE

(shrugs)

Fine.

HUANG

How is Francoise treating you in the library?

DADE

Alright, I guess.

Huang frowns, sensing the tension between them.

HUANG

Dade, I -

DADE

(blurts)

I just don't get why you're spending so much time with her, is all.

HUANG

Is that why you are behaving this way?

(CONTINUED)

DADE

What way?

HUANG

As though we are strangers.

DADE

We are strangers.

HUANG

I am your mother, Dade. I am hardly a stranger to you.

DADE

Then how come this is the most you've said to me since you came back to the Academy with us?

Huang starts to reply, but Dade holds up a hand.

DADE (cont'd)

Forget it.

He turns and walks away, calling back:

DADE (cont'd)

Don't be late. Seemed like an important meeting.

And he's gone, leaving Huang to her thoughts as we CUT TO:

INT. CAMPUS - BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

Her hair still wet as she dries inside her ears with a towel, Sofia pushes open the door to the briefing room:

And sees the room is packed. A and B Squads are present, as are most of the faculty including MANU.

Fitzgerald is at the head of the room, talking to Madison and Edmond. Sofia spots Skye and heads for the empty seat next to her.

SOFIA

What's going on?

Skye's dark look offers no explanation. Sofia frowns, puzzled, as Fitzgerald calls out:

FITZGERALD

Alright, is that everyone?

Kira glances towards the door as Huang slips inside and takes a seat. Grace nods to Madison, who steps forward.

(CONTINUED)

MADISON

Thank you all for coming so promptly. I'm afraid we have a major situation on our hands here, and we need you all to be fully briefed on the situation.

REIKO

What's going on?

Mallory glances at Skye - who still doesn't react.

MADISON

Last night, Skye got herself into an altercation with several demons at a bar they frequent, the Toreador.

Skye EXHALES loudly, clearly uncomfortable.

MADISON (cont'd)

We moved quickly and implemented our usual plans - made sure officers from the SSU rather than the standard police were on hand to deal with the demons, then put one of our cover stories to the press to keep specifics of the incident quiet.

EDMOND

However...

He steps forward, all eyes in the room taking their turn to glance towards Skye.

EDMOND (cont'd)

It seems that one of the demons involved has acquired himself professional representation... and he plans to sue the Academy.

There's an eruption of surprised and outraged cries from the assembled room.

FITZGERALD

Alright, alright! That's enough!

GREG

Who's representing them?

FRANKIE

Oui, 'ho in their right mind would choose to defend a demon?

(CONTINUED)

FITZGERALD

We have reason to believe that the London branch of Wolfram and Hart is behind the suit.

KIRA

Didn't they get taken out of play in that scrap over in Los Angeles the other year?

FITZGERALD

Yes and no. The main branch was destroyed, but several of the smaller cells have begun to operate independently, using new names and corporate identities.

Skye shrinks lower in her seat, unable to shake off the gazes boring into her.

EDMOND

We think the demon is attempting to establish a legal precedent by successfully suing a Slayer for bodily harm and property damage.

MADISON

Needless to say, if they're successful in this action we'll have a whole world of fresh trouble on our hands. We'll be barraged by claims from all over the world.

SOFIA

So what are we going to do about it?

(off looks)

Pardon me for saying it, but isn't the point of this meeting to come up with a solution?

DELANEY

Can't we just take this demon out?

MADISON

Too risky. He's making himself visible on purpose. He can't go public for obvious reasons, but he can make enough noise to cause us a lot of trouble nonetheless.

SKYE

I can't go public! Did you just forget that?

(CONTINUED)

FITZGERALD

Skye?

SKYE

(beat; reluctant)

My parents still think I'm dead.
I've kept myself off the radar
despite everything so far, but if
this gets out...

GREG

She's got a point. This isn't the
kind of attention we want on
ourselves.

SOFIA

(sighs)

I remember when being a Slayer
meant you were encouraged to hit
the bad guys...

HAROLD

So what's our plan?

FITZGERALD

That's what we're going to be
brainstorming. Squads, consider
yourselves briefed and dismissed.

The girls rise from their seats, heading towards the exit
as Grace adds:

FITZGERALD (cont'd)

This is strictly need to know.
You're the most senior Slayers on
campus so you need to be in the
loop, but keep this information
out of general circulation.

FRAN

In case you haven't noticed,
there isn't exactly a lot of
people to tell.

Grace shoots her a dark look, Fran raising her hands in
surrender as she files out with the others.

Kira stretches in her seat as the door closes, the various
faculty members moving closer together.

KIRA

Well, now! This should be an
interesting meeting.

GREG

You're actually enjoying this,
aren't you?

(CONTINUED)

KIRA

I like a challenge, Gregory.

MANU

The difference is, with this challenge we all stand to face time in prison if we fail.

KIRA

Pfft. We've managed this long without anything major happening. I'm sure we can deal with some piddly little demon upstart and his suit-wearing legal allies.

FITZGERALD

(serious)

The rules have changed, Kira.

Her tone gets Kira's attention. Fitzgerald turns to address the whole room.

FITZGERALD (cont'd)

If we can't deal with this situation...

She lets it hang. Grim looks all round as we CUT TO:

EXT. AFRICAN PLAINS - DAY

Down low, swooping at high speed across miles of open savannah, scorched by the harsh sun and dusty winds.

A STONE STRUCTURE is visible up ahead, roughly one storey high and surrounded by vegetation and tall, wiry trees.

Slowing down as we approach the structure itself, focusing on a DOORWAY carved into one side before we CUT TO:

INT. TUNNEL - NEXT

PUSH DOWN a long, narrow tunnel angled downwards, a speck of LIGHT visible up ahead.

Catching gradually up to the light, it suddenly BRIGHTENS as it enters a new area:

INT. CIRCULAR CHAMBER - NEXT

And we're inside a high-ceiling, dome-shaped room, a single FIGURE standing at the entrance to the tunnel. Their features are hidden beneath goggles and a bandana.

They're holding a sizzling FLARE aloft to illuminate the room, highlighting its contents:

(CONTINUED)

A PEDESTAL sits in the middle of the chamber, MARKINGS and CARVINGS etched into the stone slabs comprising the floor and walls all around.

The figure descends a few steps into the chamber proper, approaching the pedestal. It's thick with DUST which they sweep away, revealing more markings.

VOICE (O.S.)

You're a hard man to track down.

The figure whips round, bringing up one fist - which CRACKLES with magical energy!

A second FIGURE slinks out of the shadows and into sight - tall and slim, with long auburn hair falling past their shoulders.

JILHANDRA offers a wry smile as she approaches the first figure, spreading her hands to show she comes in peace.

JILHANDRA

After all, this isn't the kind of place I'd expect a man of your resources to come sniffing around.

The figure slowly lowers their fist, dispelling the energy. They reach for the bandana and pull it down, pushing the goggles up next to reveal:

HAMISH

Who doesn't look at all happy to see his old accomplice.

HAMISH

What do you want?

JILHANDRA

Can't I drop by? Say hello? It's not like I can find you on Facebook these days.

HAMISH

I'm a 'hard man to find' for a reason, Rebecca.

JILHANDRA

(scowls)

Don't call me that.

HAMISH

(grins)

Glad to see you haven't lost your sense of humour.

She steps past him, examining the markings on the pedestal.

(CONTINUED)

JILHANDRA

So what's a warlock like yourself
doing slumming around inside an
old Slayer training temple?

HAMISH

Looking for something. Someone.

JILHANDRA

And you think you'll find it
here?

HAMISH

Here's as good as anywhere.

Jilhandra straightens, fixing him with a stare.

JILHANDRA

Come on, Hamish. We both know
you've been scrabbling for table
scraps of information the last
year. You're no closer to finding
Victory now than you've ever
been.

HAMISH

Goodbye, Jilhandra.

He starts to leave, pausing as she calls out:

JILHANDRA

I can help.

He turns to face her. She grins, shrugging nonchalantly.

JILHANDRA (cont'd)

If you want my help, that is.

HAMISH

The catch?

JILHANDRA

No catch.

HAMISH

(beat)

As I said - goodbye.

JILHANDRA

(as he turns away)

All I'd ask is that you join the
coven. My coven.

Hamish slowly turns back to face her.

(CONTINUED)

HAMISH

It's never been 'your' coven,
Becky.

JILHANDRA

It is now. And we're gathering
momentum. You know what's coming.
Thanks to Huang and her visions,
we all do.

HAMISH

I prefer to find my own way.

JILHANDRA

You really think you'll find
Victory on your own? Let alone
bypass whatever the Slayers did
to her so you can get your hands
on the Slayer's power?

HAMISH

I've got a few options left to
play yet. And besides, why should
I trust you?

JILHANDRA

Because you've gotten nowhere
fast so far. And you don't have
anyone else.

HAMISH

(smirks)
Not entirely true.

He pushes his bandana and goggles back into position.

HAMISH (cont'd)

See ye around.

He climbs back up the steps to the exit, leaving Jilhandra
to watch him depart as we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

21 INT. CAMPUS - STAFF ROOM - NIGHT

21

The staff room holds several faculty members, the PR team of Madison and Edmond and a few new faces - LAWYERS, given the documents and files spread around them.

Madison and one lawyer are scribbling on a whiteboard as suggestions and comments are thrown around.

FITZGERALD (V.O.)

One thing I'll say about Madison and Edmond - they know their stuff. This situation with the demon's law suit wasn't a few hours old before they had a team of lawyers on campus to help us brainstorm some solutions.

The discussion is a heated one - angry gestures and raised voices all round.

FITZGERALD (V.O.) (cont'd)

She's quite blunt with her opinions as well, which can lead to some high grade head-butting, especially with people like Kira. I keep telling myself that it's all in the best interests of the Academy, but sometimes...

Madison turns to Fitzgerald, exchanges a few tense sentences, then turns and draws a very definite line through something on the whiteboard.

Fitzgerald throws up her hands as Madison caps the pen and steps back, arms folded - you think of something!

FITZGERALD (V.O.) (cont'd)

Sometimes I wonder if she's just making this all up as she goes along.

Fitzgerald steps up to the board, taking the pen and shooting Madison a filthy look as we CUT TO:

22 INT. CAMPUS - DORMS - NEXT

22

Over in the A Squad dorms, as Sofia dries her still damp training robes with a hair dryer.

She glances across at Delaney, curled up around a thick book over on her bed.

(CONTINUED)

Sofia approaches, peering over to see what the book is.
Delaney turns a little, registering her presence.

DELANEY
You wouldn't like it.

SOFIA
Is it more interesting than
talking to me?

DELANEY
Right now, yeah.

Delaney turns away. Sofia HUFFS, hands on her hips - then
SNATCHES the book away.

DELANEY (cont'd)
Hey! Give that -

SOFIA
You need to deal with this,
Delaney.

DELANEY
(beat)
I don't know what you're talking
about. Now give me my book back.

She reaches for it again, Sofia keeping it at bay.

SOFIA
Not until you talk to me.

DELANEY
I've got nothing to say. Book.
Now.

SOFIA
You've gotten increasingly more
sullen every day since Kira
started up her Coven, and frankly
I'm sick of it!

DELANEY
Frankly, I couldn't give two
craps what you think, and -

She feints, then SNATCHES the book back from Sofia.

DELANEY (cont'd)
And either way... you wouldn't
understand.

She tries to turn back, but Sofia isn't giving up.

SOFIA
Wouldn't I?

DELANEY

You ever lost your Slayer powers?

SOFIA

(beat)

No.

DELANEY

Then you wouldn't understand.

With that, Delaney turns pointedly on her side, her back to Sofia.

Frustrated, Sofia heads back to her side of the room as Skye enters, head down.

SOFIA

Oh, don't say you're still in a grump about that demon!

Skye doesn't answer, heading for her bed and sitting. Sofia registers the lack of a comeback and heads over.

SOFIA (cont'd)

It'll be alright. Madison knows what she's doing.

SKYE

Hmm.

SOFIA

And besides, I'm sure there are other options we can use to try and -

SKYE

There's only one thing we can do.

Sofia straightens, folding her arms.

SOFIA

Go on.

SKYE

We shut this demon up.

SOFIA

(blinks)

Tell me you're not actually suggesting -

SKYE

He wants to talk... so we make sure he doesn't. Simple.

(CONTINUED)

SOFIA

Do you have any idea how much
worse that'll make things? What
were you planning to do, exactly?
Kill him?

Skye doesn't answer - telling Sofia all she needs to know.

SOFIA (cont'd)

Oh, my God, you've finally gone
bonkers. I always knew it'd
happen some day.

Throwing her hands up, Sofia heads back for her hair dryer
and resumes her drying. Skye raises her voice over the
noise:

SKYE

Think about it, Sofes! If it
really is ex-Wolfram and Hart
lawyers that have their hooks in
this guy, then they'll know
exactly how to twist the knife on
us. We can't give them that
chance.

SOFIA

And killing him solves all that?

SKYE

Hey, he's a demon, remember? He
tried to kill me! And anyway, who
says I have to kill him? All I
need to do is make sure he
doesn't open his mouth about us!

Sofia shuts off the dryer, angrily tossing it aside as she
rounds on Skye again:

SOFIA

If you think for one second I'm
letting you jeopardise the entire
Academy just because you -

SKYE

(cuts in)

Oh, sure! Lay it on me, Chosen
One! What, you think having a
movie deal means you get to tell
the rest of us how to handle our
own PR?

SOFIA

(louder)

I didn't ask for that film to get
made!

(CONTINUED)

SKYE

You didn't ask for it not to!

SOFIA

How is that even relevant to -

DELANEY

Hey!

She steps between them, SHOVING them both back a step.

DELANEY (cont'd)

Apart from the fact that I can't
read my book with you two
screaming at each other...
Sofia's got a point. You think
we've got trouble now? What if
the demon's lawyers find out you
killed him?

SKYE

I never said I'd -

DELANEY

Ssh! No. Bad idea. Vote?

Sofia and Delaney quickly raise their hands.

DELANEY (cont'd)

Two to one. Motion carried. Now
sit your ass back down.

Skye hovers for a beat - then storms out of the dorm,
SLAMMING the door behind her.

SOFIA

Thanks, I needed someone to -

DELANEY

All I ask in return is you leave
me alone for at least the next
few hours.

Delaney resumes her position on the bed, leaving Sofia to
SIGH before we CUT TO:

Meanwhile, Frankie is attempting to find her office keys,
arms laden with thick books.

She leans against the office door - which opens a touch.
It's not locked. Frowning, Frankie pushes the door open:

24

INT. CAMPUS - LIBRARY - FRANKIE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

24

And steps inside to see Dade and a young Asian Slayer cavorting on her desk!

FRANKIE
(startled)
Merde!

She drops her books with a CRASH, and as he struggles to get up Dade rolls off the desk, hitting the deck with a THUMP.

The terrified Slayer quickly grabs what few items of clothing she'd shed, scooping them up and scurrying out of the office before Frankie can react.

Frankie blinks, finally catching up with the situation as Dade peeks up at her from behind the desk.

DADE
I can explain. You see, Misuke didn't know where to find the -

FRANKIE
(roars)
Out! Now!

Dade hesitates - then rises. Frankie GASPS, looking away.

DADE
Can I put some trousers on first?

Frankie gestures he should do so - quickly! Dade takes his time locating his jeans, slipping back into them.

DADE (cont'd)
Uh, do you want me to...

He indicates the mess he's made of her desk - but Frankie only needs to take two steps towards him to show she means business.

FRANKIE
What you do outside of my library is your own business, but while you are under my roof, you will follow my rules or I will beat you out of your skin and then make you climb back into it so I can beat you out all over again! Do I make myself *crystal* clear?

Dade is silent. Frankie SHUDDERS with anger.

FRANKIE (cont'd)
Well?

(CONTINUED)

DADE
(mock salute)
Crystal.

FRANKIE
Now get out before I finish
deciding 'ow I am going to punish
you! *Vitement!*

Dade strides out of the room, acting nonchalant despite his lack of shirt, and we CUT TO:

EXT. CAMPUS - QUADRANGLE/STEPS - NEXT

Out on the steps leading down to the edge of the playing fields sit Fran and Mela, sipping coffees and talking.

That is, until the half-naked Dade walks past them, throwing them a casual wave.

DADE
Ladies.

He heads on, Mela and Fran exchanging a look.

MELA
(nods)
Go on. I'll wait here for you.

Fran nods back, rising and jogging to catch him up.

FRAN
Alright. Who was it this time?

DADE
I don't know what you could mean.

FRAN
Dade. C'mon. It's not a cold night, sure, but it ain't pants-only weather. Who did Frankie catch you banging in the library?

DADE
(beat)
Misuke Tamaoke.

FRAN
(snorts)
Dude, she's like sixteen!

DADE
Seventeen, actually.
(beat)
In two weeks - look, I don't have to justify myself to you!

FRAN

No, you don't. Because you know I see right through all that BS you hide behind.

Dade finally stops. He chews his lip for a beat, then relents and turns to face her.

DADE

Alright. Out with it.

FRAN

What, you think I'm going to chew you out? Where you put Little Dade ain't no business of mine.

DADE

So... what? You didn't catch me up to admire this admittedly finely-toned abdomen of mine.

FRAN

Does it help you forget her?

DADE

(beat)

Forget who?

FRAN

('I call BS')

You know who. Zoe. When you charm your way into another girl's panties, does it push away how much you miss her for a few more hours?

Dade doesn't answer. Fran steps closer, softening a little.

FRAN (cont'd)

You know you can always -

DADE

(interrupts)

Well, this was fun. Good talk, Fran.

He gives her the thumbs up, backing away. Fran pouts, knowing his guard just went back up. She lets Dade hurry off as we CUT TO:

Sofia re-enters, now in her PJs. Delaney is right where she left her.

SOFIA

It's been a few hours. Can we
interact like human beings again
now?

DELANEY

Go for it. Just don't ask me any
questions about anything and
we'll be just fine.

Sofia rolls her eyes, scanning the room.

SOFIA

Where's Skye?

Delaney shrugs, nose still in her book. Sofia heads for her
bedside table and grabs the PHONE, starting to type a text
when there's a KNOCK at the door.

She looks up as Mallory leans inside - she's holding a NOTE
in one hand.

MALLORY

Uh... hey.
(off note)
Skye left this for you. Said to
pass it on if she wasn't back
by...
(checks watch)
... about now.

Frowning, Sofia takes the note and opens it.

SOFIA

(reading)
'Hey Sofes. If I'm not back yet
and you're reading this note...
you should probably come rescue
me.'

Delaney sits up as Sofia turns to her.

SOFIA (cont'd)

There's an address. Do you think
she...

DELANEY

(quirks eyebrow)
No, of course she didn't ignore
everything we told her and go
after that demon all by herself.

Sofia gives her best puppy dog eyes. Delaney HUFFS
theatrically, swinging her legs round off the bed.

(CONTINUED)

DELANEY (cont'd)
Grab your gear and let's go
before I change my mind.

Sofia nods, hurrying over to her wardrobe. A bemused
Mallory watches them both.

MALLORY
You really think she's in
trouble?

Sofia and Delaney both shoot her a look as we CUT TO:

Where Skye, BLOOD streaming from her nose, braces herself
as another heavy PUNCH rattles her fillings.

She's being held down by two grim, grey-skinned DEMONS
while a third lands another PUNCH across her jaw.

They're in an alleyway between two low-rent apartment
blocks, in a part of town where nobody is going to bother
calling the police.

SKYE
(dazed)
Seriously, guys... any time you
want to stop screwing around and
actually hit me... that'd be
great.

VOICE (O.S.)
Alright, lay off. She's not going
anywhere for now.

Skye is released, sliding to the floor with a THUMP. She
pushes herself up as a fourth demon steps into frame - and
it's our friend Ray.

RAY
What's the matter, Skye? Thought
all you'd have to do was break
into my home, shake me down and
this would all just go away?

Skye SNIFFS, wiping blood from her nose.

SKYE
Wasn't a bad plan. Hardest part
was tricking Mela into finding
out where you lived.
(off apartments)
I mean, I knew you drank at the
Toreador, but... eesh. Demon-ing
really doesn't pay well, does it?

He snarls, KICKING her in the gut. Skye's attempt at glib quipping isn't fooling any of them. Ray squats down beside her.

RAY

I'm glad you decided to drop by.
Took you long enough.

SKYE

(dizzy)
Happy... to help...

RAY

I mean, after we went to all the trouble of drawing you out into the open with that whole legal action thing, the least you could've done is repay all the effort by waking right into it!

Skye frowns, her punch drunk brain trying to put the pieces together.

RAY (cont'd)

That's right.
('ta-da!' hands)
Surprise.

He rises, nodding to the others.

RAY (cont'd)

Get her up. Boss wants her with enough sense to give the answers he needs.

(checks watch)

Although... we do have a little time yet before he checks in...

He GRINS slowly - and the other demons take their cue, raining fresh PUNCHES and KICKS down on Skye as we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

28

EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

28

On scene as Delaney checks the ground near where Skye was taking a beating, picking up shattered fragments of a CELL PHONE.

In the background, Greg and B SQUAD are combing the area for clues, while Sofia talks into her own phone:

SOFIA
(into phone)
No, there's no sign of her here.
We're looking for any signs of
where she's been taken now.

INTERCUT WITH:

29

INT. CAMPUS - STAFF ROOM - NIGHT

29

Where Fitzgerald, Frankie, Kira and Madison are gathered round a desk-mounted phone on speaker:

FITZGERALD
Any indication of a struggle?

Sofia looks round as Delaney approaches, holding out the smashed chunks of Skye's phone.

SOFIA
There are signs somebody wanted
to make sure we couldn't find her
easily, so I'm counting that as
'yes.'

KIRA
Have Mela run a *vibert* spell.
It's a tracking enchantment
designed to work in urban areas.

DELANEY
Um, standing right here.

KIRA
Yes, dear, but you're not exactly
in a position to help now, are
you?

Stung, Delaney turns and marches away before Sofia can say anything.

(CONTINUED)

MADISON

Sofia, it's also vitally important that you bring no attention to yourself whatsoever. The tiniest infraction in the middle of a situation this delicate could have severe consequences.

SOFIA

(dry)

Yes, I'll be sure to make sure they only catch my good side.

MALLORY (O.S.)

Hey, Sofia!

She turns as Mallory jogs over to her.

MALLORY (cont'd)

Wizkid's got something over here.

SOFIA

Hang on, I'll call you back.

END INTERCUT:

Sofia hangs up and heads over to join Greg, Fran and Mela - who has one hand out before her, fluorescent trails of GREEN ENERGY flowing smokily to the ground.

FRAN

Mela's got a trail. Skye's blood splatter says she went this way.

SOFIA

'Blood spatter'? Oh, God... so what are we waiting for?

GREG

We have no idea what we're walking into. You heard Madison - we can't risk making this worse.

SOFIA

I did hear her, yes. But on the other hand, they've got Skye. And she's my friend. Our friend. So here's what's going to happen. I'm going after her, and whoever follows me is welcome to do so.

She takes Mela's other hand, startling her.

SOFIA (cont'd)

Lead the way, Mela.

(CONTINUED)

With a quick glance back at Fran, Mela lets Sofia drag her away. The others hesitate, looking to Greg. He sighs, wearily rubbing his eyes.

GREG

Go on, then...

The girls hurry to catch Sofia up - all except Delaney.

GREG (cont'd)

Are you coming?

DELANEY

What's the point? I'm no good to anyone. You heard mom. Everybody did.

GREG

Maybe I have selective hearing.

Delaney holds her ground, so Greg approaches.

GREG (cont'd)

Let me rephrase all that. I need you to watch my back. We both know how easily I get myself into trouble.

Delaney hesitates. Greg smirks.

GREG (cont'd)

You wouldn't want me to get all beaten up by anybody else, would you?

Delaney finally cracks a smile.

GREG (cont'd)

Exactly. Let's go.

She relents, following Greg as he jogs to catch up with the others, just as we CUT TO:

SMACK! Skye reels from another PUNCH across her jaw as one of Ray's demons steps back.

She's tied to a chair inside what used to be an office block, its furniture covered with dust sheets.

RAY

(re: office)

Sign of the times, isn't it? This place only shut down a few weeks ago.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

RAY (cont'd)

Auditors won't get round to cleaning it out for another few weeks yet. Plenty of time for what we need tonight.

Skye SPITS out a mouthful of blood, then turns to grin at Ray with bloody teeth.

SKYE

And yet, you still haven't told me what that is. Starting to think you guys don't actually have a plan, unless this is all set up for one big circle jer -

WHAP! Another teeth-loosening blow leaves her reeling. Ray angrily SWATS the demon who clocked her.

RAY

And how is she going to tell us what we need if she's unconscious?
(exhales)
Idiot.

The demon rubs his knuckles, wisely stepping back. Ray kneels before Skye, grabbing a fistful of hair and painfully yanking her head back.

RAY (cont'd)

It's simple, Skye. All I need is one question answered and then we, and our associated legal issue, disappear.

SKYE

Yes, it does make you look fat.

RAY

(chuckles)
Very clever.
(beat)
Where's Victory?

That shuts Skye up. She holds Ray's gaze. He grins wickedly, relishing his advantage.

RAY (cont'd)

That's all I need to hear. Just a location. Tell me that, and it all goes away.

He releases her, pacing casually around her.

SKYE

What makes you think I know?

RAY

Please. She turns your best friend into a vampire, massacres hundreds of Slayers and civilians alike, tries to occupy our fair capital city and then leads to the lid being blown on the existence of Slayers to the general public - and then, just like that, she vanishes? Why wouldn't I think you know where she's being kept?

SKYE

Who says I didn't stake her over a year ago back in London?

RAY

Because that's not what your people do. You're the good guys. The white hats. You don't play by our set of rules. That's the point.

Ray nods to the other demons - and three heavy PUNCHES later, Skye sags in the chair, the wind well and truly knocked out of her.

RAY (cont'd)

So? What's my answer?

Skye starts to MUMBLE something, head down. Ray frowns, tries to hear, then leans in closer.

RAY (cont'd)

(to demons)

Nice work, boys, You knocked her speakers out.

He leans closer, Skye's lips moving as she whispers something. Ray squints, trying to pick out any words...

... and Skye suddenly LUNGES forward, sinking her TEETH into his neck!

Ray SCREAMS, flailing as BLOOD spurts from the wound. The demons quickly pull the two apart, Ray collapsing to the floor as Skye SPITS more blood away.

Ray presses a hand to his neck in disbelief, while Skye just leers manically down at him.

RAY (cont'd)

You... you crazy bitch!

(CONTINUED)

SKYE

Some things you don't forget just
cause you're not a vampire.

She starts to LAUGH even as the demons ready a fresh
barrage of blows, and we CUT TO:

Sofia and Mela are out front, following the glowing green
trails of droplets as they point towards a darkened office
block.

MELA

In there.

SOFIA

Are you sure?

Mela presses a hand to her forehead.

MELA

Feels like I've got a wasp's nest
in here, which I think means
we're close.

SOFIA

Can you be a tiny bit more
specific?

MELA

(closes eyes; beat)
Third floor. About halfway across
on the left.

SOFIA

Brilliant. You wait here for the
others...

Sofia reaches over her shoulder, unhooking the sheath
across her back...

... and draws out the SCYTHE. Its blade GLINTS in the
moonlight, and Mela's eyes widen, impressed.

SOFIA (cont'd)

... I'm going to get a head start
on these bastards.

Before Mela can reply, Sofia bounds off towards the
building, and we CUT TO:

In the background, Skye is receiving a fresh pounding from
the demons, as Ray stands in the foreground, speaking on
his cell phone. He has a wad of TISSUE pressed to his neck.

(CONTINUED)

RAY
 (into phone)
 Oh, she'll tell us. We're just
 going to have to soften her up a
 lot more than we anticipated.
 (listens)
 Yes, of course I know she's a
 Slayer and they take a lot more
 punishment - I wasn't born
 yesterday, despite what you may
 have heard about my kind's
 reproductive cycle!

He glances back - the demons step away from Skye, still
 struggling to keep defiant even given the battered state
 she's now in. Ray returns to his call:

RAY (cont'd)
 Give me one more hour and I'll
 have your location. And then we
 can discuss my fee. Oh, and my
 health insurance options. She's a
 biter.

He disconnects the call, pausing thoughtfully before
 walking back towards Skye.

RAY (cont'd)
 So! How are we doing? Feeling
 good so far? The boys doing their
 part to help jog your memory?
 (no answer; beat)
 Here's the part I'm having
 difficulty understanding.

CUT TO:

Sofia creeps along the corridor, Scythe at the ready. Ray's
 muffled voice drifts towards her:

RAY (O.S.)
 (through wall)
 As I reminded you earlier, this
 Victory girl did undoubtedly
 irreparable damage to your
 Academy. She turned hundreds of
 you into vampires and tried to
 take over the whole country.

Sofia pauses outside one door, hand reaching for the
 handle, but she hesitates as we CUT TO:

Ray leans over the dizzy Skye.

(CONTINUED)

RAY

So why are you protecting her? I mean, I'm not going to pretend like I know what my employer plans on doing with her, but it can't be any worse than what you'd do... is it?

Skye slowly lifts her weary head, one eye already closed with bruising.

SKYE

You need... better references...

Ray shakes his head, stepping back and signalling to his demons once more.

RAY

Alright then, lads, from the top. We've got just under an hour before I have to -

CRASH! The large WINDOW in the nearside wall EXPLODES inwards as a CHAIR is hurled through it:

And a moment later, Sofia LEAPS into the room, charging the stunned demons and DROP-KICKING the first before he can react!

The other two are on her as she recovers, one GRAPPLING the Scythe as the other drives a PUNCH into her side.

Sofia releases the Scythe, the momentum sending the demon holding it stumbling backwards.

She quickly twists round as the third demon PUNCHES again, grabbing a handful of folders from the nearest desk and SMACKING them across his face!

Ray doesn't stop to think - he bolts for a door at the back of the room, gone in moments.

Mela now leads the others as they race down the corridor, the sounds of Sofia's tussle echoing towards them.

REIKO

Which room?

MELA

I'm not sure, I can't be that accurate!

DELANEY

Try harder!

MELA

It's not that -

CRASH! One office door is BLOWN off its hinges as one of the demons is thrown into it, both door and demon landing in a heap on the floor.

FRAN

(dry)

Maybe it's not even this floor?

GREG

Come on!

The group charge in:

And find Sofia tackling both demons at once. Delaney and Mallory rush to her aid as Greg unties Skye.

She flops out of the chair and into his arms, Mela helping support her.

SKYE

(points towards door)

That way... last one...

She SHOVES Greg away and manages to run through the door before anyone can catch her.

GREG

Fran!

FRAN

On it!

ON SOFIA as the threesome of herself, Delaney and Mallory make short work of the demons - one is KICKED into an office chair and sent sliding back to SLAM into the wall.

The third is knocked on his ass by a double punch from Sofia and Delaney, Sofia finishing with a SNAP KICK that floors him.

She turns, flush with the victory, then realises:

SOFIA

Where's Skye?

Mela throws a pleading look towards the door as we CUT TO:

Ray bursts out of a fire door and onto the roof - but he's too high and too far from any other rooftop to jump.

SKYE
Go ahead. Jump.

Ray turns, backing up to the edge of the roof as Skye stumbles woozily towards him.

SKYE (cont'd)
You'd make both our problems go away.

RAY
(hands up)
Now - now hey, come on, look, I was just -

Skye's on him, GRABBING fistfuls of his shirt and pushing him half out over the drop below.

RAY (cont'd)
I was just doing what I was told!
Can't you see that? I'm a flunky!
A stooge! A patsy!

Skye leans in close, her manic, bloodied and bruised visage as terrifying as any vampire.

SKYE
And I'm one of the good guys.
Apparently.

Ray SHAKES, petrified, as Skye's glare burns holes through him, until:

FRAN
Uh... Skye?

Fran steps into view behind her, wisely keeping her distance.

FRAN (cont'd)
It's over, Skye. You can let the bad guy go now.

SKYE
(shakes head)
Won't make him stop. Won't make any of them stop. They need to learn they can't push us around.

FRAN
And killing him accomplishes that... how?

Skye SNARLS, lips curling over her teeth, and Ray shuts his eyes...

(CONTINUED)

... but Skye YANKS him back to safety and SHOVES him onto the roof.

He scrabbles away from her, but backs up into Fran, who grins down at him, hands on her hips.

FRAN (cont'd)
Hey. In this situation, I'll be
playing the role of the 'hard
place.'

She looks up at Skye as she trudges unsteadily back towards the fire door - just as a breathless Greg emerges from it.

FRAN (cont'd)
(to Ray)
And for the record, you should
totally have tried to jump that.

He looks up at her, incredulous.

FRAN (cont'd)
You'd get points for effort, at
least.

She GRABS him by his collar and starts to DRAG him across the roof, Ray YELPING with every bump, and as Greg helps Skye back through the door we hear:

VOICE (PRE-LAP)
(filtered; through
phone)
I'm afraid Raymond didn't deliver
as planned. You'll have to find
your information elsewhere. I
have, of course, waived my fee as
a measure of goodwill.

CUT TO:

And here's Hamish, listening to the message on his phone.

VOICE
Best of luck in all your future
endeavours, Mr. McFanchon.

Hamish exhales, disconnecting the call. He pauses, thinking, then dials a new number.

HAMISH
(into phone)
It's me. Can you talk?
(listens)
Good.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED:

HAMISH (cont'd)

Then I have a small favour to ask
of you, as per our agreement.

He listens to the response, starting to smile as we
DISSOLVE TO:

39 INT. CAMPUS - INFIRMARY - NIGHT

39

Skye is getting patched up by Sofia, Manu observing and
making suggestions to help instruct her.

There's no sound, only Fitzgerald's voice as her narration
continues:

FITZGERALD (V.O.)

Alls well that ends well, I
suppose. The demons are in
custody, nobody gets to sue
anybody and the only damage has
been to Skye's pride at getting
herself kidnapped.

Skye WINCES as Sofia tugs at something. Sofia reacts
apologetically, and manu steps in to finish tying a bandage
as we DISSOLVE TO:

40 INT. CAMPUS - STAFF ROOM - NEXT

40

Where Greg, Madison and Edmond are wiping their
brainstorming about the situation from the room's
whiteboards.

FITZGERALD (V.O.)

Part of me is glad we avoided the
black hole that those demons
almost got us into... and part of
me feels cheated out of the
opportunity to see if Madison
Riley really can pull us out of a
honest-to-goodness PR disaster.

DISSOLVE TO:

41 EXT. FIELDS - DAY

41

Looking out across lush, verdant fields and woods. A
typically pleasant English countryside.

FITZGERALD

You know, sometimes I envy you,
getting to be out here, away from
everything.

PAN DOWN to pick up a terrace overlooking the fields, and a
table where two WOMEN are seated. One is Fitzgerald, the
other faces away from us.

(CONTINUED)

FITZGERALD (cont'd)
Would it be a daft question to
ask if you ever miss it?

REVERSE ANGLE as Fitzgerald takes a sip from a cup of tea -
and the second person leans into frame.

It's BARBARA GRIFFIN, resting her chin on her hand
thoughtfully.

BARBARA
Absolutely never. And I don't
envy you one bit, Grace.

Fitzgerald smiles, glancing behind her - other people mill
around. Some are in white uniforms - NURSES.

FITZGERALD
It's good to have you back in the
open again.

BARBARA
It's good to finally be *corpus
menti* enough to appreciate your
visits.

FITZGERALD
I wasn't just going to cross you
off my Christmas card list, was
I?

BARBARA
Some people might have.

FITZGERALD
I'm far from being 'some people.'

Barbara smiles as Fitzgerald sips her tea again.

FITZGERALD (cont'd)
(long beat)
What am I going to do, Barbara?

BARBARA
Keep trying. You've done more
right than I did wrong already.

FITZGERALD
What if it's not enough?

BARBARA
It's never enough. I'm afraid
you'll have to get used to it.

FITZGERALD

(sighs)

I don't think I ever will. The rules... they've changed so much.

BARBARA

The girls will survive. Thanks to you. You lead them through the crises of the past few years. Don't sell yourself so short.

Fitzgerald smiles, taking the compliment even if she doesn't quite feel it herself. She glances at her watch.

BARBARA (cont'd)

Time to go already?

FITZGERALD

You know how it is. Papers to sign, files to read, evaluations to hold...

She realises Barbara is looking back with a raised eyebrow. Fitzgerald chuckles, settling back down.

FITZGERALD (cont'd)

But then again, this really is good tea, isn't it?

Barbara smiles, lifting the kettle to pour Fitzgerald another cup.

PULL BACK from the two of them as they continue talking, taking in the majestic view beyond before we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF SHOW

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