

SLAYER ACADEMY

"THE TIES THAT BIND"

STARRING

EMILY BROWNING

EMILY BOOTH

RACHAEL LEIGH COOK

KYOKO FUKADA

PARIS HILTON

RACHAEL TAYLOR

WITH

JACQUELINE MCKENZIE

BRADLEY COOPER

FAMKE JANSSEN

MIA WASIKOWSKA

JESSY SCHRAM

OLIVIA WILDE

AND

MAGGIE CHEUNG

MICHELLE FORBES

LACEY MOSELY

MATT SMITH

GUEST STARRING

MELINDA CLARKE as 'Jilhandra'

MARIBEL VERDU as 'Ana Marquez'

SPECIAL GUEST STARS

ALYSON HANNIGAN as 'Willow'

MAGGIE JONES as 'Hope'

TEASER

FADE IN:

1 INT. CAMPUS - LIBRARY - DAY 1

THUMP! A large BURLAP SACK of MAIL drops onto a TABLE which GROANS a little under the sudden pressure.

PULL BACK to find a young REDHEAD SLAYER - DELLA - has just slung the mail onto the table.

ENVELOPES and PACKAGES spill forth like the contents of a *pinata* - as we continue to PULL BACK.

Two more SLAYERS - FRAN and blonde AMELIA - have heaped more mail on.

SKYE (O.S.)

Oh, crap!

SKYE leans into frame, large Starbucks mocha in hand - and TAPS one of the bags which spills more mail forward.

AMELIA

Skye!

SKYE

Chill, Agnetha. The fangirls need a good slap.

AMELIA

I'm Finnish. Not Swedish.

SKYE

Same continent. Anyway, I thought Madison was, like, living out of her office back in London for now, trying to help us deal with all this?

Fran leans over, pulling one LETTER free. She OPENS IT and reads aloud:

FRAN

"Dear girls of the Slayer Academy, I just wanted to say I loved 'Tales of the Slayer' and think you guys are the real heroes." Yeah, no duh... 'Clara'.

DELLA

(opens another)

This one's from some Limey dude, confessing everlasting love and affection for Sofia.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She holds out a PHOTOGRAPH. Examines it and SMILES.

DELLA (cont'd)

I think you'd like this one, Fran.

FRAN

(takes photograph;

recoils)

Jeez, Della! That's his--you
know... his...

SKYE

(sly)

Fan club card?

They CHUCKLE as FRANKIE enters, tailed by a nervous-looking
DANNY. Frankie spots the mail, WHISTLING at the sight of it.

FRANKIE

Mon dieu! 'ow many more sacks 'ave
we got waiting?

AMELIA

Last count was... eight. Including
these three here. Which isn't bad
for this week.

SKYE

(to Amelia)

Shouldn't you be looking after
Ella?

(off looks)

Fitzgerald. God, it's not that
weird for me to make a jazz joke!
Is it?

AMELIA

She has a meeting with Manu and Tia
and she asked me to help out here.
Tia's strong enough.

FRANKIE

I take it 'Tales of the Slayer' is
doing well?

DANNY

You don't know the half of it. I
checked on the box office figures
this morning - it's already
breaking records in Japan, the UK,
the United States and France.

Fran and Della are still sifting through letters while Skye
finishes her drink with a loud SLURP.

(CONTINUED)

FRAN

It's official. We're actually more popular than Taylor Swift after those VMAs. There's not one single negative letter.

DELLA

So far. There's always a Phelps family for every Mother Teresa.

Skye aims her drink at the nearby BIN - missing by miles...

... but it's Frankie's hand that SNAPS OUT, grabbing the cup easily.

The movement knocks a couple of LETTERS to the ground as Frankie dumps the cup into the bin.

SKYE

Check out the reflexes on Frankie!

FRANKIE

(smug)

Naturellement.

Danny bends down, picking up the letters and stops, looking at one in particular.

DANNY

Frankie? There's something here from the... 'International Wicca Association'. For you.

Frankie takes the letter, opening it and scanning it, smiling at Danny - as Skye throws him a frosty glare.

FRANKIE

(long beat)

Zut! Fils de pute!

SKYE

What is it?

FRANKIE

The convention. We 'ave been invited - or requested - to be bodyguards for the Oracle.

(beat)

'Ope 'Arris 'Enderson.

DELLA

Jeez, that's gotta be the worst name in the world for you to say.

SKYE

Wait wait wait. Hope? As in...
Sofia's Hope?

FRANKIE

Oui. The Oracle.

DANNY

The prophesised fortune teller and soothsayer of the masses is related to Sofia?

SKYE

Not exactly. Psuedo-adopted little sister, I guess.

FRAN

How come we missed this? I know the movie's been on our radar but this should have at least made a big damn blip.

DANNY

The date. It was sent almost a month ago - we just didn't get through the mail service.

AMELIA

When is it? The convention?

FRANKIE

(sees; blanches)

Merde! It is tonight!

(beat)

Danny, Amelia, interrupt Tia and Manu's meeting with Fitzgerald and tell them. Della and Fran, move the mailbags to my office. I shall 'ave to sort it out later.

SKYE

And little old me?

FRANKIE

I need you to try and get the A and B Squads together, while I prepare.

SKYE

Prepare?

FRANKIE

(hurriedly)

I 'ave security detail to confirm, numbers to check and something very important to retrieve. *Allons-y!*

They all split off, Skye closing the library doors behind them as they go.

ON FRANKIE as she races up the stairs - heading for her OFFICE:

2

INT. CAMPUS - FRANKIE'S OFFICE - NEXT

2

STAY ON FRANKIE as she heads for her closet and opens it.

ANGLE ON THE CLOSET:

To reveal items of clothing, wrinkled and dishevelled - for late night shifts of research.

One piece is inside a large BLUE HANGAR BAG with a POST-IT NOTE attached.

It reads: 'IN CASE OF EMERGENCIES. LOVE, REIKO'.

ON FRANKIE as she opens the bag - revealing a DRESS fit only for the tastes of Miss DuCont herself inside.

And it's as her hands grab the dress that we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

3 INT. TV STUDIO - MAIN STAGE - DAY 3

PUSH UP along rows of a seated studio audience, sitting in the dark as they watch:

THE STAGE

Where a brightly coloured set is dominated by a long table, behind which four middle-aged female presenters sit, swapping *bon mots* to the audience's laughs of appreciation.

CAMERAS film the show, STAGE CREW hovering close by and keeping an eye on everything.

PAN LEFT towards the wings off camera, where we find:

4 INT. TV STUDIO - WINGS - NEXT 4

More producers and staff bustling around, the busy behind the scenes activity of a live show well into its routine.

Eying the workers with composite disdain is MADISON RILEY, and next to her is the statuesque beauty of LADY HUANG.

SOFIA (O.S.)

I can't believe I let you pair talk
me into this...

Huang turns - revealing SOFIA, dolled up and looking great, but biting her nails nervously.

MADISON

Gotta follow up the buzz of the
movie somehow, Sofia, and enough of
the right target demographic watch
this show to make it an ideal place
to start.

SOFIA

'Start'? Hang on - I told you I was
done with all this interview
bollocks as soon as the film came
out!

MADISON

(sweetly)

Yes, but that was before it took
the number one spot in box offices
around the world, wasn't it?

Sofia HUFFS, a long way from happy about this situation.

(CONTINUED)

SOFIA
(to Huang)
You're supposed to have my back on
this sort of thing.

HUANG
I do. I also happen to agree with
Ms. Riley.

SOFIA
(checks her watch)
As long as we're still at the
convention in time, this'll just
have to be an unpleasant necessity.
There's no way I'm missing out on
seeing Hope again. It's been far
too long.

Huang lays a gentle hand on Sofia's shoulder.

HUANG
You'll be there, Sofia.

Sofia lays a hand on Huang's and manages a smile, when a
PRODUCER walks over to them, headphones on.

PRODUCER
Miss Romero?

SOFIA
(sighs)
Sadly, yes.

PRODUCER
You're on in a few moments. This
way, please.

SOFIA
(to others)
Wish me luck. I'm about to have my
live TV cherry popped by a quartet
of cackling hormonal harridans.

MADISON
(dry)
You know, nobody'd be able to tell
you read The Guardian.

Sofia pokes her tongue out at Madison as the producer leads
her away, and we CUT TO:

Where MALLORY lounges on her bed, watching the very same show
on her TV that Sofia is about to appear on.

CONTINUED:

There's a KNOCK at the door and she mutes the sound, just as REIKO pokes her head inside.

REIKO

Knock, knock?

MALLORY

(grins)

Heard ya the first time.

Reiko enters, perching on the end of the bed. She notices the TV show:

ON SCREEN, Sofia is walking out onto the set, the presenters and audience clapping enthusiastically.

REIKO

Oh, I didn't realise this was on now!

MALLORY

She'll just run through the same spiel as every other time, not much point actually listening. She looks nice, though.

Reiko nods. Silence falls for a beat.

REIKO

Mallory...

MALLORY

No sentence that started like that ever ended well.

REIKO

We need to talk.

MALLORY

We are talking.

REIKO

About what happened the other week.

(beat)

About the Girls.

MALLORY

Nothing to say. I screwed up, two of 'em died. The end.

REIKO

We both know there's more to it than that. I want to know what you're not telling me.

Mallory sits up, switching the TV off.

(CONTINUED)

MALLORY

Dunno what you want me to say,
Reiko. It happened how it happened.

REIKO

Yeah, but that's my point. You
won't tell any of us how it
happened. If you help me
understand, maybe I talk to Miss
Fitzgerald, even can get you back
on the squad -

MALLORY

I don't want to be back on a squad.

That shuts Reiko up. Mallory SIGHS loudly.

MALLORY (cont'd)

Not yet.

REIKO

But...

MALLORY

Look, I know you're the golden girl
round these parts, so I'm sure you
don't know what it's like to screw
things up so badly that people get
killed.

Reiko is silent. Mallory holds her gaze and continues:

MALLORY (cont'd)

But I do. And I have to live with
that. And while I still feel like I
let myself and those girls down...
then I'm no good to you.

Reiko opens her mouth to reply, but Mallory lies back down,
picks up the remote and turns the TV back on.

Reiko slumps, knowing that signals the end of the
conversation. She slouches towards the door, pausing to add:

REIKO

If you change your mind - I mean,
if you want to talk, then...

MALLORY

I know.

Reiko is halfway out the door, when:

MALLORY (cont'd)

Thanks.

Reiko hesitates, then exits as we CUT TO:

6

INT. CAMPUS - BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

6

Where FITZGERALD is leading the briefing, A SQUAD and B SQUAD arranged at the desks before her.

On the display board behind her is a top-down map of a conference hall, red arrows and markings all over it.

FITZGERALD
(opening a marker pen)
Alright ladies, thank you for
waiting for me.

SKYE
'S alright. We didn't have plans.

FITZGERALD
And thank you, Skye, as always, for
providing the dry commentary on
life that our mission briefings
otherwise lack.

Skye offers a smile, and Fitzgerald is back to business.

FITZGERALD (cont'd)
Greg's gone ahead to meet with the
convention organisers, and once
Sofia's finished at the TV studio
she'll be on her way over as well.

FRAN
Plus, she needs faux little sister
time.

MELA
Fran!

FITZGERALD
Yes, I'll thank you to rein in your
'wit' until after I'm finished,
please, Francesca.

REIKO
Um, Miss Fitzgerald, with Mallory
still off the squad, I was
wondering -

FITZGERALD
If you were going to ask for a
replacement, I'm afraid you may
have to make do with three for
tonight, Reiko. Resources are
stretched a little thin right now.

Fitzgerald turns to the board, starting to draw out square
shapes outside the convention hall.

(CONTINUED)

FITZGERALD (cont'd)

The Wicca Convention is an annual event that typically sails by under the collective public's radar, but this time the spotlight on all our activities has made this something of a PR black spot.

DELANEY

What are you drawing?

FITZGERALD

Likely concentrations of media representatives.

She steps back - the hall is surrounded by red boxes. The Slayers exchange a few worried glances.

TORI

That's a hell of a lot of reporters for one little get-together, isn't it?

FITZGERALD

Somehow, the associated press have got wind of the Slayer bodyguard that is provided for these events, and naturally with the film riding high in the ratings, the slobbering masses of Fleet Street are out for blood.

Tori opens her mouth to make a wisecrack, but is silenced by a sharp look from Skye.

SKYE

The press'll have to stay outside, though, right?

FITZGERALD

Luckily, yes, but we can't count out some enterprising paparazzi managing to sneak inside.

MELA

And that many civilian targets...

FITZGERALD

Exactly. It'll be a shooting gallery for anything stupid enough to take a crack at us tonight.

DELANEY

So we're on guard duty for the wiccas and the media?

(CONTINUED)

FITZGERALD

I'm afraid so.

Delaney GROANS loudly.

MELA

What's so bad about getting to spend time with all these wiccans and their familiars? It sounds kinda cool to me. Think of all the stories they'll have!

DELANEY

Listen, Mela, I've found myself at plenty of these things over the years. Mom could never resist slipping on a glamour and having a look at what her old rivals were up to. Trust me - they're twice as dull and five times as bad as you're thinking.

REIKO

What's so bad about them?

DELANEY

Imagine a room full of Carrie, Samantha, Miranda and Charlotte clones, only they can do magic, and they want to tell you a-a-l-l about how great they are at it.
(crickets)
Exactly.

FITZGERALD

Cynicism aside, we have a lot to discuss to make sure our security is even more bulletproof than normal, so if I can draw your attentions back to your mission folders?

The girls open the dossiers before them, scanning through them as Fitzgerald continues, and we DISSOLVE TO:

FITZGERALD (PRE-LAP) (cont'd)

The first and foremost thing to remember is to show some respect. These are the *creme de la creme* of the magical world, and should be treated accordingly.

An innocent looking conference hall in a quieter part of town - but one currently besieged by a horde of JOURNALISTS, NEWS CREWS, FANGIRLS, PROTESTORS and anything in between.

(CONTINUED)

It's bedlam outside - banners, camera flashes, shouts, cheers and jeers all mingling into one.

One of the campus MINIVANS pulls up across the street, and as soon as the assembled press spot it, there's a CHARGE of bodies towards it:

ON THE VAN as the side door opens and a wide-eyed Reiko pops her head out, instantly met with a barrage of FLASHES and shouted questions:

JOURNALISTS

(overlapping)

Are you here for the convention? Is it true there are almost a hundred high-powered magic users inside? Will you be providing security? Are you anticipating any trouble?

PUSH IN on Reiko's face, like a rabbit in the headlights under the barrage as we MATCH CUT TO:

Where a still-stunned Reiko is being led along by Fran and Mela, the cacophony of the crowd outside muffled but still audible.

REIKO

They... there were so many...

The trio rejoin Skye, Delaney and Tori, who are just by the main doors leading into the conference room proper.

An elegantly-crafted SIGN nearby proudly announces the 156th Annual Wicca Convention.

SKYE

What kept you guys?

FRAN

Reiko had to make a few statements to the press.

MELA

Mostly just grunted syllables, but I think we got our point across.

FRAN

Any sign of Sofia?

DELANEY

She's inside. Kira's here too, so is Greg.

(under her breath)

Family reunion...

(CONTINUED)

SKYE

Let's mosey, people. They've got an open bar and a buffet, and I intend to get my money's worth out of the tickets none of us paid for.

Skye turns and PUSHES the doors wider, and the group walk out into:

INT. CONVENTION HALL - MAIN HALL - NEXT

A large, circular room with a domed roof, a dazzling CHANDELIER high overhead and two balconies circling the next two mezzanine floors.

There's a STAGE at the far end with a podium, a long table and chairs and plenty of PA equipment.

Filling the space in the centre of the hall are several dozen circular tables, with places set around each.

The hall is filled with people - mainly bold, striking women in their thirties and beyond, each accompanied by an assistant, familiar or servant of some description.

MUSIC plays courtesy of a DJ booth against one wall, right by the long and fabulously lavish BUFFET, which Skye makes a beeline for.

TORI

Hey! What about -

DELANEY

Forget her, Tori. We lost her the second she smelled that food.

Tori rolls her eyes as the other start to disperse - Delaney spots KIRA with GREG, who waves her over.

DELANEY (cont'd)

Wait here, alright? I'll be back.

TORI

Oh... okay.

She glances to her side, where Mela spots someone in the crowd and GASPS.

FRAN

What is it?

MELA

That's... that's...

(babbling like a fangirl)

OhmyGodthat'sHanleyTomassishes'ssoawesomeIhavetogospelktoher!

(CONTINUED)

Mela scampers off into the crowd, a bemused Fran following:

FRAN

It's who? Hey! Wait up!

Tori quirks an eyebrow, then turns:

TORI

Looks like it's just you and -

Reiko's gone. Tori snaps her head left and right - finally spotting Reiko talking to Sofia, who is still in her outfit from the TV show.

Tori HUFFS, folding her arms. She is not happy at being ditched so soon.

GIRL (O.S.)

Don't worry.

Tori turns - there's a six-year-old GIRL standing behind her, cute as a shiny button.

GIRL (cont'd)

People walk away from me a lot, too. They don't know what to say.

TORI

Um... shouldn't you be with your mommy?

GIRL

My mommy's dead.

TORI

Oh! Uh... sorry.

GIRL

It's okay, I have a new mommy. And lots of aunties too.

TORI

(bemused)

That's... good, I guess. What's your name?

GIRL

You won't want to do it when she asks. It doesn't matter, though - she'll do it anyway.

TORI

You... huh?

She starts to reply, but is cut off by:

(CONTINUED)

SOFIA (O.S.)

There you are!

The Girl turns and beams as Sofia steps into frame, scooping her up. The Girl GIGGLES.

SOFIA (cont'd)

Thought you could hide from me, did you?

GIRL

No! You always find me, Auntie Sofia.

TORI

'Auntie Sofia'? So that means this is...

GIRL

I'm Hope. Hope Harris Henderson.

HOPE beams, and Tori raises a surprised eyebrow.

SOFIA

What's wrong? You look a little startled.

TORI

No, nothing, I just guess I was expecting somebody... older?

SOFIA

They start them young, I'm afraid. Hope's been the Oracle since the day she was born, and from what I've been told she has a long, bright future ahead of her.

HOPE

(nods)

I tell people what they need to hear. They don't always like it.

SOFIA

Anyway, you - is she here yet?

Hope shakes her head.

TORI

Who?

Before Sofia can respond, somebody calls for their attention over on the stage:

ON STAGE, and a younger blonde woman in a sharp blue suit is at the podium. This is ASHLEY SYKES.

(CONTINUED)

ASHLEY

Ladies and occasional gentlemen,
our second star guest this evening
is about to touch down, so if I
could draw your attention to my
right...

She turns to her side - there's nobody there.

Until the lights in the room FLICKER, and a RUMBLE passes
through the room!

SMOKE starts to apparate on stage beside Ashley, CRACKLES of
energy coming from within.

The smoke cloud builds to a human-sized formation, until with
a POP and a bright FLASH of light:

A WOMAN stands in its place. To a round of APPLAUSE, she
throws her arm up in salute, red hair spilling across her
shoulders...

ASHLEY (cont'd)

Everybody, please give a round of
applause for Miss Willow Rosenberg!

And a loud CHEER greets WILLOW, looking stunning in a soft
green dress as she beams at the crowd.

ON SOFIA, HOPE AND TORI as Sofia WHISTLES and a bemused Tori
claps half-heartedly.

HOPE

(nods)

Now we're all here.

And as she joins in with the clapping, we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

10

INT. CONVENTION HALL - MAIN HALL - NIGHT

10

Willow leads the reunited team around the hall, Sofia still carrying Hope.

WILLOW

(points)

And over there, gossiping about why
Madame Atticus isn't wearing all
black like she normally does, is -

MELA

(interrupts; animated)

High Priestess Cavalera oh my God!

(squees; to Fran)

I have to go and talk to her!

Mela bounces off in the direction of another group of wiccas.
Fran takes a step after her, turning to the others.

FRAN

I'd better make sure she doesn't
try to stroke anybody and spark a
mystical war or something.

She nods to Willow then departs.

WILLOW

Meanwhile, over by the free bar and
busy drowning her sorrows as always
is...

(squints)

I think that's Eva Massimiliano of
the Firenze coven, but if it she
really needs to lay off the spirits
a while...

Sofia chuckles, turning to Hope.

SOFIA

Shall we go for a little wander so
Auntie Willow can finish talking to
my friends?

HOPE

Depends. Did you bring some?

SOFIA

(impish grin)

Maybe...

Hope GIGGLES happily, and Sofia turns to the others:

(CONTINUED)

SOFIA (cont'd)
Miss Harris-Henderson and I have
some catching up to do. I'll see
you guys back here shortly.

Sofia and Hope head off, and this time Greg steps forward:

GREG
Actually, Willow, Frankie and I
have to go talk to your security
teams now, so if you'll excuse
us...

And with a nod and a smile, off they go. Willow turns to
those left behind - Skye, Delaney, Tori and Reiko.

WILLOW
Am I that bad at giving the tour?

DELANEY
We're just busy, Will. Don't take
it personally.

WILLOW
'Will'?'
(smirks)
Now I know you've come a long way.
How's the magic coming along,
anyway?

Delaney ices over in an instant, turning on her heel and
stomping away. A puzzled Willow bites her lip.

WILLOW (cont'd)
Um... what just happened?

TORI
She lost her magic taking down...
well, me, actually. Long story.

SKYE
Reiko can fill you in on the
details. I've got a perimeter sweep
to run while things are still
quiet.

She starts to walk away, but when she realises Tori has
stayed where she is, she adds:

SKYE (cont'd)
Ah! You, with me. Heel.

Tori shoots her a withering look, but obediently follows Skye
and they head back off across the hall. Willow looks to
Reiko, who offers her brightest smile.

WILLOW

Don't suppose you want the rest of
the tour, do you?

REIKO

Uh...

KIRA (O.S.)

There you are, Rosenberg!

Willow turns as Kira approaches, a pale-skinned, elderly
black clad wicca with her - MADAME ATTICUS. Atticus swigs
from a large wine glass.

ATTICUS

Lounging around like a god damned
hippy, same as usual, I see?

WILLOW

(forced smile)

Lovely to see you too, Madame.

Atticus SNORTS, taking another swig of her wine. Kira shoots
her a sideways look, then glances at Willow with a WINK.

KIRA

Looks like they're restocking the
optics behind the bar, Atty. Why
don't you go grab me a rum and
Coke?

ATTICUS

Don't mind if I do!

She wanders off - a tad unsteady - and Kira turns to Willow.

KIRA

Sorry about her. You know how she
follows me around, moaning about
everybody and complaining about
everything.

WILLOW

Once you started coming to these
things as a guest rather than at
the head of an invading force, I
guess she decided you were her new
target audience.

Kira chuckles, glancing at Reiko:

KIRA

Go and help the others.

REIKO

But -

(CONTINUED)

KIRA

Bzzt!

Kira jerks a thumb over her shoulder, and with a pout Reiko obliges, heading off into the crowd.

KIRA (cont'd)

How've you been, anyway? Still a part-time Earth Goddess?

WILLOW

Now and then. Got my own coven set up back in Cork, which is pretty sweet. Xander runs our security along with his wife, Mrs. Slayer-Harris. Even have an apprentice who brews a mean mochachino.

KIRA

I saw you talking to Delaney. Did she...

WILLOW

Look like she wanted to break something over somebody when I asked about her magic? Yup.

KIRA

(sighs)

Maybe you can talk to her later about it? I ran out of options a long time ago.

WILLOW

How did it happen?

KIRA

We're still not sure. Her powers shorted out when she took on Jendayi last year, that's about all we can glean from her when she feels like recounting the event.

Kira looks across the hall - to where Delaney is listlessly picking at the buffet. Kira SIGHS again as we CUT TO:

Where Sofia pulls up a chair at one of the tables lining the balcony, overlooking the hall below.

Hope stands on the seat opposite, eyes wide with anticipation as Sofia roots through her handbag...

... and digs out a packet of Sour Apple Jolly Ranchers. Hope's face lights up as she GRABS the sweets away.

HOPE
(beaming)
Thank you thank you thank you!

SOFIA
I promised, didn't I? Took me long
enough to come back on that...

Hope tears the wrapping open and stuffs three into her mouth
at once.

SOFIA (cont'd)
Don't eat too many, I don't want
your mum and dad thinking I'm a bad
example!

Sofia looks down into the hall - picking out a distinctly
normal looking pair of people. These are Hope's adoptive
parents, MR. & MRS HENDERSON.

They look adrift in a sea of insanity, awkwardly clutching
champagne flutes and paper trays of nibbles as myriad
flagrantly-attired wiccass mooch past on all sides.

SOFIA (cont'd)
Are they alright? They look a
bit... lost.

Sofia leans against the balcony railing to peer down below.

HOPE
They're fine. They know about all
this stuff, but they don't really
get any of it.

SOFIA
What about... your other daddy?
(beat)
Xander?

HOPE
(nods)
He's fine too. Busy with his own
little girl now.

SOFIA
Yes, he told me about that last
time I saw him. Seems like a long
time ago. A lot's happened since
then.

Sofia's gaze falls to her hands, her mind suddenly crowded
with thoughts. She's interrupted when Hope lays a hand on
hers, and she looks back up into Hope's baby blues:

HOPE
She knows you didn't mean it.

(CONTINUED)

Sofia hesitates, unsure how to respond, when:

WILLOW (O.S.)
Oh, you remembered them!

Willow steps into frame, Hope grinning and turning to hug her as she stands by the table. Willow picks up the Jolly Ranchers.

WILLOW (cont'd)
Just as well, she kept going on and on about these, said that only the ones you brought her tasted right!

SOFIA
(smiles)
That's because they do.

WILLOW
(to Hope)
Your mom and dad want to see you before you have to go up on stage later, so go with Reiko here downstairs, okay?

Hope nods, slipping off her chair and over to the waiting Reiko, who takes her hand and starts to lead her away.

REIKO
Hello, Hope. My name's Reiko. I've heard a lot about you.

HOPE
(nods)
She wants you to know you're doing great.

Reiko blinks, puzzled, and continues as Sofia rises:

SOFIA
Willow, um...
(bites lip)
Xander's not coming, is he?

WILLOW
(shakes head)
Sorry, kiddo. Seeing Hope like this... well, seeing Hope full stop still kind of upsets him, so he tries to stay away from things like this. Everybody wants a piece of her time these days, so he waits until he can get her to himself for a few hours.

SOFIA
And how is he? I mean, with the...

(CONTINUED)

WILLOW

The baby? She's about eighteen months now, I think. Growing up just like her dad.

SOFIA

A sucker for a pretty face and a heart big enough to save the world all the way there and back again?

WILLOW

That's them.

The girls share a smile and head back towards the stairs leading up from the main hall, and we CUT TO:

Where Greg and Frankie stand behind a row of monitors, two SECURITY GUARDS operating the CCTV console before them.

GREG

Doesn't seem like five minutes ago we were doing this at the cinema.

FRANKIE

The further away that day gets, the better for all of us.

GREG

(to Guards)

Do you have anything monitoring outside?

A few button pushes bring up camera feeds of the roads outside the hall - still teeming with crowds of people.

FRANKIE

At least if anybody tries something tonight, they 'ave a lot to get through first, *non*?

GREG

That's what worries me - the kinds of people who'd deliberately crash a hall full of wiccas wouldn't be that concerned with collateral damage...

He reaches for a WALKIE-TALKIE, speaking into it:

GREG (cont'd)

Skye, come in? Over.

SKYE

(filtered; through radio)

Ten-four, good buddy.

(CONTINUED)

GREG

Please stop doing that. I want you and Tori to sweep the east wing, tell Sofia and Delaney to take the west side. Watch the fire exits, make sure they're clear.

SKYE

Roger roger, smokey bear. I'm gone.

Greg sighs, replacing the radio handset.

GREG

I rue the day she got her hands on that old CB radio...

Frankie nudges him to get his attention, pointing towards a camera aimed at the stage.

FRANKIE

They are getting ready to start.

Greg peers closer, and we CUT TO:

Where Ashley takes to the podium once more, waiting for the hubbub to die down. Most of the wiccans have taken their seats at the various tables by now.

ASHLEY

Thank you. We're about ready to start our programme of events, but before we do, it's time to catch up on some news and events from the past year.

The hall lights dim before she nods to her left, where an ASSISTANT cues up a shimmering, holographic PROJECTOR, that starts to show images, text and moving video.

ON MELA AND FRAN as they watch, Mela's rapt attention on the screen as it scrolls through information.

FRAN

(sly)

You know, while everybody's distracted here, we could always, you know...

MELA

Ssh! I'm listening.

Fran pouts, glancing back at the stage before wandering closer to the buffet, leaving Mela behind.

FRAN

(mutters)

Just because I don't know much
about all this damn witches and
warlocks crap...

She starts aggressively piling food onto her plate - before pausing, turning to realise Hope is looking up at her.

FRAN (cont'd)

Oh. Um... hey.

(beat; offers plate)

Nacho?

Hope steps closer and takes Fran's hand, to her surprise.

HOPE

(sadly)

It won't make her stop. But you'll
still try.

Unnerved, Fran slips her hand quickly out of Hope's grip.

DELANEY (O.S.)

Everything alright?

Fran looks up to find Delaney eyeing the pair suspiciously.

FRAN

Yeah, she, uh... she...

Thrown, Fran makes a quick exit with her plate of food. Hope smiles at Delaney, then heads for the buffet.

She's too little to reach any of the plates, and after watching her struggle for a few beats, Delaney rolls her eyes and approaches.

DELANEY

Here.

She plants her hands beneath Hope's arms and lifts her up. Hope grins and starts picking merrily at the buffet.

DELANEY (cont'd)

Don't abuse my good nature, kid.
Stick to the nibbles!

Hope quickly scoops up a few chicken wings and Delaney lowers her back down. She watches, amused, as Hope gobbles down the food.

Realising she's being observed, Hope looks up, then reaches into her dress pocket and takes out the half-done pack of Jolly Ranchers, offering them to Delaney.

(CONTINUED)

DELANEY (cont'd)
(beat)
Thanks.

As she takes one, Hope grabs some of Delaney's fingers:

HOPE
Don't say 'yes'.

Delaney pauses, then carefully retracts her hand, popping a sweet into her mouth and regarding Hope suspiciously.

DELANEY
'Don't say yes' to what?

HOPE
When you get the chance...
(shakes head)
Don't say 'yes'.

DELANEY
Look, kid, everybody here may think
you're some kind of miracle worker,
but this hokey 'prophecy' crap
stopped working on me a long time
ago. Maybe you should stick to -

Kira suddenly slips into frame, urgently grabbing her arm.

KIRA
Delaney.

DELANEY
What is it?

KIRA
Something... I don't know. But be
ready.

As if on cue, Skye hurries into frame, Tori close behind.

SKYE
Delaney, good. We're going to -

DELANEY
Have company? Yeah, already on it.

SKYE
Not sure what yet, Mela just said
she had a 'feeling'. Grab the
others and round 'em up. Fran and
Mela on crowd control.

TORI
What about me?

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED: (3)

13

SKYE
You stay behind me, same place as
always. I find something useful you
can do, I'll strongly consider
telling you.

(into radio)
Greg, you there?

GREG
(filtered; through radio)
Go ahead.

SKYE
Seeing anything out there to back
up Mela's 'bad feeling about this'?

CUT TO:

14 INT. CONVENTION HALL - SECURITY BOOTH - NEXT

14

Greg and Frankie at the wall of screens, as before.

GREG
(into radio)
Nothing yet, the crowd outside are
still...

He trails off - ON THE SCREENS, something is spooking the
hordes outside.

FRANKIE
What is 'appening?
(to Guard)
Move the camera! *Cherchez-vous!*

The Guard turns the camera on its mount, but all he can see
is the various packs of people starting to spread out,
becoming more agitated.

And then all the cameras go to STATIC.

GREG
Bugger!
(into radio)
Skye, panic stations! Something
just knocked out the CCTV - look
sharp!

CUT TO:

15 INT. CONVENTION HALL - MAIN HALL - NEXT

15

By now, Sofia and Reiko have joined the group.

(CONTINUED)

SKYE
(into radio)
Gang's all here, Greg. Get yourself
down here for when whatever gets
here, gets here.

She lowers the radio, turning to the others:

SKYE (cont'd)
Where's Hope?

REIKO
About to go on stage with Willow.

SKYE
Alright - Fran, Mela, get ready to
start escorting the wiccass to the
exits. Rest of you, stand by for
when -

Kira's head suddenly snaps up, getting their attention.

KIRA
Oh, no...

KRA-KOOM!

The side wall of the hall suddenly DETONATES, showering the
nearby tables with debris as SMOKE and FLAMES billow into the
hall!

The others shield themselves as many wiccass are hurled from
their seats by the explosion, scattering across the floor.

FIGURES stride boldly into the room amidst the chaos, SHOUTS
and CRIES for help filling the air.

The smoke starts to clear, and Skye lowers her hand as the
first of the figures emerges from the mist...

And Skye's eyes bulge as a sneering JILHANDRA aims a hand
CRACKLING with barely-contained energy at her!

SKYE
Oh, sh -

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

16

INT. CONVENTION HALL - MAIN HALL - NIGHT

16

An EXPLOSION IGNITES from Jilhandra's fingertips - which BLASTS Skye away into a wall!

Another sends Fran and Reiko diving for the ground - as a blast INCINERATES one unlucky WICCA!

Mela SPINS AROUND, palms outstretched as she YELLS:

MELA

Defensive positions!

She SNAPS her wrists downward - and a shimmering field of BLUE ENERGY rises before her, covering her and the others.

Kira gapes as Jilhandra is followed by more figures - several wild-eyed WICCAS she doesn't recognise, then one she does:

ANA MARQUEZ, the raven-haired Hispanic witch, Hamish's black-clad henchman RA by her side.

Following them come a batch of shrieking WARRIOR DEMONS, spiky armour over their bright red skin!

SOFIA

Where the hell did they come from?

KIRA

I couldn't sense them until they were almost on us! Now are we going to finger point or start saving lives?

Kira sends out a BOLT of LIGHTNING which STRIKES Ana!

KIRA (cont'd)

Give the other wiccas cover! We need to make sure they don't get hurt!

WICCAS snap into motion - FIREBALLS and BLASTS taking out part of Jilhandra's WARRIOR DEMONS:

Who SURGE forward regardless - ROARING and aiming for the girls!

SOFIA

I can never have a good time at these things, can I?

SKYE

You know how it is, Sofes...

(CONTINUED)

Skye lifts up the hem of her dress - revealing her SAI DAGGERS inside a pair of THIGH HOLSTERS. She TWIRLS them and turns to Sofia with a wry SMIRK.

SKYE (cont'd)
... girls like us don't really fit
in at shindigs.

One of Jilhandra's WICCAS is up front as the demons advance - and she lets loose an ENERGY BOLT which streaks towards a distracted Delaney.

Delaney raises her hands instinctively - but there's no magic save for a single SPARK!

The bolt soars towards Delaney, following her - until Mela lets loose a FORCEFIELD which sends the bolt into the ceiling where it SHATTERS the chandelier!

MELA
Duck!

Kira hurries to meet Willow - and both women raise their burning FISTS.

WILLOW
Here's to kicking tush!

KIRA
You really need to work on your
battle cries.

JILHANDRA
(smirks; to Ana)
Make sure we get the Oracle. Kill
all who resist.
(off Willow)
Except the redhead.

ANA
My pleasure.

A Squad hurry across the hall - taking cover beneath an upturned TABLE as MAGIC flies all around.

TORI
What the hell are we supposed to do
here? We're not exactly packing the
same kind of heat!

DELANEY
I think they want the Oracle.

SOFIA
Hope! Where is she?

(CONTINUED)

SKYE

Don't worry, I think a couple of
wiccass got her back.

A high pitched SCREAM - and the body of the once-elegant
HANLEY TOMASSI drops beside them, body wracked with
ELECTRICITY.

SKYE (cont'd)

Having said that... we need to get
her out, pronto.

Sofia pokes her head out from behind the table - and spies
Reiko, Fran and Mela behind another table.

Reiko spots Sofia and points behind them - where HOPE is
being protected by Madame Atticus, although she's pale and
fading fast.

SOFIA

(to the others)

I'll grab Hope, we head back
through the halls with Reiko and B
Squad. Just cover me, okay?

SKYE

Absolutely.

And with that, Sofia's off!

Sofia DUCKS several BOLTS from the sparring witches - and
sees a pair of muscular DEMONS heading right for her.

Sofia JUMP KICKS off a broken table, YANKING her SCYTHER free -
and DECAPITATES one demon as she SPIN KICKS another!

This one crumples and Sofia races over to Hope and grabs her
hand. She looks down at Madame Atticus - who is, sadly,
already DEAD.

HOPE

Aunt Sofia? What's going on?

SOFIA

Bad people, honey. Bad people who
want to take you away.

HOPE

Where are my Mummy and Daddy?!

Sofia looks around - and there's Frankie, tackling a couple
of demons while Hope's parents lie unconscious beside her.

SOFIA

They're fine. Don't worry - but we
need to get you out of here before
you get hurt.

(CONTINUED)

Skye FLINGS a sai dagger - and it EMBEDS itself into a eye of a DEMON who ROARS:

Allowing REIKO to spring up and PUNCH it deeper in - killing it! It drops as Skye blurs past her:

SKYE
(to Reiko)
Let's move!

FRANKIE
Skye! Gregory and I shall keep the
'endersons covered while Willow and
Kira kick the arse of these
chiennes.

FRAN
You heard the boss lady - move!

The Slayers and Hope sprint away - reaching a large OAK DOOR in the back.

REVERSE ANGLE:

To find that Ana has spotted them. She turns to Ra, silent as ever by her side.

ANA
You know why you're here. Get after
them!

Ra NODS - and then SPRINTS AWAY, effortlessly FLIPPING OVER the battle to head into the fray.

Greg spots this - and lets loose a LIGHTNING BOLT which misses Ra barely.

The defence - Greg, Frankie, Willow, Kira and the wiccass - are slowing, wiccass falling and being captured all around.

Kira and Willow are at the front of the defense - spells and MAGIC flying fast as Greg and Frankie bring up the rear.

WILLOW
We can't hold 'em off for much
longer!

KIRA
(through gritted teeth)
I bloody know that!

Jilhandra sees the wicca defence slowing down - and SMILES.

JILHANDRA
Looks like you weren't strong
enough, Evie.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED: (4)

16

And it's as Jilhandra lets loose a FIREBALL that looks set to blast a hole through the good guys that we CUT TO:

17 INT. CONVENTION HALL - CORRIDOR - SAME TIME

17

And we're back with A and B Squads, as Sofia lowers Hope gently, the Slayers gathering around:

SKYE

Okay, we need to split up. That way we divide the Coven and the big-ass ugly demons and have a decent chance of beating these glorified morons.

REIKO

The demons'll have our scents so splitting up will confuse them, let us take down quicker.

(beat)

Fran, Mela go with Delaney, Skye and Tori can be another. We know Hamish is working with the Coven, so we've got to keep Tori away from them no matter what. Sofia and I can look after Hope -

SOFIA

Actually... can I have Mela?

(off Fran)

Not like that. Not that she's not - I mean, she's -

SKYE

Ah, the Sofia Romero trait of walking with both feet in her mouth.

(to Fran)

You cool with that?

FRAN

(to Mela)

You come back to me safe, 'kay? I don't wanna have to butcher some demon 'cause he hurt you - this is the first nice dress I've ever owned.

TORI

Why do you need her? Mela?

SOFIA

If it comes down to the wire, we need magical assistance. And Mela's our magic support.

(CONTINUED)

DELANEY

Hey! I can -

SOFIA

I'm sorry, Delaney. But you can't.

Delaney's a little taken aback - but covers it quickly.

DELANEY

Fine, but she's new...

MELA

I've been here for three years!

DELANEY

(ignoring)

... and she might not come through.

REIKO

I have faith in Mela. She won't let you down.

SKYE

Okay then. Reiko, go with Delaney and Fran. Tori and I'll help get the goon squads away from Little Miss Sunshine.

(to Hope; awkward)

You're... gonna be fine.

HOPE

(smiles)

I know.

SKYE

You get Carol Anne outta here.

We'll kick major ass. As always.

Sofia nods, taking Hope's hand and she moves away with Mela.

Reiko, Fran and Delaney are next to move away - Delaney looking about as pleased as a pig in mud as we CUT TO:

PAN ACROSS the damaged and broken hall - as we find WICCAS. All tied up with the MYSTICAL ROPES that the Coven were tossing.

GREG and FRANKIE are in one corner - ROPES bundled over their limbs as well.

And we LAND ON Willow and Kira. Tied up as well despite the magic furiously CRACKLING from their bonds.

In front of them stands JILHANDRA. Smirking like the cat that got the cream.

JILHANDRA
Comfortable?

WILLOW
Not really...

KIRA
Willow, dear, that was sarcasm.

WILLOW
Oh. Right.

JILHANDRA
Yes, Willow, listen to Mother.
You're old enough to be her mom,
right, Evie?

KIRA
(seethes)
Do shut that prattling trap of
yours, Becky, or I'll turn it into
the unpleasant end of a pig.

Jilhandra circles the pair - ENERGY starting to CRACKLE
through her fingers.

JILHANDRA
Really? I mean...

ZAP! Jilhandra lets a BOLT fly - where it STRIKES the unlucky
HIGH PRIESTESS CAVALERA with a CRY:

And the flamboyant African wicca is INCINERATED in the shock
of electricity, leaving nothing but a smear of ASH on the
polished floor!

Willow and Kira look mournfully at where Cavalera was sat -
her friends shellshocked as Jilhandra SMIRKS evilly:

JILHANDRA (cont'd)
... it seems like you're in no
position to turn me into anything,
are you?

WILLOW
Leave the others alone! They're not
why you here!

JILHANDRA
I will. Trust me, killing pitiful
little magic worshippers doesn't
get my jollies off, my dear.

KIRA
I don't even wanna ask what does.

(CONTINUED)

JILHANDRA

(ignores)

We did come here for the Oracle...
but I think that you shouldn't look
a gift horse in the mouth.

KIRA

Or a Medusa in the face.

WILLOW

(long beat)

Me? You want me?

JILHANDRA

One of the most powerful witches in
existence. Who wouldn't want you?

(looks Willow up and down)

Mind you, we'll need to do
something about your awful outfit
first. Green is not your colour,
despite what you may have been
told.

KIRA

(sarcastic)

Aww, I think she likes you. Demand
a dinner first or she'll never -

SMACK! Jilhandra SPINS on her heel and BACKHANDS Kira,
sending the other woman SLIDING ACROSS the floor, the
mystical ropes holding tight.

Greg struggles against his bonds fiercely but no avail, the
magic cutting in tighter.

Willow leans towards Kira but Jilhandra's restraining hand
stops her.

JILHANDRA

Now that it's just us adults,
Willow, I think we should speak
frankly. Something is coming, dear,
something which is will sweep away
the cobwebs of the old order, as so
evidently displayed around us.

(beat)

We need someone like you, Willow.
With your talent behind us - we'd
be unstoppable.

(smirks)

The girl who changed the Slayer
Line - one of us. Has a ring to it.

(beat)

So... what do you say?

Willow takes a moment, looking from Kira back to Jilhandra:

(CONTINUED)

WILLOW

(finally)

No.

(shakes head)

With everything you've done - and
with everything you're going to do -
I can't.

(firm)

I would never join you.

Behind them, a recovering Kira manages a proud smile at Willow:

KIRA

Attagirl, Red.

Jilhandra seethes with fury, ENERGY rising around her unconsciously like a devilish halo.

JILHANDRA

Oh, I wish you hadn't said that.

(calls)

Ana!

Ana strides forward, oozing Spanish sex appeal in her provocative outfit. She eyes Willow up and SMIRKS.

ANA

Ready and waiting.

JILHANDRA

Where's Hamish's little pet? Does
he have the Oracle secured yet?

Ana shrugs. Jilhandra MUTTERS, then continues:

JILHANDRA (cont'd)

Line up a handful of the little
wiccans and warlocks, will you? I
fancy a shooting gallery...

She shoots a dark SMIRK towards Willow and Kira.

JILHANDRA (cont'd)

And being as busy as I am, I have
such little time for shooting
practise.

(beat)

And Willow? If you don't take up my
offer, I'm afraid that little
Hope...

She sends a sudden FIREBALL flying - which SIZZLES as it
EXPLODES onto a warlock, he DYING in a matter of agonising
seconds!

(CONTINUED)

JILHANDRA (cont'd)
... will be joining these
unfortunate people.

Jilhandra turns her attention towards Ashley, bound and struggling, who freezes when she meets Jilhandra's gaze.

JILHANDRA (cont'd)
Now, who wants to see if I can hit
the cute blonde from here?

It's as Jilhandra BALLS UP another BOLT of energy, a terrified look from Willow to Kira passing that we CUT TO:

BANG! A pair of double doors EXPLODE OUTWARDS onto a plush, well-decorated CORRIDOR:

Mela lowers her hands, SMOKE rising from them as Sofia and Hope hurry through the fresh hole.

SOFIA
You okay?

MELA
Yeah... I just didn't get much
sleep. Getting kinda drained.

SOFIA
I'll try and scout ahead. Find us
somewhere to recover. Can you stay
here and look after Hope for a bit?

MELA
Of course.

HOPE
Sofia? Where are you going?

SOFIA
I'll be back in a minute. Okay?

She reaches down and swipes a Jolly Rancher from the packet in Hope's hand, WINKING at her.

MELA
Where's my candy, then?

Sofia and Mela share a GRIN before Sofia YANKS her SCYTHE free from across her back once more.

Hope is agape at the Scythe. Sofia looks a touch awkward.

SOFIA
And, um... don't run with...
scissors?

Sofia moves off quickly, dropping around a corner. Mela turns to Hope:

MELA
(off bag)
Can I have one?

HOPE
Uh-huh.

Hope offers the packet - and as with Delaney earlier, Hope grabs Mela's hand as she reaches for a sweet:

HOPE (cont'd)
You'll pick them. You shouldn't,
but you will.

MELA
(blanches)
I'm... I'm sorry?

Mela blinks, unsettled - just as SOFIA rounds the corner, BLOOD splattered across her dress!

SOFIA
Other way! Go, go, go!

Mela yanks Hope to her feet - as behind them ROARS start to head for them!

The girls race down the corridor - as DEMONIC TROOPS finally appear behind them, SNARLING as they charge!

Mela SPINS ON HER HEEL and sends a FIREBALL flying - which BLASTS three of the demons, the fire catching and INCINERATING those in front!

Sofia spots a DOOR - marked 'Stairwell' - and KICKS IT OPEN as we CUT TO:

Sofia and Mela hurry up the narrow staircase, Sofia carrying Hope as they reach the next floor.

Mela SQUEEZES HER FIST - and the door FLIES FORWARD in a quick EXPLOSION!

HOPE
You are so cool.

SOFIA
(smirks)
Don't let her girlfriend hear that.
She might just -

BOOM! A sudden DETONATION blasts Sofia and Mela off their feet, the stairwell filling with smoke and flames!

Hope is knocked to one side while Sofia and Mela dangle onto the edge of the stairwell, inches from death!

PULL UP from their precarious angle to find a black-clad FIGURE, approaching the balcony:

RA

Impassive features hidden by the full-face mask he wears, he calmly scoops up the screaming Hope.

The metal bar holding Mela and Sofia up starts to CREAK dangerously - and Ra hesitates, turning back their way.

MELA

Sofia...

SOFIA

(to Ra)

Either start running or get over here and help us!

Ra lingers a moment longer, seemingly torn - then rushes from the entrance to the second floor, Hope YELLING:

HOPE

Sofia! Help me!

ANGLE ON SOFIA:

As she struggles, furious and desperate as she and Mela struggle for their lives.

SOFIA

It was worth a shot...

HOPE (O.S.)

Sofia!

SOFIA

(yells back)

Don't worry, Hope! I'll find you!
I'll find you!

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

21 INT. CONVENTION HALL - PRIVATE FLOOR - NIGHT 21

A quiet, plush floor - GLASS WALLS separating individual OFFICE CUBICLES, a beautiful view of the skyline:

Shattered when SKYE is thrown INTO FRAME - SLAMMING THROUGH the glass walls with a SMASH!

Seconds later, TORI is thrown through another set of walls - CRASHING next to Skye. A beat as she slides to a halt.

SKYE
(grimacing)
Nice landing. Easily a seven.

TORI
Jilhandra musta fitted them out
with some freaky magic power ups.

SKYE
We can still take 'em.

They pick themselves up - in time to see the DEMONS rushing for them once more, noticeably less than before.

TORI
(groans)
I shoulda stayed at the Academy...

CUT TO:

22 INT. CONVENTION HALL - STAIRWELL - SAME TIME 22

Sofia and Mela are still scrambling for hold as the bars continue to CREAK - and the demonic TROOPERS are hurrying fast to the second floor!

SOFIA
Mela! Great time for a spell!

MELA
I can't!

SOFIA
Why the bloody Hell not?

MELA
("duh!")
If I try to cast a spell, I need an arm. If I only have one hand, I'll fall, and we both know that you can't hold my weight and fight off the demons. With one hand.

(CONTINUED)

SOFIA

Can't you do that 'all voice'
chanting stuff?

MELA

I'm not strong enough to keep it up
without sapping every drop of magic
energy outta my body before I can
regenerate it in time.

(beat)

I'm using medical terms to help you
get the magic thing. It's hard to -

SOFIA

Explain, yes, I got the same thing
from Delaney! Now can we find a
plan to stop us from turning into a
bloody CSI crime scene?

Mela looks around, fingers starting to BLEED from hanging on
for so long to crumbling, sharp metal...

MELA

Let go.

SOFIA

What?!?

MELA

Let go of the bar. Trust me, Sofia.

SOFIA

(sighs)

Oh, here goes another leap of
faith...

SLOW MOTION:

As Sofia and Mela LET GO of the bars, the demons missing them
by inches as the two girls PLUMMET TOWARDS the bottom of the
stairwell!

Mela STRETCHES OUT her hands and CLAPS - sending an intense
FIREBALL down to the ground...

Where a couple of GAS CANISTERS suddenly MATERIALISE,
connecting with the fireball and:

RESUME SPEED:

An enormous EXPLOSION ROCKETS OUT - PROPELLING the two girls
upwards, Mela projecting a FORCEFIELD around them as they
fly!

The demons are INCINERATED - BOILING AWAY into nothing with a
SCREECH as we CUT TO:

23

INT. CONVENTION HALL - ROOFTOP FLOOR - NEXT

23

Delaney, Reiko and Fran race across the rooftop floor, plenty of picturesque windows showing all the city, high from above:

And see a handful of DEMONS up ahead - who SNARL and ROAR, heading for the girls!

FRAN

Oh, goodie. More demons.

REIKO

(pouts)

My dress is beyond ruined. I vote we take out the bill on them.

DELANEY

Preaching to the choir, J-Pop.

Reiko SPRINTS, reaching the demons - and CARTWHEELING, planting a KICK into the face of one demon which sends him SMASHING THROUGH A WINDOW!

Delaney is next, ROUNDHOUSE KICKING three demons fluidly before SNAPPING one's neck and delivering a devastating RIGHT HOOK to a fifth.

Fran SLIDES TO THE GROUND, KICKING UP and THRUSTING with her blade all at once - SLICING the demon from neck to navel!

She ROLLS and FLIPS to her feet, BLASTING a KICK which sends him falling and CRASHING limply into another demon, knocking him over like a bowling ball.

Reiko TWIRLS her fans and FANS outwards - SLICES carving up one unfortunate demon, Reiko flipping one shut and RAMMING IT HOME into the demon's chest with a sickening GURGLE...

As RA rounds the corner, BLADE spinning his hand as he HIGH KICKS Delaney across the chest, sending her CRASHING to one wall!

Ra still has Hope slung under one arm, the little girl slumped - out cold from the stress she's under.

He tackles Fran next, CLASHING BLADES with her - and CRACKING her across the face with a LEFT HOOK.

Fran CRASHES TO THE GROUND, leaving Reiko to contend with Ra, as he moves to face her.

Reiko SNAPS her (repaired) fans out and SLASHES across Ra - who blocks the blows with the sword.

REIKO

Okay, listen, I -

(CONTINUED)

A ROUNDHOUSE KICK sends Reiko stumbling and a SWEEP KICK from Ra knocks the plucky Japanese girl to the ground. He bends down, BLADE inches away from Reiko's neck.

But he stops.

And then stands, SHEATHING his sword and moving down the hall silently.

Reiko stares after him - and then finally moves to Fran and Delaney's aid...

As the floor beneath them SHAKES a little - Delaney and Fran awakening with the force of it.

As the rumbling subsides, the girls sharing a look before:

GIRLS
(all at once)
Skye.

Then REIKO'S CELL PHONE starts to RING, she pulling it out and answering:

REIKO
Hello? Sofia?

INTERCUT WITH:

Sofia and Mela COUGH as the SMOULDERING REMAINS of both stairwell and demon start to COLLAPSE.

SOFIA
Reiko, did you feel the explosion?

REIKO
Yeah what the frack was that?

MELA
My bad!

FRAN
That's my girl.

SOFIA
(ignores)
I lost Hope. That ninja working for Hamish turned up and blasted us off the sodding stairwell!

REIKO
Where are you guys?

SOFIA
The, er... second floor. You?

(CONTINUED)

REIKO

Roof level. Just finished off another set of demon-goons. Just saw that ninja too - he'd got Hope.

SOFIA

Okay, how about we meet you down at the ground level. Take out the patrolling goons there and then come up with a plan.

REIKO

What about Skye and Tori?

SOFIA

They'll find their way out. And if not... well, then I suppose we'll just have to save them too.

END INTERCUT:

Sofia hangs up, staring at the crumbling wreckage.

SOFIA (cont'd)

Warp us out?

MELA

(smiles)

My pleasure.

The girls embrace, swirls of COLOURED ENERGY surrounding them as we CUT TO:

The Coven and the prisoners feel the quake, it RATTLING AWAY at the remains of the chandelier and the GLASS DOME ROOF of the hall.

The doors BURST OPEN - and Ra strides in, Hope slung over his shoulder.

JILHANDRA

Ah, there you are.

He DUMPS Hope at Jilhandra's feet - the older woman SMILING in a pleased fashion.

Behind them lie the SMOKING HUSKS of former wiccans - a couple of the others DRY RETCHING at the sight/smell of them.

Jilhandra turns towards Kira, her gaze all on the teary Willow. She's distraught at the killings.

KIRA

Go on then. Do your worst.

(CONTINUED)

JILHANDRA

(to Willow)

You can stop this, Willow. One little word and I won't obliterate this pathetic excuse for a witch into nothing but ash.

KIRA

(to Willow)

Don't. If they get their hands on Hope, they'll drain every last drop of what's pure and good from her mind trying to channel her ability, and leave her worse off than those poor sods back there. Because that's what darkness does to you. It makes you worse than dead.

JILHANDRA

Speaking from experience?

KIRA

Been there, survived the trip back and shrunk the t-shirt in the wash.

SWIRLS of dark ENERGY start to form around Jilhandra's curled fingers, and we're forced to CUT TO:

INT. CONVENTION HALL - ELEVATOR - NEXT

Skye and Tori are backed into the wall of an open elevator - DEMONS slobbering at them...

An idea flickers into Tori's mind and she PRESSES the 'close doors' button, the doors SLIDING firmly shut!

SKYE

What the hell are you...?

With a FLICK of her wrist, Tori aims - and her sword FLIES THROUGH the EMERGENCY PANEL in the elevator, allowing her to BOUNCE OFF and through the hole.

TORI (O.S.)

Climb up, quick!

Tori extends one pale arm through the panel and Skye hoists herself up through the space:

INT. CONVENTION HALL - ELEVATOR SHAFT - CONTINUOUS

Skye reaches Tori - and sees Tori with a fresh blade at the ready.

TORI

This is one of those old-fashioned elevators, right?

(CONTINUED)

SKYE

Yeah, I think so.

TORI

Good. Grab a rope.

Tori SLASHES at the ropes with the elevator, Skye grabbing onto one of them...

And the elevator DROPS LIKE A STONE, it PLUMMETING DOWN - as Skye and Tori descend the two surviving ropes delicately, we CUT TO:

Delaney, Reiko and Fran reach the ground floor from a STAIRCASE - seeing Sofia and Mela waiting for them by the elevators. Slain bodies of DEMON TROOPERS lie at their feet.

MELA

Take the scenic route?

DELANEY

View wasn't that great.

REIKO

Is Skye here?

SOFIA

I don't know, I think -

BANG! The elevator SMASHES INTO THE GROUND behind them - DUST and DEBRIS flying everywhere as the Slayers take cover!

A few beats later, the elevator doors OPEN with a CREAK - and Skye and Tori emerge, DUST covering their bodies.

SKYE

(nods; nonchalant)

This is our floor, right?

SOFIA

(back to business)

We need to get Hope back. God knows what the Coven are doing but right now... we're the last chance for saving everyone in that hall.

MELA

Judging by the magical levels which are spiking in there, they've probably got three or four wiccans jamming the magical airwaves and keeping the prisoners on lockdown, leaving everyone but the bad guys unable to move or fight back.

TORI

So all we have to do is take out the magic suppressing wiccass and then it's a level playing field, right?

MELA

Absolutely.

REIKO

How can we spot these... 'magic suppressors'?

DELANEY

Apart from the ones with weird magical stuff aimed at everyone else?

MELA

Try the corners - the wiccass there'll be trying to cover the whole floor.

SKYE

Cool. Let's go.

And A and B Squads race forward, towards the entrance to the hall as we CUT TO:

INT. CONVENTION HALL - MAIN HALL - NEXT

Jilhandra cradles a searing FIREBALL in her hand, aimed squarely at Kira, who to her credit, doesn't flinch.

JILHANDRA

My patience only wears so long, Willow.

Willow looks helplessly to Kira - who senses something in her expression, shaking her head furiously:

KIRA

(roars)

Don't you bloody dare for my sake!

Willow looks away, bowing her head. Jilhandra smirks wickedly, rising to her feet.

JILHANDRA

Welcome to the winning side...

The ropes around Willow SLACKEN, Jilhandra extending a hand:

As the SLAYERS burst through the doors - Mela sending a BOLT of MAGIC loose which STRIKES one of the suppressing witches in the chest, knocking her to the ground!

(CONTINUED)

Jilhandra twists round and sends the FIREBALL right at them - but the girls DUCK, it SLAMMING into another of the suppressors, she SIZZLING away into nothing!

The magical ropes begin to FADE - allowing Greg and Frankie to break free, seizing their weapons as the girls close in on the Coven.

Delaney reaches Kira and pulls her free - as a FIREBALL engulfs the spot where she sat, Willow rolled free by Reiko as the others tackle the two suppressors:

Tori takes aim - and FLINGS her kukri blade into the chest of one suppressing witch, sending the woman collapsing and her stream of magic stopping.

The last suppressor is taken about by GREG - a CRACKLE of ELECTRICITY from his fingers sending the witch into the wall and out cold.

The wiccass' MAGICAL BONDS are SNAPPED, the girls flipping to their feet as Willow lets out at a battle cry:

WILLOW
Move, move, move!

KIRA
That's more like it!

Willow turns to see Kira, rubbing her wrists from the rope - BURNS present from her struggles.

KIRA (cont'd)
You shouldn't have said 'yes'.

WILLOW
I wasn't going to. Plan was to let
her free my ropes, knock out the
four witches and let you go all
"hiya!" on them.

Kira NODS - and then heads into the fray, MAGIC BOUNCING in all directions as the wiccass fight back.

Ana BLASTS a witch with a CURSE - but two more send Ana flying through a TABLE!

Reiko TACKLES one of the demons, RAMMING a point through the demon's brain - before she BACKFLIPS OVER a kneeling Frankie:

Who FLINGS her sword through the chests of two consecutive DEMONS who collapse!

Skye and Tori tackle a WITCH, Skye JAMMING her dagger into the witch's foot while Tori CRACKS her in the face with an elbow.

(CONTINUED)

Sofia DRAGS her Scythe along the floor - before FLINGING IT with Slayer accuracy high up:

And it SHATTERS the glass dome roof - sending the Scythe and SHARDS of glass soaring downwards!

SOFIA

Duck!!

Mela spies the glass - and with a YELL, produces a FORCEFIELD, the glass bouncing harmlessly off, while the magical suppressors are SLICED by the glass.

The forcefield drops and Sofia snatches the Scythe before searching for:

Jilhandra spies HOPE, hiding beneath a TABLE - she reaching towards her...

But an almighty BLAST, she's thrown backwards against a wall - sending CRACKS up the walls! She turns to see:

WILLOW

Her eyes are GLOWING WHITE - and she looks damn fearsome.

WILLOW

(booming)

Leave. Her. Alone.

JILHANDRA

(long beat)

Ana! Fall back!

The Slayers start to attack the survivors as the Coven flee - Jilhandra herself WARPING OUT in a FLASH of LIGHT!

Greg reaches Hope's unconscious parents, a BLUE GLOW from Greg allowing them to STIR and awaken.

Sofia reaches at last Hope - who throws her arms around Sofia.

PULL BACK as the carnage continues - albeit in SLOW MOTION, as we see the destruction heaped upon the innocents here.

DISSOLVE TO:

LATER:

The survivors are being patched up, new faces from the Academy now on scene as we PAN AROUND the room:

Two young wiccans are helping one another limp away from the carnage behind them.

(CONTINUED)

WICCA #1

You sure you're gonna be okay?

WICCA #2

Aye, I'll be fine. Tell you what, though...

(grins)

This has been the best...
convention... ever!

Tia is attending to Reiko and Fran's injuries. She dabs some antiseptic on one of Reiko's many cuts, and she WINCES.

REIKO

Ouch!

TIA

Oh, don't be such a baby.

REIKO

(winces)

It wasn't the... cut. I just can't believe my one chance at making a positive impression and I ruined it by killing demons over an expensive dress.

(pouts)

Vivienne Westwood sent me this dress.

FRAN

(chuckles)

You'll be fine. Steal something of Frankie's, she'll be -

Fran pauses, realising Hope has wandered over to them.

FRAN (cont'd)

(wary)

Oh, hey.

HOPE

I have to tell you something.

(beat)

When it's the right time... tell her you love her.

And then she's off again - Tia giving her a quick look.

TIA

The Oracle?

REIKO

How'd you guess?

(CONTINUED)

TIA

Some witch at the convention just
posted it on Twitter. And Facebook.
With pictures, I might add.

TRACK WITH HOPE as she finds FRANKIE, sipping a coffee.

HOPE

You're the girl who lost everything
to lead us.

FRANKIE

Moi?

HOPE

Remember: before revenge, you must
bury two graves.

Leaving the puzzled Frankie behind, TRACK WITH HOPE once more
as she finds TORI.

TORI

Oh, hey, little dudette. Big night,
huh?

HOPE

(dark)

Don't ever let him get you. Because
if you do... just for a second...
he'll rip it out and you'll burn
with the rest of the world.

TORI

I...

(bows head; quiet)

I know.

Hope reaches out and takes Tori's hands. Tori lifts her head
to look up at her.

HOPE

And when you get the chance...
jump.

Hope smiles, releases Tori's hands and ambles away, leaving
a stunned Tori to watch her depart.

Hope finds her way back to the Hendersons, running gleefully
into her father's arms as Sofia stands close by.

ANGLE BEHIND THEM to find MELA - staring at Hope, still
trying to process what she was told, and looking pretty
troubled by it all.

Fran drops in beside her and KISSES her on the cheek,
startling her.

(CONTINUED)

FRAN

Hey. I'm kinda running on adrenaline. When we get back, wanna hit the ice cream and rom-coms?

MELA

(blinks; smiles)

Sure. I'd love to.

But the facade is apparent to us as we PAN OVER to find:

KIRA AND WILLOW

Speaking quietly in a corner - hushed tones indicating something delicate:

KIRA

I'm forming a new Coven - something to protect the Academy and those innocent people out there that damn well need protecting. And we need you, Rosenberg.

WILLOW

(shakes head)

Sorry, Kira. I've got my own family to take care of.

KIRA

And if the world ends?

WILLOW

(small smile)

There's something big on my plate at the moment, and I need to focus on that.

KIRA

Oh, God - you're not pregnant, are you?

WILLOW

What? No! I'm... look, just trust me. What I'm doing is important.

KIRA

(huffs)

Fine. Was nice kicking arse with you.

WILLOW

(grins)

Likewise, Broganator.

Willow heads for Sofia - the other Slayers starting to peel away from the remains of the hall.

(CONTINUED)

WILLOW (cont'd)

Hey. I think we're gonna be going now, Sofes. I have to make sure Hope and her mom and dad get back safe.

SOFIA

Sure. Thanks, Willow.

But Sofia's expression is anything but rainbows and sunshine.

WILLOW

Okay, what's wrong?

SOFIA

(hesitates; beat)

It's just... look at me. I used to have a family. You, Buffy, Xander... Hope's the only one who remembers me because I bring her sweets.

(beat)

And Xander doesn't even call anymore. He's probably forgotten about me... with his new family.

WILLOW

(chuckles)

Honey... that is so untrue. And... I can prove it.

Willow pulls something from her purse - a crumpled, well-loved PHOTOGRAPH.

ANGLE ON THE PHOTOGRAPH to see XANDER HARRIS with his wife ALICE and a BABY between them.

SOFIA

(smiles)

She's beautiful.

WILLOW

That's his daughter... her name's Sofia.

Willow presses the photograph into Sofia's hands - before moving back towards Hope and her parents, giving Sofia a final HUG on her way.

Sofia looks at the photograph, stroking it tenderly, a warm SMILE on her face, until we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF SHOW

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