

SLAYER ACADEMY

"LANESHEAD"

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

NAVEEN ANDREWS

AARON YOO

AND

MAGGIE CHEUNG

LACEY MOSELY

MATT SMITH

GUEST STARRING

MARY McDONNELL as 'Celeste Rourke'

MELINDA CLARKE as 'Jilhandra'

MARIBEL VERDU as 'Ana Marquez'

TEASER

FADE IN:

1

EXT. NATIVE RESERVE - DAY

1

PAN DOWN over a modest little village, surrounded by thick trees on all side. Redbrick buildings, roads, birdsong and sunlight filtering down.

A handful of people wander the streets - NATIVE CANADIANS, their tanned skin and flowing hair a contrast to the modern clothing and affectations.

Breathing in the crisp air gratefully steps DANNY, smiling as he soaks up the atmosphere all around him.

DANNY

You'd never even know it was the same place.

He turns as FRANKIE steps into frame beside him, every bit the glamour puss despite the humid temperature.

FRANKIE

We spent a lot of money cleaning up this place, Daniel. I did not want it going to waste!

DANNY

And by 'we', you mean the Council, right? The one everybody seems to act like you're in charge of now?

FRANKIE

Being who I am 'as its advantages.

She glances across - and cracks a small smile back at him, before patting a hand on his chest.

FRANKIE (cont'd)

Come! We 'ave much to do.

She heads across the street, Danny following. He does a quick 360 mid-street to take in the surroundings once more, before we CUT TO:

2

INT. RESERVE - LIBRARY - NEXT

2

Indoors, the duo enter a large library that has been the subject of heavy renovation.

Three floors, a labyrinth of bookcases and shelves, a state-of-the-art computer suite and a new lick of paint.

Frankie nods greetings to several of the assistants as she and Danny head up a staircase:

3 INT. LIBRARY - FIRST FLOOR - NEXT

3

Where Frankie approaches the door to an office, entering while Danny stays outside, removing his sunglasses.

There are piles of unsorted books on desks outside the office, and he pauses to leaf through a few of them, until:

FRANKIE (O.S.)
Daniel! You can read in your own
time!

Scolded, he quickly replaces the book and steps into:

4 INT. LIBRARY - FRANKIE'S OFFICE - NEXT

4

Frankie is powering up her computer, opening the window and switching on the fan as Danny takes a seat before her desk, placing his feet up upon it.

Like the library outside, the office has enjoyed a recent facelift - the mismatched furniture makes it feel homely, and the piles of random books continues its spread within.

DANNY
It's a fabulous investment, though.
I imagine Tsula's tribe were more
than happy to get the help they
needed to finish fixing this town
up. Speaking of, will we be seeing
her today?

FRANKIE
Non, she is away on business. We
'ave other potential locations for
new Watcher's retreats and Council
bases like this, so I sent 'er
ahead to investigate.

DANNY
Right! What's first on the agenda,
then?

Frankie SWEEPS his feet off the desk, then drops a heavy book down before him with a loud THUD. A cloud of DUST is disturbed, making Danny COUGH.

DANNY (cont'd)
(waving dust away)
Yes, of course. Research. How could
I forget.

FRANKIE
This is not an 'oliday, Daniel. We
are 'ere to work.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

FRANKIE (cont'd)

Whatever the Coven are planning, we must learn all we can about it and them before they -

She pauses, straightening and turning her head to one side.

DANNY

(frowns)

What did you -

KA-BOOM! The entire library SHUDDERS, dislodging books from shelves and scattering files across the floor!

FRANKIE

Mon dieu!

DANNY

What is it? Are we under attack?

FRANKIE

(darkly)

It seems we are always under attack. *Allons-y!*

She dashes past him and out of the office as another EXPLOSION booms outside, rattling the office once more.

Regaining his balance, Danny quickly follows Frankie out:

Danny piles out of the library doors to find the tranquility of the reserve in tatters - people run SCREAMING and SHOUTING to and fro, cars ROARING past with horns BLARING!

Danny finds Frankie over by a group of burly-looking guys in matching outfits, all checking SHOTGUNS along with MACHETES and other weapons.

DANNY

Frankie! What should we -
(sees guns; boggles)
Are we at war?

FRANKIE

Not yet...

She hefts her shotgun, loading it with a loud KER-CHICK.

FRANKIE (cont'd)

... so let's find out who is trying to start one.

She nods to the other men, who fall into formation behind her as she marches boldly down the street.

Another EXPLOSION sounds, thick plumes of black SMOKE now rising from several parts of the reserve.

A strong WIND starts to kick up, buffeting the trees and sending smoke and debris whipping dangerously around.

Frankie shields herself from it, every step forward a bigger effort as the winds threaten to push her over.

She manages a few more, until:

FOOM! A bolt of LIGHTNING arcs down right in front of the armed detail, blasting two of her men off their feet!

Frankie whips round towards the source of the bolt - and a curse leaves her lips as she sees:

JILHANDRA

Descending from the skies, a crackling bubble of energy around her, smirking victoriously amidst the rising havoc below.

Racing along the streets beneath her is a horde of DEMONS, armed to the teeth and ROARING with bloodlust.

FRANKIE (cont'd)

Fire!!

She raises her shotgun and FIRES, the remaining guards with her following suit:

But their bullets bounce harmlessly off the field around Jilhandra. She TUTS loudly, wagging a scolding finger:

And then with a SWEEP of her arm, Frankie and the others are hurled off their feet and into the air, hurtling across the road!

Frankie lands with a THUMP, skidding painfully along the ruptured tarmac for several feet.

Danny is at her side in an instant as she GROANS, trying to stand.

DANNY

We have to get out of here!

FRANKIE

(groggy)

Non... the library, we can't let them...

Danny looks over his shoulder, and Frankie follows his gaze:

(CONTINUED)

One group of demons is already pouring into the library, HOOTING and BAYING enthusiastically. From within, windows SMASH as they wreak maximum carnage.

He looks to his left - demons are gleefully HACKING DOWN some unfortunate townsfolk, BLOOD splattering as they attack.

To his right - and two cars COLLIDE in the street as they weave to avoid fleeing citizens, before a ball of FLAME streaks down and hits them, the cars EXPLODING!

Danny finally looks ahead - with energy blazing in her hands, Jilhandra fires off more bolts of LIGHTNING, burning holes through buildings!

DANNY

Frankie, you may not thank me for this right now, but I'm making an executive decision...

Danny hauls Frankie to her feet, taking the shotgun in one hand and half-carrying her back down the street.

JILHANDRA (O.S.)

Come on, Frankie! You're going to miss all the fun! Don't run away yet!

With a YELL, Danny turns and FIRES the shotgun - but it's a wild shot, missing anything threatening by miles.

He's rewarded by the ground DETONATING beside him, showering him with hot debris and leaving a pattern of cuts across his skin.

Jilhandra's mocking LAUGHTER follows the duo as they head back up the road - more EXPLOSIONS and SCREAMS ringing out all around them.

Danny turns a corner and onto a flat square of concrete forming a makeshift car park:

But most of the vehicles there are already wrecked, either ablaze or turned on their side, flattened by the mayhem!

With the strong winds almost blowing him off his feet, Danny frantically pats his pockets until he finds a pair of KEYS.

He lifts them and hits the alarm beeper - and to his relief, a BEEP answers him from one of the few cars still in one piece.

CONTINUED:

FRANKIE
(still groggy)
We 'ave to stay... stay and
fight...

DANNY
Stay and get killed, more like!
Dade would never forgive me if I
let you get killed! We can come
back with reinforcements later, but
for now...

He opens the car door and lays her on the passenger seat.

DANNY (cont'd)
... discretion is definitely the
best part of valour.

He SLIDES across the bonnet and clambers into the front seat.
Starting the car, he starts to pull away:

And a flaming hunk of building SLAMS into the ground right in
front of the car!

Danny SHOUTS in shock, then stands on the brakes with a
SCREECH, looking up out of the windscreen:

To see half of the adjacent building starting to TOPPLE, a
smoking HOLE already blasted through it!

DANNY (cont'd)
Alright, not this way then...

Danny quickly REVERSES, drives around the pile of rubble and
floors the accelerator, tearing off the car park.

EXT. RESERVE - ACCESS ROAD - NEXT

Danny's car races along the bumpy road leading from the
reserve, SMOKE and FLAMES still rising from several parts of
the town.

As the car speeds out of frame below, PULL UP to survey the
destruction as the Coven continue to tear the reserve apart,
before we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

8

INT. CAMPUS - INFIRMARY - DAY

8

Frankie lies in one of the beds with TIA hovering over her, checking on some bandages.

Danny sits in a chair as MANU dabs at his cuts with antiseptic, FITZGERALD, KIRA and HUANG gathered around to hear his story.

FITZGERALD

And there was no warning prior to the attack? They just descended from the heavens and started throwing magic around?

DANNY

Frankie had a moment just before the first strike, but I'm putting that down to innate Slayer danger senses.

(off Frankie)

How is she?

TIA

Sleeping it off. She's got a mild concussion because she's too stubborn to know when she's been injured, but she'll live.

KIRA

You say they went straight for the library?

FITZGERALD

There was a lot of information there on various Council holdings and interests worldwide. After the experiences we've had over the years, we've learned not to keep all our resources in one location anymore.

HUANG

Jilhandra is researching her next move.

KIRA

(snaps)

Harry, please. I asked you not to call her that. Don't validate her attempt at infamy.

(CONTINUED)

DANNY

Frankie's the one who knows best what was kept in there, you're better off asking her when she comes round.

FITZGERALD

Alright. Soon as Manu's finished with you here, I'd like to see you in my office for a full debrief.

Danny nods. Fitzgerald glances at Manu, then exits. Kira and Huang also step away, lowering their voices:

KIRA

What do you think they were looking for?

HUANG

It is hard to say. There are a great many secrets in the written word.

KIRA

Alright, I'll rephrase that - here's what I think they were looking for.

(beat)

Her.

Huang reacts. Kira nods slowly.

KIRA (cont'd)

It makes perfect sense. Becky's trying to get the band back together, so without her...

HUANG

... without her, the music simply does not sound the same.

KIRA

Exactly. And a gold star for running with my metaphor.

She glances around at the others.

KIRA (cont'd)

We should continue this elsewhere.

Huang nods, and the two witches leave the infirmary - passing SKYE and DADE, who enter as they exit.

SKYE

(to Danny)

Heard you missed Jilhandra with a shotgun from a few feet away?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DANNY
(chuckles)
Target practise is next week.

Skye joins him, taking the antiseptic from Manu.

SKYE
I've got this. Go check on the
princess, make sure she didn't
break a nail.

Manu raises an eyebrow and EXHALES, but leaves them to it -
Dade is already at Frankie's bedside.

Skye dabs a fresh round of antiseptic on a ball of cotton
wool and dabs Danny's cuts. He WINCES.

SKYE (cont'd)
Oh, quit bellyaching. They're just
scratches.

DANNY
Did I mention the horde of demons?

SKYE
Yeah, but I figured you were
exaggerating. One man's 'horde' is
another Slayer's 'pack'.

Danny watches her as she carefully cleans his wounds.

DANNY
You're being awfully nice to me all
of a sudden.

SKYE
(shrugs)
Sucker for wounded animals. Doesn't
mean we're engaged or anything.

She dabs again, Danny WINCES again - but as he grins, she
offers a small grin back.

SKYE (cont'd)
This doesn't mean I'm okay with
everything yet either, by the way.
We'll talk about that another time.

Skye looks towards Frankie's bedside - where Tia respectfully
leaves as Dade clutches one of Frankie's hands.

SKYE (cont'd)
Huh...

DANNY
What?

(CONTINUED)

She narrows her eyes, trying to read Dade's troubled expression.

SKYE

I don't know... yet.

She returns her attention to Danny, and we CUT TO:

Within the bustling cafeteria, the remaining members of A and B SQUADS (SOFIA, DELANEY, TORI, REIKO, FRAN, MELA and the still off-duty MALLORY) are picking at their various lunches.

MALLORY

(through mouthful)

Sounds like I should be glad I didn't get to go!

SOFIA

Believe it. Fireballs hurtling past in all directions, people blowing up, thunder and lightning -

TORI

And the buffet sucked.

(off looks)

Too soon?

REIKO

What did Hope say to you guys?

A beat. Reiko fidgets, suddenly awkward.

REIKO (cont'd)

Um, I mean, if nobody wants to say, that's okay, I just thought if we all tried to -

SOFIA

'She knows you didn't mean it'.
That's what I got.

FRAN

Who knows you didn't mean it? And didn't mean what?

SOFIA

(shrugs)

That's all she said. From what I understand about Oracles, they get better at interpreting and articulating the information they get as they get older. Hope's only six and a bit, don't forget.

REIKO

She told me 'she thinks you're doing great'.

(smiles)

I'd like to think I know who Hope meant by that.

TORI

I got something about trying to stop somebody from doing something and failing... another painfully worded reminder of what happens if Hamish gets to me... oh, and 'jump'.

FRAN

'Jump'? The hell kind of otherworldly wisdom is that?

TORI

Alright, what about you?

FRAN

I got told 'it won't make her stop, but you'll still try'. And to tell her I love her when it's the right time.

The others glance at Mela - and Fran suddenly blushes, unable to look Mela in the eye.

REIKO

(sensing the awkwardness)

Mela? What did Hope say to you?

MELA

(quickly)

Nothing.

SOFIA

Really? I left you with her for a while, she didn't even -

MELA

(terse)

I was a little busy trying not to get my face blown off by a horde of hungry demons, there wasn't much time to stop and have a chat.

The others fall silent at Mela's sharp tone. She SIGHS, putting down what's left of her dinner.

MELA (cont'd)

I have to go.

(CONTINUED)

FRAN

But what about -

MELA

(distant)

I'll see you later.

She's up and gone, taking her tray with her. Fran watches her go, then turns back to her food. Strangely, her appetite's now gone.

TORI

Nice choice of topic, Reiko.

REIKO

(wails)

I didn't know she'd get all weird about it! I just thought it'd be interesting!

Sofia pats her hand to calm her down.

SOFIA

Reiko, ignore her. Tori's just being a silly cow.

(to Tori; pointed)

Aren't you?

Tori rolls her eyes, EXHALING loudly.

TORI

Yeah, sure. Whatever.

Reiko glances at Delaney, who just shakes her head slowly.

DELANEY

Don't even think about it.

Reiko bows her head. Mallory scans the various expressions of the others, then shakes her head with a chuckle.

MALLORY

You lot are all mad.

GREG (O.S.)

Certainly helps around here.

The girls look up as GREG joins them, pulling out a chair to sit down.

GREG (cont'd)

How are we all this afternoon?

Doesn't take him long to read their expressions.

(CONTINUED)

GREG (cont'd)

Then I'll move on swiftly from that question. It's mission time, A and B Squads to report to the briefing room, *tout suite*.

TORI

Swell. I think we're about done here anyway.

Everybody but Sofia and Reiko rises and leaves, the former finishing her sandwich as Reiko asks Greg:

REIKO

Hey, what did Madison want to speak to you about?

GREG

Hmm? Oh, some crazy idea she's had about turning my life story into a movie next.

Sofia just raises an eyebrow. Greg chuckles.

GREG (cont'd)

That's about what I said. I don't care if she does think I have an 'intriguing' story to tell the world, I'm not airing my dirty laundry in public like that.

Sofia makes a big show of COUGHING loudly. Greg winces, realising his *faux pas*.

GREG (cont'd)

I didn't mean -

SOFIA

Oh, stop it, I'm only winding you up. Nobody's got a sense of humour around here at the moment, have they?

GREG

And besides, you know... out of respect for Aiden, and everything we... I just didn't think it was appropriate.

SOFIA

Good on you, Greg. Good call. Better than mine.

He nods, managing a half smile before he TAPS the table.

GREG

Are you ladies ready?

(CONTINUED)

Sofia nods, pushing her tray away, and as the trio rise and head for the exit, we CUT TO:

Where the reunited Squads have taken their seats. Frankie, Greg and Fitzgerald are at the head of the room, VIDEO SCREENS on behind them.

FITZGERALD

Now that we've had time to assess the damage after the attack and check what was missing, we think we have an idea where Jilhandra and her cronies are headed next.

She nods to Frankie, who cues up an image on the screen:

A large, dark building sitting on an island some way off shore. It's angular and imposing.

FRANKIE

Laneshead. The Council prison facility.

Skye WHISTLES, and the others react - they've all heard the name, but never seen it until now.

GREG

A holding facility for the worst of the worst. Everything from rogue Council staff and Slayers, to warlocks, demons, vampires and everything in between is kept there.

FITZGERALD

Its location is a fairly well-kept secret, but even with the state of the art security facilities in operation there, we're placing the entire facility on high alert.

DELANEY

How can we be so sure that's where they're going to strike?

FRANKIE

Keystroke loggers, access paths, other traces on the computers at the retreat. Also, paperwork, schematics and other files were taken from the vault.

SOFIA

Any idea who they'd be after?

(CONTINUED)

FITZGERALD

We have a few theories, but in all honesty it could be any one of a dozen candidates, several of them former affiliates or allies of the Coven di Fuoco.

Delaney BRISTLES at the name - and behind her, so does Mela.

REIKO

So we're heading out there for added security.

GREG

(nods)

We're shipping out in an hour, so I want you all prepped and ready straight after this briefing. Obviously we don't have a timetable for the attack, but we have to assume it'll be soon.

Frankie moves around the room, dishing out thick FOLDERS.

GREG (cont'd)

Inside your mission dossiers are the files on the likely prison break targets, along with some information on Laneshead itself.

FRANKIE

Familiarise yourselves with the layout and security network, and get to know your enemy. We may 'ave to face any one of these in person by tonight.

Fran grimaces as she examines a photo of one particularly brutal-looking PRISONER.

FRAN

Nice. Is this a BYOB kind of party, or will there be a buffet laid on for us?

MELA

(sharp)

Take this seriously, Fran.

FRAN

I am, I'm just -

REIKO

Hush!

(to Fitzgerald)

What about Tori?

(CONTINUED)

TORI
(sighs)
Here we go...

REIKO
I'm just saying, this probably isn't the best mission to take Tori along to. If there's any kind of prison break, who knows what other kinds of bad guys are waiting to get their hands on her?

TORI
I'm not a piece of meat, Bubblegum!

SKYE
(off folder)
You might as well be to these scumbags. We can't assume that Hamish is the only one who knows by now that you're the only thing between him and our Slayer power supply. If somebody else in there knows how to get to that...

TORI
(firm)
Then I'll take care of it.

She looks to the Watchers for support. They exchange some looks - before Fitzgerald nods.

FITZGERALD
For all we know, this whole thing could be a ruse to lure our best Slayers away, leaving Tori here ripe for a sneak attack by Hamish. If she's going to be anywhere, I'd rather it be with the rest of you to protect her.

TORI
I can take care of myself.

GREG
Nobody's saying you can't.

Tori leans back in her seat - she's a little put out, but lets it slide for now.

GREG (cont'd)
If there are no more questions...?

The girls rise and file out of the room. They pass Kira and Huang, who enter as Delaney is the last to leave.

(CONTINUED)

Mother and daughter share a quick look before Huang shuts the door after her, the duo approaching the Watchers.

FITZGERALD

This looks serious. What can we do
for you both?

KIRA

We know who the Coven are going
for.

Kira nods to Huang, who produces a thick FOLDER and lays it down before Fitzgerald, opening it to show a photo.

HUANG

Celeste Rourke.

Fitzgerald blinks, glancing at the black and white image - it's of a middle aged woman with kind features and long, curly hair.

FITZGERALD

That's... no, that can't be right.
Rourke isn't in Laneshead.

KIRA

Yes, she is.

GREG

How could you possibly know that?

KIRA

Because we helped put her there.

Greg and Fitzgerald swap a surprised look.

KIRA (cont'd)

Oh come on, Gregory. You read my
files front and back, you must have
spotted that little gem!

(off looks)

We were working with Nina Kagemura
to bring Celeste down? No?

(thinks)

Although, technically, I was still
Evelyn back then, so I suppose I
did sort of die in the middle of
the investigation...

FRANKIE

Never mind any of that. You are
sure this Celeste Rourke is at
Laneshead?

HUANG

We are sure. Very few people know
about it.

(CONTINUED)

FITZGERALD

(dry)
Obviously.

KIRA

But if I were Jilh- if I were
Becky, and I could break one person
only out of one of the most secure
prisons in known creation...

She taps a finger against CELESTE ROURKE's photo.

KIRA (cont'd)

... I'd get my old boss out.

Fitzgerald looks from the photo to Kira, concern descending
on her features before we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

11 INT. MINIBUS (MOVING) - DAY

11

A Squad are in this first bus, the second visible following behind. They're travelling along a bumpy country road, Greg at the wheel.

Sofia is still nosing through her folder, flicking past the rogues gallery of inmate photos.

SOFIA

You know, I'm sure I recognise some of these people.

SKYE

Probably 'cause you do. That guy? Name's Ashbourne. We put him away about five years ago, remember?

Sofia looks up, blank. Skye shakes her head.

SKYE (cont'd)

See, this is the kind of thing that pisses them off, when we don't remember them, 'cause they sure as hell remember us. All the best Batman stories start like that.

TORI

How come I didn't end up here?

Everyone goes quiet. Tori quirks an eyebrow.

TORI (cont'd)

Valid question.

GREG

Um, you were -

SKYE

We had a better idea.

TORI

No, you had a better idea. You figured it'd be more gratifying to lock me away and make me suffer unimaginable torment every day for over a year instead.

SKYE

(cold)

You turned my best friend into a vampire.

(CONTINUED)

TORI

She asked me to! Or are you
choosing, as usual, to forget that
nugget of information?

DELANEY

Hey! Knock it off!

Delaney glares angrily at them both, then turns to Skye:

DELANEY (cont'd)

And you know full well Erika
herself could end up in here before
too long.

SKYE

Don't you dare -

GREG

(shouts)

Quiet!

He glances over his shoulder at them, scowling.

GREG (cont'd)

What on earth's gotten into you
lot? I'll bet Frankie isn't having
this kind of aggro back there!

He turns back to the driving, leaving the admonished girls in
stony silence as we CUT TO:

Where a full-scale ARGUMENT has broken out.

FRAN

(yells; at Mela)

Nobody cares what she told you!
Reiko was only asking!

MELA

Reiko should mind her own damn
business!

REIKO

Don't talk to me like that! I'm
your squad leader!

MELA

That doesn't mean you get to ask me
about... about...

FRAN

Exactly! About what? I don't know
why this is making you act so
crazy!

Mela starts to shout back when Frankie suddenly SLAMS ON THE BRAKES, the minivan LURCHING to a halt.

The girls are silent as Frankie turns slowly in her seat to face them, smouldering. Uh-oh.

FRANKIE

(rising volume)

If I 'ear one more word out of any of you before we reach Laneshead, then I will personally 'url you out of this van without stopping! Is that clear?

They mumble a response like naughty schoolchildren.

FRANKIE (cont'd)

(shrieks)

Is that clear?!?

FRAN

Yes, Frankie. We get it.

REIKO

We're sorry.

Mela keeps quiet. Still simmering, Frankie turns back and gets the van moving again.

Fran glances at Mela but she keeps her head down, and Fran lets out a SIGH of frustration as we CUT TO:

It's a little later, the two vans parked up at the top of a hill leading down a typically inhospitable British beach.

B Squad are making their way carefully down the rocky outcrop that leads to the wind-lashed beach, Greg and A Squad already down there.

As well as the heavy spray off the choppy sea, heavy RAIN is falling, the shivering Slayers pulling their jackets tight.

Greg is looking out to sea with a pair of binoculars, lowering them and passing them to Sofia.

GREG

There it is.

Sofia looks through the binoculars:

SOFIA'S POV:

And after a few moments scanning, she sees it:

LANESHEAD ISLAND

Where a distant, dark building rises from a small island some way out from the shore.

ON SCENE

Sofia passes the binoculars to Frankie as she and the other Slayers join them.

FRANKIE

I 'eard this place makes people
crazy just by being close to it.

SOFIA

Certainly explains some of the
conversations in the bus on the way
here...

(to others)

Doesn't look that big. How were we
planning on getting out there?

DELANEY

I mean, I'm a good swimmer, but
this...

She indicates the treacherous seas.

GREG

Don't worry. I got a call from
Grace on the way over here, we've
got our transport covered.

There's a sudden FLARE of coloured light, the girls turning:

To see Kira and Huang heading across the sodden sands towards
them, hair billowing in the wind.

DELANEY

What are you doing here?

KIRA

(dry)

And it's a pleasure to see you too,
my darling.

(to Greg)

You got my message, then?

GREG

Not sure why you couldn't have told
us before we left, but yeah.

Skye looks down the beach - there are a few small BOATS tied
to a rickety jetty, bobbing on the waves.

(CONTINUED)

SKYE

Anything that means we don't have
to use those, I'm good with.

HUANG

Gather round, everyone.

The teams huddle together, Kira and Huang on the fringe.

KIRA

Close your eyes and think of
England. Or nearest applicable
country of origin.

FRAN

What are we d-

FZAP! Another FLARE of light and the group vanishes:

And they reappear with another FLARE inside the main entrance
(or 'gatelodge') of the facility.

FRAN

-oing?

She blinks, the others taking a moment to look around:

The foyer area looks for all the world like an art gallery's
entrance, with bright, clean paint, minimalist furniture and
even some hanging paintings.

As people start to shake themselves dry, Greg looks up to see
a MAN approaching flanked by two burly SECURITY GUARDS and a
smartly dressed female ASSISTANT.

MAN

Welcome to Laneshead, ladies and
gentleman! I see you found your own
way across. Jonathan Wylde, at your
service. This is my assistant
Katherine.

He's tall, stately and blessed with a full head of wavy grey
hair. This is WARDEN WYLDE, and this is his kingdom.

WYLDE

Pierce! Good to see you at last.
I've heard a lot.

He reaches the group, shaking Greg's hand before turning to
Frankie, taking her hand and politely KISSING it.

WYLDE (cont'd)

And you could only be the ever-
elegant Miss DuCont.

(MORE)

WYLDE (cont'd)

These four walls are already a
little brighter with your presence.

Frankie nods and takes her hand back - but she smiles,
soaking up the warm welcome.

Wylde raises an eyebrow as Kira and Huang step forward, Kira
relishing this moment as Wylde sizes her up.

KIRA

Never thought I'd get to see this
place as a visitor! Do I get my own
little badge?

WYLDE

(stiff)

Kira Brogan. I'm not about to lie
and say it's a pleasure.

KIRA

(waves it away)

You'll warm up once you get to know
me.

WYLDE

(to Huang; quick bow)

Lady Huang. I am humbled.

Huang bows back respectfully, before Wylde motions to one of
the guards. The guard heads over to a BOOTH nearby.

SOFIA

I have to say, we weren't expecting
this. This place is... surprisingly
cheery.

WYLDE

You were expecting, perhaps, a
dungeon more fitting for a
Transylvanian castle?

SKYE

We watch a lot of movies. You build
up an impression.

WYLDE

My policy has always been that
one's working environment should
reflect the state of mind one
wishes to encourage in the
employees, and even the inmates.

He turns, a wave of his arm indicating the rest of the foyer.

(CONTINUED)

WYLDE (cont'd)

By making Laneshead feel like a place of rehabilitation rather than a prison, I feel we produce better results in the long-term treatment of our clients.

(beat; nods)

Now, if you'd like to follow me?

He turns, leading the group towards a set of glass swing-doors.

The guards hold them open as they pass through, a SHIMMER of light just visible in the air.

Mela SHIVERS as she steps through, then frowns, looking down at her hands.

WYLDE

Ah, yes. The dampening field. One of many necessary precautions.

REIKO

What -

MELA

My... my magic, it's...

KIRA

Oh, very bloody clever.

She points towards a cluster of small DEVICES positioned over the archway.

KIRA (cont'd)

Magical dampening field. Fills the air with particles that negate a magic user's natural ability to channel and focus their powers.

Everybody but Kira, Delaney and Huang has stepped through by now. Wylde waits on the other side, hands behind his back.

HUANG

If our information about a potential attack is correct, Mr. Wylde, then surely depriving us of our ability to fight back is not a wise choice?

WYLDE

I'm afraid I can't make exceptions, my lady.

(MORE)

CONTINUED:

WYLDE (cont'd)

There are dozens of independently-powered and controlled fields such as these across the facility, and we are able to activate, deactivate, lessen or intensify them at will.

He nods to the guard over by the booth back in the foyer, who flicks a switch:

And the whole gatelodge SHIMMERS briefly with light. Kira stiffens, and Huang tenses up also.

Delaney rolls her eyes, stepping through the doorway.

DELANEY

(to Wylde)

I'm clean. Nothing to worry about.

WYLDE

Glad to hear it.

Kira shoots Wylde a filthy look as she and Huang step through.

KIRA

We could have done without the theatrics.

Wylde just grins maddeningly back at her, turns on his heel and continues down the corridor.

INT. LANESHEAD - CORRIDOR - NEXT

Wylde continues to lean the group, flanked by guards.

WYLDE

(continuing)

... so with our clients only released from their cells for one hour a day, if at all in some extreme cases, our clientele remain under constant surveillance.

Sofia glances up as a CCTV CAMERA whirrs to track them.

SKYE

What's the capacity of this place?

WYLDE

Two hundred at maximum, but due to the security sensitive nature of our clients we usually operate well below this capacity.

Reiko turns to look one of the guards up and down, noticing the body armour, submachine gun and insignia on his uniform.

(CONTINUED)

REIKO

Must be a tough sell getting people to sign up for a job like this?

WYLDE

All of our staff are volunteers taken from within either existing Council personnel or seconded from other maximum and Supermax prison facilities around the world.

They turn a corner, entering:

INT. LANESHEAD - ACCESS ELEVATOR - NEXT

A large, circular room with one main feature - an ELEVATOR in the centre, large enough to hold a tank.

WYLDE

We also enjoy a full-time security staff of well armed 51st Brigade soldiers twenty-four hours a day.

Fran spots GUN TURRETS mounted around the walls, with a manned OBSERVATION BOOTH up above.

Wylde waits as his guards move to a set of consoles and control panels, turning keys and pulling levers.

FRAN

What, are you taking us on a tour of the basement next?

WYLDE

Not at all - we're going to see the facility.

REIKO

Isn't this the facility?

DELANEY

Although this does explain why this place looked so small from the outside...

Wylde smirks again as the circular shutter doors beneath the elevator slowly CRANK open, revealing a lift shaft descending beneath it.

WYLDE

Laneshead's population reside in the underground levels for a variety of reasons. The complex I've just shown you around is purely for the staff.

Kira narrows her eyes, regarding Wylde's smug expression:

(CONTINUED)

KIRA

You enjoy leaving this part to last, don't you?

WYLDE

Life does offer one these occasional opportunities.

With gears GRINDING and CLANKING, the elevator itself finally rises into view - a storm cage with individual chambers mounted around its circumference.

WYLDE (cont'd)

We can transport several clients securely at a time with this, meaning a mass transfer can be accomplished swiftly and neatly.

Wylde motions for the team to step onto the lift. With a few hesitant glances they file inside, guards closing the heavy shutter doors after them.

The team are a little cramped within the elevator, but Wylde continues his monologue as they descend:

WYLDE

Laneshead follows the 'panopticon' model of prison design, courtesy of Jeremy Bentham. The concept of the design is to allow an observer to observe all prisoners without the incarcerated being able to tell whether they are being watched, thereby conveying what one architect has called the "sentiment of an invisible omniscience."

Wylde rocks back on his heels a little, proud. Greg shoots Frankie a quick look, forcing her to stifle a giggle.

WYLDE (cont'd)

Bentham himself described the Panopticon as "a new mode of obtaining power of mind over mind, in a quantity hitherto without example." I'd like to think that Laneshead is a shining example of his foresight in action.

The lift stops with a THUNK, gears cooling and suspension HISSING as the shutter door starts to rise.

WYLDE (cont'd)

Ah, but now you can observe for yourself!

18

CONTINUED:

18

He waits for the door to rise fully then steps out, two lines of GUARDS waiting on the other side:

19

INT. LANESHEAD - PANOPTICON - TOWER - NEXT

19

And as he emerges, the team follows. The spectacle forces them all to stop and take a moment:

They're at the top of a CONTROL TOWER rising from the centre of a huge circular room, the elevator shaft rising up into the ceiling.

Lining the walls some way from the tower are dozens of CELLS, each with an opaque window to show the occupants within. Walkways circle the panopticon to afford access to any cell on any level.

The team head for the outer edges of the tower, with lighthouse-style searchlights, cameras and gun turrets mounted above them.

WYLDE

A single officer on duty has full view of all cells within a two hundred and seventy degree field of vision, with control of all cell doors, CCTV and communications going through this tower.

GREG

This is...

SOFIA

I'm not sure if it's a fantastic idea or the most inhumane thing I've ever seen.

DELANEY

Probably both.

WYLDE

The design serves to maximise the number of prisoners that can be controlled and monitored by one individual, reducing staffing, as well as restricting prisoner movement throughout the facility as tightly as possible.

REIKO

And the Coven are coming for somebody in here?

(gulps)

How are we supposed to protect all these at once?

(CONTINUED)

WYLDE

My dear, Laneshead is capable of defending itself. We utilise an Eisner security system - an adaptive artificial intelligence that learns from our clients movements and formulates strategies to counter any escape attempts.

Wylde steps away to discuss something with another staff member, leaving the team to look around.

Kira and Huang approach Wylde, who finishes his discussion and turns to face them.

KIRA

This is all very impressive, and I'm sure the infants back there will be suitably googly-eyed by your little presentation, but you know why we're here.

WYLDE

I do indeed. If you would like to follow me?

Kira and Huang slip away - noticed by Delaney, who nudges Greg and directs his attention.

DELANEY

Where's she off to?

GREG

Good question...

They watch Kira and Huang depart, and we CUT TO:

Lift doors open to reveal Kira, Huang and Wylde. They step out into another, smaller circular room:

This time there are just a dozen cells arranged around the shorter central tower (which the trio are on top of).

WYLDE

I'd just like to make my opposition to this meeting known and clearly stated for the record.

KIRA

Duly noted, filed away and ignored.
(beat)
Which one is hers?

But Huang is already looking:

HUANG

There.

She points towards one of the cells below, its occupant hidden from view.

KIRA

(exhales)

Right then.

She leads the way towards a staircase running down the outside the tower, with Huang behind her. Wylde stays back, talking to more guards.

They approach the cell, Kira taking a quick mental image of the various access panels, dampening field units and other security features around it.

Huang uses a communications panel to activate the cell's intercom system, then nods to Kira.

Kira nods back, takes a breath to compose herself, but before she can speak she hears:

WOMAN (O.S.)

Hello, sweetie.

Kira hesitates - and a figure glides smoothly out of the shadows within the cell into view.

Late fifties, long curly auburn hair and surprisingly warm features despite the plain prison fatigues all combine to make CELESTE ROURKE.

CELESTE

It's been too long, Evelyn.

(beat)

Have you come to get me out of here?

Kira and Huang swap an uncertain look as we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

21 INT. LANESHEAD - SEGREGATION LEVEL - DAY 21

Kira and Huang stand before Celeste's cell.

KIRA

You know very well why we're here.
Becky's coming to break you out and
we're here to stop her.

HUANG

We are, of course, sorry to
disappoint your scheme.

CELESTE

It's not my scheme - why would it
be? I'm more than comfortable here.

KIRA

(looks around)

Yep, 'comfy' is a word that springs
to mind.

Celeste smiles, stepping back and hitting the light switch to
illuminate her cell:

It looks for all the world like a study transposed wholesale
from a manor house. Bookcases line the walls, rugs cover the
floor, paintings hang to fill the gaps.

Kira and Huang react - not what they were expected. Amused,
Celeste grins as she approaches the window again.

KIRA (cont'd)

Who did you have to kill to get all
of this?

CELESTE

It's all part of my arrangement.

KIRA

You have an 'arrangement'?

CELESTE

I provide the Council with valuable
intelligence and assistance, help
them deal with a wide variety of
problems, and in return I get
access to little... luxuries.

Huang steps closer to continue to examination - a dresser is
covered with tiny brass trinkets, with the occasional framed
photograph.

(CONTINUED)

KIRA

You always did know how to sweet talk your way out of anything.

CELESTE

How are Lois and Adam? I may not be my daughter's favourite person, but I don't get to have much contact down here in the solitary wing, as you can imagine.

HUANG

Are you saying you have not been in contact with Jilhandra?

CELESTE

What that traitorous little scumbag gets up to in her spare time is no concern of mine. If she's coming here for me, then I fear she'll leave disappointed and empty-handed.

(beat; smirks)

And hopefully burned to a crisp.

KIRA

Right, because you wouldn't jump at the chance to get out of here, would you?

CELESTE

The old ways no longer hold any interest for me, dearest. I'm paying my dues back to the world for the years of great harm I inflicted upon it.

HUANG

Do you expect us to believe this?

CELESTE

No, not at first. If you discuss this with Warden Wylde, he'll be able to validate my claims.

(beat)

But you didn't come here to check up on my rehabilitation. It's been twenty years since I've seen either of you, after all.

(beat)

You're here because of the prophecy.

Kira hesitates, glancing back at Huang as we CUT TO:

22

INT. LANESHEAD - PANOPTICON - CONTROL ROOM - NEXT

22

Back with the others, as they stand within the large control centre for the facility. Rows of desks face a huge bank of video screens on the far wall, making the place feel like Mission Control at NASA. Gallery walkways run before and alongside the screens.

Wylde rejoins the group as they hover near a few desks, peering over operators' shoulders to see what's what.

WYLDE

Ah, I see you've found your way to our nerve centre, the nucleus of our entire operation.

GREG

It's very impressive.

FRANKIE

I am glad to see my investment in this place was well spent.

WYLDE

Oh, absolutely, Miss DuCont -

FRANKIE

Please. Call me Frankie.

WYLDE

(nods)

Frankie. The budget allocation allowed for significant improvements and updates to our system. From here, the Eisner security protocols control every facet of the facility. If we wanted to adjust the temperature of an individual tap, we could do so from here.

Sofia turns to him, one of the mission dossiers in hand.

SOFIA

Fascinating as all this would be if we were on a school trip and not a mission, I'm afraid we have to get down to business.

She hands him the folder, and he leafs through, nodding as he scans the various files.

GREG

These are the chief suspects for the impending prison break. Can we up the security on their specific cells?

(CONTINUED)

WYLDE

Of course. Is there, ah... anyone else you're considering?

FRAN

Such as?

WYLDE

(beat; smiles)

No-one. Of course. Just being thorough.

REIKO

So what's our plan now?

WYLDE

Your best bet, if you want my opinion, would be to divide into a handful of teams, station yourselves throughout the facility and wait.

FRANKIE

With all this -

(off the control room)

- 'elping us keep an eye on everything, all we 'ave to do is be patient. When the Coven attack, we will be ready.

WYLDE

I'll call down to the kitchens, get you and your girls some food ready, and speak to the laundry to make sure you all have something comfortable to spend the night on.

Wylde nods again and heads away, leaving the team behind.

SKYE

You know, I don't think I've ever seen a man composed of pure stiff upper lip before.

SOFIA

Oh, he's alright. Who wants to go where?

She points to a map on the wall, detailing the complex.

SOFIA (cont'd)

We need to cover all the major entry and exit points. Two to a location. They've got radios here we can use to keep in touch. Skye, you're with Tori. Obviously.

TORI
(sighs)
Obviously.

FRAN
(points)
Mel and I'll take this one, the
visiting area.

REIKO
I'll go by the exercise yard with
Frankie.

SOFIA
Done. Delaney?
(beat; looks round)
Anybody seen Delaney?

TORI
Not sure, but looks like we've lost
Kira and Huang too.

SKYE
Maybe they already picked a spot?

MELA
Or maybe they're visiting some old
friends.

Mela gets a few looks for that statement, but Fran narrows
her eyes, registering Mela's distant, troubled expression.

Back with Kira, Huang and Celeste. Celeste sits on the edge
of her bed, Kira pacing up and down before her cell.

CELESTE
You'll wear a groove in the floor
doing that, dear.

KIRA
(snaps)
Stop calling me 'dear', you old
witch.

CELESTE
(amused)
My my, Evelyn. Your manners have
certainly taken a downward turn
since we last met.

KIRA
And don't think calling me 'Evelyn'
is going to rattle me, either.

CELESTE

No, it would appear you're already rattled enough.

Huang steps forward, trying to take charge of the conversation.

HUANG

Tell us what you know of the prophecy.

CELESTE

Just like that? No bartering for my co-operation?

KIRA

You can barter my foot up your arse if you like!

(to Huang)

This was a mistake. She doesn't know a thing, and frankly I don't think I can stand the smell down here any longer.

She turns to leave, but Huang grabs her arm to hold her. Kira glares at her, but Huang holds her gaze until Kira HUFFS, shrugging her arm free.

She steps back, folding her arms as Huang approaches the opaque partition next.

HUANG

Tell us what you know.

CELESTE

I know that it's going to end with all but one of us dead, and that lucky survivor will hold in their grubby little hand the keys to make or unmake the world as she and only she sees fit.

Celeste lets that statement hang for a moment.

CELESTE (cont'd)

Am I getting warm?

KIRA

'They were born in fire, they will die in fire. One will stand alone amongst the wreckage.' It's sweet that you still remember the gory details, but that doesn't tell us anything we don't already know.

CELESTE

What about if I told you I knew the
countdown had already started?

(beat; savours)

What was set in motion twenty years
ago will not be undone so easily,
Harry.

Celeste steps closer to the window.

CELESTE (cont'd)

And it's not just us, is it?
Everyone who is part of the Coven's
bloodline will play a part.

(beat)

Our children, for example.

Huang suddenly snaps, POUNDING a fist angrily against the
window! Kira quickly pulls her back as Celeste retreats a few
steps, smirking.

CELESTE (cont'd)

Just because I'm now an informant
for the Council doesn't mean I have
to be nice about it, dears.

(beat)

Say hello to Dade for me.

Kira starts to lead Huang away, and the noticeably rattled
Huang does not resist. But as they depart, Celeste calls
after them:

CELESTE (cont'd)

And... Delaney, is it?

Kira FREEZES. She turns, slowly, to face Celeste, who WINKS
back at her.

CELESTE (cont'd)

Lovely name.

Kira hesitates - but thinks better of answering back for now.
She escorts Huang off screen, leaving Celeste to chuckle as
she returns to her bed.

She takes a seat, picking up a well-read copy of 'De
Profundis' and locating a pair of reading glasses from a
bedside table.

She opens the book, taking a moment to read a few pages - but
pauses, looking up and making a show of peering over the
glasses at someone outside.

CELESTE (cont'd)

Hello.

(CONTINUED)

It's DELANEY, standing silently outside her cell. Celeste lays her book back down and rises, slinking back up to the window to size her up.

CELESTE (cont'd)
I was wondering when I'd get a
chance to finally meet you.
(smiles)
You look just like her. How she
used to look, I mean.

DELANEY
Don't. Just... stay away from that.
Her. That's not why I'm here.

CELESTE
Oh, I think I know exactly why
you're here, young lady.

Celeste pauses, leaving Delaney even more tightly wound.

CELESTE (cont'd)
You've come to find a way to get
your magic back.

Delaney stiffens, knowing this is a huge hornet's nest she's kicking as we DISSOLVE TO:

Sofia drops some blankets down on an empty cot, as Skye peers out through a window. It's getting dark outside now.

SKYE
Hell of a storm kicking up. Good
job we're in here.

SOFIA
The irony of this being the safest
place we could be right now hasn't
been lost on me.

Sofia starts laying out the bedspreads, eliciting a chuckle from Skye.

SOFIA (cont'd)
What?

SKYE
Just you, doing all this Mary Tyler
Moore crap... after sitting through
that movie and remembering what
you've been through, it all seems a
little...

SOFIA

Calming. Is what it is. When your daily life involves travelling around the world and defeating hideous monsters, then the chance to make up a bed feels like a proper adventure.

Finished, Sofia lies back on the bed, adjusting the pillows.

SOFIA (cont'd)

Anyway, you're not meant to be in here. You should be with Tori. I'll be fine until Delaney gets back from wherever she wandered off to.

Skye nods, leaving Sofia to it as she exits, hesitating in the doorway before departing, and we CUT TO:

INT. LANESHEAD - SEGREGATION LEVEL - NEXT

Where Delaney is now pacing up and down before Celeste's cell, mirroring Kira's earlier movements.

CELESTE

I could tell you were nearby, you know. Even through these walls, the pulse one feels from a Coven blood tattoo is a strong one.

DELANEY

What part am I supposed to be playing in this prophecy, exactly?

CELESTE

That's a long story, dearest, and I'm fairly sure the guards up in their ivory tower will notice you down here before too long.

DELANEY

They think I'm here on Academy business. Forged Wylde's signature on a permission form I lifted from one of the offices.

CELESTE

(grins)
Clever girl.

DELANEY

So start talking. Is it true? Is something going to happen to start killing all of you?

(beat)
All of us?

(CONTINUED)

CELESTE

Not one specific event as such,
more a series of unfortunate ones.
Hamish's attempt to steal the power
of the Slayers was just another
step in the road. Your mother and I
started down that path before you
were even born.

DELANEY

Still not telling me anything. I
need to know if... I have to save
my mom. You've gotta know something
I can try. Anything.

CELESTE

There's not much I can reveal to
you, Delaney. Even if you were able
to perform the ritual -

She stops, catching herself, but Delaney reacts:

DELANEY

What 'ritual'?

Celeste pauses, mulling over what to say next. She approaches
the window, lowering her voice.

CELESTE

I can't say much. They monitor all
our communication in here.

DELANEY

I don't care. This 'ritual' - will
it save my mom?

CELESTE

Yes. It's dangerous, and -

DELANEY

Still don't care.

(beat)

Tell me everything.

Delaney's fierce gaze stays fixed on Celeste, who offers up
another enigmatic smile as we CUT TO:

Where Fran sits with Mela, a row of phones behind glass
screens against one wall, and desks and chairs with
restraints set into them evenly spaced round the room.

Fran is in one of the restraint chairs, idly playing with the
thick manacles.

(CONTINUED)

FRAN

So are we going to talk about
what's up?

MELA

'Up'? Nothing's 'up', Fran.

FRAN

Like hell it isn't.

MELA

I don't know what you're talking
about.

FRAN

Bull. You've been turning into a
progressively bigger bitch over the
last few months, and I want to know
why.

MELA

You're imagining it. I'm fine.

FRAN

Right, because nobody ever said
they're 'fine' and meant it.

MELA

(irritable)

What do you want me to say?

FRAN

Tell me if it's me. Or anyone else.
If something's been on your mind
all this time, maybe I can -

MELA

(snaps)

You can't.

FRAN

So there is something?

Mela flaps, caught out, before letting out an aggrieved HUFF
and heading for the one door.

MELA

I'm gonna check the corridor
outside again.

FRAN

We already -

SLAM! The door closes behind her. Fran SIGHS sadly.

FRAN (cont'd)

Damn it, Mel...

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED: (2)

26

She sits back down in the chair, exhaling again - before the restraints suddenly ACTIVATE, clamping over her wrist and ankles with a loud THUNK!

FRAN (cont'd)
Hey! What the hell?

She struggles, but can't get free, looking up to the camera on the wall and yelling as we CUT TO:

27 INT. LANESHEAD - INFIRMARY - NEXT

27

Sofia looks round as the infirmery door suddenly swings shut and LOCKS with an electronic beep. Puzzled, she sits up:

SOFIA
Hello?

28 INT. LANESHEAD - GATELODGE - NEXT

28

Where Greg is studying some paintings on the wall when RED ALARM LIGHTS start flashing, followed by a piercing KLAXON.

GREG
They're here...

He turns - WHAP! And is knocked flat by a cudgel, three of the facility Guards looming over him!

29 EXT. LANESHEAD - EXERCISE YARD - NEXT

29

Where Reiko looks up, hearing a series of metallic CLICKS - and sees the various bolts and locks sealing the yard off from the main walls beyond starting to OPEN!

REIKO
Uh... is that supposed to be happening?

She turns to Frankie - just as the ALARMS start to sound!

FRANKIE
Merde, they are 'ere!

She races back for the door leading into the facility - just as it SEALS and LOCKS before her! She pulls at the handle but it's shut tight as we CUT TO:

30 INT. LANESHEAD - PANOPTICON - CONTROL ROOM - NEXT

30

Where Wylde stands, hands behind his back, watching the various CCTV screens around the facility:

Some show the various groups of Slayers trapped and trying to escape their confines; others show the cells lining the panopticon as we CUT TO:

31 INT. LANESHEAD - PANOPTICON - NEXT 31

And one by one, the red lights on each and every cell door flick from red to GREEN, the windows sealing them off starting to slide open!

Hesitant prisoners start to emerge from their cells, checking for guards - but none are to be found!

More ambitious inmates start running for the stairs, CHEERS rising into the air as we CUT TO:

32 INT. LANESHEAD - SEGREGATION LEVEL - NEXT 32

Hearing the alarms, Delaney looks up and round, then to Celeste - who appears just as surprised.

DELANEY

Did you do this?

CELESTE

No, I -

She stops, looking over Delaney's shoulder. She turns:

To find a half dozen GUARDS closing in on her, tasers CRACKLING and batons at the ready!

Delaney backs up against the window, surrounded and set for a pretty nasty fight as we CUT TO:

33 INT. LANESHEAD - PANOPTICON - CONTROL ROOM - NEXT 33

Where Wylde surveys the prison break with a proud smile, the technicians at the various stations all remarkably unflustered at the rising mayhem before them.

WYLDE

I'm afraid, ladies and gentlemen,
that due to circumstances beyond
our control...

Wylde starts to turn - his features beginning to SHIFT and DISTORT...

And within moments, it's HAMISH who stands before us!

HAMISH

The lunatics have well and truly
taken over the asylum.

He grins broadly, immeasurably pleased with himself as we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

34 INT. LANESHEAD - INFIRMARY - NIGHT 34

With Sofia, the alarms still blaring as she ATTACKS the sealed door, trying to prise it open with an iron bar - wrangled off the remains of the cot behind her.

35 INT. LANESHEAD - PANOPTICON - NEXT 35

Where a flood of escaping prisoners are now making their way up towards the control room tower, the access elevator open and waiting for them!

36 INT. LANESHEAD - KITCHENS - NEXT 36

Here are Skye and Tori, also trapped. Skye is hammering away at the door, while Tori is dragging tables around.

SKYE

Quit doing that and help me!

TORI

I am helping, dumbass.

She points - there's a VENTILATION COVER in the ceiling, still out of reach.

TORI (cont'd)

I can squeeze through there.

Doesn't matter if it's cramped - I don't need to breathe.

Skye looks around, then concedes it's a better plan than hers. She drops the cooking pot she was using and HEAVES against another table as we CUT TO:

37 INT. LANESHEAD - VISITING AREA - NEXT 37

Fran is still trapped in the chair - but she sees Mela appear on the other side of the glass partition over by the phones.

FRAN

Get me out of here!

MELA

Okay, okay! Just give me a second!

Mela looks around, but she has no idea what to try. She spots a CONTROL PANEL and aims a hand at it, then remembers:

MELA (cont'd)

No magic. Damn it!

She shoots Fran a look then darts back out into the corridor:

38 INT. LANESHEAD - CORRIDOR - NEXT 38

But as soon as she bursts through the door, she spots a trio of Guards bearing down on her!

MELA
(adding it up)
Oh. Right. The guards are in on it.

And as they reach her, she starts striking left and right, her fists and chops a blur as we CUT TO:

39 INT. LANESHEAD - SCENE HEADING - NEXT 39

Kira and Huang charge into the control room:

KIRA
What the hell is going on? We were waiting for the lift when we saw every single cell open up, and...

She trails off as Hamish, still in Wylde's suit, smoothly turns to face her.

KIRA (cont'd)
(hisses)
You!

HAMISH
Aye, me. And a few of my friends.

He nods to his right, where another group of guards are closing in - and their features RIPPLE and SHIFT, turning into scaly DEMONS as they approach!

HUANG
Shapeshifters...

She looks around the room, taking in the many staff members, then glances up at the video screens, realising:

HUANG (cont'd)
All of them?

HAMISH
Had to be a certain kind. We found a tribe whose ability doesn't show up on magical sensors, making them the obvious choice of recruits. Didn't take much to encourage them to help us out.

KIRA
No... no, this can't be happening. This is Laneshead, not some poxy national prison!

(CONTINUED)

HAMISH

We've been planning this for over a year, Harry. Sneaking a few shifters in at a time, gradually replacing the entire facility staff right under their noses. I've been here several weeks now as the good warden, the final piece of the puzzle. All we had to do was -

Kira throws up her hand to blast him - but, of course, nothing happens. Hamish smirks.

HAMISH (cont'd)

As I was saying, all we had to do was start tweaking the Eisner system a few subroutines at a time, learn the routines, make a few system 'updates' to allow some of our more noticeable shifters to join the party, and next thing you know...

He glances at the screens - the escaping inmates are busy trashing their cells, a horde of them pouring into the lift.

HAMISH (cont'd)

The upgrades Frankie paid for necessitated some extensive building work. Perfect opportunity to make a few adjustments.

Guards are on hand, dismantling the safety cages and tossing them out to cram as many as possible into the elevator.

KIRA

All this for that old bat downstairs? She's no good to anyone!

HAMISH

Says you. Jilhandra thinks differently.

Kira and Huang start to back up, the circle of Guards surrounding them.

HAMISH (cont'd)

She's sure Celeste knows how to help us achieve our goals, so all of this is a vital step in the road.

The Guards SURGE towards the girls, who start fighting back adeptly - KICKS and CHOPS keeping the Guards at bay as we CUT TO:

40 INT. LANESHEAD - INFIRMARY - NEXT 40

Sofia steps away from her door, exhausted - and Mela appears in the window showing the corridor outside!

MELA
Sofes! Are you alright?

SOFIA
I'm fine, just get me out of here!

Mela nods, lifting a KEYCARD, then disappears - then after a few moments, the doors BEEP and swing open. Sofia darts out:

41 INT. LANESHEAD - CORRIDOR - NEXT 41

Rejoining Mela, who tosses her a baton and a taser.

SOFIA
Where did you get these?

MELA
Borrowed them. Come on, Fran's stuck and I can't get her out!

The girls hurry down the corridor - but as they hear CHEERS and SHOUTS echoing towards them, they glance at each other.

MELA (cont'd)
Is that...

A moment later, the first wave of INMATES break round the corner, flooding away from the elevator and out into the complex!

SOFIA
Run!!

She grabs Mela's hand and races back down the corridor, half-dragging Mela behind her as we CUT TO:

42 INT. LANESHEAD - VENTILATION SHAFT - NEXT 42

Inside the shaft as the cover POPS up, and a moment later Tori HAULS herself up and into the shaft.

SKYE (O.S.)
No hero stuff - just get past that door, open it up and we go find the others. Got it?

TORI
Yeah, yeah...

She starts to shuffle onwards - it's slow going, the cramped shaft forcing her arms in close.

(CONTINUED)

TORI (cont'd)
(mutters)
Come out to the coast, we'll get
together, have a few laughs...

She reaches a corner and starts to wedge herself around it as
we CUT TO:

Back with Reiko and Frankie now, still stuck outside in the
torrential rain. A shivering Reiko is trying every frequency
on her radio, without success:

REIKO
(into radio; turning
tuner)
Hello? Hello! Anybody!

Frankie stomps into frame, looking all around for some other
way out - the yard is surrounded by high fences.

REIKO (cont'd)
No good, I can't reach anybody!
(beat)
What were you doing over there?

FRANKIE
Then we will 'ave to climb our way
around to the entrance and find
another way in.

REIKO
Climb how?

Frankie lifts a makeshift GRAPPLE - hooks and ropes scavenged
from the exercise equipment.

REIKO (cont'd)
Oh...

Frankie steps back and starts to expertly twirl the hook,
judging the distance up to the wall, then THROWS...

And the grapple loops over the wall, dragging back and
locking against a spotlight with a secure THUNK. Frankie
passes the rope to Reiko.

FRANKIE
Apres vous.

Reiko looks from the rope all the way up to the very high
wall she has to scale, and as she GULPS we CUT TO:

44

INT. LANESHEAD - SEGREGATION LEVEL - NEXT

44

Back down with Delaney, who SLAMS into frame, grappling with one of the guards. She's badly beaten by now - three are down but the other three are still going.

She struggles against a chokehold, teeth gritted as she KNEES the guard in the gut.

He falls back, but another SPEARS her to the ground, the guards getting stuck in with their TASERS.

Behind them, the window of Celeste's cell slides open, and the woman herself steps grandly out, closing her eyes and taking a moment to appreciate the freedom.

CELESTE

Stop.

The Guards suddenly FREEZE, and after a few moments Delaney realises they've stopped attacking. She drags herself painfully out from under them, Celeste standing nearby.

DELANEY

(breathless)

W-wait... how... how did you...

Celeste smiles, lifting one hand - and letting crackles of ENERGY spark around her fingers.

CELESTE

The same people who put this plan in place made a few adjustments to the magical dampening field. Everybody but the members of your team should be free to act in a manner befitting the mood of the long-term prisoner.

Delaney raises a hand to reach for her, but Celeste simply walks away, leaving the battered Delaney to slump on the floor as we CUT TO:

45

INT. LANESHEAD - CORRIDOR - NEXT

45

Another hatch cover drops to the floor, before Tori lowers herself down to the ground.

She gets to the kitchen doors, fiddles with the access panel and opens them.

SKYE

Took your time.

TORI

Why don't you just -

(CONTINUED)

She stops and turns - just as Sofia and Mela barrel around the corner!

SOFIA

Other way! Other way!

A pack of INMATES charge round after them, and Tori and Skye take off running as the other two catch up!

SKYE

So... prison break?

SOFIA

Looks that way, doesn't it?

MELA

We need to get to the control room downstairs, that's the only way we'll shut this place down!

TORI

Wylde said that a 'mass transfer' of inmates was pretty easy to do.

SOFIA

Meaning we'll be up to our necks in escapees if we don't find some way to seal this upper complex off...

MELA

I can do it. Get me outside, past the dampeners, and I can put a bubble round this island to hold them in.

SKYE

For how long?

MELA

Until help arrives, which will hopefully be very soon.

SOFIA

Alright, we split up - Mela, you're with me. Skye, Tori, go and find the others then get out of here.

Skye nods, the foursome going off in two pairs at the next intersection as we CUT TO:

Reiko dangles into frame, the rope too short to reach all the way down to the ground, so she DROPS. She lands with a roll, Frankie following suit.

The duo have made it back around to the main entrance, but there's a large group of GUARDS outside.

REIKO

Oh, great, look, there's -

She's grabbed by Frankie, who clamps a hand over her mouth. Shushing her, Frankie points:

And Reiko looks closer to see the scaly skin and demonic features of the SHAPESHIFTERS in the guards' uniforms!

FRANKIE

Things are not as they appear.

She releases Reiko, then flips out her CELL PHONE, eyes fixed on the guards as she starts to sneak forward, and we CUT TO:

Sofia and Mela turn a corner and are almost into the gatelodge, the shimmering field of the magic dampener before them.

Taking cover behind some chairs, they peek into the reception area beyond.

SOFIA

Looks like about a dozen guards. If I understand this correctly, your magic will come back soon as we pass through that field, right?

MELA

In theory.

SOFIA

I can manage 'theory'. Let's go.

The girls slip out of their cover, pausing either side of the archway before darting through.

The wide, open space of the reception offers little cover, and with a nod to Mela to stay hidden, Sofia decides to stride boldly out into view.

SOFIA (cont'd)

Excuse me?

Several Demon Guards whip round to face her, tasers CRACKLING in an instant.

SOFIA (cont'd)

(sweetly)

I've just gone and gotten myself so lost in all this kerfuffle...

(MORE)

47

CONTINUED:

47

SOFIA (cont'd)
could one of you boys tell me where
I can find the - Mela, now!!

Mela charges into view, LIGHT BLAZING from her hands as she takes down two guards with one blast!

Sofia is quick to follow up, TACKLING one guard and springboarding off him to DROP-KICK another.

The girls reunite back to back, several of the downed guards recovering as Sofia CRACKS her knuckles, ready for round two as we CUT TO:

48

INT. PANOPTICON - CONTROL ROOM - NEXT

48

Kira and Huang have been restrained, both having taken a beating from the guards. Huang is out cold.

HAMISH
Sorry for all the fisticuffs,
ladies. I know it's been a long
time since we've had a chance to
talk, but sadly we're running
exactly to schedule, which means...

There's a FLASH of light from behind, and Hamish turns to see Celeste striding regally towards him.

HAMISH (cont'd)
Ah, Celeste, at last! The years
have been kind, and I remain your
humble servant.

He bows theatrically. She smiles, amused, before her gaze falls on Kira and Huang.

CELESTE
Sorry about earlier, when I said I
had nothing to do with this. I was
lying. Nothing personal.

Groggy, Kira SPITS a mouthful of blood at her. It misses, which only amuses Celeste further.

HAMISH
We should get going. The diversion
of the escape will cover our
tracks, but we don't have long.

CELESTE
Not yet.

She keeps her eyes on Kira, a sinister smile creeping across her features as she approaches her, hands starting to CRACKLE with energy again.

(CONTINUED)

HAMISH

Celeste, we can't -

CELESTE

We can, and I will, Hamish. And if you make me stop to explain myself again, then I'll do to you next what I'm about to do to Evie here.

Kira starts to realise what's coming, as Celeste raises her arms and approaches her, hands outstretched.

She can't get away despite her struggles, and as Celeste places her hands either side of Kira's head, the energy intensifies and Kira lets out a piercing SCREAM:

DELANEY (O.S.)

Hey!

Celeste turns - and sees Delaney up on the gallery by the screens, a CROSSBOW aimed at her!

Celeste quickly brings one hand round to blast her but the crossbow bolt is already on its way - and it PIERCES Celeste's outstretched hand!

DELANEY (cont'd)

That was just to make you turn round.

Celeste SHRIEKS in pain, releasing Kira who slumps in her chair with a GASP, smoke rising from her.

HAMISH

Celeste!

He dashes over, letting fly a BOLT of energy at Delaney that sends her diving for cover.

The walkway supports are damaged in a shower of SPARKS, and the gallery LURCHES to the side, leaving Delaney clinging on for dear life!

Celeste pushes him away, taking aim at Delaney again:

CRASH! The control room door is blasted open as a GUARD is thrown through it, landing with a THUMP by Kira.

Skye and Tori charge through, sporting signs of battle. Tori freezes as she sees Hamish, eyes boggling:

TORI

No...

Hamish whips round and spots her, his own eyes bulging before he regains his senses and LUNGES for her!

(CONTINUED)

TORI (cont'd)

No!

She brings an ELBOW up to strike him but he SLAMS an energy bolt into the floor, knocking Tori and Skye down.

Dazed, Skye is slow to recover as Hamish viciously STAMPS on Tori's chest, clamping one hand down on her forehead!

Tori lets out a SCREAM as a blaze of energy pours from Hamish and onto her - but the energy suddenly SNAPS BACK, bursting across Hamish and sending him FLYING back through the air!

Celeste, clutching her wounded hand, runs over to the stunned Hamish and hauls him upright:

CELESTE

Let's keep moving, Hamish. We've got a lot to do.

HAMISH

(reeling)

No, no... I cannae leave without -

CELESTE

(to Kira & Huang)

See you both soon.

With a WINK, she and Hamish WARP OUT in another flare of light, and as Kira YELLS in frustration, we CUT TO:

A fire door is finally LEVERED OPEN and Frankie stumbles through, Reiko right behind her:

But Sofia and Mela have taken care of all of the guards, Sofia already helping a groggy Greg back to his feet.

REIKO

(dejected)

Did we miss it?

MELA

Not quite...

She turns - just as another group of INMATES pile through the doorways into the gatelodge!

Mela quickly raises a hand, a shimmering WALL of energy springing up to box in the escapees, but she's already pushed herself hard - her knees start to buckle...

Frankie and Greg are soon at her side, Frankie murmuring an incantation while Greg just takes one of Mela's hands and closes his eyes.

(CONTINUED)

Mela straightens, boosted by whatever energy Greg is fueling her with, and the barrier holding back the prisoners remains firm!

MELA (cont'd)
(straining)
Thanks... but this still won't work
for long...

And suddenly, the lights FLICKER - and the alarms STOP!

FRANKIE
Quoi?

The doors around the inmates start to SEAL, heavy shutters CLAMPING DOWN to hem them in as we CUT TO:

Where Delaney and Skye have several of the shapeshifter technicians at knifepoint, forcing them to work their terminals.

Up on the video screens, messages reading 'System Restore In Progress' and 'Eisner Protocols Restored' are up.

The various camera feeds from around the prison show the cells closing, and every area with escaped prisoners locking down, trapping them all several groups at a time.

They swap a look, then Skye looks back round to Tori - who sits against one wall, head in her hands and SHIVERING.

Kira finishes untying Huang, who stirs at last.

HUANG
Where... did we...

KIRA
She got away, Harry.

Kira lets that statement hang, and from her troubled features we DISSOLVE TO:

Back at another part of the beach, with Laneshead Island visible in the background, the thick storm raging on.

Celeste and Hamish WARP back to earth with a FLASH, Celeste stumbling and Hamish hitting the deck hard.

Celeste GROANS as she pushes herself upright, the downed Hamish still recovering.

JILHANDRA (O.S.)
Pleasant trip?

Celeste looks up as Jilhandra approaches her, a vehicle waiting behind her. ANA MARQUEZ follows, a cluster of demon bodyguards at her heel.

CELESTE

(woozy)

I haven't been able to use my magic
for twenty years... that took a lot
out of me!

JILHANDRA (O.S.)

Then, let's get you away from here
and sorted out, shall we?

CELESTE

Rebecca...

JILHANDRA

(bristles)

Not for a long time now.

Celeste straightens, walking up to meet the two witches.

CELESTE

(smiles)

It suits you.

She EMBRACES Jilhandra warmly, much to her surprise.

CELESTE (cont'd)

And Ana! You haven't changed a bit.
Glamour?

ANA

(smirks)

One or two. How does it feel to be
a free woman at last?

CELESTE

It feels...

Celeste pauses to think - and then suddenly GRABS Ana,
clamping her hands either side of her head!

Ana SHRIEKS as energy BLAZES from Celeste's hands! Ana bucks
and struggles wildly, but every second Celeste holds on, her
strength fades.

JILHANDRA

(stunned)

Stop! What are you doing?

She steps forward - but Hamish grabs her and holds her back,
shaking his head.

Ana drops to one knee, her skin starting to CRACK and PEEL as
she withers away before their eyes.

(CONTINUED)

CELESTE

(snarling)

It feels like I've been waiting
twenty years to punish your
betrayal, you arrogant bitch!

With a final, wheezing GASP, the last life leaves Ana's body,
and Celeste lets her desiccated husk of a body drop to the
floor.

Celeste flips back her hair, breathing deep and suddenly
invigorated, body and soul.

CELESTE (cont'd)

And you still dress like a slut.

She STAMPS on what's left of Ana, the dried body CRUMBLING to
dust in seconds.

Celeste turns to the horrified Jilhandra, dusting her hands
off and putting the warm smile back in place.

CELESTE (cont'd)

There! All better. Now then. I
believe my Coven has some work to
do... chop chop!

She strides past Jilhandra, still staring in stunned silence
at the dust that was once Ana, before we CUT TO:

With the screens showing the prisoners now isolated and
sealed off, the regrouped Slayers are gathered together.

SOFIA

So what happens now? There isn't a
human staff member in this whole
facility we can use!

FRANKIE

(lifts cell phone)

I already 'ave reinforcements on
the way. Council staff, more
Slayers, and some armed forces
courtesy of the Initiative to 'elp
us restore order.

KIRA

Celeste Rourke is out there. That's
the real story today. And we have
no idea what she or any of the
Coven are planning next.

SKYE

Are we all accounted for?

(CONTINUED)

52

CONTINUED:

52

The others look round - until Mela suddenly GASPS:

MELA

Fran!

CUT TO:

53

INT. LANESHEAD - VISITING AREA - NEXT

53

Where poor old Fran is still stuck in the chair!

FRAN

(yells)

Get me out of here!

CUT TO:

54

INT. LANESHEAD - PANOPTICON - CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

54

As Mela dashes out of the room, Skye pipes up:

SKYE

Maybe we should ask someone who
might know?

Skye nods towards Wylde's captive PA, trussed up in a chair.

DELANEY

Couldn't hurt.

Skye walks over to her, giving her a SHAKE.

SKYE

Hey! Wake up, Sleeping Beauty. We
need you to answer a few questions.

No response. Skye gives her a SLAP. The lady STIRS, but
doesn't come round. Skye SIGHS and turns back:

SKYE (cont'd)

No good. Maybe we should -

Skye hears a strange, RIPPLING noise behind her, and turns
back round - her jaw DROPS at what she sees.

SKYE (cont'd)

No...

RACHEL ADAMS is now sitting in the chair, wearing the
Assistant's clothes! And as Skye and the others gape at their
deceased comrade very much alive before them, we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF SHOW

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