

# SLAYER ACADEMY

**"KALEIDOSCOPE"**

**STARRING**

<b>EMILY BROWNING</b>	<b>EMILY BOOTH</b>
<b>RACHAEL LEIGH COOK</b>	<b>KYOKO FUKADA</b>
<b>RACHAEL TAYLOR</b>	<b>PARIS HILTON</b>

**WITH**

<b>JACQUELINE MCKENZIE</b>	<b>BRADLEY COOPER</b>
<b>FAMKE JANSSEN</b>	<b>KATHERINE HEIGL</b>
<b>MIA WASIKOWSKA</b>	<b>JESSY SCHRAM</b>
<b>NAVEEN ANDREWS</b>	<b>AARON YOO</b>

**AND**

<b>MAGGIE CHEUNG</b>	<b>LACEY MOSELY</b>
<b>CHIAKI KURIYAMA</b>	<b>MATT SMITH</b>

**GUEST STARRING**

**MARY McDONNELL as 'Celeste Rourke'**

**MELINDA CLARKE as 'Jilhandra'**

**DAVID ANDERS as 'Hamish'**

## TEASER

FADE IN:

1 INT. CAMPUS - INFIRMARY - DAY 1

Pull back from RACHEL, unconscious in one of the beds, and HANDCUFFED to the railings.

Standing around her are a still-disbelieveing SKYE, SOFIA, DELANEY, KIRA and FITZGERALD.

SKYE

I still say this is a trick.

DELANEY

Skye, we checked. Lots of times, in every way we can think of. Dental records, DNA, blood - all comes back to say this is Rachel.

SKYE

Whoever this is, she was working for Hamish. A shapeshifting warlock. Hasn't it occurred to any of you yet that this is just some kind of...

SOFIA

Some kind of what, Skye? If this is a trick, it's not a very good one.

SKYE

He left her - it - behind, knowing we'd bring it back to the Academy when we thought it was Rachel.

FITZGERALD

But everything we have says that -

SKYE

Rachel's dead. Alright?

(beat)

I saw her die. And we all know who killed her, too.

She throws a meaningful look at Fitzgerald.

KIRA

I can try and tap into her subconscious, have a root round and see if -

SKYE

No. Too dangerous.

(CONTINUED)

KIRA

(chiding)

Skye, I poured more 'danger' onto my cereal this morning than I'll find in there.

(points to Rachel)

I can assure you, the only person in the vicinity in any actual danger at the moment is the unfortunate employee of the Carphone Warehouse who keeps texting me with incessant special offers.

FITZGERALD

Without wishing to sound too negative... I have to agree with Skye. Hamish would know we'd check Rachel over to establish it was really her. He'd know exactly what evidence to give us.

SOFIA

And there's the thing we're all not saying.

(off looks)

We know the Cabal have the technology to bring people back from the dead. We lost Rachel's body after the London siege. What if we didn't 'lose' it at all?

DELANEY

We lost Hamish too, and we know he got away...

SKYE

So, what, you're saying Hamish warped himself out of trouble, snatched Rachel, brought her back to life and she's been working with him ever since?

A beat as they all process this idea.

DELANEY

Actually sounds kinda likely.

SOFIA

By our standards, anyway. I mean, she didn't try to fight us at Laneshead.

DELANEY

And what if she was also this 'Ra' dude we've seen out with Hamish?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DELANEY (cont'd)

He didn't do much tusslin' with us  
either.

SOFIA

Plus, we know from experience  
people don't come back right from  
that Resurrection Machine thing...

All eyes return to Rachel, who hasn't moved but somehow seems  
a touch more ominous now.

KIRA

We're not going to accomplish  
anything standing around here  
gawking like adolescents at the  
window of a gym. Manu will let us  
know if she wakes up, and we can  
decide what to do with her then.

Kira turns and marches away, her contribution over.

FITZGERALD

(exhales)

Alright. Delaney, get back to the  
IT suite, see if you can widen the  
net to look for Celeste Rourke or  
any related Coven activity.

SOFIA

And I'm late for a session with  
Lady Huang.

Delaney and Sofia make their exits.

SKYE

I got nothin' but time.

FITZGERALD

Then I suggest you find some way to  
fill it.

(off Rachel)

She won't be going anywhere.

SKYE

Somebody should stay here with her,  
in case she -

FITZGERALD

Yes, but I don't think that person  
should be you, given your current  
state of mind.

She fixes Skye with a look, until Skye admits defeat, slumps  
and walks away. She looks back over her shoulder at Rachel  
one last time before she exits.

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED: (3)

Fitzgerald places her hands at the end of Rachel's bed,  
looking down on her peaceful, sleeping form.

FITZGERALD (cont'd)  
We're taking a big risk on you  
here, Rachel... don't let us down.

With that, she turns and walks away.

PUSH IN on Rachel, who doesn't stir until we're right up in  
her face...

And her eyes FLICK OPEN.

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF TEASER**

**ACT ONE**

FADE IN:

2 INT. CAMPUS - DORMS - DAY 2

Delaney sits on her bed, typing rapidly into a PowerBook. The door opens and MELA enters.

MELA  
Hey. You busy?

DELANEY  
(not looking up)  
Yes.

MELA  
(beat)  
Can I come in anyway?

DELANEY  
You were already going to. Knock yourself out.

Mela rolls her eyes and enters, heading over to the window and looking out across the campus grounds.

MELA  
Looks like Sofia and Huang are getting into some pretty serious training out there.

OVER HER SHOULDER, and down on an open patch of grass below, the white-clad figures of Sofia and LADY HUANG are indeed training:

3 EXT. CAMPUS - GROUNDS - NEXT 3

Down with the two of them, battling with BO STAFFS, Sofia twisting, ducking and whirling as she tries to strike Huang, who effortlessly blocks all her attacks.

SOFIA  
(in between blows)  
I'd just like... the record to show... that I am not... losing my temper!

Their staffs CRACK together, and Huang shifts to PUSH Sofia back a few steps.

SOFIA (cont'd)  
Bollocks!

Huang smiles, maddeningly calm as always.

(CONTINUED)

HUANG

A little anger gives you more fuel  
for your *ki*, Sofia. Too much makes  
you lose focus.

SOFIA

Oh, I'm focused...

She attacks again, three rapid strikes which Huang blocks.

SOFIA (cont'd)

... trust me.

She suddenly SWEEPS, and Huang has to reverse her staff to  
counter the attack.

Sofia seizes the moment and SURGES forward, using her elbow  
to lever Huang's staff from her hands and KICK it away!

She spins to face her again, raising a victorious eyebrow.  
Huang nods, conceding the strike, as we return to:

INT. CAMPUS - DORMS - DAY

Mela steps away from the window, pacing around the room and  
pausing to examine a few trinkets on display.

Delaney glances her way a few times, still typing, then with  
an aggrieved GRUNT closes the lid of her laptop.

DELANEY

What?

MELA

(grins)

I just wanted to run over a few  
spells and things with you. Stuff  
that I tried at Laneshead that  
didn't quite come out right.

DELANEY

(wearily)

Mel, I know you're my quote-unquote  
'apprentice' and all, and you know  
I'm not gonna chew you out every  
five minutes like my mom does, but  
sometimes, Delaney needs Delaney  
Time. You know?

MELA

(frowns)

Hey, we're all freaked out about  
this Rachel thing. I fought next to  
her in London, same as anyone.

(CONTINUED)



DELANEY

Right. So hopefully, you can  
understand when I say -

ALARMS start to blare, bells ringing and klaxons wailing!

MELA

What -

DELANEY

The infirmary... Rachel!

She SPRINGS up from her bed and races out of the door, Mela  
hurrying to follow as we CUT TO:

INT. CAMPUS - INFIRMARY - NEXT

Delaney clatters through the swing doors to find the place in  
chaos - beds and desks overturned, supplies emptied onto the  
floor, and TIA tending to MANU's bloodied nose!

DELANEY

The hell?

Skye bursts through the doors behind her, takes one look  
around and then bolts back outside again.

TIA

Rachel woke up, got out of her  
cuffs, jumped Manu, trashed the  
place and escaped.

DELANEY

Damn it...

She turns to Mela, stood behind her surveying the mess.

DELANEY (cont'd)

Stay here. She comes back, contact  
us. Do not take her on solo.

MELA

Got it.

Delaney hurries over to Manu, crouching before him.

DELANEY

How did she seem?

MANU

Violent.

DELANEY

I mean... did she seem... I dunno,  
wrong?

Manu just stares back at her, and we CUT TO:

6 INT. CAMPUS - CORRIDOR - NEXT

6

Skye races along, other Slayers and Faculty members coming out of various rooms to see what all the fuss is about.

She meets Sofia hurrying the other way, still in her white girdles.

SOFIA  
Is this what I think it is?

SKYE  
Have you seen her?

SOFIA  
No, I was outside.

Skye reaches for her phone, rapidly dialling:

SKYE  
(into phone)  
Danny? Tell Frankie to initiate a  
level one lockdown of the campus.

INTERCUT WITH:

7 INT. CAMPUS - LIBRARY - BALCONY - NEXT

7

Where DANNY, one hand over his free ear against the noise of the alarm, shouts back down his phone:

DANNY  
A what? Skye? I can't hear a bloody  
thing over these alarms!

He looks over as FRANKIE emerges from her office and starts to march towards him.

FRANKIE  
*Qu'est-ce que c'est?*

DANNY  
I don't know, I've got Skye on the  
line but I can't hear -

Frankie SNATCHES the phone away, YELLING back down it:

FRANKIE  
Skye? What is 'appening?

SKYE  
Rachel got out, I need you to lock  
the campus down before she makes it  
past the perimeter.

Without answering, Frankie tosses the phone back to Danny and hurries into her office:

8 INT. CAMPUS - LIBRARY - FRANKIE'S OFFICE - NEXT 8

Where she slips round her desk and over to a large CONTROL PANEL built into the wall.

It's a top-down layout of the whole campus, with red flashing lights signifying the alarms.

Frankie opens up a console and starts rapidly typing into it, executing commands as the screen flashes up: 'Initiating Lockdown Level One'.

9 INT. CAMPUS - CORRIDOR - NEXT 9

Skye lowers her phone, snapping it shut.

SKYE

We've got to stay sharp, she could be anyone or -

She turns - and RACHEL stands where Sofia did!

Before Skye can react, Rachel CLOCKS her, snagging the phone from her hand and tearing back down the corridor!

Staggered, Skye stumbles for a few beats - before the real Sofia tears round a corner and catches up to her!

SOFIA

What happened?

SKYE

(wincing)

I got suckered, is what happened. She went that way.

Sofia nods, racing off ahead. Skye takes a moment to shake the cobwebs away before following, and we CUT TO:

10 INT. CAMPUS - IT SUITE - NEXT 10

GREG enters to find PATTY and DADE over by the bank of CCTV monitors, rapidly flicking through the different feeds.

GREG

Any sign of her?

PATTY

Not yet. Lots of empty rooms.

DADE

Plus, you know, shapeshifter.

GREG

I'm well aware of the difficulties, Dade, what I want to know is can you find her or not?

(CONTINUED)

DADE

Look, man, this is like looking for a straight guy at a Scissor Sisters gig, you can't just -

PATTY

There!

She points to one screen, magnifying it as the boys crowd round.

ON SCREEN, Rachel is crouched at a control panel in front of a heavy steel shutter door.

DADE

What's she doing?

PATTY

Trying to override the lock down.

GREG

Can she do that?

With a BEEP and a HISS, the shutter door pops up a fraction,

PATTY

Apparently, yes.

Greg steps back, speaking into a walkie-talkie.

GREG

Reiko, come in, over.

INTERCUT WITH:

Where REIKO and FRAN are ready, Reiko with the radio in hand:

REIKO

Copy that, Greg.

GREG

We've got Rachel trying to hard-hack her way through the security door on the eastern corridor of the Science Block. You two are closest, get moving.

REIKO

Roger.

(beat)

Uh, what do we do when we find her?

FRAN

Kick her ass to stop her escaping, I'm guessing.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

REIKO  
Yeah, but she's one of us. Was one  
of us...  
(shakes head)  
I don't know...

FRAN  
Look, are we treating her as the  
enemy or not?

GREG  
Restrain using appropriate force  
only. Don't get dragged into a  
fight. Understood?

REIKO  
Yeah, we copy. Over.

END INTERCUT:

Reiko pushes through a set of doors, into:

12 INT. CAMPUS - SCIENCE BLOCK - NEXT 12

Where she uses hand signals to tell Fran to go up a staircase  
on the far side of the room which leads to the upper level.

Reiko herself sneaks carefully forward, eyes on the corner of  
the next level where the closed shutter door is visible, as  
we CUT TO:

13 EXT. CAMPUS - QUADRANGLE - NEXT 13

Sofia and Skye emerge into the four-sided open area walled by  
classroom blocks on all sides.

SOFIA  
Okay, so... if she's trying to  
break out through the east Science  
Block, that means she'd come out...

SKYE  
This way, out by that Q7 room that  
smells like ham.

The girls hurry on as we CUT TO:

14 INT. CAMPUS - IT SUITE - NEXT 14

Greg, Dade and Patty watch on the monitors as various cameras  
track Fran and Reiko closing in on Rachel.

GREG  
Careful... stay low, girls...

DADE  
They know what they're doing.

(CONTINUED)

PATTY

(sly)

Yeah, I forgot they're two more of  
your girlfriends.

Dade shoots her a filthy look - before Greg SMACKS them both  
lightly across the backs of their heads.

GREG

(firm)

Eyes on the screens.

The duo look back to the monitors as we CUT TO:

INT. CAMPUS - SCIENCE BLOCK - UPPER LEVEL - NEXT

Where Reiko and Fran are closing in on Rachel from two  
angles. Rachel's got the shutter door up a few inches - a  
little more and she could squeeze under it.

Fran glances at Reiko, who counts her down. Three... two...  
one...

REIKO

Go!

They charge forward - but Rachel is already turning to meet  
them, her open palm SLAMMING into Fran's face!

Fran cartwheels and hits the deck with a THUD, but Reiko  
swoops in and GRAPPLES Rachel, pinning her arms back!

REIKO (cont'd)

(struggling)

We're don't want to hurt you,  
Rachel!

Rachel hauls them both a few steps closer to the wall,  
planting her feet against it - then she RUNS up the wall,  
flipping up and over Reiko and breaking her hold!

Reiko spins - but Rachel CRACKS an ELBOW into her face,  
swooping low to SWEEP Reiko's legs away.

She hits the ground with a YELL, the wind knocked out of her.  
Beside her, Fran rises, BLOOD streaming from her nose.

FRAN

(snarls)

That's it, I am gonna cream you,  
Adams!

Rachel tries a SNAP KICK which Fran ducks, getting in close  
and swinging a fist her way.

(CONTINUED)

Rachel weaves around it, snakes her arms round Fran's outstretched arm and JUDO TOSSES her into a row of lockers against the wall!

Fran CRASHES to the floor again, several of the lockers following her down.

Unopposed, Rachel returns to the control panel - its facing off and wires spilling out - before one last tweak budes the door up another six inches.

Rachel takes a few steps back, then runs at the door and COMBAT ROLLS beneath it, into:

A glass-sided corridor overlooking the grounds on one side and another teaching block on the other.

Rachel flips out of her roll and hits the ground running, feet pounding as she races for a set of double doors:

Through which Skye and Sofia burst! Rachel skids to a halt, striking a combat pose against them.

SKYE

Nice move back there with the Sofia thing.

Rachel doesn't answer, her eyes flicking between them as the two girls edge out to circle her.

SOFIA

I don't know what it is you think you're running from, Rachel, but you can stop. We're still your friends.

SKYE

Unless you're not Rachel at all, in which case we're gonna have some fun kicking Hamish's plans out of you later.

SOFIA

Skye! Not helping!

Rachel suddenly BURST into motion, a KICK to the distracted Sofia knocking her back.

Skye DIVES in and TACKLES her, but Rachel rolls and gets a knee up to KICK Skye away from her.

She rises - and Sofia BARGES into her, RAMMING her against one of the windows lining the corridor.

SOFIA (cont'd)  
For God's sake, Rachel, stand down!

Rachel responds by driving an ELBOW into Sofia's gut, grabbing her arm and TWISTING it round, then SHOVING her backwards so she collects the recovering Skye.

The two Slayers hit the deck in a tangle of limbs, and Rachel is off through the doors.

SOFIA (cont'd)  
(winded)  
Bloody hell, I'd forgotten how good she is...

SKYE  
(darkly)  
Guess they can copy her moves too.  
Still doesn't prove it's really her.

Skye's up first, taking Sofia's hand and hauling her up after her, and as the two set off in pursuit, we CUT TO:

17 EXT. CAMPUS - LIBRARY SUITE - NEXT 17

Where Rachel pops out through an access door and runs along the roof of the main library area.

The front gates are in sight now, as she expertly hops from ledge to ledge, making her way nimbly along.

18 EXT. CAMPUS - ASSEMBLY HALL ROOF - NEXT 18

Rachel SLIDES across the slanted, tiled roof of the main hall, dislodging tiles as she bounces along.

19 EXT. CAMPUS - ABOVE MAIN ENTRANCE - NEXT 19

She lands on her feet in Skye's hiding place, the small roof over the main entrance - and hears:

DELANEY (O.S.)  
Knew you'd come this way.

Rachel spins - and Delaney stands from her spot on the edge of the roof, where she'd been waiting.

DELANEY (cont'd)  
Easy access over the roof to here  
once you're out the science block.  
Can't lock down the outside of the  
campus, after all.

Rachel keeps her fists up, but Delaney paces slowly around her, not making any move to attack.



DELANEY (cont'd)  
Plus, cameras have limited field of  
view 'cause of the way this place  
was built, so the only way someone  
would know you'd come out here...

Delaney stops, facing her.

DELANEY (cont'd)  
... was if they knew you like  
family.

Rachel lowers her fists a touch, still wary.

DELANEY (cont'd)  
Skye says you're some kind of  
clone, a trap sent by Hamish. I say  
we've run every test in the book on  
you, and it says you're Rachel  
Adams. Our Rachel Adams.  
(beat)  
My Rachel Adams.

Rachel glances to her side - RAISED VOICES and RUNNING FEET  
can be heard below.

DELANEY (cont'd)  
Won't take them long to figure out  
you're up here. Whole campus is  
looking. So you've got two options.  
(counting off)  
One, get past me and make a run for  
the main gates and freedom. Two...  
stand down, and we can figure this  
whole mess out face out to face.

Rachel glances below again - small groups of SLAYERS are now  
out patrolling the grounds.

She lowers her fists, exhales slowly, and looks Delaney dead  
in the eyes.

RACHEL  
How do you know it's really me? I  
heard Grace say it herself - Hamish  
could've just left the right  
evidence on me to fool all your  
tests.

DELANEY  
So tell me something only you and I  
know.

RACHEL  
What would that prove?

DELANEY

If it's the thing I'm thinking of,  
then only the real you knows that.  
One other person knows, and she's  
dead.

RACHEL

Clones get a person's memories,  
too.

DELANEY

Not this memory. We did it through  
a spell. Kept it safe.

(beat)

Only you know this.

Rachel lowers her head, nodding. She's silent for a long  
beat, before she looks back up and says:

RACHEL

Her name was Olivia.

Delaney EXHALES, relieved, and manages a small smile.

DELANEY

Welcome home.

Rachel turns - SHOUTS from below indicate she's been spotted,  
and Slayers are gathering outside the main entrance.

RACHEL

Is it? Home?

Delaney extends a hand to her.

DELANEY

Let's find out.

Rachel stares at the outstretched hand for a long beat - then  
takes it. Delaney pulls her into an embrace, the two friends  
reunited at last before we:

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF ACT ONE**

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

20 INT. CABAL FACILITY - DAY 20

PUSH IN as we approach an open room at the end of a long corridor. The base itself has seen better days - neon lights flicker, piles of disused equipment litter the floor.

A few uniformed personnel walk back and forth, but this place is a shadow of its former glories.

21 INT. CABAL FACILITY - ROOM - NEXT 21

Entering the room, the once-spartan decor has given way to an almost exact recreation of Celeste's cell at Laneshead:

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. A dresser is covered with tiny brass trinkets, with the occasional framed photograph.

Reclining on the bed in the centre of the room rests CELESTE ROURKE herself, looking more like a dozing grandmother than the fearsome leader of the Coven di Fuoco.

PULL BACK and UP into the ceiling, until the colour fades from the screen and we're in:

22 INT. FACILITY - SECURITY BOOTH - NEXT 22

Where the view of the room is displayed on a CCTV monitor, watched by JILHANDRA and HAMISH.

JILHANDRA

(scoffs)

Look at her. Having an afternoon nap like it was the most normal thing in the world. Does she have any idea what we did for her?

HAMISH

Pretty sure poor old Ana does.

Jilhandra hesitates, quietly fuming.

HAMISH (cont'd)

Celeste was reasserting her authority, lass. Killing Ana was one way to do that. Plus, she used her like a battery to recharge.

JILHANDRA

But she's weakened us! Can't she see that?

(CONTINUED)

HAMISH

Maybe she saw it more as  
'streamlining'. She never liked  
Ana. Everybody knew that.

JILHANDRA

That doesn't give her the right for  
one second to thing she can just...  
incinerate members of my Coven.

HAMISH

Is it, though?

JILHANDRA

Is it what?

HAMISH

Your Coven?

Jilhandra bristles, turning to face him.

HAMISH (cont'd)

(raising his hands)

I'm just saying. Celeste obviously  
doesn't see it that way. I daresay  
if you challenge her over it,  
she'll send you the same way as Ana  
and move on with her life.

Jilhandra turns to regard the monitor again - which FLICKERS.  
Irritated, she THUMPS the control panel.

JILHANDRA

We have got to move out of this  
hole, Hamish. This place is falling  
to pieces all around us!

HAMISH

Plans are in progress to find us  
some more upmarket digs.

JILHANDRA

It's about damn time. Ever since  
the Cabal crumbled, I've felt like  
little better than a glorified  
squatter in this run-down tenement  
of yours. And now, with Ana gone...

HAMISH

(darkly)

You're not the only one who lost  
something on that mission.

She glances his way, but he doesn't elaborate, and as Hamish  
keeps his gaze fixed on the monitors, we CUT TO:

23

INT. CABAL BASE - CHAMBER - DAY (FLASHBACK)

23

With a GASP, Rachel LURCHES up out of a pool of dark fluid, ELECTRODES stuck to her exposed skin.

She THRASHES wildly in the water, disorientated and in obvious distress, hair slicked back.

The pool is within a larger, darkly-coloured piece of machinery - a basin before a large, curved main body, almost like a high-tech church organ.

Lab-coated TECHNICIANS finally move in to help her, wrapping a towel around her as she continues to reel, gasping for air and tugging at the electrodes.

Some are actual needles inserted into her skin, and she CRIES OUT as she pulls at them, tearing them free of her skin.

The technicians step back, leaving her shivering in the pool of murky fluid as she pulls the towel around her.

She raises a hand up against the bright lights shining down, squinting against the blaze.

VOICE (O.S.)  
(Scottish accent)  
Your eyes'll take a wee while to  
get used to the light, lass.

Rachel suddenly stiffens, recognising the voice. She looks up towards it:

RACHEL'S POV:

As a figure silhouetted against the glaring bright lights steps into view, and we CUT TO:

24

INT. CAMPUS - STAFF ROOM - NIGHT

24

Where Rachel sits, her expression haunted by the memory she's recounting. A mug of coffee sits untouched before her.

Surrounding her are Fitzgerald, Greg, Kira, A and B Squads, Frankie and Dade.

RACHEL  
That's the first thing I remember  
after the fight underneath the  
Council building. Skye and I'd just  
taken out the last few SlayVamps, I  
looked at her and said 'is that  
it?', and then...

She looks at Tori, who shifts awkwardly in her seat. Tori herself looks like death warmed up anyway, her recent encounter with Hamish showing its toll on her.

(CONTINUED)

RACHEL (cont'd)  
And then she killed me.

TORI  
I'm -

RACHEL  
Don't even try and tell me you're  
sorry. I mean, I get why you're  
here...  
(she glances at  
Fitzgerald)  
... just... but that doesn't mean I  
have to like it.

FITZGERALD  
Let's stick to the facts, Rachel.  
You fell in battle. Skye carried  
your body up to the surface, but  
shortly after that, you  
disappeared. How did you get from  
there to being brought back to life  
by one of those machines?

RACHEL  
Far as I know, Hamish teleported  
himself out of the Council  
building, grabbed me and zapped  
himself off to the nearest base.

Delaney looks to Skye with a smirk, holding out her hand.  
Skye glares back at her, then digs in her pocket and fishes  
out a five-pound note, placing it in Delaney's hand.

KIRA  
Why were you working for him?

GREG  
I think we can afford to cut her a  
little slack in the questioning,  
Kira.

KIRA  
(waves it away)  
Yes, yes, we're all grown ups here.  
Why were you working for him?

RACHEL  
Because I didn't think I had a  
choice.

She looks up at them as we CUT TO:

Rachel is now dressed, sitting hugging her knees on a plain  
bed in an equally plain room.

(CONTINUED)

The door opens and Hamish enters, carrying a tray with both food and medical supplies.

RACHEL (V.O.)

He kept me isolated for weeks after  
I came back. Didn't tell me much.  
After a few days, I stopped asking.

She eyes him warily as he sets the tray down and sits beside her. She reaches for some food - a sandwich - while he pulls her hair aside to reveal some bandages over her shoulder.

While she eats, he removes the bandages, cleans the wound beneath and reapplies a fresh gauze.

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

All I knew was that something was  
missing. Something in me. It was  
like I'd come back with a part of  
myself missing.

Finished, he rises. Rachel carries on eating, not looking up at him. With a kind smile, Hamish leaves the room.

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

I wanted to be angry. Confused.  
Scared. Crazy. Anything. But I  
couldn't feel anything at all.  
Didn't matter what I tried to think  
of, what I tried to make myself  
react to somehow... it was just  
like there was this black hole  
where my heart used to be, and  
every emotion I tried to push  
myself into feeling just got  
swallowed up in there.

Rachel finishes her food, returning to her protective, curled-up position on the bed as we DISSOLVE TO:

Rachel sits on a bench by herself, several TROOPERS suiting up for a mission around her.

SKYE (V.O.)

But what did he tell you about us?  
About what had happened?

RACHEL (V.O.)

He said a lot of you had died, but  
that the survivors had been forced  
to go public.

She's dressed all in black, and in her hands is the familiar-looking black cowl of RA, the henchman the Slayers fought.

RACHEL (V.O.) (cont'd)  
He also told me there wasn't any  
way I could go back now.

DELANEY (V.O.)  
And you believed him?

RACHEL (V.O.)  
I didn't want to go back. I wasn't  
Rachel Adams any more, I was just  
this... this thing. This cold, dead  
thing with her face.

Rachel lifts the cowl up and slowly starts to wrap it around  
her head, covering her features.

RACHEL (V.O.) (cont'd)  
After a month or two - I can't say  
for sure - he started asking me to  
come out on missions with him. Said  
he'd stopped trying to steal the  
Slayer power, but he had to find a  
way to release the energy he'd  
tapped into before it killed him.

SKYE (V.O.)  
Shoulda let the bastard burn.

RACHEL (V.O.)  
He was the only thing I had. He'd  
brought me back from the dead,  
given me a place to stay, I... I  
felt like I owed him.

Now disguised as Ra, Rachel stands and joins the waiting  
troopers as we DISSOLVE TO:

High on the snow-covered hills above the monastery where Tori  
was hidden away from Hamish:

As two pairs of furry BOOTS step into view. Hamish pulls off  
his SUNGLASSES against the harsh sun and turns to Ra, stood  
beside him.

RACHEL (V.O.)  
We were running these missions for  
what must have been eight or nine  
months. After a while, I started to  
lose who I was.  
(beat)  
I even started shifting when I went  
on the missions. Becoming somebody  
else entirely. It was an escape.



SOFIA (V.O.)  
Because while you were Ra...

RACHEL (V.O.)  
Soon as I put that mask on... it  
was like I stopped having to be  
that broken, useless version of  
Rachel and I could become Ra. The  
dutiful right-hand man.

The duo move off, and we SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. MONASTERY - COURTYARD - NEXT (FLASHBACK)

ON REIKO as she blocks another BLOW from Ra, KICKING the  
other warrior's sword from their hands.

RACHEL (V.O.)  
Didn't take long to forget that I  
was working for the bad guys again.  
I mean, that was Ra, not me.

Ra ROUNDHOUSE KICKS Reiko, SWEEPING her legs from her as  
well, leaving a winded Reiko on the ground.

RACHEL (V.O.) (cont'd)  
That's the way I was choosing to  
believe it, at least.

Ra bends down, looking at Reiko, hands grasping their sword  
firmly...

RACHEL (V.O.) (cont'd)  
Once we started running into  
Slayers, I made my one and only  
rule with him.

... before moving away. Reiko watches Ra go, confused and  
shocked, and we CUT TO:

EXT. MONASTERY - COURTYARD - NEXT (FLASHBACK)

Hamish watches the teams depart in the helicopter - a  
surprisingly rueful SMILE on his features as he turns to Ra.

HAMISH  
Don't you worry. I'll get that  
spell over her mind broken. Tori  
willnae know what's hit her.

He touches Ra's shoulder briefly before moving on.

RA  
I don't fight them.

Hamish stops and turns. Ra folds his arms.

(CONTINUED)

RA (cont'd)  
That was the deal. I help you, but  
I don't fight them.

HAMISH  
Circumstances... changed.

RA  
They change again, I walk.

And with that, Ra marches away. PUSH IN on Hamish until we eventually DISSOLVE TO:

30 INT. CONVENTION HALL - ROOFTOP FLOOR - NIGHT (FLASHBACK) 30

Up on the rooftop floor of the convention hall where the Wicca Convention was held:

Where Delaney, Reiko and Fran are just finishing off a wave of demons in characteristic style.

RACHEL (V.O.)  
Watching you guys take on demons...  
it should have made me realise what  
I'd left behind, what I still might  
have had a chance of going back to,  
but all it did was make me think  
how far I'd come...

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

RACHEL (V.O.) (cont'd)  
... too far to ever be able to come  
back.

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. Reiko SNAPS her fans out and SLASHES across Ra, who blocks the blows with the sword.

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.

RACHEL (V.O.) (cont'd)  
So I just kept walking away.

Reiko stares after him - and then finally moves to Fran and Delaney's aid as we CUT TO:

31 INT. CABAL BASE - RACHEL'S ROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK) 31

Rachel lies on her bed, still dressed in her Ra outfit, the mask hanging over the back of a chair.

RACHEL (V.O.)  
I'd come back and try to cry my way  
through the feelings I knew I was  
supposed to be having...

Rachel sits up, her gaze falling on her reflection in the mirror sitting on the dresser opposite.

RACHEL (V.O.) (cont'd)  
... but I couldn't even do that.

She stares at herself for several long moments - then grabs the chair and HURLS it into the mirror, shattering it!

She rises, walking across the room to look down at her fragmented reflection in the shards of glass at her feet.

A myriad faces look back at her. Rachel reaches down and takes one wickedly sharp shard of glass.

She turns it over in her hand, then slowly opens her other hand - and she DRAGS the edge across her palm.

BLOOD drips from the wound, but if Rachel is in any pain, she isn't showing it. She looks down at the gash across her hand distantly, until the door opens behind her.

She turns - there's Hamish. He looks from the broken mirror, to the piece of glass and her bloody hand.

RACHEL (V.O.) (cont'd)  
He was the only person who spoke to  
me. The only contact I had for over  
a year.

Hamish walks up to her, taking the glass shard from her. He reaches for Ra's headgear from her chair, wrapping her wounded hand in it.

RACHEL (V.O.) (cont'd)  
But I knew he was hiding something  
from me. I needed to know how I  
came back. And why.

He holds Rachel's hand in his own, almost fatherly concern and affection in his eyes as we DISSOLVE TO:

32 INT. CAMPUS - STAFF ROOM - NIGHT 32

Rachel finally drinks her coffee, draining the mug in one continuous gulp. Fitzgerald checks her watch.

(CONTINUED)

FITZGERALD

I think that's enough for tonight.  
Get some rest, we'll continue the  
debrief in the morning.

She rises, others making their way to the doors. Delaney  
stays put.

FITZGERALD (cont'd)

For what it's worth... it's good to  
have you back, Rachel.

REIKO

Yeah, you know, we forgive you for  
the whole kicking our asses thing.

She smiles. Rachel tries one back, but it looks as false as  
Rachel feels.

Tori tries to catch her eye, but Rachel isn't looking.  
Shoulders slumped, she trudges out after the others. Soon,  
only Delaney and Rachel are left.

RACHEL

So what now?

DELANEY

Now? We raid my mom's liquor  
cabinet, get trashed and forget who  
we both are for a little while.

Rachel smiles - this time a genuine one.

RACHEL

Best plan I've heard since I died.

Delaney chuckles, and as the two girls rise we CUT TO:

Where Celeste sits at her desk, leafing through a dossier.  
Piles of folders, photographs and other information sits all  
around her - on the desk, her bed, even the floor.

She turns as there's a KNOCK at her door, to see Hamish with  
another armful of folders.

HAMISH

And this brings you up to date  
completely.

CELESTE

Thank you, Hamish. Just pop them on  
the bed with the rest.

Hamish obliges, taking a moment to survey the room.

HAMISH

Everything to your liking?

CELESTE

(grins)

I spent twenty years in that cell at Laneshead. My mind's not going to let me adjust to life outside of it overnight. Having everything this way certainly helps.

She turns to watch him as he paces around, examining the affectations and ornaments on the dresser.

CELESTE (cont'd)

You don't seem at all afraid of me. Why is that?

HAMISH

(shrugs)

Should I be?

CELESTE

I killed one of your team right before your eyes, moments after you'd risked your own lives to break me out of prison.

HAMISH

(examining a photograph)

I wasn't keen on her.

Celeste LAUGHS at that. Hamish points to one of her photographs.

HAMISH (cont'd)

Your family, do you want us to -

CELESTE

Contact them? No. I'll do that in my own time. I have plenty of work to catch up on first.

HAMISH

Aye. I'll leave you to it for now, then.

He heads for the door, pausing as she calls out:

CELESTE

Whose side are you on, Hamish?

He turns back to her. She regards him carefully.

HAMISH

Whose side do you think I'm on?

(CONTINUED)

CELESTE

Whichever one suits you best.

HAMISH

Sounds about right.

CELESTE

I understand you lost your...  
associate during the breakout. I'm  
sorry to hear that. I hope we can  
recover them for you soon.

HAMISH

Aye. So do I.

CELESTE

(beat)

Jilhandra's not going to take my  
assertion of authority lightly, you  
know. She'll be looking for a way  
to wrest control back from me.

HAMISH

I don't doubt that.

CELESTE

So I'm going to need to know who I  
can and can't count on.

(beat)

Can I count on you, Hamish?

He just offers an enigmatic smile back at her, leaving the  
room. Celeste sits, musing, then returns to her work as we  
CUT TO:

Where Jilhandra watches the monitor showing the feed from  
Celeste's room. She reaches forward, hits a button to rewind  
the footage and watches again:

CELESTE

(filtered; on screen)

Can I count on you, Hamish?

Jilhandra leans back, arms folded, not knowing what to make  
of this situation as we:

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF ACT TWO**

**ACT THREE**

FADE IN:

35 INT. CAMPUS - DORMS - NIGHT 35

The girls of A Squad are asleep in their beds - except for Skye, who tosses and turns, unable to settle.

With a sigh, she sits up and looks around - Sofia and Delaney are fast asleep, but Tori's bed is empty.

Frowning, Skye slips out of bed, pulls on a dressing gown and heads for the door, quietly stepping outside.

36 EXT. CAMPUS - ABOVE MAIN ENTRANCE - NEXT 36

Skye opens the door to her hiding place over the entrance - and finds Tori there, wrapped in a blanket and staring out into the starry night sky.

SKYE  
Couldn't sleep either?

Tori JUMPS, startled, then keeps her eyes on Skye as she takes a seat beside her.

TORI  
Bad dreams.

SKYE  
Comes with the territory.

TORI  
Same bad dreams I've been having  
for over a year, in fact.  
Difference is, now I know why.

Tori produces a pack of cigarettes.

SKYE  
You smoke?

TORI  
I'm learning how. Maybe it'll help.

She fumbles with a lighter, before Skye takes it from her, and with one flick gets a flame.

Tori hesitates, then pops a cigarette in her mouth, cups her hand round and leans in to light it.

SKYE  
You build up a good thumb callus  
after a while. It helps.

Tori exhales smoke, leaning back.

(CONTINUED)

TORI

He's gonna get to me.

(off look)

Hamish. Sooner or later, one of his crazy stunts is going to put him close enough for long enough, and then...

She flicks ash away, scratching the back of her head.

TORI (cont'd)

And you guys aren't gonna be able to protect me. Not always. Not forever.

SKYE

Hey, don't get me wrong, I'd be happy if we didn't have to worry about it - or you - all the time.

TORI

(chuckles)

Thanks for the support.

SKYE

But you can either carry on feeling sorry for yourself about having a target painted on your back... or you can keep moving. Don't let that asshole get close enough. End of the day, only thing standing between him and the Slayer power is you. Not any of us.

TORI

(wry)

This a pep talk?

SKYE

I don't do 'pep'.

She takes the cigarette from Tori, inhales deeply, then passes it back with a COUGH.

SKYE (cont'd)

You're lucky. These things bite more when you're human.

TORI

Oh, yeah. 'Lucky' is an adjective I find myself using all the time.

SKYE

Really? You're gonna play the poor, wounded soldier card on me of all people?

(CONTINUED)



Tori looks across at her. Skye shrugs.

SKYE (cont'd)  
 So we've had some close shaves with  
 Hamish. It was always gonna happen.  
 You're still here, we're all still  
 here. That means he hasn't won.

Skye rises, stepping back off the edge and onto the roof.

SKYE (cont'd)  
 You've got another couple of hours  
 before sun up. Don't try anything.

TORI  
 Trust me. If I was going to pick a  
 way to end it all, I'd choose  
 something faster.

Skye looks like she's about to reply, but thinks better of it  
 and exits. Tori drags on the cigarette as we DISSOLVE TO:

Down in the infirmary, and Manu is running a jury-rigged CAT  
 scan on Rachel - electrodes run from points on her temples to  
 a cluster of computers and monitoring equipment.

A monitor on the desk shows a thermal scan of her head, with  
 varying colours to indicate levels of activity.

Gathered around are Skye, Sofia, Delaney, Kira and  
 Fitzgerald.

SKYE  
 This reminds me of something...

SOFIA  
 'Ghostbusters'. The bit where  
 they're testing the nerdy chap from  
 'Little Shop of Horrors', and on  
 the screen it shows a big monster's  
 head instead of his own.

SKYE  
 (snaps fingers)  
That's it.

DELANEY  
 (sighs)  
 Jesus, you two are nerds.

SOFIA  
 We're geeks. There's a difference.

MANU  
 Ladies?

He shoots them a weary look, and the girls keep quiet. Amused, Rachel manages a half-smile.

RACHEL  
So how do I look?

Manu lifts the constantly-moving ream of paper printout coming from the setup, studying it.

MANU  
In terms of brain wave activity,  
within standard parameters.

DELANEY  
Yay.

MANU  
(to Rachel)  
You say that ever since the Cabal  
technology brought you back, you've  
been having difficulty 'feeling'...  
anything?

RACHEL  
Pretty much. Emotions, pain,  
taste... it's like my whole nervous  
system is wrapped in clingfilm.

FITZGERALD  
What can you tell us about the  
technology the Cabal used on you?  
This... Resurrection Machine?

RACHEL  
What do you know already?

KIRA  
Assume the answer is 'nothing'.  
Tell us everything.

Rachel nods, taking a moment as we DISSOLVE TO:

A lone trooper wanders past, on late night patrol duty. He passes a shadowy alcove - which Rachel steps out from a moment later.

She closes her eyes - and her features begin to RIPPLE and SHIFT, as she morphs into a copy of the trooper. Opening her eyes, she moves on.

Trooper Rachel enters the large, domed area containing the Resurrection Machine - from the balcony level she's on, even more of the huge device is revealed.

Technicians run diagnostics and checks on a wide bank of control panels and consoles on a platform up on the far side of the room.

Down below, more check over the complicated machinery, open panels exposing thick bundles of cables and circuitry.

RACHEL (V.O.)  
You think you've seen it all, and  
then you get a look at one of those  
things...

FITZGERALD (V.O.)  
I'm sorry - 'one of'? You mean  
there are more?

RACHEL (V.O.)  
Not many, but yeah. That I know of.

Trooper Rachel heads down a flight of metal stairs into the main chamber, glancing up at the tall Machine carefully.

ANGLE: The church organ-like towers of tubing and vents stretch high up into the ceiling.

Rachel pauses near the basin, the dark liquid within lies still. Coloured lights blink on and off all around it.

RACHEL (V.O.) (cont'd)  
It works by basically channelling  
energies into you via a conductive  
liquid. You just put the dead body  
in the pool, flick the switch and  
wait for the lightning to strike.

KIRA (V.O.)  
Where do these 'energies' come  
from?

Trooper Rachel checks around - nobody's paying her much attention.

She climbs a short staircase onto the next level of the multi-layered Machine, seeing a walkway that runs around behind the main facia.

RACHEL (V.O.)  
Not somewhere you'd expect.

Rachel heads deeper into the belly of the Machine itself:

A 'T' shaped area, walled on all sides and overhead by more panels, cables and circuitry. The walls pulse with a soft light, leading Rachel down the long main walkway.

She sees the sides of the corridor are lined with oval PODS, ten on each side. She approaches one, sizing it up - each is big enough to fit a person.

There's a console by each, and after a quick check for anyone watching, she tries a few commands.

With a CLICK and a HISS of hydraulics, the pod starts to OPEN - revealing an upright GURNEY inside.

Frowning, Rachel peers in closer - and sees the inside of the pod is moulded to fit a single human occupant.

She looks all around - a long bank of NEEDLES line the top of the pod, with further bunches of IV cables running away and back into the depths of the Machine itself.

She steps back, concerned, and closes the pod door again. Working at the console, she scrolls through a few options, then selects one marked 'Activity Log'.

A PHOTOGRAPH comes up of a middle-aged man, with medical statistics scrolling down alongside it.

Rachel steps back, trying to process this, then steps over to the next pod and brings up the same option. She gets another photograph - a young blonde woman this time.

Starting to grow agitated, Rachel checks the next three pods - each one giving her a different person.

She steps back, looking up and down the corridor, trying to make sense of this - then realises something.

She returns to the nearest console and checks the date it was last accessed. It reads 'January 7th, 2009'.

She checks the next, and the next, and the next - each one, the same date.

HAMISH (O.S.)

It's a necessary evil.

She spins round, her stress causing her to SHIFT back into her usual appearance as Hamish paces towards her.

RACHEL

How many... these people... what did you do?

Hamish looks down at the first console, reading aloud:

HAMISH

Richard Simkins. Ran a fruit farm in the Midlands. Wife, two children.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

HAMISH (cont'd)

Gambling debts spiralling out of control as he battled to keep his business afloat in the recession. Owed a lot of money to a lot of very bad people.

He steps up to the next, reading again:

HAMISH (cont'd)

Sonia Duncan. Divorced mother of two. Big house, nice car, and a sideline in racketeering scams siphoning cash off the charities she worked as for.

RACHEL

I... I don't...

HAMISH

Make no mistake, Rachel, these were not good people.

Rachel swallows, her misfiring emotions starting a battle for attention all at once.

RACHEL

Are they... are they all dead?

TEARS are suddenly in her eyes. She wipes them as if surprised to find she could still cry.

RACHEL (cont'd)

Is that how you did it? Is that how this... thing works?

HAMISH

(beat)

The levels of dark energy required are colossal, lass. The only way we can guarantee drawing enough of it for the process to work is if -

RACHEL

(screams)

No!

She surges forward, SHOVING him out of her way:

INT. CABAL BASE - CHAMBER - NEXT (FLASHBACK)

But as she staggers away, she misses her footing, trips and falls into the pool of fluid with a SPLASH.

Startled technicians jump back, and within moments a pair of SECURITY GUARDS appear at the doorway up above.

(CONTINUED)

Hamish darts out from within the Machine, signalling to the inbound guards to hold back.

Rachel slumps to her knees within the pool, SOBBING pathetically. Hamish steps in, wading over and crouching down beside her.

HAMISH

I did this for you.

RACHEL

(shakes head)

No... no, you can't... you can't...  
all those people, they...

HAMISH

I'd put twenty more people into  
this machine, if I had to. If it  
meant I could bring you back.

Rachel hunches over, SHUDDERING as she's wracked with more sobs. Hamish pulls her close, his arms tight around her.

HAMISH (cont'd)

(quiet)

You're all I've got now.

PULL BACK as she continues to WEEP, Hamish closing his eyes and trying to comfort her, until we DISSOLVE TO:

The others stare at Rachel in stunned silence.

RACHEL

(to Manu)

I think we're done.

She pops the electrodes off her head, rising.

RACHEL (cont'd)

I'm gonna go get some breakfast.  
Unless I'm under some kind of house  
arrest?

FITZGERALD

(distracted)

Hmm? Oh, ah... unfortunately, yes.  
For now. Delaney, go with her.

DELANEY

C'mon, Rache. We got this new chef  
from Oakland, he does a mean french  
toast.

Delaney leads Rachel outside. The others stay in silence for a few beats, until:

(CONTINUED)

SKYE

This is so messed up.

KIRA

I had no idea... I mean, I knew that thing would need a lot of power, but... twenty people? I know blood ritual sacrifices that don't need that much juice!

SOFIA

And what an encouraging thought that is for us all.

FITZGERALD

We have to destroy it.

(off looks)

I'm serious. We can't allow the Cabal to continue using these Machines. We have to find them all, and destroy them.

KIRA

Absolutely.

SKYE

Any ideas how we go about finding them?

SOFIA

Well, we've got someone who knows where one is. That's a start.

Fitzgerald rises from her seat, expression fixed in determination.

FITZGERALD

This becomes one of our new priorities. When we find Celeste Rourke, we'll find Hamish, and that'll lead us straight to what's left of the Cabal. Then we can finish this. Before any more of my girls have to suffer at the hands of that lunatic.

She turns and marches out of the infirmary, face like thunder, and we CUT TO:

Celeste is already present, pinning a large floor plan to a whiteboard. Others line the room, covered with photographs, notes, and marker pen arrows linking bits of information.

She glances over her shoulder as Jilhandra and Hamish come in, both of them blinking in surprise at the layout.

(CONTINUED)

JILHANDRA  
Somebody had their Weetabix...

CELESTE  
Ah, good, you're both here. Take a seat.

Several circular tables are arranged in the centre of the room. Glancing at one another, Jilhandra and Hamish sit.

Celeste walks over, presenting them both with thick folders. Jilhandra opens hers and starts to flick through.

JILHANDRA  
What's all this?

CELESTE  
Step one.

HAMISH  
(reading)  
Amon Dooley... Doyle Donehoo... Sam  
Hulick... Jesper Kyd... Kow  
Otani...  
(to Celeste)  
I know these names. They're -

JILHANDRA  
Other witches and warlocks. Why do we have their personnel files?

CELESTE  
Because step one is recruitment.

JILHANDRA  
'Step one' of what?

Celeste indicates the myriad information on the whiteboards.

CELESTE  
Of the plan, Rebecca. Try to keep up.

Jilhandra drops her folder on the table, leaning back and folding her arms defiantly.

JILHANDRA  
This is ridiculous.

CELESTE  
No, it's called 'planning'.  
Something I seem to recall I was  
always the better of us at.

JILHANDRA  
You can't just... change everything  
we're doing!

(CONTINUED)



CELESTE

And what is it you're doing,  
exactly?

She raises an eyebrow. Jilhandra stutters, caught for a quick answer.

CELESTE (cont'd)

I've gone over every mission report  
in the archives. Every piece of  
intelligence, every scribbled note  
passed between troopers in the  
canteen. Do you want to know what  
the one constant in this flow of  
data is?

JILHANDRA

Enlighten me.

Celeste leans across the table to Jilhandra, her expression suddenly darkening.

CELESTE

You haven't got a clue what you're  
doing.

Jilhandra opens her mouth to reply, but reads something fierce in Celeste's eyes and wisely keeps quiet.

Celeste straightens, pacing around the room and pointing to pieces of intel as she talks:

CELESTE (cont'd)

The attack on the Wicca Convention.  
Dozens of potential candidates for  
the Coven, and yet you kill almost  
all of them in a show of power,  
trying to win over the two people  
who would never join us - namely  
Willow Rosenberg and Kira Brogan.

HAMISH

To be fair, we didn't -

CELESTE

(over him)

Hamish's continued failure to get  
his hands on the Slayer Power,  
despite completing ninety-nine per  
cent of the ritual required.

JILHANDRA

He hasn't -

(CONTINUED)

CELESTE

And even with all of that taken out  
of consideration, precisely what is  
it you two are doing right now?

Where is any of this...

(indicates the base around  
them)

... meant to be going?

Admonished, the other two are silent.

CELESTE (cont'd)

Thank God you broke me out of  
Laneshead when you did, otherwise  
who knows how deeply you'd have  
continued to dig this hole of  
inactivity for yourself.

JILHANDRA

(dry)

And I suppose you have the answer  
to all our problems?

CELESTE

Once we've gathered the choice cuts  
of the names in those folders...

(smiles)

Yes, I do.

She turns to one of the whiteboards - diagrams of tribal  
markings and runes cover several sheets of paper.

CELESTE (cont'd)

All we have to do is wait.

(beat)

She'll do all the hard work for us.

Leaving Celeste to smile about something clearly only she  
knows about, we:

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF ACT THREE**

**ACT FOUR**

FADE IN:

44

INT. CAMPUS - CANTEEN - DAY

44

Delaney and Rachel sit at a table, Rachel not showing much interest in the curious looks coming her way from other Slayers and faculty passing by.

Delaney has devoured her full English breakfast, but Rachel is poking listlessly at her own.

DELANEY

(through mouthful)

So we're stuck watching this movie indoors, while the others are racing all round the cinema trying to find the rogues, and...

(beat)

... and then I got into a fight at the media reception with Taylor Momsen when I said she looked like something Christina Aguilera picked out of her teeth.

She waits for a response. Rachel is still staring distantly at her food.

DELANEY (cont'd)

Rache?

RACHEL

(looks up)

Hmm? What?

DELANEY

You get maybe, thirty, thirty-five per cent of what I just said?

Rachel exhales, looks down and pushes the plate of untouched food away.

RACHEL

Sorry. I think it's a side effect or something. I just... phase out.

DELANEY

Yeah, I can tell.

(beat; off plate)

You mind?

RACHEL

Go ahead.

Delaney swipes the french toast from Rachel's plate, dipping it in the egg on her own plate and taking a bite.

(CONTINUED)

DELANEY

Look, I know this is gonna be weird. Being back here, I mean.

RACHEL

'Weird' doesn't really cover it.

DELANEY

Hey, you were the first one of us to get your foot in the door at this place, remember? When you stole Dana back from Hamish?

RACHEL

Good times.

DELANEY

They like you around here, Rache. I mean, yeah, there was that whole thing with the breaking and entering on sports day a few years ago, but, you know... bygones.

RACHEL

They're going to have to lock me up. You know that, right?

DELANEY

Nope. Not gonna happen.

RACHEL

Regardless of my history here, I'm still an enemy combatant. If I was Grace, it's the only sensible choice I could make.

DELANEY

Yeah, 'cause this place eats 'sensible' for breakfast.  
(off plate)  
And kick ass french toast.

Rachel manages a smile at that, but it doesn't last.

RACHEL

There's something... there's something I think I should tell you.

DELANEY

If it's about what happened to that skirt you lent me, I swear the split went up that far before I wore it out.

RACHEL

It's about Hamish.

(CONTINUED)

DELANEY  
(beat; guarded)  
Go on.

Rachel checks round to make sure nobody's within earshot, then leans in closer.

RACHEL  
I think... I mean, I'm not sure,  
but I think...

DELANEY  
What? Just tell me already!

RACHEL  
I think he has someone inside the  
Academy.

Delaney leans back, eyes on Rachel for a few moments.

DELANEY  
(shakes head)  
Nah. No way.

RACHEL  
I overheard phone calls, saw  
snippets of a few e-mails...

DELANEY  
Like who? Rachel, we've got two-  
thirds of the entire planet's  
Slayer population on campus right  
now. Nobody here'd sell out to work  
for the bad guys.

She winces, remembering too late who she's talking to.

DELANEY (cont'd)  
I didn't mean -

RACHEL  
I'm telling you because somebody  
needs to know. Somebody I can trust  
with my life.  
(beat; small laugh)  
Such as it is. Don't breathe a word  
of this to anyone. You can't tip  
their hand. Just me being here  
could be setting off an alarm bell,  
and we don't want to spook them  
before we get a chance to figure  
out who it is.

Delaney looks up, seeing someone approaching.

DELANEY  
Uh-oh...

Rachel turns - Kira joins them at their table.

KIRA

Rachel. May I have a word in private?

RACHEL

Sure.

(to Delaney; off plate)

Eat the rest of this. You look like you need it.

Delaney nods, watching as Rachel rises and walks away after Kira, and we CUT TO:

Jilhandra starts to enter, then pauses as she sees Hamish over at his computer terminal, talking on the phone.

HAMISH

(into phone)

So how does she look?

(listens; chuckles)

Good to know. At least they're sticking to their usual standard of tolerance, eh?

He senses Jilhandra and turns to her, holding the phone against his shoulder to cover the mouthpiece.

HAMISH (cont'd)

Can I help you?

JILHANDRA

Her Royal Highness requests our presence in the briefing room. The first of the new Coven candidates are inbound, apparently.

HAMISH

(nods)

I'll be along shortly.

(beat; off phone)

Do you mind?

JILHANDRA

(grunts)

Whatever.

She exits, and Hamish waits before returning to his call:

HAMISH

Sorry about that. That's all I needed to hear, so just stick to protocol for now. Sit tight, when I need your services, I'll call.

He hangs up, pausing in thought for a moment. He uses his mouse to click through a series of folders, finally opening an image:

ON SCREEN is a photo of Hamish and Rachel, suiting up for a mission. Hamish stares at it for a while, until we CUT TO:

Danny is checking along a shelf, ticking off books from a clipboard when he spots Skye at a table by herself. He glances round, then heads over.

Seeing that she's engrossed in a book, he swerves towards another bookcase, and starts checking over his list again.

SKYE

You did those already.

Danny turns, busted but trying to act casual.

DANNY

Sorry?

SKYE

(without looking up)

'Bout ten minutes ago, in fact.

DANNY

I was... just... making sure.

Skye puts her book down, fixing him with her best raised eyebrow. Danny slumps, admitting defeat.

DANNY (cont'd)

Alright, so I was just coming by to see how you were doing, but then I saw you reading, so I thought I'd...

(beat; frowns)

Is that 'Neuromancer'? I'm a huge William Gibson fan.

SKYE

(off book; shrugs)

Helps me think when I can't get my head around anything. He's alright.

DANNY

'Alright'? He's a modern day wordsmith, a man who can conjure up rich, textural landscapes, characters and emotions using words and phrases you'd never expect anyone else to try and string together, and... and you're giving me that look again.

(CONTINUED)

SKYE

(amused)

I just think his books are alright. Plus, I have to concentrate to keep up with what's happening. Keeps my conscious brain busy, so the subconscious can work on the other stuff rattling around.

Danny takes a seat opposite her.

DANNY

You mean about Rachel?

SKYE

You don't know her. Don't try to act like you do.

DANNY

No, of course not. But she was an important part of the Academy for some time, that much I do know.

(beat)

And I know she was important to you.

SKYE

We were just friends, is all. Delaney was like her little sister.

DANNY

Yes... that's not what's bothering you about all this, is it?

SKYE

Danny, I swear, if you try any of that psychoanalysing crap on me, I'm gonna clock you so hard your grandkids'll come out bruised.

DANNY

Wouldn't dream of it.

(beat)

May I make an impartial observation?

SKYE

(sighs)

Alright...

DANNY

It's not so much the fact that Rachel is back, more how she's come back. Specifically, the use of the Cabal resurrection technology.

(CONTINUED)



Skye is silent. Danny leans a little closer, lowering his voice.

DANNY (cont'd)

Because you've probably come to the same conclusion I have. If those devices remain in Cabal hands, and Erika is still out there waging her war against them...

SKYE

(beat)

Nice talking to you, Danny.

She rises. Danny winces, realising perhaps he should have kept that one to himself.

DANNY

Skye, I'm sorry, I didn't mean to imply that -

SKYE

Just as well, 'cause if I hear you 'imply' what you just said to me to anyone else...

She holds up her fist and raises an eyebrow.

SKYE (cont'd)

Grandkids.

With that, she leaves. Frustrated, Danny scoops up his clipboard and rises, heading back into the library.

HOLD ON SCENE for a few moments - until Mela leans out from behind one of the bookcases. She frowns, trying to process what she just overheard as we CUT TO:

Rachel sits before the desk as Kira closes the door.

KIRA

Before you say a word, yes, I have an office. I just don't use it very often.

Rachel looks around - it's modestly furnished, the desk displaying little more than a phone and a notepad.

Kira takes a seat, opening a drawer and taking out a pen, before sliding that and the notepad towards Rachel.

RACHEL

Are you going to test me on my Latin vocabulary or something?

KIRA

Rachel. Please. I was your boss for many years. I know exactly how that wonderfully active mind of yours works. You've been - rather, you were in Hamish's employ for almost a year. You no doubt have a frightening amount of current, relevant intel you can provide the Academy with.

RACHEL

And you want me to just write it all down?

KIRA

I also know that some of that intel will incriminate you in deeds you'd prefer to distance yourself from.

Rachel gets it. She leans back in the chair.

RACHEL

So you're going to go over whatever I put down...

KIRA

... and supply the edited highlights only to Grace, yes.

RACHEL

(shakes head)

I'm not ashamed of anything I've done.

KIRA

I never said you were. I trained you better than that. I also trained you to know when to keep your head down, and this is one of those times.

Kira pauses, then rises and paces over to the window.

KIRA (cont'd)

The Council as we knew it may be all but gone, but the spectre of their unique administrative style still lingers. Grace is already under pressure to have you thrown back into a holding cell until an Operations team show up to cart you off to God knows where. Although certainly not Laneshead at least, after recent events.

(CONTINUED)

RACHEL

And you think only telling half the story will protect me from that?

KIRA

Are you saying it won'?

Rachel hesitates - then reaches for the notepad and pen. Kira smiles - but Rachel leans over and drops them into the bin.

RACHEL

Like I said. I'm not ashamed. I'll tell them what they want to know, not what you want them to know. If they deice to lock me up... well, I'm already used to how that feels.

Kira exhales, turning away from her.

KIRA

I want you to think very carefully about this decision, Rachel. I'm giving you an opportunity to let me help you. I won't be able to make the same offer if you talk freely.

RACHEL

I appreciate it. Believe me, I do. If nothing else, it shows how far you've come from the days when you struggled to give two craps about me as anything other than an expendable asset.

Kira turns, surprised by her frankness.

RACHEL (cont'd)

But my answer is 'no'.

KIRA

Very well.

(beat)

Grace needs to see you in her office. I was meant to tell you that in the cafeteria, but...

RACHEL

I get it. And thanks.

She rises, nods to Kira and then leaves the room. Kira turns to the window, exhaling again in frustration as we CUT TO:

Celeste paces into view, hands behind her back, either side of the wide, square room occupied by six PEOPLE.

(CONTINUED)

Some are grizzled, some elegant. Some male, some female. Some well-dressed, some scruffy and unkempt. These are the new CANDIDATES.

CELESTE

Thank you for attending today. I know this was short notice for you all, and most of you have prices on your heads significant enough to warrant an additional degree of caution.

She reaches the other side of the room, turning round to face them all.

CELESTE (cont'd)

As stated in the communications that brought you here, the Coven di Fuoco is recruiting new members after recent losses in the field. The men and women you see before you today are all potential candidates for the Coven.

She paces down the centre of the room again.

CELESTE (cont'd)

However, in order for the Coven to maintain its most efficient operating capacity, the number of posts available is strictly limited. As those of you who can count will have observed, there are twelve of you gathered today.

She reaches the one door, opening it and turning back to address the candidates from the doorway.

CELESTE (cont'd)

There are six positions open. The first six of you to leave this room will be appointed accordingly.

(beat; smiles)

Good luck.

With that, she steps outside and closes the door.

The candidates exchange a few puzzled glances - before one of them realises what's been set up first, conjuring a FIREBALL into his hand!

One of the women spots this and quickly ZAPS him with a bolt of energy from across the room, BLASTING the warlock off his feet!

Within moments, the room is a maelstrom of energy bolts, fire, lightning and magic ricocheting back and forth.

49 INT. CABAL BASE - CORRIDOR - NEXT

49

Outside, Celeste smiles as the sounds of battle within rise in intensity, SHOUTS and CRIES joining the CRACKLE of energy and resulting EXPLOSIONS.

She heads off down the corridor, head high and not a care in the world as we CUT TO:

50 INT. CAMPUS - FITZGERALD'S OFFICE - NEXT

50

Rachel enters, pausing to find Greg, Fitzgerald and Manu all waiting for her.

RACHEL

This looks serious.

FITZGERALD

Hello, Rachel. Please, sit down.

Wary, Rachel pulls up a chair before Fitzgerald's desk.

FITZGERALD (cont'd)

I've been speaking to the Council regarding your... situation.

RACHEL

Let me guess. They want to lock me up and interrogate me for intel about Hamish, right?

Fitzgerald glances at Greg. Rachel scoffs.

RACHEL (cont'd)

Same old Council. You can tell them I'll co-operate freely. Anything they want to know, I'll tell them. Just give me a pen and some paper.

FITZGERALD

I'm afraid that's not all.

She looks to Manu, who steps forward, a dossier in his hands.

MANU

The rest of the tests we ran after your arrival came back.

RACHEL

What's the prognosis?

Manu hesitates, opening the dossier and looking like he doesn't want to read out what's written.

RACHEL (cont'd)

Come on, Manu. Don't leave a girl in suspense.

(CONTINUED)

MANU

It's your... ability. Your shapeshifting. As far as we can tell, the resultant unique DNA has been... damaged by the resurrection process.

RACHEL

'Damaged' how?

MANU

Your cells are in a constant state of flux. Whatever the Cabal did to revive you, it set some kind of ripple effect of damaged data throughout your whole body. Your latent regenerative ability from your ability to shift is countering the process for now, but...

Rachel nods, the grim truth settling in.

RACHEL

But sooner or later, it's going to kill me. And every time I shift, I'm just speeding up the process.

MANU

(beat)

I'm sorry.

RACHEL

You're just the messenger. You didn't do this to me.

GREG

I'm afraid that's not the only bad news we have.

RACHEL

(sighs)

Of course it isn't.

FITZGERALD

The Council have decided that your... health issue, combined with the invaluable intel we've yet to recover from you, leaves them no choice but to have you confined to the campus and kept under strict observation.

GREG

We can't risk sending you back out into the field. Not while they still want to drain every scrap of information out of you.

(CONTINUED)

FITZGERALD

Greg, please.

GREG

I can't believe you're allowing  
them to do this...

FITZGERALD

(snaps)

I'm not 'allowing' anything!

(beat; calmer)

I have a chain of command to  
follow, just like you do.

(to Rachel)

I'm truly sorry about this, Rachel.  
Know that if I could make the  
decision myself -

RACHEL

I know. It's fine. Everybody's  
apologising to me for something  
today.

She rises, taking a deep breath.

RACHEL (cont'd)

So who gets to take me downstairs?

Greg glances at Fitzgerald, then stands to join her. He leads  
Rachel out of the office, Manu and Fitzgerald watching her go  
until the door closes behind them, and we:

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF SHOW**

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