

# SLAYER ACADEMY

**"WILL & TESTAMENT"**

**STARRING**

**EMILY BROWNING**

**EMILY BOOTH**

**RACHAEL LEIGH COOK**

**KYOKO FUKADA**

**RACHAEL TAYLOR**

**PARIS HILTON**

**WITH**

**JACQUELINE MCKENZIE**

**FAMKE JANSSEN**

**NAVEEN ANDREWS**

**MIA WASIKOWSKA**

**JESSY SCHRAM**

**KATHERINE HEIGL**

**AARON YOO**

**AND**

**OLIVIA WILDE**

**LACEY MOSELY**

**GUEST STARRING**

**GERARD DEPARDIEU as 'Hercule'**

**JEWEL STAITE as 'Suzy Thomas'**

**LUCY LAWLESS as 'Cassandra'**

## TEASER

FADE IN:

1 EXT. CAMPUS - DAY 1

ANGLE FROM ABOVE as we PAN ACROSS the campus serenely. It's quiet, calm.

FRANKIE (V.O.)

The French philosopher Voltaire said, 'each player must accept the cards life deals 'im or 'er; but once they are in 'and, 'e or she alone must decide 'ow to play the cards in order to win the game'.

Continue to PULL ACROSS the campus, before we CUT TO:

2 INT. CAMPUS - FITZGERALD'S OFFICE - MORNING 2

FITZGERALD is seated at her desk, sipping from her mug of coffee as she runs over Slayer reports. She's tired and looks it - DARK CIRCLES visible under her eyes.

There's a sharp KNOCK at the door, Fitzgerald's eyes flickering to it.

FITZGERALD

Come in.

The door opens - and FRANKIE enters, eyes a little red and looking less than her usual composed self.

FITZGERALD (cont'd)

Frankie? What's wrong?

FRANKIE

*Mon... mon pere.*

FITZGERALD

Your father? What...

(blinks)

Oh God, Frankie, I'm sorry.

FRANKIE

No, no. 'e is not... I mean...

(sighs; composes self)

My father 'as just found out that the cancer 'as spread and 'e 'as only a few days left to live.

Fitzgerald hesitates, a little unsure of what she should do - but then leaves her desk, giving Frankie a quick HUG.

(CONTINUED)

FITZGERALD

I'm so sorry, Frankie. I didn't even know... why didn't you tell any of us? We knew he was ill, but we had no idea things were getting so bad.

(beat)

Is there nothing we can do?

FRANKIE

(sad smile)

No, apparently we can punch an 'ole through to 'igher planes but not cure cancer yet.

(beat)

'e 'as been ill for several years - lung cancer. All those cigars after trade meetings, I suppose.

(sighs)

After I lost my powers, after I became a Watcher... I visited 'im in Paris and 'e 'ad just... lost 'ope, I suppose. That is what is killing him.

FITZGERALD

I really am sorry. My dad... well, Alzheimer's got him, so I know what you're going through.

FRANKIE

(beat)

There is... I want to go back to Paris to be with 'im when 'e...

Frankie nods, pulling her determined resolve back into place.

FITZGERALD

Absolutely, Frankie. I mean, we'll miss you, but do you need some girls to go with you?

FRANKIE

For protection? I 'ardly think I am a viable target these days, and especially not to take a full squad away from active duty.

FITZGERALD

I meant in case...

(beat; smiles)

Actually, I'm honestly not sure what I meant. I'm just trying to find the right thing to say.

(CONTINUED)

FRANKIE

I understand your concern, Grace.  
But someone 'as already volunteered  
to escort me to France in the very  
unlikely possibility that I am in  
the sights of our enemies.

Fitzgerald retakes her seat, taking another sip from her  
coffee as she indicates Frankie to sit. She doesn't.

FITZGERALD

Who has volunteered?

FRANKIE

Sofia 'as said she will come.  
(long beat)  
And Dade.

Fitzgerald chokes on her coffee a touch, sharing a surprised  
look with Frankie.

FITZGERALD

Really?

FRANKIE

I am as surprised as you, *madame*.

FITZGERALD

(beat)  
Alright, then. You can consider  
yourself off duty until further  
notice. Take all the time you need.

FRANKIE

(nods)  
*Merci*.

Frankie turns to leave, but Fitzgerald adds:

FITZGERALD

And Frankie?  
(as she turns)  
I truly am sorry. I won't be so  
obvious to say 'if there's anything  
you need...' because I imagine  
you'll be hearing that a lot,  
but...

She lets it hang, with a smile. Frankie manages a half-smile  
back and leaves the office, and we:

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF TEASER**

**ACT ONE**

FADE IN:

3

INT. CAMPUS - INFIRMARY - DAY

3

PUSH THROUGH the ward, fairly quiet this time around - just the odd Depowered SLAYER in a cot.

MANU is at his PC terminal, sorting through administrative issues - as TIA leans in, smiling a touch.

TIA  
What's up, doc?

He shoots her a look - she must say that a lot.

MANU  
Just paperwork, Tia. Lots and lots of very tedious paperwork.

TIA  
Oh, okay. Um, do you want me to go see how Kira's doing with Tori?

MANU  
(beat; turns)  
That's normally my job - are you sure?

TIA  
Yeah, I think I've got it.

Tia hands him a Starbucks coffee.

TIA (cont'd)  
And here's some sweet, sweet caramel-y, whipped cream mocha goodness to keep going on.

MANU  
I don't drink all that rubbish.

TIA  
No, but I do, and when I need to stay sharp for several hours it does the trick.

She holds the cup out, and with an eventual grin of thanks Manu takes it.

Tia walks away, towards a bay where a single SLAYER lies:

TORI

Paler than usual, her blonde hair tangled and her body covered in a criss-cross of CUTS, BRUISES and LACERATIONS.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Tia approaches the comatose girl - seeing KIRA at her bedside, eyes closed in concentration.

TIA (cont'd)

How's she doing?

KIRA

Not asking me stupid questions, which makes her far less irritating than you lot right now.

TIA

Aw, you know you secretly like us a bit. Catch me up anyway, I kind of missed what was going on in the initial panic.

KIRA

(rolls eyes)

Tori's still in one hell of a coma while her body recovers from the physical damage. The only problem is that normal Slayers heal their injuries like this within a few days - with the vampire-Slayer condition here, if she doesn't start recovering soon... she's going crumble right into dust.

TIA

Which is bad.

KIRA

There's only so much damage she can take - I was running a mystical diagnostic on Tori, and at this rate of incapacity... she's only going last a few days at the very best.

TIA

Can't you just... snap her out of the coma?

KIRA

Firstly, it's not psychological - although my God a therapist would have his work cut out with that girl - it's the equivalent of a mystical coma. So until that fades, her body will keep degrading like decomposing tissue.

(blinks)

Which, considering the fact that she's actually a good-looking corpse with fangs, is appropriate.

(CONTINUED)

TIA

And... what if she dies?

KIRA

Then Hamish wins. Tori's soul is the only thing keeping Hamish from accessing the Slayer Power - and when he gets his hands on that, then the proverbial hits the fan. Oh, and the world ends.

TIA

(beat)

Huh. Must be a Tuesday.

PUSH DOWN onto the sight of Tori, still as Kira continues to focus on her pale body and we eventually CUT TO:

EXT. COUNTRY LANES - DAY

ANGLE FROM ABOVE to view a gorgeous part of the countryside, sun-dappled TREES everywhere as we view a single JEEP passing through the otherwise empty roads.

TITLE OVER: OUTSIDE PARIS, FRANCE

ANGLE ON THE JEEP as we eventually DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. COUNTRY ROADS - DAY

The Jeep PULLS UP on a quiet lane - and it's FRANKIE who gets out from behind the wheel.

She pulls a MAP free, studying it on the car's bonnet...

DADE (O.S.)

I would make a joke about how girls can't read maps...

DADE leans out from the passenger seat, SUNGLASSES on and an iced drink in his hand.

DADE (cont'd)

... but I suspect even a former Slayer like you would kick my skinny, toned ass.

FRANKIE

(without looking up)

Oui. I would.

SOFIA (O.S.)

And if she didn't, I would.

Behind him, SOFIA pulls her iPod headphone free and WHAPS Dade upside the head.

(CONTINUED)



DADE

Ow!

SOFIA

Now zip it and let me try and finish my book, alright?

DADE

(sarcastic)

Just for you, Sofia dearest.

FRANKIE

(beat; points on map)

There.

She hops back inside and starts the engine up again before moving away, and we DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. COUNTRY ESTATE - MANOR - LATER

ANGLE ON a large, stately MANSION, several SUVs and other cars parked inside the large driveway.

The mansion itself is a behemoth of a house, big enough to house the Academy residents at the very least.

This is the DuCONT MANSION - stately home to the family.

Frankie's car pulls up and the occupants leave, Frankie turning to Dade as he removes his sunglasses:

FRANKIE

You will be needing those.

(beat)

I expect we will 'ave a continental welcome. Madison warned us to be prepared for some attention from the press.

And it's as the other cars parked there OPEN their doors - and REPORTERS come spilling eagerly through, PHOTOGRAPHERS snapping pictures as they sprint for the group!

One FEMALE REPORTER - a gorgeous, curvy brunette - turns to her fumbling CAMERAMAN:

FEMALE REPORTER

(Canadian accent)

This is Suzy Thomas, reporting for Channel 6 news - I'm here at the DuCont mansion where Francoise DuCont, a well-publicised staff member of the so-called 'Slayer Academy,' has come to visit her father, Hercule, who is reported to be dying of an undisclosed illness.

(beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FEMALE REPORTER (cont'd)

For those of you unaware, Francoise - or Frankie, as she prefers to be known - is a former teen society belle who makes regular appearances alongside her Slayer friends and teammates, but her father, industrialist and Slayer Council high-ranking member, released a statement to the press several days ago, stating his illness.

BACK ON FRANKIE

As she navigates her way through the paparazzi, lightbulbs FLASHING - and behind her, Sofia and Dade are getting attention too.

BACK ON SUZY

She addresses the camera directly and excitedly:

SUZY

And we have confirmation that Sofia Romero, longtime friend of Ms. DuCont and worldwide famous Slayer, has arrived at the DuCont family home. Romero has become a household name since the movie of her life story notched up the highest grossing opening weekend of all time across the globe.

(beat)

Sofia! Sofia!

SOFIA (O.S.)

(extremely muffled)

Oh, bugger off!

SUZY

I'm sorry?

Sofia finally comes into view - a little tousled but otherwise composed.

SOFIA

Um, I said... please allow my friends and I some time. We require some privacy and I think you're all compassionate human beings who can understand that.

Sofia disappears and Suzy BLINKS into camera:

SUZY

(confused; beat)

Erm, well... thank you, Sofia.

(beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SUZY (cont'd)

We'll stay with this as the day progresses.

ON DADE

As he joins Frankie and Sofia at the huge steps leading up towards the mansion's front doors.

The doors open - and several WOMEN fling themselves at Frankie, KISSING her cheek and HUGGING her enthusiastically.

DADE

(to Sofia)

Relatives of hers?

SOFIA

I hope so. They're French though, so anything's possible.

The women turn their attention to Sofia and Dade as the cameras continue to snap pictures - giving them the same treatment that they gave Frankie.

FRANKIE

(explaining)

These are my aunts - my mother and my father's sisters. They are very...

DADE

Hospitable?

FRANKIE

(small smile)

Continental.

The paparazzi continue to surge forward, members of SECURITY starting to emerge now - all with TASERS if necessary.

SOFIA

Okay...

(to Dade)

Eyes above the sternum, junior. We don't want to start an international incident.

They enter the home, closing the doors behind them:

INT. MANSION - LOBBY - NEXT

A gorgeous lobby lays inside - a DOUBLE STAIRCASE ahead, a CRYSTAL CHANDELIER dangles above. *Objet d'art* line the walls.

Dade makes his way over one of the STATUES - a small, delicate MARBLE piece, showing CUPID and PSYCHE delicately embracing.

(CONTINUED)

DADE

(awed)

That's Rodin's version of 'Psyche Revived By Cupid's Kiss'. It's supposed to be on loan inside the New York Metropolitan Museum of Art.

SOFIA

So?

Inside, a couple of REPORTERS, more smartly-dressed than the ones outside, approach Frankie, Dade and Sofia taking notice.

DADE

So, this family has a lot of influence. Whatever it wants, it gets.

One reporter, a vivacious REDHEAD stretches her hand towards Frankie:

REPORTER #1

(Gallic accent)

*Bonjour, Francoise.* We are 'ere for the magazine specials your father will be a -

FRANKIE

Please, not right now...

(to the women)

Can you... deal with them? Please?

(beat)

I 'ave to see my father.

ON FRANKIE as she flees up the staircase, passing by more RELATIVES - who spy Dade and Sofia at the same time the reporters inside do.

DADE

Oh... crap.

And it's as Sofia manages her winning smile for the advancing people, that we SMASH CUT TO:

ON FRAN as she lies on her bed, headphones in - Munchausen By Proxy playing - as she half-rocks out to the beat.

She reads a GLOSSY MAGAZINE halfheartedly - the cover shows Sofia, Skye, Fran and the other girls in action.

All of a sudden, a FLOWER CUSHION flies through the air and WHAPS Fran on the head.

She looks up - to see a smiling MELA waiting for her.

(CONTINUED)

FRAN  
(faux pouting)  
You're a mean girlfriend. I should  
totally dump you.

MELA  
And who else would put up with you?

FRAN  
Clarissa. She'd bake me cupcakes.  
(beat)  
Okay, she wouldn't - but I'd buy  
them and pretend she bought me 'em.

Mela KISSES Fran sweetly - and reveals a CUPCAKE from behind  
her back.

MELA  
Chocolate frosting. Now say I don't  
rock.  
(beat)  
Anyway, come on, we've got a  
mission.

FRAN  
So you're in a good mood today?

MELA  
Why wouldn't I be?

FRAN  
(sighs)  
Fine.

Fran takes a fingertip of the chocolate frosting - and SWIPES  
it across Mela's lips.

They KISS. It's adorable.

FRAN (cont'd)  
Yep. You definitely rock.

They leave the dorms - and we ANGLE ON the magazine. The  
article Fran was reading shows the girls in a group hero  
shot.

ON THE GIRLS as they enter, finding MALLORY already there.  
REIKO is to one side, FOLDERS in her arms. She smiles  
serenely at them, twirling a dyed golden and pink strand in  
her hair.

REIKO  
Hey, girls.

FRAN

(blinks)

You're... more serene than usual.

MALLORY

You're telling me. It's like I've spent the morning with the Bhavagad Gita in a skirt.

FRAN

You're here!

MALLORY

Specialist consultant only. Apparently, Reiko thinks my 'unique skillset' will help on this one.

FRAN

And you are so back.

Mallory tries to suppress a smirk - but fails.

REIKO

It's just... ever since Alita came back and we spoke, it's like... we found closure. And I know she's happy now where she is.

(smiles)

And all is good in the world. We're Slayers and we beat up bad girls. Simple as.

She hands Fran and Mela a folder each.

REIKO (cont'd)

Frankie's taking some personal time, she didn't say why, and Fitzgerald's running her batteries out so I said I'd lead the mission brief while she recharges them.

Fran stifles a chuckle. The others look over.

FRAN

Sorry. Lesbian joke.

REIKO

(narrows eyes)

Basically, we're leaving a couple of hours to do an interception job.

MALLORY

What are we intercepting?

REIKO

Open the folders.

(CONTINUED)

They do - inside are the schematics for a large BANK VAULT.

REIKO (cont'd)

Someone's raiding this vault - a doozy by the looks of it - and we need to stop them before they retrieve whatever's inside.

FRAN

How is this our problem? Can't whoever owns the vault order... like really, really good security? With guns and stuff?  
(off looks)  
I'm just saying. And there's something on TV tonight I wanted to watch.

MELA

(squints)  
It's Council property. Safes like these are only used for protection of high-value artefacts, stuff that very bad people would like to get their hands on.  
(to Fran)  
Time to work your TiVo, hun.

MALLORY

(sarcastic)  
And we've got to stop them from nabbing it. Excellent.

REIKO

Greg's giving us a lift to the airport and it'll only take an hour or so to get to the airport. We'll get the rest of the intel when we touch down in France.  
(grins)  
*Allons-y!*

She exits cheerily. The others stare after her - and then at each other.

MALLORY

I'm just gonna go ahead and say it - she's either found God or happy pills.  
(beat; shrugs)  
Beats her moping around all the time, though, right?

MELA

Yep, she's back.

Fran and Mela share a GRIN as Mallory exits and we CUT TO:

10

INT. MANSION - BEDROOM - DAY

10

PULL ACROSS a beautiful, elegant BEDROOM - paintings, a four poster BED, everything looking majestic and regal.

Light SUNSHINE and a slight BREEZE drift in from the French windows. 'The Girl With The Flaxen Hair' by Debussy PLAYS across the scene.

The doors open and Frankie enters, closing the doors behind them. Her eyes fill with TEARS.

FRANKIE

*Papa.*

REVERSE ANGLE:

To find a frail, pale MAN in his fifties sat up in bed - but he still exudes a quiet calm and strength. HERCULE DuCONT.

ON FRANKIE as she reaches her father, taking a seat beside him - and KISSING his hand.

Beside them, several pieces of MEDICAL EQUIPMENT are set up - several have WIRES and TUBES leading into Hercule's body.

HERCULE

Aah, Françoise. *Car sans toi il n'y a pas de chanson.* And your English is excellent, as always.

FRANKIE

*Merci, papa.*

(beat)

I cannot believe this, father.  
You... you are not going to die soon.

(tearful smile)

I refuse to allow it.

Hercule SMILES, wiping a TEAR from his daughter's cheek.

HERCULE

Frankie... I 'ave faith in you that you will be prepared for whatever destiny 'as in store for us. I 'ave lived a long and fruitful life and once I die... I will see your mother again. Is that not a sight to behold?

FRANKIE

If *Maman* was 'ere, she would kick you up your *derriere* for giving up like this!

(CONTINUED)



HERCULE

(grins)

There's the Francoise I raised.

FRANKIE

I am not the little girl you once  
knew, *papa*.

HERCULE

(chuckles)

I know. Believe me, I know. Which  
is why I know you will understand  
what I am about to ask of you...

Hercule turns towards Frankie painfully.

HERCULE (cont'd)

It concerns the family business.

FRANKIE

The 'otel chain? I... I don't know,  
*papa*. I mean, I 'ave my Watcher  
duties, but no doubt Grace can 'elp  
me and it will be useful for the  
girls if they ever need an 'ome in -

HERCULE

(smiles)

*Non, cheri*. The other family  
business.

(beat)

I am asking you to carry on my  
legacy.

Frankie is understandably silent. Hercule takes a few moments  
to catch his breath, then continues:

HERCULE (cont'd)

I am asking you to take over my  
duties within the Watcher's  
Council. You are the only one I  
trust.

(beat)

And first, there is something I  
must tell you...

He beckons for her to lean closer, and as Hercule WHISPERS  
into her ear, we:

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF ACT ONE**

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

11 INT. MANSION - LOUNGE - SAME TIME

11

A sea of relatives inside a luxurious lounge - a LOG FIRE burns and a single SERVANT plays classical music.

On an overstuffed SOFA, Sofia and Dade are being questioned by the nearest relatives - a handful of aunts and nieces by the looks of it. One AUNT, JACQUELINE, is speaking fervently to Sofia:

JACQUELINE

... but Sofia, is what they say about you true? With this... 'Anti-Slayer' *merde*?

SOFIA

Sort of. Jane Goldman pretty much had one enormous portfolio on me, from which she cherry-picked the best bits and then strung all together into a script.

A young NIECE, NAOMI, pipes up, looking at Sofia with akin to adoration.

NAOMI

You're my 'ero, Sofia. Can I call you Sofia?

SOFIA

Of course, sweetie.

NAOMI

(grinning)

Can I 'ave your autograph? All of my friends will be so jealous! We all love you and Skye's so cool and we were cheering when you killed Brendon!

Sofia SMILES in deference and genuine pleasure at this as we  
TRACK OVER TO:

DADE

Who's being interrogated by an elderly SPINSTER of an aunt who GLOWERS at Dade suspiciously.

SPINSTER

I don't trust you.

DADE

Well... um...

(CONTINUED)

SPINSTER

It is nothing personal, I 'ave to assure you. It is just that I 'ave not trusted a man since the war.

(beat)

My boyfriend was an American, you know. 'is name was David and 'e broke my 'eart by running away with some little blonde *chienne* when the troops 'ad left Paris for good in 1945.

Dade manages a quick, tight smile. Awkward to say the very least.

DADE

That's a real sad story, ma'am. I'm sorry.

SPINSTER

(smiles)

Drink?

She SMIRKS lasciviously at Dade, who audibly GULPS as we CUT TO:

INT. PRIVATE PLANE - SAME TIME

A small little jet, filled with half a dozen comfy SEATS and the like.

B SQUAD are inside, looking over notes. Well, supposed to be looking over notes.

Mallory is watching TV on the WALL SCREEN in the far side wall while Reiko works on a small LAPTOP.

Fran and Mela are chatting - the former goofing off for the latter - and sharing KISSES. Reiko looks over, a touch annoyed... but then even she has to SMILE.

MALLORY

(to Reiko)

Don't encourage them.

(to Fran and Mela; smirks)

Yes, that was aimed at you two lovebirds. Can't hear a damn word of this movie over the noise you're both making!

FRAN

I blame my hormones.

MELA

I blame her hormones too.

Reiko COUGHS to try and restore order.

(CONTINUED)

REIKO

(back to business)

We'll get the actual location of the potential raid when we touch down - something about the authorities being a bit... protective about this property.

MELA

Why? Do we even have any idea what they're after?

REIKO

(shrugs)

Mystical artefact, I'm guessing. We've not been given a lot to go on, which I'm assuming is for security. Or because whoever's on work experience at the Council this week did our paperwork for this mission, one or the other.

MALLORY

(snorts)

Not exactly gonna be something inconsequential now, is it?

FRAN

If it turns to be someone's Hello Kitty collection, I'm going ninja on someone's ass.

CUT TO:

ON FRANKIE as she checks her father's I.V. levels, before his wizened HAND covers hers.

HERCULE (O.S.)

Francoise. Sit, please.

FRANKIE

(shakes head)

Non. I... I 'ave to check your fluid levels and...

HERCULE

(more firmly)

Francoise.

Frankie relents, sitting down next to her father. He takes her hand more firmly in his - although the effort sends a flash of discomfort through him, judging by his expression.

(CONTINUED)

HERCULE (cont'd)

I know that this is not the right time, Francoise... but I need to know your answer.

(beat)

Will you take over my position as one of the 'eads of the Watcher's Council?

FRANKIE

(sighs; beat)

*Papa...* there are many things going on inside my life. We may soon be in the middle of a war with the Coven, and there are things that 'ave to take priority...

HERCULE

We are in the war of all wars, Francoise. The first war where the eyes of the whole world will be watching.

(beat)

But the Council needs you, Francoise. You are the leader of a new generation... you are the future.

FRANKIE

(smirks)

I never knew you 'ad become so sentimental in your old age, *papa*.

HERCULE

(small smile)

I was there at Martin Luther King's Washington speech, *cheri*. Do not worry. My speech making skills 'ave learned from the best!

Frankie manages the faintest of SMILES as we DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CAMPUS - INFIRMARY - DAY

ON TORI as she lies, motionless and with myriads of INJURIES now sprouting up across her pale body.

REVERSE ANGLE:

To show that a small team has assembled - Manu, Tia, Fitzgerald and SKYE are watching Tori with something akin to worry.

FITZGERALD

What's her rate of deterioration?

(CONTINUED)

MANU

As far as we can tell, Hamish's attack has all but severed the tenuous neural link between her mind and her physical body, and so her body is just... giving up.

SKYE

So what's the plan?

FITZGERALD

I'm not sure there's anything we can do, Skye.

SKYE

(shakes head)

Sorry, I must be hearing things. Because even when we're face-down in the dirt with a boot in our back, we have a plan.

(off looks)

Watch a war movie once in a while.

TIA

(nods)

Skye's right. I mean, there has to be something. There's always something.

(beat)

Can't Kira... reattach her psychic spine or something?

MANU

It's possible, but there are a lot of factors to consider, the most prevailing of which is that if we're unable to find a way to heal Tori's injuries, her soul will simply wither and die along with it.

SKYE

What about that soul-merge spell that Willow managed to work before? When Dana was injured?

TIA

If we can replicate the spell, channel enough magic into it and then transfer Tori's soul into someone else's body while her own heals...

SKYE

See? It can work. We can do this.

(beat; to Manu)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SKYE (cont'd)

How long before we can get her body back to normal? Heal it and make it ready for Tori to be back and in action?

MANU

With help from Kira and Ms. Huang... I think that a week would be enough for her body to finish regenerating vampiric tissue and for the psychic link between mind and body to be fixed.

VOICE (O.S.)

No.

The curtain around Tori's bed is drawn back a little - and a stony-faced RACHEL enters.

SKYE

Rache...

RACHEL

You guys have no idea what that's like to have that... someone in your mind, you being in theirs and...

(beat)

It's like your personality and your memories and everything that makes you yourself being broken and reshaped into something else. Something brand new and terrifying.

Rachel looks down at Tori, features blank.

RACHEL (cont'd)

And it's not just whichever poor girl's getting Tori whacked inside her head that's gonna have the problems. Dana... she came back worse, her mind twisted like cotton candy at the county fair.

SKYE

She was twisted to start with.

RACHEL

And seeing what it was like to be sane didn't help at all. It broke her for good.

TIA

(beat)

Thanks for the optimism.

(CONTINUED)

SKYE

Rache, we need to do this. There's a lot riding on this - if Hamish gets control of the Slayer Power, if Tori's soul dies... then it's Armageddon time and I don't think that we can cope this time round.

RACHEL

(beat)

It's your decision. But I need you all to be aware of the risks. Tori's not going to come back the way she is now.

Rachel shifts over to one side as Fitzgerald turns to Manu, who's consulting Tori's CLIPBOARD full of MEDICAL REPORTS.

FITZGERALD

What will we need for this soul-merge spell to work?

MANU

Someone with a lot of mental strength, who can handle the enormous strain of having another complete personality sharing their mind. Apart from that, a hell of a lot of magic.

KIRA (O.S.)

You rang?

The curtains OPEN once more - Kira and DELANEY step through, the latter looking much sleepier than the former.

FITZGERALD

(puzzled)

How did you...?

Tia holds up her MOBILE PHONE.

TIA

Guilty. I texted her when you first mentioned the soul-merge.

(off looks)

Look, we all know she's the only one who can help us, right?

DELANEY

I can't believe you guys want to do this spell again.

(to Rachel)

You're letting them do this?

RACHEL

I told them the risks.

(CONTINUED)



Kira steps up to Tori's bedside, her eyes fixed on her.

KIRA

Tia's filled me in on your plan.

(to Tia)

Your spelling is atrocious, by the way. Use sentences next time.

(back to others)

I have to state now that the spell won't work as it did before. Tori's soul is already subject to a tidal wave of misplaced magical energy thanks to the blocks we put in place against Hamish. What we can do is to essentially take Tori's soul and merge it with another to act as a safeguard.

TIA

Like downloading Tori's soul into somebody's head? Like an iPod?

DELANEY

(blinks)

Basically, yeah. But this time around -

KIRA

(interrupts)

This time around, I think we're going need to literally fuse the two souls together. That way, if the worst happens and Tori doesn't survive the procedure, then whoever she's connected with inherits the mantle instead, and that Scottish prick remains empty-handed.

There's a sharp look from Delaney to Kira at being cut off - not pleased there.

FITZGERALD

And if the other person dies in procedure?

KIRA

Then Tori's no better or worse off than she is right now.

MANU

(sighs)

I think this is our only choice.

TIA

(beat)

But... who's gonna be the other person? The other soul?

(CONTINUED)

SKYE  
(long beat)  
Me. I'll do it.

And it's off the shocked glances of everyone - and Skye's determined expression - that we SMASH CUT TO:

The PLANE has touched down onto a large FIELD, AIRSTRIPS dotted to and fro.

The doors to the plane OPEN, a small set of STAIRS retracting down... as the SLAYERS emerge.

TITLE OVER: CHARLES DE GAULLE AIRPORT, PARIS

A little away from the plane, a BLACK SUV is waiting - and a handsome BLONDE MAN, suited and booted, is stood beside it.

He reaches Reiko and the others, offering his hand to Reiko:

BLONDE MAN  
Miss Kimusume?

REIKO  
Mr. Van Sant?

VAN SANT lends her a SMILE, KISSING Reiko's hand delicately. She blushes.

VAN SANT  
Welcome to Paris. I would offer you  
a tour of everything we 'ave to  
offer, but there is little time.

He hands Reiko a thin FILE, which she passes to Fran who opens it promptly.

REIKO  
Any new information on what the  
Council are begging us to protect?

VAN SANT  
(shrugs)  
I 'ave no information either, *mes  
cheris*. All I 'ave are instructions  
to deliver you to the suspected  
location of the raid and to assist  
you if necessary.

MALLORY  
And how are you gonnae assist us?

Van Sant SMILES, moving to the back of his SUV and OPENING IT UP:

Revealing a whole arsenal of WEAPONRY on the inside of the van - everything from CROSSBOWS to SHOTGUNS to SWORDS on the racks inside!

MALLORY (cont'd)  
(whistles)  
I think my opinion of the French  
just took an upswing...

Fran's reading the file - and then her eyes BULGE.

FRAN  
Crap on a cross!

MELA  
What is it?

FRAN  
The facility... it's the 'DuCont  
Manor', just outside of Paris.

MALLORY  
Wait, DuCont as in... Frankie?

REIKO  
(looks at file)  
That's the place. Frankie showed me  
a photograph of it once.  
(beat; to Van Sant)  
Couldn't somebody have told us this  
earlier?

VAN SANT  
My apologies. You understand, for  
security, we could not just -

MALLORY  
(over him)  
Yeah, yeah, let's go!

They enter the SUV hurriedly, Van Sant taking the wheel as we  
CUT TO:

Night is falling fast, the last glimmers of sunlight fading  
as we PUSH DOWN onto the numerous VANS gathered outside the  
manor:

ANGLE THROUGH THE WOODS outside the manor, a good distance  
away... as two dozen SHADOWY FIGURES drop into view:

They're all VAMPIRES, snarling with bloodlust and looking  
towards a single FIGURE, clad in black and with a BLACK  
STEALTH HELMET on, obscuring features.

17 CONTINUED:

17

FIGURE  
(muffled)  
When I give the signal, you can  
feast on the reporters and everyone  
left inside the manor. Just leave  
the old man for me.

The Vampires NOD, practically drooling in anticipation as the Figure SPRINGS AWAY into the night, rushing through the trees...

18 EXT. COUNTRY ESTATE - MANOR - NEXT

18

The Figure SPRINTS THROUGH the courtyard, under the cover of darkness - and VAULTS lightly over one van, scurrying around to the edge of the manor and disappearing.

No one sees a thing.

19 INT. MANOR - REAR ENTRANCE - MOMENTS LATER

19

The Figure SLIPS inside, crouching deftly in the dark - as a BODYGUARD, armed with a TORCH, sweeps over the area.

He turns, torch pointed down the other way - and then GRIMACES as a blade SLICES clean through his windpipe!

The Figure drops the guard who gurgles his last on the floor and then removes their helmet... revealing a shock of LONG BLONDE HAIR.

It's CASSANDRA.

She SMIRKS as she scurries away out of sight and we:

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF ACT TWO**

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

20 INT. MANOR - LOUNGE - NIGHT 20

The remnants of a log fire are BURNT OUT in the now empty lounge - as we find SOFIA and DADE on the couch, curled up at either end, feet kicking at one another in slumber. And SNORING. Loudly.

21 INT. MANOR - HALLWAY - SAME TIME 21

Another SECURITY GUARD rounds a corner, FLASHLIGHT and HANDGUN at the ready...

As FRANKIE appears, looking quietly exhausted and frustrated in equal measures - especially as the guard instinctively squares his gun at her!

FRANKIE

(weary)

Roger, put the gun down.

ROGER

*Je suis desole, Mademoiselle**DuCont...*

FRANKIE

I am just visiting Papa. Do not stay up too late, eh?

ROGER nods, blushing a little bit before moving on, Frankie reaching Hercule's room and ENTERING:

22 INT. MANOR - HERCULE'S ROOM - NEXT 22

A few soft CANDLES are lit, the sounds of Debussy's 'Pagodes' floating around the room as Frankie enters, looking far from her usual glamorous self in an old nightgown.

Hercule is propped up in bed, not sleeping either as the life support machines around him continue to BEEP.

HERCULE

Where are the others?

FRANKIE

(smiles)

Aunt Jacqueline 'ad everyone sent off to the hotel so you and I could get some rest.

HERCULE

Are your friends still 'ere, cheri?

(CONTINUED)

FRANKIE

Oui.

(beat)

I... I don't think I can do this,  
Papa.

HERCULE

(sighs)

Francoise, I 'ave such faith in  
you... you will take my place in  
the Council and you will do so much  
better than I ever could 'ave done.  
You are a Slayer, *cheri*, and you  
know more about this life than I  
could possibly imagine.

FRANKIE

I stopped being a Slayer a long  
time ago, Papa.

HERCULE

And something I learnt a long time  
ago, is that once a Slayer, always  
a Slayer.

Frankie's silent. Thinking.

FRANKIE

(long beat)

If you think I can do it... then I  
shall 'ave to.

HERCULE

(smiles)

I know that you will make the whole  
Council proud.

Frankie offers her father a wry SMILE. And then her stomach  
GRUMBLES loudly.

Frankie and Hercule exchange a glance - and then CHUCKLE,  
Frankie relaxing against her father's bed.

HERCULE (cont'd)

When was the last time you ate  
something? Something that actually  
'ad the resemblance of a meal?

FRANKIE

(beat)

Friday.

(blinks)

Last Friday.

HERCULE

Go. We 'ave plenty of food in the  
kitchen.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

HERCULE (cont'd)

I believe Marie may have left out  
some of that smoked chicken, if  
Guillaume 'as not been at it  
already.

(winks)

And there is some of 'er 'omemade  
lavender and 'oney ice cream in the  
fridge, especially for you, cheri.

FRANKIE

You 'ave twisted my arm. Be back  
soon.

Frankie leaves, closing the door behind him. Hercule  
smiles... and then his expression darkens.

HERCULE

I knew you would come.

And it's CASSANDRA who slinks from the shadows!

CASSANDRA

It's nice to see you too, Hercule.  
For old time's sake. I'd say you  
look well, but...

ON HERCULE as he stares her down, to his credit not looking  
an inch intimidated as we CUT TO:

ON FRANKIE as she moves through the lounge, spying Dade and  
Sofia curled up on the sofa.

She looks closer - Sofia has kid's GLITTER on her cheeks and  
Dade has it in his hair. Frankie chuckles under her breath  
before shaking Sofia awake.

SOFIA

Hhh... whuu...?

FRANKIE

Wake up, sleeping beauty.

SOFIA

(groggy)

I'm assuming you have a  
fantastically important reason for  
waking me up at...

(checks watch)

Three in the morning?

Frankie indicates Dade, his arms curled haphazardly around  
Sofia's ankles. Sofia blanches a touch.

SOFIA (cont'd)

This, er, isn't what it -

FRANKIE

(smirks)

You 'ave your clothes on and 'ave what appears to be Naomi's glitter in your 'air. I do not think that you and Dade played 'find the purple trebuchet'.

SOFIA

Har har. So what's going on?

FRANKIE

My father, 'e... 'as asked me to do something for 'im, and I would like you to be there for it.

SOFIA

O-kay... Shall I meet you upstairs in a few minutes?

Frankie nods And exits, leaving Sofia as she nudges Dade awake.

SOFIA (cont'd)

Stop humping my leg.

DADE

(snorts)

Yeah, 'cos your leg's such a turn-on.

SOFIA

(teasing)

Pervert.

Dade gets up, pulling a BOX from the inside of his jacket.

DADE

I'm going for a smoke.

SOFIA

Those things'll kill you, you know.

DADE

With the world we live in? Chance'd be a fine, fine thing.

(winks)

Plus... not the cigarettes I'm smoking, Sofes.

ON SOFIA as she rolls her eyes disapprovingly and Dade exits:

ON DADE as he prepares to light a ROLL-UP, pulling out a lighter...

(CONTINUED)



Just as a BLACK SUV roars into view, screeching past the vans and CLIPPING one of the news vans before rocketing to a stop!

Dade drops the cigarette and pulls a CELL PHONE from his belt as the doors FLY OPEN:

And it's B SQUAD that step out, rushing to meet a shocked Dade!

Behind them, Van Sant gets out of the van, armed with a SHOTGUN from the arsenal in his van.

DADE

Reiko? Fran? What the hell are you guys doing here?

(to Van Sant)

And who's the suit?

REIKO

He's with us. Council. We need access to the mansion, now.

(off look)

Someone's coming to raid the manor.

Someone not good.

ON MALLORY as she looks over at Suzy, inspecting the huge DENT in the side of her van.

MALLORY

Yeah... our bad. We can charge it.

All of a sudden, there are low SNARLS across the courtyard, our guys looking up:

And seeing VAMPIRES start to swarm the courtyard, attacking the reporters assembled there!

VAN SANT

*Mon dieu...*

SUZY

Oh, my God, are those...

(lights up)

Vampires?

REIKO

(to Suzy)

Get back inside your van and lock the door! Now!

(to others)

Mallory, Mela, take Dade inside and get down to the vault!

MALLORY

What about you?

(CONTINUED)

REIKO

Fran and I'll lead the clean-up crew. Go!

Mela and Mallory follow Dade as he enters the mansion - and Reiko and Fran immediately get into the fray:

ON REIKO as she YANKS her razor-tipped FANS free and JUMPS, DECAPITATING one vampire before DUCKING to avoid the blow of another.

REPORTERS are running, trying to flee the area - even as the vampires POUNCE and start to feed.

ON SUZY as she YANKS a shocked Will out of their van and turns to him:

SUZY

Get a camera running, right now!

WILL

(dazed)

Yeah... yeah...

Suzy turns, her expression a mixture of wonder and horror as she watches the incoming vampires start attacking the clustered news vans, as we TRACK OVER TO:

FRAN

Who BUTTERFLY KICKS one vampire, driving her stake into the disorientated vampire's chest before she SPINS on her heel and STAKES another fluidly as we CUT TO:

CASSANDRA as she calmly approaches Hercule's bedside.

CASSANDRA

I'm sorry to hear about your illness, Hercule, I really am. Cancer is such a... difficult way to die. Painful. Long. Upsetting.

HERCULE

And what would you know about pain, Cassandra? Sadness? You stopped feeling anything resembling emotion long before my body started to deteriorate.

CASSANDRA

(beat)

I can offer you a painless, perfect alternative. Think about it: just slipping away into the darkness, calm and peaceful...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CASSANDRA (cont'd)

(beat)

All that you have to do is tell me  
where I can get what I need from  
the vault.

HERCULE

(puzzled)

The vault...?

CASSANDRA

Don't play dumb with me. The vault  
you've got buried underneath the  
mansion.

HERCULE

(weak)

Cassandra... there are other ways  
of dealing with this...

(beat)

You don't need to do this.

CASSANDRA

That's a lie, isn't it? You and I  
both know that what you have in the  
vault, I need.

HERCULE

(long beat)

You always have a choice.

CASSANDRA

You're right. I do.

And with a SHINKT - Cassandra SLICES THROUGH Hercule's I.V.  
lines, causing him to start to WRITHE instantly, CHOKING!

FRANKIE (O.S.)

(screams)

Papa!

Cassandra whirls - Frankie's at the door, a SECURITY GUARD  
behind her already reaching for his gun!

Cassandra streaks away towards the nearest window, LEAPING  
even as SHOTS ring out:

And with a CRASH she blasts through the glass, sailing  
through to the balcony outside!

Frankie races to Hercule's side as the Guard dashes for the  
shattered window, awkwardly clambering through.

SOFIA (O.S.)

Frankie?

Frankie turns - Sofia's at the door, the family DOCTOR at her  
side, his eyes wide at the sight of Hercule writhing.

(CONTINUED)

FRANKIE  
(to Doctor; roars)  
'elp 'im!

SOFIA  
What happened?

FRANKIE  
(furious)  
Cassandra! We 'ave to find 'er!

She storms out, Sofia following in her wake - the Doctor hurrying to try and save Hercule - as we CUT TO:

ON B SQUAD as they race through the hallways, the BODIES of guards - one of them Roger's - in front of them as they turn a corner:

And find themselves running towards Sofia and Frankie! The duo pull up, surprised to see the squad here.

FRANKIE  
What the 'ell are you -

MALLORY  
We got intel, saying there was gonna be a raid on a Council property. Turns out it was your place.

FRANKIE  
Why didn't anybody tell me?

REIKO  
Couldn't get through. All those news vans outside must be clogging up the frequencies or something, and you've had your phone off since you landed.  
(twigs)  
What's going on?

SOFIA  
Cassandra's here. She just tried to kill Frankie's dad... and now I know where she's going.

CUT TO:

ON CASSANDRA as she enters a study - all luxuriously furnished leather and books - a small CRYSTAL in her hands which PULSES lazily.

(CONTINUED)

27

CONTINUED:

27

It GLOWS brighter as Cassandra passes a BOOKCASE. She notices this, stopping...

Before HIGH KICKING the bookcase which EXPLODES BACKWARDS - revealing a SECRET PASSAGE!

Cassandra SMIRKS and slips on a pair of INFRA RED GOGGLES before moving over the destroyed books and slipping into the dark passageway as we CUT TO:

28

INT. MANOR - HALLWAY - SAME TIME

28

The team are racing through the hallways, Frankie leading the way as she explains hurriedly:

FRANKIE

Papa 'ad the vault built as a favour to the Council. From what I 'eard, it stretches around the whole of the family 'ome.

SOFIA

She must be after something in the vault. Do we have any idea what?

DADE

Jesus, how big is this place?

FRANKIE

Big.

(beat)

Where are Reiko and Francesca?

DADE

There's a ton of vampires outside wailing on the reporters - Reiko and Fran stayed behind to tackle them.

FRANKIE

(points the way)

This way. *Allons-y!*

They sprint around another corridor as we CUT TO:

29

EXT. COUNTRY ESTATE - MANOR - SAME TIME

29

ON FRAN as she VAULTS nimbly over the bonnet of a van and lands a FRONT KICK to a vampire, sending him sprawling backwards!

She looks over - and sees VAN SANT kicking ass, BLASTING a vampire's head clean from her shoulders with a well-aimed SHOTGUN BLAST.

He TOSSES the gun cleanly to Fran who SPINS and FIRES OFF another shot, sending another vamp flying back.

(CONTINUED)

ON REIKO as she yanks a pair of pinned-down REPORTERS away from a vampire and pushes them towards one of the abandoned vans:

REIKO  
Get inside, lock the doors! Now!

They do so as Reiko turns back and is SUCKERPUNCHED in the face by a vampire who then SWEEP KICKS her!

ON WILL, his hands full with the CAMERA he's holding, filming the incident as Suzy stands close by:

ANGLE THROUGH THE CAMERA:

WILL (O.S.)  
The image is up, we're recording!

SUZY  
(yelling)  
This is Suzy Thomas, reporting live from the DuCont manor outside of Paris where a group of vampires have just...

Suzy DUCKS instinctively as something hurtles past her, SCREAMING.

SUZY (cont'd)  
As you can see, the assembled news have had to fight for their lives as we...

WILL (O.S.)  
Suzy, duck!

But it's too late as a vampire POUNCES and we SMASH CUT TO:

ON FRANKIE as she races inside, taking note of the destruction and of the passageway unveiled before them.

Dade and Mallory WHISTLE simultaneously at this:

DADE	MALLORY
That's some secret passage.	That's a damn fine little passage there.

They share a small smile as Frankie heads over to another BOOKCASE, scanning the books:

ANGLE ON THE BOOKCASE as she skims over them, until she finds one: ANDRE BRETON'S 'NADJA'.

She PULLS on the book - and the entire bookcase SHIFTS along the wall, revealing a large embedded PADDED GLASS CASE.

(CONTINUED)

Beside the case are half a dozen FLASHLIGHTS, mounted on the wall.

Frankie SMASHES the glass case, a few superficial CUTS on her elbow as she reaches in - and pulls out a modified, sleek SHOTGUN.

MALLORY

How the Christ d'ya know that'd be there?

FRANKIE

I am Papa's only daughter - of course 'e told me about the failsafe.

SOFIA

(awed)

What... is that? The failsafe?

FRANKIE

Modified shotgun containing concentrated rock salt and a nerve paralysing agent found only the Kala'ari desert that limits movement, and 'as the side effect of increasing nerve sense.

(beat)

For when I catch that bitch, I want 'er to feel everything I'm going to do to 'er.

She COCKS the gun fiercely as Sofia hands out torches, pulling out the SCYTHE. Sofia looks at the Scythe - then at Frankie's shotgun.

SOFIA

Sorry, dear, looks like you're last year's model.

Frankie and Sofia lead the way into the passageway, TORCHLIGHT lighting the way as we MATCH CUT TO:

ON THE TEAM as they descend through the tunnel, seeing how deep and dark it's getting. Frankie reaches the end of the tunnel and steps out into:

TIGHT ON FRANKIE as she sweeps around the darkness - we only seeing WALLS and strangely CORRIDORS...

She reaches a POWER BOX, opening it - and seeing the CIRCUIT BREAKERS are mangled beyond repair.

Frankie turns to Mela:

FRANKIE

Mela? Do you think that you  
could...?

MELA

(nods)  
Of course.

ON MELA as she makes her way over to the power box - and  
ELECTRICITY pulses through her fingers...

As the LIGHTS in the room start to come on, generators  
kicking in... and jaws drop.

ANGLE ABOVE:

To find that the room is a LABYRINTH - corridors and  
passageways intersecting, the walls full of Council  
artefacts.

It's absolutely huge - and Sofia leans over to Dade:

SOFIA

She did say it was big...

ANGLE ON THE LABYRINTH in front of them, holding on this for  
a moment before we:

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF ACT THREE**



ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

33 INT. MANOR - LABYRINTH ENTRANCE - NIGHT

33

ON THE TEAM as they congregate near the entrance to the labyrinth - Frankie's speaking:

FRANKIE

Go and tackle that bitch. Don't kill 'er - bring 'er back 'ere when you catch 'er, *oui*?

MELA

What about you?

FRANKIE

I am going to stay and find out what it is that she is after - and get it before she 'as a chance to.

DADE

I'll stay with you.

(off looks)

I'm guessing there's some kind of inventory or references list. I know my way around a library - even a fraktastic huge one like this - and two heads are quicker than one.

(blinks)

Unless it's a demon. Usually they're really dumb.

FRANKIE

(sighs)

Fine.

The team NOD and take off as Frankie leads Dade over to a set of heavy TOMES.

FRANKIE (cont'd)

(off look)

Papa never got round to installing a computer system for the artefacts.

(beat)

But 'e will.

Dade NODS back - even though it's clear he doesn't believe that - and we CUT TO:

34 EXT. COUNTRY ESTATE - MANOR - SAME TIME

34

PUSH ALONG the bodies of a few unlucky REPORTERS... and a lot of DUST and ASH.

(CONTINUED)

REIKO and FRAN are taking on the last of the vampires - Fran drives a KNEE into one vampire, STAKING him in the next moment.

Reiko BEHEADS one vampire with a TWIRL and JUMP KICKS off the bonnet of a van, KICKING OUT in mid air at another vampire and sending him backwards onto Fran's stake.

The two girls smile and HIGH FIVE lightly as we PULL BACK... to see that Will and Suzy have the whole thing on tape!

Fran sees, staring down Suzy - who turns to Will:

SUZY

Will...

WILL

Uh... what do I do? What do I do?

Fran approaches, standing before them, hands on hips.

SUZY

(brightly)

Hi! Suzy Thomas, Channel 6 News.  
Can we get an exclusive interview,  
fresh from your victorious battle  
against this former horde of  
vampires, saving dozens of innocent  
lives in the process?

FRAN

(beat; rolls eyes)

Give me that.

She GRABS the camera from Will, and ignores his protests as she yanks open the digital tape slot, taking the DIGITAL CASSETTE from within.

WILL

Hey! You can't do that!

FRAN

You don't say.

With a last sharp glance at Suzy, Fran marches off, leaving the helpless reporters behind.

Off to one side, Reiko is pressing the remnants of a shirt sleeve to a WOUND on Van Sant's neck.

He WINCES as she dabs the wound, and she winces herself, offering him a small smile.

Fran WHISTLES teasingly as she passes, and Reiko BLUSHES deeply as we SMASH CUT TO:

35

INT. MANOR - LABYRINTH CORRIDORS - SAME TIME

35

ON SOFIA as she and Mallory head around one corner - right into a CACHE of mystical WEAPONS.

MALLORY

Wow.

(beat)

I don't suppose...

SOFIA

No.

MALLORY

But Frankie won't miss one!

SOFIA

Yes, she will, because I'll tell her what you've nicked and then she'll be testing out that shotgun on you.

MALLORY

(grumbles)

You suck arse.

Sofia ROLLS HER EYES as they move on... and CASSANDRA leaps out from the shadows!

She TOSSES her infra-red goggles at them, catching the girls off guard - as she SNAP KICKS at Mallory!

Sofia FLICKS the Scythe into her hand and brings it up to meet Cassandra's sword with an almighty CLASH!

CASSANDRA

Sofia. Pleasure as always.

SOFIA

No, it isn't.

ON SOFIA as she SLIDES and HIGH KICKS, blasting Cassandra back into the wall - GLASS splintering and SHATTERING around them!

Sofia ROLLS to avoid the razor sharp fragments as an ALARM sounds - and Cassandra STOMPS on her chest, knocking the wind out of her.

Cassandra SCOOPS UP the Scythe and TWIRLS it, dropping her own sword.

CASSANDRA

(off Scythe)

All the time you were busy screwing with Braeden, I wondered what it was like to... possess this.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CASSANDRA (cont'd)  
Know this was yours by right.  
(beat)  
I guess I'm gonna find out.

Cassandra TWIRLS the Scythe and then THRUSTS IT DOWN - but is thrown to the ground as MALLORY tackles the elder Slayer!

MALLORY  
Oh no, you're not gonnae play by  
the rules, hun - then neither am I.

Mallory grabs Cassandra's discarded sword - and SLASHES it across Cassandra's chest!

Cassandra rushes away from Mallory's attack as Sofia recovers - and the pair hurry down the corridor as we CUT TO:

ON FRANKIE AND DADE as they rummage through the tomes - scanning for anything useful.

DADE  
(reading)  
The Sword of Axiter...

FRANKIE  
(without looking up)  
Broke last summer. I believe it is  
'olding up the coffee table in the  
conservatory.

DADE  
Okay... the Heart of Euphrosyne?

FRANKIE  
Unless 'er evil plan involves  
making everyone around 'er  
extremely happy and joyful, then  
*non*.

DADE  
(sighs)  
We're never gonna find the damn  
thing in time.  
(long beat)  
Wait.

He starts digging around in his pocket.

FRANKIE  
(sarcastic)  
Don't tell me you 'ave been 'olding  
onto it for all this time without  
telling me?

Dade pulls out his CELL PHONE, on which he starts to dial a number:

DADE

Mela, it's me. Can you find your way back to the meeting point? I've got an idea and I -

There's a WHOMP of BRIGHT LIGHT - and MELA's there, pocketing her cell phone with a quick smile!

DADE (cont'd)

(blinks)

... need your mojo. How did you -

MELA

Lightstep's getting better. What do you need?

DADE

Can you... induce a vision out of me? Like, go into my head and push some kind of psychic intuition out?

FRANKIE

Your brain is not Wikipedia, Dade. You cannot -

MELA

Yes.

FRANKIE

(shocked)

Really?

MELA

It'll hurt like a million headaches pressed together, and you'll wanna take two dozen Anvil, or maybe a shotgun, but yes, I can do it.

(off look)

Fran's been rubbing off on me.

FRANKIE

Are you sure, Dade?

DADE

We don't have a choice, Frankie. We're not gonna find in time unless I unleash my man-jo and find out what she's after.

Mela places her hands on Dade's shoulders - and then starts to FOCUS on him, both of them starting to GLOW...

Then a SHOCKWAVE of LIGHT passes from Mela to Dade - and he SCREAMS:

(CONTINUED)

A SERIES OF FLASHES:

- CASSANDRA running through the labyrinth
- Shelves upon shelves
- A cloth-covered OBJECT
- A reference number: 0481516

Dade DROPS TO THE GROUND, clutching his forehead, Frankie and Mela racing to his aid.

FRANKIE

Dade! Are you okay?

MELA

Let's get you up...

Dade stands - a thick TRICKLE of BLOOD dripping from his nose - and he wildly grabs one of the tomes.

ON DADE as he flicks through it and then stops on a particular page:

DADE

Reference number 4-8-15-16.

(reads)

The Orb of Enchantia.

Frankie's eyes WIDEN in shock and she tightens the grip on her shotgun.

MELA

(notices)

What? What's the Orb of Enchantia?

FRANKIE

(beat)

A few years ago, the Academy encountered someone using the Orb to reactivate former Slayers. It gives them their powers back - or takes them away. And I doubt that is all it can do in the right or wrong 'ands.

MELA

So it's worth killing for, then?

Frankie RIPS the page from the tome - and then sets off down a corridor, fire in her eyes. Dade blinks, registering:

(CONTINUED)

DADE

Woah, woah... Frankie, wait! Don't go steaming in there all pissed off, you know that's what Cassandra wants! Frankie! Damn it...

Mela and Dade haul ass after her as we CUT TO:

INT. MANOR - LABYRINTH - CORRIDORS - NEXT

ON CASSANDRA as she races around a corner, pulling a HANDGUN free from her belt and aiming it as she heads around the corner.

One hand still holds the glowing crystal which starts to pulse harder and faster - practically SHIMMERING as she reaches a group of shelves:

And sees a raging FRANKIE heading right for her!

Frankie HIGH KICKS Cassandra, knocking her completely off guard and ELBOWS Cassandra in the face.

CASSANDRA

How did...?

FRANKIE

(incensed)

You do not speak!

Frankie UNSHEATHES her shotgun and SMACKS it across Cassandra's chest, the older woman grabbing it and KICKING OUT at Frankie - sending her flying backwards!

ON CASSANDRA as she moves away from Frankie, grabbing her dropped crystal...

BAM!

Cassandra's KNOCKED TO THE GROUND by a SHOTGUN BLAST - wielded by the prone Frankie!

CUT TO:

INT. MANOR - LABYRINTH CORRIDORS - SAME TIME

ON MALLORY AND SOFIA as they hurry through the corridors - until a tinny version of 'Orpheus' by Ash starts to play. Sofia grabs her MOBILE PHONE, flipping it open:

SOFIA

Hello?

DADE (O.S.)

Sofes?

INTERCUT WITH:

39

INT. MANOR - LABYRINTH SHELF - SAME TIME

39

DADE and MELA are perched on a high shelf, Dade on the phone while Mela starts checking the items with one GLOWING FINGER.

SOFIA

Oh, thank God, have you found out what the item is?

DADE

The, uh, Orb of... Enchantica, or something.

SOFIA

(boggles)

The Orb of Enchantia?

DADE

That's bad, isn't it?

SOFIA

In the hands of Cassandra? Yes. Very bad.

(beat)

Where are you guys?

DADE

Mela's doing some kind of inventory with her E.T. finger.

SOFIA

E.T.... you know what, I don't want to know. Where's Frankie?

DADE

We don't know... she kinda disappeared with the map and the specific reference number. So she's probably there right now while we're here, playing 'hunt-the-mystery-item'.

The BANG of a shotgun blast sounds out. Both pairs look suitably shocked.

MALLORY

I think we just found them.

They hang up - as Sofia and Mallory sprint towards the site of the shotgun blast and we SMASH CUT TO:

40

INT. MANOR - LABYRINTH CORRIDOR - SAME TIME

40

ON FRANKIE as she stands, looking in horror as Cassandra RISES FROM THE GROUND - completely unaffected by the paralysing shotgun blast!

(CONTINUED)



FRANKIE

But... 'ow...?

CASSANDRA

(off shotgun)

Don't think I didn't know about  
your security system there. I've  
been keeping an eye on you and your  
father for a while now.

She lifts up the hem of her shirt - revealing a thick BLACK  
VEST underneath.

CASSANDRA (cont'd)

Your neurotoxin shells aren't  
getting through this.

Frankie blinks - then quickly brings the shotgun round to aim  
at Cassandra's leg!

Cassandra spins, SNAP KICKING her other leg out to boot the  
shotgun aside, the BLAST missing her by inches.

Moving fast, Cassandra SWEEP KICKS her to the floor, flinging  
Frankie's shotgun aside!

It CRASHES explosively into a set of shelves which tumble to  
the ground - just as Sofia and Mallory head around the  
corner!

CASSANDRA (cont'd)

(beat)

I promised your father I wouldn't  
hurt you, Francoise.

Sofia and Mallory are on them now - Cassandra deflecting  
Mallory's attacks and BUTTERFLY KICKING the younger Slayer  
into shelves, allowing her to make her escape!

Sofia races to Frankie's side, helping her to her feet  
before:

MALLORY

I'm on it!

ON MALLORY as she races vertically up a set of the shelves -  
and starts to BOUND ACROSS the gaps! She pauses to call back:

MALLORY (cont'd)

(smirks)

Alright, so maybe I am back.

And then she's off, bounding lightly as we PAN DOWN to find  
Frankie and Sofia:

As Mela and Dade reach them, the latter helping Frankie  
regain her breath.

(CONTINUED)

MELA

Wait, where's Mallory?

SOFIA

Where do you think? Off being ridiculous.

FRANKIE

We 'ave to stop 'er.

DADE

I know. Now let's go get her.

The four of them start moving out as we CUT TO:

INT. MANOR - LABYRINTH HOLDING CAGE - SAME TIME

In the middle of the labyrinth, a large HOLDING CAGE - with a glowing SWORD inside - is present as we PAN AROUND:

To find CASSANDRA speeding along, scanning the rows until she spies: 04-08-15-16.

She SMIRKS, reaching up to grab the cloth-covered OBJECT above the reference number:

When MALLORY drops in - KICKING with both feet and BLASTING Cassandra away from the item, her back slamming into the cage!

Mallory reaches out and pulls the cloth away - revealing a large, faintly GLOWING ORB - which PULSES with life in Mallory's fingers.

THE ORB OF ENCHANTIA.

ANGLE ON THE CORRIDOR as Sofia and the others race around - seeing Mallory triumphantly FLIP DOWN from the shelf and GRIN at them.

MALLORY

(smiling)

I got it!

BOOM!!

A SHOTGUN BLAST RIPS THROUGH MALLORY'S CHEST!

Mallory gapes down slowly at the bloody wound - as Cassandra emerges from behind her, lowering a smoking shotgun.

She SNATCHES the Orb from Mallory as she falls. Lifeless.

The others are too stunned to even move.

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED:

CASSANDRA  
(smirks)  
Thanks.  
(off looks)  
He never said not to hurt her.

And then Cassandra's off, RACING back into the shadows.

The team rush over to Mallory - all in SLOW MOTION.

But she's DEAD.

Silence - TEARS filling in Sofia's eyes, before Dade picks her up. Tenderly.

The music SWELLS, overcoming all other sound in the next few scenes as we DISSOLVE TO:

42 INT. MANOR - HERCULE'S ROOM - LATER 42

HERCULE is in bed, the Doctor beside him. He's looking sad, disappointed.

Hercule, sadly, is DEAD.

Frankie is beside him - SOBBING unrestrainedly. Sofia is beside her, a comforting arm around her.

DISSOLVE TO:

43 EXT. COUNTRY ESTATE - MANOR - DAWN 43

The first rays of sunlight are hitting the outside of the DuCont manor as we RESUME SPEED.

Dade's outside, half-heartedly SMOKING a cigarette. Beside him, Reiko's eyes are red-rimmed.

DADE  
I guess you guys saved a lot of lives.

REIKO  
We did.  
(beat; sad)  
But we lost Cassandra, and... and we're bringing one less girl back home.

DADE  
At least she died doing what she loved best.  
(beat)  
Stealing something.

There's wry, sad chuckles between them.

(CONTINUED)

REIKO

What... what did she want?  
Cassandra?

DADE

The Orb of Enchantia. It  
reactivates Slayers. Gives  
Depowered girls their Slayerdom  
back, and vice versa.

REIKO

So what does she want with it?  
She's already a Slayer.

DADE

That's not all it does. It can  
transfer power from pretty much  
anything if you know how to use it.  
There's no telling what she could  
use it for, but I can say that none  
of it's good.

They fall back into silence, as we PAN OVER to find Fran with  
her arm round a tearful Mela.

FRAN

This shouldn't have happened. She'd  
just... it's not fair. She'd just  
come back! We were a team again!

MELA

(shakes head)  
This is what happens.  
(off look)  
This is how we all end up, Fran.  
One day, sooner or later,  
something's a little bit too fast,  
or too strong, or whatever, and  
we... we're just...

FRAN

(sighs)  
Just when it was going so good.

Mela nudges her, taking her hand and squeezing.

MELA

Things are still good.

Fran looks down at her hand for a long beat, thinking.

MELA (cont'd)

Aren't they?

FRAN

Yeah, yeah, just...

(CONTINUED)

Mela tenses, releasing Fran's hand and turning to face her.

FRAN (cont'd)  
Magic. Your magic, I mean.  
You're... well, you're getting  
scary good at it now.

MELA  
So? So what?

FRAN  
Nothing, it's just... I don't know.  
It's probably nothing.

MELA  
No, come on, It's something, or you  
wouldn't have said it.

FRAN  
(blurts)  
I just don't want you going all...

She trails off. Mela raises an eyebrow.

MELA  
All... what?

FRAN  
(exhales)  
Never mind. Forget it. This isn't  
the time.

Mela wipes her eyes, staring at Fran and hoping for more -  
the moment broken as a solemn FRANKIE joins them, flanked by  
Sofia.

As she approaches the others, HOPE HARRIS's voice can be  
heard:

HOPE (V.O.)  
You're the girl who lost everything  
to lead us.  
(beat)  
Remember - before revenge, you must  
bury two graves.

FRANKIE  
I will 'ave to stay and make the  
arrangements for the wake, but...  
(beat; dark)  
I am going to find Cassandra. And  
when I do... I am going to put 'er  
in the ground.

SOFIA  
Frankie...

(CONTINUED)

FRANKIE

She murdered my father. Compassion  
is no longer an option for me.

Everyone stares at her, Frankie's expression hardening:

FRANKIE (cont'd)

She 'as to die.

SMASH CUT TO:

An almighty SCREAM echoes out, us ZOOMING OVER to the source  
of it, the Slayers in the infirmary looking seven shades of  
worried and disturbed by the sound of it:

Delaney and Kira are CHANTING beside a worried Manu and Tia  
who gaze...

As Skye screams again, her hand CLENCHING Tori's as LIGHT  
blazes between and all around them!

PUSH IN on their clasped hands... and just as another  
horrific SCREAM sounds out, we:

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF SHOW**

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