

# SLAYER ACADEMY

**"AS ONE CHAPTER ENDS"**

**STARRING**

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**WITH**

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**ALUN ARMSTRONG**

## TEASER

FADE IN:

1 EXT. GLASTONBURY TOR - SUNRISE 1

The morning sun edging over the Somerset hills frames the TOR, the tall, crumbling stone tower and surrounding ruins majestic and striking before us.

Around the base of the Tor, and stretching back down the hillside, are a small cluster of TENTS, with activity and moving figures all around them.

2 EXT. TOR - MAIN CAMPSITE - NEXT 2

PUSH THROUGH an aisle between rows of open-plan tents, various SLAYERS and a handful of older WATCHERS all going about their business.

Faces are drawn tight, expressions moody and sombre. This isn't a happy time for anyone here.

A larger tent lies up ahead, with CRATES and boxes of EQUIPMENT stacked up outside as we CUT TO:

3 INT. TOR - COMMAND TENT - NEXT 3

The makeshift hub of the camp - a few COMPUTERS, PRINTERS and other technical pieces scattered around. It's nowhere near their usual resources, but it'll have to do.

FRANKIE sits at a desk holding several LAPTOPS, looking up as fingers of SUNLIGHT start to creep across through gaps in the tent's loose sides.

With a TUT, she tries to angle the screens to keep them in the shade, not having much luck until:

DANNY (O.S.)  
Allow me.

She looks up as DANNY steps into frame, setting down a large BOX that blocks the sunlight.

Frankie smiles gratefully, but Danny can only manage a nod - his haunted expression hints at his running on autopilot.

Frankie's smile fades as he moves past her, watching him with concern as he exits:

4 EXT. TOR - CAMPSITE - NEXT 4

And out into another row of tents - this time home to the MEDICAL CENTRE, where TIA and MANU are checking on wounded Slayers.

(CONTINUED)

A few people wave to Danny, but all he can manage are more half-hearted nods.

He passes SOFIA and REIKO, who watch him go with knowingly troubled glances at each other.

SOFIA

We should try to talk to him.

REIKO

And say what? He's hardly said two words since we found out Skye wasn't coming back. Those two...

(exhales)

It was complicated. Like how you guys always tell me boys are.

SOFIA

(sad smile)

We're not wrong.

REIKO

I think we should just keep our distance. Let him do his thing. When he wants to talk about it, he will.

SOFIA

Let's not get started on what to do with Fran just yet, then.

The girls head on - Sofia walks with a slight limp, as Reiko absently rubs her bandaged hand.

They pass PATTY organising crates of WEAPONS, handing them out to other Slayers.

REIKO

(off Patty)

She's keeping busy, at least.

SOFIA

That's all Patty knows how to do. I think if she ever let her mind stop spinning for a moment, her head'd roll right off her shoulders.

They walk on - here's GREG, speaking to the handful of surviving Watchers.

SOFIA (cont'd)

And to our right, the Watchers Council.

Reiko grimaces - including Greg, there's four of them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

REIKO

Not exactly a 'Council' any more,  
is it? More like a... posse.

SOFIA

Reiko, as far as I can tell there's  
less than thirty Slayers total in  
this camp.

She exhales, running a hand through her long, dark hair.

SOFIA (cont'd)

As soon as the Coven come after us  
again...

She stops, taking a moment to look around - the activity  
around her suddenly feeling very isolated.

SOFIA (cont'd)

I just hope Kira and Delaney are  
having more luck.

She turns to look up towards the TOR, a hand shielding her  
eyes from the rising sun as we CUT TO:

5 EXT. GLASTONBURY TOR - NEXT

5

A SWOOPING aerial shot, passing over the roof of the tower -  
where two figures sit cross-legged, facing each other.

6 EXT. TOR - ROOF - NEXT

6

It's KIRA and DELANEY, eyes closed, sat in meditative poses,  
focusing their energies.

Delaney peeks one eye open - and finds Kira doing the same.  
She HUFFS, sagging out of her pose.

DELANEY

Damn it.

KIRA

I was hoping you were having some  
luck.

Delaney shakes her head as Kira stretches out of position.

DELANEY

This is getting us nowhere.  
Whatever power source this place  
used to have, I think it's all  
tapped out.

KIRA

Roland's scheme was years ago,  
Delaney.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KIRA (cont'd)  
Power builds up again over time,  
and nobody's touched this since  
then.

Delaney rises, pacing to the edge of the battlements, gazing  
out across the rolling, verdant countryside.

DELANEY  
So, what? Think this place has just  
had enough of us at last?

Kira comes to join her, hair bustled by the breeze.

KIRA  
I certainly hope not. Because when  
Celeste's army appears over those  
hills - and trust me, they will  
come - we're going to need every  
drop of power we can scrounge to  
stand anything resembling a chance.

DELANEY  
(dry)  
Stellar pep talk, mom.

KIRA  
(shrugs)  
I prefer to think of myself as  
'honest'.

The two share a glance - and then a grin. They look back out  
over the fields as we DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CAMPUS - DORMS - DAY

Looking out over similar fields, but somewhere further away -  
PULL BACK to pass through a window, landing indoors.

MELA stands by the window, expression unreadable as she  
stares out across the landscape.

CELESTE (O.S.)  
I always find you in here.

She turns - CELESTE leans casually against the doorway.

CELESTE (cont'd)  
Whenever you're not at your desk,  
or down in the workshop, or any of  
the other dozen places you're  
supposed to be...

She smiles, trying to show she doesn't mean anything by that.  
Mela remains blank, turning back to the window.

MELA  
How much longer?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CELESTE

Rebecca assures me we'll have  
decoded the barrier's frequency  
within the next twenty-four hours.

A SHIMMER of energy passes outside the window - a reminder of  
the MAGICAL BARRIER still sealing the Coven within the  
Academy grounds.

CELESTE (cont'd)

But that's not what you meant, is  
it?

She approaches Mela, standing just behind her.

CELESTE (cont'd)

You wanted to know how long until  
we go out and finish the Slayers?

Mela exhales slowly, not looking at her.

CELESTE (cont'd)

Soon.

Celeste lays a hand on her shoulder.

CELESTE (cont'd)

Whatever memories you still have  
with this place, I suggest you bury  
them somewhere.

(beat)

They'll only cause you to lose your  
focus when the time comes.

Celeste PATS her shoulder, then heads back out, leaving Mela  
to her silent contemplation as we:

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF TEASER**

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

8

EXT. TOR - FIELDS - DAY

8

Where BELLE is leading a small group of Slayers in a battle exercise.

Like a fitness instructor, she faces them and runs through several moves, the Slayers before her following her actions.

PULL BACK to find Sofia watching her from beneath the shade of the nearest tent canopy.

GREG (O.S.)

She's come a long way, hasn't she?

Sofia turns as Greg sits down beside her. He's eating a bacon sandwich wrapped in foil, and Sofia quirks an eyebrow.

GREG (cont'd)

(off sandwich)

It appears our Southern belle Kelly Preston is a dynamite cook armed only with basic supplies. I'm not asking where she got the bacon, because I haven't seen a pig for miles, but...

He takes a mouthful, eyes closing as he savours it.

GREG (cont'd)

(through mouthful)

... right now, I don't care.

Sofia manages a chuckle, but it's surface humour only. Greg watches her for a few moments.

SOFIA

(off Belle)

When she was just a terrified young girl fighting for her life and we brought her in, I thought she was just another stray, but now...

(beat)

Look at her. She reminds me of me.

GREG

Quietly beautiful even though you'd never get her to admit it?

SOFIA

(grins)

Hopeful. Even after everything we've been through, all that we've seen...

(CONTINUED)



She leans back, resting against a tent pole.

SOFIA (cont'd)  
Losing Clarissa, everything. She's still out there, defining the term 'brave face'. You'd think we were just out here for an extended picnic rather than hiding for our survival.

Greg hesitates, then hands her the rest of his sandwich.

GREG  
I think you need this more than I do now.

SOFIA  
Careful, Gregory, I know where you've been.

She manages a devilish smirk, accepting the sandwich and taking a bite.

SOFIA (cont'd)  
(nods)  
Alright, I admit it - Kelly's good.

GREG  
Told you.

Sofia chews, watching Belle as the practise breaks up and the girls mill around for a chat.

SOFIA  
Maybe she's the one?

GREG  
For what?

SOFIA  
To take my place.

Greg frowns, and she wipes her mouth before continuing:

SOFIA (cont'd)  
When I'm gone, I mean. Buffy passed the torch to me, so who do I pass it on to?

GREG  
It's a little early to be thinking about -

SOFIA  
I think it's exactly when we should be thinking about it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

She turns, indicating the base camp all around.

SOFIA (cont'd)  
This is it, Greg. This is  
everything we've got. We're not all  
coming out of this.  
(beat; softer)  
Some of us have already left.

Losing her appetite, she puts the rest of the sandwich aside.

GREG  
What about Reiko?

SOFIA  
She's already a leader. More people  
look up to her than she realises.  
She... She'll be fine without it.  
She's got her own legacy.

GREG  
Delaney?

A beat - and then they both LAUGH. Yeah, as if.

SOFIA  
(more serious)  
I just want to know that, when I'm  
facing whoever or whatever does it  
for me in the end, that there's at  
least one girl ready to pick up the  
baton and keep running with it.

She looks up, Greg keeping quiet to let her finish.

SOFIA (cont'd)  
So we know, in our last moments,  
that there'll always be someone to  
carry on the fight.

Greg reaches across and takes her hand, giving it a SQUEEZE.  
Sofia smiles, but there are TEARS in her eyes now.

GREG  
I miss her too.

Sofia nods, bowing her head as she tries to contain her  
bubbling feelings, and we CUT TO:

EXT. TOR - WOODS - NEXT

Reiko steps into frame - she's at the edge of a cluster of  
trees that stretches out away from the hills behind, the Tor  
visible behind her.

Peering round as if looking for something, she heads into the  
woods, following a path.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She's been going for a few moments when she finds what she's after in here:

FRAN

Who sits alone at the base of a tree, head down and arms hugging her knees.

Reiko heads over, sitting down on a tree stump facing her. Fran doesn't look up.

FRAN

Go away.

REIKO

Nope.

Fran lifts her head - red-rimmed, bleary eyes glare back at Reiko.

FRAN

Go away, or I will kick you so hard  
you'll have to have your kids  
through your nose.

Reiko grimaces at that colourful expression - but stays put. Fran keeps glaring at her.

REIKO

Fran, I'm not going anywhere, so  
you may as well -

FRAN

(cold)

I do not want to talk to you.

Reiko SIGHS, feet tapping anxiously.

REIKO

I'm sorry it had to be me who told  
you. About Mela.

Fran just bows her head again. Reiko GRUNTS, frustrated.

REIKO (cont'd)

Damn it, Fran - you've been coming  
out here to sit by yourself all  
day, every day since we got here!  
Do you really think this is doing  
you any good? Going on that mission  
with Skye...

Reiko trails off. Bad subject to raise.

FRAN

I don't care what you think. Just  
leave me alone.

(CONTINUED)

REIKO

Not until you start talking to me  
like a -

Fran EXPLODES forward with a SCREAM of anger - she POUNCES on Reiko, hand round her throat as she TACKLES her to the ground, pinning her down!

Reiko's eyes bulge as the snarling Fran looms over her, one hand tight round her throat.

FRAN

(raging)

I said leave me alone! You have no  
idea what I'm going through! Nobody  
does!

REIKO

(choking)

Fran...

FRAN

So when I say 'leave me alone',  
it's not a request, or a suggestion  
- it means leave me alone!

She releases Reiko, who GASPS for breath as Fran rises and steps back.

COUGHING, Reiko runs her throat as she slowly rises, eyes fixed on Fran with hurt and surprise.

FRAN (cont'd)

The mission gave me something to  
focus on. A distraction. Now, all  
we can do is sit and wait for the  
Coven to find us and kill us. So  
I'm back to where I was when we got  
here, and that's where I'm staying.

Fran goes right back to where she was sitting, slumping down against the tree and resuming her pose.

Reiko hangs on a moment longer - and then with a shake of her head departs at last, leaving Fran as we CUT TO:

Where Frankie has gathered the troops - the Watchers, Danny, Manu and Kira, with Greg entering from the side.

FRANKIE

Ah, *bon*. Now we can begin.

She turns to a laptop on the desk - which shows MADISON RILEY on a live video stream.

(CONTINUED)

FRANKIE (cont'd)  
Madison, can you 'ear us alright?

MADISON  
(filtered)  
Just about.

FRANKIE  
I 'ave boosted our signal as much  
as I dare without risking our  
whereabouts becoming known.

MADISON  
(smirks)  
I've got big speakers over here. I  
can manage.

FRANKIE  
Let us start with a status report.  
Gregory?

Greg steps forward, turning to address the group.

GREG  
With the supplies we've recovered  
or been able to grab so far, we've  
got enough food to last us maybe  
another week, a week and a half if  
we ration ourselves.

KIRA  
What about weapons?

GREG  
Everyone can get their hands on  
something, although we may have to  
draw straws near the bottom of the  
box. I'm seeing myself ending up  
with a staple remover.

A CHUCKLE from the group - gallows humour as always.

GREG (cont'd)  
In terms of womanpower, we can  
field twenty-six Slayers in total,  
although eight or nine of those  
still have serious injuries from  
the battle at the Academy.

MANU  
The knock-on effect of Hamish  
diverting the Slayer's 'power', for  
want of a better word, into himself  
at long last has affected every one  
of our girls.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MANU (cont'd)

Their reaction speeds are sluggish, strength weakened, and healing times greatly increased.

MADISON

In other words, they're back to being normal girls again.

MANU

Almost. I'd say they're somewhere between Slayer and Potential at the moment - the more experienced girls are the closest to their old selves, but overall they've still all taken a real knock to what made them Slayers in the first place.

Concerned glances are exchanged - that's one piece of news they didn't want to hear.

FRANKIE

(turns to laptop)

Madison, what does the outside world know about our... situation?

MADISON

I'm afraid the smoke rising from the campus didn't go unnoticed by pretty much every news channel in the world - nothing but snatches of amateur footage, a few glimpses of the aerial attack you sustained. We managed to get to a lot of the more credible pieces of footage and block them, but everybody's talking about what could have happened. You know what today's twenty-four hour news culture is like - the vultures are always hungry, and you just offered them a big meal to circle.

KIRA

It is vital important you keep the general public as far away from the Academy as possible. As soon as that barrier falls...

MADISON

I've already taken steps to ensure that. My contacts with the Initiative are liaising with British armed forces to have a blockade ready at a moment's notice.

Kira nods, but it's hard to look satisfied about a situation like this.

(CONTINUED)

MADISON (cont'd)

The alert you girls sprang on the world when those bases were set to explode certainly got everyone's attention... I'm just not sure how much longer we can keep them from realising what kind of a mess you're currently in.

Grim looks all round at that, Madison vocalising the group's unspoken thoughts as we DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. TOR - COMMAND TENT - LATER

The group file out and head out across the camp, Manu taking Greg's arm to hold him back.

MANU

Greg? A word?

He stands before Manu, who takes his time composing himself:

MANU (cont'd)

I... I just wanted you to know I'm not going to be leaving.

GREG

I wasn't aware you were!

Manu rubs the back of his neck - this is difficult for him.

MANU

After Grace... she told me to get away from here. To leave this fight behind, try to make a normal life for myself.

Greg keeps quiet - he looks like he's been hearing a lot of people's confessions recently.

MANU (cont'd)

At first... I considered it. I was about a second away from throwing what little I have with me into a bag, striking out in the dead of night and just walking...

GREG

But you didn't.

MANU

(shakes head)

If we don't stop the Coven, then nobody can have a normal life.

He looks around, taking in the camp's activity.

MANU (cont'd)

If none of what we do here matters,  
if the Coven march right up to our  
doorstep and massacre us in our  
beds... then we'll all be dead.  
None of our hopes and fears for the  
future will matter anyway.

GREG

(leading)

On the other hand, if we do manage  
to stop them...

MANU

Then perhaps we can have a happy  
ending. And if my being here helps  
make that even the tiniest fraction  
more likely, then... then I  
wouldn't want to be anywhere else.

Greg grins, laying a brotherly hand on Manu's shoulder.

MANU (cont'd)

I almost feel guilty for admitting  
that to myself.

GREG

Grace just wanted you to be happy.  
I don't think she was trying to  
test your resolve.

MANU

I hope I can honour her wish.

GREG

We will.

(grins)

Otherwise, when we see her again  
we'll have a lot to answer for.

Manu manages half a smile at that, nodding his thanks to Greg  
before heading off.

As he departs, Greg sags, the tension finally creeping in. He  
removes his glasses, rubbing the bridge of his nose.

KIRA (O.S.)

You know -

Greg JUMPS, turning to find Kira right behind him.

KIRA (cont'd)

Sorry. Habit.

Greg just EXHALES, motioning for her to continue.

(CONTINUED)



11 CONTINUED: (2)

KIRA (cont'd)  
I was just going to say he always  
used to do that.  
(beat)  
Giles.

She mimes Greg's nose-rubbing gesture.

KIRA (cont'd)  
You remind me of him so much, you  
know...

She lays a hand against his cheek, smiling warmly.

KIRA (cont'd)  
Times like these, I find myself  
thinking about what could have  
happened if we'd run away together,  
like we so often talked about.

GREG  
(chuckles)  
You'd have hated it.

KIRA  
Oh, absolutely. But the sex would  
have been fantastic.

Greg pulls a face, and Kira cracks a grin.

KIRA (cont'd)  
Scarred for life yet?

GREG  
I think I'm getting there.

She hooks her arm around his.

KIRA  
Come on. Doesn't matter if it's not  
even noon yet, you need a drink.

GREG  
(nods)  
Oh, Christ, do I.

She leads him away and we CUT TO:

12 INT. TOR - TENT - NEXT

12

Sofia lifts a flap up to step inside the tent, but jerks back  
as she sees:

TORI, hiding within the shadows, flinching at the sunlight  
streaming into the tent.

(CONTINUED)

SOFIA

Oh, gosh, I'm sorry, I -

TORI

It's alright, it's alright.

She waves Sofia in - Tori's safe in her corner. Sofia steps inside, letting the flap fall behind her.

SOFIA

It'd be rather redundant of me to  
say 'how are you?' right now,  
wouldn't it?

Tori manages a bitter CHUCKLE. Sofia moves to sit at the foot of Tori's makeshift camp bed.

SOFIA (cont'd)

So how are you?

Tori looks up - Sofia smiles. It's infectious, but all Tori can muster is a weak grin.

TORI

I feel like part of me... isn't  
here.

Sofia nods, knowing what she means.

TORI (cont'd)

When Skye and I woke up in that  
room, after Mela - I mean, I guess  
it was Mela, doesn't look like it  
coulda been anyone else - broke the  
lock on our soul-bond mojo thing, I  
just didn't...

(shakes head)

I wasn't worried.

SOFIA

(nods)

You knew you still had Skye.

TORI

I can't even begin to explain how  
it felt... to have someone welded  
so tightly to your own being, to  
know instinctively how they were  
feeling, what they were thinking...

Tori trails off, recognising the wistful, faraway look on Sofia's face.

TORI (cont'd)

Who was he?

Sofia looks up, shaken out of her thoughts.

(CONTINUED)

SOFIA  
Someone I thought I knew.

Tori nods. She doesn't press for further details.

TORI  
When Hamish hit us with that spell  
and cracked the seal open, I felt  
like...

She lowers her head, hands running through her hair.

TORI (cont'd)  
Something just ripped its way out  
of me, dragging its nails against  
every part of me inside and out.  
And when it was gone, that  
connection I'd had -

SOFIA  
It left a void. A hole you know  
you'll never quite be able to fill  
again.

TORI  
Does that mean my soul is... gone  
now? Am I just like I was before?

Sofia smiles, reaching out to take her hand.

SOFIA  
You're still here, aren't you?

Tori blinks, realising something for the first time.

SOFIA (cont'd)  
Better or worse, Victoria... you're  
one of us now.

Tori SMILES at that.

TORI  
(soft)  
Thank you.

SOFIA  
I'm just sorry being 'one of us'  
has landed you slap bang in the  
middle of yet another apocalypse.

TORI  
(waves it away)  
It's not my first. Least I didn't  
start it this time.

Sofia LAUGHS, tension eased for a moment.

SOFIA

I'll come back for you when the  
sun's gone back in. Get some rest.

Tori nods, settling back down as Sofia heads for the exit.  
She pauses, the flap up enough for her to slip out.

SOFIA (cont'd)

Skye believed in you. It may not  
feel like it right now, but... she  
wouldn't have done what she did  
back at that base for anyone. She  
knew you were worth it.

TORI

I just hope I can live up to that.

Sofia offers a warm smile in response, stepping outside and  
leaving Tori to her thoughts as we:

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF ACT ONE**

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

13

EXT. TOR - BASE OF TOWER - DAY

13

Sofia stands at the top of the hill, the tower casting a long shadow behind her.

Pulling her jacket tight as her hair flaps in the wind, she turns to head back to camp - then spots something.

DELANEY

Who sits cross-legged as before, this time at the edge of a small plateau from the hillside, her back to Sofia.

Sofia approaches, waiting until she's close enough before:

SOFIA

Hey.

Delaney JUMPS a mile, whirling round - and Sofia gets a glimpse of something as Delaney moves to block it.

SOFIA (cont'd)

What are you doing?

DELANEY

Absolutely nothing. Go away.

SOFIA

(crosses arms)

And now I want to know.

DELANEY

Seriously, just...

Delaney GRUNTS, fingers flexing.

DELANEY (cont'd)

I couldn't explain it even if I wanted to, Sofes, so -

SOFIA

(looking past her)

What's in the box?

Delaney blinks, looks round - realising she's given Sofia a clear view of the silver FLIGHT CASE she was hiding.

SOFIA (cont'd)

Because if it's Gwyneth Paltrow's head, I've seen that bit.

DELANEY

It's...

(CONTINUED)

SOFIA

Please don't say 'Monty Python's  
Flying Circus'.

DELANEY

What?

SOFIA

(waves it away)

Come on, out with it. Bit late for  
secrets around here, what with Mela  
and -

She freezes, realising too late Delaney perhaps isn't the  
best person to talk about Mela in front of.

Delaney SIGHS, stepping aside to let Sofia kneel by the box.  
Delaney crouches over it, flipping the catches:

And she opens the lid to reveal the ORB OF ENCHANTIA. It  
GLINTS in the sunlight, and Sofia's eyes widen.

SOFIA (cont'd)

Is that -

DELANEY

Yup.

SOFIA

How did you get it?  
(catching up)  
Cassandra...

DELANEY

(nods)

She left it for me in Grace's  
office. Recorded a DVD, too.

SOFIA

What was on it?

DELANEY

A load of self-absorbed crap about  
the 'new order', how the Council  
were bad and we needed to stand on  
our own two feet... and how we had  
to be ready.

Sofia gestures to the Orb - may I? - and Delaney nods,  
letting her take it out of the case. It's small, fitting  
neatly into her cupped hands.

SOFIA

Huh. The way Greg told us the story  
about this, he made out it was  
bigger.

(CONTINUED)

DELANEY

Common problem among men his age.

They share a grin. Sofia carefully passes it to Delaney.

SOFIA

You know what it does... don't you?

DELANEY

Turns Slayers back into normal girls, yeah. Mom had something similar cooked up back in the day, only the other way round.

SOFIA

(nods)

Jaz.

DELANEY

And now... here I am, holding this thing like the baby Jesus is gonna hatch out of it any second, and I haven't got a damn clue what the frack Cassandra thought I was going to do with it.

SOFIA

Maybe that was her point? That you're supposed to work it out?

She looks around - noticing for the first time the faint MARKINGS etched into the plateau.

She stands, cocking her head sideways to study them - intricate patterns, circles and symbols.

SOFIA (cont'd)

What's all this?

DELANEY

Ley lines, stretching out through all those terraces in the hillside. Apparently. Could be something to do with that humongous zodiac that the tower's meant to be the focus of... who knows.

SOFIA

But obviously you think it means something, or you wouldn't be sitting out here by yourself with this thing, awaiting divine inspiration.

DELANEY

Can't get anything by you, can I?

(beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DELANEY (cont'd)

It's... nice out here. Peaceful.  
Mom and I may not be able to get  
any juice out of the tower, but  
just sitting out here, soaking up  
the ambient essence... it feels  
good.

SOFIA

(smiles)

I wish I knew how that could feel  
sometimes. It must be comforting.

DELANEY

It's the best thing in my life. And  
I don't regret for a second doing  
what I did to get that connection  
back, no matter what Granny  
McBitchington said.

SOFIA

That's my girl.

Sofia turns, looking back towards the camp. Delaney studies  
her, reading Sofia's expression.

DELANEY

Huh. You've got your 'a plan is  
forming' face on.

SOFIA

I don't have a face like that.

DELANEY

Yeah, you do. Seen it enough to  
know. Care to share?

SOFIA

(chews lip)

Not just yet. Still percolating.

(beat)

I'll leave you to it.

She takes a few steps, turning to call back:

SOFIA (cont'd)

Just don't stay out here all day.  
Magic's what got us into this mess  
in the first place.

Delaney manages a wry grin at that as we CUT TO:

On her way back from the woods, Reiko spots Belle, Patty and  
Tia standing together off to one side, and heads over.

(CONTINUED)



The trio are standing facing each other, hands clasped and heads down.

Reiko realises they're PRAYING, and waits respectfully until Belle looks up, nudging the others.

REIKO

I'm sorry, I didn't mean to -

PATTY

'S fine. We were about done.

BELLE

(hisses)

Patty!

PATTY

What? I'm not religious like you guys. I didn't know what to say.

REIKO

What were you saying?

BELLE

We were... well, we thought -

TIA

We were just saying a few words.  
You know... for Clarissa.

Reiko nods - then steps closer to join them.

REIKO

Room for one more?

Belle smiles, the girls shuffling to make room for Reiko in their loose circle.

REIKO (cont'd)

Clarissa was a good Slayer. Bossy, yeah, probably a little too proud of how she looked... but a tough leader. Good in a fight. She didn't deserve what happened to her.

TIA

(long beat)

How's Fran?

REIKO

Same as the last time someone asked me that, and the two dozen times before that.

(beat; sighs)

Not good. At all.

(CONTINUED)

BELLE

I just wish we could have seen it coming. I mean... Mela? Why would she want to side with the Coven?

PATTY

Fran knows.

(off looks)

Come on, they were doing it as much as they were fighting about it. She knew something wasn't right with Mela, she just decided not to notice it.

REIKO

(eyes Patty)

Whatever the reason... we can't give up on her just yet. She must have had her reasons to -

TIA

Kill Clarissa?

Reiko looks up. Tia SNIFFS, emotional at the memory.

TIA (cont'd)

It was her, did you know that? Who switched off Clarissa's life support?

REIKO

How could you -

PATTY

Security footage. From the infirmary. Backed up to one of Frankie's laptops.

Stunned, Reiko looks to Belle - who keeps her head down, still not ready to process this detail yet.

TIA

I mean, maybe she didn't want Clarissa to suffer, maybe she was trying to do one decent thing and make sure the demons taking over couldn't get their hands on her... but any way you try to slice it, Clarissa's dead because of her. And I will never forgive her for that.

Reiko doesn't know what to say as we CUT TO:

Mela strolls in from one of the wrecked side doors, hanging from its hinges, absently munching an apple:

(CONTINUED)

And pulls up sharply at the sight before her.

The whole auditorium has been transformed into a COMMAND CENTER for the Coven - desks, magic circles, computers, whiteboards and maps.

JILHANDRA stands at the centre of it all, ordering around her subordinates - the handful of COVEN RECRUITS who survived the battle on campus, mixed with various DEMONS.

Mela weaves through the bustle, stepping over CABLES and around the edges of tables loaded with BOOKS and spell components.

Jilhandra senses her, turning. She looks Mela up and down the same way she would a homeless man asking for change.

JILHANDRA

Oh. It's you.

MELA

(indicating room)

What's all this? It wasn't here yesterday.

JILHANDRA

This, my little turncoat, is what actual work looks like. While you've been skipping around your old dorms, we've been doing what needs to be done.

She points to a MAP, a close up ordinance survey of the nearby area. PINS and other markings adorn it.

JILHANDRA (cont'd)

Trying to pinpoint possible locations the Slayers escaped to.

She gestures towards a row of desks, where a WITCH, her features badly BURNED, is directing two demons at laptops.

JILHANDRA (cont'd)

Cracking the encryption key for the magical barrier. It's high level technopagan magic, but we should have some results by sundown.

And finally, she nods towards a WARLOCK, black duster wrapped tight and arm in a sling, as he sorts through various BOOKS.

JILHANDRA (cont'd)

And looking through what we could salvage out of the library after that bitch Frankie toasted its contents, along with half of our new recruits.

(CONTINUED)

Mela glances at the Burned Witch, who shoots her a cold look back, her hand unconsciously touching her scars.

JILHANDRA (cont'd)

But as you can see, we've got it under control.

(stern)

Run along.

It's an order, not a request. Mela exhales slowly, then walks past Jilhandra, daring to BUMP into her as she passes.

Jilhandra stares daggers into Mela's back as she exits, before turning back to coordinating things as we CUT TO:

On the entrance to another tent as Greg sweeps in:

GREG

Danny, have you seen the -

He pauses, Danny looking round from the LAPTOP before him and quickly closing the lid.

DANNY

Sorry?

Greg pauses, then heads to the laptop and lifts the screen:

It's playing SKYE's final message. Greg hits the 'Pause' button, freezing Skye mid-smirk.

GREG

Daniel. We talked about this.

Danny is silent, Greg doing his best not to sound harsh.

GREG (cont'd)

I know you miss her. We all do. But now certainly isn't the time to hide away and wallow in -

DANNY

(angrily)

In what? Tell me, Greg? Wallow in what? Pity? Despair? Pain? Because I've gone through all of those, and to be perfectly honest I'm finding it harder and harder to justify staying here!

Danny closes his eyes, exhaling. Too far.

DANNY (cont'd)

I'm sorry. I didn't mean -

GREG

I lost somebody once. Someone I loved.

Danny lifts his head - he didn't know that.

GREG (cont'd)

He worked here. I got him a job as a PE teacher after the girls and I saved him from some demons in Manchester. His name was Aiden.

Greg looks down at the laptop, smiling fondly as his fingers trace across Skye's features on screen.

GREG (cont'd)

He died doing what he believed was right too. Dozens of girls lived because of his sacrifice. Not all of them are still with us, but they were all here a lot longer thanks to what he did.

Greg turns to Danny, placing his hands on his shoulders.

GREG (cont'd)

The people we love never leave us. If you postpone letting every emotion you want to feel from rushing in and leaving you a sobbing mess on the floor, that does not mean you cared about them any less.

(meaningful)

Trust me.

Danny manages to nod, Greg pulling him in for a quick HUG.

GREG (cont'd)

We can all find our closure when this is over, but for now...

He trails off. Danny frowns, puzzled.

DANNY

But for now...?

GREG

(grins)

I've just had a cracking idea.

He PATS Danny on the shoulder, wagging a finger at him, and with a victorious grin he leaves.

Danny waits, bemused - then reaches for the laptop. His fingers hover over the 'Pause' button - but he pushes the lid closed instead. That can wait.

17 EXT. CAMPUS - MAIN ENTRANCE - DAY

17

Mela heads outside, stepping through the shattered glass that used to be the front entrance

There's a PYRE burning out front, with demons heaving BODIES onto the growing pile.

Some are human, some aren't. The FLAMES licking over the corpses don't discriminate.

Pale, Mela turns to walk away - and bumps into HAMISH. He steadies her, smiling proudly.

HAMISH

Mel.

She doesn't answer, her gaze drawn back to the pyre. Hamish spots this, an arm going round her to lead her away.

HAMISH (cont'd)

Come along, lass. Nothing to see here.

They start to walk alongside the campus, the canteen to their right as they approach the sports block up ahead.

HAMISH (cont'd)

I know you must have a million and one thoughts rattling round your head right now, first and foremost being 'have I done the right thing?'

MELA

Have I?

(looks up to him)

That night we first met, outside my mother's house. Seven years ago.

HAMISH

(nods)

I remember.

MELA

And afterwards, in the diner, you told me I'd end up like her. An addict. Hooked on magic she couldn't ever control.

HAMISH

I wasn't wrong. I may have done many things, but I've never lied to you, Mel. Not ever.

MELA

You said you'd help me.

(CONTINUED)

She stops, and he takes his arm away, looking down at her.

MELA (cont'd)  
So help me.

And Mela is suddenly blinking away TEARS, the emotions she's been afraid to show around the others finally making a bid for freedom.

MELA (cont'd)  
(choking up)  
Help me, please... I don't know  
what to do...

Hamish quickly EMBRACES her. It's tender, paternal. She SOBS into his chest, arms tight around him.

MELA (cont'd)  
(through tears)  
I know I didn't have a choice... I  
know I was always going to end up  
here, I just... I never...

HAMISH  
(soothing)  
You never knew it'd hurt this much.

He leans back, tilting her head up to look at him. He wipes her tears away with a smile.

HAMISH (cont'd)  
I buried the only other girl I've  
cared about as much as you this  
morning. I know hurt.

She looks down, nodding.

HAMISH (cont'd)  
Seven years I've been there for  
you, Mel. Teaching you. Guiding  
you. Letting you make your own  
choices. I never once believed  
you'd end up like your mother.

She looks up - can she believe that?

HAMISH (cont'd)  
You're here right now because this  
is what you wanted for yourself.

MELA  
(quiet)  
It's what I deserved.

HAMISH  
There's lots of ways to take that.

She meets his gaze again - and finally manages a faint SMILE at his warm expression.

His arm round her again, they start to walk on.

HAMISH (cont'd)

Come on. I'll introduce you to some of the lads.

MELA

(sniffs; wipes away tears)

You mean the demons.

HAMISH

Aye, perhaps, but they're surprisingly good company. There's this one, Rak'po'lay, he tells the filthiest jokes you've ever heard. I think there's even talk of setting up a five-a-side to kill some time until later.

Mela CHUCKLES, Hamish succeeding in distracting her from her dark thoughts. They walk on as we CUT TO:

Inside the campus, a room overlooking the alleyway below that Hamish and Mela walk down.

Celeste watches the duo, arms folded. Not looking at all happy about what she sees.

As her smouldering gaze burns into them, they stroll on, unaware, and we:

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF ACT TWO**



**ACT THREE**

FADE IN:

19

EXT. TOR - FIELDS - DAY

19

Belle is perched up on a branch a little way up a medium-sized TREE, scanning the landscape beyond.

SOFIA (O.S.)

Can you see my house from up there?

Belle looks down - sees Sofia looking back up.

BELLE

(grins)

Not quite.

She shifts, nimbly clambering back down to ground level.

BELLE (cont'd)

I saw a fabulous-looking lake I might go take a swim in later, though. Not sure what I'll wear, but I'm sure I can improvise... and you didn't come here to talk about that, did you?

Amused, Sofia nods towards the tree.

SOFIA

Good lookout spot, is it?

BELLE

(nods)

I've got a view of the whole southern perimeter from there. I'm going to suggest we keep someone out here round the clock. Like an early warning system.

SOFIA

It also seems to be an ideal place to get away from everybody.

BELLE

(blinks)

I'm not -

SOFIA

Belle. Come on. Reiko told me how you scampered out of here after the service you lot did for Clarissa. That was hours ago.

BELLE

Tori's hiding too.

(CONTINUED)

SOFIA

Tori will combust if she sets foot outside. You can't use that excuse.

Belle SIGHS. Busted. She settles back against the tree, beneath the shade of its thick leaves.

BELLE

I was just thinking how...

Sofia joins her, letting her compose her thoughts.

BELLE (cont'd)

I miss it.

SOFIA

Miss what?

BELLE

When nobody had heard of us. When we were still just an urban legend, and we could go about doing what we do without having to worry about some paparazzi trying to shove a camera lens up our skirt.

Sofia chuckles, idly playing with the long grass underfoot.

SOFIA

At least some of the most painful events of your life weren't turned into a bloody film...

BELLE

Okay, yeah, there's that.

(beat)

There was less pressure on us all. Especially when we were trying to fix our mistakes.

SOFIA

Like that business with Harwood?

BELLE

Exactly. Would we ever have had to tackle something like that before we were all caught red-handed coming out of the London Council building?

SOFIA

I don't imagine we would have, no.

BELLE

And people... people died because of all this. Like Fiona.

(CONTINUED)

Sofia bows her head, remembering the messy affair.

BELLE (cont'd)

Now more than ever, now that we've been driven out of our home and we can't even ask for help...

She flops down, sitting beside Sofia.

BELLE (cont'd)

I just wish there was some way we could undo it all. Go underground again. Without having to all die horribly, I mean.

SOFIA

Do you remember what you and Reiko said to me? After Huang died?

Belle looks to her, waiting for Sofia to continue.

SOFIA (cont'd)

You said 'screw destiny, this time we make the choices.'

BELLE

(thinks)

That doesn't sound like something I'd say. Are you sure that wasn't Reiko?

SOFIA

Well, you did. And it stuck with me. We do need to make our own choices. You're talking to the girl who was told in no uncertain terms it was her 'destiny' to 'end the Slayers forever', don't forget. Well, I've had it beyond here...

(holds hand up past her head)

... with 'destiny' calling the shots. A bloody big demon I fought in Japan told me enough about that.

BELLE

So... what are you thinking? I mean, that is your 'a plan is forming' face, right?

Sofia just grins as we CUT TO:

Where Delaney waits at the side of a DIRT ROAD that stretches off out of sight round the nearby hills.

(CONTINUED)

She looks left to right, as if waiting for something, turning when she hears Reiko approaching.

REIKO  
What'cha doin'?

DELANEY  
Composing my eighth symphony.  
(off look)  
What does it look like I'm doing?

REIKO  
Um... standing out here by  
yourself?

DELANEY  
Oh poor, simple little Reiko.  
(beat)  
I'm waiting.

REIKO  
(frowns)  
For what?

DELANEY  
I made a few calls.

REIKO  
Frankie said we shouldn't -

DELANEY  
Yeah, well, Frankie can bust my  
chops for it later.

REIKO  
Delaney! You could've lead the  
Coven right to us!

DELANEY  
They're gonna find us anyway.  
(off look)  
We all know that, Reiko. It's just  
a matter of time 'til they pop open  
that barrier and come looking. Only  
question is how ready we'll be for  
them.

Delaney perks up - and Reiko hears it too.

ENGINES.

Something's heading their way, and Reiko tenses up:

REIKO  
Shouldn't we -

(CONTINUED)

DELANEY

No, we shouldn't. Trust me.

REIKO

But what if it's them? We need to  
tell the others, quick!

Reiko starts to dash away, but Delaney zaps an arm out to  
grab her.

DELANEY

Would you unclench and listen?

She nods back towards the nearest hill as the sound of  
inbound vehicles grows louder...

And a military JEEP rounds the hill, a small convoy of  
mismatched CARS and VANS behind it.

Reiko double-takes, surprised, but Delaney just grins - this  
is what she was waiting for.

The Jeep arrives first, bumping across the uneven road to  
pull up in front of the girls.

The driver side door opens - and dashing Initiative commando  
AGENT WINSTONE leans out, smirking like a true cavalier.

WINSTONE

Hi, honey.

He hops down, stepping up to Delaney and giving her a quick  
KISS.

DELANEY

Find us alright?

WINSTONE

Followed the co-ordinates you gave  
me. Is there really an enchantment  
on the roads round here that'll  
keep people driving in circles  
unless they come in just the right  
way?

DELANEY

Would I lie about that?

WINSTONE

Guess not.  
(nods towards vehicles)  
I brought a few friends over. Is  
that gonna be cool?

DELANEY

(shrugs; playing along)  
Meh. We've got room out back.

(CONTINUED)

Reiko blinks, still surprised, as the other vehicles pull up, doors opening and people emerging:

It's a cavalcade of old faces including depowered Slayers KAREN, CHLOE and TSULA, former faculty members CATHERINE and DOUGLAS, and a few squads of INITIATIVE COMMANDOES.

WINSTONE

This is all I could grab on short  
notice, but more are on the way.  
They'll be here when you need them.

Reiko looks around, starting to smile as she recognises more faces - but she freezes as one slim young man emerges:

DADE

Who meets her gaze and pauses. The two stare at one another for a long beat...

Before he hurries forward and EMBRACES her, Reiko hesitating before wrapping her arms tight around him.

REIKO

(whispers)  
Thank you...

Dade releases her, trademark smirk back in place.

DADE

What, and miss this year's  
opportunity to face certain death?

He SCOFFS, and Reiko laughs - relief and happiness all mixed together.

DELANEY

You made sure you weren't followed?

WINSTONE

Only by these old ladies on  
broomsticks, but they didn't look  
like any trouble. They'll be here  
soon.

She PUNCHES him on the arm, then jerks a thumb back towards the camp visible up the hill behind.

DELANEY

Better go meet the folks.

He nods, following her as the crowd of new arrivals falls into step behind, and we CUT TO:

21 INT. TOR - MAIN CAMPSITE - NEXT

21

Where Patty, Greg and Sofia are discussing something, Greg trailing off as he sees the incoming group:

Catherine spots Greg first, breaking into a run and bounding towards him.

She LEAPS into an embrace, a surprised but overjoyed Greg WHIRLING her round.

GREG

Oh, my God! How did...

CATHERINE

You can thank Trouble over there for all this.

She nods towards Delaney, who hangs back with Winstone as the other new arrivals flood into the camp.

CATHERINE (cont'd)

She put a call out to her friend in the Initiative with the alarmingly chiselled cheekbones, and he rounded as many of us up as he could to join the party.

Douglas steps over, shaking hands warmly with Greg.

GREG

Good to see you up and about, Doug.

DOUGLAS

I'm always going to have a limp, but when I saw the news coverage about what had happened... I tried to get in touch, but it wasn't until Catherine told me about Agent Winstone's relief mission that I was able to do anything.

GREG

You're here. That's plenty.

Beaming, Greg looks to Delaney - exchanging a grateful nod - as another newcomer slinks over to Sofia:

JEM, the snappily-dressed, platinum blonde Slayer last seen as part of the rogue group at the movie premiere.

SOFIA

Jem?

JEM

I'm afraid so. Were you expecting somebody more...

(CONTINUED)

SOFIA

Don't bother finishing that. You're here, that's all that matters. I'll admit, I'm...

PATTY

Surprised, given she tried to kill us a few months ago?

JEM

(waves it away)

Business, darling. It wasn't personal.

SOFIA

So... forgive me for asking, but why are you here? To hear Mallory tell it, you turned your back on all this and walked away.

Jem bows her head, a rare moment of reflection.

JEM

I've done... troubling things. Made sacrifices that I thought I could live with, but the consequences... well, one's conscience has a habit of catching up, doesn't it?

PATTY

(narrows eyes)

I don't like her.

JEM

(back to normal)

Oh, isn't she adorable? Like a little angry kitten.

(to Patty)

You don't need to like me, precious. You just need to respect the fact that I chose to come out here when I was given the chance.

Sofia watches her, Jem's words striking a chord.

JEM (cont'd)

I could either spend the rest of my life regretting what I did and trying to ignore how wretched it made me feel... or I could do something about it. Something right. And if I get to kick a little arse while doing it, well... all the better.

Sofia grins as Jem peers past her, into nearby tents.

(CONTINUED)



JEM (cont'd)  
Now please tell me there's  
somewhere in this godforsaken  
festival site I can change...

SOFIA  
(amused)  
Right this way.

She leads Jem away, Patty still staring daggers at her as we  
CUT TO:

Greg, Kira, Manu and Frankie have been joined by several of  
the new arrivals, Madison up on Frankie's laptop again.

MADISON  
(finishing)  
... and so that's the plan as it  
currently stands.

A moment's silence as the gathered faces process whatever it  
is they've just heard.

KIRA  
Can you pull something like that  
off?

MADISON  
I wouldn't be very good at my job  
if I couldn't.

GREG  
I can't see how it'll work. I mean,  
surely we've come too far to just -

MADISON  
You'd be surprised what people will  
believe these days. As long as  
they're told through the  
appropriate channels, that is.

CATHERINE  
And you can do that? Use the  
'appropriate channels', I mean?  
(off look)  
Sorry, hello - we haven't met. I'm  
Catherine Prentice. I used to run  
the library here.

She looks to Frankie with a smile.

CATHERINE (cont'd)  
I see it's in safe hands now.

Frankie smiles back as Kira steps forward.

KIRA

If she says she can do it... we've got no reason not to believe her.

MADISON

I can't take full credit for the idea, I should add. One of your own called me a little while ago to discuss the options.

Some puzzled looks are exchanged.

GREG

Who?

Madison just grins as we CUT TO:

EXT. TOR - CAMPSITE - NEXT

Where a small but growing pile of FIREWOOD has been gathered not far from the main clutch of tents.

Belle deposits another armful, turning to Karen and Tsula as they do the same.

BELLE

Thanks, guys. I know we're asking a lot, you only just getting here before we throw you in at the deep end and all, but -

TSULA

(shrugs)

Beats doing nothing.

KAREN

Yeah, we've been on rotation at Council retreats round the world last year or so anyway. Feels good to do something practical for a change, you know?

TSULA

(off firewood)

What's all this for, anyway?

BELLE

Beats me. Greg asked me to organise it - said it was something he had planned for later.

KAREN

(to Tsula)

Can I make a joke about smoke signals yet?

TSULA  
(deadpan)

No.

Karen grins - and so does Tsula as we CUT TO:

The sun is starting to set majestically behind the hill, bathing Reiko and Dade in golden light. They're sitting together halfway up the hill, observing the camp below.

REIKO  
Having second thoughts yet?

Dade looks unusually serious, and Reiko drops her smile for a moment.

DADE  
Even though we're not there, being back here, as in with all you guys, it's... difficult. Lots of memories. Not many good ones.

She gives his arm a SQUEEZE, and he grins.

DADE (cont'd)  
Okay, maybe a few.

Reiko leans against him, head on his shoulder.

REIKO  
She'd be proud of you.

DADE  
I know.  
(off campsite)  
Will it be enough?

Reiko doesn't answer, and that tells Dade what he feared hearing. He lays an arm round Reiko, wisely electing to stay quiet for once.

As the two keep watching the camp below, with more bodies moving around now but still nowhere near as many as they'd like, we:

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF ACT THREE**

**ACT FOUR**

FADE IN:

25

EXT. CAMPUS - MAIN ENTRANCE - NIGHT

25

Back at the campus, with the fully assembled DEMON ARMY gathered and filling every available inch of the driveway.

They turn as one as a group of figures stride out of the shattered reception doors:

Celeste leads her Coven, with Jilhandra to her left and Mela her right, the rag-tag survivors of the new recruits following.

The demons respectfully make room for Celeste, who smiles benignly back at them - looking more like a proud schoolteacher than Public Enemy Number One.

A final figure steps outside, and the demons instantly fall silent, many falling to one knee in supplication:

HAMISH

Who looks pretty damn pleased with himself as he marches out - passing Celeste's group - to approach the first row of demons.

HAMISH

Up ye get, lads.

The demons slowly rise, Hamish PATTING the nearest on the shoulder like an old drinking buddy.

HAMISH (cont'd)

Ready to make a move?

A few muted GRUNTS in response.

HAMISH (cont'd)

(louder)

I said, are you ready to make a move or what?

A CHEER rings out, Hamish PUNCHING the air and forcing more SHOUTS of approval from the gathered masses.

Grinning broadly, he waltzes back over to Celeste - who can barely contain her simmering distaste at his antics.

HAMISH (cont'd)

Hail to the king.

He bows with mock courtesy, gesturing and bending to the floor like an Elizabethan servant.

(CONTINUED)

HAMISH (cont'd)  
Over to you, m'lady.

Not amused one bit, Celeste turns to Jilhandra, who straightens and steps forward - right in front of Mela.

CELESTE  
Don't let me down now, Rebecca. We didn't walk all the way out here for nothing.

JILHANDRA  
(smirks)  
No, we did not.

Jilhandra lifts a hand and SNAPS her fingers - and a sheet of PAPER is placed into it by a recruit. Celeste quirks an eyebrow, but Jilhandra just shrugs:

JILHANDRA (cont'd)  
We were out of scrolls.

Stepping forward - and not seeing the filthy glare Mela is giving her - she raises the scroll and begins to read:

JILHANDRA (cont'd)  
(voice booming)  
*Mölbrotna línumaður strengdur og skera á fjötrar af stærðfræði...*

The sky overhead suddenly LIGHTS UP as a hazy ORANGE GLOW suffuses the atmosphere.

It's the reversed MAGICAL BARRIER, slivers of BLACK starting to snake across its curved surface like glass cracking under pressure.

JILHANDRA (cont'd)  
*Reikningur neitun langlífi, falskur reikningur, brotinn orð...*

A strong WIND kicks up, buffeting the Coven and demons as the dome of energy overhead starts to CRUMBLE...

JILHANDRA (cont'd)  
*Brot innsigla þessi minjagripur okkur hér og læsa okkar gangstígur neitun fleiri!*

With an almighty SMASH, the light flooding the scene cuts off as the barrier SHATTERS:

Shards of energy fall like broken glass towards the crowds below, many of the demons cowering and covering up...

... but the energy dissipates and FADES before it reaches them, the barrier breaking up in moments.

(CONTINUED)

Celeste doesn't even flinch, allowing herself a victorious smile as she looks to Jilhandra and nods.

Smirking, Jilhandra TEARS UP the paper and tosses it aside, looking back to Mela behind her.

JILHANDRA (cont'd)

(smug)

That's how you do magic, pipsqueak.

Before Mela can retort, Jilhandra strides on, the rest of the recruits falling in behind her.

A few SNICKER derisively at Mela as they pass. She clenches her fists impotently, knowing she can't fight back.

CELESTE

Don't let her get to you.

Celeste comes to stand before the sullen Mela.

CELESTE (cont'd)

Rebecca always did have a flair for the dramatic. You'll have your chance to shine.

She takes Mela's shoulders, smiling warmly.

CELESTE (cont'd)

Where we're going, power fills the air. You could swim in it.

MELA

(trying to brighten)

I've never been a good swimmer.

CELESTE

Oh, you'll have time to learn.

She lays an arm round Mela - making sure Hamish gets to see this, his momentarily dark expression pleasing her immensely.

Hamish turns back to his troops, who are now chomping at the bit to get going, the path off campus now clear.

Making his way through the throng, demons reaching to touch him as he passes like the messiah he's acting like, he leads them onwards.

The Coven hang back, letting Hamish fight his way to the head of the army and march them towards the main gates up ahead as we CUT TO:

Darkness has fallen now, with makeshift lighting and the odd small fire illuminating the scene.

(CONTINUED)

Frankie winds her way through the tents, peering curiously into tents as she passes:

Some have Slayers sleeping or resting, some have piles of FOOD and EQUIPMENT being carefully sorted by Watchers.

The Initiative commandoes have set up a base of their own - a large, square tent in which the half-dozen strapping young lads are busy setting up their gear.

Frankie spots who she's looking for, sitting around a campfire with Patty and Tia - Dade. Patty is sharpening a KNIFE as Dade pours himself and Tia a drink.

He looks up as Frankie approaches, the girls nodding a greeting as they continue talking:

TIA

I mean, it was quick, she wouldn't have felt anything, but...

DADE

(shakes head)

I just can't believe it. I mean... we all knew Mel had issues, but this? It doesn't make any sense.

PATTY

She made her choice. She went Dark Side on us. Far as I'm concerned, next time I see her...

She SCRAPES her pumice stone against her knife with a satisfyingly loud noise.

Frankie lays a hand on Dade's arm, nodding her head off to one side, away from the girls.

FRANKIE

Can I 'ave a word?

DADE

You can have several.  
(to girls)  
Ladies.

He rises, following Frankie as she walks away and then falling into step beside her.

DADE (cont'd)

I'm going to go ahead and assume you're glad to have me back.

FRANKIE

You, yes. Your sarcasm, *non*.

They share a grin - playful banter.

(CONTINUED)

FRANKIE (cont'd)  
What made you want to return?

DADE  
Surprised I did?

FRANKIE  
Would it matter if I said '*oui*'?

Dade shrugs, gaze flicking around as the duo walk on through the campsite settling down for another evening.

DADE  
Out of everyone here, even after all the stuff Fran and Reiko did to put up with me... you were always the one I wanted to impress.

She turns to him, curious.

DADE (cont'd)  
I couldn't turn my back on you. Not now. You need me here.

FRANKIE  
But do you want to be here?

DADE  
(chuckles)  
You're the first person after my mom who didn't treat me like some drunk layabout.

FRANKIE  
You are a drunk layabout.

DADE  
Maybe, but you gave me a reason to be here. Working the library, helping you out... it may not have seemed like much to you, but to me... well, it was more than I expected. Or deserved.

She smiles, and when he reaches to take her hand, she doesn't pull it away.

DADE (cont'd)  
So... thanks. You gave me a chance when most people just resigned themselves to bailing me out of trouble or listening to me bitch about whoever I'd failed to sleep with that week.

She raises an eyebrow - way to ruin the moment. But she still doesn't take her hand back as we CUT TO:



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EXT. TOR - HILLSIDE - NEXT

27

Moving up the hill towards the Tor tower at its peak, a VOICE carrying down to us:

SOFIA (O.S.)  
(laughing)  
No, I didn't! I definitely did not  
say any of those things.

A beat - Sofia LAUGHS again as we join her. She sits alone, looking out towards the distant lights of civilisation.

SOFIA (cont'd)  
And besides, what may or may not  
have made it onto the screen isn't  
the issue here. We all know my life  
story.

She looks to her side as we begin to PAN AROUND her.

SOFIA (cont'd)  
Good and bad.

As we PAN ROUND, three SHAPES start to form out of the shadows around her:

Forming into three FIGURES, sitting around her in a close, relaxed circle.

Rays of MOONLIGHT finally angle into view - and Sofia is sitting with ALITA, EMMA and SKYE.

SKYE  
You're wondering what we do next,  
right?

EMMA  
Sure and she's always wonderin'  
what we're gonna do next. Takes  
more time than plannin' what to  
actually do!

SOFIA  
It never hurts to plan ahead.

ALITA  
Life will bring whatever it brings,  
Sofia. We cannot see what lies  
ahead any more than we can see our  
own past again.

SOFIA  
I used to think that, and then I  
had to sit and watch some pint-  
sized Australian actress be me for  
two hours. With a soundtrack.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SOFIA (cont'd)

(shivers)

I still don't know whether I'm gratified, creeped out or both.

SKYE

You know what you'll do, Sofes. Same as always after an apocalypse.

EMMA

Or the apocalypse.

SKYE

Yeah, whichever it is this time.

(beat)

You'll go back home, listen to some Johnny Cash and think about picking your guitar up and writing a few songs...

EMMA

(laughing)

Yeah, but then you'll start to play and only be bothered to use about four chords for anything, so you'll just play AC/DC riffs all night.

ALITA

Is that what they were?

EMMA

What, y'all never heard 'Back In Black'?

Emma and Skye start to SING the famous opening riff, Alita looking blank as Sofia GIGGLES.

SOFIA

B major seventh is hard, you guys! You try playing that with your nails on! You've got to stretch across about three frets just to -

DELANEY (O.S.)

Sofia?

Sofia turns - the trio are gone in an instant.

Delaney stands a little way away, coat on against the evening chill. She looks left and right, puzzled.

DELANEY (cont'd)

Who were you talking to?

Sofia looks back - almost as if to confirm her old friends aren't there - before turning back to Delaney.

(CONTINUED)

SOFIA  
(sad smile)  
Myself, I suppose.

DELANEY  
fair enough. Brother Gregory asked  
me to bring you back to the camp,  
says he's got an announcement.

SOFIA  
(nods)  
I'll be there in a minute.

Delaney turns and heads back down the hill, leaving Sofia  
alone on the hillside.

She looks up to the sky - where glittering STARS fill the  
dark blue overhead.

SOFIA (cont'd)  
(soft)  
Catch you later, girls.

She gets up, dusts herself down and starts down the hillside,  
and we CUT TO:

Sofia and Delaney approach the campsite to see a few Slayers  
and Watchers heading towards a larger gathering just pass the  
camp limits.

Exchanging a curious glance, the girls follow the trickle of  
people until they reach:

Where a large BONFIRE is burning, the pile of wood belle was  
helping gather earlier now several feet high.

Standing around it is everyone from the campsite - the campus  
refugees and new arrivals all mingled together. CHATTER fills  
the air, nobody quite sure what's going on.

In front of the bonfire stands Greg, nodding to Sofia and  
Delaney as they join the rest.

GREG  
Okay! Thank you all for coming.

PATTY  
Where else were we going to go?

A ripple of LAUGHTER at that - but Patty was just being  
honest.

GREG

And before anybody asks, nobody'll  
be able to see the smoke from this.

He gestures to the bonfire - just as well, as the smoke is  
rising high into the air.

GREG (cont'd)

I know the mood around here is...  
difficult at the moment. We've been  
forced out of our home, people we  
wish were with us are no longer  
around...

(beat)

We've all lost someone or something  
recently.

He nods to Kira, who starts to make her way across the first  
row of people in the crowd, handing out bundles of PAPER and  
MARKER PENS.

GREG (cont'd)

So what I'd like every one of you  
to do is take a scrap of paper and  
borrow a pen - because we've only  
got a few - and write down a name.

Some puzzled looks - a few people already know what Greg  
means and start WRITING.

GREG (cont'd)

I want you to write the name of  
someone you've lost.

And now everyone gets it.

GREG (cont'd)

It doesn't matter who they are,  
when you lost them, how it happened  
- all I want is a name from each of  
you of somebody you miss. Someone  
taken from us too soon who you wish  
you'd been able to say goodbye to.

He watches as people start writing - some using each other's  
backs for support.

Kira joins him, the last of the paper making its way to the  
back of the group.

ON SOFIA as she and Delaney get a piece each, Sofia smiling  
towards Greg, impressed by his idea.

GREG (cont'd)

And once you have the name...

He steps aside, indicating the fire.

(CONTINUED)

GREG (cont'd)

I want you to throw it into the fire.

(beat)

We'll never get to say goodbye to these people. Not the way any of us wanted to. This way, we can at least do something to show that they'll always be with us in our hearts... but that we're also finally making the choice to let go and move on.

The first few people step up to the fire, paper in hand - Patty and Belle.

They glance at each other's names - Patty has written 'Clarissa', Belle has 'Harold'.

Exchanging a glance and a nod, the girls TOSS their papers into the fire.

Stepping back, the bonfire CRACKLING as the papers start to curl and blacken, they're joined by more:

Reiko, who has 'Alita'; Manu, with 'Grace'; Frankie with 'Dunstall'.

Tori and Danny come to stand before the fire, glance at each other's names - and realise they've both written 'Skye'.

DANNY

I can -

Tori shakes her head, smiling, and moves Danny's hand to let him drop his paper first.

TORI

I had two anyway. She'd have wanted that to come from you.

She turns her sheet over - on the back is written 'Erika'. Danny nods, letting Tori do her thing.

One by one, they let their papers fall into the flames, standing back to let others have their moment.

ON THE BONFIRE as more and more scraps of paper fall into frame:

Delaney lets 'Rachel' drift into the fire; Dade's reads simply 'Mom';

Fran's says 'Mallory'. It gets a few looks her way, but her fixed expression says she doesn't care - this is who she wants to say goodbye to.

(CONTINUED)

Sofia stands by Greg - his paper says 'Aiden', but Sofia's remains blank.

GREG

Aren't you going to write anything?

SOFIA

No need.

She lets her blank piece fall onto the fire, watching as it BURNS with a brief flare of light.

SOFIA (cont'd)

I had too many names to fit on one piece, so I'm keeping them where they need to be.

She taps the side of her head.

GREG

The point of this is to let go, Sofia. Not keep holding on.

SOFIA

I am. Don't worry.

She lifts up onto her tiptoes to KISS his cheek.

SOFIA (cont'd)

Thank you.

He smiles, embracing her warmly. Releasing her, he steps back and lets his paper fall, Sofia keeping one arm around him.

PULL BACK from the scene, the crowd gradually working their way through the ceremony, each and every scrap of paper joining the flames as one.

PAN UP to take in the beauty of the Tor, framed up on the hillside against the moonlight and stars - and CUT TO:

Still looking up at the starry sky, peacefully overlooking the rolling fields below:

Until we PAN DOWN and take in the lumbering mass of the DEMON ARMY, marching boldly across the open ground!

Warriors of every species, shape and size walk, bound, scuttle and slither their way forward.

Armour and weapons CLINK and JOSTLE against others, the formidable sea of moving bodies stretching out far and wide.

At the head of the army is Hamish, chin high and marching to war like he was born to do it.

(CONTINUED)

Further back, Celeste's Coven keep a little distance from the horde, but front and centre is the woman herself, Jilhandra and Mela either side of her.

CELESTE

There it is.

She points to something up ahead, the other two craning for a better look.

CELESTE (cont'd)

Once we tap into that, we'll have enough power to track down and eradicate the Slayers once and for all, and then nobody's going to be able to stop us.

SLOWLY PAN ROUND to follow where she's pointing...

... and it's THE TOR, visible a few miles ahead!

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF SHOW**

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