

SLAYER ACADEMY

"SACRIFICE"

STARRING

EMILY BROWNING

RACHAEL LEIGH COOK

KYOKO FUKADA

RACHAEL TAYLOR

PARIS HILTON

WITH

BRADLEY COOPER

FAMKE JANSSEN

MIA WASIKOWSKA

JESSY SCHRAM

AARON YOO

KIRSTEN PROUT

CHIAKI KURIYAMA

LACEY MOSELY

NAVEEN ANDREWS

MATT SMITH

GUEST STARRING

MARY MCDONNELL

DAVID ANDERS

MELINDA CLARKE

MATTHEW BOMER

CHRISTINA COLE

Q'ORIANKA KILCHER

DANA DAVIS

HELEN BAXENDALE

ALUN ARMSTRONG

TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. TOR - MAIN CAMPSITE - NIGHT

ON KIRA as she groggily lifts her head up, BLOOD streaming down her face. She's prone on the ground, looking like she's lost a few fights already.

Hazy, indistinct sounds of BATTLE ring out all around her - SHOUTS, the CLANG of weapons, GUNFIRE, even SCREAMS both human and otherwise.

FIGURES move past her as she tries to shake off the cobwebs, pushing herself up and blinking through the blood.

A black-clad INITIATIVE COMMANDO strides past her, machine gun raised and FIRING at something unseen - which ROARS as the bullets hit home.

Something overhead SCREECHES and a SHADOW snaps past above her, Kira starting to come back to her senses.

COMMANDO

Ma'am? Are you alright?

Glancing towards whatever he just shot, the Commando reaches out to help her up:

SWISH! Something SWOOPS through frame and collects the Commando, snatching him up and out of sight in a heartbeat!

Kira rolls onto her back, pushing herself upright and looking at the chaos developing around her:

Several tents are ABLAZE, with both SLAYERS and WATCHERS racing to and fro.

DEMONS in a host of shapes and sizes bound past her, their sights set elsewhere.

Two Slayers rush into frame, running for their lives - and are struck by bolts of ENERGY that hurl them through the air!

Kira manages to rise, unsteady on her feet and stunned by what she's seeing:

The campsite is in FLAMES, with a massive horde of DEMONS trampling their way through it!

Gunfire, EXPLOSIONS and the sounds of COMBAT come from every direction.

BODIES litter the grassy ground - human and decidedly non-human - and thick SMOKE billows across the scene.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KIRA

Greg...

(louder)

Greg! Delaney!

She stumbles forward, SHOVING past a trio of commandoes who hurry past, FIRING at something off screen.

It HOWLS and swings a huge TAIL round, THWACKING into the troops and scattering them backwards!

Kira DUCKS to avoid the cartwheeling bodies, veering towards a nearby tent:

Out of which a slobbering DEMON bursts, ROARING at her with a mouth more fang than skin!

Snarling, Kira turns on her heel and PUNCHES the beast right in its eye, the creature lurching back with a YELP.

KIRA (cont'd)

Animals...

She heads on, picking her way through the tattered remains of the camp, trying to find a familiar face amidst the melee.

The smoke clears for a beat - and she sees:

GREG AND DELANEY

Back to back, hurling streams of MAGIC at a cluster of demons starting to encircle them!

KIRA (cont'd)

Greg! I'm coming!

She starts forward - but the smoke falls again, obscuring her view.

ON KIRA as she tries to waft it away, blindly pushing forward as she calls out:

KIRA (cont'd)

Delaney? Delaney! Where are you!

Can you hear -

FZAP! Something SHOCKS her, and Kira hits the deck once again like she's been tasered.

GASPING for breath, she manages to flop onto her back - as a FIGURE can be seen through the smoke.

VOICE

Well, well...

And it's JILHANDRA who emerges, wearing that vicious smirk we've come to know and hate.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JILHANDRA

I go looking all over to try and
find you, and here you are having a
lie down!

She reaches down, GRABBING a fistful of Kira's lapels to pull
her up off the ground.

JILHANDRA (cont'd)

If it's sleep you're after...

Jilhandra raises a fist - now CRACKLING with electric blue
energy.

JILHANDRA (cont'd)

... that, I can do.

And as she PUNCHES Kira with all her might, we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

TITLE: FIFTEEN MINUTES EARLIER

EXT. TOR - CAMPSITE - NIGHT

Back where we last saw the Academy survivors, standing around the BONFIRE burning just away from the main campsite.

The solemn, contemplative faces of the men, women and girls are illuminated by the flickering flames:

SOFIA, DELANEY, TORI, REIKO, FRAN, TIA, PATTY, BELLE and newcomer JEM.

Depowered former Slayers KAREN, TSULA, CHLOE and NADINE.

Faculty members GREG, KIRA, FRANKIE, MANU, DADE and DANNY, along with retired staff DOUGLAS and CATHERINE.

Hanging back, letting the Academy group have their moment, stands AGENT WINSTONE and ten more COMMANDOES, respectful of the need for closure.

One by one, members of the group start to filter away, some in pairs, some alone, until only Greg and Sofia remain.

SOFIA
I think this helped.

GREG
I hope so. God knows we all needed something to help us sleep.

He looks over to her, watching her thoughtful expression.

SOFIA
If you say I'm wearing my 'a plan is forming' face, so help me, I'll thump you.

She grins, but he shrugs - she kind of is.

SOFIA (cont'd)
It's... still forming. But it's been at the back of my mind for a long time now.

GREG
Do I get a hint?
(off her uncertainty)
I did donate my bacon sarnie to you earlier, that's got to earn me at least a syllable or two.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SOFIA

(beat)

Alright. One word. For now. At least until I get my head around what ever it is I'm contemplating.

GREG

Go on.

SOFIA

Choice.

Greg opens his mouth to reply, then hesitates, letting that percolate for a moment - until he hears:

A soft HUMMING sound, pulsing regularly. He and Sofia swap an immediate, urgent look - they know what that means.

They turn and hurry back towards the campsite:

EXT. TOR - MAIN CAMPSITE - NEXT

Where several people have already gathered, the insistent HUM sounding across the whole camp. Tori looks up as Sofia and Greg approach:

TORI

Trouble?

SOFIA

What else? You know what to do. Find Reiko, then grab enough girls to make two teams and go cover both approaches to the hillside.

TORI

(nods)

On it.

Tori jogs away, Karen and Tsula stepping into frame.

KAREN

What about us?

Sofia reaches for a nearby HOLDALL, lifting it up.

SOFIA

Take these.

She hands the bag to Karen, who opens it - several short POLES are inside, each with a bulky DEVICE on top.

SOFIA (cont'd)

The poles are telescopic. Stick them in a circle around the camp at ten feet intervals. They'll do the rest.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They hurry away, and Greg nods towards the COMMAND TENT nearby, Sofia following as they hurry inside:

INT. TOR - MAIN CAMPSITE - COMMAND TENT - NEXT

Frankie, Dade and Danny are already working at various LAPTOPS.

Patty is at a nearby table priming what looks like a row of homemade EXPLOSIVES.

GREG

What have we got out there?

FRANKIE

'Ard to say, but it or they are definitely 'eading closer.

DANNY

We've got several inter-connected alarm spell circles set up all around our perimeter, so when something moves from one to the next and keeps heading on a course towards us...

FRANKIE

Chances are, whatever is doing it knows we are 'ere.

Sofia looks round as Winstone enters, opening up his own laptop and placing it on the desk.

WINSTONE

Yeah, confirmed by us, too. Motion sensor's been tripped on the easterly road.

SOFIA

Tori and Reiko are already gathering up the girls to start patrolling.

GREG

We need to be ready to evacuate. I'll get everything we can carry packed up, and everything we can't set to go up soon as we're clear.

He looks to Patty, who holds up one of her bombs with an satisfied, almost loving grin.

GREG (cont'd)

('moving on...')

Sofia, find Delaney and Kira, tell them to get the escape portal at the Tor charged up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DADE

Have we considered the possibility
this is a false alarm? Like, a
curious rabbit or something?

FRANKIE

(shakes head)

Non possible. We 'ave several
layers of glamours set up to cloak
our presence - even looking
directly at the camp, you would not
be able to see us.

GREG

Somebody certainly can.

(to Winstone)

I take it you're already working on
your side of the plan?

WINSTONE

Claymores, mines, laser grids -
we've got your back. My boys know
where they're positioned so there's
no danger of any of your girls
tripping a stray wire.

GREG

Any word yet on when those
reinforcements you promised will be
arriving?

WINSTONE

(shakes head)

I can't get a signal out on any of
our own secure frequencies without
tripping the glamours you guys have
got set up. We'll just have to hope
they got my messages earlier and
realise it's urgent.

DANNY

And how are they supposed to know
that?

WINSTONE

(deadpan)

Because I said it was urgent.

Greg leaves the team to it, heading back outside:

EXT. TOR - MAIN CAMPSITE - NEXT

Tori and Reiko are hurrying past, each with two more Slayers
in tow. They split up and head off, away from the camp.

Others are busy packing up their tents, Watchers pitching in
to collapse and fold away the canvases and canopies.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Greg exhales, wishing they all had more time to prepare, as we CUT TO:

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - NIGHT

Where CELESTE leads the Coven - JILHANDRA, HAMISH, MELA and a handful of surviving RECRUITS.

Behind them come a sizeable chunk of the DEMON ARMY currently loyal to Hamish, hanging back but fidgeting, spoiling for a tussle or two.

Mela stands with one hand in the air, frowning as she sweeps her hand left and right.

Jilhandra HUFFS, pulling her jacket closer around her as she calls out, irritated:

JILHANDRA

So? Are we freezing our proverbials off for any particular reason, or did you just feel like working on your mime skills?

MELA

Something's here.

HAMISH

There's nothing there. Just that.

He points - up towards the TOR, much closer now, framed on the hillside under the pale moonlight. No sign of the camp.

HAMISH (cont'd)

So much as I hate to agree with Jill -

JILHANDRA

(scowls)

Do not call me that.

HAMISH

... the sooner we can get there, siphon off the power it supposedly has and be back home warm and in time for tea, the better.

MELA

No, I mean there's something here.

She pushes her hand forward, slowly - and the air before her RIPPLES. She pulls her hand back, whirling to face the Coven.

MELA (cont'd)

Glamours. Lots of them. Why would they be here? What is there that needs hiding?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CELESTE

You're looking at me as if I know,
Mela. I don't.

Mela looks away - a thought has just occurred to her. She turns, quickly, but Jilhandra caught it:

JILHANDRA

Something to share?

Busted. Mela slowly turns back to them - and Celeste reads her expression like a book with oversized print.

CELESTE

The Academy.

HAMISH

Out here? What for?

CELESTE

This was the scene of a major confrontation for them once. They took down a vampire warlord and shut down his attempt to clone anti-Slayer weaponry.

JILHANDRA

Roland.

HAMISH

Him? Och, that was years ago!

CELESTE

Apparently, somebody inside the Council must have decided it was as good a place as any to establish a beta site.

(to Mela)

Bring it down.

MELA

Are you... I mean, are we sure? We don't know what's waiting behind that. They could have more than we're capable of facing right now, we don't even -

Celeste steps forward, laying a firm but reassuring hand on Mela's shoulder.

CELESTE

I know you're scared. About seeing them all again. What they'll think, how they'll react... what they'll want to do.

Mela lowers her head.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CELESTE (cont'd)

But we have a primary mission here.
We need the power beneath that tor,
or our plans will fail before
they've even made it off the
blueprints. Do you understand?

Mela lifts her head. She nods, reluctant.

CELESTE (cont'd)

Of course you do. Now, if you
would...

She indicates the invisible barrier, and watches Mela as she
approaches it again.

Celeste rejoins the others, a frowning Jilhandra leaning over
to whisper:

JILHANDRA

Why are you making her do it? I
could snap through these things
like wet paper!

CELESTE

Because she has to remember whose
side she chose. When she helps us
find the last of her former
comrades...

She pauses, watching as Mela PUSHES both hands against the
air before her.

It GLOWS under the pressure, Mela dropping her head and
heaving against it.

Spiderwebs of ENERGY start to snake out as she pushes her own
magics into the barrier, weakening it:

Until with a series of POPS, the air SHIMMERS as the barriers
fade away.

Revealed, up ahead on the hillside beneath the tor, is the
Academy CAMPSITE.

Flickering lights and flashes of movement can be seen - the
base is on high alert.

Mela stares, wide-eyed, as Celeste comes to join her.

CELESTE (cont'd)

(over her shoulder)

Hamish?

Hamish smirks, rubbing his hands together and turning to the
demons behind:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

HAMISH

Alright, you nefarious bastards,
who wants to kick some Slayer arse?

A motley CHEER rings out.

HAMISH (cont'd)

That's what I like to hear! Follow
me, lads! Last one to get a kill
buys the beer!

He strides past Celeste and Mela, the demons bundling onward
as they follow their chosen leader towards the camp.

He waves left and right, splitting the army off into three
columns as they advance, each approaching the Tor from a
different angle.

Mela's conflicted expression deepens as she watches more and
more of the multitude of demonic warriors rumble past her,
closing rapidly on the campsite as we CUT TO:

EXT. TOR - MAIN CAMPSITE - NIGHT

Actions stations back at the camp - some pack, some lock and
load. Weapons are passed around to anyone who can hold one.

Delaney hoists up a small, square FLIGHT CASE but the locks
are undone and the lid opens, the contents falling:

It's the SPHERE OF ENCHANTIA, which she quickly scoops up as
it rolls along the ground.

She stuffs it back into the case - then realises the nearby
Reiko has seen the whole thing.

REIKO

Wasn't that the -

DELANEY

(quickly)
Never mind.

She barges past, Reiko calling after her:

REIKO

What are you doing with that? And
why is it here? Hey!

Jem waits by Sofia, watching the co-ordinated mayhem hurry
past her in all directions, looking rather lost.

Sofia BARKS orders to a group of young Slayers, all suitably
terrified. The girls scamper away, Sofia turning to Jem.

SOFIA

Alright, Jem, I need you to -

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JEM

If it's all the same to you,
darling, I'll just follow you. You
seem to know what you're doing.

Sofia allows herself a grin, lifting up a SPORTS BAG.

SOFIA

I like to think so.

SLOW MOTION LOW ANGLE as Sofia shakes the bag open -
revealing the SCYTHE in all its glory.

ON SOFIA as she hefts the weapon up and examines the blade.
Jem's eyes bulge.

JEM

Can I have -

SOFIA

No.

And she's off, Jem quickly following as we CUT TO:

EXT. TOR - HILLSIDE - NEXT

Where Tori, Patty and Belle are set up by a low stone wall,
three commandoes waiting by another further along.

Tori risks a peek up and over the wall:

And sees the first battalion of DEMONS thundering across the
open ground towards them!

Some have dropped to all fours, GALLOPING like a pack of
wolves, while the more humanoid demons just charge for all
they're worth.

Tori drops down, eyes wide. Belle GULPS loudly, but Patty
just rolls her eyes, rummaging in her bag.

PATTY

Here.

She pushes something into Tori's hands - one of her BOMBS.

PATTY (cont'd)

Impact fuse. Just aim and throw it.

Tori manages a smile - thanks, Patty - then pops back up.

TORI

(shouts to commandoes)
After this goes boom, you guys open
fire, alright?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She gets a nod from the squad leader, and Tori squints back down towards her targets.

Judging the distance down the hillside to the inbound demons, she braces herself like a quarterback, ready to throw...

TORI (cont'd)
Fire in the hole!

She rears back and THROWS the bomb forward:

FRA-KOOM! A streak of PURPLE LIGHT lances down and the ground before her DETONATES suddenly, showering the air with debris as it rips the stone wall apart!

Tori is HURLED backwards, landing with a CRASH several feet away!

Dazed, she lifts her head - seeing a smoking CRATER by where she was just standing - and hears someone SCREAMING.

It's Belle - she writhes on the floor by the flaming impact crater, clutching her leg, which is a bloody mess.

Stunned, Patty looks from the howling Belle to Tori, utterly at a loss:

And Tori looks up to see two DARK SHAPES flit across the sky overhead.

COVEN RECRUITS, both sporting jet black, reptilian WINGS as they swoop round to divebomb again!

COMMANDO
Take 'em out!

The commandoes, recovering from the effects of the blast, jump up and fill the air with BULLETS.

The first Coven warlock nimbly weaves through the firestorm, sweeping back up and into the night sky.

Tori stumbles over to Belle, who is SOBBING with pain now as Tori examines her wound:

She's lost a chunk of her leg, probably a broken bone too, but that's not much comfort to her.

Tori risks a look back down the hillside:

The demons are mere seconds away!

COMMANDO (cont'd)
Fall back! We'll cover you!

TORI
Patty, help me with her!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

She and Patty heave Belle up between them, quickly carrying her away as the commandoes fall in behind them.

They keep FIRING, felling several demons who SLAM into the ground, skidding along, but more and more follow.

Tori glances up and sees the flying warlocks streaking towards the campsite, her expression grim as we CUT TO:

EXT. TOR - HILLSIDE - NEXT

On the opposite side of the hill, and this time it's Reiko, Fran and Tia who are under attack.

They've engaged a group of chitinous, scarab-like demons, the girls' weapons unable to pierce their thick body armour.

Reiko KICKS one back, hauling Fran away as she furiously HACKS at a demon rolling on its back like an overturned insect.

REIKO

We're doing nothing here!

FRAN

We can't just run!

WINSTONE (O.S.)

Ladies, you might wanna get down!

Reiko looks up - Winstone is aiming a ROCKET LAUNCHER at the demons!

The girls scatter, Winstone giving them time to get clear before he launches a MISSILE:

KABOOM! It pops the demons into gruesome chunks of body parts, sending hunks of them flying.

He lowers the smoking launcher with a grin - but his face falls at what he sees.

Reiko, Fran and Tia join him, breathless but unhurt.

REIKO

Nice shot, I thought we were...

Registering his dark look, they turn and follow his gaze:

A fresh wave of DEMONS is pouring in, snaking across the hillside and over the bodies of their fallen comrades!

And Hamish himself leads them on, features gleeful as the adrenaline takes hold!

REIKO (cont'd)

Back to the camp! Now!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The foursome race back towards the campsite, the CHITTERING demons hot on their heels.

EXPLOSIONS ring out as the creatures trip Initiative BOOBY TRAPS, some blasted into the air or disintegrated by flares of intense heat:

EXT. TOR - CAMPSITE - NEXT

Where Karen's group (Tsula, Chloe, Nadine) have just STAKED another of the top-heavy poles into the ground.

Several more are visible behind, forming a ring around the campsite. The boxes on top BLINK with coloured lights.

Chloe looks anxiously out towards the hills and fields - SMOKE rising and the clash of battle loud and clear.

NADINE

Is that the last of them?

Karen shakes out the bag - one more pole drops into her hand.

KAREN

Last one. Let's go!

The foursome take off - Chloe risking a look behind:

WHAM! A huge, canine DEMON pounces on her, Chloe SCREAMING as the creature's jaws tear into her neck!

CHLOE

(screams)

Aah! Help! Help m -

With a sickening CRUNCH, the creature takes a BITE out of her neck, and with a sputtering GASP Chloe falls still.

The others back away, shocked - and see more of the demons barreling across the open ground towards them!

TSULA

Faster! Go! Go!

Forced to leave what's left of Chloe behind, the three girls race back towards the camp:

EXT. TOR - MAIN CAMPSITE - NEXT

Kira strides out from within one tent, seeing Greg and Delaney and marching over.

DELANEY

Anything?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KIRA

All the glammers are down, and if
those noises we can hear are
anything to go by...

GREG

It's the Coven.

KIRA

Looks like we'll get to finish our
conversation with them after all.
We should consider -

REIKO (O.S.)

Hey!

The trio turn as Reiko's group hurry into view, gasping for
breath.

TIA

Lots... lots of demons. Hamish is
leading them!

WINSTONE

Our traps slowed 'em down, but
they're closing fast by sheer
weight of numbers.

(looks round)

We can't make a stand here.

GREG

Alright, then we fall back to the -

TORI (O.S.)

Help! I need help over here!

They look over as Tori and Patty burst into view, the wounded
Belle slung between them.

TORI (cont'd)

She took a hit, but we've got -

She stops as they all hear it - a WHINE from overhead.

They look up - see the circling airborne WARLOCKS - and
several spheres of burning purple ENERGY falling!

Kira doesn't even have time to shout before they land in the
centre of the campsite, and as a series of colossal,
magically-boosted EXPLOSIONS rip through the camp, we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

EXT. TOR - MAIN CAMPSITE - NIGHT

ON KIRA as she groggily lifts her head up, BLOOD streaming down her face. She's prone on the ground, knocked flat by the impact of the Coven's bombs.

Hazy, indistinct sounds of BATTLE ring out all around her - SHOUTS, the CLANG of weapons, GUNFIRE, even SCREAMS both human and otherwise.

A commando hurries into frame, FIRING at something out of sight - which HOWLS back in pain.

Something overhead SCREECHES and a SHADOW snaps past above her, Kira starting to come back to her senses.

COMMANDO

Ma'am? Are you alright?

Glancing towards whatever he just shot, the Commando reaches out to help her up:

SWISH! Something SWOOPS through frame and collects the Commando, snatching him up and out of sight in a heartbeat!

SNAP UP to see it's an eagle-like WINGED DEMON, the struggling commando gripped fast in one of its claws!

He manages to get his arm up to SHOOT at the demon, which SQUAWKS in pain - and drops him, the marine freefalling dozens of feet to land with a bone-crunching THUD!

Kira rolls onto her back, pushing herself upright and looking at the chaos developing around her:

Several tents are ABLAZE, with Slayers, Watchers, commandoes and demons dashing in all directions!

Two Slayers rush into frame, running for their lives - and are struck by bolts of ENERGY that hurl them through the air!

Kira manages to rise, unsteady on her feet as she calls out:

KIRA

Greg...

(louder)

Greg! Delaney!

She stumbles forward, SHOVING past a trio of commandoes who hurry past, FIRING at something off screen.

It HOWLS and swings a huge TAIL round, THWACKING into the troops and scattering them backwards!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Kira DUCKS to avoid the cartwheeling bodies, veering towards a nearby tent:

Out of which a slobbering DEMON bursts, ROARING at her with a mouth more fang than skin!

Snarling, Kira turns on her heel and PUNCHES the beast right in its eye, the creature lurching back with a YELP.

KIRA (cont'd)
(sneers)
Animals...

She heads on, picking her way through the tattered remains of the camp, trying to find a familiar face amidst the melee.

The smoke clears for a beat - and she sees:

GREG AND DELANEY

Back to back, hurling streams of MAGIC at a cluster of demons starting to encircle them!

KIRA (cont'd)
Greg! I'm coming!

She starts forward - but the wall of smoke falls again, obscuring her view.

ON KIRA as she tries to waft it away, blindly pushing forward as she calls out:

KIRA (cont'd)
Delaney? Delaney! Where are you!
Can you hear -

FZAP! Something SHOCKS her, and Kira hits the deck once again like she's been tasered.

GASPING for breath, she manages to flop onto her back - as a FIGURE can be seen through the smoke.

VOICE
Well, well...

Jilhandra emerges, that smirk firmly in place.

JILHANDRA
I go looking all over to try and
find you, and here you are having a
lie down!

She reaches down, GRABBING a fistful of Kira's lapels to pull her up off the ground.

JILHANDRA (cont'd)
If it's sleep you're after...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Jilhandra raises a fist - now CRACKLING with electric blue energy.

JILHANDRA (cont'd)
... that, I can do.

And as she PUNCHES Kira with all her might, snapping her head back, we SMASH CUT TO:

BELLE

Who SCREAMS as Manu pushes and SNAPS her broken leg bone back into place!

As Manu works to hurriedly field dress the pale Belle's leg wound, Tia keeps an incoming demon away from them alongside redhead Slayer DELLA.

Tori, VAMPED OUT, is tearing her way through several skeletal warriors - before a larger demon rises before her:

Like a MEDUSA, it sports a long, sinewy tail and a head framed by rasping SNAKES!

The medusa's eyes glow GREEN, and Tori DIVES to one side - but the Watcher just behind her isn't so lucky!

He's illuminated by the creature's gaze, stiffening as his whole body locks in place, skin GREYING and hardening.

The medusa SNAPS its tail round like a whip, SLAMMING it into the unfortunate Watcher and SHATTERING him to pieces!

Tori is already up, GRAPPLING the creature from behind and YANKING its head back to keep its deadly gaze away.

The medusa SHRIEKS, clawing at Tori to try and free itself, but with a sickening CRUNCH she twists its head round, letting the limp demon fall dead to the ground.

Reiko, meanwhile, KICKS one demon with an impressive twirl - only to reveal HAMISH closing in on her!

REIKO
(eyes wide)
Uh-oh...

She brings her razor-tipped FANS up, opening them with an expert FLICK and quickly SLICING them towards him:

But he moves too fast, weaving around the blades and CHOPPING down with his sword!

The fans are cut clean in two, Reiko left holding useless stubs as Hamish spins and KICKS her in the gut!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

She hits the deck hard, Hamish following - another Slayer tries to intercept but he whips round to face her:

One quick CHOP disarms her, an ELBOW across her jaw stuns her, and he brings his sword round and up into her chest in one fluid motion!

The Slayer GULPS as the blade pierces her, and Hamish lets her drop with the sword still embedded in her, coolly scooping up her discarded weapon.

HAMISH

Thanks, lass.

He looks back - Reiko is gone, but there are plenty more targets, and as he moves on we join:

SOFIA AND JEM

The duo are attacking several demons at once, as commandoes BLAST others with shotguns and handguns.

Sofia looks round as Karen hurries over to her:

SOFIA

(spots Karen)

Did you set them all?

Sofia DUCKS a clumsy sword swing as Karen nods quickly. Sofia pauses to CHOP the nearest demon down with the Scythe, then yells back:

SOFIA (cont'd)

Go and tell Frankie! Quick!

Karen scurries towards the command tent, Tsula leading the others out into the fray as we CUT TO:

INT. TOR - MAIN CAMPSITE - COMMAND TENT - NEXT

Karen bursts inside to find Frankie fending off a demon with her rapier!

Danny is grappling another - long jaws like an alligator SNAP towards him as he holds the creature off with a chair!

Dade manages to get behind it, SMASHING a laptop against the back of its skull - but that just gets its attention!

The demon turns slowly towards him, Dade left clutching a broken hunk of laptop...

SHINK! A sword SKEWERS the demon, jutting out through its open mouth. It falls with a THUMP - to reveal Karen.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KAREN

Dude, you really need to start thinking before you act.

With a triumphant SHOUT, Frankie STABS her assailant and lets it fall, the demon tipping over desks and scattering equipment. Frankie turns, seeing Karen:

KAREN (cont'd)

It's done! Do it!

Frankie nods, blowing a lock of hair from her eyes before scooping up the last surviving laptop and rapidly entering a command:

EXT. TOR - CAMPSITE - NEXT

ON THE POLES as the lights blinking on the top-boxes all flick to GREEN, a ripple of ENERGY passing between them!

EXT. TOR - MAIN CAMPSITE - NEXT

Hamish approaches Winstone and another commando, who are busy grappling with two slavering demons.

Distracted, the first commando sees Hamish too late to avoid getting a KNIFE buried in his neck!

WINSTONE

Simmons!

He twists, the momentum sending his demon pitching forward and into Hamish.

The second demon lashes out, claws RAKING across Winstone's leg and knocking him down with a CRY.

He turns, prone on the ground, to see Hamish looming over him, the two demons waiting behind him like loyal pets.

HAMISH

I understand you've been sleeping with my daughter.

WINSTONE

Oh, I'm sorry, did I need your permission?

Hamish just CHUCKLES, holding out a hand - into which one of the demons obediently places a jagged AXE.

HAMISH

It would've been nice, aye, but I'm afraid I'm not one of those liberal dads.

He hefts the axe, ready to strike - Winstone's cornered...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HAMISH (cont'd)
You seem like a nice lad. Don't
take this too personally.

Hamish raises the axe, and Winstone shuts his eyes:

But the axe is GRABBED and WRENCHED from his hands! Hamish
whirls to see:

DELANEY

Using the axe to CRACK one demon's skull before BURYING it in
the next's gut!

Hamish opens his mouth to retort, but Delaney surges forward
and plants a hand on his chest:

FZAM! A BLAZE of light sends Hamish flying back through the
air, sailing clean over the tents and into the field beyond!

DELANEY
Alakazam, jackass.

She reaches out her hand to Winstone, who accepts it with a
grateful smile as she hauls him to her feet.

WINSTONE
You are so awesome.

She gives him a PECK on the lips, patting his cheek.

DELANEY
Thanks, hun. Be right back.

And she's off, back into action, leaving an impressed
Winstone to watch her go as we join:

KIRA

Grappling with Jilhandra, both their hands BURNING with
opposing energy!

Kira catches the wave of energy streaking from pole to pole,
just visible from the corner of her eye between the tents.

With a gap between poles just a few feet behind Jilhandra at
the edge of the campsite, Kira SHIFTS, pulling Jilhandra
round with her.

She now has her back to the gap in the perimeter, and as Kira
suddenly PUSHES with all she's got, Jilhandra is KNOCKED BACK
several feet:

Just out past the poles as the energy from each side of the
barrier connects!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

There's a FLARE of light as a BUBBLE of energy quickly forms over the campsite, sealing it off.

Jilhandra realises what's happened too late, raising a hand to BLAST the barrier with energy - but it holds firm.

Kira wipes blood from her mouth and CHUCKLES, her amusement only heightened by Jilhandra's frustration.

KIRA

On the outside, same as always, eh,
Becky?

And Kira gives her the FINGER before striding back into the campsite proper:

Where the groups of Slayers are just finishing off the last of the demons that were inside the perimeter with them.

More and more cram themselves against the barrier just beyond the tents, their angry cries muffled by the energy.

EXT. TOR - HILLSIDE - NEXT

Celeste and Mela are heading up the hill, following the trail of destruction:

Bodies of Slayers, commandoes and plenty of demons litter the ground underfoot.

Mela tries not to look at the faces of the Slayers, knowing she'll recognise too many of them.

CELESTE

Oh. That's unfortunate.

Mela looks up - sees the protective bubble over the campsite.

MELA

A barrier spell? We should leave them to it. We came here for the Tor, we don't have to bog ourselves down with -

CELESTE

Mela, please. Stop making excuses. And anyway, you're right. Hamish can deal with the Slayers.

She looks to her right - where the winded Hamish is staggering away from where he landed, a gaggle of anxious demons shadowing him.

CELESTE (cont'd)

I assume he can, anyway...

She looks up as a still-fuming Jilhandra approaches.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JILHANDRA

It's the same brand as the one they
locked us inside the Academy with,
and it'll take just as long to
crack.

CELESTE

Then we have work to do.

Mela looks past the camp, towards the Tor, as we CUT TO:

INT. TOR - MAIN CAMPSITE - NEXT

Kira heads over to Greg and Delaney, focused on them despite
the aftermath of bloody battle all around.

KIRA

They'll be going after the Tor.

GREG

How do you -

KIRA

Because it's what I'd do, and much
as I'd like to forget I used to be
one of them. We need to get up
there before they do. Give me your
hands.

Greg and Delaney swap a look, then reach out and each take
one of Kira's hands.

Kira tilts her head back and shuts her eyes - and the trio
GLOW quickly before TELEPORTING away, the light slipping
sideways into nothing.

Sofia looks up - registers the empty space where they were
just standing - and then turns back to her troops.

She catches Winstone, staring at where Delaney was just
standing with a troubled expression. She pats his arm.

SOFIA

She'll be fine. Those three
together? Forget about it.

With Belle sedated, Manu now free to work on bandaging her up
properly, Sofia only has a handful of candidates - every one
of them sporting some injury or other.

SOFIA (cont'd)

Kira, Greg and Delaney have gone
off to secure the Tor and our way
out of here. Frankie, how long will
this barrier hold up?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRANKIE

Long enough.

SOFIA

Works for me. Would you do the honours?

Frankie nods, heading back towards the command tent.

SOFIA (cont'd)

Tori, Reiko, you two stay as my squad leaders. Wounded go first, anyone who can still swing a sword second. Jem, with me.

Sofia starts to move away, and Tori calls out:

TORI

Hang on - 'go' where?

Sofia looks back and just grins as we CUT TO:

INT. TOR - MAIN CAMPSITE - COMMAND TENT - NEXT

Where Frankie and Dade are HEAVING debris out of the way - cargo boxes, demon bodies, broken equipment.

FRANKIE

Still glad you decided to come back?

They share a smile before Frankie takes one corner of the tent's floor canopy and peels it back.

Burned onto the grass beneath is a faint MAGIC CIRCLE, and Frankie crouches over it, muttering an incantation.

Dade looks up as Reiko arrives with the first of the walking wounded - Slayers, commandoes and Watchers alike.

DADE

Ladies! And gentlemen, obviously.
Step right up for the inaugural ride of...

Frankie finishes her spell and steps back - and the circle FADES AWAY to reveal a TUNNEL leading down into the earth!

DADE (cont'd)

The great escape!

Reiko rolls her eyes, supporting a limping Slayer as the duo make their way down into the tunnel:

INT. TOR - TUNNEL - NEXT

The tunnel's high enough to walk down, curving out straight and off into the gloom, occasional SPOT LIGHTS in the wall.

Reiko heads onwards as Fran hops down, waiting for a commando cradling an arm in a sling to follow as we CUT TO:

EXT. GLASTONBURY TOR - NEXT

Celeste, Mela and Jilhandra make their way up the ridged hillside, the Tor tower and ruins before them. The last few Coven Recruits follow.

Celeste suddenly snaps out an arm to stop Mela in her tracks. She turns to Jilhandra:

CELESTE

Send one of them on ahead.

Jilhandra glances back at the recruits - eyes falling on the witch sporting nasty BURNS from the Academy raid.

Jilhandra nods towards the Tor - go on - and the witch puffs her chest out, striding forward proudly.

She passes Celeste and Mela, the worried look on Mela's face suggesting she knows something bad's about to happen.

The witch marches on, getting within six feet of the Tor itself when suddenly:

FWOOSH! She erupts into FLAMES, a quick haze of ENERGY surrounding her as she walks straight into the trap!

HOWLING, she stumbles blindly for a few moments before sinking to the floor, her body still burning.

Apalled, Mela has to turn away - but Celeste puts a hand on her shoulder and turns her back to look anyway.

CELESTE (cont'd)

That would have been you.

MELA

You... you didn't have to send her to her death like that!

CELESTE

Perhaps... but now I know how lethal that trap I sensed is.

Mela's horrified gaze bounces off Celeste as she walks forward, stopping well clear of the edge of the barrier.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CELESTE (cont'd)
I recognise that handiwork.
Marrakech, nineteen eighty-seven.
(beat)
That's right, isn't it?

KIRA (O.S.)
Close. It was Casablanca.

Kira emerges from the shadows within the ruins, looking back towards Celeste outside.

KIRA (cont'd)
We were trying to catch those grave robbers who'd made off with the Etrugyan gems, remember?

CELESTE
Ah, yes. You were a vicious young thing back then, Evelyn.

KIRA
Oh, I'm still vicious now. I'm just much, much better at everything.

The two women pace until they're only a few feet apart, Kira at the edge of the ruins.

KIRA (cont'd)
You're not getting this.
(gestures)
The Tor. Its power. We'll make sure of that.

CELESTE
'We'? Are your dysfunctional family unit in there with you?

On cue, Greg and Delaney step into the moonlight, either side of Kira. Celeste CHUCKLES, amused.

CELESTE (cont'd)
Then this couldn't have worked out any better.

DELANEY
Says the grandma stuck on the outside.

Celeste's amiable demeanour drops in an instant:

CELESTE
(reciting)
*Maggio il fuoco nel sangue bruciare
fino a niente sinistro.*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Kira steps back, eyes wide. Whatever Celeste just said, it was bad. Delaney and Greg swap a puzzled look.

DELANEY

Mom? What did she - ow!

Delaney grimaces, rolling up her sleeve:

BLACK, INKY MARKS, like intricate tattoos, begin to SPREAD across her skin. They look like thorny vines - and they're BLEEDING!

DELANEY (cont'd)

The hell...?

Delaney looks up - and sees similar marks spreading across Kira's skin, also starting to BLEED!

KIRA

No...

Kira looks back to Celeste - who just grins back like this was the most casual thing in the world as we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. TOR - RUINS - NIGHT

Within a covered section of the ruined stone chapel that stands beside the Tor:

As an area of ground starts to FADE AWAY, revealing the darkness of a TUNNEL beyond.

Moments later, Reiko is the first to emerge, helping the wounded Slayer with her to take a seat nearby.

Fran is next, followed by Winstone and his surviving commandoes.

As Sofia pulls herself up and out of the tunnel, she scans the faces of the Slayers, Watchers and commandoes around, looking for:

Kira, Greg and Delaney, up near the back wall of the chapel. Sofia hurries over, but slows as she nears them:

Her eyes widen at the sight of Kira and Delaney, the Coven di Fuoco TATTOOS standing out on their skin, with BLOOD oozing from the intricate vine patterns!

Sofia looks to Greg, mouth open in shock - and the desperation in his features tells her the rest.

GREG

It was Celeste, she... she did something to them, and I don't know how to -

KIRA

(snaps)
Gregory!

She WINCES, the effort of speaking obviously hurting. Delaney looks similarly pained.

KIRA (cont'd)

For goodness' sake, stop whining and grow a pair, or we're both dead!

SOFIA

What's happening to you?

Sofia glances round as she's joined by Frankie.

FRANKIE

Fils de pute...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KIRA

(coughs)

That dried-up old witch poisoned
our Coven blood tattoos.

SOFIA

So how do we stop it?

KIRA

We can't. Blood tattoo being the
operative word. Short of a full
body transfusion, the mystical
imprint in our DNA is going to
quite literally eat us from the
inside out.

Delaney COUGHS, covering her mouth, and as she lowers her
hand it's spotted with BLOOD.

FRANKIE

I will 'elp. Tell me what to do.

KIRA

(irritated)

Weren't you listening? There's
nothing you can do!

FRANKIE

I 'ave my laptop, I can access our
files, and nobody knows our
mystical library better than
Catherine, per'aps something in
there can -

DELANEY

Don't bother. Kira's right.

Delaney WHEEZES, hunched over and having difficulty
breathing. Flustered, Greg blurts out:

GREG

I'm not just going to sit here and
watch you both die!

DELANEY

So stop sitting and find us a way
out of here!

SOFIA

The escape portal. It's our only
option. Can you...

KIRA

(shakes head)

Not while I'm like this. It'll only
accelerate the damage.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

GREG

Oh, my God...

Sofia goes to Greg, his hands running through his hair as he watches his mother and sister deteriorate.

SOFIA

Greg. Greg! Hey! Come on. We need you. They need you.

GREG

I... I don't...

She grips his shoulders firmly, turning him to face her.

SOFIA

(firm)

We're all going to die if we can't figure this out, so remember you're the Headmaster and get a grip!

He exhales - risking a look back at Kira and Delaney - then nods, following as Sofia leads him back to the others.

They don't have much - Belle's out cold, the others are sporting various injuries and Winstone's force is down to three men, one nursing a broken leg.

Douglas, Catherine and two other Watchers are all that remains of the faculty, helping Danny and Dade set their laptops back up.

Manu heads over, wiping his brow - other people's BLOOD is smeared across his clothing.

GREG

Damage report?

MANU

We don't have much in the way of medical supplies, just what we could carry when we evacuated. Whoever's hurt right now is going to have to stay that way.

SOFIA

Greg, how long will the barrier you three put up around here last?

GREG

As long as Kira does. It's tuned to her body's electrical signature, so the weaker she gets...

SOFIA

In other words, we need a plan 'C' and we need it now.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

GREG

First things first - seal up the
tunnel from the campsite.

Patty perks up, and Sofia makes eye contact with her,
affirming whatever Patty's planning with a nod.

As Patty hurries over to the tunnel entrance, Greg approaches
Winstone.

GREG (cont'd)

How are you set for weapons and
explosives?

He nods towards a bundle of RIFLES nearby, along with two
heavy CARGO CRATES.

WINSTONE

Shoulda brought those remote sentry
guns from the truck, but we'll
manage. What d'you have in mind?

GREG

Our original plan, should we ever
end up taking refuge in here if the
camp was compromised, was to set up
a defensive perimeter while our
magic users opened up an escape
portal to the nearest safehouse.

WINSTONE

And now?

GREG

Let's assume we don't have an
escape portal. Our only bet is to
hold out here until reinforcements
arrive.

WINSTONE

Like I said earlier, I can't tell
you when that'll be. If ever.

GREG

Then we'd better hope somebody got
your message.

Winstone looks past him - sees Delaney at last.

WINSTONE

(face falls)

Oh, no...

As he hurries over to her, Sofia steps past, heading over to
Karen and the others.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

SOFIA
(looks round)
Where's Chloe?

Karen bows her head, and Sofia CURSES.

SOFIA (cont'd)
Alright, I want you three helping
Winstone's team to set up the best
kind of defence we can muster given
our supplies. The Coven aren't
going to be kept out for long, we
need to be ready for them when
they're in. Otherwise -

FOOM! A muffled EXPLOSION has everyone spinning round:

But it's just Patty, wafting away SMOKE rising from the
tunnel entrance.

PATTY
(casual)
Tunnel's sealed.

Kira CRIES OUT, and as the others turn Sofia and Greg hurry
back over:

Kira is doubled over, a hand pressed to her gut. BLOOD is
pooling around her, more dripping from her exposed skin every
passing moment.

Winstone is trying to bandage Delaney, her sleeves rolled
back to show the inky marks winding back up her arms.

SOFIA
(off Kira)
Is she -

KIRA
Perfectly fine, you bloody idiot.
How does it look like I'm doing?

SOFIA
Kira, I know you're in pain -

KIRA
How observant.

SOFIA
(scowls)
But if you could stop sassing me
for five pissing seconds, then
maybe we could actually figure out
how to do something here!

Kira looks up, Sofia simmering with anger and frustration.
Kira COUGHS, waving for Sofia to continue.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

SOFIA (cont'd)

(exhales)

Right. Sorry. We can't keep the Coven out for long, and we've had to seal the campsite tunnel to stop the demons using that as a quick way in here. What else?

DELANEY

(weak)

What about the Tor?

(off looks)

We're sitting on a geyser of magical energy, aren't we? Celeste wants to steal it, so I say we use it first. Tap it out to get us out of here, and don't leave her a drop behind.

KIRA

Not bad. Clearly we need to get poisoned more often.

Winstone shoots her a dark look, but she's past caring.

SOFIA

How can we make that happen?

KIRA

We'll need a conduit. Something to channel the power below, otherwise it'll be like punching a hole in the Hoover Dam and trying to catch the water in a tea cup.

GREG

(to Sofia)

We'll figure this out. You get the girls ready for action.

She nods, a last look at Delaney - who lies back, pale from blood loss, Winstone hovering over her - and as Sofia moves away, we DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. TOR - LATER

Outside the Tor, where the demon army has set up camp - pockets and groups of different varieties huddle together for warmth, CAMPFIREs dotted around the Tor and ruins.

Further back, Celeste waits with Mela, Hamish and Jilhandra, watching the last two Coven recruits working on breaking down the spell barrier.

CELESTE

We should be able to get through in the next few hours.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MELA

That poison spell you hit Kira and Delaney with, will it...

CELESTE

Kill them? Oh, yes. If you're wondering whether it was going to affect you, the answer to that should be clear by now.

MELA

You shouldn't make them suffer.

JILHANDRA

I happen to think that's exactly what we should make them do.

MELA

(turns on her)

We're not here to fight them! We just came here for the power of the Tor, not so we could -

HAMISH

If we don't wipe the Slayers out now we've got them cornered, they'll never stop trying to get in our way. They're known for that.

Mela glares at him - not helping.

JILHANDRA

Meanwhile, I'm starting to question your loyalties. Again.

MELA

Don't bother. I don't have any loyalty to you.

JILHANDRA

(amused)

Developing a spine at last, are we?

Mela steps forward, ready to swing for Jilhandra - but Hamish blocks her with an arm. Jilhandra LAUGHS.

JILHANDRA (cont'd)

Start proving to me that you're any more use to this Coven than a novelty paperweight, and I might start taking you more seriously.

She glances at Celeste - who remains passive - before heading away. Mela SEETHES, and Hamish stands before her.

HAMISH

You need to stay in control.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MELA

With her pushing my buttons every chance she gets?

HAMISH

And you think facing your old classmates again is going to be any better?

MELA

I... that's different.

CELESTE

No, it isn't.

Celeste joins them - noticeably pushing Hamish out of Mela's focus, much to his annoyance.

CELESTE (cont'd)

If you think they're going to stay their blades because you used to eat your lunch with them, then don't. You're with us now, Mela. To them, you're no different from any one of those demon thugs -

HAMISH

They're not 'thugs'.

CELESTE

(beat)

You're the enemy in their eyes. It's commendable that you're trying to show them mercy, and don't think I haven't noticed how conflicted you must be feeling, but you're wasting your energy if you think there's any way we can walk away from here without taking care of the Academy first.

Mela sags, the awful truth a heavy burden on her shoulders. She slips away, heading off alone to get some air.

HAMISH

She's not ready to -

Celeste rounds on Hamish, her maternal demeanour gone.

CELESTE

Don't tell me how to handle my own granddaughter.

HAMISH

(scoffs)

I've been more like a parent to her than you ever have!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

HAMISH (cont'd)

Who's been there for her when her mother - your daughter - was wasting away in some hovel? Me. Who trained her how to control and develop her magic? I did. And who -

CELESTE

If you think for one second I'm going to let you have any more influence over her than you already have, then your position within my Coven will come to a sudden and decisive end.

HAMISH

Is that a threat I hear?

CELESTE

It's a statement. Interpret it however you see fit.

She walks away, calling back:

CELESTE (cont'd)

Just know this - when the time comes, she'll listen to me.

She leaves him with that, Hamish fuming as we CUT TO:

EXT. TOR - RUINS - NIGHT

Sofia and Jem walk along, patrolling the perimeter of the ruins - plenty of stone walls for cover even without the occasional FLICKER of the barrier overhead.

Sofia glances back into the main building, seeing the huddles of survivors. Jem reads her expression, interrupting with:

JEM

You won't be able to save them all.

Sofia rounds on her, but Jem remains impassive - it's a statement, not an opinion. No snark.

JEM (cont'd)

And you know it.

SOFIA

Maybe I'm not ready to accept it.

JEM

No, but when that barrier comes down - and based on recent experience, it will come down - then you need to remember it's not up to you to get everyone out of here in one piece.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Sofia looks away, knuckles whitening as she grips the Scythe tightly.

JEM (cont'd)

May I?

Sofia looks back - Jem motions towards the Scythe.

JEM (cont'd)

I'm not likely to get another chance.

Sofia blinks, looks down, then offers the Scythe to her. Jem take sit, raising the weapon, giving it a few experimental swings. She grins, impressed.

JEM (cont'd)

Oh, I like this. How did you get your hands on it?

SOFIA

Inheritance.

JEM

What does it do? Besides kill vampires and witches, I mean.

SOFIA

(narrows eyes)

Who says it 'does' anything?

JEM

The way my blood seems to hum every time I come within six feet of it, for one. There's a lot power in this thing, waiting to be used.

Jem holds the Scythe back out, Sofia reclaiming it.

JEM (cont'd)

Would it have anything to do with the plan you've been percolating since we arrived?

SOFIA

Maybe... I'm not sure yet.

(beat; grins)

Still percolating.

JEM

Whatever you're planning on doing with it, I hope you can make it count. You won't have time to get to plan 'b', if you even have one.

She walks on, leaving a thoughtful Sofia to look back at the Scythe in her hands as we CUT TO:

INT. TOR - RUINS - NEXT

Fran sits up against a low wall, sharpening a KNIFE with steady, even strokes. Focused. Distant.

Reiko eases herself down beside her, watching Fran for several beats until Fran stops and turns to her.

REIKO
Who's it for?

FRAN
You know who.

REIKO
Maybe I need to hear you say it.
Maybe you need to say it to realise
how crazy it sounds.

FRAN
She betrayed us, Reiko. People are
dead because of her.

REIKO
We don't know everything. We don't
know what they've done to her, what
they've got over her to make her -

FRAN
(interrupts)
She chose them.

Reiko shuts up. Fran returns to sharpening the blade.

FRAN (cont'd)
That's the truth. The only fact we
need to know. Mela chose them over
us...
(raises the knife)
... and now we have to stop her.

Disturbed, Reiko looks for any trace of emotion in Fran's expression, but there's none to be found as we CUT TO:

WINSTONE sleeps next to Delaney, who turns in her sleep, most of her exposed skin now covered with bandages.

She shifts, restless, and sits up, SCRATCHING at the bandages - which only makes fresh BLOOD stain them. She exhales.

DELANEY
Damn it...

KIRA (O.S.)
They itch, don't they?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Delaney looks up to see Kira watching her, also bandaged, also with patches of blood seeping through. She offers Delaney a wry smile, which she returns.

Delaney carefully gets up, worming away from Winstone without disturbing him, and joins her mother.

KIRA (cont'd)
I can't sleep either.

DELANEY
Oh, I'd love to sleep. Slowly
bleeding to death tends to get in
the way of that.

A humourless smile from Kira. A long beat of silence.

KIRA
Do you still have my letter?
(off look)
The one I gave you and Greg just
before we marched on the Council
building. Seems like a long -

Delaney's already produced the LETTER, a sealed envelope, from within her jacket. She shrugs.

DELANEY
You never know, right?

Kira takes her other hand and squeezes.

DELANEY (cont'd)
Mom? Are we... are we gonna die?

She sounds almost childlike, vulnerable. A rare moment.

KIRA
I don't know. I hope not, but -

GREG (O.S.)
No. You're not.

The girls look up as Greg joins them, a few rolls of fresh BANDAGE in his hands.

GREG (cont'd)
This is the last of what we've got.
Lots of people have been bravely
sacrificing t-shirts to make sure
we had enough for you both.

KIRA
(tuts)
They shouldn't have to do that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

He hands Kira the bandages, reaching into his blazer - and he produces his own LETTER.

GREG
(off Delaney)
What she said.

Kira bows her head, smiling - but there's a rare TEAR in her eye as she looks back up.

KIRA
I'm sorry.

DELANEY
For what?

KIRA
For everything. All the trouble
I've caused you both, the pain I've
put you through, the blood on all
our hands because of the messes
I've left behind, all of this...

She waves a hand to indicate the survivors, but Greg takes her hands, holding them.

GREG
Everything, and I mean every single
thing that has happened to all
three of us, from before we were
born up until right now, was meant
to happen.

DELANEY
Even the part where you tied me to
a chair and beat me up?

He shoots her a look. She manages a weak grin - just messin'.

GREG
I honestly believe that. I have to.
I'm not saying it's destiny,
because I don't believe in that...
I'm saying that our experiences,
good or bad, make us who we are,
and if we all hadn't survived each
and every one of the many, many
things that have come our way...

Delaney lays her hand over his and Kira's.

DELANEY
Then we wouldn't be together right
now. Knowing we're a family. A
crazy, screwed up mess of a thing,
yeah... but still family.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Greg smiles, and Kira manages to hold her composure for a moment - before with a SOB she grabs them both in a tight embrace, TEARS rolling down her cheeks.

KIRA

I love you both so much... I never
knew... I never realised until I
was about to... to...

She WILTS suddenly, slumping in their arms, and as Delaney pulls away, alarmed, Greg struggles to hold Kira as they both slump towards the ground.

GREG

Kira? Kira! Wake up! Kira!

He looks up - several Slayers have heard the alarm, rising to see what's going on.

Sofia hurries over, her eyes widening as she sees the unconscious Kira, quickly looking out past the perimeter:

EXT. TOR - RUINS - NEXT

Where Mela stands alone, eyes closed, waiting...

As with a warm HUM of sound and a ripple of LIGHT like something peeling back, the barrier around the ruins falls!

Mela's eyes snap open - in an instant, Celeste is right beside her.

CELESTE

It's time.

Mela whirls, alarmed - and sees Hamish's army of demons is already up and on its feet, CHANTING hungrily for action!

Mela spins back towards the ruins, her desperate expression betraying her emotions, until one word rings out:

HAMISH

Attack!

And as the demons explode into an almighty, discordant CRY of battle, hundreds of them surging forward in a great sea of bodies, weapons, claws, tails and fangs, we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

EXT. TOR - RUINS - NIGHT

PUSH TOWARDS the ruins surrounding the Tor as Hamish's demon army surge forward beneath us...

... and the first (and only) wave of Slayers emerge from within the ruins to face them!

Winstone pushes through to the front, LOADING his rifle and raising a hand.

WINSTONE

Wait...

ON THE DEMONS as they thunder forwards, closing the ground between them and the ruins at frightening speed.

WINSTONE (cont'd)

(slower)

Wait...

Slayers fidget, eyes wide and fearful, gripping their weapons.

Sofia glances up and down what passes for the battle line - twenty girls and a handful of faculty.

THE DEMONS are now seconds away, the closest HOWLING hideously in anticipation...

All eyes turn to Winstone...

WINSTONE (cont'd)

Now!

Patty and two of his commandos punch their palms down onto REMOTE CONTROLS in their hands:

And a series of EXPLOSIONS punch through the ground surrounding the ruins, scattering demons into the air!

WINSTONE (cont'd)

Open fire!

His commandoes start SHOOTING at the demons, with Danny, Catherine and Douglas all armed and joining in!

Bullets SLAM into the first wave of demons, toppling several and bowling over those caught in the stampede...

... but there are too many to slow down, dozens of them vaulting the outer walls of the ruins and closing in!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SOFIA

Charge!

Scythe held high, Sofia races ahead as the commandoes fan out, giving covering fire as the Slayers push forward.

The girls CRASH into the demons, quickly forming into twos and threes, back to back, as they HACK, CHOP and SLICE at the assorted demons crowding them.

Many fall, weapons SCYTHING into flesh, PIERCING flesh and CRACKING bones.

Sofia, face twisted in rage, SWEEPS her Scythe in great arcs, sending detached LIMBS flying and scattering demons all around her.

She risks a look back towards the ruins:

INT. TOR - RUINS - NEXT

Where Danny, Catherine and Douglas keep FIRING, Dade waiting nearby with his arms full of ammo to reload their shotguns.

He looks towards the rear of the ruins:

Where Greg is desperately trying to rouse Kira, her body limp even as he SHAKES her.

GREG

Kira... Kira! Come on! You have to wake up!

Delaney lays a hand on his arm, pulling him away.

DELANEY

Forget it. She's too far gone.

GREG

No, we - we can't -

DELANEY

I'll do it.

(off look)

The conduit. The finger in the dam, whatever. I'll do it.

GREG

Delaney, no, you're too weak, there's no way you'll be able to withstand -

DELANEY

We don't have a choice! Either you get out there and start blasting to buy me enough time to get the spell going, or we're all dead anyway!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She SHOVES him with as much strength as she can muster.

DELANEY (cont'd)
Now go, damn it!

Greg hesitates - agonising - but tears himself away, racing out to join the fray outside.

Delaney slumps, wincing - every movement hurts - before taking a deep breath. Eyes closed. Focusing.

DELANEY (cont'd)
Alright...

She opens her eyes - which are GLOWING WHITE!

DELANEY (cont'd)
Let's do this.

She plants a hand on the ground, which also starts to GLOW around her as we CUT TO:

EXT. TOR - RUINS - NEXT

One Slayer is GRABBED by three shaggy-haired, muscular demons, her CRIES for help quickly drowned as she vanishes under a sea of clawed limbs.

A commando is IMPALED by a barbed spear that slams into his chest, dropping to the ground.

Winstone CURSES, twisting to hurl a GRENADE into the mass of demons around them.

Tori and Reiko are back to back, both using swords to do the damage - Tori fully VAMPED OUT and snarling.

Through all the chaos strides Hamish, smirking wickedly as he homes in on the nearest group of fighters - Patty and Della, holding off the demons surrounding them.

Della spots him first - then realises the demons are backing off, giving their master room.

DELLA
Patty...

Patty turns to see Hamish, narrowing her eyes.

PATTY
(huffs)
Perfect.

The girls face Hamish as he approaches, the demons respectfully waiting back as he deftly passes his AXE from hand to hand.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HAMISH
You ready, girls?

PATTY
For you? Any time.

He GRINS - then surges forward, axe SLICING down!

Della gets her sword up, but the force of the blow staggers her, and Hamish twists to KICK her in the chest!

She stumbles back, into the surrounding demons - who SHOVE her back into the fight, HOOTING their excitement!

Patty trades blows but Hamish is too damn fast - he CUTS her across her arm and leg before a BACKHAND knocks her down.

Della staggers back, off balance, and barely gets her sword up in time to fend off his next attack.

HAMISH
Have to say, ladies, I'm almost disappointed.

He casually KICKS the recovering Patty across the jaw.

HAMISH (cont'd)
I didnae realise that me taking
your power would make you all such
easy fights!

He grabs Della's arm and TWISTS - she drops her sword with a YELL, left wide open.

HAMISH (cont'd)
Not that it matters...

He tosses the axe aside, snatching up a KNIFE from his belt - and SLICING it across Della's throat!

PATTY
No... no!!

Della GASPS, eyes bulging, as Hamish tosses the blade away.

HAMISH
... you were all dead the moment
you took us on anyway.

He lets Della drop, and she crashes to the ground before Patty. Her lifeless eyes stare back at Patty, who EXPLODES:

PATTY
You bastard! I'll kill you!

She's up and ATTACKING in a heartbeat, raining blows down on Hamish - who calmly blocks every one.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

HAMISH

It's endearing, really.

CRACK! He clocks her on the bridge of her nose, BLOOD pouring as she staggers back.

HAMISH (cont'd)

Endearing, but pointless.

Swaying, Patty just GRINS with bloody teeth as Hamish recovers his axe to finish her...

... and she produces a small BOMB from her jacket!

PATTY

Tick, tock, ass.

She HURLS the bomb towards Hamish, breaking off into a sprint away as the demons around her cower:

But one DIVES between Hamish and the bomb, which DETONATES and sends both the demon and Hamish flying back!

SOFIA's head snaps round as she hears the explosion, but she and Jem are knee deep in their own mess.

JEM

Sofia!

She turns - Jem is struggling with two demons, long, canine jaws SNAPPING at her.

Sofia TOSSES her the Scythe - Jem nimbly twists round, snatches it from the air and CHOPS:

And the demons hit the deck! Jem smiles, TWIRLING the Scythe round before deftly passing it back to Sofia:

Who spins on her heel to RAM the stake end into the chest of an incoming warrior demon!

It GURGLES as she wrenches the bloody stake free - but as it falls, more are closing to take its place.

Her heart falling, Sofia looks back towards the Tor:

INT. TOR - RUINS - NEXT

Where Delaney is now the centre of a growing, blazing MAGIC CIRCLE of pure energy, spiderwebbing out around her.

Her hair is buffeted by winds only she can feel, her eyes BURNING with white light.

She SPASMS, too weak to control the energy pulsing through her, fresh BLOOD dribbling from her bandages...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Until a HAND grabs hers, and she turns:

It's Kira, roused at last and pulling herself upright, face tight with determination.

KIRA

Allow me.

She gently pushes Delaney out of the magic circle - which instantly centres itself around her, BLAZING more intensely with the ghostly white light.

DELANEY

(breathless)

Mom... don't...

Kira rises, arms by her sides, head back, body pulled taut as the Tor's energy flows through her.

KIRA

(teeth clenched)

Get everyone inside... now!

Delaney hauls herself to her feet, stumbling towards the open archway where the faculty members are still FIRING:

EXT. TOR - RUINS - NEXT

But as she leans against the doorway, what she sees outside doesn't fill her with much hope:

THE DEMON ARMY fills every inch of space, the brave Slayers and commandoes still fighting lost amidst the horde.

Jilhandra stalks through the bloodshed, stepping over fallen demon bodies until she spies Frankie:

Who is currently HAMMERING the pommel of her rapier against the exposed skull of one troublesome demon.

Jilhandra smirks, raises a hand, and sends a lancing bolt of ENERGY at Frankie that BLASTS her off her feet!

FRANKIE sails back through the air, landing with a hard THUD - right at the feet of a towering, bear-sized demon!

Stunned, she looks up as it rears up, ready to strike...

GREG (O.S.)

Frankie! Get down!

She ducks - and a FIREBALL slams into the demon, igniting its furry body and sending it stumbling backwards, HOWLING!

Greg hurries into frame, scooping up Frankie and ushering her away from the beast - which lumbers blindly into other demons, causing even more chaos.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ELSEWHERE, the smoking, chewed up corpse of a demon shifts and stirs before it's hauled away - revealing a blood-spattered Hamish beneath, winded but unhurt.

Two demons help him to his feet, Hamish wiping away some of the gore staining his clothes.

HAMISH
(snarling)
Find that little Asian bitch and
bring her to me!

They scamper away, Hamish rolling his shoulders before picking his axe back up and getting stuck back in.

FRAN fights beside NADINE, the girls giving their all as they take on a pair of fast, jittery scarab-esque creatures.

They have STINGERS which they whip round like tails, one managing to SCRATCH Nadine's arm with its barb.

She clutches a hand to the wound - then starts to wilt. The barbs are poisoned!

NADINE
Fran... help...

She WILTS, Fran quickly twisting to catch her as she falls. The demons loom over her, leering:

Before something picks them up and HURLS them aside! Fran blinks, stunned, and looks up:

To see MELA staring back at her, lowering her hand.

For a heartbeat, all sound drains away. The two former lovers lock gazes, Fran's jaw hanging...

... and then Mela's gone. The sound of battle returns as Mela vanishes into the crowd of bodies, leaving a dumbfounded Fran to struggle with the unconscious Nadine.

DELANEY, eyes flicking left and right as she tries to take in the chaos, spots what she needs:

A FLARE GUN, which she fumbles with before stepping out into the open and aiming it straight upwards.

She FIRES, the flare SWOOSHING up into the night sky. Winstone is at her side in moments, nodding as she leans her weary body against him.

WINSTONE
Everybody, back inside the ruins!

The faculty members at the wall fall back, hurrying inside the ruined building proper.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SOFIA looks up, spotting the slowly descending flare, and starts to retreat towards the ruins.

SOFIA

That's the signal! Get back!

Pausing to CRACK the Scythe's blade against a demon that POUNCES for her, she and Jem hurry backwards.

They've cleared enough of a space to allow them all to retreat - but the demons are closing ranks fast.

Fran half drags Nadine alongside her, desperately trying to make up the ground - but skeletal DEMONS are closing in:

Until Greg storms in, hands BLAZING with energy as he barks a foreign incantation, a wall of power bowling the demons over!

Reiko staggers back, badly wounded by now, but the still-fresh Tori has her back, PUNCHING OUT a reptilian warrior that gets too close.

At the entrance to the ruined building, Danny counts the survivors in until Sofia and Jem join him.

SOFIA (cont'd)

Is that everyone?

DANNY

Where's Tsula and Karen?

Jem glances back - there they are, cut off by a wall of gibbering, simian demons attacking them.

JEM

I'll get them.

SOFIA

Jem, no! Wait!

But she's off, bounding over fallen bodies as she races towards the stranded pair.

Sofia keeps watching even as she's pulled inside by Tori, Winstone and the surviving commando getting into the archway to lay down a barrage of FIRE against the demons.

TSULA AND KAREN are back to back, worn down by the battle but keeping up the offensive, even as the demons draw in...

Until Jem CRASHES into them, barging several demons aside to create an opening.

Her sword SKEWERS one, a flurry of STRIKES down another, and she grabs that one to use as a BATTERING RAM to push back several more!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JEM

Did you miss the alarm call, girls?

Karen smiles, grateful, the trio taking a step to leave:

A KNIFE slams into her arm, and Karen staggers from the impact, crashing to the floor!

Stunned, Tsula and Jem whirl round:

HAMISH

With even more slaverling, bloodthirsty demons behind him, dusting his hands theatrically. He turns to a demon:

HAMISH

Told you I could hit her from here.
That'll be a fiver you owe me.

Jem keeps her eyes on him as he slowly advances.

JEM

Tsula, isn't it? Listen to me. Get Karen up and run. Head straight for the ruins, don't look back.

TSULA

No. I don't run from a fight. And I'm not leaving you to face him.

JEM

Then we're all dead. At least if you two make it, this rapidly disintegrating plan of mine can have achieved something!

Tsula hesitates, but an urgent SHOVE from Jem gets her moving at last. Jem tenses up, sword raised as she faces Hamish.

JEM (cont'd)

I take it you're the man in charge?

HAMISH

(mock bow)

I am that.

JEM

Good. Then when I kill you, it'll matter for more than one of these cannon fodder demons.

HAMISH

(chuckles)

She's got balls! I like that.

Jem hears a strangled CRY from behind her, and turns:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

To see Tsula, lifted up into the air - Jilhandra stands before her, hand raised, holding Tsula aloft by magic.

Tsula CHOKES, hands clawing at her throat to fight for air - until Jilhandra CLENCHES her fist, and with a SNAP, Tsula's neck BREAKS.

Jilhandra lets her DROP, looking back to Jem - and placing a mocking hand over her mouth. Oops.

HAMISH (cont'd)

As you can see, even the ones I
liked are on the same list.

FURTHER BACK, Mela stares at Tsula's lifeless, sprawled body with wide, shocked eyes, looking first to Jilhandra and then to Hamish.

Her expression hardens, seeing Hamish so eager to murder another Slayer in cold blood.

She glances to her side - sees Karen having made it to freedom dashing back into the ruins - and allows herself a small smile before turning back to the fight:

Jem's lip curls, shaking with anger - until with a startlingly vicious CRY, she LAUNCHES herself at Hamish!

He charges forward to meet her, axe raised, everything falling into SLOW MOTION:

Jem LEAPS into the air, sword raised to hack down.

Hamish starts to twist, bringing his axe up in a low arc.

Jem descends, mouth open as she YELLS - but Hamish has moved too fast for her.

His axe is coming up towards her, and she's got nowhere to land but right on its blade.

She tries to shift but her momentum carries her on, her sword SWINGING wide.

Hamish DUCKS the blade, and just as Jem connects with the edge of the axe, we CUT TO:

EXT. TOR - RUINS - NEXT

Where, looking out from within the ruins, Sofia snaps her head away, unable to watch Jem's demise.

She backs away, Winstone and his comrade tossing SMOKE GRENADES outside the bay the survivors some time.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Further back, Kira is now the centre of a great PILLAR of white light, tendrils of energy snaking across the ground and up the walls all around her.

Sofia reaches out to Greg, who looks drained from his exertions outside, same as the rest of them.

SOFIA

(off Kira)

Can she do this? Get us all out of here, I mean?

GREG

I don't know... the power she's tapping into, it's far beyond anything we've ever used before. It's old. It's why Roland wanted to steal it - the magic here stretches back centuries.

Sofia turns to Winstone as he jogs over.

WINSTONE

We put up a perimeter of tear gas, but given I'm not sure half the things out there even need to breathe, that might not help us.

SOFIA

It's a start. Once Kira's drawn off enough power to jam open an escape portal, we can at least get ourselves out of this rat trap, before -

CRUNCH! Everyone turns to see part of the back wall CAVE IN, crumbling to rubble as if flattened by some colossal hand.

And through the smoke, striding boldly and unaffected, comes Celeste, with Mela, Hamish and Jilhandra flanking.

CELESTE

There you all are.

The Academy survivors huddle together, weapons raised - but that just makes Celeste GRIN.

CELESTE (cont'd)

Really, this is starting to get a little ridiculous. I think we can all say you've given it your best shot by now, so I promise we'll make this quick if you just -

With a CRY of effort, Kira SWEEPS one her arms out before, sending a WAVE of glittering energy cascading across the survivors before her!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

They all GLOW with the same light and then simply FADE AWAY, leaving only a handful - Greg, Delaney, Winstone and Sofia, who were stood away from the rest.

Kira SLUMPS, almost falling to her knees, Delaney hurrying over to her.

Celeste blinks, before she SNARLS in frustration, striding forward and raising a hand:

CELESTE (cont'd)
You wretched little -

She launches a blast of ENERGY at the group - but Greg gets his hands up, conjuring a BARRIER that stops it dead!

He grimaces, straining to keep the field up as Celeste intensifies her beam of energy, light CRACKLING around them.

Delaney helps Kira to her feet - BLOOD drips even from her eyes now, but Kira is managing a victorious smirk.

KIRA
One-nil, you dried up old witch...

SOFIA
Where are they? What happened?

KIRA
I couldn't open up a portal, so I decided to apply the theory in reverse...

SOFIA
You teleported them out of here?
All of them? Where to?

KIRA
Somewhere safe. They'll be fine.
We have bigger problems.

Sofia looks back - Greg sinks to one knee, struggling to keep Celeste's energy beam contained.

Behind him, DARK SHADOWS make their way through the smoke, as row after row of DEMONS emerge to line up behind the Coven!

Jilhandra raises an eyebrow, taunting the Academy group to try something - anything. Like it'd make a difference.

And as Kira, Delaney and Sofia glare back at their adversaries, we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

INT. TOR - RUINS - NIGHT

Face off. Sofia, Delaney, and Winstone, with Kira behind still enveloped in a pillar of white light.

Staring them down, Jilhandra, Hamish, Mela and a growing assortment of DEMONS blundering through the thick SMOKE billowing past outside.

And in the middle, Celeste keeps her beam of energy pushing against the barrier Greg is just about holding up...

GREG
(strained)
If anybody has any ideas...

KIRA
Delaney!

Delaney takes a few steps back, her eyes fixed on Hamish as she hears Kira.

DELANEY
Whatever it is, mom, it's gonna
have to wait until -

KIRA
Give me your hands.

Delaney blinks - then reaches out to take Kira's outstretched hands.

Delaney suddenly BLAZES with bright light, GASPING as power blasts through her:

WINSTONE
(shouts)
Hit 'em!

And he starts SHOOTING, emptying his ammo into the demons as Sofia surges forward, Scythe raised!

Mela meets her halfway, bringing up her SWORD to block Sofia mid-charge.

SOFIA
I suppose it's too late to ask
'why', isn't it?

MELA
It was too late before we even met.

Mela SHIFTS her weight, slipping past Sofia.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Hamish intercepts Winstone, who tries to snap his gun round for a close-quarters hit, but Hamish SIDESTEPS and CLOCKS Winstone with an elbow.

He hits the deck, ROLLING to avoid Hamish' bloody AXE as it chops down, narrowly missing his head.

Greg's barrier finally falters, and Celeste's beam SLAMS into him, bowling him off his feet!

DELANEY

Greg!

Still GLOWING, she tries to tear herself away but Kira's grip keeps her held fast.

DELANEY (cont'd)

Mom, let me go! I have to...

She trails off, blinking rapidly - as she realises her BLOOD TATTOOS are fading away!

Kira stiffens, body held tight with effort - as her own tattoos DARKEN and SPREAD, the thorny vines twisting across even more of her body!

DELANEY (cont'd)

What are you doing?

KIRA

Giving you... a chance...

With a GASP she releases Delaney, who falls back, the light leaving her body before she lands.

And her tattoos are GONE. Delaney wipes at herself - what blood was there SMEARS, but as she tears at her bandages, she finds her skin is clear.

JILHANDRA (O.S.)

Self-sacrifice really doesn't suit you, Evelyn...

Delaney turns - Jilhandra is approaching, her hands CRACKLING with fiery red MAGIC.

JILHANDRA (cont'd)

... anybody'd think you were going soft in your old age!

Jilhandra casually tosses a blast of energy at Delaney, not really looking:

But when Delaney DEFLECTS it - surprised herself at how quickly her powers have returned - Jilhandra stops in her tracks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JILHANDRA (cont'd)
(smirk falling)
Oh. I was hoping this'd be a little
easier.

Delaney rises, GRINNING wickedly - she's still woozy but
there's fire in her belly where it counts.

DELANEY
Please bring it on.

Jilhandra SNARLS, pulsing forward to attack, and as Delaney
meets her halfway we rejoin:

SOFIA

As she spars with Mela, neither gaining the upper hand as the
girls dance around each other.

Every blow is parried, every strike avoided or returned,
their moves practised and fluid.

MELA
We're here for the Tor's power, not
for you! Get out of our way and
we'll -

SOFIA
You're in no position to make
demands, Mela! You betrayed us!

MELA
And you're saying you don't know
what that's like?

Sofia hesitates - and Mela SWEEPS her legs away, sending
Sofia to the floor.

Sofia neatly BACKFLIPS up, but straight into a KICK to her
gut that floors her again, dropping the Scythe.

Mela stands over her, stamping a foot down on Sofia's chest
and pressing the tip of her sword to Sofia's throat.

MELA (cont'd)
I mean it, Sofia. Don't get up.

SOFIA
(tensed)
You know... I will...

Mela nods - almost sadly.

MELA
Yeah... I know.

And she raises the sword to strike:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

KA-BOOM! The ruins are suddenly ROCKED by a chain of EXPLOSIONS that strafe along the ground outside!

Demons are sent FLYING in all directions as more DETONATIONS blast through their ranks.

Those within the ruins are knocked off-balance - Sofia recovering, grabbing the Scythe and getting to her feet.

HAMISH

What the hell is -

CRACK! Winstone lands a solid HOOK across his jaw.

WINSTONE

That'd be me, being true to my word.

He looks up through the gaping holes torn out of the ruins' walls:

EXT. ABOVE THE TOR - NIGHT

As in the sky overhead, two FIGHTER PLANES streak past, banking sharply as they swing around for another run.

PAN DOWN rapidly to see dozens of LIGHTS approaching the Tor - VEHICLES, bouncing over the uneven terrain.

INT. TOR - RUINS - NEXT

The demons massed outside are in disarray, picking themselves up from the smoking craters left by the bombing run.

Fresh plumes of SMOKE are now filling the open ruins, obscuring the combatants within.

Winstone KICKS the downed Hamish, not giving him a chance to get up as he draws a pistol and SHOOTS Hamish in the leg!

WINSTONE

Stay on the ground, asshole.

Winstone glances over his shoulder:

Jilhandra and Delaney trade blows, but not actual punches - they're fighting with MAGIC, sending short-range blasts and bursts of power to and fro.

Sofia and Mela are still scrapping, but Sofia's got the advantage now, forcing Mela back with every new blow.

WINSTONE (cont'd)

(frowns)

Hey, where's -

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

POW! He's blown off his feet by a blast of magic - as Celeste emerges from the smoke, FLAMES licking across her hand.

As Winstone BOUNCES hard off a stone wall, Celeste looks towards Kira - just as the column of light GOES OUT.

Jilhandra is distracted by it - and Delaney closes in to land a street fighting ONE-TWO that stuns her.

Kira drops her head, body perfectly still. Behind her, Greg struggles to pick himself up out of the rubble.

DELANEY

Mom, we've gotta -

Kira's eyes SNAP OPEN - and they're still GLOWING.

KIRA

Time to go.

Delaney opens her mouth - but she and Greg suddenly GLOW brightly, SHIMMER and then fade away!

Sofia glances round, sees Delaney and Greg warp away, and her eyes widen as she realises what Kira's doing:

SOFIA

Kira, no, wait! You can't -

Too late - Sofia GLOWS the same and teleports away, as a winded Mela can only look on.

Jilhandra looks to Celeste, who looks to where Winstone landed - he's gone too.

CELESTE

Well, then! Looks like it's just us girls at long last, Evelyn.

Hamish COUGHS as he picks himself up, bloodied but unbowed. Celeste flicks him a cursory glance.

CELESTE (cont'd)

Present company accepted.

Jilhandra circles Kira warily, sensing the immense power radiating from her.

JILHANDRA

If this was your plan, facing us all by yourself... have to say, it's pretty bad. Even for you.

Kira speaks with what sounds like a dozen voices:

KIRA

Who says I'm by myself?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Jilhandra hesitates - then SNAPS her wrist up to shoot a bolt of ENERGY at Kira:

Which she effortlessly DEFLECTS with a wave of her hand. Kira smiles, her body language calm despite the thick, dark tattoos covering her exposed skin still BLEEDING.

KIRA (cont'd)
The accumulated power of centuries
of magic is literally at my
fingertips...

She PUSHES her hands forward, and a tidal wave of force knocks the Coven off their collective feet.

KIRA (cont'd)
... so who wants to see what I can
do with it first?

The Coven pick themselves up, Kira waiting for them to recover. She doesn't look intimidated one bit.

Hamish looks over his shoulder - GUNFIRE and SHOUTS from outside tell him what's going on.

HAMISH
Celeste, the lads, they're -

CELESTE
Go. Deal with your pets. Mela, stay
with him.

MELA
But -

CELESTE
Now.

Concerned, Mela looks back to Kira before following Hamish as he stumbles outside to rejoin the scattered demons.

CELESTE (cont'd)
Can you handle this?

JILHANDRA
(blinks)
You're not going to join me?

CELESTE
This is something the two of you
need to resolve. I shouldn't - I
can't get involved.

She glances to Kira, then SMIRKS.

CELESTE (cont'd)
Good luck, Rebecca.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

And with that, Celeste turns and strides away, vanishing into the thick smoke.

JILHANDRA

But - but we - you can't -

KIRA

(sing-song)

Oh, Bec-ky...

Jilhandra turns - and Kira is only inches away from her!

KIRA (cont'd)

Boo.

SLAM! Kira PUNCHES both open palms into Jilhandra's chest, sending her hurtling back through the air!

Jilhandra lands hard, and as she recovers there's something new in her eyes.

Fear.

She scrabbles back, away from Kira, who paces steadily towards her, her body PULSING faintly with light.

KIRA (cont'd)

Although you don't seem to have cottoned on yet, I know what's going on here.

(beat)

Celeste's retreated to a safe distance to let you and I have it out, and once you're dead she'll step in, take advantage of my weakened state and kill me, so she can take the power of the Tor for herself.

JILHANDRA

You seem awfully sure of yourself...

KIRA

What she doesn't know... is that you're going to kill me.

Jilhandra freezes. What?

KIRA (cont'd)

So take your best shot.

Kira stops, extending her arms out to her sides. Inviting Jilhandra to attack.

Confused as all hell by now, Jilhandra slowly rises, not making a move yet. Trying to work this out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

JILHANDRA

I think you've taken one blow too
many to the head, I'm not going to
fall for -

Kira SIGHS theatrically, letting her arms fall.

KIRA

No, I suppose not. Alright, we'll
do this the hard way.

She SNAPS her hand in a swipe before her - and Jilhandra
CRIES OUT as deep SCRATCHES gouge themselves along her!

Kira advances, SWIPING again and again, sending Jilhandra
staggering backwards with each blow, until:

JILHANDRA

Enough!

Jilhandra brings her arm round, conjuring a gout of FIRE that
she swings round like a whip, straight for Kira!

Kira raises her arm, the tendril of flame SNAPPING round her
forearm.

Jilhandra PULLS and Kira is hauled forward several steps,
allowing Jilhandra to bring her other hand round:

POW! A magically-charged PUNCH crack's Kira's head back,
BLOOD spattering from her mouth.

Face contorted with anger, Jilhandra PULLS on the whip of
fire again to get Kira closer, unleashing another PUNCH into
Kira's gut.

Ribs SNAP with an audible CRUNCH, but Kira stays on her feet.
Still smiling.

JILHANDRA (cont'd)

What are you doing? Come on! Fight
back, damn you!

Jilhandra dispels the whip, twisting on one heel and bringing
her hand back around with ELECTRICITY blazing:

It connects with Kira and she SPASMS as the current flows
over her body!

Kira manages to bring her hands down, breaking the contact -
before delivering a HEADBUTT that sends Jilhandra reeling.

KIRA

(dazed)

I don't think you're trying hard
enough, Becky...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

Jilhandra GROWLS and pushes in, BLOOD dripping from her nose as she sweeps her right hand towards her:

Bringing piles of RUBBLE from the floor flying across towards Kira, who gets pelted with debris.

Jilhandra does the same with her left, barraging Kira with bricks and stones once again.

Jilhandra raises her hand, and Kira tenses as she lifted up off her feet, Jilhandra using the same telekinetic chokehold she used on Tsula!

JILHANDRA

When I'm done with you and we've
sucked this wretched place dry of
power...

Jilhandra flicks her wrist - conjuring an ornate DAGGER into her waiting hand.

JILHANDRA (cont'd)

... then I'll take great pleasure
peeling the skin from your bastard
son's bones while your bitch of a
daughter watches...

Keeping Kira held aloft, Jilhandra brings up the dagger, choosing her target.

JILHANDRA (cont'd)

... before I scoop her innards out
one by one. And then, when
Celeste's back is turned, I'll make
sure the haggard old witch doesn't
stand in my way a moment longer!

KIRA

(choking)

You never were... the clever one...

Kira starts to LAUGH, strangled as it is, and this final mockery pushes Jilhandra past breaking point:

With a feral ROAR she plunges the dagger into Kira's gut!

Kira gasps, Jilhandra TWISTING the blade and pushing it deeper, finally releasing Kira from her telekinetic hold.

Back on her feet, Kira brings her head up to look into Jilhandra's eyes - but keeps SMILING.

KIRA (cont'd)

(shakes head)

You stupid bitch...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

And Kira starts to GLOW, her body PULSING faster and faster with power!

Jilhandra's face falls - she tries to pull away but she's stuck fast, WHITE LIGHT starting to seep from where her dagger pierces Kira's chest!

JILHANDRA

No... no!

KIRA

I did try to tell you...

Kira leans close, whispering into Jilhandra's ear:

KIRA (cont'd)

I win.

The duo are suddenly enveloped by a BLAZE of WHITE LIGHT, a SUPERNOVA with Kira at its core, Jilhandra's final SHRIEK cut off as the light intensifies:

EXT. TOR - RUINS - NEXT

Where the incoming MILITARY FORCES engage the demons, cutting into their fragmented numbers with ease.

Celeste whirls as the ruins are filled with WHITE LIGHT, and in that moment she realises:

CELESTE

Kira...

There's a terrific EXPLOSION, the ruins BLASTED into fragments that hurtle in all directions!

The white light BLASTS its way up the Tor, every level EXPLODING outwards until the chain reaches the top:

And a pillar of LIGHT blazes from the top of the Tor even as the tower crumbles beneath it!

CELESTE (cont'd)

(howls)

No!!

She drops to her knees, arm up to shield against the blinding light as we CUT TO:

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - NIGHT

A few scant miles away, the Academy survivors watch as the Tor EXPLODES and the column of light shoots up into the sky.

Wide-eyed, Delaney pushes her way out of the assembled crowd - more SOLDIERS are nearby, the rear of the column currently engaging the demons up ahead.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DELANEY

Mom...

(screams)

Mom! Mom!!

Sofia rushes to her side as Delaney falls to her knees, mirroring Celeste's pose as we CUT TO:

EXT. TOR - NIGHT

The light starts to burn itself up from below, fading away from the ground upwards until only the column remains.

That starts to narrow, burning itself up until it finally vanishes - leaving nothing but a CRATER behind.

CELESTE

Forgotten by the battle raging behind her, stares in open-mouthed shock at the Tor's smoking remains.

MELA (O.S.)

Celeste? Celeste!

Mela hurries over to her, trying to pull her to her feet, but Celeste's gaze is locked on the crater.

CELESTE

She did it... she actually did it.
She destroyed the power rather than
let us have it...

MELA

We have to go! Those soldiers -
it's the Initiative and the Army!
Hamish's demons can't hold them
off! We have to go now before -

CELESTE

Yes.

She turns to Mela, all emotion gone in an instant.

CELESTE (cont'd)

We have to go.

Mela starts to reply - but in an instant, the duo GLOW with light and VANISH, teleporting away!

HAMISH

Is in the thick of the action, using demons as shields against the GUNFIRE as he tries to marshal his troops:

But then he GLOWS as well! He looks down at himself and realising, adding with a GROAN:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HAMISH

Ah... bollocks.

And with an audible POP, he's gone.

The stunned demons nearby exchange glances - before fresh fusillades of GUNFIRE cut them all down, and we FADE TO:

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - DAWN

It's a little later now, the first glimmers of sunlight starting to creep over the horizon.

The fields leading up to the hillside are littered with BODIES, but military trucks roll to and fro collecting the corpses.

A small FIELD UNIT has been set up, the Academy survivors getting patched up by FIELD MEDICS as well as Manu and Tia.

Sofia is with Delaney, carefully removing the last of her bandages.

SOFIA

Yep, they're gone. All of them.

Delaney is silent. Eyes red. Still pale as death.

SOFIA (cont'd)

Delaney, she -

DELANEY

She did what she had to do. I know.
That doesn't... there's nothing you
can say that'll -

GREG (O.S.)

We don't have to say anything.

The girls look up - Greg joins them, Kira's ENVELOPE in hand. And it's OPEN.

GREG (cont'd)

She left her own last words. They
opened as soon as she...

(beat)

Just like she said. It's time.

Sofia nods, giving the duo some privacy as Greg takes a seat beside Delaney.

DELANEY

(trembling)

She's gone, Greg... she's gone, and
I never told her... I never got to -

Delaney SOBS, Greg quickly pulling her close.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GREG

I know, I know. But she knew. She must have known. That's why she did what she did. For us. For you.

DELANEY

(faint)

I can't do it...

She leans back, looking up at Greg, eyes wet with tears.

DELANEY (cont'd)

Without her, I can't... Celeste, the Coven, they're too -

GREG

We know where they're going. They'll head back to the campus, regroup and try a new plan.

(beat)

We're going to hit them there.

Delaney holds his gaze, before her eyes fall to the letter. Wordlessly, she produces her own letter from her jacket.

PULL BACK as the duo start to read, Delaney still leaning against him, as we join:

SOFIA

Talking to Tori, Reiko, Frankie, Fran and Patty.

SOFIA

Right, girls, here's what passes for a plan. We are officially the best of what's left.

TORI

Encouraging.

SOFIA

(glances at her)

Everyone else is either too beaten up to walk or no good in a fight.

FRANKIE

So we are going after Celeste?

SOFIA

(nods)

Winstone's chaps couldn't find Celeste, Mela or Hamish when they searched the hillside. Assuming they teleported straight back to the Academy, that gives them...

(checks watch)

An hour's head start.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

FRAN

They'll be ready for us.

SOFIA

But we'll be ready for them. We're going to fight them on our turf for a change. We know that place inside out, better than they ever will.

REIKO

How are we supposed to get inside? They didn't bring all their demons along, there'll be plenty more waiting for us.

SOFIA

Winstone says his lot'll take care of that. A small team stands the best chance of slipping past the defences and taking out Celeste before she can regroup.

(beat)

And I have to say this... if anybody wants to back out, to stay behind and help with the wounded... I'll understand.

She waits a moment, scanning their faces.

PATTY

As if.

REIKO

Yeah, what she said.

TORI

(shrugs)

The hell else am I gonna do on a Tuesday?

Sofia GRINS, satisfied, as we hear:

HAMISH (PRE-LAP)

Careful, careful... aah!

EXT. WOODS - DAWN

Where Hamish, Mela and Celeste have taken refuge in some woods. A pillar of SMOKE rising from the wrecked Tor is visible in the background.

Hamish's leg is BLEEDING badly, and as he tries to keep up with the other two he TUMBLES to the ground.

HAMISH

Wait... wait!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They turn, Mela glancing at Celeste for instruction.

CELESTE

(nods)

Go. I'll need a moment to recharge
before I can attempt another
Lightstep anyway.

Mela walks over to Hamish as she pushes himself up.

HAMISH

Can we take a minute? That Yank
bastard shot me, remember!

Mela just stands over him, Silent.

HAMISH (cont'd)

What?

He looks up at her, Mela silhouetted against the sun rising
behind her.

MELA

I was watching, you know.

Confused, Hamish raises a hand to block out the sun.

MELA (cont'd)

When you killed them. The girls I
used to know.

HAMISH

I don't -

MELA

And you enjoyed it. You took
pleasure in watching their lives
slip through your fingers. Sinking
your knife into their hearts.
Feeling their necks break beneath
your hands.

HAMISH

(exhales)

What do you want me to say? It was
us or them, lass, you know that.

Mela kneels before him, making no move to help.

MELA

No. Not for you. It was about
power. It was about you being the
one in charge. The one in control.

She lays a hand on his shoulder.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MELA (cont'd)
And I understand that now.

Something GLINTS as she brings her other hand forward swiftly:

And Hamish GULPS as Mela sinks a KNIFE into his chest!

Mela blinks - TEARS forming in her eyes - and sadly shakes her head as Hamish GASPS for breath.

MELA (cont'd)
You're not meant to have that power.

His wide, shocked eyes stare up at her - and Mela pulls him close, EMBRACING him as his body goes limp. She's SOBBING now, clutching him tight.

MELA (cont'd)
Thank you... for everything... but this is who I'm supposed to be.

She releases him, laying him gently down on the ground.

MELA (cont'd)
This is my destiny.

Hamish lets out a final, drawn out breath, his eyes glazing over. Mela reaches out and slowly closes his eyelids.

She stares at him for a long beat, before realising Celeste now stands behind her. She turns:

MELA (cont'd)
What happens to the -

Mela suddenly CRIES OUT as her body BLAZES from within with light! It shines from her mouth and eyes, her body suddenly rigid as power floods through her!

Illuminated by the unearthly light, Celeste's lips twist into a victorious smirk.

CELESTE
Oh, you'll know...

And as Mela clenches her fists, struggling to hold on to the power filling every pore of her body, we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF SHOW

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