

SLAYER ACADEMY

"11: Weapons"

by
Alden Caele

Jessy Schram as Fran St. James
Adrienne Palicki as Clarissa Amaury
And
James Remar

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WEBISODE

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
(prelap)
You can do it, kid!

CUT TO:

The sounds of YELLING fill the air. Tight on CLARISSA's face, focused and wildly excited. She grins.

CLARISSA
(under her breath)
Showtime.

And the beat of MUSIC sets in. PULL BACK, revealing Clarissa stands in:

1 INT. AUDITORIUM - DAY 1

Clarissa stands alone on a stage in front of an adoring audience, dressed in her leotards. A stereo sits next to her.

CAPTION: NOVEMBER 2006

She begins tapping one foot to the beat. One. Two. Three. Four.

She steps forward:

And enters a fierce series of WHIRLS, SPINS and STEPS, her blonde ponytail whipping as she leaps across the stage.

Her feet trace complicated patterns on the stage floor. Her hands take on a life of their own, swinging out around her. She spins:

And shoves a sword into a DEMON! We see she is now in a:

2 EXT. CEMETARY - NIGHT 2

Clarissa continues her momentum, swinging the sword once, twice more. The demon steps back and her step falters.

CAPTION: JUNE 2008

She sways back, barely avoiding the demon's claws. It steps forward, before a SWORD shoves its way through the demon from behind.

The demon falls to the side, revealing its killer to be FRAN.

FRAN
Good work.

CLARISSA
Alr-

(CONTINUED)

FRAN
(meaning it)
No. Good work.

Clarissa, a little taken off guard, chuckles awkwardly.

CLARISSA
Thanks, I guess.

Both girls look over the silent graveyard, colourful autumn leaves covering the ground. Both Fran and Clarissa are sweating from the hard workout.

FRAN
That's two vamps, two Hamnai
demons, and one of those creepy
little dog ones. Good haul.

She grins at Clarissa, proud of a battle well fought, and sits down on a thick rock headstone.

Clarissa asks her with a glance, and with a nod Fran invites her to sit. Clarissa does.

FRAN (cont'd)
This is what I love about the job.

CLARISSA
Creepy cemeteries?

FRAN
Demons. Vamps. Taking out the trash
and looking great doing it.

CLARISSA
(small smile)
That's my line.

Fran just shrugs, clearly in a good mood.

FRAN
None of this people vs. people,
Academy vs. Cabal crap.

Clarissa takes a swig from a bottle of VODKA.

CLARISSA
Definitely.

Fran, however, is distracted by the booze Clarissa now has. Clarissa offers.

FRAN
I'm off the sauce, sadly. Every
shot I've given it has ended in
disappointment.

CLARISSA

(amused)

Then you're hanging with the wrong
drunks.

FRAN

Probably.

(beat)

We should probably head back.

Neither moves. Clarissa looks down at her feet. The cheerful
mood is slowly sapped away by the silence.

FRAN (cont'd)

Yeah, I don't wanna go back either.

(doesn't want to speak)

Alright, look: Mela's worried about
you and Karen. You guys have been
avoiding each other for three days.
What's up?

CLARISSA

It's fine.

FRAN

You think she'd talk to me if
everything was alright?

CLARISSA

I don't know, maybe.

Fran, frustrated, sighs and goes to grab her bag.

CLARISSA (cont'd)

(sudden)

You said -

(regretting)

No, forget about it.

Fran looks at her, drops the bag. Clarissa takes the cue.

CLARISSA (cont'd)

You said you hated the 'people vs.
people' stuff. I do too.

FRAN

Of course you do. Everyone does,
just nobody says it out loud.
Nobody says, '*this is not what
we're for*'. We just bury it or just
don't...

(beat)

And then there's the squads, who
are all so damaged that... Look,
Sofia gave herself amnesia, Skye
was a vamp, Erika's blind...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

FRAN (cont'd)

Most anyone who's been on a squad's dead.

CLARISSA

You know you're next in line for B Squad, Fran.

FRAN

(sarcastic)

Yeah, nothing would make me happier.

Fran looks down at her hands. She opens her mouth to speak; throws a glance at Clarissa.

FRAN (cont'd)

I'm leaving the Academy.

CLARISSA

(blinks; shocked)

But...

FRAN

You saw what this place does to us. We're not saving the world any more. I don't know what we're doing. I don't belong here.

CLARISSA

Do you ever wonder why they picked us?

(beat)

To be Slayers, I mean.

Fran raises an eyebrow, but doesn't answer. She steps back and sits on a grave stone, then looks at Clarissa; her cure to continue.

CLARISSA (cont'd)

This morning, I was thinking about it, and I thought...

(beat)

What if we're the girls that the world doesn't need? Nothing special, just the ones filling in the gaps between all the saints and presidents.

FRAN

You're saying we were 'Chosen' for cannon fodder.

CLARISSA

That's exactly it. Who says we're special? Who says we're not just... not special?

(CONTINUED)

Clarissa looks at Fran sadly, and Fran doesn't respond.

CLARISSA (cont'd)
We're not people to them. We're
just weapons.

Fran turns to Clarissa, a little dumbfounded.

FRAN
You're just figuring that out?

CLARISSA
(arguing)
I don't want to die, Fran.

FRAN
(grim)
Good luck with that.

Clarissa looks at Fran with questioning eyes, and Fran sighs.

FRAN (cont'd)
Look, I'm running out of steam.
I've got one grand gesture left in
me, then I'm done. As a Slayer...
maybe altogether.

CLARISSA
(curious)
'One grand gesture'?

FRAN
I'll give you the details later.
Let's just say I've got something
in the works.

CLARISSA
(shrugs)
Alright, then.

Clarissa looks down at her feet, scuffing at the dirt. She honestly doesn't know what to say.

CLARISSA (cont'd)
Just don't break her heart,
alright?

Fran blinks, confused.

She turns to look at Clarissa, but the other girl's already begun walking away. Fran watches her leave.

A RINGING distracts her; it's her cell phone. She picks up.

FRAN
Not a good time.

(CONTINUED)

A voice answers - recognisable as that of the KALLES DEMON
Fran spoke to back in "Go"!

KALLES DEMON (V.O.)

(sarcastic)

Please accept my sincere apologies.

(beat)

We need to speak one on one
tonight. Things are moving a bit
faster than anticipated.

FRAN

I'll be there. We done?

KALLES DEMON

For now.

Fran hangs up. She sits in the dark graveyard, her mind
buzzing with a thousand thoughts.

BLACK OUT:

END OF WEBISODE