

SLAYER ACADEMY

"9: Fallen"

by
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Jessy Schram as Fran St. James
Edward James Olmos as Dr. Albert Corrigan
Kelly Rowan as Diana St. James

WEBISODE

FRAN (V.O.)
(prelap)
Always back on this damn couch.

FADE IN:

1 INT. DR. CORRIGAN'S OFFICE - DAY 1

Inside a large, warm psychologist's office, lying on the couch, is FRAN. Constantly irritated, especially prickly now, she stares at the ceiling.

Across from her, in 'the chair', is DR. ALBERT CORRIGAN. British, 60's, upper crust but kind.

DR. CORRIGAN
Francesca -

FRAN
(sharp)
It's Fran.

DR. CORRIGAN
(beat; nods)
Fran, then. I apologise that Dr. Renaud couldn't continue with you. I know the two of you were quite close.

FRAN
(dry)
Yeah, me and my probationary shrink had a real great time. Sleep overs and bubble baths.

Corrigan shifts in his seat, shuffling through his papers.

DR. CORRIGAN
Yes, well...
(beat)
I'd like to get to know you, as this is our first session. Hopefully, after a few sessions we'll be able to determine-

FRAN
Whether the Celine thing's bothering me. I know this song and dance already. Trust me. It isn't. I've seen Slayers die before. It's just another thing in the job description, that's all.

Corrigan nods, extremely open to Fran and not blocking her at any turn. Conversely, Fran crosses her arms.

(CONTINUED)

DR. CORRIGAN

So, how have you been, Fran?

FRAN

Fine.

DR. CORRIGAN

Has the Academy been a healthy environment for you these past two years?

FRAN

Can't complain about a place where the only guys in the place are gay or dead. Makes me sleep a lot easier than at home.

DR. CORRIGAN

Even with the dangers of being a Slayer?

FRAN

(chuckles)

Well, death's a pretty easy sleep, isn't it?

Corrigan frowns slightly; not exactly an answer he wanted to hear.

DR. CORRIGAN

Have you developed any friendships at the Academy?

FRAN

(quick)

Nope.

Corrigan doesn't respond, watching Fran carefully. She sits up and turns to glare at him.

FRAN (cont'd)

What? Isn't society big hearted and liberal enough to let one girl be a self-regulated loner?

DR. CORRIGAN

You had friends before -

FRAN

I had acquaintances at Aldershot. After those bitches, how many friends does anyone expect me to have?

Confronted with Fran's angry glare, Corrigan just gives her a gentle rebuking look. Fran leans back against the couch and crosses her arms.

She looks down at her feet.

FRAN (cont'd)

(sad)

Claire was. A friend, I mean. She really tried.

(beat)

She died yesterday.

Corrigan watches Fran, empathy etched across his face. Fran doesn't look up.

FRAN (cont'd)

There's another girl, Mela. I mean, she hangs around with Amaury and her gang, but I think they're not that bad.

(bittersweet)

Just as screwed up as me, really.

DR. CORRIGAN

Do you believe you're 'screwed up', Fran?

Fran gestures in the direction of the file folder in Corrigan's lap.

FRAN

(defiant)

You tell me. Doc Renny had plenty of theories, every friggin' day, about how screwed up I was.

Fran fixes Corrigan with a suspicious glare.

DR. CORRIGAN

I don't believe that you're screwed up.

FRAN

I'm glad our three minutes of talking has given you such a clear picture of my mental health. Can I go home now?

Corrigan smiles, which confuses Fran a little.

FRAN (cont'd)

What?

DR. CORRIGAN
You called the Academy 'home'.
That's interesting. Two years ago,
it was
(checks file, smiles)
'That craphole'.

FRAN
(defensive)
Things change.

DR. CORRIGAN
That much is evident.

Corrigan looks down at his file, and Fran sighs.

DR. CORRIGAN (cont'd)
Earlier, you said something to the
effect of, you prefer it when the
males around the Academy are 'gay
or dead'. What did you mean by
that?

This stings Fran for some reason, and causes her to sit up
and glare straight at Corrigan.

FRAN
(angry)
I knew it.

Corrigan raises his eyebrows, but Fran dismisses his
confusion.

FRAN (cont'd)
Come on. This is supposed to be
about Celine and Claire and this
Virus BS, but I'll bite because,
clearly, a guy can't sit across
from a girl who was raped without
it being the most interesting thing
about them.

DR. CORRIGAN
(admonishing)
Fran.

FRAN
(biting)
Do you want to 'save' me, doc?
(louder)
I've been stabbed. Shot. Almost
thrown down a giant fricking pit in
the Arctic. I've fought Kira
Brogan, Roland, the Cabal, and I've
come out shiny. What makes you
think I need you?

Corrigan nods, taking this in, and fixes his gaze on Fran's face.

DR. CORRIGAN

Old wounds don't heal right if we just ignore them, Fran.

FRAN

So in this cunning metaphor, your words of wisdom are disinfectant?

(beat)

Fine. I'm sure you've got all this on file, but if we're going to be chatting about this for weeks on end, I'd better tell you first hand.

DR. CORRIGAN

If that's alright with you, I would like that.

FRAN

Sure you would.

Corrigan remains silent, no longer offended but keeping his gaze impartial. Fran leans back, arms crossed, and fixes her glare straight on him.

FRAN (cont'd)

Now, daddy-o, don't get too excited; I don't remember the pervy parts. So tonight when you clamber up those steps to your big ole Council mansion and call the girls who don't come cheap, you'll need to come up with your own material for the bedroom.

(smirk)

Everyone has disappointments.

Corrigan, however, doesn't react, focusing all his attention on Fran and her demeanor.

FRAN (cont'd)

You wanted this grim little tale from the beginning, right? The Tale of Little Victim Frannie?

(aside)

That's what he called me, you know. 'Frannie'. Like I was his 60's girlfriend or that chick from *The Nanny*.

Fran shivers visibly in disgust.

1 CONTINUED: (5)

1

FRAN (cont'd)
Anyhow, cliff notes. Little Frannie
St. James, 15, beloved sister and
daughter. Perpetual baby-sitter,
occasional homework doer.

2 INT. ST. JAMES HOUSEHOLD - NIGHT

2

A nice two-storey home, though the mess that comes with three young girls in a house is evident. 13-year-old KELLY ST. JAMES wanders down into the basement, tossing a candy wrapper onto the ground behind her.

CAPTION: BURLINGTON, CANADA. 2005.

Coming across it on her way down the hall is 40-year-old DIANA ST. JAMES, carrying a bin of laundry. Blonde, thin, and manages to be pretty even with no makeup and unwashed hair. Seems to be on the verge of collapse, but keeps moving.

Seeing Kelly's garbage, Diana sighs and goes to pick up it.

FRAN (V.O.)
I'm sure my mom's pretty, but being
a single mom of three daughters
while holding down two crummy jobs,
she's let herself go a little.

Diana grabs the garbage and throws it in a trash bin, but pauses when she sees a picture on the table. Diana and a MAN (30's) years ago, smiling into the camera. She frowns and places it face down on the table.

She turns around to find little AMANDA ST. JAMES (3) sitting amongst the laundry in her bin.

The girl's mother, however, only smiles and picks up the little girl, kissing her on the forehead and rubbing her nose against the child's lovingly.

FRAN (V.O.) (cont'd)
Any time people call Underwood or
Romero a hero, I have to stop
myself from laughing in their face.
This is a woman who, without any
sort of appreciation, picked up a
third job just to afford me a
decent lawyer. That's something
real there.

Diana places Amanda gently on the couch, then makes her way up the STAIRS:

3

INT. FRAN'S ROOM - NEXT

3

Typical teenage girl's room, with everything but the kitchen sink thrown across the floor.

JAMES BLUNT'S "You're Beautiful" is belting out from the radio, and Fran, at fifteen, is singing along to her hairbrush into her mirror.

Her hair's tied back fashionably and, she's dressed a little looser than she does at the Academy.

FRAN
(not even trying)
You're beautiful! You're beautiful!

DIANA (O.S.)
That's lovely, dear.

Fran turns her head to see Diana in the doorway and scowls overdramatically.

FRAN
(cold)
Mother.

DIANA
(sighs; resigned)
Fran.

As Diana moves to put the laundry basket on Fran's bed, Fran glares.

Diana notices a scrap of paper on the dresser and picks it up, looking at it.

DIANA (cont'd)
(relieved)
Country Club Drive. That's a nice area.

Fran rolls her eyes and snatches it out of her mother's hand.

FRAN
(biting)
Don't worry, mum. I won't be the only poor kid there, so I won't get embarrassed or anything.

Diana frowns, hurt. She turns and leaves the room without a word.

FRAN (V.O.) (cont'd)
Yeah, I was a bitch. Who isn't at that age?

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

3

Fran grabs a scrap of paper off her dresser; it reads: JOHN'S HOUSE: 2109 COUNTRY CLUB DR., 9:00. Off this, we get a look at:

4 EXT. JOHN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

4

Establishing shot. Large, expensive house. Except for the faint strains of MUSIC, no signs of a party until:

5 INT. JOHN'S HOUSE - NEXT

5

We're inside, and it's everything outside isn't; it's chaotic, with TEENAGERS milling about, drinks in hand.

Move through the crowd - two girls chat and sip their beers, a crowd surrounds two wasted guys playing Grand Theft Auto: Vice City; a teenage couple MAKES OUT passionately.

The couple are interrupted by someone CLEARING their throat, and as they move out of the way, we are re-introduced to Fran.

Fran steps through the chaos, looking generally bored and uncomfortable. In one hand she carries a 6 PACK of beer.

GIRL'S VOICE (O.S.)
(squealing)
Fran! You're here!

Fran turns to see three girls coming out of the crowd: svelte FAITH, slightly overweight BECKY and flat-out anorexic-but-beautiful LAURIE. All are 15-16 years old.

Fran appraises them, but doesn't greet them half as warmly as they do her.

FRAN
Faith. Becky.
(warmer)
Laurie.

Faith is looking around them, eyes full of wonder.

FAITH
I still have no idea how you scored invites. You're not exactly the social butterfly.

BECKY
Jordan Crane, that's how. Am I getting close, Fran?
(beat)
The real question is, why'd you invite us?

Fran shrugs, the gesture obviously blown out of proportion.

(CONTINUED)

FRAN

It's not a big deal. I got invited
to a party, you like parties, I
don't like going alone. Easy math.

(beat)

Speaking of getting in, here's the
ritual sacrifice to the gods.

Fran holds up the beers, which Faith takes from her.

FAITH

Don't worry, kiddo, John showed me
where these go. Come on!

The group of four girls head into:

INT. JOHN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NEXT

The girls enter, where a table has been heaped up with booze
and snacks. Faith puts the beers on the table, and
immediately someone in the room grabs one.

In the middle of the room, two teenage boys are wrestling -
these are ADAM and JOHN. Neither is anything close to sober.

Faith and Becky watch this drama intently, while Fran and
Laurie hang back a little, bored.

LAURIE

(bored)

Are you enjoying yourself as much
as I am?

FRAN

Probably not.

Laurie smiles a little, and the two grin at one another for a
moment. Laurie breaks away her gaze, eyes the butt of a girl
stumbling by. Smiles.

FRAN (cont'd)

So, how's Shelly?

LAURIE

(shrugs)

We broke up. You know how it is.
She was 'experimenting'.

FRAN

(rolls eyes)

Of course she was.

Fran turns to Laurie and looks her right in the eyes.

(CONTINUED)

FRAN (cont'd)
You will find love. You, more than
anyone I know, deserve a break.

LAURIE
(grin)
Yeah.

Fran smiles, and Laurie melts a little. Her smile drops a little.

LAURIE (cont'd)
(genuine; sad)
Yeah, I do.

Laurie goes quiet and the girls turn back to appraise the crowd.

LAURIE (cont'd)
(nonchalant)
So, little Frannie, when are you
gonna slip out of the closet and
join us glorious dykes?

Fran just rolls her eyes and chuckles. She throws a gaze around the room.

FRAN
Seeing the guys in action tonight,
I'm betting I'll take you up on
that offer some day.

LAURIE
Well, don't wait forever, yeah?

Laura turns to leave the room, but gives Fran a flirtatious wink as she exits. Fran's gaze follows her, and she turns pensive.

FRAN
(quiet)
Yeah...

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
(slightly slurred)
Yo, Frannie!

Fran turns her head, and we get a good look at JOHN CRANE. Caucasian, black hair, and absolutely gorgeous. A heartbreaker, if his grin is to be believed.

And also, pretty drunk.

FRAN
(terse)
Hi, John. Nice party.

(CONTINUED)

John grins and moves a little closer.

JOHN
(smiles)
I like your boobs.

Fran, unsure of what to say, just raises an eyebrow.

FRAN
Sorry. Not a chance in hell.

JOHN
This whole 'chase me' thing's cute.

John steps a little closer, and Fran takes a half step back. Taking this as a positive signal, John slips his thumbs into Fran's jean pockets and pulls her closer.

He looks down at Fran, maybe an inch or two between their faces. He's grinning like a drunk teen, and she's unimpressed and a little intimidated.

FRAN
(strong)
Don't.

John nods, and immediately move in again -

We hear a CRUNCH as Fran's fist connects with his shoulder. He falls to the ground, surprised. She looks down on him, breathing heavily.

FRAN (cont'd)
(cold)
I said no, dumbass.

Fran sits on the couch, cheeks dry and eyes cold. She's almost bored with this story, though her hands in her lap shake quietly. Corrigan, for his part, is silently horrified.

DR. CORRIGAN
Fran, I'm so sorry you had to experience that.

FRAN
Crazily enough, I didn't 'experience' much. It was mostly the aftermath that left bruises.

Back to that night. Fran looks down on John, her face twisted in anger. John, for his part, is holding his shoulder and trying not to cry.

Fran grabs a beer from the table and turns, moving out of the living room.

JORDAN (O.S.)

Fran?

Fran turns and sees JORDAN CRANE - early twenties, effortlessly handsome, but definitely nicer than the Crane specimen we've seen already tonight.

JORDAN (cont'd)

(warm)

Hey.

FRAN

Hey!

Fran grins and moves through the crowd to reach him. When she does, she fixes him with a knowing look.

FRAN (cont'd)

(confirming)

This is John's party, isn't it? Not yours - like you said it would be?

JORDAN

(winces)

Guilty as charged. But hey, isn't it the point of being the older brother that you get to invite whoever you want?

Fran rolls her eyes, but isn't too annoyed.

FRAN

Coulda warned me.

JORDAN

What's the fun in that?

(beat)

Let's ditch this. Come on.

Jordan gestures for her to follow.

FRAN (V.O.)

(prelap)

You know, the new Killers album's coming out this year.

Our introduction to Jordan's room. Messy, with papers, laundry and album cases strewn all over. The bed's clean, though, and that's where Fran sits, a copy of The Killers' first album in her hands.

(CONTINUED)

Jordan is rifling through a shelf, but at Fran's comment he turns.

JORDAN
(surprised)
I didn't know you were a fan.

Fran shrugs. Jordan fixes her with a knowing look.

JORDAN (cont'd)
Alright, what songs did you like
from *Hot Fuss*?

Fran squirms under his amused gaze, and he laughs a little and moves to sit on the bed with her.

JORDAN (cont'd)
Thought so.

Fran puts the album on the bed beside her and leans back, finally calming down a little.

FRAN
Sorry. I'm still addicted to -

JORDAN
Don't you say it, Fran...

FRAN
(smirks)
James Blunt. I'm sorry, Jordan, but
"You're Beautiful" is one of the
greatest songs ever. And "Goodbye
My Lover"...
(off look)
I'm a girl, okay!

Jordan chuckles at this, and nods.

JORDAN
So, how are things?

FRAN
You mean, have I killed my mom and
both my annoying little sisters
with my bare hands? Not yet, but I
might soon.

Fran sighs and looks up at the ceiling, frowning.

FRAN (cont'd)
Mom's being a complete bitch again.
Didn't want me coming here.
Practically blocked the door with
her body to keep me from going.

Fran plays with the album case again, looking at it rather than Jordan.

FRAN (cont'd)
And Dad didn't show up to take
Mandy this weekend, so mom's been
on the edge of downright insanity
all week. Not fun to be home right
now.

Jordan reaches out to gently take the album, and Fran looks up into his eyes. He smiles.

JORDAN
Don't worry about your mom. She
loves you.

FRAN
(sarcastic)
Obviously.

JORDAN
Seriously. Cut her some slack.
(grins)
Maybe then she'd cut you some.

Fran blinks, as if this hadn't occurred to her.

FRAN
... thanks.

JORDAN
Don't mention it.

Jordan and Fran are looking directly at one another. Jordan looks at her, something warm and longing in his gaze, as he moves forward.

Fran watches him approach, a deer in his headlights. She closes her eyes.

Their lips meet.

Their lips part, and Fran's eyes open immediately. Jordan's stay closed. One arm reaches out to touch her back, and he leans in again -

Fran turns, his lips landing on her cheek.

FRAN
(whispered)
I'm sorry.

She stares down at her hands, shrinking back a little from him.

(CONTINUED)

Jordan pulls back, perplexed. He stares at her, genuinely shocked at her reaction.

JORDAN

Fran. Look at me.

She meets his gaze, but she looks more afraid than anything. He smiles.

JORDAN (cont'd)

I know you're probably afraid,
but...

(pained)

It would be so beautiful.

Fran stares at him, wishing she could say yes. She can't, but she can't say it out loud.

Jordan sees this, but leans in again, lands another kiss but a sloppy one as Fran leans backwards away from him. She grasps his shoulders and PUSHES -

And he falls backwards off the bed. He lands on his butt, ego bruised but unharmed. He looks at her, unable to react. Fran, for her part, is on verge of tears.

FRAN

No, Jordan. I won't. Not tonight.

Jordan stares up at her, and for a fraction of a second, something that could be anger flickers through his face. But after a moment, it's gone.

He gets up, dusts himself off. Smiles at Fran.

JORDAN

Sorry. I guess...

FRAN

(abrupt)

It's alright. Let's just forget
about it.

JORDAN

Yeah... wait, one sec.

He slips out of the room, and Fran stands moving over to his shelf. She looks through his CDs, picks one up. She's takes a deep breath and rubs her eyes with her arm, calming herself down.

FRAN

(quiet)

Damn it.

(CONTINUED)

She looks up at a KNOCK on the door, and Jordan reappears - with two brightly coloured WINE COOLERS. He holds up a red one and hands it to her with a warm grin.

JORDAN

Consider it a peace offering. One raspberry cooler; I know they're your favourite.

FRAN

(shocked; happy)

Wow, Jordan. I can't Believe...

(looks at him)

How did you know?

JORDAN

Laurie.

FRAN

(chuckles)

Who else.

Fran sits back down on the bed, while Jordan moves to close the door. Fran frowns.

JORDAN

I wanted to talk to you. One on one.

Fran nods, and Jordan moves back to the bed and sits beside her. He looks nervous, and finally:

JORDAN (cont'd)

I love you.

Silence. Fran, completely blown away, looks down at her cooler. Jordan, afraid of the silence, keeps talking.

JORDAN (cont'd)

I mean, I tried not to. I'm in college, you're a - a freshman in high school. But we just gel perfectly, and you're the best friend I've ever had.

He looks down at his own drink, and neither matches gazes.

JORDAN (cont'd)

I know you don't love me, Fran, but... I'm willing to wait. I'll wait forever.

Fran, now, turns her head to meet his gaze. She smiles. She blinks.

FRAN

I'm sorry, Jordan. Maybe someday soon, but... I just don't feel that way about you.

JORDAN

(sad)

Yeah...

(sighs)

I'm moving. To Shanghai, at the end of the month. It's a study program.

He looks at her, a pain in his eyes.

JOHN

This was my last shot.

Fran's face falls at this, knowing the hurt he's in and feeling sad for him. As she looks at him, though, the cooler FALLS out of her hand.

She turns her head and stares at it, horrified. She kneels on the carpet, grabbing the cooler and looks around for something to clean up the mess with.

FRAN'S POV:

As she looks around the room, everything seems to slow down and blur. She turns to Jordan, who looks sad. Soon, though, everything is a blur.

DISSOLVE TO:

A pair of BLUE EYES, staring blankly into space. They jerk from side to side, terrified, and we PULL BACK to see:

10 INT. JOHN'S HOUSE - JORDAN'S ROOM - DAY

10

Fran lies under the covers in Jordan's bed, and we can see from her bare shoulders that she's no longer wearing a shirt.

She kicks her feet frantically, sits up, pulling the sheet with her to cover her chest. She looks around the room, sees it's empty. She realises what's happened.

FRAN'S BARE FEET

They slowly moves down onto the floor, then step forward. Fran's hand appears, grasping a pair of girl's UNDERWEAR lying, limp, on the ground.

11 INT. JOHN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NEXT

11

Fran, now clothed, moves into the kitchen. She looks devastated.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

11

JOHN (O.S.)

Hey!

Fran turns her head to see John eating cereal at the table! He fixes her with a glare. He rubs his head; clearly hung over.

JOHN (cont'd)

Clear out, Frannie. Your boyfriend
left hours ago.

There's a nastiness in his expression that shocks us. Perhaps jealousy, perhaps just the nastiness of someone who has a killer headache.

Either way, Fran backs out of the kitchen, still looking lost.

12 INT. ST. JAMES HOUSEHOLD - FRAN'S ROOM - NEXT

12

On Fran's bed, Diana holds a SOBBING Fran, her own face filled with horror.

Diana presses her face into her daughter's hair.

DIANA

(whispered)

I love you.

At these words, though, Fran can only sob louder.

13 INT. ALDERSHOT SCHOOL - DAY

13

Fran wanders down the hallway, a sour look on her face.

FRAN (V.O.)

I returned to school a few days
later to find out that Becky had
seen us in Jordan's bedroom that
night.

As she walks down the hallway, Fran passes Faith, Laurie and Becky. All give her pleading looks, but Fran just passes them.

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

I think Becky knew what was going
on and told Faith because she was
worried, when I think back on it.
Faith, though, just saw the gossip
value.

(beat)

They were just annoyed at not
knowing I'd been 'screwing' Jordan
for, apparently, months.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

13

FRAN (V.O.) (cont'd)
(sad)
Even Laurie believes it.

Fran bumps into somebody and drops her binder. Fran looks up and sees it's an angry looking John Crane.

FRAN (V.O.) (cont'd)
John said I broke Jordan's heart.
(sarcastic)
Of course I did.

14 INT. ST. JAMES HOUSEHOLD - FRAN'S ROOM - NIGHT

14

Fran sits alone on her bed, iPod Shuffle clasped in one hand and a book in the other. Her eyes are red.

She looks up to see Diana at the door - and behind her is GREG!

FRAN (V.O.)
Wasn't long after they sent your
boy Greg to indoctrinate me.

15 INT. DR. CORRIGAN'S OFFICE - DAY

15

Fran sits upright, looking directly at Corrigan.

DR. CORRIGAN
Well, Fran. First, I want to tell
you I appreciate your revisiting
those painful memories in order to
help me understand.

Fran shrugs, but he continues.

DR. CORRIGAN (cont'd)
I've reviewed your file
significantly, and there is one
thing Dr. Renaud mentioned that I
think I agree with. It may have
been too early when you two stopped
your sessions, but I'd like to
propose it now.

Fran eyes him questioningly.

FRAN
(weak)
Well, no re-enactments.

DR. CORRIGAN
(weak smile)
That won't be necessary.
(beat)
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

15

CONTINUED:

15

DR. CORRIGAN (cont'd)
When we started this session, I
asked you if there was anybody at
the Academy you trusted. You
offered the name Mela.

Fran nods, not knowing where this is going.

DR. CORRIGAN (cont'd)
You haven't been able to take roots
in the Academy since you arrived. I
think you need someone you can
trust with your deepest, darkest
secrets.

She gets what he means, and her face darkens.

FRAN
No. Wait: what I meant was screw
you. I'll see you in a week.

Fran stands, grabbing her bag and heading for the door. Dr.
Corrigan stands and watches her go.

The door SLAMS and he winces.

But he smiles.

16

INT. CAMPUS - DORMS - DAY

16

MELA is lying on her bed in the dorm she shares with Clarissa
and Karen, reading "Alice in Wonderland". She looks up when
she hears a light KNOCK at the door.

Standing awkwardly in the doorway is FRAN. She's biting her
lip, both her hands fumbling with one another confusedly.

FRAN
(hesitant)
Hey, Mela.

Mela frowns in confusion at the normally-forward Fran's
awkwardness as Fran slips inside and closes the door.

MELA
(confused)
Hi.

FRAN
Where are Clarissa and Karen?

MELA
Training. Weirdly enough, last time
Clarissa kicked Karen's ass. *That's*
never happened before.

Fran smiles a little as she moves to sit down on the end of
Mela's bed.

(CONTINUED)

FRAN

I bet.

Mela puts down her book and sits up, looking at Fran with a friendly grin.

MELA

So. What's up?

Fran bites her lip.

FRAN

There's something I wanna tell you.

Mela nods, and as Fran begins to speak:

BLACK OUT:

END OF WEBISODE