

SLAYER ACADEMY

"Mission"

by
A. C. Caele

Jessy Schram as Fran St. James
Adrianne Palicki as Clarissa Amaury

WEBISODE

FADE IN:

INT. CLUB - NIGHT

Rocking MUSIC blares through the busy club, packed to the walls with people. Combined with the heavy R'n'b beat, the flashing lights are disorienting.

PAN through the tables, and it soon becomes obvious that this isn't a club exclusive to humans.

At one table, a vampire's fangs tease a WOMAN's throat, and she likes it. At another, a demon bounces to the music in her seat as she eyes a human man across the room lustily.

CAGE DANCERS, some of whom are enjoying themselves, and some look afraid for their lives, are set to entertain the clientele.

A demonic BARTENDER serves drinks to the multitude of customers, mostly composed of those giving annoyed yells about high prices.

Two YOUNG WOMEN, dressed to please, slip through the crowd. Their movements are confident, and their faces aren't immediately visible.

REVEAL the girls' faces, showing they are, in fact, our Academy's own FRAN and CLARISSA. The two dance closely, creating murmurs from nearby male patrons who are hoping they are 'together.'

With a bit of attention, it's obvious that this situation doesn't make either of them happy. Clarissa scans the group for a more suitable partner, and Fran SNAPS her fingers.

FRAN
(annoyed)
Remember the job, princess.

Clarissa wants to retort, but having no decent material, she settles on taking a seat at the bar. She eyes a HOT GUY at the end of the bar, then remembers her instructions.

CLARISSA
This is going to be a long night.

Fran looks around, finally letting the facade slip into an awkwardness that looks more familiar on her.

FRAN
You got that right.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The two sit in the midst of this group, uncomfortable.

CUT TO:

INT. BRIEFING ROOM - NIGHT

CAPTION: 24 HOURS EARLIER

The two girls, dressed a bit more to their normal tastes, sit at a briefing table listening to CERYS set out their mission.

CERYS

It's a simple stakeout, no fighting, nothing complicated. It's basically sitting around and hoping nothing happens.

CLARISSA

(cheekily)

And if something does?

CERYS

(flat)

Don't get your hopes up, Amaury.

Clarissa shrugs nonchalantly.

FRAN

So, what are we doing?

Cerys hands the two folders, and open it to reveal a picture of a LATINO MAN (40's).

CLARISSA

He's kinda hot, for an older guy.

CERYS

(disregarding that)

The man in the photo is Alejandro Reyes, a drug baron entering a new business.

FRAN

We're not the fucking DEA, Miss Mason, so what's this got to do with us?

Cerys glares at her, reminding her of her place.

FRAN (cont'd)

I mean, what's our involvement?

(beat)

Sir? Uh, ma'am?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CERYS

He's creating a new, highly
addictive drug that includes among
its chief ingredients demon blood.

(beat)

Flip the page.

The two girls do so, revealing a page full of text and
numbers.

CERYS (cont'd)

This new hybrid, reportedly called
Death Willow, consists of rose
petals soaked in Creanos demon
blood and various chemical.

FRAN

Crap.

Clarissa throws a glance at Fran, annoyed.

CLARISSA

What?

FRAN

Deb - Ms. Livesy -

CERYS

Just call her 'Debbie,' Miss St.
James, and spare us all your
attempts to sound official.

Fran's eyes narrow, but she barrels on.

FRAN

Debbie was doing some studies on
Creanos, she seemed to think it had
value as a healing chemical. I know
that after she, uh... stopped...
being here, some Council guys took
over and started seeing if the
stuff could be used against the
Virus.

(thinks)

It seemed to work, but -

She can't remember any more details, so the impatient Cerys
fills her in:

CERYS

The girls who took the experiment
seemed to be cured at first, as
they had an exponential increase in
strength.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

FRAN
(interrupts)
But it killed them!

Clarissa shoots her a glare for interrupting Cerys, but Cerys nods.

CERYS
The blood attacked their bodies'
nutrients and killed one girl.
Another was just barely saved in
time.
(beat)
You will be watching an apartment
for a drop in Los Angeles. Our
source is, in fact, an addict
himself and therefore we're
expecting this to be fruitless.

FRAN
So, it'll be us, sitting there with
a pair of binoculars?

CERYS
(nods)
Don't worry, this is as tame as it
gets.

And off this comforting but obviously inaccurate statement:

CUT TO:

INT. CLUB - NIGHT

CAPTION: 24 HOURS LATER

Fran looks through the crowd, but sighs as she finds nothing.
She turns to Clarissa, who already has a drink in her hand.

FRAN
I got noth -
(wait a second)
What the hell is that?

Clarissa DOWNS it and grins at her partner.

CLARISSA
I'm about to find our guy.

She begins to rock with the beat, to the confusion of Fran.
Clarissa turns, dancing close to a particularly attractive
guy:

And turns to dance up to another, just as hot guy. She
brushes her hand through her hair sexily, pushing out her
chest to catch his attention.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Fran sits on a stool, looking on, annoyed and, yet, a little amused.

Clarissa continues to spread chaos in her wake, grabbing the attention of guys around her. Finally, she whispers in one's ear and he grins.

She clambers onto a stool with him and three others following after. The four climb onto the bar and begin dancing, with Clarissa in the middle, moving her hips to the music.

She leans forwards, offering a kiss to one man and turning at last second to the one behind her.

Fran looks on, now, in almost horror.

BARTENDER

Drink, miss?

FRAN

Hell no.

The bartender just chuckles and points to a SIGN.

'EVERYBODY DRINKS'

Fran sighs, and with much apprehension, leans over and gives her order, unheard over the music. He hands her a beer. Fran watches, losing her patience more and more as it goes on.

She watches Clarissa, moving from one guy to the next in a teasing, hot dance that leaves all three wanting more. After a few moments, she reaches out and touches one's cheek:

And STEPS DOWN.

CLARISSA

Thanks for the great time, guys.
I'll see you round, alright?

She throws them a smile, and the guys just glower. She returns to Fran.

FRAN

(pissed off)

Are you stupid? Stuff like that is
what gets girls like us in
situations we don't like.

She gestures around them.

FRAN (cont'd)

Look where we are! And you decide
to slut it up, what, for the hell
of it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Clarissa just shakes her head and POINTS.

CLARISSA

Our guy's on a second floor table
with some well-dressed Italian.

Fran, puzzled, turns his head and, indeed, finds ALEJANDRO in the distance speaking to the aforementioned ITALIAN.

FRAN

How did you -?

CLARISSA

Nobody thinks anything about a
slutty girl dancing on a bar.
(winks)
Easy way to scout the place.

Clarissa gestures at Alejandro.

CLARISSA (cont'd)

You may know more about fighting,
but this is my scene, so let's get
going, alright?

FRAN

Fine with me.

The two disappear into the crowd.

CUT TO:

INT. CLUB - SECOND FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

The second floor is open on all sides, letting the dancers look over the railings at those below. It has its own set of tables, and at one sit:

Alejandro and the ITALIAN, who are speaking quietly. MUSCLED MEN back The Italian, while just one YOUNG WOMAN backs Alejandro, as they make a transaction of BRIEFCASES.

The Italian opens his to find a number of vials filled with a MILKY substance.

Alejandro opens his to find a stack of SCROLL CASES. He opens one at random, slips it open.

It's authentic. He can tell.

The two men shake hands solemnly, and both men stand. One heads one way, the other the opposite.

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CONTINUED:

NEARBY, Fran and Clarissa note this. Fran points at Clarissa and aims her after Alejandro, while she points to herself and in the Italian's direction. Clarissa nods, and the two split ways.

Follow FRAN as she goes through the crowd, eye on The Italian. He enters the Men's Bathroom.

She stares after him, unsure of how to proceed. She closes her eyes, bites her lip, and takes a deep breath.

CUT TO:

INT. MEN'S BATHROOM - NEXT

The Italian enters a STALL, while his two bodyguards position themselves on each side of the door.

Soon, the door swings open to reveal FRAN, deep in the middle of a make-out session with an older GUY. She wraps her arm around his waist, and he carries her to the sink.

It seems she learned a little something from Clarissa after all. It's not perfect, but it's convincing.

The guy goes to unbutton her shirt, when the bodyguard reaches out to tap him on the shoulder.

BODYGUARD #1

Um, sir -

Fran pulls away from the guy quickly and, disengaging her grip on his waist, KICKS the bodyguard back so that his head CRACKS against a mirror.

FRAN

Sorry, don't know my own strength.

She just barely falls off the sink to avoid a crushing BLOW from the other bodyguard, whose fist smashes into the wall.

Her 'date' flees the bathroom as she stands, face to face with the guard. He goes for his taser, but she unarms him with one handy kick.

He reached out to grab at her, and she spritely dodges his grip. Using his momentum against him, she grabs his wrist and tosses him towards the SINK.

His chest crashes against it, winding him. Fran's looking quite angry, fury overtaking her senses.

He turns, managing to block a kick from her, only to hear a sickly CRUNCH from both his arms. Fran aims her next kick a little lower, and the man goes down quickly.

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CONTINUED:

She sees her reflection in the mirror, including Bodyguard #1, recovered from his first fall, coming for her with a gun.

She ducks as he SHOOTs, reaching up to grab his gun arm and FLIPPING him over her crouched self.

She stands and, placing her foot on his neck, slams down and SNAPS it cleanly. She grabs his gun and turns, KICKING open the stall The Italian sits in.

The Italian isn't there - just the dead body of her 'DATE'!

FRAN (cont'd)

The hell?

(realises)

Oh crap. Shapeshifter.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALLEYWAY - NEXT

Meanwhile, Alejandro and his female escort exit the back door of the club calmly. They head towards the street-

And the door opens to reveal Clarissa.

CLARISSA

Can't let you get away, sorry.

Alejandro just smiles and removes a syringe from his case. He turns to the young woman with him and PLUNGES it into her arm. She doesn't react at all.

When he finishes, Alejandro n faces Clarissa and smiles.

ALEJANDRO

You girls have fun, now.

(to girl)

Don't leave a body, alright?

He disappears into the dark. Clarissa moves to stop him, but the girl moves towards her in an instant.

Finally we get a good look at her, a scrappy, muscular redhead. And, judging from her speed, a SLAYER drugged up on DEATH WILLOW. From her vacant gaze, that's probably not the only narcotic in her blood.

She plants a kick on Clarissa's abdomen that sends her FLYING to the back wall of the alleyway.

Our girl barely manages to stand up, but the other Slayer, let's call her RED, is on Clarissa before she can breathe.

Clarissa jumps back onto a DUMPSTER, and red opens the lid from under her, tripping Clarissa forwards into her grasp.

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CONTINUED:

Grabbing Clarissa by the neck, she SLAMS her to the ground and, calmly, begins to strangle the life out of her.

BANG.

Red falls forwards onto Clarissa, who just falls back out of shock. She looks over to see a disturbed-looking Fran approach, briefcase in one hand, one of the bodyguards' GUNS in the other.

Fran tosses the gun into a dumpster and moves to Clarissa.

FRAN

So that's what this stuff does.
Sorry she had to go like that.

Clarissa struggles and finally pushes Red's body off of her.

CLARISSA

(freaked out)
That bitch tried to kill me!

Fran leans down, and notices Red's arm. She shows Clarissa the many NEEDLE MARKS.

FRAN

I had a couple friends who were,
let's just say, recreational users
of illegal substances.

Clarissa stares in horror.

FRAN (cont'd)

Didn't see stuff like this in your
castle, did you?

Clarissa just shakes her head, with no real understanding of how to respond. Fran throws a look to the end of the alleyway where the Italian escaped.

FRAN (cont'd)

I'd hate to know where that guy
went. That blood in the wrong
hands...

Off her pensive expression, PAN to Clarissa, still starting at Red's still, dead body. She, for all her bravado, has no real understanding of this real world. Off her horror:

FADE TO BLACK:

END OF WEBISODE