

SLAYER ACADEMY

"Princess"

by
A. C. Caele

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

WEBISODE

FADE IN:

1

INT. CAMPUS - CANTEEN

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The canteen, formerly full of Slayers, is sparse. Girls sit in bunches of twos and threes, scattered around the room. However, despite the dark undertones, they still manage to chatter amongst themselves.

At one table sit a group, headlined by overconfident rich girl CLARISSA AMAURY (18), who speaks expressively to her friends: MELA (18), a thin, pale brunette wearing glasses; KAREN (18), a tired-looking black girl; and CELINE (17), a pretty blonde with a bit of a vacant gaze.

FRAN (V.O.)

Yeah, that's them. Of course they're not A-Squad material, but nobody's fooled. This is still high school, and high school has its rules. Its pathetic social caste.

Across the room sits FRAN, picking through her lunch and glaring at the group while pretending to look at her food.

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

Ever since Romero switched sides, and even now that she's up and disappeared, there's been a split. The fighters, her friends, who continually become a tighter and tighter group. They keep to themselves. Then there's the expendables: us grunt soldiers with no squads, the girls who get killed left and right.

(beat)

Lucky us.

Fran looks particularly in the direction of Clarissa, whose head is arced back in a gratuitous laugh.

FRAN (cont'd)

I'm personally waiting for Clarissa to kick it. Of course that's a bit bitter, but get used to it. I'm gonna be in danger of dying every day, yeah, I'm gonna be a little prickly.

She frowns as the group laughs at something.

(CONTINUED)

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

After the Initiative pulled their funding, the Academy's gotten kind of... twitchy. That's where Eric Amaury, Hollywood's golden boy and Clarissa's dear old dad, comes in. He practically keeps this place running with his 'donations'. And if Clarissa does meet her maker, I have a feeling that the Academy's going to need a couple new investors.

(beat)

You know where I'm going with this.

Fran eyes another girl, sitting away from Clarissa and also glaring at her. Fran smiles to herself, happy to have a fellow hater.

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

Meanwhile, Bug Girl, that's me, by the way, is actually costing them money. Losing my income sends my mom into what could be described as crippling debt, so they're helping keep her afloat while I help save the world.

(beat)

That means I was in the Arctic when Romero was taken, I helped raid the Cabal's Arctic HQ not even a month ago, spent two weeks in Africa dealing with Cabal flunkies. Clarissa did one fightless recon in frigging Plymouth. And I'm still the loser in the cafeteria. Go figure.

Her gaze returns to Clarissa, who notices this time. Clarissa frowns, and stands. She moves towards Fran.

Fran smiles nastily as she approaches.

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

I guess my very existence offends Her Majesty after all.

Clarissa reaches her table and looks down on Fran.

CLARISSA

Hey. Can you stop with the stalking?

Fran chuckles.

FRAN

I'm sorry if my eating lunch
disturbs you. Maybe you should try
the garden.

(beat)

I hear Ms. Marklew's grave is quite
sunny this time of year, and it
might be nice to remember what a
real Slayer is like.

Clarissa just rolls her eyes.

CLARISSA

(mocking)

Don't be so emo, Bug Girl. You'll
see battle someday.

Fran stands, stepping up to the other girl and seeing her
nose-to-nose. Clarissa tosses an amused glance back to her
posse.

FRAN

You know what, princess?

CLARISSA

Please enlighten me.

(beat)

Bug Girl.

FRAN

If you call me that one more time,
we won't even have to wait for the
Cabal. I'll end you right here,
right now.

Clarissa just throws a grin back to her friends, then looks
back to Fran. She takes care pronouncing what comes next:

CLARISSA

Bug. Gir-

Fran throws a PUNCH before she even finishes the word, and
looks down on her.

FRAN

Are you always so damn predictable?

(beat)

Now get up. I wanna see why the
hell they brought you here and not
some other dumb valley girl.

Clarissa grits her teeth and KICKS at Fran's feet. Fran hops
out of the way, then gestures for her to attack.

Clarissa stands and launches herself at Fran, throwing a
punch.

(CONTINUED)

Fran knocks it away and throws one of her own towards Clarissa's stomach. Clarissa SPINS out of the way, grabbing the back of Fran's shirt and THROWING her.

Fran stumbles, but turns it into a somersault, regaining her stature and turning back to look at her opponent.

Girls begin to circle around as the two size one another up. Finally, they both move forwards. Typical of Slayers, they fight a mile a minute, all blocks and kicks. Clarissa keeps up, but Fran is clearly the better fighter.

Fran kicks at Clarissa's stomach, but she steps back. Fran grins and flicks her foot. Her shoe FLIES into Clarissa's face, surprising her and making her trip backwards.

As she falls on her back, Fran steps forwards and SLAMS her foot towards Clarissa's chest.

CLARISSA

(afraid)

No!

Fran STOPS an inch from her opponent's chest. She looks down on Clarissa.

FRAN

Next time, this is over. Capiche?

Clarissa nods. Fran removes her foot and holds a hand out to let the girl up. Clarissa takes it, and gets up.

FRAN (cont'd)

Would it be too much to ask for an apology?

Clarissa glares at her.

FRAN (cont'd)

I could kick your ass again.

Clarissa shrugs, conceding this point. A hint of a smile even shows. Respect, finally.

CLARISSA

You won. I'm sorry about the Bug Girl stuff.

FRAN

Thank you.

And Fran, victorious, turns and exits the room in a blaze of glory.

... Then doubles back and grabs her SHOE.

FRAN (cont'd)
Forgot this.

And she gets her second, albeit less dramatic, exit.

BLACK OUT: