

SUPERNATURAL

spec script

by

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"Even Schoolgirls Get the Blues"

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INT. UNDERGROUND GROTTO - NIGHT

A chamber with hard stone walls, lit by candlelight.

THREE GIRLS, (18) their faces concealed by the hoods of their scarlet cloaks, worship around an obsidian statue of a bull that has a crocodile's head for a tail. Their stiff postures and monotone voices imply that they are in a trance, but it is not overly obvious.

GIRLS

Bakha-Seb, we look upon you and see
your majesty. Bakha-Seb, we listen
to you and hear your wondrous call.
Bakha-Seb, we touch you and feel
your unmatched power.

The girls walk in a circle around the bull, right arms outstretched to brush the statue's surface. They halt. They pull back their concealing hoods, but we see only one girl close in profile, MADELINE SHARPE. DISSOLVE TO:

INT. GYMNASIUM - DAY

Madeline Sharpe close in profile again. There is no mistaking that she is the same girl from the previous scene.

A casual volleyball game is played in a prep school gymnasium. All the students are girls in fashionable gym suits. During her serve, Madeline intentionally beans REBECCA MOORE in the back of the head.

REBECCA

I'm on your team, you crazy bitch.

MADELINE

Trust me, you and I will never be
on the same team.

Across the gym, the mannish phys-ed instructor, EDITH POMEROY, claps her hands.

EDITH

Ladies. We are here to learn
sportswomanship, not bicker among
ourselves. Men love to see sisters
disunited.

REBECCA

Skank.

MADELINE

Slut.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - DAY - LATER

Madeline has changed into her school uniform and is brushing her hair. She sees Rebecca facing the wall, still in her gym outfit.

MADELINE

You better shower. I don't want to suffer your B.O. in History Class.

Rebecca makes no response. Madeline approaches her.

MADELINE

Hey. Dipstick. I'm talking to you.

Madeline grabs her shoulder and spins her around. Blood streams from Rebecca's eyes and ears. She tries to speak, but only choking sounds escape. Her hand shoots out and clutches Madeline's shoulder. Madeline's eyes widen in horror at the blood that streams from Rebecca's fingernails, staining her uniform. She lets loose a blood-curdling scream.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

EXT. SCHOOL GROUNDS ENTRANCE - DAY

A lavish boarding school with tall, wrought iron gates stretching across the drive. A sign reads "Marion Academy for Young Ladies." The Winchester brothers, SAM and DEAN stare through the bars of the gates.

SAM

I count four sheriff's cars in front of the school. And they're all going to want to know why the FBI is investigating.

DEAN

That's why I say we run the CDC gag. Rebecca Moore's death is officially classified as a bio-terrorist act, yada, yada, yada.

A taxicab comes to a stop near Dean and Sam. ROBERTO MENDOZA—a dashing handsome man—steps out. He speaks with a light Spanish accent.

ROBERTO

Good afternoon. Roberto Mendoza at your service. Your newest instructor. Is Headmistress Hargrave within?

DEAN

Senor Mendoza, it's so good to meet you at last. I'm Donald Strump, assistant to the headmistress.

ROBERTO

I did not expect such a warm welcome. Perhaps you would be so kind to help me with my things.

Dean puts his arm around Roberto's shoulder and draws him closer to the cab.

DEAN

That's the problem. Did you hear about the death two days ago?

ROBERTO

A terrible tragedy.

DEAN

I'm afraid that classes have been suspended for a week.

Dean hustles Roberto into the cab. Roberto rolls down the window and leans out.

ROBERTO

But what about—

DEAN

If you could find lodging in town. It's only for a week, I promise. by the way, do you have a file of your resume and references?

ROBERTO

I have my copies, but—

Dean snatches the envelope from Roberto's hand as the taxi cab drives off.

DEAN
Excellent. Arrivederci!

Sam approaches as Dean reads the file.

DEAN
I don't know about you, but here's
my pass inside.

SAM
What? You don't think I can play
the teacher? I can play the
teacher.

DEAN
It's more a matter of who's better
suited for the role.

SAM
And which one of us actually
attended college? Oh, that's right.
It was me.

Dean frowns at what he reads, then slaps the file into Sam's
chest.

DEAN
You're right, professor. Why should
I hog all the good parts?

SAM
What does he teach?

DEAN
He's the new dance instructor.

SAM
I can teach dance.

DEAN
Right. A word of advice. Don't try
the accent.

(full sample available upon request)