

REAPERS PILOT

EXT. DIRT ROAD - DAY

From a birds eye view, a dated SUV drives down a dirt road, caking up clouds of dust so thick, they obscure the wheels.

Dense forest encases both sides of the road, creating an unsettling tunnel that blocks out majority of the sunlight. The car pulls up on a wrought iron fence with "Alcacia University" welded ornately into the top.

EXT. CAMPUS - DAY

CLEOPATRA "Pattie" BISHOP (18), a caramel skinned teenager with untamable bushels of curly, black hair, accidentally drops her suitcase as she pulls it from the trunk. Clothes spill onto the ground.

Her mother, IMARA BISHOP (40s), sighs and crouches down to help. Pattie's cheeks flush with embarrassment.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY - SAME

On the top floor of the adjacent school building, two dark, shadowy FIGURES stand by a large window, observing Pattie below. Only their silhouettes are visible.

FIGURE #1

Do you really think it was a good idea, bringing her here?

FIGURE #2

I think it was a good idea having her somewhere where she can be watched.

FIGURE #1

Just watched?

FIGURE #2

Until the time is right.

FIGURE #1 sighs, exasperated.

FIGURE #1

Wouldn't it have been easier to just leave her be? She doesn't even know about us. Wouldn't bringing her here create the very problems we want to avoid?

FIGURE #2

She can't be trusted.

Down below, Pattie trips over the curb. Imara shakes her head.

FIGURE #1

With what she doesn't even know?

FIGURE #2

The boy knows.

FIGURE #1

And again, is he even a threat? He wants nothing to do with this place, or his father's legacy for that matter. He's made that abundantly clear.

FIGURE #2

Anyone related to that man is a threat to everything we're trying to accomplish.

Pattie throws on a backpack and tightly grips each strap. A broad, proud smile stretches across her face.

FIGURE #1

This seems barbaric. She's basically a child.

FIGURE #2

Historically, when has age ever mattered in war?

Figure #1 shrugs.

FIGURE #2 (CONT'D)

You'll see. With her in our midst, it will only be a matter of time until the boy follows.

FIGURE #1

And if he doesn't?

Pattie kisses her mother goodbye, but Imara lingers.

FIGURE #2

I'll give him a reason to.

Imara takes Pattie's cheeks in her hand and presses their foreheads together. She speaks and Patties nods.

FIGURE #2 (CONT'D)

And once I've eradicated them both, my value to the movement will be undeniable.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Pattie awkwardly navigates a crowded hallway. All around her, other students carry bags and boxes, moving into dorms.

Her eyes are saucers, taking in the historic, Victorian décor around her. Despite the chaos, she frequently pauses to take a look inside the glass display cases that line the walls. Frustrated students huff and puff, forced to walk around her.

Each case is brimming with pictures and plaques detailing students accomplishments. Her gaze lingers on a dated picture of a YOUNG MALE holding an award. She sighs, her palms pressed against the glass, fingers curling with a longing desire for what she cannot reach.

INT. PATTIE'S DORM ROOM - NIGHT

Pattie sits on the edge of an old twin bed, in a dorm room that clearly has not been updated since its conception. It eludes all the classic characteristics of an old, Victorian building - wood trim, ornate moldings, and even a high, inset ceiling.

One half of the room stands fully decorated with a typical Target-esque college dorm set, contrasting greatly with the old feel of the room.

Pictures of family and friends litter the walls. The other side is noticeably devoid of any decoration or personal touches.

In one hand Pattie holds a cell phone to her ear. In the other hand she holds a family photo - a ten year old set of fraternal twins. The boy, RAMSES BISHOP, and herself, sit at a table, a cake in front of them and wide smiles on their faces. The cake features a set of rainbow #10 candles.

Behind them stands a pale young man, their father, grinning proudly.

She flips it over. The back is labeled "Pattie and Ram. 10th birthday."

PATTIE

You should see it Ram. It's amazing. Old and mysterious, like a castle or something.

RAM (V.O.)

Oh I'm sure it's just enchanting.

PATTIE
Just say it...

RAM (V.O.)
I still cannot believe you chose to
go to that school.

PATTIE
How many times are you going to
remind me?

RAM (V.O.)
As many as it takes! They don't
even have any major sports there!
What kind of university doesn't
have a football team? You can't
even be a majorette.

PATTIE
Plenty of schools don't. Besides
it's not like I was ever gonna make
a career out of baton twirling.
They're just sports Ram.

RAM (V.O.)
Oh thanks. Now I feel completely
validated in my choice to play
basketball instead of going to some
no name school in the middle of
nowhere.

Pattie laughs to herself, falling back onto the bed.

PATTIE
It's not *nowhere*.

RAM (V.O.)
Because you'd heard of Persephone's
Hollow before this? Or Alcadia
University? That sounds like
something out of Harry Potter.

PATTIE
I love Harry Potter.

RAM
I'm well aware.

PATTIE
Plus...
(with hesitation)
Dad mentioned them before.

RAM (V.O.)
(irritated)
Of course he did.

PATTIE
Ram.

RAM (V.O.)
We haven't heard from dad since
what? Our tenth birthday? What do
you really think attending his alma
mater is going to accomplish?

PATTIE
It might give us some answers.

RAM (V.O.)
Answers that mom couldn't?

PATTIE
Maybe? I feel like this is a good
start. There are pictures of him
everywhere. Somebody here has to
know something.

Pattie closes her eyes and holds the photo close to her chest, cherishing it. She takes a deep breath and responds with more conviction.

PATTIE (CONT'D)
He wouldn't just disappear.

RAM (V.O.)
He already has!

PATTIE
Well he wouldn't if he had a
choice! I know it. He always said
archaeology could be dangerous
right? But it was worth it because
it taught us about our history.
Well that passion obviously started
here. If something happened, this
is my only lead.

RAM (V.O.)
Stop referring to him like some
sort of superhero. He was just
another deadbeat who abandoned his
kids. It's not some big mystery.

Pattie shoots up, ready to argue. The door creaks open and a girl, IVA OAKLEY (18), flawless olive skin and silky hair that reaches her hips, sticks her head in.

Everything about her, from her pin-straight posture, to her designer outfit, just screams privileged princess.

IVA

Room 442?

Pattie covers the phone receiver and nods.

PATTIE

Look Ram, I gotta go.

RAM (V.O.)

Seriously? Don't be like that.

(regretfully apologetic)

I didn't mean to hurt your feelings.

PATTIE

No. My roommate's here. I'll call you tomorrow alright?

Pattie hangs up. Iva drags in a designer luggage set and tosses it on the bed.

Pattie stands up, smoothing out her skirt, before extending her hand.

PATTIE (CONT'D)

Hi, I'm Pattie Bishop.

Iva pauses and narrows her eyes. She does not return the shake.

IVA

As in Raymond Bishop? Correct?

PATTIE

Oh my gosh! Yes! You've heard of him?

Iva laughs to herself, as if aware of a joke Pattie does not know the punchline to.

IVA

Unfortunately.

Dejected, Pattie retracts her hand.

Iva stares at her set up, taking in her decorations. Her lip curls in disgust, before she turns her attention to the bare side of the room.

IVA (CONT'D)

Is yellow your favorite color?

PATTIE

Yes.

IVA

I find yellow to be disgusting.

PATTIE

Oh.

IVA

It doesn't fit the character of the room at all - and of course you took the bed by the window.

PATTIE

I didn't realize-

IVA

Well don't apologize now. It's far too late to be considerate. At least own your mistakes.

PATTIE

Okay.

Iva rolls her eyes, before gesturing towards herself.

IVA

I'm Iva Oakley, of the infamous Oakley family, *obviously*. So, you are?

PATTIE

I told you, I'm Pattie.

IVA

No Pattie. *What* are you?

Pattie cocks her head, which only seems to upset Iva more. She places her hands on her hips in anticipation.

PATTIE

Well my mom is black and my dad is white I guess. I think he's like Irish specifically. I'm not sure what part.

IVA

I'm sure that's not all they are. Everyone who's anyone has heard the rumors - Ray had a thing for creatures of the night. It's okay. You can tell me. I won't judge.

PATTIE

I don't - My mom's never worked nights.

IVA

No you simpleton. He -

Iva pauses, her brow quirking as she realizes Pattie has no idea what she means. She pinches the bridge of her nose and sighs, one final attempt to make nice.

IVA (CONT'D)

What kind of women does he like?
His type?

Iva waits, giving Pattie one more chance to come clean. When she shrugs, Iva turns to her bed and throws her bag down.

IVA (CONT'D)

Fine, be like that. It's not like I actually cared anyway.

PATTIE

(desperate)
I don't understand.

IVA

I should've known better than to accept a room with Ray Bishop's kid. You must think you're really special huh?

PATTIE

What?

Pattie throws her hands up in defense and Iva snatches her left wrist, closely examining it, before scoffing in disgust and tossing it aside.

IVA

No wonder. You humans always think you're better than everyone else, I swear.

PATTIE

Humans?

IVA

Just stay on your side of the room and I'll stay on mine okay? Maybe if we don't talk, we can pretend we're in a single dorm until they open up room transfers.

Pattie opens her mouth to speak, but the words get stuck in her throat. Iva doesn't bother to turn back around, putting extra effort into her unpacking while ignoring Pattie's existence.

Pattie crawls into bed with her back towards Iva. She picks up her phone and types out a message to Ram: "Five minutes in and my roommate already hates me."

INT. RAM'S DORM ROOM - SAME

With his phone to his ear, RAMSES BISHOP (18), the male version of Pattie with an undercut, sits on the bed of a single person dorm looking over a playbook - the privileges of being a student athlete.

The space is small, with only room for a bed, desk and closet. The walls are lined with sports posters and photos crudely taped everywhere. Every picture he has of his family is obviously devoid of his father, some even ripped or folded over.

IMARA (V.O.)

She was a little all over the place of course, but mostly fine when I dropped her off.

RAM

Are you sure?

IMARA (V.O.)

Well it's Pattie, so you can't ever really be sure. She's excited at least.

RAM

So? She still gets excited about finding toys in her cereal box!

Imara clears her throat.

RAM (CONT'D)

My bad.

IMARA (V.O.)

I get that you're worried, but you can't play super hero big brother for the rest of your lives. You have to grow up.

RAM

I know that...I'm just nervous about what comes next.

IMARA (V.O.)
It's not as if we could've kept
this from her forever.

RAM
I still think we could've. You
could've made her apply somewhere
else.

IMARA (V.O.)
And spend the rest of our lives
just pretending we didn't know?

RAM
It's what we've been doing!

IMARA (V.O.)
That doesn't mean it was okay.

Ram runs a hand over his temples.

IMARA (V.O.)
We did what we needed to protect
her at the time.

RAM
We did what we had to with what dad
left us! We wouldn't even be in
this situation if it wasn't for
him.

IMARA (V.O.)
We can't blame him because we kept
secrets from her. He's been gone
what, eight years now?

RAM
Well I can sure as hell blame him
for not being here to tell her
himself.

Ram's phone VIBRATES in his ear.

RAM (CONT'D)
Hold on one second.

He opens a text message from Pattie and frowns to himself.

Another message pops up right after the first: "Maybe you
were right? Maybe this was a mistake?"

Ram grimaces with guilt and quickly types a message back:
"Just gonna have to work the Bishop charm extra hard right?"

RAM (CONT'D)

Alright.

IMARA (V.O.)

As much as you hate the idea, she fought hard to go to Alcadia. She deserves the chance to figure things out on her own. She'll be shocked at first, but it's Pattie. We know how much she's always loved fairytales and myths and your father's stories.

RAM

Yeah, too much! She was convinced she was getting a Hogwarts letter until she was like thirteen! The cut off is eleven, even I know that much.

IMARA (V.O.)

So this will probably be a dream come true for her then.

RAM

I don't understand how you can be so nonchalant about this.

IMARA (V.O.)

Believe me, I'm just as worried as you are, but how long are we supposed to hold her hand sweetheart? You have basketball and school-

RAM

(yelling)

THIS ISN'T HOLDING HER HAND! IT'S KEEPING HER ALIVE!

(pause)

I'm sorry.

IMARA (V.O.)

I know you've been protective of you sister since Raymond left, but you're her brother. Not her father. You can't be by her side forever. All you can do is try to support her and be there if she needs you. So please try to be supportive, for me?

RAM

I'll be there for her. I'll always be there for her, but that doesn't mean I have to pretend to like this.

IMARA (V.O.)

Well it's a start. Just try not to be too hard on her. I love you okay?

RAM

Yeah, I love you too.

INT. PATTIE'S DORM ROOM - NIGHT

Pattie lay in bed, hands behind her head, staring up at the ceiling. She picks up her phone, checking the time. It reads: 12:15 AM.

She tries closing her eyes but after a few moments, gives up and pulls out her phone again.

On the other side of the room, Iva stirs in her bed. Pattie doesn't think anything of it, until she hears the sound of something THUMP against the wood floor. She looks over to see a pile of willow vines cascading from Iva's bed to the floor.

She rubs at her eyes once, twice, but nothing changes.

PATTIE

Iva?

Her roommate doesn't stir.

PATTIE (CONT'D)

Iva...are you okay?

Pattie slowly crawls to the edge of her and reaches out taking a vine in her hand, confirming that what she sees is real. She pulls at it and drops the vine, almost falling from her bed when she realizes it's attached to Iva's scalp.

She crawls back into bed, frantically rubbing her hands over her face. Her breath begins to hitch, labored with fear.

PATTIE (CONT'D)

(to herself)

You had a stressful day and your eyes are playing tricks on you. You need to go to sleep.

Iva stirs, groaning as the bed-frame creaks beneath her.

After a few slow, deep breaths, Pattie cautiously peaks over through her fingers. This time, she sees Iva with her hair back to normal.

Pattie rubs her eyes, but nothing changes. She crawls to the edge of the bed and reaches out her hand, but draws it back when Iva shifts yet again.

She crawls back into bed and pulls the cover over her face, forcing her eyes shut.

INT. PATTIE'S DORM ROOM - DAY

Pattie sits on the edge of her bed, leaning down to tie her shoe. She can't help but keep glancing over at Iva. She leans in as close as possible and squints, carefully watching her roommate do her hair.

Iva looks up, glaring from where she sits on the end of her bed.

IVA
Can I help you?

Pattie averts her gaze, pretending to smooth out a wrinkle in her shirt.

PATTIE
No.
(pause)
Well actually...

IVA
What?

PATTIE
Last night you, or well, your
hair...

Pattie's voice trails off. Her gaze shifts between her lap and Iva's cold, glare.

IVA
My hair?

Pattie raises her hands above her head, making random gestures over her scalp as she tries to find the right words.

PATTIE
It was-*nothing*. It looks great.

IVA
Is that all?

PATTIE

Well I was wondering if maybe you wanted to go to the freshman brunch and orientation together?

Iva pauses, pretending to consider the idea with exaggerated contemplation.

IVA

Mmm...No. I don't think I do.

PATTIE

Oh. Okay.

Iva stands, flipping her hair.

IVA

You have fun though. I'm sure there'll be plenty of people lining up to hang out with Ray Bishop's daughter.

Iva exits the room, leaving Pattie on the bed alone.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Pattie walks down a crowded hallway, fumbling through the sea of freshman in shock. The sounds of students talking and shuffling past each other echo through the halls so loud it's deafening.

She's distracted, not by the hoards of excited students, but by the strange things she thinks she sees...

A student with a tail like a lizard.

She tries to follow it, but it slithers under someone's legs.

Then a girl with horns.

She attempts to get closer, but bumps into another student's back. She can't stop blinking in an effort to adjust her eyes, but it's as if every strange thing she sees disappears just as quickly as she can catch a glimpse of it.

Quickly she shuffles, trying to make it to the side of hallway, but trips over the feet of a large, fuzzy creature and falls to her hands and knees in a panic.

Her breathing becomes more erratic as she crawls through the crowd, trying not to get crushed. Finally she makes it to the end of the hall and pushes her way through wooden double doors into...

EXT. COURTYARD - DAY

After wandering with a deer-caught-in-headlights expression, Pattie finally flops onto a random bench, removed from the crowds of students.

She rubs her eyes in a manner so intense, it looks almost violent, and then blinks at the crowd, but nothing changes. She still sees weird features like fangs and scales.

PATTIE
 (to herself)
 Pull it together Pattie. I don't
 know what's going on with you, but
 obviously this isn't real. Maybe
 its a joke? Or a prank?

She drops her face into her hands and groans, pulling at her hair. Suddenly she takes a deep breath and tries to feign composure.

PATTIE (CONT'D)
 Alright, just calm down. Calm down
 and think rationally-Ram! Try Ram
 and he'll talk some sense into you.

Her hands shake as she grabs her phone, dropping it on the ground. Tears of frustration well in her eyes.

PATTIE (CONT'D)
 Arggh!

She picks it up and scrolls through her contacts, dialing her brother and putting the phone to her ear.

The longer the phone RINGS, the more anxious she becomes. Her legs shake and her free hand tenses around the edge of the bench.

PATTIE (CONT'D)
 Come on!

Finally the phone goes to voicemail.

RAM (V.O.)	PATTIE (CONT'D)
<i>What's up, you've reached</i>	Ugh! You can't be serious!
<i>Ram! I can't come to phone</i>	This is an emergency!
<i>right now-</i>	

RAM (V.O.)
*But if you leave a message, I'll
 probably just text you.*

PATTIE

(Into phone)

Ram, it's your sister, obviously!
Call me back ASAP. This is serious!
I think I'm losing it and I...I
don't know. I just need to talk to
you okay?

Pattie throws her phone in her bag and rubs at her temples.

PATTIE (CONT'D)

(to herself)

You're not crazy and you're not a
quitter. Just get through the
morning and you can go back to your
dorm and sleep this off or
something.

INT. CAFETERIA - DAY

Pattie walks into the cafeteria, head down. The large room bustles with life as students file through buffet stations filled with brunch foods—eggs, pancakes, quiches, potatoes.

She grabs a tray and quickly throws the first pastry she sees on it. She doesn't even bother grabbing utensils. She just leaves the chaos of the line as quickly as possible.

She finds herself thrust into the open cafeteria, where everyone already seems to have cliqued up. The more she looks around the weirder things get.

Her eyes lock on several tables—one full of girls with pastel skin and gills, another with a student who has nine fox tails, another with short, gremlin like creatures, and even one where students look like cats.

Pattie trips over herself, trying not to stare too long, but just manages to draw unwanted attention.

Head hung low and biting at her lip, she slowly makes her way down the aisles until her eyes land on a table with one, normal looking human student sitting at it. She makes a B-line for the open seat in front of him.

Her legs shake. She can barely keep eye contact as her voice waivers.

PATTIE

Do you mind if I sit here?

Sitting at the table, BRENNAN BELMONT (18), glances up through hooded lids up with an unamused expression.

His eyes narrow as his chubby cheeks puff up, filled with cherry danish.

Other than his expression, he seems fairly normal with pale skin, Barbie blonde hair, and a dusting of freckles over his face. He's on the softer side, his sweater doing nothing to hide the fact that he never quite lost his baby fat. Pastries take up every inch of free space on his tray.

He hesitates to respond, examining Pattie before waving his hand with little interest.

BRENNAN

I suppose.

Slowly Pattie sits, struggling for a moment to pull her chair out from under the table. Her chair scrapes loudly across the floor and her cheeks burn bright red by the time she finally takes a seat.

Pattie covers her face with her hands. Brennan's brow ticks up, but his expression remains dull as he continues to pick at his tray.

BRENNAN (CONT'D)

You look like you're having a day.

PATTIE

Is it that obvious?

BRENNAN

Painfully.

PATTIE

I don't know what's going on. I feel like I'm going crazy. Maybe I'm having an anxiety attack? Or hallucinating from the heat?

BRENNAN

It's 76 degrees.

PATTIE

Then I must be going crazy. I can't even eat.

She pushes her barely touched tray away from her and leans her head on the table.

BRENNAN

That seems a little dramatic, even for this place.

PATTIE
 Dramatic? If you knew the type day
 I was having, you would understand.

Pattie pauses expectantly but there's only silence as Brennan continues to eat.

PATTIE (CONT'D)
 Aren't you going to ask what kind
 of day I'm having?

BRENNAN
 You seem like the type who's going
 to tell me regardless.

Pattie nods and looks around the room, making sure no one is listening in before she leans in and whispers.

PATTIE
 My roommate had vines for hair last
 night. I almost bumped into a girl
 I thought had wings like a bat
 earlier. Even now, I'm positive I
 saw a table of lizard people. You
 were the most normal looking person
 I saw.

BRENNAN
 Lizard people?

PATTIE
 Yes! *Lizard* people.

BRENNAN
 I think they would find that term
 offensive. They're probably dragons
 or something.

PATTIE
 Excuse me?

BRENNAN
 They could also be salamanders too
 I guess.

PATTIE
 Are you messing with me right now?

BRENNAN
 No. I don't even know you. What joy
 would I get out of that?

Pattie's eyes dart around the cafeteria.

PATTIE

So you can see them too.

BRENNAN

Of course I can see them. I'm not blind.

(pause)

Oh wow, you really didn't know, did you?

PATTIE

Know what? What's going on here?

BRENNAN

Alcadia isn't exactly like other universities. Its a school for special students...monsters, demons, mythological creatures.

PATTIE

I'm not any of those things.

BRENNAN

Are you sure?

PATTIE

Of course I'm sure!

BRENNAN

So you're a human? They take humans too, special ones. Magicians, seers, clerics.

Pattie's face slowly begins to pale, and her hand covers her mouth. She blinks frantically as she tries to makes sense of what she's hearing.

PATTIE

I'm not...

BRENNAN

Well there must be something remotely special about you if you're here. Maybe you just don't know?

A long, thin tail with an arrow shaped head slides across the table and taps at Pattie's tray.

BRENNAN (CONT'D)

Are you gonna eat this?

Frozen in place, only Pattie's eyes move as they follow the fluid motions of the tail.

PATTIE
You have a tail?

Brennan shrugs.

BRENNAN
Pretty sure all incubi have tails.

PATTIE
Incu...incu...

BRENNAN
Are you okay?

Pattie frantically pushes back from the table, stumbling up out of her seat and spilling the contents of Brennan's drink all over his sweater.

INT. BRENNAN'S DORM ROOM - DAY

Unlike Pattie, Brennan has a private dorm room. He stands at the sink in his bathroom, scrubbing violently at his sweater soaking in running water.

Pattie stands near the bathroom doorway, shifting from foot to foot with a nervous waiver in her voice.

PATTIE
I'm so sorry. I don't know what happened.

BRENNAN
You freaked out. That's what happened.

PATTIE
I didn't mean to. You have to believe me. I just panicked.

BRENNAN
I would hope you didn't mean to ruin my favorite sweater.

PATTIE
I can buy you a new one.

Brennan pulls his sweater out of the water and holds it up over the sink, before dunking it back in.

BRENNAN
You couldn't afford it. Besides, it's fine. You've done enough, really.

Pattie bites her lip.

BRENNAN (CONT'D)

You know you didn't have to follow me here either.

PATTIE

I really do feel bad though and I could've found you later but this is a big campus and I don't even know your name.

BRENNAN

Brennan. My name is Brennan.

PATTIE

Well I'm Pattie. It's uh, short for Cleopatra.

BRENNAN

How unique.

PATTIE

My dad sort of has a thing for ancient cultures and stuff.

BRENNAN

Of course he did.

With Brennan still distracted by his sweater, Pattie awkwardly begins exploring his room. She moves slow, careful not make much noise or misplace anything.

She lifts up a few magazines—all male fashion magazines.

PATTIE

(yelling to the bathroom)
A single room. You must've gotten pretty lucky.

BRENNAN

Something like that.

PATTIE

Oh...

BRENNAN

Yep.

Pattie stands by a bookshelf, reading the different spines, until her eyes catch a few framed photos.

The pictures range through all ages, featuring people who all share Brennan's pale skin and hair. In each photo, he seems to be frowning.

On one of the higher shelves, there's one photo where he's smiling, albeit awkwardly. Pattie tiptoes to reach for it to get a closer look.

In the picture, Brennan sits behind a large birthday cake with the same #10 candle from her own tenth birthday cake. It's almost a perfect recreation of her and Ram's birthday photo, even down to the man standing behind Brennan in the picture.

Just as Pattie's eyes narrow, Brennan emerges from the bathroom holding up his damp sweater.

BRENNAN (CONT'D)

Not perfect, but I bet I can get the rest out with a good run in the washer, right? You can make it up to me by teaching me how to use a washing machine.

Slowly Pattie turns, holding the picture out.

PATTIE

Brennan who is this?

Immediately his face sours and reaches for the photo. Pattie steps back, not letting him anywhere near it.

BRENNAN

I didn't even mean for that stupid picture to be out. My brother must've put it up.

PATTIE

But why?

Brennan lowers his face and begins to speak too fast.

BRENNAN

I told Finn not to even pack it, but he said it's the only nice picture I have.

PATTIE

No, why is this man in your picture?

Brennan cocks his head as if Pattie is an idiot.

BRENNAN
Because he's my dad.

PATTIE
What?

BRENNAN
Yeah, I know. Even in the human world, he's probably not winning any father of the year awards but-

PATTIE
No! That's not true. He's not your father.

BRENNAN
Why would I lie about that?

PATTIE
Because he's my dad!

Brennan's eyes go wide and his lips curl in as he laughs uncomfortably.

BRENNAN
Oh wow...I guess he never told you about me, did he? I'm not surprised.

PATTIE
Told me what?

Pattie takes a step closer and Brennan steps back in response, looking for any excuse or distraction. He glances at a clock on his desk and notices the time.

BRENNAN
Maybe we should talk about this after the orientation? If we don't leave for the auditorium now we're going to miss it.

Pattie hesitates, skeptical.

BRENNAN (CONT'D)
We'll talk about it later, I promise.

INT. AUDITORIUM - DAY

Rows and rows of seats lead down to a massive, semi circle stage.

Flooding the aisles are hoards of students sliding through narrow aisles. Here, Pattie's eyes no longer play tricks on her.

A girl with four arms pushes past her. A boy smiles at her, only to reveal six rows of razor sharp teeth.

Slowly, she tries to move out of one students way, but almost trips over a small troll.

TROLL

Hey! I'm walking here!

Brennan takes a hold of her shoulders from behind to guide her, but Pattie quickly jerks out of his grip, almost careening into another student.

BRENNAN

I get that you're upset or something, but maybe watch where you're going before a gargoyle snaps at you.

Brennan motions to a pair of empty seats at the end of a row.

BRENNAN (CONT'D)

Let's just sit here.

Reluctantly Pattie takes the seat beside him. She folds her arms in an effort to distance herself from him.

BRENNAN (CONT'D)

If you're that upset you don't have to sit with me you know.

Pattie pouts, but instead of looking upset, she looks childish.

PATTIE

And then how would I find you again? You could disappear before we talk.

BRENNAN

That's ridiculous.

PATTIE

You have a literal tail!

BRENNAN

Incubi aren't capable of just disappearing. I'm not a vampire bat.

PATTIE

I'm glad you find this so amusing!

BRENNAN

Aren't siblings supposed to mess
with each other like this?

PATTIE

You are *not* my brother.

Suddenly a large, figure walks onto a dark stage and comes to the mic.

A spotlight shines down to reveal DEAN YORK (50's). His large silhouette looms over the mic in a way that comes off intimidating, despite his charming grin.

He wears a well fitted grey suit, but that does nothing to distract from his bright red mane, dragon like wings and the long, thick tail wrapping around his leg. Despite walking upright like a human, Dean York is a manticore.

He adjusts the mic to reach his mouth.

DEAN YORK

Alright, alright, settle down!

The chatter slowly dies down as the dean clears his throat.

Pattie's eyes frantically dart back and forth, but she seems to be the only person who finds his appearance daunting. Despite the way her legs are shaking, she can't take her eyes off of him.

DEAN YORK (CONT'D)

First and foremost, as Dean of this fine institution, I would like to personally welcome you all to your first day here at Alcadia University. You have a lot of options when it comes to universities and continued education, but we pride ourselves on being one of the few places where creatures like ourselves can thrive and still reach our full potential. I hope you all enjoyed our annual freshman orientation brunch provided by our wonderful cooking staff!

The students break into a light applause.

DEAN YORK (CONT'D)

We will welcome the rest of the students next week. Until then, please take this time to acquaint yourselves with the campus, find your classes, and most of all, form relationships that will help you make the most of your next four years here.

Pattie glances at the seat across from her, and makes contact with a pair of slit yellow eyes. She quickly looks back down.

DEAN YORK (CONT'D)

A few housekeeping rules. Please make sure to mind your RA's and adhere to all dorm rules. You can find them in your student handbook. In there you will also find campus rules and cafeterias hours. Please try not to miss those, or you will likely go hungry.

Dean York takes a moment to sigh, his fun demeanor becoming more serious.

DEAN YORK (CONT'D)

And most important of all, while we pride ourselves on our rich history and the ability to provide students with an environment where they can be as close to their true selves as possible...please remember that there are still rules and boundaries we must follow.

Dean York lifts his left wrist, exposing a beaded bracelet.

DEAN YORK (CONT'D)

As I'm sure most of you have noticed, starting today, the charm that disguises you in full human form, has lessened allowing your pseudo forms to shine through despite wearing your concealment bracelets. This is thanks to the enchanted forest surrounding this campus. Alcadia is one of the few places in the human world where pseudo-forms are allowed.

Pattie carefully looks around at the wrists of the students seated near her. They all wear bracelets on their left wrists, including Brennan.

DEAN YORK (CONT'D)

However, please remember that off campus, you are still required to wear your concealment bracelets and appear in human forms at all times, no exceptions. Should you choose not to follow these rules, we cannot be held accountable for what fate may befall you. This is a privilege, allowed to us so that you may all thrive in your studies to the best of your ability. Appreciate it accordingly and do not take it for granted. I would prefer not to see another innocent student get reaped.

Pattie looks down at her wrist, which is very obviously bare. She attempts to pull her sleeve down before hiding it underneath her thigh.

DEAN YORK (CONT'D)

With that, lets do out everything we can to make this the best year possible. Remember, I am available in my office for whatever you may need. My office hours are posted by my door.

The students break out into applause for a moment, before quickly beginning to shuffle out.

Pattie grabs Brennan's arm to keep him from abandoning her and follows him out of the auditorium.

INT. BRENNAN'S DORM ROOM - DAY

Pattie stands, hands crossed over her chest. She's about as threatening as baby rabbit, but she's trying her hardest. Even Brennan can't seem to hide his amused smirk.

PATTIE

Alright. I've waited long enough.
Now talk.

Brennan sighs, falling back onto his bed as if he'd rather be anywhere else.