

SPIES OF LIFE ACDAMEY

"Magics vs. Gadgets"

Written by
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Animated | Action/Comedy | 6-11 target audience

LOGLINE: In a world of Spies vs Wizards, Lloyd Huxley- a freshman who's in line to be the next Spy Leader, just wants to play Dungeons and Dragons and make a few friends.

EXT. UNKNOWN DARKNESS REALM

There's nothing on screen but DARKNESS and SWIRLS of BLACK and GRAY SMOKE. LLOYD HUXLEY walks into frame: Age 15, FRUMPY CLOTHES, FRIZZY HAIR, his SHIRT is tucked into his UNDERWEAR.

ZOOM TO: "LLOYD" Written in neat letters on the band of his tighty-whities. He doubles over and <COUGHS>.

LLOYD

<WHEEZING> O-Okay this can't be healthy. (Yelling) Alright! I get it! Taking notes, actually! This would be a great boss level for my game but-

Lloyd reaches for his UTILITY BELT and pulls out a SMALL LIP-BALM TUBE and presses a BUTTON on it. A BREATHING APPARATUS pops from the side and the device glows. Lloyd puts it into his mouth.

LLOYD (CONT'D)

(Muffled)

-just don't want to die to magic smoke!

The ground <RUMBLES>.

DISEMBODIED VOICE

<TUTTING> Nu-Uh-Uh. That's cheating- We'll have none of that.

Lloyd tenses into an AWKWARD BATTLE STANCE and WHIPS his head around.

LLOYD

Y-You again? Show yourself! And show...Myself- er, I mean: Where AM I?

DISEMBODIED VOICE

Isn't it obvious, Agent Lloyd? You're at the *end of the road*.

A GLOWING SQUARE forms underneath Lloyd's feet. Lloyd <GASPS> and accidentally spits out his lip-balm device as the square transforms into a PIT OF WATER! Lloyd falls in! SPLASH!

EXT. UNDER WATER - CONTINUOUS

The GLOW of Lloyd's lip-balm gadget fades as it sinks to the depths. Lloyd panics and holds his breath. Inspiration strikes.

Lloyd searches his UTILITY BELT again, pulls out a CUTE MASCOT KEYCHAIN and presses a button on its side. <WHIP!> A GRAPPLING LINE shoots from the keychain and hooks to something above the surface of the water. <WOOSH!> Lloyd retracts the line and is sent flying out with a <SPLASH!>.

EXT. UNKNOWN DARKNESS REALM

LLOYD
<Coughing Water> <Flying
in the air>
CAN'T WE JUST TALK!?

DISEMBODIED VOICE
(Fake Amusement)
Talk?! Why sure! Let's chat about
all those little toys of yours!

The grappling line in Lloyd's hand transforms into a LIVE SNAKE and <HISSES> at him. Lloyd <SCREAMS> and lands on the ground with an <OOF!>.

DISEMBODIED VOICE (CONT'D)
(Deadpan)
And oh, I hate how all you secret
agents *rely* on them. I'm done
playing games, Lloyd Huxley,
prepare for your *demise*.

LLOYD
(Out of Breath)
You turned my gadget...into a
snake. You know *transmogrification*
and you're wasting time trying to
kill *me*?!

Lloyd stands up, holding his ribs in pain.

DISEMBODIED VOICE
'Wasting time'? I-

LLOYD
I mean if *I* knew *transmogrification*
magic my D&D campaign would be the
talk of the TOWN! And *you* just want
to destroy some kid like me?

The ground rumbles again and Lloyd braces himself.

DISEMBODIED VOICE
You: Son of the Prime Director.
Future Leader of the Spying World.

GRAY SMOKE gathers and begins to form a GIANT SMOKE FIGURE looming over Lloyd. The mysterious voice now has a body.

GIANT SMOKE FIGURE

The Gadget-toting, rule-enforcing *antithesis* to Wizards and ALL things magical. And you claim to be just. Some. KID?

Lloyd watches the smoke figure grow and grow. He <GROANS>.

LLOYD

H-Hey...I'm none of those things!

(Quietly) Okay, maybe *some* of those things! But how many times do I have to tell you: I'm not *trying* to be a magic destroying spy agent!

The SNAKE that was once Lloyd's gadget zipline slithers up his leg. YIKES! Lloyd freaks out and hops on one foot to shake it off. He tumbles over.

GIANT SMOKE FIGURE

And yet you still cling to this useless machinery in hopes that it will make you better than everyone else. But I wonder-

Before Lloyd can scramble to his feet, the Smoke Figure's arms extends down and GRABS Lloyd like a doll. <OOF!> It lifts Lloyd up to eye level.

DISEMBODIED VOICE

-when I *pop* you, what's going to come out? Bolts and screws like all your *useless* gadgets? Or guts and blood like the mere *human* you are?

LLOYD

(Terrified, but amazed)
Woah.

The Giant Smoke Figure SQUEEZES Lloyd in his fist.

LLOYD (CONT'D)

(Pained)
UGH! Fine! Fine! If you want to waste your magic on me then just do it! Defeat me or whatever!

The Giant Smoke Figure stops its squeezing and tilts its head.

GIANT SMOKE FIGURE
That's it? You're giving up?

LLOYD
Yeah, as creepily intense as this is, I have too much going on today. And, hey! I thought we said today of all days was off limits.

GIANT SMOKE FIGURE
W-Well. Okay yeah, we did but-

Lloyd wiggles his arms free of the smoke figure's fist and opens them wide.

LLOYD
(Exasperated)
Then here! Just do what you want- defeat me or whatever. The faster you get this over with, the faster we can leave.

GIANT SMOKE FIGURE
You mean...you're not going to fight me?

LLOYD
(Shaking his head)
You're just reminding me of how much I'm *not* prepared for today. Plus that was my last gadget. So don't hold back, Smokey.

The Giant Smoke Figure considers it for a moment. It SQUEEZES Lloyd once more and he <GROANS> in pain.

GIANT SMOKE FIGURE
(Disappointed)
Ugh. I don't want to just *hurt* you. Not this easily... I want to *fight* you! A proper fight!

LLOYD
Tough turnips, man! I was already nervous for today and *now* thanks to you I'm DISTRACTED! This is NOT what we agreed on!

GIANT SMOKE FIGURE
Dude...

All of the DARKNESS begins to fade and the Giant Smoke Figure shrinks to normal size and places Lloyd down.

GIANT SMOKE FIGURE (CONT'D)
Ugh. You're literally no fun today.

Lloyd holds his sides and staggers.

LLOYD
(Painfully)
Ash. It's '*literally*' the first day of school. I know you thrive on tormenting me but, you said you wouldn't attack today. I made you sign *parchment* that you wouldn't attack today.

*

EXT. SPIES OF LIFE ACADEMY BACK ALLEYWAY - MORNING

With the Darkness gone, Lloyd is actually behind his new school, SPIES OF LIFE ACADEMY, in an alleyway.

Lloyd looks up at the dissipating smoke figure which reveals ASH PENDELTON- (HUMAN, age 15, a tall, lanky teen with a British Accent, Striking WHITE hair, and dressed in dark wizard robes with skinny jeans underneath.)

ASH
<CHUCKLES> Right, that was the agreement wasn't it? Whoops! Completely slipped my mind! First day jitters got me all excited, I suppose.

LLOYD
Also- Why aren't you at *your* school? Magic bus pop a tire or something?

ASH
Puh-lease. I've accounted for this. I penciled in plenty of time to torture you *and* make it to my school on ti-

The school bell <RINGS> and both boys groan in unison.

TANNER(O.S.)
THERE you are!

LLOYD
(Worried)
Tanner?!

From around the alley corner approaches TANNER HUXLEY, (age 13, short, stocky, spunky, wearing functional *and* fashionable skirted-overalls: Lloyd's overachieving younger sister.) She GLARES at Lloyd.

TANNER

I knew if I followed the smell of garbage I'd find you hanging out here instead of actually going to class.

LLOYD

Tanner, *W-What* are you doing here?

TANNER

(Shrugging)
You left your lunch on the counter.
So I'm here to give it to you.

LLOYD

No! I mean: *how* are you here?!
Doesn't the Junior Operative Academy have crazy security or...something?

TANNER

It's a Middle School for *Spies*, Lloyd. I snuck out and nobody noticed- I practically earned an A for the day.

ASH

Aw. Spies come in little... mini... kid versions. How terrifying. And oddly adorable?

Tanner glares at Ash. Her eyes widen and she looks back and forth between Ash and Lloyd. Realization dawns in her eyes.

TANNER

Wait.

LLOYD

No.

TANNER

(More excited)
WAIT.

LLOYD

No.

TANNER

A WIZARD...

LLOYD

Stop.

TANNER

And you... looking a wreck.

LLOYD

Tanner. *Don't-*

TANNER

Were you two *fighting*?

LLOYD

Leaving. We were both LEAVING!

TANNER

Lloyd! You already have a nemesis?!

LLOYD

No!

ASH

Sworn to death, yes.

LLOYD (CONT'D)

Wha- No! No- Tanner, this is the *weirdo* that has been tormenting me all summer! The one none of you thought was real?

TANNER

Right! So: a nemesis! Ugh! I'm so jealous.

Tanner turns her full attention to Ash.

TANNER (CONT'D)

Hey! I'm Tanner!

ASH

(Graciously)

Ash.

TANNER

(To Lloyd)

A legit nemesis just dropped on your doorstep and you don't even want to fight him? What a waste!

ASH

That's what *I've* been saying!

LLOYD

(Yelling)

CAN WE JUST?!

(Hushed)

(MORE)

LLOYD (CONT'D)
Can we just- *all* go to our
respective... schools and... learn
in...peace.

Ash <SCOFFS> and glares darkly at Lloyd.

ASH
We both know good and well what
they're teaching in *that* facility
is everything BUT peace. You can
train all you want to become the
Top Spy, Little *Lloydie*.

Ash's eyes GLOW a dark purple as he continues to glare at
Lloyd. Lloyd and Tanner take a step back.

ASH (CONT'D)
But fret not. I'll be back, and you
better hope this joke of a school
has a class on surviving a *Level 9*
Hex, because I'm NOT going easy on
you next time.

TANNER
Oh dang! You know *that* high of a
hex?

ASH
(Quickly, Still
Disappearing)
I mean, no not yet, but it's on the
syllabus for autumn courses-
ANYWAY, FAREWELL AGENT WEIRDO.

A PUFF of GREY SMOKE billows up from Ash's feet and covers
him. Once it dissipates, he is gone.

TANNER
(Beat) HA!
(sing-songy)
Lloyd's got a nemesis!

LLOYD
GO TO SCHOOL, TANNER!

INT. SPIES OF LIFE ACADEMY HALLWAY - MORNING

Lloyd enters through the double doors of the high school: a
place for training young, future Agents of the **Global Spy
Conglomerate**, the **GSC**. The walls and floors are clinically
tiled and spotless. Students donning high-tech gadgets and
backpacks rush the hallways.

Lloyd is clumsy as he walks and finally pulls his shirt out of his underwear. Was it like that during the whole fight with Ash? Ugh, embarrassing!

LLOYD

Ugh. Okay, Lloyd. It's like leveling up- if you start the day *really* low, you can only go up from there. Where are my- I need my...

He rummages through his UTILITY BELT and bumps into a few RANDOM SPY STUDENTS.

RANDOM SPY STUDENTS

Hey! / Excuse *you!* / Ugh, Watch it!

Oblivious, Lloyd reaches his LOCKER and smiles when he finally finds: His MEDIEVAL FANTASY FIGURINE. It is a shoddily painted knight figure with a SWORD- used for board games. He carefully places it on the top shelf of his locker. Lloyd takes a <DEEP BREATH>.

LLOYD

Okay...okay. (Talking to figurine)
First Day, Sir Lyonet. Wish me luck- and no worrying about me in here, okay? I think...I experienced the *worst* of it this morning. (pauses to pretend to listen to figure)
Yeah, it was that guy, *again*.

Lloyd polishes the figure with affection and fusses over its stance.

LLOYD (CONT'D)

But I swear to you- this is not going to be like last time. I'll *keep* my friends here- once I make them. And you'll be put to good use soon. Once again, people- *real flesh humans* that can play Dungeons and Dragons with me. Our campaign is potentially *hours* away.

Lloyd hears a sudden <SLAM> beside him and startles. Tanner is there, fist on the locker.

LLOYD (CONT'D)

Why are you still here?! How did you get in-?!

TANNER

(Handing out a lunchbox)
You *still* didn't take your lunch!

(MORE)

TANNER (CONT'D)

If you starve dad'll *somehow* make
it my fault.

Lloyd grabs his Dungeons and Dragons Themed lunchbox from
Tanner and his arm PLUNGES DOWN suddenly from the weight of
the lunchbox.

LLOYD

W-Why is it so heavy?!

TANNER

That's heavy? Maybe Mom's trying to
sneak in some weight training for
you? Classic Mom.

A Beat. Tanner glances at Lloyd's thin arms and Lloyd shrinks
away from her gaze.

Inside the lunchbox is a MEDIUM SIZED DEVICE that has a
BLINKING RED LIGHT on it. Attached is a handwritten NOTE
reading:

"Go Get 'Em, Future Prime Director! - MOM" with a HEART.

Lloyd deflates. Tanner tries to steal a glance.

TANNER (CONT'D)

What's it say? What is that?

LLOYD

Er- doesn't matter and don't know-

Lloyd attempts to shove it into his locker, but Tanner
snatches it with her speed advantage.

LLOYD (CONT'D)

H-Hey!

Tanner rolls her eyes after reading the note and <SNORTS>.

TANNER

"Future Prime Director." Mom still
really believes you're gonna do her
job one day? Must be nice. All the
notes she leaves for *me* only say
that she "Loves me" and stuff.

LLOYD

(Sarcastic)

What a rip off.

Lloyd hesitates.

LLOYD (CONT'D)

But... Hey, tonight I can try talking to her again about you doing all this stuff instead of me. I mean, you know I don't even want to be-

TANNER

Ugh, shut up.

LLOYD

I'm serious! Maybe she'll listen this time. I've been saying this since forever- it should be you who takes over.

TANNER

Lloyd, I swear to cyanide. If I was supposed to be on the Prime Director track then it would happen without you having to beg for it.

LLOYD

Cool cool cool. Even though you tell me. Multiple times a day. How I'm not cut out to ever be the Prime Director.

TANNER

Yup.

LLOYD

And tell me how I probably couldn't "Spy my way out of a paper bag no matter how many classes I take."

TANNER

Out of a plastic bag, but yeah.

Lloyd rolls his eyes and closes the locker.

LLOYD

(sarcastic)

Love it. Thank you my gracious, supportive sister. Any chance the "Future Prime Director" can convince you to finally, y'know, go back to your own school?

Tanner shrugs.

TANNER

I will say, it will be hilarious to see you in charge and have *no one* listen to you.

Lloyd grimaces. Tanner starts walking backwards down the hall towards the exit double doors. Students stare at the preteen.

TANNER (CONT'D)

Leaving because I want to!

LLOYD

Okay.

TANNER

Not because you told me to!

LLOYD

O-Kay!

TANNER

Remember, can't spy your way-

LLOYD

Out of a plastic bag, yup! Got it!
Go!

Lloyd rolls his eyes as Tanner finally leaves. His WATCH <BEEPS> It's a signal that his first class has begun.

Lloyd stuffs the mysterious device into his backpack and heads to class. The name of the class flashes on the screen of his watch. In a series of POPS we follow Lloyd to all of his classes:

POP TO:

INT. LARGE CLASSROOM - TARGET PRACTICE CLASS - DAY

A line of spy students with serious expressions stand holding various, inconspicuous weapons: an UMBRELLA, a CANE, a...FLUFFY WHITE RABBIT on a leash?

The TEACHER in a DARK TRENCHCOAT blows a whistle and the students raise their objects towards FLOATING HIGH-TECH TARGETS. <ZAPP!> <BOOM!> The umbrella's tip opens and blows FIRE at the targets, the cane shoots a MISSILE, the ears on the rabbit robotically open and shoot LASERS! <PEW PEW!>

Targets are destroyed one by one until we get to LLOYD struggling with a CARROT. He aims the carrot and the RABBIT jumps in frame and takes a huge bite out of it- Turns out it was just a normal carrot.

Wait. Wasn't that Rabbit a robot?! The Teacher hands him a paper that has "FAILED" written on it. Lloyd's watch beeps again.

POP TO:

INT. SCIENCE LAB - POSION IDENTIFICATION CLASS - DAY

Lloyd is bent over, head in a TRASH CAN- throwing up. A Teacher is patting his back with a paper that has "FAILED" written on it. Lloyd's watch beeps again.

POP TO:

INT. COMPUTER LAB - TECHNOLOGY DECRYPTION CLASS - DAY

Lloyd winces at his computer as all the other students are typing and hacking away. He raises one finger and presses a single button on the keyboard- the computer bursts into flames.

A Teacher walks up with a fire extinguisher and hands Lloyd a paper that has "FAILED" written on it. Lloyd fans the fire with the failing grade. Lloyd's watch beeps again.

POP TO:

INT. NORMAL CLASSROOM - STEALTH CLASS - DAY

Lloyd is sitting alone at his desk. Where is everyone? Suddenly a paper materializes out of thin air on the desk that has "FAILED" written on it. Lloyd looks around. WHO WAS THAT?!

We end the montage with the lunch bell <RINGING>. An image of A BURGER appears on Lloyd's watch.

INT. LUNCHROOM - DAY

Lloyd enters the lunchroom and surveys the area.

LLOYD

Ok. A morning of Scholastic
Spytastic disasters and now...the
ACTUAL scary part...Lunch.

Lloyd speaks to the medieval characters on his lunchbox.

LLOYD (CONT'D)

Give me strength, Kinship Krowd.
The greatest challenge awaits: the
pivotal forming of my clan. One
step closer to starting a D&D
campaign. Deep breath, underwear
not showing. Okay. Talking to
people. Here we go.

Tables of CLIQUES have already begun to form. Lloyd approaches a table of students that all have tablets and laptops out, clicking away between bites of their food in silence. The HACKERS- promising!

LLOYD (CONT'D)

Fair and well met, chum-panions!

The HACKERS all stop on their devices and look up at Lloyd.

LLOYD (CONT'D)

Um- ahem. I mean. Sup. (robotic
voice) Bypassing Security Measures.
(normal voice) Heh, well hey THAT
seat at the table looks empty and I
have an intriguing, um, 'firewall'
you're totally gonna want to crack.

One HACKER STUDENT in a sleek white coat SQUINTS at Lloyd.

HACKER STUDENT

We're listening. You have 30
seconds.

Lloyd theatrically opens his arms.

LLOYD

More than enough time! So hear me
out: Dungeons & Dragons. You guys:
play my campaign. We laugh, we cry,
we become friends. It's like
'hacking' the 'mainframe' of
imagination? To make...a fantasy
story...together.

HACKER STUDENT

Fantasy? As in Magic.

LLOYD

That's...a part of it...
thematically, yes.

HACKER STUDENT

Magic is illogical. And foul. Why would anyone waste time pretending to do it?

LLOYD

Because-

HACKER STUDENT

Your 30 seconds ended eons ago.

LLOYD

Understood. Please don't steal my passwords.

HACKER STUDENT

SirLyonetthebrave09, got it off you the second you made eye contact with us.

LLOYD

Of course you did. Thank you for your time.

Lloyd shuffles away and passes another table full of broad shouldered, large, loud students: The FIELD AGENTS. Lloyd stops and shrugs.

LLOYD (CONT'D)

Why not. (Loudly) Hey DUDES!

A Field Agent glares, clearing her throat.

LLOYD (CONT'D)

And. And Du...tiful peers of all genders!

Lloyd faces a BIG FIELD AGENT that looks like the leader.

LLOYD (CONT'D)

Look. I have lunch. You all have lunch. Your butts are on seats. My isn't. See what I'm getting at here?

BIG FIELD AGENT

Why are you talking about our butts, dude?

LLOYD

(Exasperated)
No, I was making a- Never mind.

(MORE)

LLOYD (CONT'D)

Any of you lovely folks 1) Know
what Dungeons & Dragons is and 2)
Wants to join my campaign?

The whole table BURSTS into <LAUGHTER>. One Field Agent
squirts milk out of their nose.

BIG FIELD AGENT

The KIDS game where people PRETEND
they can do Magic? What did you say
your name was?

LLOYD

Oh, I never actually sai-

BIG FIELD AGENT

Well Timmy, let First Captain Cody
Barnes give you some advice: Magic?
It's cheating.

The table of Field Agents nod their heads in agreement.

FIRST CAPTAIN CODY

We work hard to get what we got;
can Magic make these?

First Capitan Cody stands from the table and flexes his
biceps. The other Field Agents <HOOT> and <HOLLER>; some
stand up and join in, chicken nuggets in mouth.

FIRST CAPTIAN CODY

You couldn't *pay* me to pretend to
do what? Use my *feely-weelies* just
to, I don't know- Magic-ify a bank
open and steal money? It's
cheating. Worst'a all it's *weak*
cheating- and WE'RE not about that
life. Right squad?

FIELD AGENT STUDENTS

WHOO!/ PREACH IT N' TEACH IT! /
YEAH!

Everyone at the table start high fiving, no longer paying
attention to Lloyd.

LLOYD

(Flat)

Inspirational. Taking all that...as
a "no".

Lloyd spots a small NERDY STUDENT with LARGE REFLECTIVE
SPECTICALS going to throw away trash.

Tape on the bridge of his glasses, ironed shirt, a POCKET PROTECTOR? This HAS to be it! Lloyd makes a beeline for the kid.

LLOYD (CONT'D)
YOU!!!

The Nerdy Student looks up at Lloyd.

LLOYD (CONT'D)
(Out of Breath)
You...you...are a freshman?

The Nerdy Student nods.

LLOYD (CONT'D)
Perfect. Me too. A fellow champion of...leveling up? I presume? You look like the kinda guy who knows a little about a game called: D&D. Am I- Is that right?

The Nerdy Student slowly removes his glasses to reveal a ROLLING GLASS EYE. He takes the eye out and polishes it. He speaks in a low, gravelly voice.

NERDY STUDENT
"Dynamite & Destruction"? That ain't no game, boy.

YIKES! Lloyd was not expecting that. Tight lipped, Lloyd nods and spins around to retreat.

LLOYD
(Rushed)
My mistake. You are so right.
Pardon me.

At this moment the School Intercom system <PINGS>:

SCHOOL RECEPTIONIST
Will Lloyd Huxley please report to the principal's office.
Immediately.

The cafeteria erupts into <OOOs> and <UHOHs>. The color drains from Lloyd's face.

EXT. HALLWAY - DAY

Lloyd trudges to the office as more students stare at him.

LLOYD

M-Maybe this won't be so bad. Maybe it's a new kind of record that someone failed every class on the first day. Or, h-hey if I get kicked out of school, I'm sure I can find people at the Dollar Mart that can...join my...clan. Ha...yeah.

INT. ADMINISTRATIVE OFFICE - DAY

Lloyd enters the office. A strict looking receptionist doesn't look up from her screen and points towards a door with "PRINCIPAL" written on it.

SCHOOL RECEPTIONIST

Principal Slate is ready to see you. Good luck.

Lloyd <GULPS> and takes a deep breath before entering the principal's office.

INT. PRINCIPAL SLATE'S OFFICE - DAY

Inside the walls are lined with RETRO SPY EQUIPMENT: old radios, smoke pellets, a rusty bear trap- things Lloyd's grandparents probably used.

Behind A LARGE, IMPOSING DESK is a HUGE LEATHER CHAIR turned away from Lloyd. The deep voice of PRINCIPAL SLATE breaks the silence.

PRINCIPAL SLATE

I timed your pace to get here. Slow gait, but we can work on that.

The chair turns around revealing PRINCIPAL SLATE, a man as equally imposing as everything else in the room: Dark hair, bushy beard, eye patch, late 40's.

LLOYD

Uh...Am I...in trouble?

Principal Slate stares at Lloyd.

LLOYD (CONT'D)

(Quickly adds)

Sir?

Principal Slate laces his fingers and leans forward on his desk.

PRINCIPAL SLATE

The only trouble here is that I didn't call you to my office sooner. Day one and I think we're all very clear on your position here in this establishment. So I have one question for you, Lloyd Huxley:

Lloyd tenses up. Principal Slate stands from his chair.

LLOYD

(Through gritted teeth)
And that question would be...

Principal Slate leans far over the desk. His stare feels like it's searing HOLES through Lloyd. Lloyd's heart is racing. Expulsion Ahoy, this was it.

PRINCIPAL SLATE

Could I have your autograph?!

Lloyd freezes.

LLOYD

(Stammering)
I- I- Huh?

A STARSTRUCK Principal Slate rounds the desk, fanning himself like a school girl.

PRINCIPAL SLATE

I mean, THE son of the PRIME DIRECTOR? P.D. Can I call her P.D.? Attending *my* school? 'Leader of the GSC entrusting *us* with your spy education! The stuck-ups at East Espionage Institute can Eat. My. Jetpack!

Lloyd cringes.

LLOYD

That's-

PRINCIPAL SLATE

P.D. KNOWS We're making the *best* spies in the country! Her Alma Mater is back at the top, baby! I just! I need a moment.

Principal Slate grabs a tissue and blows his nose.

LLOYD

Oh wow, okay you're- yeah you're crying a bit. You wanted an-Autograph? Uh...Oh! I'm pretty sure I'll be writing my name on *tons* of papers this year: It is school. So you can, I dunno, have one of those? Can I go now?

Principal Slate pulls out a FLIP CELL PHONE.

PRINCIPAL SLATE

Selfie first!

Principal Slate throws his arm around Lloyd and takes a selfie. Lloyd looks completely weirded out.

PRINCIPAL SLATE (CONT'D)

If you need anything- and I mean *anything* at all; you just let me know, son. Nothing is inaccessible for you here at Spies of Life High.

Lloyd perks up at that.

LLOYD

R-Really? Cause there *has* been this one thing- see I've been trying to get a few people to play D&D with me and it's been kind of hard. Maybe we could make an official school club or somethi-

Principal Slate puts his hand up.

PRINCIPAL SLATE

That's a Magic User Game. Counterintuitive to your training here, son. Besides- All Magic is evil.

Lloyd deflates a bit.

LLOYD

(Mumbling)

All Magic is *not* evil.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. CLASSROOM - WEAPONS PROFICENCY - DAY

On the white board, a teacher- MR. HUNTER underlines the words:

ALL MAGIC IS EVIL

MR. HUNTER

All. Magic. Is. Evil. Welcome to Defeating Evil 101 or '*Weapons Proficiency*' as the *Suits* force me to call it.

Lloyd slams his head on the desk.

MR. HUNTER (CONT'D)

Things we know: Magic is unpredictable and as wild and dangerous as the people that use it. It is *all* emotion and spontaneity- some magic bozo gets too angry, sneezes, and BAM a car blows up. That's a whole car gone, people. Over some boogies.

The Weapons Teacher points his marker towards the students.

MR. HUNTER (CONT'D)

We can't have timebombs like that walking around all silly nilly and doing crime: our job is to keep the world safe from every threat- and that *especially* includes keeping Wizards. In. Check. Alright, get out your devices and let's see what you all can do.

Every student pulls out different devices. Lloyd pulls out the device his mother had put into his lunchbox. The other students are staring at him.

GIRL STUDENT

(With wonder)

Woah... You got one of those?

BOY STUDENT

No. Way. Is that what I think it is? The real deal? Aren't those classified?!

Lloyd blinks at the sudden attention. Even Mr. Hunter is staring. Lloyd doesn't even know what this thing is!

LLOYD

Uhh... Um. Y-Yeah- Yeah!
(Smug) 'Course it's the real deal. One of a kind...thing. A toy for me, really.

Lloyd raises the device and all the students gasp.

MR. HUNTER

Well, Mr. Huxley. Impressive device, but this is *still* a class where *I* teach the proficiency so: I'll be doing the showing off here. I mean- I'll be doing the teaching here.

LLOYD

Teaching's all yours, Teach- but hey, if anyone wants to check this puppy out after class: I'd be happy to-

BOY STUDENT

There's a *puppy* in it?

LLOYD

No! There's a- huh, I don't actually know what's in...

Lloyd pushes the BLINKING RED BUTTON and before Mr. Hunter can yell "NO!" A GREEN MIST sprays and Lloyd is unconscious.

EXT. UNKNOWN DARKNESS REALM

Lloyd <GROANS> and stands up: he is back in the darkness. A few feet away- ASH is there looking around.

ASH

Huh. What? *Lloyd*? Are you unconscious *already*? At *School*?

Ash slaps his palm to his face.

ASH (CONT'D)

Of course you are. I had this Insta-Hex set so I could haunt your dreams tonight, but- sure. I'm taking a bathroom break- 'm nothing if not flexible.

Ash suddenly transforms into a HUGE SMOKE BEAST and lunges at Lloyd. Lloyd barely dodges the attack.

LLOYD

<YELP> Ash! ASH! I! <DODGING WALLA>

Beast Ash continues to SWIPE at Lloyd with <GROWLS>. His claws cut at Lloyd's side and tear his shirt and skin.

LLOYD (CONT'D)

(In pain)

AHH! Back OFF! It's class- It's still class! I'm not sleeping, I just, got- Knocked Out!

ASH

(Roar/Growl)

Knocked out? Coming right up.

Ash's TREE TRUNK SIZED TAIL slams into Lloyd and knocks the wind out of him. Lloyd flies to the ground.

ASH (CONT'D)

Come on. Get up. Fight me. If I'm to one day lead all of Wizardry, I should have a worthy nemesis. You need to be better than this, Prime Director.

Lloyd coughs and stands up, doubling over from the pain of the impact. This is the last straw.

LLOYD

Don't call me that. Do not call me that. EVERYONE keeps telling me I'm the next PD, but no one's EVER asked me what I want! I just want to play D&D! And after looking EVERYWHERE in this obnoxious school, I can't even find ONE PERSON to play with!

ASH

(Mockingly)

Aww boo-hoo. Couldn't find a widdle robot in that belt of yours to be your friend?

Lloyd deflates.

LLOYD

No. I couldn't.

Ash transforms back into his teenage self and blinks in surprise. He straightens his robes.

ASH

(Clearing his throat)

Oh. Well-

An awkward moment of silence passes between the boys. Lloyd sullenly glares at Ash.

ASH (CONT'D)

Ugh, this embarrassing. Everybody knows friends show up where you are- not where you desperately try to look for them.

Lloyd perks up.

LLOYD

(thoughtful)

Huh. That... is...*surprisingly* helpful, Ash. Thanks.

SMOKE begins to swirl around Ash as he begins to disappear.

ASH

This was a waste of an insta-hex.

LLOYD

Hey! Wait, Ash! Do you play?

Ash makes a confused face at him; his disappearing form is kept at bay.

LLOYD (CONT'D)

Dungeons & Dragons?

Ash blinks in surprise and suddenly evaporates in a big WOOSH of smoke. The smoke blasts in Lloyd's face.

INT. NURSES OFFICE - DAY

Lloyd opens his eyes with a <COUGH>. There's an OLD NURSE with a washcloth to his forehead.

OLD NURSE

All Clear. Here's a glass of water and don't get up too fast.
(exhausted) I've got- so many more bruises to tend to in the other ward.

The OLD NURSE pats Lloyd on the shoulder and leaves.

There is one hospital bed on either side of Lloyd, each with a student lying down. Kids who got sent to the nurses office on the first day? His kind of people. In the bed to his left is a large, STOCKY TEEN with black eye RYDER STERLING (15, red hair, a slight Southern accent). They meet eyes.

LLOYD

I'm Lloyd.

RYDER

Ryder.

LLOYD

What happened to you?

RYDER

Punched too hard.

LLOYD

(Shocked)

You *punched* someone too hard?

RYDER

What? No, 'punched my locker too hard. Thing was jammed. Try to hit it open. Fist flew back and hit me square in the noggin'.

LLOYD

Oh I'm...Sorry...that happened?

RYDER

Me too, brother. Me too...

In the bed on Lloyd's right is a LONG HAired GIRL, KAT MONTGOMERY (age 14, black hair, heavy mascara, droning tone like Wednesday Addams). She opens her eyes.

KAT

I promise you that story will get even more amazing the third time you hear it.

Lloyd laughs.

LLOYD

How about you?

KAT

Name's Kat. Truthfully? Ryder here texted me that they were keeping coffins in the Nurses room- but turns out: someone was just saying 'They're coughin' in here.' instead. Bummer. Faked a headache to get here too.

RYDER

Anyone would've made the same mistake.

LLOYD
You were excited about
seeing...coffins?

KAT
Yeah. Would love to see one in
person one day.

LLOYD
You could just- go to the morgue or
something.

KAT
(shocked)
The *What?*

Lloyd stares at her in confusion.

KAT (CONT'D)
I'm just messing with ya. Of course
I know what a morgue is, love that
place- but seeing coffins in *school*
would be even creepier, right?

Kat steeples her fingers.

KAT (CONT'D)
My parents run the Disposal
Division for most Agencies, so I
figured they'd HAVE to have
something like that here. Y'know.
For the bodies.

LLOYD
That is terrifying.

RYDER
Horrific, right?! 've been trying
to block out how creepy this whole
conversation is- Please say
something nice.

A lightbulb lights in Lloyd's eyes.

LLOYD
Here's a nice thing actually,

Ryder perks up.

LLOYD (CONT'D)
And a pretty *creepy* thing too,

Kat raises an eyebrow and leans in.

LLOYD (CONT'D)

There's actually a low stakes,
totally non-lethal way to have
super *nice* fun over really
compelling stuff like...death...and
punching...and alittlebitofmagic.

RYDER

You had me at stakes...

KAT

I guess non-lethal death *does* have
it's perks.

LLOYD

It's a game called D&D.

KAT

Yeah, I've heard of it. Is this a
prank? A trap? Are you a narc?

RYDER

Oh, or are you like those stealth
kids behind the bleachers who Kat
gave wads of cash to and
disappeared before she could read
their Arrow Cards for 'em?

KAT

It's Tarot Cards.

RYDER

Pharaoh Cards.

LLOYD

This isn't a prank!

RYDER

Good. 'Cause Kat had me bark at
those guys next time we saw 'em.

KAT

You *wanted* to do that.

RYDER

Darn right I did.

LLOYD

Guys, guys! I don't want your
money. I'm not trying to rat you
out. I'm!! (Calms down) I'm asking
if you both want to play D&D? With
me?

Kat and Ryder look at each other, both their faces are flushed. They turn back to Lloyd.

KAT/RYDER

Oh!

KAT

Like. In public? Creepiness accepted?

LLOYD

Creepiness encouraged! You could be any character you want- even a creepy witch!

KAT

Wait- really...

RYDER

Could *I* be a witch?!

LLOYD

Do...do you want to be? Sure!

RYDER

I don't! But I like having the option.

LLOYD

You have SO many options, Ryder. You can be whatever you want! I just spent all summer writing this campaign, that's- if I can brag, pretty epic. A-And I'd really like to run it for people and have them -

KAT

Yes.

Kat reaches over and pats her hand on Lloyd's blanket.

KAT (CONT'D)

We're in. Right, Ryder?

RYDER

Be whatever I want...Heck yeah! And maybe some of that Prime Director shine will rub off on us as a bonus!

Lloyd stiffens.

LLOYD

How did you know I was-

KAT

It was all you were talking about
in your sleep. 'Future Prime
Director' this, 'No Ash, not my
leg' that.

Lloyd blushes.

RYDER

It'd be good to have someone here
who at least knows what the heck
they're doing.

KAT

Right. Gosh. Because we suuuucked
at literally every class today.

RYDER

F's Galore. Flag city, USA. But
with Lloyd we get to play a cool
game AND pass our classes!

Both Kat and Ryder are starry-eyed. They lean in on both
sides of Lloyd.

LLOYD

<NERVOUSLY CHUCKLES> Right...well.
About that...

FADE TO BLACK.