

SPELLCRAFT ACADEMY - EPISODE 1.1

written by

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FADE IN

EXT. SPELLCRAFT ACADEMY - DAY

A pristine, but average-looking high school stands near a busy city. A MAILMAN pulls up to the school, placing a package on the ground in front of the door.

A group of passing students sneak behind the mail truck. Their hands glow as the mail truck floats off slowly.

The Mailman sees and jumps feebly, nowhere near catching it.

MAILMAN

Aw, come on!

INT. SPELLCRAFT ACADEMY - CULINARY MAGICS - DAY

SAL (14) taps on his desk with his pencil looking extremely bored. A nearby girl absently stares out the window as a mouse climbs into her bowl, landing with a **<splash>**.

PROFESSOR CALLORAYE (52) lectures on about the merits of being vigilant while performing food magic. The professor is a bulbous and jolly man with a suit too small for his frame.

PROFESSOR CALLORAYE

Food is a delicate art, students.
Unlike many of the other magics,
trofimancy still requires that you
know what makes a meal taste good.
Otherwise, you're just shifting the
ingredients into a paste as bland
as my first wife.

Professor Calloraye pauses for laughter. There is none.

PROFESSOR CALLORAYE (CONT'D)

If you don't focus, your dish could
wind up with clashing flavors, too
much bacon, or even the living
dead.

The students all perk up in their desks, expecting the lecture to become more interesting.

PROFESSOR CALLORAYE (CONT'D)

But, it's a good thing we don't
have to deal with any of that
nonsense here. This is a refined
magic, after all.

Sal hits his head onto his desk with a satisfying <smack>.

A <bell rings>, and the students leave their desks, heading for the door.

PROFESSOR CALLORAYE (CONT'D)
 Oh, don't forget about your muffin assignment tonight! Remember to use the exact amount of water in the recipe. Any less and your muffins will be crusty and bitter-- just like my second wife!

No laughter again.

PROFESSOR CALLORAYE (CONT'D)
 (glaring)
 Comedy is wasted on children.

INT. SPELLCRAFT ACADEMY - HALLWAY - DAY

Sal walks through the halls as FRITZ (17), his roommate, appears beside him.

FRITZ
 Hey, Sal, how was cooking?

SAL
 (mocking)
 Ugh. I have to create a dozen "flawless" muffins for homework.

FRITZ
 What's wrong with trofimancy?
 Baking is fun.

SAL
 I want some excitement! Professor Calloraye spent *twenty minutes* teaching us a recipe for a bundt cake that looks like his ex-wife.

FRITZ
 That dude has some serious unresolved issues.

SAL / FRITZ (CONT'D)
 (mocking)
 "Food is the only therapy I need."

Sal and Fritz laugh together.

FRITZ (CONT'D)

So, we're on day four now. How do you feel?

SAL

It's just a lot to take it at once, you know? You hear about mages on the news, but only 1% of people can do magic. I keep thinking it's a dream.

FRITZ

Even most mages don't have much power, let alone yours.

Fritz gestures broadly at Sal. Sal ignores him.

SAL

You're lucky, Fritz. You've been doing this for years. I still have no idea what's going on. The only other mage I knew was my grandpa, but our family disowned him after he created dubstep.

FRITZ

So, your grandpa was a musicmancer?

SAL

We're pretty sure it was an accident, but no one was about to forgive him for it. Here, everyone's so *casual* about magic.

FRITZ

I think it's exciting. I love the atmosphere here.

SAL

Isn't it a little... *completely* dangerous to put a bunch of untrained mages in the same place? I mean, look at this. Gangs?

Sal stops and points to a poster encouraging students to "JOIN THE PYRO GANG!"

FRITZ

(laughing)

Yeah, they're pretty scary. Here they come now. Better be careful.

Sal looks around, concerned.

SAL
Where? I'm not ready to be
conscripted!

At the end of the hallway, a flickering light reveals three shadows coming around the corner.

The shadows playing out against the wall have wild, spiky hair and jagged, angular features. There are flames outlining the shadows, creating an intimidating atmosphere.

As they round the corner, BLAZE (15), WILDFIRE (15), and IGNITION (16) look significantly less threatening.

All three wear tucked-in shirts featuring a cartoon cow on them, and unfashionable shorts. The three all have poorly-spiked hair and a matching fake flame tattoo on one arm.

Wildfire wears square glasses with duct tape in the middle and appears to be their leader.

WILDFIRE
And that's when I drew the worst
card imaginable!

Blaze and Ignition stare in shock.

BLAZE
Not *Lucifer's Discipline*!

WILDFIRE
The very same.

Wildfire stops as they pass, looking Sal up and down.

WILDFIRE (CONT'D)
Well, well, well. The so-called
Archmage. I heard about you. Not
impressed.

SAL
I-it's 'Sal.'

Sal reaches out an unsteady hand to Wildfire's.

WILDFIRE
Watch it, Sal. Don't get too close
to the flames. They can be...
Intense.

Wildfire, Blaze, and Ignition flare out their hands and make **<fake fire noises>** together. They pass Sal and Fritz smugly.

Ignition trips on his shoelaces, falling on his face. The other two hastily help him up and they scurry off.

SAL

That's the Pyro Gang..?

Fritz laughs hysterically.

FRITZ

The tall one, Ignition? He went viral last year for trying to get himself registered as one of the school's "deadly artifacts."

SAL

They're walking caricatures.

Fritz wipes away a tear. The two resume walking.

FRITZ

Deadliest thing about them is their sense of fashion.

SAL

Oh? You're one to talk. I've seen your closet. Nothing but white robes.

Sal and Fritz round a corner, walking past a few dorm rooms.

FRITZ

Hey, I inherited those when my parents found out I could use healing magic.

Sal and Fritz arrive at a door with "SAL AND FRITZ" in blocky, golden letters. Below that "are cool guys" is hastily written in Sharpie.

Fritz opens the door to walk in.

FRITZ (CONT'D)

Plus, they're vintage, and I think they're plenty stylish.

Beat.

FRITZ (CONT'D)

Even if I don't... really want to be a healer.

INT. SAL AND FRITZ'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The room is just large enough for two beds and a closet on either side.

SAL
Have you ever thought about just...
you know, not being a healer?

Fritz pauses in recollection.

EXT. SPELLCRAFT ACADEMY - YEARS EARLIER

Fritz stands next to a car. He looks a little younger and wears a backpack. He has bright, innocent eyes.

The license plate on the car reads, "H3AL D4D."

Bumper stickers adorn the car, "Proud father of an honor student at Healer Elementary," and "Healers aren't everything. Just the only thing keeping the party alive."

Leaning out of the car window is FRIEDRICH (46), who looks like Fritz, but older and with a pronounced beard.

FRIEDRICH
Remember son: if you don't become a
healer, I'll drive this car off a
cliff in a fit of despair!

INT. SAL AND FRITZ'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Beat. Fritz's eye twitches.

FRITZ
No, I think I'll stick with
healing.

Sal regards Fritz with some skepticism.

SAL
Okay, we'll unpack that later. I
need to get started on these stupid
muffins.

FRITZ
Get to it. I have to practice
necromancy anyway.

Sal unzips his backpack, pulling out a mixing bowl and all of the ingredients for muffins.

SAL
 (quietly to himself)
 Flour, yeast, vanilla,
 blueberries... eggs?

Sal pauses, looking at two cartons of eggs.

SAL (CONT'D)
 Sixteen eggs sounds right.

Sal's hands begin to glow as ingredients swirl around in the air and get sucked into the bowl, mixing themselves into a doughy substance.

FRITZ
 Wanna see me make some tiny
 zombies?

Sal turns but continues using magic to swirl the dough.

SAL
 Whaaaaat? Show me!

Fritz's hands and eyes begin to glow purple.

While Sal focuses on Fritz, objects around the room start getting sucked into his dough. A clock, a TV remote, a book.

The floor in front of Fritz bubbles as several SMALL ZOMBIES start rising from it.

SMALL ZOMBIES
 Brains! Braaaaains!

SAL
 (fawning)
 They're just little guys.

The Small Zombies start lurching towards Sal, drawn in by Sal's magic cooking portal.

FRITZ
 I don't think muffins are supposed
 to have quite that much... vortex.

SMALL ZOMBIES
 Brains?

The Small Zombies slide along the ground before being **<slurped>** into the muffin-mix, making the dough a sickly shade of purple that begins pulsating.

Sal retracts his hands. The magic mixing ceases.

The dough pulsates and quakes slowly, rising in the bowl. It reaches a peak and stops.

Sal and Fritz exchange a look.

SAL
Maybe the muffins are still good?

FRITZ
Love that optimism, buddy.

The **purple dough** lets out an **<old-man wheeze>** and shrinks as green smoke casually rises from it.

Beat. Nothing happens.

SAL
Okay, so--

An explosion flashes through the room quickly, removing Sal's eyebrows.

Sal's **eyes** are wide open. He blinks twice accompanied by a dry, **<crispy sizzle>**.

Beat. An endless swarm of zombie muffins start jumping out of the mixing bowl.

The zombie muffins run across the room, some jumping on the furniture, while others leave the room altogether.

FRITZ
I'm not sure what I was expecting,
but somehow, zombie muffins wasn't
it. They're cute!

SAL
Augh! Go go go!

Sal pushes Fritz out of the room as zombie muffins pour out of the bowl, trying to bite them.

EXT. SPELLCRAFT ACADEMY - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Sal and Fritz run down the hallway as dozens of zombie muffins follow them. Beat. An avalanche of zombie muffins bursts from their room.

Students in the hallway fall screaming into the sea of muffins behind Sal and Fritz.

Some zombie muffins stop to graffiti dorm doors.

As they round a corner, Sal and Fritz pass the Pyro Gang. The Pyro Gang turns around just in time for the swathe of muffins to overtake them.

WILDFIRE
Fireball! Fireball!

A small explosion sends doughy goo outward, but the trio is swallowed by the zombie muffin army anyway.

Sal sees the devastation caused by the zombie muffins all around as he's running.

Sal stops in the hallway, turning toward the zombie muffin wave.

FRITZ
Hey, what are you doing?! Come on!

SAL
Keep going, Fritz. I started this,
and I think I know how to end it.

Sal's eyes and hands glow with raw power. Fritz ducks into a classroom and closes the door, peeking out the door window.

Nearby water bottles burst open. Drinking fountains shoot water out.

Sal flourishes his hands and thrusts his arms toward the zombie muffins.

Behind Sal, a flood of water runs through the halls.

The **water** collides into the zombie muffins with a **<crash>**.

The resulting tower of thick dough erupts in the hallway.

SLAM TO BLACK

INT. SPELLCRAFT ACADEMY - HALLWAY - DAY

Only darkness.

VOICE
(distant)
Sal?

Beat.

The darkness shifts. Light starts breaking through.

Fritz's face pops in through the darkness. He scoops more dough off of Sal's body.

FRITZ
Sal! Are you alright?

SAL
(groggily)
Wh-what happened? Did I do it?

FRITZ
Yeah, you did it.

Fritz puts his hand on Sal's shoulder.

FRITZ (CONT'D)
You destroyed the school.

EXT. SPELLCRAFT ACADEMY - CONTINUOUS

The school's walls are demolished. Water leaks from every floor of the school. Piles of purple dough ooze off of every surface.

Students are hanging from trees or stuffed into broken windows and trashcans.

Sections of the roof are missing. There are isolated fires.

INT. SPELLCRAFT ACADEMY - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

A single zombie muffin gnaws on Fritz's arm.

FRITZ
I wouldn't have gone that route personally, but hey, maybe classes will be canceled tomorrow!

WOLFHARDT, a grizzled, old wizard approaches them from behind.

WOLFHARDT
Afraid classes will proceed undeterred, Mr. Blanc.

Fritz straightens his back.

FRITZ
Headmaster!

Wolfhardt extends a hand to Sal, who takes it and stands up.

WOLFHARDT

I see our new Archmage may need
some lessons in control.

Wolfhardt examines the walls covered in dough.

Wolfhardt runs a finger through the dough and shoves it in
his mouth.

Sal and Fritz look on at Wolfhardt with disgust. Wolfhardt
appears satisfied.

WOLFHARDT (CONT'D)

(fondly)

I remember my first muffin spell.

Wolfhardt pats Sal on the back

WOLFHARDT (CONT'D)

From one Archmage to the next, try
a bit of cinnamon next time.

Wolfhardt chuckles wryly, holding a hand above his head.

The building begins to repair itself all over, students
hovering back down to the ground floor, holes in the ceiling
disappearing, and fires being put out.

The dough coalesces into a single mass, compressing itself
with a small rumbling.

The rumbling escalates, threatening to become violent.

As quickly as it started, the rumbling stops and the mass of
dough is replaced by a tray of perfect muffins.

Sal is amazed. He takes a muffin from the tray and bites it.

Sal's eyes glitter in joy.

SAL

Flawless muffins...

Sal takes another bite.

SAL (CONT'D)

(quietly to himself)

And he was right about the
cinnamon!

ROLL CREDITS

FADE OUT