

Field Trip of No Return! - EXCERPT

By

Justin O'Hanley

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EXT. HAUNTED HOUSE - DAY

A quiet corner of the amusement park.

Tyler and Elisha approach a stone house with bars on the windows. The word "HAUNTED" written in blood on the side.

Principal Adelstein sits on a bench, reading her newspaper. She barely glances up as Tyler and Elisha head for the door.

An employee, name tag "BRAD," steps in their path.

BRAD

Do not enter the haunted house. You
won't be able to hear the
announcement for the magic show.

He's another teenage employee with a monotone voice.

TYLER

What's with these guys? There must
be something in the water here.

ELISHA

Not in the water, I don't think.

She subtly mimes holding a joint. Brad frowns.

BRAD

The other employees warned me about
you.

He slams the haunted house door shut.

BRAD

The magic show is about to begin.
Stay out of the haunted house.

He walks away from the house, towards the hustle and bustle
of the park.

TYLER

...Should we go get a seat?

ELISHA

I'm not really into magic. Come on,
let's go.

TYLER

But-

But Elisha is already opening the door. She throws a sly look over her shoulder.

ELISHA

You're not going to let me go into the scary house by myself, are you?

After a long moment, Tyler follows Elisha.

Just as the door shuts, a voice comes over the P.A. system. A refined, irresistible voice.

THE SUPREME (V.O.)

This is The Supreme, wishing a good morning to you all. My AMAZING magic show is about to begin.

Principal Adelstein lowers her newspaper, dazed. The Supreme speaks again, his voice now very firm.

THE SUPREME (V.O.)

I SUGGEST you all attend.

Immediately, Principal Adelstein stows away her newspaper and stands up.

EXT. RAGGY'S ADVENTURE PARK - CONTINUOUS

Mr. Reed races through the park, a dazed smile on his face.

MR. REED

Got to get to the magic show...

He's not alone. Students stand from their tables at the canteens and get moving, leaving their food behind.

Kids at the roller coaster and ferris wheel abandon the line-ups. They all jog in the same direction.

Younger kids fight their way out of a colorful ball pit, take off running in their sock feet.

THE SUPREME (V.O.)

Yes, children. Do hurry. The show will begin any moment.

INT. HAUNTED HOUSE - DAY

Tyler and Elisha are in the foyer of the haunted house. It's very dark, and the persuasive voice cannot be heard.

Suddenly, a floodlight illuminates a nearby scarecrow holding a butcher's knife. Pre-recorded giggling is heard.

ELISHA
Is that the best they can do?

She glances from the scarecrow to Tyler.

ELISHA
I mean... Eek. I'm scared, Tyler.

Elisha takes Tyler's hand. He looks nervous, but pleased.

EXT. AMPHITHEATER - DAY

Rows upon rows of students are taking seats in a stone amphitheater. The stage is empty.

Principal Adelstein roughly yanks a student out of the front row and takes his seat.

Mr. Reed sits down at the end of an aisle. He's next to the Little Girl whose permission slip he looked at earlier.

LITTLE GIRL
Do you like magic too, Mr. Reed?

MR. REED
I've loved magic shows ever
since... about five minutes ago.

He frowns a bit. Puzzled. Then seems to shake it off.

A sudden burst of multicolored smoke on the empty stage. Surprised, delighted cries.

As the smoke clears, objects come into view. Among them, a table, royal blue boxes with question marks on them, a coffin on wheels with a saw attached to the lid.

And a stick figure of a man in a tuxedo and a top hat. Grinning, gaunt. The Supreme.

THE SUPREME
Good morning. My name is The
Supreme, and I'm delighted to be
performing for you on this very
special day. Over the years, I've
discovered there's no crowd like a
Last-Day-of-School crowd.

Lots of cheering at that.

THE SUPREME
No more studies, no more homework.
Your imaginations are unburdened,
(MORE)

THE SUPREME (cont'd)
contemplating the possibilities of
the summer ahead...

He darts over to a LITTLE BOY in the front row.

THE SUPREME
You there, young man! What are you
going to do this summer?

LITTLE BOY
Me and my friends are going to
build a tree fort!

THE SUPREME
Oho! How retro! How many boys and
girls are working on it with you?

LITTLE BOY
Only boys! No girls allowed.

THE SUPREME
Really? Now why aren't girls
allowed? Cooties?

The little boy nods earnestly.

LITTLE BOY
And if the cooties bite you, your
wiener falls off and you have to
start listening to One Direction!
My big brother told me that.

The Supreme chuckles indulgently.

THE SUPREME
Oh, childhood. The days of
overactive imaginations and casual
misogyny.

He returns to the stage and grins at the audience.

THE SUPREME
Now then. I have some simply
marvelous tricks to show you. In
the many years I've been
performing, no one has ever figured
out my secrets. Not one person. But
I invite you all to try.

The crowd leans forward. Challenge accepted.

The Supreme pulls a purple handkerchief from his pocket and
gives it a shake. It expands into a purple tablecloth.

Impressed noises from the crowd. The Supreme throws the cloth over the table and gathers up the mystery boxes.

THE SUPREME

Now, can a volunteer please offer
me something of value?

A flurry of activity. Principal Adelstein reaches the stage first. She drops her wedding ring in The Supreme's hand.

The Supreme places the ring in a mystery box. Starts shuffling the boxes around on the table.

THE SUPREME

Keep your eye on the box... round
and round they go... which one has
the ring, which one...

He trails off, stops shuffling.

THE SUPREME

You know what? This trick is
boring. I'll show you a better one.

The Supreme sweeps the boxes off the table with one arm, then tears away the tablecloth.

The table underneath is now a goat. Roars of laughter and cheers from the audience.

The Supreme holds a hand underneath the goat's mouth and taps the back of its head. The goat spits the wedding ring into The Supreme's hand and runs off.

The Supreme offers the saliva covered ring to Principal Adelstein. She waves it away, enraptured.

PRINCIPAL ADELSTEIN

I want you to have it.

The Supreme pockets the ring as Principal Adelstein returns to her seat.

THE SUPREME

Now that I've captured your
imagination... just about... who
wants to see another trick?

Mr. Reed is applauding along with everyone else. But he gives his head a little shake. Looks around at the crowd.

THE SUPREME

This next trick is a bit gruesome.
So younger children in the
audience... please pay extra close
attention. This'll be really cool.

He hops into the coffin and shuts the lid. Next second, his
head and feet pop out of either end.

THE SUPREME

I used to have an assistant. But
over time I've streamlined this
trick quite a bit.

The saw attached to the coffin breaks free and hovers into
the air. Sounds of surprise and awe from the audience.

The saw embeds itself in the middle of the coffin and starts
slicing. The Supreme shows no sign of discomfort.

Mr. Reed tears his gaze from the stage. Looks around at all
the sixth graders.

The saw finishes slicing the coffin and the two halves drift
a couple feet apart on their wheels. The Supreme's torso is
in one part, his legs are in the other.

With a wink, The Supreme's head slides back into the coffin.
The feet also disappear. The crowd watches. Waits.

The Supreme's head and feet reappear... in the opposite
halves of the coffin. Huge applause.

The coffin flies back together. The lid opens and The
Supreme climbs out, back in one piece.

Mr. Reed finishes applauding, then starts to stand.

LITTLE GIRL

Where are you going, Mr. Reed?

MR. REED

Two students aren't here. I'm going
to make sure they're not in... or
causing... any trouble.

LITTLE GIRL

But don't you want to see the magic
show?

MR. REED

I do, but...

He looks longingly back at the stage. Then gives his head an extra hard shake, like he's coming out of a trance.

MR. REED

Tell me about it later, ok?

Mr. Reed leaves his seat. The Supreme is too busy bowing to the cheering audience to notice.

THE SUPREME

Your imaginations are racing! One more trick should just about do it.

He whips off his top hat.

THE SUPREME

Time for an old classic. First, is there anything in my hat?

He tilts the hat towards the audience. Everybody leans forward again to peer inside.

There's a glowing, multicolored light in the hat.

THE SUPREME

Everybody looking at the hat? Good.

He begins to rotate the hat. The glowing intensifies. Becomes blindingly bright.

The crowd stares. Collectively, they go limp and slackjawed.

Mr. Reed is just outside the amphitheater when he looks over his shoulder. Sees the glowing light as it rises from behind the stone rows of seats.

As The Supreme continues to spin the hat, clouds of colorful smoke rise from the heads of everyone in the audience.

They all funnel into the hat.

The hat spins faster and faster, glows brighter and brighter, the last of the smoke goes inside...

The Supreme suddenly puts his hat back on, and the glow disappears. The audience straightens up, rubs their eyes.

Mr. Reed peers around the corner of the amphitheater. Watches, a little puzzled.

The hat seems to twitch on The Supreme's head.

THE SUPREME

Oh that's good. That's very good.

Everyone in the audience looks vacant. The Supreme surveys them with an unpleasant smirk.

THE SUPREME

The magic show is over, boys and girls. But I daresay you wouldn't get much more out of it anyway.

He meanders over to the Little Boy from earlier, who's looking around. Confused and dull eyed.

THE SUPREME

Hello again, young man. What did you say your summer plans were?

LITTLE BOY

I... I was going to... I don't know. Do chores?

THE SUPREME

Chores? But what about your fort? And the girls with their cooties? What'll happen if one bites you?

LITTLE BOY

It'll... it'll... nothing. I guess.

THE SUPREME

Yes. You can't think of anything. Not without your imagination.

He speaks to the crowd at large again.

THE SUPREME

On this kind of day, in this kind of place, your imaginations are ripe. Tangible. It makes them so easy to take. But I'll make good use of them, don't you worry.

Still unnoticed, Mr. Reed continues to watch. Horrified.

THE SUPREME

You'll find you can get through life just fine without your imagination. Isn't that right?

On that, all the grey uniformed teenage employees suddenly come running onto the stage.

THE SUPREME

You've met my staff? They'll find
you some work that doesn't require
any creativity.

The employees start hauling students out of the front row,
as well as Principal Adelstein.

Mr. Reed ducks out of sight.

MR. REED

Help... gotta get some help...

He takes off. Rick notices him.

RICK

Hey, one of them's running!

He starts forward, but The Supreme stops him.

THE SUPREME

Thank you, Rick. I'll handle this.

EXT. LAKE - CONTINUOUS

Mr. Reed races through the empty amusement park, alongside
the lake. No one following him.

As he runs past the ball pit, something yellow strikes him.

Mr. Reed stops. Looks in the direction of the ball pit.

He flinches as another plastic ball hits him. And another.
Balls are flying out of the pit of their own accord.

Mr. Reed starts moving again, but stumbles and shields his
face as a flurry of balls pelt him.

Through the colorful hailstorm, The Supreme is seen
approaching, flanked by two teenagers.

The balls are starting to stick to Mr. Reed. He tries to
pull them off, but it's a losing battle.

Soon the balls cover every inch of Mr. Reed. He lets out a
muffled cry and staggers around, a prisoner of multicolored
plastic, before falling to the ground.

THE SUPREME

Take him.

The two teenagers run forward.