

SIDE #4

START

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Fat Friar Oliver
Megan Wayne
Narrator
Xavi & Sprout
w/ Take A Moment to
w/ Sprout

NARRATOR: I'd like to take this moment to formally introduce you to Xavia Jones.

(A menacing witch clad in black appears and poses like a mug shot in a certain prophetic newspaper. She holds a sign with her number on it. She makes increasingly crazy faces and sounds.)

NARRATOR: A Puff. A dark wizard. They say few that have crossed her path have lived to tell the tale. I mean look at her. She looks pretty crazy. Lucky for us she is locked away in an inescapable wizard prison and will probably never get out...probably.

(Xavia and the Narrator exit.)

A FAT FRIAR: Anyway! How about a game of Wiz Checkers? Maybe those two sneaky boys want to join?
OLIVER RIVERS: RUN FOR YOUR LIFE!

MEGAN JONES: GET OUT HERE. NOW!

(Megan waves her wand. Oliver and Wayne fall into the room. A few more spells move them center.)

MEGAN JONES: So, you followed me, Hopkins? Spying on me? Trying to learn my dark evil secrets?

OLIVER RIVERS: No, uh, we were just, uh, trying to find you.

WAYNE HOPKINS: To protect you from the troll. And to make sure you don't lose any more points.

(Megan magics their hands together.)

MEGAN JONES: Do I look like I need protecting? From the two of you?

Wait. A troll? Where? I want it. As a pet.

A FAT FRIAR: Megan, this is why you don't have any friends.

MEGAN JONES: Shut up, fatty.

A FAT FRIAR: Self-esteem.

MEGAN JONES: These two are going to get what they deserve. Hm. What would my mom do in a situation like this? I think shed torture you! Prepare to meet your doom!

(Megan raises her wand to strike. Oliver screams.)

WAYNE HOPKINS: Wait! Wait! What if instead of torturing us, we all just hung out? Like friends?

OLIVER RIVERS: *Well what?

MEGAN JONES: *Excuse me?

A FAT FRIAR: Yeaahaah! Go for it!

WAYNE HOPKINS: Look, we're all kind of the worst people at this school.

Why not be the worst together? Megan shouldn't have to be alone just because her mom was evil. And hey, I think it's cool that you hang out with Mr. Friar.

A FAT FRIAR: Heceey, Mr. Friar. I like it!

WAYNE HOPKINS: Right, Oliver?

OLIVER RIVERS: Yeah. We can all hang out. Fat Friar too.

A FAT FRIAR: Awwww. My self-esteem!

(A Fat Friar exits, his self-esteem hurt.)

MEGAN JONES: You promise this isn't a joke?

WAYNE HOPKINS: I promise. Us Puffs have to stick together.

MEGAN JONES: I'm not a Puff. The hat got it wrong. I'm the most not-Puffiest person you'll ever meet. Got it?

(She points her wand in Wayne's face.)

WAYNE HOPKINS: Got it.

(She points it at Oliver.)

OLIVER RIVERS: Got it.

WAYNE HOPKINS: Now how about letting us go?

MEGAN JONES: ...I guess.

(Megan hesitates for a moment. She unites them using magic. She then uses her wand in a knight-like fashion on the following.)

MEGAN JONES: I dub thee friends. ...Is that how this works? I don't really have...friends.

OLIVER RIVERS: Sure.

WAYNE HOPKINS: Great. Glad we've settled that, we should probably get out of here? If we're caught, we will lose so many points.

(Professor Sproutly enters and catches them.)

PROFESSOR SPROUTLY: Students lurking while a troll is about? The plants will be so disappointed.

MEGAN JONES: Wait! I was hunting the troll. So, I could...shove my wand up its nose and...I don't know...murder it. But these two friends taught me the error of my ways.

PROFESSOR SPROUTLY: Hmm...fifty points...to the Puffs. Each!

(A sound effect indicates points are earned.)

PROFESSOR SPROUTLY: The plants love life lessons. Goodnight!

(Professor Sproutly exits.)

END

(Wayne becomes aware of the mirror behind them.)

WAYNE HOPKINS: Whoa! Weird mirror!

(The Narrator enters.)

NARRATOR: Yes, a weird mirror with the power to show the greatest desire of the onlooker's heart. One must wonder what these three would see whilst looking in it? Hmmmm...

(Elements of the following "visions" play out in front of the trio in their "reflections.")

WAYNE HOPKINS: Wow, I'm being handed a medal. I saved all the wizards. I'm a hero. I'm the hero. I've officially made the Puffs the best, coolest, most important house forever! (He gasps.) And I have a lightsaber!

(Wayne's reflection holds up a green lightsaber. Excited, he steps aside. Oliver moves in front of the mirror.)

OLIVER RIVERS: I finally do it. A brand-new theorem that makes differential calculus look like trigonometry for dumb-dumbs. Awesome.

(Oliver's reflection is handed a certificate. It says MATH on it. He steps aside. Megan looks into the mirror. But she quickly backs away.)

MEGAN JONES: I, uh, I don't see anything.

OLIVER RIVERS: That's weird. Are you sure?

WAYNE HOPKINS: I don't want to cut this short, but we should probably get out of here.

OLIVER RIVERS: Yeah. What do you think this mirror is?

WAYNE HOPKINS: Maybe it shows the future? THAT MUST BE OUR FUTURE! We're going to be so cool!

(Wayne and Oliver exit as Megan hangs back. She slowly walks back and stands in front of the mirror. She smiles.)

NARRATOR: What exactly did Ms. Jones see in her reflection? Well...