

# The Trio

MEGAN JONES: Wow. That corridor was full of some horrifying stuff. Ohhh, that's why it's forbidden. I get it. Whoa. Weird mirror. Whoaaaaah. Demon mirror.

*(Megan, for a moment, looks into the weird mirror with an air of wonder. Slowly behind her, the ghost of A Fat Friar creeps on.)*

A FAT FRIAR: Boo!

MEGAN JONES: Hey! I have told you not to sneak up on me like that. Hello, Fat Friar.

A FAT FRIAR: Megan. You can just say "Friar."

*(Oliver and Wayne sneak on. They hide.)*

A FAT FRIAR: What are you doing all alone on Halloween? Shouldn't you be with your friends?

MEGAN JONES: Friends? You're the only person who talks to me—and oh my Wizard God—I just realized how pathetic that is.

A FAT FRIAR: Ouch. My self-esteem.

MEGAN JONES: It's just like, come on, Mom, break out of wizard prison already and come rescue me from this hellhole, *please*. I wonder what she's doing...

*(The Narrator enters. Everyone freezes.)*

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.)*

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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 she'd 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: \*We'll what?

MEGAN JONES: \*Excuse me?

A FAT FRIAR: Yeaaaaah! 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: Heeeey, *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-esteeecem!

*(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 unties them using magic. She then uses her wand in a knighting-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 Sproutty enters and catches them.)*

PROFESSOR SPROUTTY: 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 SPROUTTY: Hmm...fifty points...*to the Puffs. Each!*

*(A sound effect indicates points are earned.)*

PROFESSOR SPROUTTY: The plants love life lessons. Goodnight!

*(Professor Sproutty exits.)*

OLIVER RIVERS: \*YEAH!

MEGAN JONES: \*Hey!

WAYNE HOPKINS: \*WE DID SOMETHING! Guys. I think this is the start of something really great.

*(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!

END

*(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...