

A FORK IN THE ROAD

Written by

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"Three may keep a secret...if two of them are dead."
Benjamin Franklin

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FADE IN:

INT. LABORATORY - NIGHT

Small lab with beakers *bubbling*, electrodes *sparkling*, and a huge Trident in a display case in the middle of the room. Its door haunted-mansion *creaks* open and PROFESSOR POLITES, 50s but with early white hair, glasses down on nose-tip, looks like Christopher Lloyd. He enters in a dirty lab coat and goes to the Trident then caresses its case lovingly.

PROFESSOR
Truly a thing of true beauty.

Professor puts on white gloves, opens the case's door, and removes the Trident reverently.

PROFESSOR
Where shall you take me today?

SLO-MO: Professor sneezes and drops the Trident in dismay.

PROFESSOR
Nooooooooooooo --!

Trident bounces on the floor and a small piece of rusted-crust breaks off its handle. There is a red ruby under it.

PROFESSOR
"Ello, ello, ello?

Professor picks up Trident then pushes on its ruby. Ruby retracts into Trident's handle. Bright light shoots from the three ends of Trident's prongs as the ground begins to shake.

PROFESSOR
That's new.

Trident's prong-light acts like rockets and shoots it across the floor then all over the room making the Professor duck each time it flies at him.

Trident stops mere centimeters in front of Professor's face.

PROFESSOR
Hey there, Hi there, Ho there.

Trident stands upright inches off the floor and wiggles.

Professor grips Trident's handle gingerly.

PROFESSOR
Now what?

Trident vibrates in the Professor's hand making him giggle.

PROFESSOR
That tickles.

Professor jams Trident's prongs into the floor.

PROFESSOR
Stay!

Professor steps away. Trident stands motionless.

PROFESSOR
That was very interesting.
Know any other tricks?

Trident falls on floor motionless.

PROFESSOR
You're playing dead?

Trident flies up to rub itself all over Professor.

PROFESSOR
Good boy. You're a good boy.

Trident hovers upright, its prongs vibrate.

PROFESSOR
Wanna go for a soar?

Trident flies between Professor's legs making him grab onto its handle like a witch's broom.

PROFESSOR
I was only kid-dingggggg --!

Trident flies around room with Professor holding on.

PROFESSOR
Whoa boy --Whoa!

Trident hovers horizontal with Professor straddling it.

PROFESSOR
Where's a D.P. when you need one?

D.P. appears out of thin air from a 1930's production using a camera of that time. He has a pencil-thin mustache wearing a yellow ascot then yells through a megaphone.

D.P.
ACTION!

D.P. works his huge antique movie-machine.

Trident flies around the room now doing barrel rolls in between stopping to "pose" with Professor hanging on in various different funny positions.

PROFESSOR
Cut! CUT! CUUUUUUT!

Trident hovers. Professor dismounts disheveled.

D.P.
Safety?

PROFESSOR
NO, no safety, we're done.

D.P. disappears.

PROFESSOR
You are certifiable.

Trident flies to stand cowering in a corner.

PROFESSOR
Oh hey, I didn't mean --? You're
just fine the way you are.

Trident flies back to rub itself all over Professor.

Professor *laughs*.

PROFESSOR
You'll be the death of me.

Trident flies away then back with tongs aimed at Professor.

PROFESSOR
I didn't mean ...!

Trident rockets at Professor driving its three prongs deep into his chest. Trident yanks itself out of Professor's body. His blood drips from its tongs. Professor wants to say something holding up a finger but then falls over dead.

Trident flies back to stand itself in its case. The case-door self-closes. The ruby's light grows dim then goes dark.

The door haunted-mansion squeaks open again.

UNKNOWN (O.S.)
Just look at the mess you made!

FADE OUT.