

INT. ATTIC

It's dark and dimly. The peaked cathedral ceiling adds a haunting feeling to an already darkened and cramped space. The floor boards creak with the shifting of the wind. The wood at first glance appears rotted and ready to crack. One step in the wrong spot, and an unsuspecting soul could fall right through the ceiling. The attic is filled with a wonder trove of artifacts that look ancient. The room is dust covered as though no one has been up here for a 100 years. Boxes are lined against the walls standing on guard in the darkness, protecting the attic's secret. At the back of this army of boxes sits a special trunk. It is royal blue with gilded metal corners. There is a latch on the front of the box, with a lock on it.

The scene opens with THOMAS, an imaginative 9 yr. old, crouched in front of the trunk, flashlight in hand, with a little pocket knife resting on the floor. He is fiddling with the lock, trying with out success to open it.

The Wizard of Sham

by

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FICITONAL

Property of The Actors Room
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THOMAS

Gosh Darn it to Heck! Just open already.

THOMAS looks at his pocket knife in defeat.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

What are you looking at. You weren't any help.

Just then the floor boards creak. It's the attic's alarm system alerting THOMAS that some one else is up here with him.

Thomas whisper's out to the darkness. Flashlight pointing in all directions.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

(whisper)

Who's there?

THOMAS'S older brother JACK is standing in the middle of the Attic. The light from the flashlight, blinding his sight.

JACK

Get that light out my face small fry.

THOMAS

What are you doing up here?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

2.

JACK

I was about to ask you the same thing.

THOMAS

I'm umm... I'm...just.

JACK

Hey is that grand dad's old trunk?
Cool. Get out of my way small fry.
Let a professional show you how
its done.

THOMAS is shocked that his brother is interested. JACK
shoves THOMAS out of the way and begins working on the
lock.

THOMAS

Wait... You mean your not gonna
tell mom on me?

JACK

(looking up)

Tell Mom? Dad told me about this
old trunk a long time ago. I just
never actually believed it
existed.

THOMAS

What do you mean dad told you
about it? What's in it?

JACK

Oh nothing. Just some of the
greatest spell books the world has
ever known.

JACK gets frustrated as it won't budge.

THOMAS

(surprised)

Really?

JACK

Ah yeah. Grand dad was some sort
of great magician or wizard or
something. Well at least that's
how dad tells it. Come on, open
you stupid lock.

THOMAS

I thought he just made up all
those stories to try and get me to
go to sleep.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JACK

Well if we open this trunk maybe we'll find out. Won't we? Quick see if you can find the key? Dad must've left it in here somewhere. And be quiet about it, mom just got home, and you know how she feels about us being up here.

THOMAS

(mockingly)

Boy's its dangerous up there. I don't want you anywhere near the attic.

JACK

Exactly.

THOMAS

Maybe Mom doesn't want us up here because she is helping to keep grand dads secret.

Jack is off near some of the boxes looking for anything that could possibly pry open the lock. He finds a lamp.

JACK

Nah...this is won't work.

THOMAS moves back to the trunk. JACK looks back at his brother.

JACK (CONT'D)

We tried the lock already Tommy, its jammed with something.

THOMAS sits in front of the trunk and starts whispering a poem his dad would tell him during bed time story hour, as if searching for an answer to a riddle.

THOMAS

(to himself)

One day you'll stumble on me. One day you'll fall from a tree. One day blue will find gold. One day new will be old. One day the truth will unfold.

JACK is now perched up on some boxes. He is reaching high up for what appears to be some sort of tool and begins to lose his balance. Suddenly his wobbly legs give out and he falls right smack down beside the old trunk. A loud thump can be heard. The trunk shifts slightly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JACK

Oww. That hurt.

JACK is laying on the floor of the attic face down. He turns his face to the left and notices a sparkle coming out from underneath the trunk.

THOMAS

You Ok? Hope mom didn't hear that.

JACK

Quick, help me move the trunk.
There is something underneath it.

The boys move quickly to push the trunk. Its heavy and they are barely able to budge it.

JACK (CONT'D)

On three. Ready? 1,2,3...PUSH!

The trunk barely moves, but its enough.

THOMAS

Look. Their. A key!

JACK reaches down to grab the key. He is just about to put it into the lock, when they hear footsteps coming up the stairs.

MOM

Boy's I'm home. Where are you?

JACK and THOMAS are frozen like a pair of ice sculptures on display for all to see.

JACK

Be right down mom. I'm just helping Tommy with some home work.

THOMAS

(sarcastically)

Oh...that was good. She'll really believe that one.

JACK

We gotta move quick. If she catches us up here where grounded for sure.

THOMAS

You mean no video games for a week.

JACK

Longer. A month.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

They both turn back to the trunk. They were so close to solving the mystery.

JACK (CONT'D)

We'll come back later Tommy, I
promise. We have the key remember.

THOMAS smiles. He looks back one more time at the trunk.

THOMAS

(whispers to himself)
"One day the truth will unfold."