

THE TRIP

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

The basement is decorated with a large rug, a couple old and tattered looking sofas and three fun looking beanbags.

Several throw pillows and woollen blankets complete the relaxed hippie vibe that emanates through the room.

PATRICK, GEORGE, MELANIE and ERIN, four friends in their very late twenties. So late in fact, within the next couple of weeks all of them will be turning 30.

All sitting, half awake, George has hold of the televisions remote control and he's surfing the hundreds of channels at his fingertips.

PATRICK  
Can't we do something different?

GEORGE  
Different?

MELANIE  
What's the matter?

PATRICK  
I'm so fucking bored.

ERIN  
Then you can pick what we watch.

Patrick rolls his eyes, groaning. They're not listening.

PATRICK  
We do the same thing every weekend.  
Come down here and watch movies.  
It's fine and all and I'm grateful  
that we make time for each other  
but honestly I'm bored, I want to  
do something different.

MELANIE  
Like?

PATRICK  
Something fun.

GEORGE  
I've got some weed in my car.

PATRICK

I've smoked weed before, all of us have. Can't we do something we've never done before?

MELANIE

Whatever you're thinking I'm keeping my clothes on.

Patrick laughs.

PATRICK

Clothes on, promise.

ERIN

Well, what ARE you thinking?

Patrick takes a long pause, wondering if he really should say what he's been thinking. Weighing up his options, he shrugs, finally confessing.

PATRICK

Acid.

The others laugh at him, what on earth is he thinking?

MELANIE

An acid trip? What is this, the 60's?

PATRICK

Or magic mushrooms?

GEORGE

Something psychedelic then?

PATRICK

Yeah, like a real trip. That we can all go on together.

ERIN

And where are you getting it from?

PATRICK

You've got a drug dealer that you know right?

ERIN

Coke and pills yeah.

PATRICK

Can't we ask him?

GEORGE

What about the rest of us?

PATRICK

I want to try something crazy before I turn 30, I want to be able to say I've lived a little. One last thing to look back on before I get too old to try.

The other three all share a look, they're not as convinced that this is a good idea.

CUT TO:

CAMERON, 40, bald, overweight, covered in bad tattoos and dressed in loose fitting tie dye hippie clothing is busy padlocking the only door in and out the basement. It doesn't even have a window. That door really is it, and Cameron now locks it shut.

The four friends watch him, sharing curious looks between each other.

Cameron then turns his attention to a couple large portable heaters. Turning them on and putting them all the way up to as hot as they can go. He then puts a child lock onto them. Making sure the others don't see how to turn the child lock on and off.

Patrick steps forwards, frowning.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

The padlocks and heaters? What are they for.

Cameron turns to face him.

CAMERON

You asked me around here because you wanted to see the other side. To go on a astral trip to test yourself against the very fabric of reality. I've got that right, yeah?

PATRICK

Kind of.

CAMERON

Well, for that you need to be out in the desert dude. I've done it. All over the world.

(MORE)

CAMERON (CONT'D)

But as we're currently nowhere near any deserts, I'm going to have to bring the desert here.

GEORGE

I wish someone had told me before hand, I would have brought my shorts with me.

The others laughs, but Cameron scowls.

CAMERON

This isn't a joke to me. This is the real deal. You're not going to be the same after this, you're all going to be better.

Erin comes over to Cameron, putting a reassuring hand around his waist.

ERIN

Of course. So have you got it?

Cameron nods. He removes a small metal tin from his back pocket, then hands out small tabs of acid to everyone.

MELANIE

So what do we do?

CAMERON

Just take it onto your tongue and prepare for a trip that will change the way you're going to live for the rest of your lives.

Cameron finds a seat.

PATRICK

How long does it take to have an effect?

CAMERON

Different for everyone. No two people are the same.

Patrick puts his acid onto his tongue.

PATRICK

Alright.

Copying Cameron, Patrick finds himself somewhere comfortable to sit.

George turns to Melanie and Erin, clearly nervous.

GEORGE

Are we really doing this?

Erin shrugs, she's excited. Puts the acid tab onto her tongue.

ERIN

I've seen enough people on this before. You'll just be super high. It's fun.

GEORGE

I just don't know if I want to break my brain over it.

ERIN

You won't. He's a hippie, so he talks like a hippie, don't take him too seriously.

Erin finds a spot, relaxing. Now it's only George and Melanie left.

MELANIE

We're altogether. Should be fun.

Melanie now takes her tab of acid, she goes to join Erin.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

(to Erin)

We need some music.

George does a quick sign of the cross, hoping that none of the others saw him doing it. He then takes his tab of acid, looking around the room, stopping to stare at one of the heaters. Shakes his head, he just can't see the point of them.

GEORGE

I'm already getting hot.

FADE TO:

Everyone is up on their feet, all of them looking and acting high. Sweating but smiling as hippie music plays and they're all dancing. Swaying to the music.

The heat inside the basement must be well over 40 degrees. Each one drenched in sweat, Melanie and Erin's makeup running. Hot messes. But having too much fun to care.

FADE TO:

The music has stopped and so too has the dancing. George, Patrick, Melanie and Erin are all passed out on the sofas and floor, blankets and pillows gathered together to make their makeshift beds.

Cameron is on his knees in a corner of the basement, his back to the others. He has four mobile phones laid out in front of him.

He takes off his boots, heavy workmen's boots with solid looking heels. Holding these two boots like hammers Cameron smashes them down against the four mobile phones. Like some kind of crazed ape attempting to play the drums.

Smash, smash, smash. Cameron brings down the heels of his boots down against the phones repeatedly and in no real order. Cracking and breaking apart each of the phones, rendering them useless.

FADE TO:

Cameron is now asleep on the floor, curled up like the way a dog sleeps.

The others slowly begin to wake up, they're groggy, mouths dry. Sweaty and feeling gross, but one thing is for sure they're all desperate for something to drink.

PATRICK

Water?

ERIN

I want to go home.

MELANIE

Did I hear someone say water? I'll take about six bottles please.

George checks his pockets, searching himself he quickly realises it's gone.

GEORGE

Where the fuck is my phone?

As he says this the others instinctually check themselves, patting their own pockets.

ERIN

Where the hell is mine?

MELANIE

And mine?

PATRICK

Did we put them somewhere before we  
took the acid?

George now digs through the pillows and the blankets.

GEORGE

It's too hot in here.

Melanie and Erin join George, shaking and stacking the pillows and blankets up on top of each other. Making sure none of their phones have gotten caught up in them.

George heads for the basement door, but it's still got the padlock on.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

This is fucking bullshit.

PATRICK

(to George)

Will you relax.

GEORGE

How can I, it's too fucking hot in here. I can't breathe.

MELANIE

(to Patrick)

I need something to drink soon or I'm going to be sick.

ERIN

Me too.

George marches over to Cameron, still with his back to them, curled up and asleep. George reaches down to him, shaking him awake.

GEORGE

Hey, get up! Turn these fucking heaters off!

Cameron rolls over, looking up at him.

CAMERON

Slow down.

GEORGE

Did you hear me?

Cameron nods.



CAMERON

Your trip isn't over yet, it's not even begun.

Patrick comes over to him. Pointing an accusing finger at him.

PATRICK

(to Cameron)

Why do none of us have our phones?

Cameron stands up, he goes over to his boots, lifting them up, underneath are their smashed up phones. A shock wave is sent crashing over them.

ERIN

What the fuck?

MELANIE

My phone!

Melanie rushes over, picking up her smashed apart phone.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

Well, you're paying me for a fucking new one, and you better believe that you fucking psycho piece of shit. I'll go to the police if I have to, I don't give a fuck.

GEORGE

What the hell is going on here?

Patrick grabs onto Cameron.

PATRICK

Open the fucking door.

Cameron shakes his head, defiant.

CAMERON

The trip isn't over. I promised to change you all. And I will.

George attacks the heaters, he can't take it anymore. He tips them over, breaking them free from their power sauce, forcibly turning them off by simply breaking them.

GEORGE

It's too fucking hot in here, I can't take it.

Patrick still has a tight hold of Cameron.

PATRICK

Why the fuck did you break our phones?

CAMERON

You need to be free from the outside world.

George tries to break the door open but the padlock is too large and strong, impossible to break with just his hands and there's nothing in his basement that he could use.

Patrick watches George give up and slump to the floor. He returns to Cameron.

PATRICK

You need to open that door, then we'll talk about everything else.

CAMERON

None of you are ready for that door to be opened, but once you are, it will be.

PATRICK

I haven't got time for this shit. Open the fucking door.

CAMERON

Look how helpless you are without your phones.

PATRICK

I'm not helpless without my phone, you locked the door, now I'm telling you to open it.

CAMERON

No.

Patrick needs a moment to collect himself, he so badly just want to open up on Cameron. Pretty sure he could easily beat him in a fight, the option to simply bust his face open is still there.

MELANIE

I need something to drink, I'm not even joking.

ERIN

Me too. It's stupid how hot it is in here.

George stays slumped on the floor, leaning against the padlocked door, he looks distraught and defeated.

GEORGE

Why don't you have any fucking windows? How can you have a basement with only one way in and one way out. Surely that's some kind of fire hazard?

As this is his basement, Patrick can only assume that comment was for him.

PATRICK

It doesn't need any windows and that door isn't supposed to be locked. But I didn't invite this fucking freak around here did I?

Erin snaps back.

ERIN

You wanted acid and I got you acid. This whole fucking thing was your idea.

PATRICK

But I didn't order a sauna but that's what we've got.

Erin comes over to Cameron, reaching out and taking a gentle hold of his arm.

ERIN

Just open the door, please. For me?

CAMERON

No.

PATRICK

Why the fuck not?

CAMERON

It's hot in here because the trip you wanted should take place in the desert, so it needs to be hot. That's the whole point.

MELANIE

Not this fucking hot.

CAMERON

Have you ever been to the desert, because I have.

PATRICK  
The trips over.

CAMERON  
Not yet it's not.

PATRICK  
Yes it is.

CAMERON  
You need to have an awakening.

PATRICK  
Dumb fucking hippie. Open the  
fucking door...

CAMERON  
(snaps back)  
I can make it rain. If we were in  
the desert I would call upon the  
ancient spirits and we would be  
drenched in rain water right now.

GEORGE  
Then how about you just do it?

CAMERON  
You are not ready.

GEORGE  
You're full of shit.

CAMERON  
First of all, we would all need to  
be naked.

PATRICK  
Jesus Christ.

MELANIE  
(joking)  
How about just our underwear? Would  
that work?

CAMERON  
We would need to be connected to  
each other.

PATRICK  
(guessing)  
An orgy? That's what you want? If  
we all start having sex with each  
other you'll make it rain?

CAMERON

An acid trip is supposed to change you, open your heart and your minds.

PATRICK

I'm not having sex with you.

CAMERON

Sex is the only thing that brings us closer to the universe.

PATRICK

Fuck me.

MELANIE

(laughs)

I think that's his idea.

ERIN

(to Cameron)

Why are you being like this?

Cameron reaches into his inside jacket pocket. He removes a full bottle of water. The sight of it brings everyone to a sudden halt. Cameron now has their full attention.

CAMERON

Water is an element control by the cosmic power of the universe.

Cameron unscrews the cap, holds the water bottle out in front of him.

Patrick, George, Melanie and Erin all lick their lips in anticipation. All of them desperately thirsty, so thirsty it's making them crazy.

Cameron turns the bottle upside down, pouring all the water out onto the floor.

The four watching all let out a horrified gasp and groan all together like a conducted choir.

PATRICK

What a fucking dumb ass.

GEORGE

That's just fucking perfect.

Melanie and Erin run forwards, on either side of Cameron, both of them wildly attempt to snatch the empty water bottle from him.

MELANIE

Give it me.

ERIN

Let it go.

Cameron throws the empty bottle away. Melanie chases after it whilst Erin drops to the floor and attempts to suck up whatever water is there, but it's a mad idea that's destined for failure.

Melanie races after the bottle, putting it to her lips she tries to suck whatever little droplets are left, but there's hardly anything, and only seems to make her aching thirst so much worse.

Cameron looks around the room, a smug grin. In his mind he's got them where he wants them. They asked for a mind bending acid trip and by god he's going to give them one.

CAMERON

I can bring you all as much water as you desire. But first you must complete your trip. You must change. And you must embrace me, each other and the universe.

Patrick returns to Cameron, grabbing a hold of his throat with one hand, digging his fingers in. He holds his other hand in a fist at the ready.

PATRICK

I've heard enough of this shit.

Cameron puffs out his chest, he knows Patrick is going to punch him, but he stands brave or foolish, ready to take it.

CAMERON

If you harm me you'll never get out of here.

PATRICK

We'll see.

Patrick delivers a couple of hard solid punches to the bridge of Cameron's nose, crunching and breaking it.

Cameron throws out his arms, weakly trying to bat Patrick away. But Patrick has been in his fair share of fights, he's composed. Knows what he wants to do and does it.

Three, four, five. Punch after devastating punch. Using Cameron's face like a punching bag.

George clambers up onto his feet, he races over to Patrick and tackles him, wrapping his arms around Patrick's waist and dragging him away from Cameron.

GEORGE

You're going to fucking kill him!

Patrick lets go, Cameron collapses to the floor in a bloodied heap. His face battered, a real mess.

Patrick and George lay on the floor together, both exhausted, breathing heavy.

Patrick looks down at his blooded and hurt fist.

PATRICK

I don't care what anybody says.  
That was worth it.

GEORGE

We're going to die in here.

Melanie and Erin stagger over to Cameron, kneeling down beside him.

Cameron rolls over onto his back, looking up at the ceiling.

CAMERON

Is isn't how this was supposed to happen.

Melanie takes a hold of Cameron's hand, trying to be of some comfort to him, but also needing to get him onto her side.

MELANIE

The thing is, and whilst I think what you're trying to do is great and wonderful. And maybe we can try this again, but if you don't open that door for us, we're going to die in here.

CAMERON

The key is gone.

Melanie snaps, throwing his hand down she stands up. Her dehydration making her nuts.

MELANIE

Well find it again then you fucking dickhead. What kind of fucking acid trip is this? We get high, go to bed, wake up and then die? What the fuck?

CAMERON

I'm not interested in helping you anymore.

Patrick reaches down to Cameron, first ripping off his socks, checking them. He's on a determined hunt to find the missing key.

PATRICK

We're not asking for your help, we just want the fucking key.

CAMERON

It's gone.

Erin collapses to the floor in a heap, she wants to cry but there's not enough moisture in her body to do it.

ERIN

Cameron you're killing us.

CAMERON

I could fill this room with water if I wanted, but you've missed your chance.

GEORGE

Then do it.

Patrick strips Cameron down to his underpants. Roughly removing his clothes and checking every item.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

(to Patrick)

Don't kill him.

PATRICK

As long as he gives me the key to get me out of here I won't have to hurt him. It's up to him.

CAMERON

If you want out of here you've got to go through the trip first.

No key. Patrick checked every piece of clothing. Next he rips Cameron's underpants off, leaving him totally naked.

PATRICK

Where the fuck is the key?

CAMERON

If you want out of here you've got to go through the trip.



Patrick delivers a hard kick to Cameron's stomach, knocking the wind out of him.

GEORGE

I can't stay in here much longer.

MELANIE

I can't breathe. I need to get out.

PATRICK

(to Cameron)

If I have to shove my fist up your arse in search of this fucking key, I will.

Cameron needs a moment, coughing.

CAMERON

The key is gone.

ERIN

We took the acid, we took the trip, all we did was dance. Now let us the fuck out of here.

CAMERON

You took nothing. What I gave you wasn't acid.

This news catches the group off guard. Patrick frowns at him.

PATRICK

Then what the fuck did you give us?

CAMERON

Weed. Strong weed. To get you to relax.

PATRICK

Why?

CAMERON

I needed to turn this place into a desert in preparation for your trip. That took time.

Patrick loses all control, attacking Cameron, beating him like crazy. And this time he's going to kill him.

George staggers over, grabbing a hold of Patrick he tries to pull him back but Patrick's too strong for him, and his savage attack on Cameron continues.

Cameron is naked and helpless, holds his hands to his head and the back of his neck trying to protect himself as best as he can.

George looks across at Melanie and Erin.

GEORGE

Help me! If he kills him we'll never get out!

Melanie and Erin now join in with George, all three of them wrestling Patrick, he's like a wild animal possessed. Patrick's head has gone, his eyes almost red with fury. He is very seriously trying to kill Cameron, make no mistake about it.

But now it's three against one. And Patrick is slowly being subdued. George, Melanie and Erin wrestling with him and pin him to the floor. Exhausted, this is a fight that all of them could honestly have done without.

With three of them holding him down Patrick's energy is sapped, giving up. All of them panting hard.

Cameron is still breathing, badly beaten, bleeding and naked he needs a visit to the hospital.

FADE TO:

The whole atmosphere has changed inside the basement. Cameron is sitting up, his back resting against the wall. He's still battered and bruised, and as he is there's no way he's going to be able to get up onto his feet.

Patrick is tied to a leather recliner chair, ropes, string and lengths of cloth all used to hold him still. Exhausted, Patrick isn't able to move, struggling even to breathe.

George, Melanie and Erin are drenched in sweat, the heat is still insane and their need to drink something is becoming increasingly desperate.

CAMERON

The old gods are real.

PATRICK

Don't listen to him.

CAMERON

And they need a sacrifice. Kill Patrick and I will set you free.

PATRICK

Just give us the fucking key!

CAMERON

There is no key, not in this reality. The gods need a sacrifice, only then will they grant me the power to conjure the key needed to unlock that door.

PATRICK

He's insane. You've got to let me go.

George looks like he might faint and never wake up again at any moment. He looks desperately between Melanie and Erin.

GEORGE

I don't want to die.

Melanie and Erin equally look like they're on their last legs. The sauna condition of the basement is pure torture.

MELANIE

What can we do?

ERIN

Sacrifice him how?

GEORGE

I don't want to die.

MELANIE

Then tell us what we can do?

PATRICK

Let me go, this is crazy.

George grabs onto an empty beer bottle, he smashes it against the wall. It's shatters into several pieces, big and small.

George lifts up one large shard of glass for himself, before handing out two smaller shards of glass to Melanie and Erin.

GEORGE

I just want to go home.

CAMERON

Provide a sacrifice and this all ends.

PATRICK

Let me go.

George looks between Melanie and Erin, his eyes are wild, on the verge of madness.

He's so hot and so desperate for freedom and something to drink, George really is losing his grip on reality.

GEORGE

I'm sorry.

George then stabs his shard of glass into Patrick. Patrick lets out a breathless scream. Melanie and Erin now copy, both stabbing their shards of glass into Patrick's chest. The glass easily breaking the skin and sliding in deep into his chest.

Blood oozes out of the three stab wounds, and very quickly a pool of his own blood forms beneath Patrick.

He looks between his friends, shock and confusion. Still tied to the chair it doesn't take long before he loses consciousness altogether. His head lulling to one side, passing out. Without medical attention he'll be dead very soon.

George turns back to Cameron, offering out both his hands, begging.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Let us out.

Cameron reaches inside his rectum, and removes a small metal case.

Melanie and Erin collapse to the floor, no more energy, they're defeated. George watches in disbelief as Cameron opens the metal case.

He starts to remove real tabs of acid. He takes one himself then offers the others to George, Melanie and Erin.

CAMERON

Now you're ready for the real trip.

Melanie and Erin both pass out, the heat and exhaustion finally claiming them both.

George shakes his head over and over, it's all too much.

George takes the acid tabs on offer and shoves them forcibly into Cameron's mouth, making him take them all. Four tabs of acid all for Cameron.

GEORGE

(grunting)

You bastard!

He screams. Cameron's eyes roll into the back of his head.

This is one acid trip with no return ticket.

**FADE TO BLACK**

**THE END**