

WACKY ADVENTURES AT WILD TOWN U.S.A

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. HOUSE PARTY. LIVING ROOM - MORNING

June 27th. 7:47am.

A cookie-cutter household, post a disastrous teenage rager. EVERYONE is spread throughout the house, deep in slumber from drunken shenanigans. The house is covered in empty solo cups, empty alcohol bottles, and furniture skewed.

WALTER JOHN wakes up on the living-room floor right next to MARIA ORTEGA, who has her hand centimeters next to his. They are both 18 years old and deathly hungover.

Walter is in a bland shirt and khaki shorts. He is painfully average looking, his only distinct feature is the scar above his left eye.

He sits up groggily and turns to Maria giving a small smile and moves a piece of her short, dark, curly hair out of her face, he gives this moment a beat and a deep sigh.

Walter looks at his calculator watch to see the time.

WALTER

SHIT.

Maria is sporting a cropped top and white jean shorts. Her make up is smeared and when Walter JUMPS up she just groans and turns around to go back to sleep.

Walter grabs a back pack that looks like "a dog chewed through it" somewhere near him in the living room. He scampers into the other room.

INT. HOUSE PARTY. FRONT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

He jumps over CHARLOTTE "LOTTIE" WRIGHT, 18, "girl next door", and dressed in a tight, black dress. She is sporting huge, fake sunglasses and is spooning PRESTON.

Preston also 18, is shirtless and in power ranger boxers with matching knee high socks. He has a pre-pubescent looking goatee, and even when sleeping comes off as sleezy.

Before Walter exits the room he looks back to the two snuggling and makes a "yikes" expression.

Walter EXITS the house quickly. He slams the door and a GRADUATION Banner comes tumbling down, landing on Preston and Lottie.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOUSE PARTY - CONTINUOUS

Walter dashes to the curb where his 2008, Red-chipped, Toyota Corolla sits with all the other (much nicer) cars.

He checks his one pocket, can't find his keys. Moment of panic crosses Walter's face.

He checks his other pocket... Keys! A face of relief covers him.

Walter unlocks his car and basically throws himself in the drivers seat.

Walter SPEEDS out of the quiet neighborhood.

INT. 2008 TOYOTA COROLLA - SAME

Walter connects the aux cord to his phone and blasts the song: *Lovin', Touchin', Squeezin' By: Journey*

His car is filled with papers, McDonald's bags, and unwashed sweatshirts.

Walter reaches over to the cup holder that has an old plastic cup filled with some sort of soda, he takes big gulps and rinses his mouth out with it. He rolls down the window and spits it out.

He grabs the old, cheap pair of neon sunglasses next to him and puts them on.

CUT TO:

EXT. 2008 TOYOTA COROLLA ON I4 - CONTINUOUS

Walter is now interweaving through traffic. He is cutting people off, and brake checking other cars.

His exit is across four lanes of traffic, so he blindly crosses and speeds into **Exit 64**.

INT. 2008 TOYOTA COROLLA - SAME

The song is starting to fade out while Walter is nodding his head along to it.

EXT. 2008 TOYOTA COROLLA - CONTINUOUS

Walter takes a sharp turn into Wild Town USA's parking lot. The parking lot is vast and empty. Walter picks a spot in the far corner away from any other parking space.

He accidentally hits the curb hard, but his car somehow powers over it.

INT. 2008 TOYOTA COROLLA - CONTINUOUS

Walter looks at the clock, which says 8:10 am, and reaches frantically for the backpack.

In the bag is a dark blue shirt with a Wild Town USA logo on it. He yanks off his shirt and puts on his work polo, he smells his arm pits and shrugs. Lastly, digs through his bag to find a stick of gum.

He grabs his name badge from the side of his door and quickly puts it on.

EXT. WILD TOWN USA'S PARKING LOT - SAME

Walter is running through the parking lot. He is getting a few stares from a COUPLE PEOPLE who just seem to be lingering.

Walter Enters the park gate, which is always open because of the faulty lock.

EXT. WILD TOWN USA - CONTINUOUS

The park has not opened, so the rides are at a still, no people, and all of the kiosks are locked shut. There is an 80s radio station playing over the speakers, and OTHER EMPLOYEES walking to their respective stations.

Walter is B-lining to a small, bricked office in the back of the park. The building is right passed a giant statue of the park's mascot: ADAM THE ALLIGATOR who is chugging a can, while wearing a Davy Crockett hat and a Hawaiian shirt. Walter stops in front of the statue and makes a heart across his chest, he then takes back off into the direction of the building.

Walter *finally* reaches the office.

CUT TO:

INT. WILD TOWN OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Walter out of breath is waiting in a line behind An OLDER WOMAN and ALBERTO TORRES. Alberto Torres, early 40s, is the general manager of the park, and looks like a soccer dad.

Alberto turns around to see Walter.

ALBERTO

Walter! My Man! How's it going?

WALTER

(out of breath.)

It's going ok. Graduation over with.

ALBERTO

I'm so proud of you Walt, really. To see you and your friends grow into these young adults. You *especially* are off the great things.

Walter gives Alberto a small smile.

WALTER

I appreciate that Mr.Alberto.

Alberto picks up the clipboard on the counter and inspects the sheet attached. He nods, and scribbles out a name and re-writes something else.

ALBERTO

My graduation present is putting you on ticket hut with Boomer.

Walter's eyes get big and huge smile plasters on his face.

WALTER

Thank you so much!

ALBERTO

Don't tell the others but ...
(whispers.)
You were always my favorite.

Walter gives Alberto a hug and exits the building.

EXT. TICKET BOOTH AT WILDTOWN U.S.A - SAME DAY

12:07pm.

Wild Town U.S.A is crowded. Screaming kids, Mildly drunk parents, Horny Teenagers all surround the attractions and concessions.

Bright, colorful lights and 80's rock music create an atmosphere.

The wave of people disperse and sitting in the ticket booth is Walter. He is alert and happy to help the people coming up to the line.

FLASH-FOWARD 30
MINUTES:

I/E. TICKET BOOTH AT WILDTOWN U.S.A

Walter's uniform is messier than when we last saw him and he looks like he just woke up from a long nap.

As crowded as the park is there is nobody in line for tickets. Walter is staring off into space when BOOMER REED busts through the door of the little ticket hut.

Boomer Reed, 18, athletic, blonde, taller, and always wears a backwards visor.

Walter slowly turns to look at him. Boomer makes a face of disgust.

BOOMER
You look like a before picture.

WALTER
(sarcasm.)
I appreciate your endless support.

BOOMER
I'm not insulting you... I'm just describing you.

Walter dramatically holds his heart and makes an "aw" face as if he were complimented.

BOOMER (CONT'D)
(awkwardly.)
I didn't see you leave this morning.

Walter does a deep sigh and grimaces. Boomer starts putting down his bag, and putting on his badge.

WALTER
I talked to Maria.

Boomer turns to look at him QUICKLY.

BOOMER
You did WHAT?

Walter avoids eye contact and plays with the pencil on the counter.

WALTER
I told her how I felt.

BOOMER
AND?

Walter does a small (pained) smile.

WALTER
(Does air quotes.)
She can't put herself through it
again.

Beat.

BOOMER
I'm sorry, Bubba.

Boomer gives him a nice few pats on the back.

WALTER
I don't know what I expected, she's
taking a gap year and I'm going to
Michigan.

Boomer isn't good with advice, so he awkwardly sits there until he realizes-

BOOMER
I almost forgot my surprise for
you!

Walter cocks his eyebrow. Boomer bends over and starts rummaging through his backpack. As Boomer continues digging, Walter starts to zone out.

TWO TEENAGE GIRLS walk up to the window. They are met with a zoned out Walter and Boomer's ass.

Girl #1 clears her throat.

Walter snaps out of his thoughts. He puts on the most fake customer service face.

WALTER
 (overtly cheery.)
 How may I assist you ladies in
 having a Wacky time at Wild Town
 USA?

Girl #2 tries to hold in a laugh at Walter's question.

WALTER (CONT'D)
 (grits teeth.)
 I have to do the voice to keep the
 job.

Girl #1 laughs.

GIRL #1
 We were wondering how much your
 fast passes were?

Walter takes a sharp inhale.

WALTER
 At Wild Town USA, we want everyone
 to share the wackiness equally , so
 our lovely mayor has decided that
 we do not give extra fun out.

GIRL #2
 (snorts.)
 You're kidding, right?

Boomer finally has gotten the gift out of the bag, but hides it from everyone's view. He joins in to the conversation.

BOOMER
 (fake joyful-southern
 accent.)
 You see little ladies, we also
 understand that waiting in lines
 can be super DUPER boring, but if
 wait times get a tad outrageous we
 suggest going into Sonny Ray's
 Bright Casino.

GIRL #2
 What the fuck is that?

BOOMER
 (grits teeth.)
 The shit arcade in the back corner.
 (MORE)

BOOMER (CONT'D)

There is a restaurant attached, get Atticus as a waiter, he won't card.

GIRL #1

Oh my god!

GIRL #2

Thank you!

BOOMER

(joyful-southern accent.)
Anytime pretty ladies!

WALTER

(overtly cheery.)
We always have the wackiest advice.
Come back soon!

The girls walk away. Walter and Boomer wait to drop the faces till the girls are out of sight.

They both take a deep sigh.

WALTER (CONT'D)

Preston, caught me not doing the voice last Thursday and told me the only way I could get out of "Vocal energy" is with a doctor's note.

BOOMER

I swear ever since he grew out that goatee he's been on a power trip.

WALTER

Maybe the goatee is controlling him... whispering little evil tasks he should force his former friends to do.

BOOMER

(weird, distorted voice.)
Preston, make sure to wear the extra short-shorts that show of your camel toe.

Walter laughs hysterically. Boomer also laughs (sounds like Barney Rubble from The Flintstones).

WALTER

(another weird, distorted voice.)
Preston, talk about how veganism is the answer to any problem.

They both go into greater hysterics, but then randomly calm down.

A beat.

WALTER (CONT'D)
Sooo, what's my present?

Boomer slides a small package across the counter top to Walter.

In marker on the package it says in barely recognizable handwriting: TO: WALTER, FROM: BOOMER AND FRIENDS.

WALTER (CONT'D)
(sarcastic.)
I like the packaging.

Boomer smiles big.

BOOMER
It's a late graduation gift.

WALTER
Boomer- I didn't get yo-

BOOMER
I don't care! Stop being a little bitch and open it.

Walter rips open the package to find a UM t-shirt in school colors and a smaller envelope with a wad of cash.

Walter gasps.

WALTER
Boomer, I can't take this.

BOOMER
Atticus and I know you need some extra cash for Michigan. We don't want you to have a single reason not to be an amazing architect.

Walter winces at the word architect. He is counting the money. Walter gets up and hugs Boomer.

WALTER
Thank you man, really.

BOOMER
I know it's not enough, but I still wanted to pitch in.

WALTER
You gotta tell Atticus Thank You for me, if I don't see him tonight!

BOOMER

Atticus said, "This is for every time Walter covered my concession shifts".

Walter and Boomer both chuckle. Walter stores away the shirt and cash in his backpack.

CUT TO:

INT. SONNY RAY'S CASINO/EATERY - HOURS LATER

3:19 pm.

A small- grungy restaurant that is themed like a Texas Roadhouse. There are deer heads on the walls, a pool table, wooden furniture.

The restaurant is basically empty besides an ELDERLY COUPLE eating peanuts and the girls from the previous scene drinking a pitcher of beer.

Behind the bar stands ATTICUS REED, 21, non-traditionally attractive, taller, and older brother to Boomer Reed. Atticus is throwing peanuts in the air and catching them. CHARLOTTE WRIGHT walks in through the entrance that separates the arcade and restaurant.

Lottie dressed in a perfectly pressed uniform with her long hair tied up in bubble braids, and to top it off she has very colorful accessories.

She b-lines to the bar and sits in front of Atticus. She puts her head in her hands.

ATTICUS

Rough shift?

She slowly lifts her head up and gives a long groan.

LOTTIE

It was fine until I was told I'm doing a double.

ATTICUS

(murmurs.)

Preston.

Lottie makes a pained expression.

ATTICUS (CONT'D)

Are you doubling the arcade or attractions?

Lottie does a deep sigh.

 LOTTIE
 Neither.
 (beat.)
 Concession shack.

Atticus makes a face like he bit into a lemon.

 ATTICUS
 What did you do to him?

Lottie gets a burst of energy.

 LOTTIE
 Nothing!

Atticus throws a peanut shell at her.

 ATTICUS
 (teasingly.)
 That's not what Boomer said... he
 said at the party you drunke-

 LOTTIE
 Boomer needs to fucking shut his
 mouth!

Atticus makes a "yikes" expression by raising his eyebrows
 and widening his eyes.

 LOTTIE (CONT'D)
 I'm sorry... I just didn't want yo-
 ANYONE finding out.

Atticus grabs her hand, Lottie blushes.

 ATTICUS
 I get it kid, I really do.
 (beat.)
 I would also be embarrassed if I
 made out with Preston.

She laughs and pushes his hand away. Atticus smiles at her
 and pours her a coke.

 ATTICUS (CONT'D)
 (winks.)
 On the house.

Lottie takes a sip.

LOTTIE

This would be nicer if I didn't
know you got free drinks on shift.

Atticus snickers and cleans behind the bar. As Lottie drinks her soda she sees a bright neon scrunchie, with a charm that has the letter "B" attached to it on Atticus' wrist

Atticus turns his back to her to reach a jar of more nuts. He starts refilling the containers.

LOTTIE (CONT'D)

I didn't see you last night-
figured you were working. But then
Walter told me that Amber is back
in town.

The moment he hears Amber's name sends him in visible tension.

ATTICUS

Yeah- went to see her.

Lottie furrows her brow in curiosity.

LOTTIE

How is Georgia treating her?

ATTICUS

Good-Good. She joined a sorority.

Lottie makes a face at "sorority" and snorts. Atticus smiles when she makes the noise.

ATTICUS (CONT'D)

What's wrong with joining a
sorority?

LOTTIE

Nothing. Just fits Amber VERY well.

They both sit with that statement. Lottie bites the inside of her mouth anxiously.

LOTTIE (CONT'D)

Did you meet her boyfriend?

The smile Atticus once had, fades.

ATTICUS

(dryly.)

Yeah, seems like a great guy.

Lottie nods. She taps her nails on the bar.

LOTTIE
 I always thought you were too good
 for her.

Atticus turns around and gives her a small smile.

 ATTICUS
 (smirks.)
 Yeah me too.

Atticus goes and refills the girls beer pitcher. Leaving Lottie watching him longingly as she slurps the rest of her coke.

CUT TO:

EXT. WILD TOWN USA'S PARKING LOT - NIGHT

9:45 pm.

The parking lot is packed from end to end, except for one back corner. In this corner is Walter's beat up car.

Walter and Boomer sit on the trunk both eating a slice of pizza with two HUGE big gulps in between them. Behind them we hear screaming from rides, and loud music. There are even bright, colorful, flashing lights reflecting onto their faces.

 BOOMER
 Fun Fact.

 WALTER
 It better be fun.

 BOOMER
 Your nostrils work one at a time.

Walter gives Boomer a disgusted look.

 WALTER
 One... How do you know that? Two...
 Why would I care?

 BOOMER
 I don't know. On break Lottie and I
 were trying to see who could find
 the weirdest fact. I won.

 WALTER
 Lottie let you win? Did she have a
 stroke?

BOOMER
(defensive.)
Just because she's a competitive
person, doesn't mean she's always
going to win.

Awkward beat.

WALTER
Did you hear Preston has Lottie
working a double?

Boomer makes a face of anguish, he takes a huge sip from his
drink.

BOOMER
Important lesson learned... don't
drunk make out with Preston and
call him the wrong name.

WALTER
I don't think it was a lesson I
particularly needed to learn.

BOOMER
Touché.

At the same exact moment they take a bite of their pizza.

BOOMER (CONT'D)
(teasingly.)
I told Atticus about her little
kiss.

Walter chokes on his slice.

WALTER
(in horror.)
You told him she called Preston,
Atticus?

Boomer shakes his head.

BOOMER
No, No, No- I just told him about
her getting messy drunk and making
out with Preston. I thought it was
funny.

WALTER
She's gonna kill you man.

Boomer shrugs. From behind the corner Maria skips to the boys. She is sporting huge hoops, and small khaki shorts. In her hand is also a giant big gulp.

MARIA
Who's gonna kill who?

Walter loses all the life within his eyes. Boomer plasters a fake smile.

BOOMER
Just talkin' about the party.

Maria's eyes get slightly wider. Walter kicks Boomer's foot hard.

BOOMER (CONT'D)
(extra dramatic.)
OW!

MARIA
That party was a disaster.

There is an awkward beat. They all look anywhere ,but each other. Maria shifts trying to think of a topic they can all talk about.

MARIA (CONT'D)
(extra sympathetic.)
Poor Lottie.

WALTER
Poor Lottie.

BOOMER
Poor Lottie.

WALTER (CONT'D)
BOOMER told his brother about the kiss.

MARIA
She's gonna kill you!

Boomer shakes his head in annoyance.

BOOMER
Who cares! This is so high school.

MARIA
We graduated two weeks ago.

Walter laughs at Maria, they make eye contact, she gives him a small smile.

Across the parking lot is PRESTON SMITH, he strides to where the rest of the gang is residing.

Preston, 18, wearing way too short- shorts, with knee high socks, and theme park branded sunglasses. He also has a giant button with his name and manager on it. The most noticeable feature of all is his very apparent, freshly dyed, goatee.

PRESTON
(yelling across the
parking lot.)
HEY! GUYS!

Boomer lets out a long groan. Maria and Walter break away eye contact.

Preston jogs up to them.

PRESTON (CONT'D)
(overtly cheery.)
Is the high school reunion already?

Walter does a deep sigh. Maria checks her phone.

MARIA
Preston, weren't you supposed to be
here like fifteen minutes ago?

Preston tries to lean against the car next to Walter's and stumbles, almost eating shit.

He collects himself and brushes the dirt off of him. He points to the manager button on his shirt.

PRESTON
You see, now that I'M manager, I
have more freedom in my ability to
clock in and out. In the MANAGER
rule book, I have a thirty minute
grace period, unlike the regular
Wild Town Workers who have a
fifteen minute grace period.

Maria rolls her eyes.

MARIA
Well, I don't have such a long
grace period, so I'm gonna head in.

Maria starts to walk off.

Preston checks out Maria, looking her up and down.

PRESTON
God she is one sexy lady.

Preston then growls like a tiger.

Walter and Boomer just look at each other in disgust.

WALTER
Dude. She's my ex-girlfriend.

PRESTON
Key term dude-a-rino, EX. She's a free target these days. And a target I want to bullseye.

BOOMER
I'm actually going to vomit.

WALTER
You think you can get Maria?

Before Preston can speak, Atticus and Lottie are walking up, both looking utterly destroyed. Atticus is smoking out of a dab pen, and Lottie looks covered in different foods.

Lottie and Preston make eye contact.

LOTTIE
(murmurs.)
Shit.

Preston laughs at Walter.

PRESTON
I got one of the girls in this sad, little group, I can get the other.

LOTTIE
You didn't "get me", The 8 shots of Titos "got me".

Atticus laughs at Lottie's joke and puts his arm around her. Preston sees this and rolls his eyes.

BOOMER
Plus, she didn't even say your name bro.

Lottie chokes on the air, Atticus looks confused.

WALTER
BOOMER.

Boomer covers his mouth in shock, he got too excited to put Preston in his place.

ATTICUS
(to Lottie, Teasingly.)
Who's name did you say?

PRESTON

It didn't matter what name she
moaned... it matter who she moaned
it too.

Atticus removes his arm from Lottie. Preston pretends to "Mic Drop" and walk away.

As he walks away the group:

ATTICUS

I'm so lost, what name did she say?

WALTER

How did Alberto possibly promote
him over me?

BOOMER

His face has always been punchable
but the goatee makes it even more
diserable.

LOTTIE

I want to bleach my lips at the
idea that his fur-ball of a face
touched them.

Everyone awkwardly is looking at each other.

LOTTIE (CONT'D)

I'm gonna head out, that was the
longest impromptu double of my
life.

ATTICUS

I have to go meet some people at B-
DUBS.

WALTER

Who?

BOOMER

(dry and disapproving.)
Amber and Company.

Lottie looks to her feet. Atticus just takes a hit from his pen again.

ATTICUS

I just like the change of hanging
with people my age.

BOOMER

You're 4 years older not a century.

MIDDLE SCHOOLER #1
We want to ride this ride as many
times before we vomit.

Atticus does a little snort and turns his back to take a hit
of his blunt.

ATTICUS
(choking on smoke.)
Good for you that the park is
empty.

Middle schooler #2 looks around their surroundings before
pondering the next question.

MIDDLE SCHOOLER #2
Is there a possibility you just
don't stop the ride until we want?

Atticus makes a confused face, and also looks around to see
NOBODY around the ride.

ATTICUS
Little dudes, there is nobody in
this park just get off the ride and
I re-scan your ticket. BOOM! Then
you ride this ride till you drop.

The two middle schoolers look at each other, one looks
concerned the other with a smirk.

MIDDLE SCHOOLER #2
We don't have the unlimited pass.
We have general admission.

Atticus makes a disappointed ticking sound and shakes his
head slowly.

ATTICUS
Then you both know I can only let
you ride this ride once.

Middle schooler #2 looks defeated and goes to walk onto the
ride, and Middle Schooler #1 holds them back.

MIDDLE SCHOOLER #1
(To Middle Schooler #2.)
I've got this.
(To Atticus.)
What if we each slipped you five
bucks?

Atticus lets out a belly laugh from deep within him.

ATTICUS
You're kidding, right?

Middle Schooler #1 takes out a five and waves it in front of his face.

ATTICUS (CONT'D)
Listen Pipsqueak, if you're gonna bribe me it better be with some real cash. I can't even get a meal with ten dollars.

MIDDLE SCHOOLER #1
Everyone has a number, what's yours?

Atticus looks horrified by the tone shift in these kids.

ATTICUS
(shyly.)
\$20 bucks each.

Middle Schooler #2 whispers with Middle Schooler #1, they go back and forth for a minute.

MIDDLE SCHOOLER #1
\$15 each.

ATTICUS
\$18.

MIDDLE SCHOOLER #1
\$12 and we don't report you for smoking a blunt on the job AND in front of children.

Atticus looks impressed, he outreaches his hand and the kids hand him the cash. He shakes Middle Schooler #1's hand, they both smile at each other.

ATTICUS
Well played kid... well played.

Both kids run to find seats on the ride and Atticus counts the cash he just made with a satisfied smile.

INT. WILD TOWN USA'S BREAKROOM - LATER

2:22 pm.

The breakroom is small with a few round tables and chairs, with a small Box TV on a thrifted night stand.

There is a counter top with fake granite that holds a microwave, and a fridge right next it.

On the blank walls are a few motivational posters, a work schedule, and the basic rules of the park.

The small Box Tv is playing a VHS tape of Grease. Facing the TV and sitting at one of the round tables is Maria and Boomer.

Maria and Boomer are not paying attention to the movie and instead are throwing popcorn into each other's mouths.

Boomer misses badly when trying to catch the kernel.

MARIA

There is an easy trick... stick
your tongue out.

Boomer extends his tongue as far as he can.

MARIA (CONT'D)

NO!

(laughs.)

You extend the tongue SLIGHTLY.

Maria sticks only a portion of her tongue out, she throws the popcorn into the air and it lands right on her tongue.

MARIA (CONT'D)

(With the popcorn on her
tongue.)

See?

Boomer mirrors what she shows him and throws the popcorn too far back, he leans too much into the chair and flips onto the ground.

Maria makes a concerned expression.

Beat.

MARIA (CONT'D)

Did you get it?

Boomer stands up and opens his mouth to see the popcorn right on his tongue. He gives her a big smile.

MARIA (CONT'D)

Nice!

Walter barges into the breakroom. He has a Big Gulp in one hand and a bag of chips in another.

His hair is smeared down from the heat, his shirt has stains, and overall he looks like pure exhaustion.

BOOMER
You look like you crawled back from hell.

Maria who hadn't look to who was at the door, turns and takes a gasp when she see's Walter's state.

MARIA
It's just a Tuesday, Walter.

Walter begrudgingly pulls up a chair. He takes a long sip from his big gulp.

WALTER
Preston switched attractions with me.

BOOMER
Oh, fuck.

MARIA
Not Preston.

WALTER
(voice wavering.)
I got moved to... goKarts.

BOOMER
Oh come ON, Walt. I love working GoKarts you are being a litte bitch. It's one of the easi-

WALTER
For a middle schooler's BIRTHDAY PARTY.

Boomer makes an "O" face. Maria's eyes widen.

MARIA
He can't make you take a party on last minute, those get assigned the minute the party is reserved.

WALTER
OH YOU SEE MARIA! Apparently HE CAN. I said the exact same thing, then he brought out... the manager's HANDBOOK.

MARIA
He can shove his handbook up his-

WALTER

Actually the handbook stated, "If the manager is assigned to a birthday party and a more PRESSING matter comes up, he is allowed to re-delegate."... So the fucker RE-DELEGATED to me.

BOOMER

What was the more pressing matter?

WALTER

Boomer...Boomer...Boomer, I struggled myself figuring out what it was and I came up with two options: Making my life miserable or making out with Kathy at the Ferris Wheel.

BOOMER

KATHY?

MARIA

SHE'S 33 and has two kids.

WALTER

I guess his pre-pubescent goatee reminds her of her youth.

BOOMER

Well... were the kids at least nice?

Walter snorts at the question.

WALTER

No... they were not *nice*. One kid threw up on me and then after I helped him clean up, looked me in the eye and said, "I waited so I could throw up on you. I thought it would be funny.", And another kid said I should go to his Aunt who's an ophthalmologist because it looks like I'm developing a lazy eye. SO, that's a new insecurity I have.

MARIA

In defense of the kid who recommended his aunt, he seemed to be looking out for you.

Beat.

MARIA (CONT'D)
No pun intended.

Maria throws a popcorn at Walter's head, he gives her a "not now" kind of look.

WALTER
It's ok though because Atticus ended up taking over the GoKarts after the throw up, so I could clean up and have a nervous breakdown in my car.

Lottie *sprints* into the room. They all turn to look at her. She has a neon Wild Town USA fanny pack, she unzips it and throws a STACK of cash onto the table.

They are all VERY confused, Maria looks to Walter, who looks to Boomer, who looks to Maria.

MARIA
Ok... Lottie... did you rob someone?

WALTER
Kill someone?

Boomer holds up the stack of cash and pulls out a generous amount of ones.

BOOMER
Ditching school to become a stripper?

Lottie laughs and pulls up a chair.

LOTTIE
None of the above. Atticus is an actual genius.

BOOMER
As someone who lives with him, I have to disagree.

Atticus BUSTS into the room, he also slams a stack of cash and pulls up a chair.

ATTICUS
Kids have SOOO much money.

WALTER
(very confused.)
Did you guys rob kids?

ATTICUS

Not exactly.

LOTTIE

We just made fast passes.

MARIA

You made fast passes?

ATTICUS

Ok, so earlier these kids who were way too confident bribed me into letting them ride the ride. I thought why not try this with more kids, so I told those little shits to spread the word about it to their friends. Well... THEY DID. And I had so many kids giving me cash to ride rides again and again.

LOTTIE

Then when I had to take over his attraction he filled me in on what I needed to say and do.

ATTICUS

And Walter I should kiss the feet you walk on.

WALTER

Why?

ATTICUS

THE BIRTHDAY PARTY. I made at least 20 bucks on each kid. I would charge them for extra ride time, I would charge them to pull tricks on the track, I would EVEN charge them to skip their own friends in a party line. The possibilities with this are endless.

BOOMER

You are extorting kids.

MARIA

What if Preston finds out?

ATTICUS

He won't! Plus, if he does we have enough dirt on that piece of shit we can figure something out.

They all look at each other some more on board than others.

WALTER
Ok... what do we do?

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. FLYING SAUCERS - DAY

Wednesday, June 30th. 9:47am.

The sky is clear and there are medium level crowds in the park.

Walter is working at FLYING SAUCERS, which is a UFO themed teacup ride. The UFO's looked like they were painted in the 90s, they are chipped and the once bright colors are starting to fade.

Walter is strapped with his own fanny pack, and is wearing a Wild Town baseball hat.

The line for Flying Saucers has a few people waiting. A SMALL CHILD pushes through the existing line. The child looks wheezy and pale. They dig through their pockets to find a ten, which they slip to Walter.

Walter quickly examines the ten and shakes his head slightly.

WALTER
This is a \$12 attraction.

The small child makes a confused face.

SMALL CHILD
Yesterday I payed \$10 to the tall blonde man and he didn't care.

WALTER
Did the tall blonde man have a...

Walter mimes a blunt.

SMALL CHILD
No, he was kinda dumb, he was flirting with a group of girls.

WALTER
Backwards visor?

SMALL CHILD
Yeah.

WALTER
 (murmurs.)
 Fucking Boomer.

The FAMILY behind the kid starts to overhear what the kid is saying.. They are mumbling to one another, when the FATHER chimes in.

FATHER #1
 Sir... SIR...
 (looks at name tag.)
 W-W-Walt-t-er, is it?

Walter holds up a hand to the child to pause him from talking.

WALTER
 It is.

FATHER #1
 Are you charging this small child
 to cut?

WALTER
 (quickly and panicked.)
 No.

FATHER #1
 Well... why are you arguing about
 money... AND why did this kid skip
 the entire line.

Walter looks at the kid, the kid looks at Walter.

SMALL CHILD
 I'm his sister/brother (***Dependent
 on cast***). I owe him money from a
 bet we made. I told him I wouldn't
 throw up after riding, and I did.

Walter looks a little relieved, he gives the kid close to him and ruffles their hair.

FATHER #1
 So, relatives just get to skip all
 the people who waited in this heat?

WALTER
 Look, I'll have (her/him) walk to
 the back of the line...
 (murmurs to kid.)
 It isn't even enough money.

SMALL CHILD
 (murmurs.)
 Two dollar difference.

WALTER
 (to the child.)
 You need to go wait in the back of
 the line.

He starts pushing the kid to the back but before the child is sent back to the line...

FATHER #1
 I want to speak to your manager.

WALTER
 Sir, please I'm sure we can work
 something out.

FATHER #1
 No, this is not the customer
 service I was promised. I'm not
 having a very wacky time.

Walter makes a defeated expression. He grabs the walkie talkie that sits on his podium. Walter first stops the previous ride, and opens the gate for the next group of people to go on.

The family and the child waits awkwardly to the side.

WALTER
 (over walkie talkie.)
 I need Atticus over in Flying
 Saucer's. I repeat. I need ATTICUS
 in Flying Saucer's.

Walter is still looking "upset" as he waits like four seconds for Atticus to appear.

Atticus has snagged a giant manager button, and his hair is slicked back making him look older.

ATTICUS
 (overtly cheery.)
 Howdy Folks! What seems to be the
 problemo here by the old UFOs?

WALTER
 My (sister/brother) cut the line to
 come pay me back for something, and
 these kind people were a tad
 irritated by that.

FATHER #1

I just find it unprofessional that you would allow your employees to-

ATTICUS

Here is what I can offer you.

(Pulls out a plastic card.)

This card will allow you to skip three big attractions, an honorary fast pass. All I ask of you is to go to ticketing, and tell the lovely Maria the three big rides you choose. Our system has been having an issue, so in case it doesn't scan, the rides are aware your skipping.

Walter looks just as shocked as the family.

FATHER #1

Thank you so much!

The family hurries to a seat.

SMALL CHILD

I think I should only have to pay ten next time, since I helped your sorry ass.

Walter rolls his eyes.

WALTER

Fine, next line you skip it's ten.

The small child smiles ear to ear then rushes into a UFO.

Walter starts up the ride and kicks back.

WALTER (CONT'D)

I thought we were giving away a free drink and appetizer to get the people off our backs.

Atticus pulls out a dab pen and takes a huge hit.

ATTICUS

(choking slightly.)

I took a bunch of the gift cards that were used and BAM... now we have fake fast passes.

WALTER
Aren't WE loosing money by giving
them free rides?

ATTICUS
WE don't have an actual business
plan, any extra hustle we get is
extra money in our pockets.

Walter nods, he grabs Atticus's pen from him and takes a hit.

WALTER
Where did you get the manager pin?

ATTICUS
There is a box filled with them in
the break room.

A loud GASP is made from one of the kiosks across from the
ride. They both turn to look.

Preston is giving them a death stare, he is marching over to
them.

WALTER
Fuck.Fuck.Fuck.

ATTICUS
Stay cool.

Preston as always in his way too tight shorts, with knee high
socks. The already comically sized manager pin, has gotten
even bigger.

PRESTON
What was the puff of SMOKE I saw
over here?

WALTER
The ride.

ATTICUS

Weed.

Walter looks to Atticus in shock.

PRESTON
Your taking hits of MARY-JANE at
work?!

Atticus shrugs, and then gives Walter a little smirk.

PRESTON (CONT'D)
Look guys, your whole cool kid act
in high school worked out ,but now
I'm the one in charge. The BIG
DADDY some might say-

WALTER
Nobody says that.

PRESTON
SOME MIGHT SAY... and I'm gonna
have to report you to HR. Smoking
doobies and-

Preston notices Atticus's manager pin.

PRESTON (CONT'D)
The pin. Where did you get that
pin? WHERE?

ATTICUS
I was promoted.

Preston shakes his head and laughs.

PRESTON
There is no way in God's creation
that they would promote you.

WALTER
He has been working here longer
than any of us.

ATTICUS
Not JUST anybody can get the pin.
You know that.

PRESTON
I must be in a nightmare. They
would've told me, they HAVE to tell
me.

ATTICUS
So as a fellow manager I know that
fucking handbook prevents you from
reporting us.

PRESTON
The handbook does not protect
druggie slum.

Atticus ticks his tongue in shame.

ATTICUS
Page 57, section 12A.

Preston's eyes go huge.

PRESTON
That's a technicality!

Walter starts laughing, as he also knows what is on Page 57.

WALTER
(mockingly.)
Tell me Atticus... what's on page
57, section 12A.

ATTICUS
Oh you see Walter, the handbook has
not been updated since the 70s...
on page 57, section 12A it reads in
comic sans font-

WALTER
What an awful font.

PRESTON
Such a weird choice of font.

ATTICUS
That every Wild Town USA employee
has the right to smoke whenever and
they may please.

PRESTON
It's talking about cigarettes'
dumbass.

ATTICUS
Prove it. It doesn't explicitly say
that.

PRESTON
Mr. Alberto isn't going to keep you
on because of a technicality.

WALTER
(smirking.)
Then he will sue.

PRESTON
(scoffs.)
Sue?

ATTICUS
My father is a pretty successful
lawyer.

PRESTON
He is a DIVORCE lawyer.

ATTICUS
He has some powerful friends in the
Orlando area.

Preston rolls his eyes.

PRESTON

The park is trying to clean up it's
image they won't allow for yo-

ATTICUS

And I'll fucking dispute it,
because our rulebook is on my side.

Preston makes a closed mouth scream, he then turns around and
marches away. Walter and Atticus are laughing hysterically.

ATTICUS (CONT'D)

Ok, I got to go... I left Lottie to
watch my place at the arcade a
little too long.

Atticus puts his hands in his pockets and walks away.

CUT TO BLACK.