

THE CHARACTERS

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. COLLEGE COMMENCEMENT - DAY

A lanky college freshman, TOMMY WALLACE, 19, sprints with 5 other freshman in front of a commencement stage during an address.

The freshman are shirtless, wearing masks, and have the greek letters Lamda Omega Lambda painted on their backs. Tommy has a megaphone.

The graduates howl in laughter. The parents gasp. Tommy stops quickly and reads the writing scribbled on his palm.

TOMMY
(shouting into megaphone)
Last night I dreamed of Mandalay
again!

Security guards tackle Tommy, while the others escape. One of the others pauses to help Tommy, then runs off. The guards flip Tommy onto his stomach.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
Okay, okay, okay! I'm not an
occupier. I'm not an occupier!

A FAT GUARD stands back from the fray and watches.

FAT GUARD
Release!

The guards jump back, leaving Tommy bound on his stomach.

FAT GUARD
Time to man up, kid.

The Fat Guard steps forward and sprays pepper spray in Tommy's face. The crowd gasps again.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
Aaaagh!

FAT GUARD
(to other guards)
You wanna stay about 2 feet away,
like you do with RoundUp.

The guards nod.

INT. FRATERNITY HOUSE, BEDROOM - DAY

Tommy stands holding a pair of underwear next to his half-packed suitcase. His eyes are red. A fratboy senior, KENT, 22, is laughing and leaning in the door.

TOMMY
Are you shitting me?

KENT
(smiling)
Nope. I talked with the Dean and he's cool with just a one semester probation, so you're clear to stay in school.

TOMMY
Awesome.

Tommy high fives Kent with his underwear, then drops the underwear in the suitcase.

KENT
You're welcome, of course.

TOMMY
Why did I have to read that thing?

KENT
We wouldn't get any hits on YouTube for just some guys running by.

Kent looks down the hall, then shuts the door.

TOMMY
I can't believe--

KENT
Tommy. Downside is, you're out of the pledge class. You're out.

TOMMY
Are you shitting me?

KENT
Hey, chief, don't get angry.

TOMMY
You're kicking me out of the frat!

KENT

Technically, just the pledge class.
You weren't initiated yet.

TOMMY

What the hell for?

KENT

The publicity didn't help. Or the
grades.

TOMMY

You guys put me up for this.

KENT

But more than that, it's about fit,
and numbers, and whether this is
the right place for you.

TOMMY

It's not American Idol.

KENT

Look, we know it when we see it.
Don't debate me.

TOMMY

This was your stunt, Kent.

KENT

And we're behind you on that,
because you didn't give up names.

Tommy grabs a fistful of underwear from his drawer.

TOMMY

Where am I going to live next year?

KENT

There's capacity at the dorms.
You're good.

Tommy sniffs then throws the underwear into the suitcase.

TOMMY

No, no, I'm not good. These guys
are my best friends.

KENT

You'll meet other people.

TOMMY

If you say you want to stay friends, I'm going to swing.

KENT

We don't want a scene, and I have pepper spray myself. If it helps to know, it was a close vote.

TOMMY

No, that doesn't help at all. What happened to all that crap you made us memorize about the legendary twin pillars of trust and loyalty?

KENT

Geesh. Don't want to get technical again, but that applies to brothers. You weren't officially in yet. Look, six more votes and you would have been part of the most loyal bond imaginable.

TOMMY

You son of a bitch.

Tommy slams a drawer. Kent grabs his pepper spray, then holds his other fist out for a bump.

KENT

No hard feelings, champ.

TOMMY

Put it away.

KENT

Don't leave me hanging.

TOMMY

Drop it or I'll make you ride it.

KENT

Fine. Don't forget to turn down the sheets. Of course, I'll need your fraternity lore book. It's confidential.

Tommy grabs a book off the desk and tosses it at Kent.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Here you go, Harry Potter.

Kent spins and exits. Tommy unzips and pees on the radiator.

INT. NEW CAR - DAY

Dejected, Tommy rides next his father, MR. WALLACE, 59.

MR. WALLACE
Open up the glove box there. I've
got something for you.

Tommy reaches in to find an envelope. Mr. Wallace beams.

TOMMY
Oh boy.

MR. WALLACE
It's a letter.

TOMMY
I see.

MR. WALLACE
I reflected on your first year and
jotted a few thoughts down. Just
reflections. Hope you enjoy it.

TOMMY
Thanks, Dad.

MR. WALLACE
Just like the letters I did for
your graduation, confirmation, and--

TOMMY
Yeah, yeah I remember.

Tommy opens the letter, but stops and looks out the window.

TOMMY
You know, Dad, I think I should
transfer home next year.

MR. WALLACE
Home? What happened?

TOMMY
Not the right fit.

MR. WALLACE
What about your fraternity?

TOMMY
(sighs)
Not happening. I'm out.

MR. WALLACE
Oh? Oh. Did you lose the
scholarship that went with it?

TOMMY
Quite likely.

MR. WALLACE
Geez, Tommy. How do you expect to
pay for school?

TOMMY
That's why I may need to transfer.
Didn't you and Mom have some money
saved up for me?

Mr. Wallace grows quiet.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
Dad? Isn't there college money?

MR. WALLACE
After the scholarship, we sort of
spent it. Actually, you're riding
in it. Car of the year.

Tommy rolls his eyes and drops his head back.

MR. WALLACE (CONT'D)
Sorry. If you help make a little
money, we can probably figure out a
way to get you back here. Your
cousin Peter said he could get you
a job at the amusement park, if
that helps.

TOMMY
Great, I'll be a carnie. Shit.

MR. WALLACE
Let's not break this to Mom yet.

TOMMY
Agreed.

MR. WALLACE
You may want to ignore a few
paragraphs in that letter, too.

Tommy looks at the letter.

TOMMY

(reading aloud)

"What you remember from college are your friends -- the bonds you share. Savor them. They will be friends for life."

MR. WALLACE

That's just one perspective.

TOMMY

Well, if you're right, I'm 19 years old and starting from scratch.

Tommy folds the letter and peers out the window. Mr. Wallace turns up the radio.

MR. WALLACE

What's wrong with your eyes? Is it an STD?

TOMMY

No.

MR. WALLACE

I don't want that in the new car.

INT. ROYAL POINT THEATRE STAGE - DAY

A group of dancers stretch on a theatre stage.

AMBROSE, 29, a flamboyantly-gay Jamaican stage manager, paces near a desk in the audience.

AMBROSE

(shouting with accent)

Three more minutes, chipmunks, then we see who's got the goods. So getta your minds right, Kens and Barbies! Getta your minds right!

PENELOPE, 19, a barely-dressed dancer, cracks her toes on the stage while NICOLE, 20, a stunning brunette, stretches her hips. Penelope eyes the male dancers on stage.

PENELOPE

(with Southern accent)

What about Brad?

NICOLE

Nope.

PENELOPE
No? How about Stefan?

Nicole wrinkles her nose and shakes her head no.

PENELOPE (CONT'D)
Come on. They're stunning.

NICOLE
And gay.

PENELOPE
Really?

Two fit dancers, STEFAN and BRAD, 21, hold each others legs while stretching.

NICOLE
Pretty sure.

PENELOPE
No! My pastor would not like that.

Peter Turkowitz (TURK), 21, wearing khakis and a Regal Point golf shirt, gallops onto the stage, clapping his hands for attention. Following is a muscular guy with spiked hair, BIG MAGEE, 21, and an Indian teenager, SANDY, 19. Both wear shorts and plain white t-shirts.

TURK
People! Ladies and Ambrose, can I have your attention?

BIG MAGEE
This is what you've waited for.

The dancers look up. Ambrose throws his binder down and runs toward the stage.

AMBROSE
No, no, no!

Turk raises his hands high while Sandy hands out flyers.

TURK
As your character brethren in the entertainment department, we would like to invite you to our Annual Memorial Red Rover Extravaganza.
(MORE)

TURK(cont'd)

For the new folks, we celebrate the weekend after the summer opening with some good clean Red Rover fun, a barn dance, and the finest kegs of cheap beer.

Sandy hands flyers to Nicole and Penelope and winks. They laugh. Ambrose rushes on stage.

AMBROSE

What you doing here? Dis is a closed rehearsal.

TURK

(waving his hands)
It feels open.

BIG MAGEE

Looking sweet, Ambrose. You taking this to Broadway?

AMBROSE

Get out! Get out of here, you stinkity, stinkity, poopholes.

The dancers giggle.

BIG MAGEE

Please, Ambrose, manners.

(to all)

Don't forget, girls, we will have plenty of new meat for you, in addition to young Sandeep here. Show them the goods, Sandy.

Sandy starts to unbuckle his pants.

TURK

No, no, dude. Forget it.

AMBROSE

Get out now!

SANDY

Red Rover Extravaganza -- holla!

As the three exit, the dancers' laughter quickly ends with Ambrose's glare.

AMBROSE

Stay away from dem, all of you. Da devils in dee masks.

INT. TOMMY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Tommy sits at the dinner table in pajamas with Mr. Wallace and the perplexed MRS. WALLACE, 54. A beagle sits in another chair and eats a forkful of potatoes from Mr. Wallace.

MRS. WALLACE
I don't understand.

TOMMY
I screwed up.

MRS. WALLACE
You said that. I still don't understand.

MR. WALLACE
Look, it's nothing we can't fix. But we all need to regroup, maybe spend a semester getting credits at the junior college.

TOMMY
That place sucks.

MR. WALLACE
Maybe you have a fortune you haven't told us about?

MRS. WALLACE
Maybe you did better on your exams than you think. Or maybe you'll be given a different scholarship. You could do extra credit.

TOMMY
Doesn't work that way, Mom.

The beagle licks himself. Tommy points at the dog and shakes his head in disgust. The phone rings.

MR. WALLACE
Let it go to the machine.

TOMMY
How long have you been eating with him at the table?

MRS. WALLACE
Zeus gets so upset when we don't eat with him.

The phone rings again.

MR. WALLACE

You, young man, need to get yourself back on track to becoming an adult.

The answering machine beeps.

TURK (O.S.)

(from machine)

Hey, butterballs. Hi, Aunt Sherry, Uncle Steve. The butterballs thing was for Tommy. Tommy, if you're still looking, I've got a spot for you at the park, but you gotta call me today. Call. Job. Today. Oh, this is Turk.

Tommy hangs his head. Mr. Wallace feeds the beagle again.

MR. WALLACE

(to beagle)

Tommy has some calls to make. Doesn't he, Zeus?

The beagle howls.

INT. COLLEGE ADMISSIONS OFFICE - DAY

Tommy sits bleary-eyed at a desk across from MR. ANDERSON, 56, a shifty admissions director.

MR. ANDERSON

Your credits don't carry over because they are non-substantive classes. Intro to Business, Intro to Psychology, and so on.

TOMMY

But you want me to take the same classes here.

MR. ANDERSON

They're required.

TOMMY

But they aren't substantive?

MR. ANDERSON

We call them prerequisites. You have to take them.

Tommy scratches his hair, then points at the paper.

TOMMY

That's where you lost me. I did.

MR. ANDERSON

They weren't ours. Are you going to take the business prereqs or not?

TOMMY

You're pimping me.

MR. ANDERSON

I beg your pardon.

TOMMY

You just want to squeeze money out of me and every other poor college student.

MR. ANDERSON

Control yourself, young man. This is an extension college but we still take academics very seriously.

TOMMY

Did you see my ACT?

MR. ANDERSON

Yes, and your GPA. LOL.

Tommy's eyes narrow.

TOMMY

I have options, you know.

MR. ANDERSON

Please, that is rarely the case.

Seething, Tommy stands and leans over Mr. Anderson. He looks up at the corner cameras and then back to Mr. Anderson.

TOMMY

Security cameras?

Mr. Anderson nods.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Then just give me the math classes.

MR. ANDERSON
As you wish.

Tommy's phone rings.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
Hey, Dad. Yep, got my schedule.
(pause) Summer calculus too.

Tommy hangs up the phone. Mr. Anderson offers a clear bag with a plastic mug bearing the school logo.

MR. ANDERSON
Welcome.

Tommy grabs the schedule and starts out. He turns back, grabs the mug, shakes it at Mr. Anderson, then leaves.

MR. ANDERSON
Congratulations!

INT. REGAL POINT, CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Tommy sits next to a chubby kid in fancy clothes, OWEN YOUNG, 17. A third chair is empty.

OWEN
How long do we wear the animal outfits?

TOMMY
It's an interview. We don't have the job yet.

OWEN
I'm sweating just thinking about it.

A third applicant, FOGERTY, 18, swaggers in and takes a seat. The three nod to each other.

OWEN
(to Fogerty)
Do you know how long we have to wear the outfits?

TOMMY
I think they're called costumes.

FOGERTY
You sure you'll fit in one, Jabba?

Fogerty smirks and laughs to himself. Tommy scowls back.

OWEN
I'm gonna sweat it off, you know.
(muttering)
Ass-tard.

Owen looks at Tommy, who nods his support.

ADJACENT ROOM - DAY

Next door, two older college students watch Tommy and the others behind a two-way mirror. One is Turk. The other is BERRIES, 22, Both are in khakis and a Regal Point golf shirt, holding a clipboard, but Turk is messier.

TURK
Little prick.

BERRIES
Let's see what they do.

Turk heads to the door, with Berries chasing after him.

TURK
Nope, I've seen what I need.

BERRIES
Hang on, Turk.

CONFERENCE ROOM, REGAL POINT - DAY

Turk flies angrily into the conference room ahead of Berries.

Owen, Tommy, and Fogerty sit up at attention.

TURK
I don't know who you guys are and I don't really care. What we are looking for is characters, not a man wearing a suit. Characters! I need to know if you can stand up to the heat, the pressure, the screaming kids, the kicks to the crotch, and still be able to create the magical illusion that brings your particular cartoon character to life. Do you think you've got it?! Do you?

All three tremble. Berries steps in and pulls Turk back.

BERRIES

My name is Stan Newberry, character supervisor. Everybody calls me Berries. This is Peter Turkowitz.

TURK

Don't call me Turk.

BERRIES

Let me handle this, Turk.

Turk points to Fogerty.

TURK

Stand up, Fogerty. Each one of you is going to go through this, so don't get comfortable.

BERRIES

It's just a simulation of the job requirements we call waterboarding.

Turk grabs a black cloth bag and places it over Fogerty's head. Berries turns a flashlight into his eyes.

FOGERTY

What the-

TURK

Shut it. A character has to see by looking through small, colored foam holes. Can you see anything?

FOGERTY

(muffled)

No.

Turk grabs a hair dryer on high and starts blowing it up the bag onto Fogerty's face. Turk winks at Owen. Berries grins.

FOGERTY (CONT'D)

Ah!

TURK

You are not focused enough. The heat inside the costume can reach 160 degrees.

BERRIES

Even 180 degrees.

Berries shakes his head "no" to Tommy.

TURK

It can be disorienting. But you still need to be lively with your arms and legs. Go on, wave them around.

Fogerty starts flailing his arms while Berries holds the hair dryer and flashlight up to Fogerty's bagged face.

BERRIES

I need to believe the movement. You're an animated bear. Find your motivation and be animated.

TURK

Not enough! What seems like a big motion to you looks very small on the outside. Bigger. Keep it working.

Fogerty is in full spasm. Turk grabs a chair.

FOGERTY

Can I take this bag off?

TURK

No! You want kids to see a character with a severed head?

BERRIES

You need to know where you are going, but there are strollers and benches in your blind spot.

OWEN

(to Tommy)

This is like Jedi training.

Turk slides the chair into Fogerty's shins.

FOGERTY

Aaah!

TURK

But the worst part is the kids that come to pick a fight with you just because you are wearing some kind of action character.

BERRIES

They're the worst.

FOGERTY

Why?

Turk kicks Fogerty in the crotch, dropping him to the floor.

FOGERTY (CONT'D)

Son of a bitch.

Fogerty pulls the bag off of his head and rolls over to his knees. Turk shrugs and flops his arms in the air.

BERRIES

So close.

TURK

Blew it right at the end.

Fogerty stands up, sweating profusely and nearly crying.

FOGERTY

What's your problem?

BERRIES

See, sport, we don't allow any cursing in costume. If I can't trust you to keep it pure, I can't hire you. Time to get gone.

Turk walks to the door and opens it for Fogerty. Fogerty stumbles towards the door, dazed.

TURK

Tough break, asshole.

Fogerty exits and Turk slams the door behind him. Berries turns to Owen and Tommy, who shrink in their seats.

OWEN

Holy crap.

Berries smiles and offers his hand to Tommy. They shake.

BERRIES

You're Turk's cousin, right?

TOMMY

Tommy Wallace.

TURK

Tommy has tender hands, like myself.

Berries laughs and turns to a panicked Owen.

OWEN

Don't rape me.

BERRIES

Chill, big Owen. Our dads work together. I understand he wants you to drop some pounds this summer.

Owen nods stupidly as the others smile.

TURK

Shouldn't be a problem. You'll fit in the beagle suit nicely.

BERRIES

Welcome to Regal Point, rookies.

INT. REGAL POINT, INDOOR THEATRE - DAY

Dunkelman, 46, a preppy executive in shades, watches DANCERS rehearse on stage. Dunkelman stands in the audience next to Ambrose.

AMBROSE

You need to come to see them in zee costumes. Lots of feathers and skin. Very beautiful.

DUNKELMAN

I will have to see that.

Ambrose steps towards the stage.

AMBROSE

Sebastian! Penelope! Your arms are going the wrong direction! Do it zee way I taught it! Pronto!

Ambrose turns back to Dunkelman.

AMBROSE (CONT'D)

Stupid cows. Sorry.

DUNKELMAN

Quite alright. Ambrose, once you have this up and running, I need to see your plans for the 25th Anniversary Show.

AMBROSE

I know, Dunkelman. You've only told me like a thousand times.

DUNKELMAN

It's very important to Mr. Regal. There'll be press, everything. Our amusement lives depend on it.

AMBROSE

Don't worry about me. Do something about those disgusting characters.

DUNKELMAN

Don't worry, I intend to.

AMBROSE

Can't you get them out of my building? It's like having wild animals clawing at me all the time.

They lock eyes. The mood turns seductive.

DUNKELMAN

Like animals, huh?

Ambrose growls.

DUNKELMAN (CONT'D)

Mmm.

AMBROSE

Ooh.

Dunkelman snaps out of it and starts to walk away.

DUNKELMAN

Right, I've gotta run. Need to pick up the missus before six.

Ambrose pouts and looks back to the stage.

AMBROSE

(at a dancer)

Sebastian, you cow! Come here!

INT. CHARACTER WORKSHOP, HALLWAY - DAY

Owen and Tommy stand in shorts and colorful t-shirts in a hallway. Berries stands in front of two double doors.

BERRIES

Turk and I are your bosses, but the other guys will train you.

OWEN

When do we start working?

BERRIES

Owen, you've got the rest of your life to work. This... this is something completely different.

Berries dramatically opens the doors, revealing a large workshop and locker room for the character costumes.

Standing nearby is Big Magee, wearing a thin tan jumpsuit.

BIG MAGEE

(laughing)

Hey, the rookie fucks. Come on in.

Owen and Tommy follow past stalls of costumes.

BERRIES

This is Big Magee. By order of the management, he is NOT a mentor. Listen, but do not do what he says. Everyone wears a jumpsuit under the costume. When you come in from a walk, you can throw the sweaty jumpsuit in the dryer and wear a t-shirt on your break.

Big Magee frowns at their shirts.

BIG MAGEE

Plain white t-shirts. From now on, plain white.

OWEN

Why white?

Big Magee leans in and stares maniacally to Owen.

BIG MAGEE

(whispering)

So they'll know.

BERRIES

You guys are in charge of taking the jumpsuits to laundry every night and bringing them back in the morning.

TOMMY

Do we wash the costumes after each walk? Or each day?

BIG MAGEE

You were right, Berries.

BERRIES

I know, it's adorable.

Berries strolls away. Big Magee grabs a disinfectant can.

BIG MAGEE

See this? Spray the inside of the costume afterwards. It'll beat the smell down.

TOMMY

Ugh.

BIG MAGEE

Chunks, you'll be in the Regal Beagle, Kids will mob you and older kids will ridicule you. Enjoy. Tommy, you are Ricky Raccoon. Nobody knows who the hell you are, which has advantages. Brush the costume each morning, if you're awake enough to remember.

OWEN

Are there other guys who wear the same character?

BIG MAGEE

You got it, Short Bus. You're split by shifts. So no matter what, we can't have two Ricky Raccoons out there staring at each other. It's called cloning and it ruins the magic.

They turn into a hallway with a timeclock. Stefan, Penelope, Nicole, and two other gorgeous female DANCERS clock in. Stefan looks down at Big Magee.

BIG MAGEE

Ladies and lady, I bid you good morning. Looking good, Stefan.

STEFAN

Must be getting tired of the stranger, Magee.

The Dancers giggle and turn through the stage doors. Tommy and Nicole share a glance.

OWEN

Do we have to clock in?

BIG MAGEE

Do you want to be paid?

Tommy points at the stage doors where the Dancers went.

TOMMY

Do we see them every day?

BIG MAGEE

Si. There are many benefits here,
my piglet.

INT. CHARACTER LOUNGE - DAY

Big Magee leads Tommy and Owen up a stairwell.

BIG MAGEE

You have a half hour walk, then you
are off for an hour. Then another
half hour walk, then another hour
break, and so on for six walks.

OWEN

Where do we go during the walk?

BIG MAGEE

Who gives a shit?

TOMMY

I thought we worked eight hours.

BIG MAGEE

You do. And don't say worked.
Three hours of walks, five hours of
breaks. Most of the breaks will be
in here.

Big Magee opens the door at the top of the stairs and leads them into a small lounge with four couches, a radio, and refrigerator. Music plays.

Bodies are strewn throughout the room. SANDY cuddles with a brunette girl, PAIGE, 20.

BIG MAGEE

That's Sandeep, just call him Sandy. He's spooning Paige, not a shock there.

PAIGE

Shut up, thimble.

BERBER, 23, is shirtless and face down on a couch in only boxer shorts. ASHLEY, 19, sits on a couch while a black guy, CAKES, 20, lies his head on her lap with his soduku book.

Another girl, MOTORIN, 17, lies on the floor under a blanket with LITTLE MAGEE, 18.

BIG MAGEE

Passed out over there is Berber; he's been here like 20 years. That's Ashley. Lying on her is Cakes, rocking the soduku. Motorin on the floor. And last and least is my brother, Little Magee.

Little Magee doesn't open his eyes.

LITTLE MAGEE

Rookies!

MOTORIN

(to Tommy and Owen)
My name's Stacy.

LITTLE MAGEE/CAKES

(singing)
You're Motorin!

BIG MAGEE

Everybody, this is Tommy and Owen.

MOTORIN

Grab a seat, guys.

Owen stares with his mouth open.

OWEN

It's like a commune.

BIG MAGEE

More like Woodstock, with plumbing.

INT. TOMMY'S HOUSE - DAY

Tommy wanders into the kitchen carrying the mail and pulls out a single letter. He flops the rest down on the counter. The envelope is from DePauw University.

Tommy sighs and opens the envelope.

A bold section reads: "GPA = 2.7. As a result of your academic performance, the Lamda Omega Lambda President's Scholarship will not be renewed. You may apply for reinstatement in one year."

TOMMY
Nice job, Einstein.

Tommy rips the letter and rests his head on the counter in anguish. He lifts his head and crumples the letter.

He opens another envelope and pulls out a bank statement.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
This should be good.

He reads the bottom line: "Balance: \$547.11."

TOMMY (CONT'D)
Ugh. The hits keep coming.

Tommy crumples and throws it all in the trash.

INT. CHARACTER WORKSHOP - DAY

Tommy stands in boxers and a white t-shirt, with his feet in the legs of a RICKY RACOON costume. Motorin, 19, chews gum and watches.

MOTORIN
Let's get rolling, sweetheart.
Can't put this off forever.

Tommy pulls the costume up over his shoulders, leaving his head and backside exposed. Motorin helps lift the raccoon head onto his head.

TOMMY
Oh my God. Is that smell normal?

MOTORIN
Wait 'til August. Where's your belt?

Tommy shrugs. Motorin hooks a black belt to the head and then buckles it around Tommy's waist.

TOMMY

Sorry, I'm supposed to do that.

MOTORIN

Half of the boys forget it on purpose to get a reach around.

TOMMY

I'll remember that.

She laughs and zips him up.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

So why do they call you Motorin?

MOTORIN

It started as Sister Christian and just evolved.

TOMMY

Ah. Hang on a second.

Tommy shuffles over to a wall with a hanging mirror and awkwardly looks up and down at his costumed self.

MOTORIN

It's really you.

TOMMY

Dear God. Am I really doing this? I was in student government, for Christ's sake.

MOTORIN

It's time to roll, Senator.

Tommy lifts the head up, stares at the mirror, then sighs.

TOMMY

Time to roll.

Tommy puts the head on and gives a thumbs up.

EXT. REGAL POINT AMUSEMENT PARK - DAY

The door to the character shop opens in slow motion. Tommy strides gallantly out into the sunlight in full costume. Motorin follows behind him.

Tommy stretches his arms with confidence, then lifts them triumphantly. A few steps out, Tommy trips and stumbles face first into a bush.

TOMMY
My face, my face!

MOTORIN
Curb.

Tommy groans.

EXT. REGAL POINT AMUSEMENT PARK - DAY

Tommy (in Ricky Raccoon costume) shuffles uncomfortably and waves to kids.

TOMMY
Check me out, I'm doing this.

MOTORIN
Amazing. Try to look alive.

A group of kids approach.

MOTORIN
Ricky Raccoon, a couple of kids
want a quick picture to the right.
Your right. Your right.

Tommy turns and faces the wrong way.

MOTORIN (CONT'D)
The other way, darling.

Tommy spins around to face the PARENT with a camera. The picture is snapped and the kids run off.

MOTORIN (CONT'D)
(clapping and bubbly)
Okay, big fun. Bye-bye.

TOMMY
Where are the other guys?

Motorin turns and points.

MOTORIN
There's Sandy and Little Magee.

20 yards away, a BEAR and a COWBOY character stand for a picture. During the picture, the Cowboy hits the Bear in the head. The Bear chases the Cowboy. The kids laugh.

MOTORIN (CONT'D)

And that's Berber doing a statue walk.

Motorin points to a HORSE character (Berber) sitting perfectly still on a park bench. TWO GIRLS, 10, stare at the Horse, unsure if it is real.

Berber suddenly startles the two girls, who scream and flee.

TOMMY

There's sweat in my eyes.

MOTORIN

Do yourself a favor. Don't say that around the others.

A SMALL BOY shakes Tommy's hand.

SMALL BOY

Hi, Bucky Badger.

MOTORIN

Ricky Raccoon. Close.

SMALL BOY

Does he talk?

MOTORIN

Not our language.

SMALL BOY

Spanish?

MOTORIN

Sort of.

SMALL BOY

Raccoon language?

MOTORIN

That's close enough. Say bye-bye.

SMALL BOY

Bye-bye.

TOMMY

Adios.

Motorin and Tommy walk away.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
I'm not supposed to do that, right?

MOTORIN
Now you're learning.

EXT. REGAL POINT AMUSEMENT PARK -- DAY

Owen (wearing a Regal Beagle costume) shuffles uncomfortably through the crowd. Sweats pours down his face.

Two TEENAGERS walk up to him.

TEENAGER ONE
What are you? McGruff the Crime Dog? Let me look in there.

Owen shakes his head no. Teenager One tries to look through the foam nose.

TEENAGER TWO
No, he's a beagle, dumbass. He's Snoopy. Can you hear me? You're Snoopy!

TEENAGER ONE
Maybe he's the dog on those stupid commercials for this place.

Owen points to his nose and nods yes.

TEENAGER TWO
The Regal Beagle? No, no. He's Hong Kong Phooey.

TEENAGER ONE
Oh yeah, Hong Kong Phooey, the karate dog.

Owen drops his arms in disgust. Teenager Two strikes a karate pose and kicks Owen in the crotch.

TEENAGER TWO
Eat that, ninja dog!

OWEN
Umph! Mother-

Owen crumples to his knees. The teenagers run off laughing. Paige jogs over late while adjusting her bra.

PAIGE

What's wrong with you punks? I will
throw your ass outta here!

(to Owen)

Deep breaths, sweetie. Think of a
cool, cool shower.

EXT. REGAL POINT, AMUSEMENT PARK -- DAY

MR. REGAL, 56, strolls through the park in a full suit with
his daughter, CANDICE, 19, wearing a park uniform.

MR. REGAL

If you want to learn this business
and hopefully run it some day, you
need to learn it from the ground up
like I did.

CANDICE

I know.

MR. REGAL

Is the switch to guest relations
going well?

CANDICE

I told you I like it.

MR. REGAL

Well, you won't get any favorable
treatment.

CANDICE

I know.

MR. REGAL

That said, you don't have to take
shit from anyone, understood?

CANDICE

Dad.

MR. REGAL

If anybody crosses you in there,
just give me the name and I'll have
them picking gum off of roller
coaster tracks in July.

Candice rolls her eyes, then spots Turk jogging towards them.
Candice shakes her head no, but Turk rushes towards them.

TURK

Mr. Regal, I'm Peter Turkowitz.
It's a pleasure to finally meet
you.

MR. REGAL

Nice to meet you.

They shake hands. Candice glares at Turk.

TURK

Candice, you're looking radiant as
always.

MR. REGAL

Do you two work together?

TURK

No, sir. Just close old friends.

MR. REGAL

I see. And where do you work?

CANDICE

I really should get going, Dad.

Turk checks his watch.

TURK

No, you're good.
(to Mr. Regal)
I'm actually one of the character
supervisors.

MR. REGAL

Oh. I see.

Mr. Regal's stare turn dark. Turk beams.

TURK

Well, Candice, I'm heading back
towards front gate. May I walk you
back?

Candice pecks Mr. Regal on the cheek and storms away.

TURK (CONT'D)

Just a tremendous honor to meet
you, sir.

Turk runs after Candice.

CANDICE

You're an ass.

TURK

You were never going to introduce me, and it's been what, six months?

CANDICE

You're an ass.

TURK

You said he hated us, but you may have undersold it.

CANDICE

Ass.

They reach the guest relations door and Turk kisses her.

TURK

I'm actually a tremendous ass.

He makes a heart with his fingers. Candice smiles and leaves.

INT. REGAL POINT, HALLWAY - DAY

Berries, in a shirt and tie, stands on a skateboard in the hallway. Turk checks the timecards.

Owen (in the Regal Beagle costume) opens the door to the hallway and pulls the costume head off. His face is red and pouring with sweat.

BERRIES

Dear God.

TURK

How you holding up, Owen?

Owen nods, then pukes into his own costume head, with puke oozing through the foam face.

BERRIES

You keep that head all season, you know.

Owen wipes his arm along his mouth.

OWEN

It's friggin' hot as hell.

TURK
It's only June.

BERRIES
It's only 10 am.

Berries shakes his head in disgust and walks up the stairs.

Tommy wanders out of the workshop, sweaty and exhausted.
Turk looks him over.

TURK
Pathetic. Rookies, suck it up.

TOMMY
I feel like I've been boiled.

TURK
Smells like it.

Owen pukes again at the other end of the hall.

TURK (CONT'D)
You boys better rally. We've got
Red Rover tonight.

TOMMY
Dear God.

BIG MAGEE (O.S.)
Red Rover!!

EXT. FARMHOUSE BARN - NIGHT

A large crowd parties in and around a decorated barn. The main barn is the packed dance floor, with two kegs at either side of the entrance. Park workers munch on coney dogs covered in cheese while music blares.

TREE LINE

Near the edge of the woods, Sandy pees into the bushes.

SANDY
(singing)
Rain down on me. Waterfall,
waterfall, waterfall.

Sandy zips up and stumbles away.

The bushes rustle and a shirtless Big Magee emerges from the woods where Sandy was urinating. He holds his beer cup with his teeth and zips his pants.

FARM FIELD, NEXT TO BARN

Berries stands on a stump with a megahorn and a top hat. He sounds the horn. Two lines of people (musicians and characters) stand in a field facing each other for Red Rover.

BERRIES

Let the Red Rover begin!

The kids roar.

BERRIES (CONT'D)

From the south, we have our beloved, roving band of musicians, hoping that they won't have to clean their spit valves by themselves tonight.

The musicians cheer.

BERRIES (CONT'D)

And from the north are the characters! A despicable clan of lowlife derelicts that contribute nothing to society, all to the delight of children every day.

The characters in the line (Sandy, Berber, Big Magee, Little Magee, Turk, Tommy, and Cakes) cheer.

BERRIES

Formally announce yourselves, my comrades, then... then commence to red rove, I guess.

The musicians shout a cheer towards the characters.

MUSICIANS

Do you hear what I hear? Losers in the night. Barbarians at the front gate, the children run in fright. You stink, you smell, you'll rot in hell. You'll never match our class. Ladies, come to the real men, and ride our musical ass.

The musicians turn their backs and rub their butts towards the characters. The crowd cheers.

The characters drop their shorts. They are all wearing jock straps over boxers.

CHARACTERS

We're the characters of RP,
flyers of the night! Meanest sons
of bitches, we'd rather fuck than
fight! Roly-poly, dick in holey,
we love that sticky goo. We're the
characters of RP, who the fuck are
you?

The crowd roars. The characters jump all over each other.
Battle lines form.

MUSICIANS

Red Rover, Red Rover, send Berber
over!

The crowd oohs.

BERRIES

Damn fools.

LITTLE MAGEE

You just bought yourself a world of
hurt, you stupid flutists!

SANDY

This could be over before it
starts.

Berber turns to Turk, who places a palm on Berber's head.

TURK

Go in violence, my son.

Little Magee straps a costume dog tail around Berber. Berber pours his beer over his head, belches, and snaps the rear straps of his jockstrap. He paces like a bull, then turns and sprints at the musicians.

BERBER

Aaaaagh!

A few feet before the line, Berber launches himself sideways towards into the musicians. He strikes two guys with his legs and another two guys with his upper body, toppling half of the entire line.

The characters erupt in cheers.

INT. BARN - NIGHT

Through the crowded party, Tommy sees Nicole talking with Penelope, just outside the barn.

Tommy hesitates, then slowly walks right past the girls as if he is looking for someone. He searches, flops his arms to his side, then turns back right into Nicole's line of sight.

NICOLE

Hey.

TOMMY

Nicole, right?

NICOLE

Yeah. This is Penelope.

PENELOPE

Are you looking for someone?

TOMMY

Um, just one of the other guys.

NICOLE

I caught your cheer. Very nice. So do you guys have some kind of crazy initiation.

TOMMY

Not too bad, just some spanking and a standard body shaving.

Nicole laughs as Tommy shrugs.

NICOLE

Very mature.

TOMMY

Just a normal Tuesday night for me.

PENELOPE

I don't get it. I still see some hair on you.

TOMMY

It's a mohair wig, very rare.

Nicole tussles his hair, then raises her beer to toast.

NICOLE
(seductively)
To shaving.

TOMMY
I'm a big fan.

PENELOPE
Y'all are getting crude on me.

Penelope walks away while Tommy toasts Nicole.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
I'm Tommy, by the way. Not sure if
we covered that.

NICOLE
We did.

TOMMY
And you're Nicole. And you dance.

NICOLE
Wow, what don't you know about me?

Stefan walks by in pink chaps and shakes his head.

TOMMY
Am I a marked man?

NICOLE
I'm sure talking is fine. Just no
spanking or body shaving.

TOMMY
My loss.

Nicole laughs and pats his arm. Tommy beams.

NICOLE
So where do you go to college?

Tommy's smile melts.

TEN FEET AWAY

Turk slow dances with Candice, wearing just his boxers.

CANDICE
Are we actually going to go on
dates this summer, or just parties?

TURK
 Dates, for sure. And I'll swing by
 to share a steam with your old man.

Candice rolls her eyes.

CANDICE
 I'm still pissed about that.

TURK
 It's the price you pay for being
 the daughter of the owner.

CANDICE
 Can you at least keep your pants on
 at the parties?

TURK
 I start with my pants. I end with
 my pants. In between is what makes
 it a party.

Candice smacks Turk on the ass.

TURK (CONT'D)
 (singing)
 Love that.

EXT. BARN - NIGHT

SERIES OF SHOTS:

- Big Magee leapfrogs over Owen, Sandy, and Little Magee.
- Cakes dances with two Guardettes, Motorin and Ashley.
- Berries leans on a wall wearing sunglasses and a top hat. Little Magee de-pants Berries, who falls over.
- Nicole dances with Penelope and Tommy.
- Several dancers show off their dance moves.
- Berber sits on a saddle and shotguns a beer.
- Big Magee playfully tries to lift Paige on the dance floor and she collapses on top of him. Tommy and Nicole laugh.
- Little Magee stands near a cow pen and tries to milk one through the fence, with Sandy laughing nearby.
- Behind the barn, Tommy and Nicole sneak a first kiss.

INT. JUNIOR COLLEGE, MEETING ROOM - DAY

A balding, nerdy college DEAN with glasses fiddles with his powerpoint setup. 50 prospective students sit in the audience. Some are dressed nice, but most are in pool wear, r-rated t-shirts, and fast food uniforms.

Tommy sits on the aisle in shorts and a plain white t-shirt.

DEAN

I suppose we will get started shortly. Fortunately we have some great technical people here. Dawn, can you help with this?

Frumpy DAWN, 49, slowly moves to work on the setup.

DEAN

Okay, welcome to the first day of the rest of your life. At least your academic life. We here at Alpaca State College pride ourselves on servicing you, school-wise or otherwise.

Some students snicker.

DEAN (CONT'D)

Some of you plan to use your work here as a stepping stone to other university programs. Which is fine. Some of you are working towards an associate degree and some of you are just looking to take classes as part of your insatiable thirst for knowledge. Which is also fine.

An elderly woman in the audience lends a cigarette to the 19-year-old next to her.

DEAN (CONT'D)

Welcome and bless you all. Is it ready, Dawn?

Dawn shakes her head.

DEAN (CONT'D)

Come on, Dawn.
(to students)
(MORE)

DEAN(cont'd)

Whatever your goals, just remember that we take academic success every bit as serious as the Ivy League schools. Yes?

A gum-chewing GIRL STUDENT raises her hand.

GIRL STUDENT

How late into the semester can we drop? Like if my mid-term sucks, can I get my money back?

DEAN

You can only get a full refund within the first ten days of the quarter.

An angry GROAN from the audience. Tommy shifts in his chair and flips through the brochure.

DEAN (CONT'D)

That's the rules. While we wait, let's bring out Alvin the Alpaca and see if we can get everyone to learn your very first ASU cheer!

A MASCOT dressed in an alpaca costume runs into the room and jumps up and down next to the Dean. The students snicker.

MASCOT

Alright now, can I get a "Go Alpacas"?

Nothing but laughter.

DEAN

That's pathetic.

MASCOT

Let's try it on the count of three!

A MALE STUDENT, 19, nudges Tommy in the elbow.

MALE STUDENT

Look at this loser.

MASCOT

Who's ready?!

A few kids boo as the Mascot gallops around the room.

INT. REGAL POINT, HALLWAY

Big Magee stands next to a clock-in machine in his boxer shorts and white t-shirt. Sandy, wearing boxers and a bandana on his head, paddles a rubber ball stapled to a rubber cord.

Several dancers, including Ambrose, Nicole and Penelope, enter and walk towards them.

BIG MAGEE
There they are. Time to get your
freak on, dolls.

The dancers take turns punching their timecards.

AMBROSE
Ugh. Step off, little boy.

BIG MAGEE
I'm taking a keen interest in your
show. Can you teach me the choreo?

Big Magee spreads his legs seductively as the dancers pass through the door.

PENELOPE
Don't you get tired of this?

BIG MAGEE
Oh no. I'll be by for the
stretching.

INT. REGAL POINT, INDOOR THEATRE - DAY

To the tune of an 80s dance hit, the cast of dancers spin and dance suggestively, wearing elaborate, sparkled costumes.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)
Ladies and Gentlemen, you savored
every moment of that magical
decade. Now sit back and enjoy
Regal Point's tribute to the
fabulous sounds of Those Crazy
Eighties!

Tommy, Big Magee, Cakes, and Berber sit in the third row on the left side of the theatre. Berber whistles. Cakes claps.

BIG MAGEE
 (whispering)
 Let me see it!

The dance number hits high gear and the characters giggle at the cheesy moves. A male dancer does a jump split towards the characters.

BERBER
 Woooo!

CAKES
 Earn it, earn it.

Penelope and Nicole dance to a new spot near the characters. Tommy stares starry-eyed at Nicole.

As the girls perform a bizarre but suggestive move, Nicole blushes when she sees Tommy. Tommy is mesmerized by her.

BIG MAGEE
 Oh, bad kitty, bad kitty.

CAKES
 This is tremendous choreography.

TOMMY
 Shhh.

BERBER
 Are you shitting me? The blocking is pedestrian, the spacing is atrocious, and half of them can't finish their doubles.

Tommy, Cakes, and Big Magee turn and stare at Berber.

BERBER (CONT'D)
 Amateurs.

INT. CHARACTER WORKSHOP - DAY

Cakes and Berries sit at a large table surrounded by costumes under repair. A bear costume head sits on a stand in front of Cakes. Music plays.

Owen turns the corner and joins them.

OWEN
 What are you doing?

BERRIES
Refoaming the face.

OWEN
That doesn't look right.

BERRIES
It's not for walks.

CAKES
I wish. It's a retired head. We
use them for fun.

BERRIES
And to scare Ambrose.

A new song starts on the radio.

CAKES
Boz Skaggs.

BERRIES
No, no. Steely Dan.

CAKES
Wrong.

BERRIES
You're clueless.

CAKES
Who do you think this is, my portly
young friend?

OWEN
It's 10CC.

BERRIES
What?

CAKES
Well, shit me a miracle. I think
the boy's right.

BERRIES
Really?

They listen again and Owen smiles to himself.

BERRIES (CONT'D)
10CC. Son of a bitch.

CAKES

Okay, he's ready for the world.

Cakes spins the bear head around to show Owen and Berries. The bear face has camouflage paint, a pierced nose, a hammer and sickle on his forehead, and a crossed eye. Owen spits out his drink.

OWEN

It looks like Dennis Rodman.

BERRIES

Awesome. It's Boras the Belligerent Bear!

CAKES

Truly my best work.

They high five.

INT. CHARACTER OFFICE - DAY

Turk sits in a chair with his feet up on the desk. Tommy leans against a costume head.

TURK

Nobody gets raises here.

TOMMY

That's not what I mean. I'm trying to get my life back on track here. And I just don't know if this place will help.

TURK

I see.

TOMMY

I appreciate you getting me the job and all but, hell, there's kids I know from high school that are doing internships now. They shower before work and everything.

TURK

You could do that, but why?

TOMMY

To grow up.

TURK

Come on, cuz'. You get busted on one prank and you think you've got a mental defect.

TOMMY

Turk, I--

TURK

Tommy, you need the damn money and, I'm telling you, this is the best job you'll ever have in your life. Now stop wasting my time and go put on your furry suit.

EXT. AMUSEMENT PARK, BACK ALLEY - DAY

Berber stands next to a dumpster behind a restaurant, away from the patrons. He is in his Horse costume, but is holding the head off to the side and smoking.

A MOTHER and CHILD walk around the gate and stop when they see Berber.

MOTHER

Oh my, not this way.

The Mother shields the Child's eyes and rushes away. Berber exhales casually.

BERBER

That ruined the magic.

INT. CHARACTER LOUNGE - DAY

Tommy sits in boxers reading a textbook. Motorin lies on a couch with Little Magee. Others are crashed on the floor.

Paige walks in with Sandy. Sandy flips the light switch off and dives on another couch.

LITTLE MAGEE

Yeah!

TOMMY

Come on, man.

SANDY

Let's spoon, Paige.

Tommy puts a headlight on his forehead and turns it on.

LITTLE MAGEE

Time for "Who would you kick out of bed?" Paige, would you kick out Owen or Shaggy from Scooby Doo?

MOTORIN

I hate this game.

PAIGE

I'd say Owen.

CAKES

You'd say neither.

SANDY

That's cold.

MOTORIN

Owen's sweet. I'd say Shaggy.

SANDY

Ok. Jennifer or Bailey from WKRP?

MOTORIN

Who?

LITTLE MAGEE

Wasn't Bailey a guy? Jennifer.

CAKES

Bailey. She was the MaryAnn to Jennifer's Ginger.

Tommy shakes his head.

MOTORIN

Alright, boys. Maria Shriver or Sigourney Weaver with anorexia?

SANDY

Woah, holy cheekbones. I've gotta kick out Mrs. Terminator.

TOMMY

Which one will kill me afterwards and eat the carcass?

SANDY

Skeletor.

LITTLE MAGEE
 Definitely. Alright, girls. Jabba
 the Hut with open sores or
 Snuffalophogus with gonorrhoea.

PAIGE
 What kind of sores?

SANDY
 Oh dear God.

LITTLE MAGEE
 That's an astute question from an
 experienced woman.

TOMMY
 Yuck.

MOTORIN
 Snuffalophogus. It's the hair
 thing.

Sandy nods in approval.

TOMMY
 Hey, girls. Sandy or Little Magee?

PAIGE
 You can't do people in the room.

CAKES
 Sure you can. Probably have.

PAIGE
 Asshole.

CAKES
 Pick one.

MOTORIN
 No.

PAIGE
 I'm not going to answer that.
 (whispering)
 It's Little Magee.

LITTLE MAGEE
 Hey.

SANDY
 Thank you, Paige. Can the rest of
 you guys leave?

LITTLE MAGEE

Ok, Tommy. Motorin or Paige versus Nicole, that dancer?

TOMMY

I'm going back to reading.

The group groans. Tommy smiles.

LITTLE MAGEE

Boo!

MOTORIN

Cop out!

PAIGE

He's blushing over a dancer?
That's playing with fire, rookie.

Sandy dives over towards Tommy and jabs him in the groin.

SANDY

Nutshot!

INT. REGAL POINT, INDOOR THEATRE - DAY

Dancers are sprawled across the stage, all stretching.
Nicole and Penelope chew gum at the front with Stefan.
Ambrose barks directions at the front. Techno music plays.

PENELOPE

What's the deal, Nicole? Are you with him?

NICOLE

Like dating?
(to Ambrose)
Do we have to listen to this Euro trash?

STEFAN

Nicole done got a boy? Who's zooming who, baby doll?

AMBROSE

Eyes front, people, legs spread, stretch forward, and yes we are listening to whatever I choose.

NICOLE

Bitch.

STEFAN
 (to Nicole)
 Talk to me, Miss Behavin'. It
 better not be that boy in the sound
 booth. He's ours.

NICOLE
 No, no.

PENELOPE
 It's that character boy, Tommy.

Stefan recoils in horror as Penelope laughs.

STEFAN
 Oh no, no, no, sweet child. Did he
 drug you?

NICOLE
 Shut up.

STEFAN
 Oh my God, I smell character on you
 now. You got stinky, didn't you?
 You can't wash them out.

PENELOPE
 How would you know?

Ambrose changes the stretch.

AMBROSE
 What are you shrieking about? We
 got a thing going on.

NICOLE
 Apparently, I'm not allowed to go
 on a date with a character.

The dancers GASP.

AMBROSE
 Of course you can't!

Ambrose slaps the music off.

AMBROSE (CONT'D)
 We are the artists at zis park. We
 put the "entertainment" in
 Entertainment Department, you hear?

STEFAN
 Testify, Norm Jean.

AMBROSE

Deez cretins are sick, perverted,
and should not be anywhere near us.
They shouldn't even be in the park.

DANCER ONE

I'll bet you'd ride Turk, wouldn't
you, Ambrose?

AMBROSE

What?!

STEFAN

Like a bear on a tricycle.

AMBROSE

You people all need to listen to
me! I expect you to be serious
professionals on zis stage! You
will never get zis show to Broadway
standards if you treat zis summer
like you're slumming.

Penelope mouths "Broadway" quizzically to Nicole, who shrugs.

STEFAN

Yeah, bitches!

AMBROSE

I don't need your help, Stefan.
Are we straight, Nicole?

NICOLE

I am.

Penelope giggles. Ambrose turns the music back on.

AMBROSE

Back to work. You want fame?
Well, fame costs, and right here is
where you start paying.

The dancers resume stretching.

DANCERS

(mumbling in unison)
With sweat.

Ambrose leans in towards Stefan.

AMBROSE

So, which one did she go out with?

EXT. REGAL POINT, AMUSEMENT PARK -- DAY

SERIES OF SHOTS:

- Two characters (Ricky Raccoon and the Bear) play the speed pitch game in the arcade area, while the Regal Beagle waits in line for the "Guess Your Weight" game.
- Ashley the guardette takes a picture for family standing with the Shaggy Lion and the Cowboy. She counts to three with her fingers before taking the picture. Both characters turn their head away right before the picture.
- The Horse character sprints around a corner holding two baseball hats and nearly decks an old lady. Three angry 8-year-old boys follow around the corner in hot pursuit.
- The Bear characters lies on a bench asleep. A few patrons pause to look at him, then continue on.
- At the front gate, the Cowboy stands by the security guards and frisks the women but waves the men through.
- Shaggy Lion stands frozen like a statue with his hand in the air. Several kids and adults walk up close to him, not sure if he's real. As soon as the child turns away, Shaggy Lion grabs her by the shoulders, causing her to scream.
- The Horse reads a sign and waves the Regal Beagle over to read it. When the Regal Beagle gets his nose close to read it, Horse smacks him in the back of the head and into the sign.

EXT. REGAL POINT, AMUSEMENT PARK -- DAY

Tommy (in Ricky Raccoon) stands with Paige and Sandy (in Cowboy costume), waving at guests.

Kent, from Tommy's old frat, walks towards them with two FRAT BUDDIES, 20, and three beautiful DATES, 20.

TOMMY

Oh shit.

Tommy tries to hide behind a trash can. Kent looks over Cowboy, then points and laughs.

KENT

Look at these losers.

The two frat buddies elbow Cowboy as they go by. The dates giggle.

PAIGE
Knock it off, guys.

Cowboy grabs his crotch at Kent as the group walks away. Kent spots Ricky Raccoon ducking behind the trash can.

FRAT BUDDY
What is that, a gopher?

KENT
I can still see you, moron.

They laugh and walk away.

PAIGE
(to Tommy)
What the hell is your problem?

INT. REGAL POINT, GUEST RELATIONS OFFICE - DAY

Turk turns into an office that has a service window to the front gate area saying "Guest Relations." Candice is looking out the window. Turk sneaks up.

TURK
(hillbilly accent)
Gimme my money back!

Candice jumps, startled, as Turk hugs her.

CANDICE
Brat. I nearly fell off the stool.

TURK
Somebody's gotta keep you awake in here. How's life in GR today?

CANDICE
Living the dream.

TURK
Are you coming to the Cabin Walk next week?

CANDICE
Ugh. Why do you guys have to go that far away?

TURK
That's where the cabin is.

CANDICE
I always end up sleeping in a car,
or on a floor, or somewhere nasty.

Turk rubs her back.

TURK
I'll pack a sleeping bag, babe.
Oh, here come the Duggers.

She rolls her eyes as a REDNECK HUSBAND and WIFE approach the window holding a map. Eight overweight children follow them, all dressed alike. Candice opens her window.

REDNECK HUSBAND
(to Candice)
Excuse me, we are supposed to meet
our 4-H group at the front gate.
Where is that?

TURK
(under his breath)
One of your kids ate it.

CANDICE
Sir, you are at the front gate.

REDNECK HUSBAND
Terrific. Then we've got time.

REDNECK WIFE
Got lots of time.

REDNECK HUSBAND
Lots of time. Is your video arcade
open on Sundays?

TURK
My sweet Lord.

Candice takes his map and circles a few areas.

CANDICE
Actually, we don't have a video
arcade. We do have a number of
games areas, ski-ball, things like
that.

REDNECK WIFE

I guess that's alright. I'm not riding the coasters, that's for sure.

REDNECK HUSBAND

You got that right.
(to Candice)
How high is the hill on that MegaRaptor ride?

CANDICE

It's 250 feet, sir.

TURK

About three grain silos.

REDNECK HUSBAND

Sakes alive. Hard to believe God hasn't struck it down.

The family walks away. Candice slaps Turk and turns back.

CANDICE

They were sweet.

TURK

I can see why you're suicidal in here.

CANDICE

That's better than taking complaints about how your guys act.

TURK

Perfect segue. May I see them?

Candice sighs and opens an index box. She hands him four paper slips that are clipped together. He begins reading.

CANDICE

This is the last time, Turk. I am supposed to turn these in.

TURK

No, no. Running into a child; not stopping for pictures. These are all a matter of perception. They can't tell what we see in there.

CANDICE

One of them said that Ricky Raccoon put a kid in a headlock and gave him a nuggie.

TURK

Maybe it was affectionate. You want me to show you.

He fakes a headlock on her.

CANDICE

When are you going to grow up?

Turk kisses her on the head and holds her shoulders.

TURK

When I need to, or when your father fires me, whichever comes first.

CANDICE

Go away.

Turk walks out and holds the complaints up.

TURK

Thanks again, babe.

EXT. REGAL POINT - DAY

Mr. Regal strides with a scowl towards Dunkelmann, who is picking lint off his shirt.

MR. REGAL

Dunkelmann, the man I want.

DUNKELMAN

(nervously)

Oh. Good morning, Mr. Regal.

MR. REGAL

As of today we are exactly weeks from the 25th Anniversary celebration.

DUNKELMAN

Three weeks, right.

In the background, the Cowboy and Horse characters chase two young boys with water pistols. Dunkelmann spots them and his mouth opens.

MR. REGAL
 Didn't you know that?

DUNKELMAN
 Of course, sir. I know that.

MR. REGAL
 Three weeks from today.

DUNKELMAN
 Got it.

MR. REGAL
 I still haven't seen the final
 schedule for the entertainment
 festivities.

DUNKELMAN
 You mean the parade and the show?

MR. REGAL
 The fireworks, everything we talked
 about.

DUNKELMAN
 Right. We've got it all set.

MR. REGAL
 I want this thing to work like
 clockwork, like the goddamn Olympic
 closing ceremony, you got me?

DUNKELMAN
 Absolutely, sir. We've been working
 on it.

MR. REGAL
 And I take it you're going to lean
 on those loony bin characters of
 yours.

A parking shuttle drives behind Mr. Regal. Dunkelman sees the Regal Beagle character wrestling with the driver for control of the steering wheel.

DUNKELMAN
 Yes, sir.

As the tram turns away, Dunkelman sees the Shaggy Lion character hanging onto the back bumper of the shuttle.

MR. REGAL

This is my party. My crowning moment. I don't want them to even think of any shenanigans.

Dunkelman nods. Mr. Regal points his finger into Dunkelman's chest for emphasis.

MR. REGAL (CONT'D)

I don't care if you need to wire their costume heads like the electric chair in Green Mile, you keep them in check.

DUNKELMAN

Affirmative.

MR. REGAL

Are all of the logistics in place?

DUNKELMAN

Oh, sure, sure.

MR. REGAL

Well, is the logistical plan written down somewhere?

DUNKELMAN

Written down?

MR. REGAL

Yes, like by a scrivener of some sort. Do you need a translator?

DUNKELMAN

No, no. I wrote it down, sure.

MR. REGAL

Perfect. Drop it off at my office before you go home tonight.

Mr. Regal storms away. Dunkelman turns and runs off.

EXT. REGAL POINT, AMUSEMENT PARK -- DAY

Tommy (in his Ricky Raccoon costume) turns the corner in the park and spots Cakes (in the Regal Beagle costume). Cakes sits on a park bench holding a mirror under his chin, as if the dog is sunning himself.

Tommy shakes a few hands on his way over to Cakes.

TOMMY
Looking good, Cakes.

CAKES
I'm a Pisces. If I don't work on a base, I'll have sun poisoning by summer's end.

Tommy sits and sighs.

TOMMY
Should we really be doing this?

CAKES
We got five minutes left. It's a victimless crime, like bestiality.

TOMMY
Actually, I kind of meant the whole gig. You do well in college. Do you ever think about the costume and wonder what the hell you're doing?

Cakes pats him on the shoulder.

CAKES
Would it kill you to smell the roses? When we're out of school, we get to start roughly 35 to 40 straight years of serious work. 35 to 40 years. Think about that. Are you really in that much of a hurry?

TOMMY
I guess not.

CAKES
You're a goddamn raccoon. Raccoons don't have those worries. Try to embrace the animal's own confident sense of self. I take it you're a virgin, right?

TOMMY
Kids.

GIRL ONE, 5, and GIRL TWO, 8, walk up to the characters with autograph books.

GIRL ONE
Can we have your autograph?

Tommy looks at Cakes, who shrugs and starts writing. Tommy takes the other book and fumbles with the pen.

TOMMY
(under his breath)
Crap.

Cakes finishes and hands the book back. He starts writing in a second book.

GIRL TWO
(reading)
"Carpe Diem - Regal Beagle"?

Tommy giggles. He scribbles furiously and hands it back.

GIRL ONE (CONT'D)
"Don't do drugs. Ricky Raccoon."

Cakes nods and knocks his fist with Tommy.

Tommy takes one of the books back, writes something, and hands it back. Cakes continues to write in the other book.

GIRL TWO
"Stay gold, Ponyboy. Ricky Raccoon."

CAKES
Nice.

Cakes hands his book back.

GIRL TWO
"The hottest places in hell are reserved for those who in times of great moral crisis remain neutral. Regal Beagle."

Cakes starts giggling to himself.

TOMMY
That's awesome.

GIRL ONE
Hey, I didn't know you could talk.

Cakes leans in to Girl One.

CAKES
(whispering)
You're the only ones who can hear us. Don't tell your parents.

The girls' eyes open wide.

TOMMY
Go on, scoot.

The girls scamper away with their books. Cakes stands up and stretches. Tommy follows.

CAKES
That's good work there.

TOMMY
Break time.

INT. REGAL POINT, HALLWAY - DAY

Tommy, Big Magee, and Little Magee kick a deflated soccer ball, all wearing their plain white t-shirts.

LITTLE MAGEE
You have a ride, Tommy?

TOMMY
Oh yeah.

LITTLE MAGEE
Need me to go along?

TOMMY
Nah.

BIG MAGEE
Are you liking this so far? I mean, would you want to be supervisor here someday?

TOMMY
Yeah. I mean, I don't know, I guess so.

BIG MAGEE
Don't hold your breath.

Tommy's face falls. Big Magee snickers.

LITTLE MAGEE
What a prick. He does that to me once a month.

A door opens and several dancers, including Nicole, Penelope, and Stefan, spill into the hallway and clock out.

BIG MAGEE
 People, good work today. You too,
 Stefan.

STEFAN
 Ugh, the brothers Magee. When are
 you going to shave that chest?

BIG MAGEE
 You love the bears.

Nicole smiles at Tommy.

NICOLE
 You ready to go?

TOMMY
 Yeah.

Tommy kicks the ball at Big Magee and grabs his backpack.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
 See ya.

Tommy exits with Nicole and the other dancers. Big Magee and
 Little Magee look at each other.

BIG MAGEE
 Why weren't we invited?

LITTLE MAGEE
 I'm not going to answer that.

BIG MAGEE
 Dang, I could tap that.

LITTLE MAGEE
 Don't hold your breath.

Big Magee slams the ball into Little Magee's crotch.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Tommy sits at a kitchen table with Stefan and Penelope.
 Nicole opens the refrigerator and grabs some beers.

NICOLE
 Tommy?

TOMMY
 No, I need to slow down.

PENELOPE
We're not going anywhere.

TOMMY
Excuse me. Nature's calling.

Tommy stands up as Nicole hands out the beer.

STEFAN
So, Tommy, you get my music references. You seem to be well educated, well groomed.

TOMMY
Thanks. I wipe too.

STEFAN
So how did you throw your lot in with those philistines.

TOMMY
Just lucky.

Nicole laughs. Tommy heads into the bathroom.

PENELOPE
Philistines? Is that like a frat?

STEFAN
Not quite, Tammy Faye.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

The mirror has a taped picture of Penelope and Nicole. Tommy focuses closely on Nicole's face and smiles broadly.

Tommy bends towards the sink, throws water on his face, and dries off. He breathes into his hand and wrinkles his nose.

TOMMY
Ugh.

He pulls a packet of gum packet from his jeans. No gum. He searches his empty pockets. He peeks in the cabinet under the sink briefly then stands up.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
Toothpaste, toothpaste, come on.

Tommy looks at the door, then to a bag on the shelf next to the mirror. He hesitates, then grabs the bag and unzips it.

Tommy pulls out a small spraying tube.

TOMMY
Binaca. Sweet.

He squirts it towards his mouth. His eyes start to water immediately, and he waves the mist around.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
(coughing)
Oh, no. Oh shit.

Tommy flips on the fan and puts the bag away quickly. He opens the door and rushes out of the bathroom.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Tommy scrambles through the apartment, knocks over a lamp, and out the front door. The others stare in disbelief as Nicole chases him.

TOMMY
Aaagh! Not again!

NICOLE
Tommy? Are you okay?

Tommy reaches bottom of the stairs and runs to the apartment pool, nearby. He dives stomach first and dunks his head into the water.

Nicole heads down the stairs. Tommy rolls out of the pool and rubs his eyes, gagging.

TOMMY
Sorry.

NICOLE
What happened?

Tommy climbs up and sits on the diving board. She joins him.

TOMMY
I don't know. Maybe an allergic reaction to something. Do you have a cat or snake or anything?

NICOLE
Stefan has a python. But that doesn't shed hair.

Tommy shakes his head and gathers himself.

TOMMY
Sorry to spook you.

NICOLE
Okay. Kinda weird. But at least
we can talk now.

TOMMY
Maybe I should have gauged my eyes
and run shrieking earlier?

NICOLE
Don't worry. They're still blue.

She leans in and kisses him. Tommy blindly misses her. He awkwardly backhands her face, but eventually puts his arms around her shoulders.

STEFAN (O.S.)
Hey Nicole!

Nicole and Tommy break apart. Stefan stands on the balcony looking down at them.

TOMMY
I hear a voice.

STEFAN
Your idiot boy found my mace!

TOMMY
Are you sure about the cat? Could
be a curry allergy.

STEFAN
Philistines!

Stefan shakes his fist.

EXT. REGAL POINT - DAY

Ashley, Berber, and Owen leave the cafeteria and throw their trash away.

BERBER
You're being too hard on yourself,
Double X.

ASHLEY
Everyone looks like a man in a
costume at first.

BERBER

She's right, Owen. Once you start feeling confident, you get animated. Your personality comes through and people just gravitate towards you.

OWEN

Well, they're gonna come either way. I'm a frickin' character.

Ashley shakes her head. Berber stops.

BERBER

You don't get it. You can get those results out of costume, too. It's, it's how you carry yourself. Let's do a walk on our way back.

Berber takes off with a brisk walk. They follow.

OWEN

Whadda you mean? Without a costume?

BERBER

Of course!

ASHLEY

There he goes.

Berber struts with a huge smile. Guests turn and stare. Berber waves to people like a politician. Some wave back, perplexed.

Berber pats a child on the head as he passes, then shakes a stranger's hand.

BERBER

How you doing? Beautiful day, huh?

Patrons now smile and notice Berber working through the crowd. A kid runs over to shake his hand.

ASHLEY

There goes the Pied Piper. He calls it a "Person Walk."

OWEN

Amazing. I could never do that.

Ashley takes Owen's arm in hers.

ASHLEY

Sure you can. Stick with these guys.

INT. REGAL POINT, INDOOR THEATRE - DAY

Ambrose stands in the back of the theatre, watching his stage show. He walks back into the lobby area to check his watch, but spots two slumped shadows by the wall.

Ambrose looks closer to see a sweaty Cakes (in Regal Beagle) and Big Magee (in the Cowboy), sitting in lobby chairs with their costume heads off to the side. Both are asleep.

AMBROSE

What the? What are you doing?

Cakes and Big Magee shake the sleep away.

CAKES

Oh, hey Ambrose.

BIG MAGEE

(whispering)

Keep it down. There's a show on.

AMBROSE

Your heads are off, idiots. Do you wanna scare some kids?

Cakes and Big Magee stand.

BIG MAGEE

I'm willing to take that chance for air conditioning.

CAKES

You know how hot it is today?

AMBROSE

That doesn't mean you hide in my theatre!

Big Magee puts his costume head on.

CAKES

Settle down, Gypsy Rose. We'll bolt.

Cakes puts his head on. Big Magee holds his hands out to Ambrose.

BIG MAGEE

How about quick dance with a
Cowboy?

Cakes BARKS.

AMBROSE

Go.

Big Magee shoves Cakes into the wall then runs out the door.
Cakes follows, laughing. Ambrose spins away, fuming.

INT. CHARACTER LOUNGE - DAY

Owen lies on the couch with sweat pouring off him. The radio
plays. Little Magee explodes through the door.

LITTLE MAGEE

Your lucky day, Owen. Go get the
lights.

Little Magee moves a poster off of the wall, revealing a
cardboard-covered window. He pulls the tape off, but
hesitates before lifting the cardboard.

OWEN

Dude, what are you doing?

LITTLE MAGEE

Lights, man!

Owen kills the lights, then returns to Little Magee's side.

LITTLE MAGEE

Prepare to be bewitched, bothered,
and bonered.

Little Magee moves the cardboard, revealing a window. Owen's
eyes open wide as they peer downward into a changing area for
the dance show.

OWEN

Oh my God.

LITTLE MAGEE

Only in certain shifts. You need
your breaks to magically sync up
with the costume changes in their
shows and when no one else, like
the guardettes, are up here.

OWEN
It's like a lunar eclipse.

LITTLE MAGEE
If that gives you a woody, it's
exactly like that.

They see three dancers run off stage and behind a changing wall, right beneath the window. The dancers begin dropping their costumes for a quick change.

ASHLEY (O.S.)
Owen!

Owen jumps back from the window. Little Magee drops the cardboard cover as Owen runs towards the door.

ASHLEY (O.S.)
Owen!

He opens the door.

OWEN
What?

ASHLEY (O.S.)
Your walk is in five minutes!

OWEN
Crap.

As Little Magee giggles, Owen scrambles in his boxers and t-shirt down the stairs to where Ashley is waiting.

ASHLEY
Just keeping you on time.

OWEN
I know.

Ashley notices Owen trying to cover up a bulge in his boxers while he climbs into the costume.

ASHLEY
Owen! Are you hiding an erection
in there?

OWEN
What? No! It's nothing.

Owen pulls his costume up defiantly and glares at Ashley.

OWEN (CONT'D)

That's how it looks all the time.

ASHLEY

Well, well. Good for you.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Tommy sits in an aisle seat of a lecture hall, asleep. Drool hangs from his lips. A cell phone rests on the desk. The professor drones on about accounting.

The cell phone vibrates. Tommy's elbow slides off the desk as he snaps awake. The others around him snicker.

Tommy wipes his mouth and checks the phone. A text from Nicole: "How's class?"

Tommy texts back: "Scintillating. Did you decide if you want to go to the cabin?"

He looks around at the other bored students and shakes his head. He stares down at his phone, which has a picture of Nicole standing next to him in the Ricky Raccoon costume.

As he smiles, a text pops up from Nicole: "Sure - why not."

Tommy watches the teacher for a moment more. He grabs his things and gets up. A neighboring STUDENT looks up.

STUDENT

There's still ten more minutes.

TOMMY

Tell me how it ends.

Tommy walks out of class.

INT. CHARACTER LOUNGE - DAY

Berries enters the lounge wearing a tie. Characters and guardettes laugh and point.

BERRIES

Alright, settle down. We've got some issues.

Sandy walks in behind Berries wearing only an adult diaper. The group CHEERS. Sandy raises his hands.

BERRIES (CONT'D)
 What the hell are you doing?

SANDY
 Turk bet me I wouldn't shit in a
 diaper.

TURK
 Subject to verification.

BERRIES
 (to Turk)
 Glad you're my assistant.

Turk salutes. Berries taps Sandy's diaper.

BERRIES (CONT'D)
 Where'd you get it?

SANDY
 Child care.

The door SLAMS and the room goes quiet. Mr. Dunkelman walks slowly into the middle of the lounge.

DUNKELMAN
 Well, well, well. If it isn't the
 fine people that we ask to
 entertain children.

TURK
 We were just about to discuss our
 increased expectations for each and
 every walk.

DUNKELMAN
 Can it, Turk.

Turk sits.

DUNKELMAN (CONT'D)
 I've had it with the tom foolery.
 The number of complaints we receive
 are skyrocketing, and we know there
 are more we don't receive.

He glares at Turk.

BERRIES
 I'd like an opportunity to go
 through each of those with you to
 see if there were any extenuating
 circumstances.

Sandy grunts. The others muffle their laughter. Dunkelmann notices Sandy and looks at Turk.

TURK

Too much curry.

DUNKELMAN

That's enough. It is the 25th Anniversary year for this park and you mutts are going to be curbed, so help me God.

BERBER

Got it.

BIG MAGEE

We're good.

DUNKELMAN

I don't think so. So I'm imposing a new rule, effective immediately. From now on, you are all confined to front gate walks the rest of the summer.

They shake their heads and groan.

BERBER

Dude, you're going Disney on us.

DUNKELMAN

No more rides, no more sitting in restaurants, no more taunting the safari animals.

Everyone looks at Little Magee, who shrugs.

DUNKELMAN (CONT'D)

And no more avoiding patrons! You stand at front gate, greet the crowd, and take pictures. Period. Nothing else. Or I will replace every last one of you.

BIG MAGEE

You can't do that. We're a union.

The others disagree.

BERRIES

No, we aren't.

ASHLEY
What gave you that idea?

CAKES
What an idiot.

Sandy farts loudly, then relaxes his face and exhales.
Dunkelman glares at the group.

DUNKELMAN
Do it, or else!

Dunkelman storms out. Motorin waves a hand in front of her nose and moves away from Sandy.

MOTORIN
We have verification.

BIG MAGEE
This is bullshit.

BERRIES
I warned you guys this was coming.

BIG MAGEE
When?

BERRIES
I don't know. I probably didn't.

Turk stands.

TURK
Look, don't panic. Let me and Berries try to calm him down. At least for today, just go to front gate. Sandy, did you shit yourself?

SANDY
Yes, sir. I did.

Sandy stands and turns to show his sagging diaper. People scramble away. Turk flips him a \$10 bill.

TURK
Damn. Good work, young man.

BIG MAGEE
I'll go to front gate, but we're sending our own message. I know Berber's in.

BERRIES

Chill out, guys. This isn't really
the time for social activism.

OWEN

What are they talking about?

Berber and Big Magee stand and bump fists.

BIG MAGEE

They want front gate. We will give
them a front gate they will never
forget.

BERBER

Cry walk! Right now. Vamanos!

LITTLE MAGEE

Yeah!

SANDY

I'm bringing the turd!

The group storms past Turk and Berries.

TURK

No, guys.

BERRIES

Aw, come on.

Tommy follows Motorin out.

TOMMY

What's a cry walk?

MOTORIN

We keep count of how many kids cry.
So you wanna just approach the
scared ones.

TOMMY

Sweet Jesus.

MOTORIN

They use the acronym RATT -- Rapid
Actions Terrify Toddlers. So just
flinch towards them a lot.

EXT. REGAL POINT, FRONT GATE - DAY

Six characters run around the admission area like wild animals. They ignore pictures and confront every jittery toddler in a stroller. Children scream and scatter everywhere.

From afar, Mr. Regal watches the carnage and scowls.

Guardette Paige leans into a small girl.

PAIGE
(to Girl)
Ricky Raccoon just wants to say hi.

Ricky Raccoon lurches past the girl. She screams and runs away. Paige flashes her hands to the other guardettes.

PAIGE (CONT'D)
We got ten here!

Ricky Raccoon pumps his fist in the air and high fives Paige.

Mr. Regal storms away.

EXT. LAKE CABIN - NIGHT

Little Magee, Big Magee, and Sandy hang on a dimly-lit cabin deck listening to music. Paige and Ashley dance coolly.

INT. LAKE CABIN - NIGHT

Inside, characters drink and party. Candice and Turk sit on a couch. Tommy and Nicole look at pictures hanging all over the cabin walls. A lot of pictures of old character parties.

TOMMY
This is Sandy's grandfather's cabin, so they've been coming here for cabin walks the last few summers.

NICOLE
Cabin walks. Cute.

TOMMY
You know what I mean.

Nicole smiles and puts her hand on Tommy's back.

NICOLE
How're your classes?

TOMMY
Exams in a few weeks. Then I still
need to decide if I should
transfer. I don't know.

NICOLE
You should try to get back there.
You'd see your friends and all.

TOMMY
I guess. Are you gonna be back
here next year?

NICOLE
I dunno. The pay is okay here, but
you don't want to have too many
years of amusement parks on your
resume. I want to get a cruise
ship gig before graduating and
moving to the coast.

TOMMY
So that's the dancer plan.

NICOLE
Yep. Every one of us.

Tommy grabs beers from a cooler. When he turns around,
Nicole has poured herself a shot and slams it.

TOMMY
Yikes. Chaser?

NICOLE
Mm-hmm.

Nicole takes a swig of beer and falls into Tommy.

TOMMY
Whoops. So, you wanna go to the
coast. Which one?

NICOLE
Well, it's either to New York to
audition for musicals or L.A. for
other stuff. Maybe acting.

TOMMY
Can you make a living dancing in
L.A.?

NICOLE

Sure. You know, Carmen Electra worked in an amusement park before moving to L.A. I think she got famous as a dancer.

TOMMY

You think so. Well, let's not split hairs. So that's who you'd want to be?

NICOLE

Not my first choice, but it's better than shuffle steps inside the Regal Point Showplace.

TOMMY

At least you have a plan. I admire that much.

Nicole stumbles through a dance move and then laughs hysterically. Candice scowls at the spectacle.

NICOLE

I'd probably have to get a boob job for L.A., don't you think?

TOMMY

Really, I dunno. I don't know their current, uh, size, or configuration.

Nicole giggles at Tommy. She takes his hand and leads him to a bedroom. Tommy starts adjusting his groin.

Turk points at Tommy.

TURK

Semper Fi, Tommy!

CANDICE

You have no idea what that means, do you?

TURK

Nope.

Candice heads towards the door.

CANDICE

I think I'm done here. I'm heading home.

TURK
What's the deal, honey? It's a party.

CANDICE
Turk, every now and then, I don't want to party. Every now and then, I want to talk. Every now and then, I grow up a little bit.

INT. LAKE CABIN, BEDROOM - NIGHT

Tommy, sweaty and naked, is laying on top of Nicole and panting. They just finished.

TOMMY
Oh, oh. Oh wow.

Nicole pats him on the back.

NICOLE
Okay, time to get up.

TOMMY
You sure?

NICOLE
I don't want to puke.

Tommy props himself up awkwardly, not knowing how to exit. He reaches down towards his crotch.

TOMMY
Let me see here.

NICOLE
Just get out of me.

Tommy rolls over and Nicole jumps out of the bed. She goes into the bathroom and slams the door. Tommy looks down at himself.

TOMMY
I think I spilled on you. Oh boy.
(to Nicole)
I need a second opinion here.

NICOLE (O.S.)
Can you shut up?!

TOMMY
 (to himself)
 Right.

INT. REGAL POINT, CHARACTER SHOP - MORNING

The radio plays. Tommy, Owen, and Sandy shuffle to their costumes, hung over. Owen sniffs his costume and recoils.

OWEN
 Ugh. This place is like an
 airplane full of hockey players.
 Vomiting hockey players.

SANDY
 I call it the funk of humanity.

They spot Berber sprawled on the table.

SANDY (CONT'D)
 Geez. Wake up, Berber.

TOMMY
 I fully expect to contract some
 mutant rash by summer's end.

OWEN
 Come on. Gotta rally, Berber.

Tommy sprays his costume with disinfectant, then sprays Berber on the butt. Berber farts.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
 That was just in time.

SANDY
 Speaking of rashes, did you get
 with that dancer?

TOMMY
 Easy. We just started, but --

Tommy checks his phone quickly. No messages.

SANDY
 What?

TOMMY
 It's nothing, nothing. Anyway, I
 wouldn't be surprised if we're
 going out the rest of the summer.

OWEN

That sounds like a girlfriend, but I'm no expert.

SANDY

That sounds like trouble.

OWEN

I want 15 minutes of that kind of trouble.

SANDY

(to Tommy)

Dude, let's double with her friend, Pollyanna or whatever. I think she digs me.

OWEN

Penelope, idiot.

SANDY

Good memory. We can get some box wine, hot dogs, retro tunes, then show 'em the moves.

Sandy drops to his boxers and grooves along the floor.

SANDY (CONT'D)

(singing)

Got me working, working day and night.

Sandy spins, belches in his mouth, gets dizzy, then falls into a costume stall.

TOMMY

Way too dehydrated for that.

Owen pulls his costume to his waist, then holds his head.

OWEN

I just want my brain to die.

TOMMY

Stick with it. You killed most of it last night.

EXT. REGAL POINT, FRONT GATE - MORNING

Packs of visitors stream through the gate and into the amusement park.

Ricky Raccoon (Tommy) and the Bear (Owen) sit slumped over on park benches. A YOUNG BOY, 9, walks up to the Bear and waves his hand in front of Bear's eyes. No response. The Young Boy shrugs his shoulders and walks away.

Motorin stands next to the bench.

MOTORIN

He's hibernating. Come back after lunch.

Mr. Regal walks by front gate and sees dormant characters.

Near the fountain, the Cowboy (Sandy) leans against a pole, frozen like a statue. Customers stare at the Cowboy for a moment, then move along.

MR. REGAL

Bastards.

Around the corner of a restaurant, the Horse (Berber) appears. He takes a few shaky steps, then grabs his horse head and leans back.

After gathering himself, the Horse stumbles through the crowd towards a trash can. The Horse leans into the trash can. Motorin starts walking towards him.

MOTORIN

Oh no.

BERBER

Uuugh!

Vomit leaks from the Horse's cheeks and into the trash can. Visitors shield their children from the sight and hurry away.

MOTORIN

(to visitors)

Must have been a bad apple from the wicked witch.

(to Berber)

Bad Horsey. Bad Horsey.

Berber wipes the Horse mouth with his front hoof.

EXT. ROYAL POINT, ATM MACHINE - DAY

Tommy feeds his card into the ATM and punches some numbers. He grabs his cash and stares at the balance on the receipt.

He sighs, shakes his head, and crumples the paper up. He turns to throw it in the trash and spots Nicole and Penelope walking towards the employee parking lot.

They see each other at the same time, as Tommy's shot misses the trash can.

TOMMY

Hey.

Nicole waves but they keep walking. Tommy jogs towards them.

TOMMY

Hey, do you have a second?

NICOLE

Actually, we're in a huge rush to get somewhere.

TOMMY

Oh, okay. Maybe I'll catch your next show.

NICOLE

If you want. See you later.

PENELOPE

See ya, Tommy.

TOMMY

Oh yeah. Cool.

Tommy waves weakly.

INT. REGAL POINT, GUEST RELATIONS - DAY

Candice sorts through paperwork at her window to the Front Gate. An elderly GUEST, 70, knocks on her window.

CANDICE

Yes, sir?

GUEST

There's no ferris wheel on the map.

CANDICE

No what?

GUEST

No ferris wheel.

CANDICE
We don't have that ride. We do
have a merry-go-round.

GUEST
Why the hell would I want that?
I'm not a toddler.

The Guest waves a dismissive hand and stomps away.

Turk enters the office, surprising Candice.

TURK
Hey, hey beautiful. Where'd you go
last night?

CANDICE
You know, Turk, I had enough.

TURK
Enough of what?

CANDICE
Everything. The whole scene.

TURK
We met at a Cabin Walk.

CANDICE
A long time ago, it seems.

TURK
So you don't like going up there
anymore?

CANDICE
It's not the cabin itself, but we
are getting to be the oldest ones
there.

TURK
Berber's older.

CANDICE
Let me ask you this...How do you
feel this morning?

TURK
Like a wet bag of mulch.

CANDICE
See, I actually feel fine. I
didn't fall out of my bed.

(MORE)

CANDICE(cont'd)

I showered before I came to work
and I don't need to sweat out
alcohol in a costume in order to
sober up. It's a good way to start
the day.

A HEAVY GUEST knocks on the window.

HEAVY GUEST

Is there an air conditioned food
court?

TURK

(to himself)

Are you kidding me?

CANDICE

(to Turk)

I need to work. Go away.

Candice opens the window. Turk exits.

INT. REGAL POINT, INDOOR THEATRE - DAY

Tommy sits in the front row on the left wing with Little
Magee and Berber. The dancers perform the show.

BERBER

It's starting to get sloppy.
Nobody's extending their arms
anymore. It's a shame.

Nicole dances near Tommy and the others. Tommy smiles at
her. Nicole rolls her eyes indifferently.

TOMMY

Oh boy.

LITTLE MAGEE

I warned you.

INT. REGAL POINT, OFFICE - DAY

Berries and Turk, wearing khakis and ties, sit in chairs
across from a desk. Berries fidgets nervously.

BERRIES

I can feel the sweat in my
underwear already.

TURK

That's why I'm commando.

Dunkelman storms in to take his seat behind the desk.

BERRIES

Good afternoon.

DUNKELMAN

Cut the crap. Do you have any idea what Mr. Regal saw this morning? We know how your animals have been acting lately.

TURK

Like animals?

DUNKELMAN

Worse! Like, like--

Dunkelman is lost in his fury.

BERRIES

I think the idea of making them stay at the Front Gate is backfiring on us.

DUNKELMAN

On us?

BERRIES

I mean the global us, like mankind. Or the collective us here in management. Or perhaps just us as in you.

TURK

Well said.

Dunkelman shakes his head.

DUNKELMAN

What the hell is your problem?

BERRIES

Being confined like that creates a lot of stress on the guys.

DUNKELMAN

Stress?

BERRIES

Well, it's very congested, people-wise. Not much of a breeze in that area, you know, to cool the pavement. And et cetera and so on.

DUNKELMAN
 (to Turk)
 Can you make any sense?

TURK
 Sure, Dunk.

Turk reaches across the desk and touches Dunkelman's hand, who recoils angrily.

TURK (CONT'D)
 It's tough to deal with guests all the time. And that's all there is at the front gate.

DUNKELMAN
 We are an amusement park. We are here to amuse people. And we are the damn entertainment department in an amusement park. We entertain and amuse. If your band of misfits can't do it, get rid of them, or I'll get rid of you.

TURK
 What if we loosen the reins a little?

DUNKELMAN
 Loosen up? They have no boundaries at all! We've got this damn anniversary event coming up and I can't risk having you screw it up. Do you understand?

BERRIES
 One hundred percent, sir. We will talk with them right away and keep things humming along.

Berries and Turk stand up. Dunkelman stands to meet them.

DUNKELMAN
 You're out of chances.

Berries nods and Turk salutes as they walk out.

EXT. TOMMY'S DRIVEWAY - DAY

Tommy and Nicole awkwardly lean against opposite sides of Nicole's car. Tommy has a bandage over his bloody nose.

TOMMY

How is coming to see your show
creepy?

NICOLE

No, that's whatever. But you seem
to rush things along. Like the
other day, when you had hung around
until I got off my shift.

TOMMY

Yeah?

NICOLE

And I saw the picture on your
phone.

Tommy shifts uncomfortably.

NICOLE (CONT'D)

I just want to say, "Down boy."
I get the vibe you are more serious
than me. Much more.

TOMMY

We're not talking stalker activity.
I don't monitor your whereabouts or
anything.

(laughs nervously)

Okay, that sounded stalker-like.

NICOLE

Kinda.

TOMMY

That's cool, take it slow. But,
just to clarify, are we still
dating?

NICOLE

Just to clarify, I wasn't sure we
were dating.

TOMMY

Ouch.

NICOLE

I think the answer is no.

TOMMY

That's going really slow. That's
stopping.

NICOLE

Look, I like hanging out and all.
But if there's a lot more of this
chattiness coming, it might not be
worth it. I head back to my school
in a little bit, right?

TOMMY

All too aware, thank you.

NICOLE

You're welcome.

An awkward silence. Tommy kicks the car tire.

Mr. Wallace carries a bag of trash out to the garage and
overhears the conversation. He quietly sets the bag down to
eavesdrop.

TOMMY

So this is it. A summer romance
snuffed out in its prime.

NICOLE

Crap, Tommy, it was like a hookup.

TOMMY

You're so cavalier about this.

NICOLE

And you're too serious.

TOMMY

But I, I, I lost my virginity in
that hookup.

NICOLE

Again, you're welcome.

Nicole spins her keys around her finger.

NICOLE (CONT'D)

Tommy, I think you need to look
somewhere else for what you want.

She gets in her car.

EXT. REGAL POINT, FRONT GATE

Across the way, the Cowboy and Ricky Raccoon, with guardette
Ashley, confront a family full of hillbilly mullets and mocks
the toddler's mullet.

HILLBILLY DAD
You got a problem with our hair?

ASHLEY
(nervously)
Oh, Cowboy.

HILLBILLY DAD
You wanna roll it up, Ringo? I'll
take out Hong Kong Phooey too.

Cowboy nods yes.

ASHLEY
Cowboy's just not used to long hair
on the range.

Hillbilly Dad pops the Cowboy on the nose and then karate
kicks the Ricky Raccoon in the head.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)
Aaah!

HILLBILLY TODDLER
Whoop his ass, Daddy!

Tommy, inside Ricky Raccoon, bleeds from his nose.

TOMMY
Motherfuck--

Security Guards run to the scene. Hillbilly Dad and his
family scatter. Cowboy chases one of them around a pole.

The Guards handcuff the Hillbilly Dad against a trash can.
Ashley restrains Ricky Raccoon.

EXT. REGAL POINT, AMUSEMENT PARK - DAY

Tommy (in Ricky Raccoon costume) sits on a park bench with
his head in his hands. His nose is still bleeding. Ashley
sits next to him.

ASHLEY
We should just go in and get you
checked out.

A young BOY approaches Tommy. Tommy waves him away.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, sweetie. You'll need to come back later to see Ricky. He needs some special raccoon time.

BOY

What's going on?

ASHLEY

It's his meditation time. He can't find any nuts and needs to rethink his overall strategy.

BOY

Nuts? They sell nuts here.

ASHLEY

Oh, that'd be great. Can you get us about three dozen almonds, please?

BOY

Why almonds?

ASHLEY

Don't talk back, young man? Maybe Ricky is on the South Beach diet. Can you just do it?

The Boy scurries off. Tommy rocks backwards and groans.

TWENTY YARDS AWAY, PARK BENCH

Turk, Berries, and Berber drink coffee and watch Tommy's meltdown. Turk dips cotton candy in his coffee.

TURK

It's not that we're doing anything wrong. But we're being persecuted.

BERBER

I concur.

BERRIES

Strong words for grown men in costumes.

TURK

There's something bigger at work here, Berries. We need to stand up for our way of life at the park or it will be stomped out altogether.

BERRIES

You should have lived in the sixties, Turk.

TURK

What year is it?

BERBER

Screw Dunkelman. What are we gonna do about Tommy?

TURK

Fucking show chicks. We warned him.

BERRIES

It happens every year. Like a salmon swimming upstream to be eaten by a bear, a character is drawn to a show chick and emotionally destroyed.

BERBER

It's kind of a beautiful thing to see.

TURK

Oh, he'll be a better man for it, no doubt. Hate to see it happen to family though.

BERBER

Centurian Club. Does tonight work for you?

TURK

Si. In the lounge.

BERRIES

Shit. I foresee doom.

Turk and Berber toast their coffee cups.

In the background, Tommy karate kicks a tree. Ashley smiles and waves at a bewildered family passing by.

BERBER

That's a new one.

INT. CHARACTER LOUNGE - NIGHT

Tommy, Cakes, Little Magee, and Sandy each carry a 12-pack into the lounge.

Turk, Berber and Big Magee are already sitting around a table lined with neon beading. Music plays.

TURK

Finally.

SANDY

We had to wait for the security guards to pass.

BIG MAGEE

Just grab a shot glass off the table and have a seat so we can get rolling.

BERBER

We gather tonight to commence the Centurion Club to soothe Tommy's pathetically soft heart. Rules are easy. Every minute for a hundred minutes, we make a toast and take a shot of beer. Start us off, Turkey.

Turk raises his shot of beer.

TURK

To high-heeled shoes and the dancers who wear them.

BIG MAGEE

Both men and women.

TURK

Exactly. Hear, hear.

They all toast and drink.

TOMMY

Is something on fire?

BERBER

It's the neon. I coat it with ground up incense. The ladies love it.

LITTLE MAGEE
Are they in the pit somewhere?

Berber smacks Little Magee in the head.

SANDY
Who's keeping the time?

They laugh and slide the watch to Sandy.

CAKES
The first one to ask. Congrats.

SERIES OF SHOTS:

- Berber raises his shot glass.

BERBER
To Dr. Seuss and his supplier.

- Big Magee raises his shot glass.

BIG MAGEE
To Berber's mom, and her supplier.

- Sandy raises his shot glass.

SANDY
To my dog, General Archibald
McSpaniel.

- Tommy raises his shot glass.

TOMMY
To losing my virginity to a
gorgeous woman.

ALL
Yeah!

Turk raises his shot glass.

TURK
To losing my virginity to General
Archibald McSpaniel.

SANDY
Take that back, boss.

- Cakes raises his shot glass.

CAKES

To tutu's.

- Turk raises his shot glass.

TURK

To still having a girlfriend, I think.

- Little Magee raises his shot glass.

LITTLE MAGEE

To my right hand.

- Berber raises his shot glass.

BERBER

To Little Magee's right hand.

EXT. REGAL POINT, FRONT GATE - DAY

Little Magee (in the Bear) and Sandy (in the Cowboy) turn the corner and walk towards the front gate area.

Ashley turns to see them and starts waving her arms frantically.

ASHLEY

Oh, no, no, no!

Little Magee looks to his right and nearly runs into Owen -- Both are wearing the Bear costume and staring at each other.

SANDY

Oh shit.

A small child points at them and screams.

OWEN

What the hell are you doing?

Little Magee starts to mirror all of Owen's moves. Owen covers his head with his hands and starts scrambling.

Several other kids start laughing and pointing.

CHILD

There's two of the bears!

ASHLEY
 (nervously)
 He has a twin! Who knew he had a
 twin cousin?

A little girl raises her hand.

CHILD
 No, there's no twin.

Owen starts to walk quickly towards the door. Little Magee follows behind him like a congo line.

ASHLEY
 The cloned bears need to go back
 and hibernate for a while.

OWEN
 Get off my ass.

LITTLE MAGEE
 Go with it.

Sandy stands back, laughing and clapping sarcastically.

FRONT GATE

20 yards away from the bear cloning, Mr. Regal stands next to Dunkelman, fuming and chomping on his gum. Dunkelman shakes his head.

MR. REGAL
 The security guards found two of
 them passed out on stage.

DUNKELMAN
 I will take care of it, Mr. Regal.

MR. REGAL
 What a fucking embarrassment.

DUNKELMAN
 I will take care of it.

MR. REGAL
 That little girl is still crying.

DUNKELMAN
 I'm on it.

MR. REGAL

You better clean house before my anniversary gets ruined, you hear me?

DUNKELMAN

Loud and clear, sir.

Mr. Regal throws his gum on the ground.

MR. REGAL

I need to clear my head. I'll be on the merry-go-round.

Dunkelman watches Mr. Regal storm off, then bends over to scoop up the gum.

INT. TOMMY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Tommy walks down a hallway looking at a bank statement. He looks at the balance and crumples it up.

TOMMY

(to himself)

Slow and steady.

Tommy walks into his bedroom and finds an envelope neatly placed on his pillow.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Oh no.

Tommy picks it up and pulls out the letter. Mr. Wallace pops his head in the door.

MR. WALLACE

Oh good. Have you read it?

TOMMY

Dad, why--

MR. WALLACE

Son, I want you to know that I am here for you in these toughest of times. With school, and now the problems with your lady friend, I figured you needed some support and advice. It's in the letter.

Tommy flops down on the bed and sighs.

MR. WALLACE (CONT.)
 Women can be confusing. Losing
 your virginity can be equally
 confusing.

TOMMY
 Oh, fuck me.

MR. WALLACE
 This may be hard to hear, but the
 pain you feel is overblown. As an
 older man, you will look back on
 her as just a silly girl that you
 fell for. She may be a gorgeous
 silly girl. In fact, you may never
 have the chance to date another as
 beautiful as that, but pay no mind.

Tommy flips the pages over in his hands.

TOMMY
 Is that what's in here?

MR. WALLACE
 More or less, in about 4 pages.

Tommy falls onto his pillow and drops the letter on his face.

TOMMY
 Need some time alone, Dad. (pause)
 Please, Dad.

MR. WALLACE
 Love you.

TOMMY
 You too, Dad. Need to go.

Mr. Wallace leaves.

INT. REGAL POINT, OFFICE - DAY

Berries and Turk stand before Dunkelman, shocked.

BERRIES
 I'm fired? For what?

DUNKELMAN
 Incompetence. Insubordination.
 Instability. Incapable.

BERRIES
I'll tell your wife about us.

Berries bats his eyebrows.

TURK
We'll fix this, Dunk.

DUNKELMAN
Too late. It's over. The days of drunken characters terrorizing this park are over. Mr. Turkowitz, you have one week to get them ready for the anniversary celebration.

TURK
What if we do a sit in?

DUNKELMAN
I'll fire you. Every last one of you. You do realize that your job requires almost no skills.

BERRIES
You blasphemer!

Dunkelman frowns. Berries nods to a quizzical Turk.

TURK
A solid retort, Berries. A solid retort.

BERRIES
(to Dunkelman)
You know, character cloning happens less than three times per year per park. That's a national average, including the Disneys. If you just look at this as a statistical aberration to our typically extraordinary work--

DUNKELMAN
You'd sell a condom to eunuch, wouldn't you? Son, I'm not buying any of your bullshit. And another thing -- next year no characters hired over the age of 19.

TURK
That's age discrimination.

DUNKELMAN
You think I don't have cause?

BERRIES
You're drunk with power, Dunkelman.
It'll be your ruin.

TURK
(to Berries)
Really?

DUNKELMAN
Security will escort you out.

Berries starts heading towards the door.

TURK
Let him say goodbye to everyone.

DUNKELMAN
They're just coworkers. They can
cope. Now get out!

INT. REGAL POINT, HALLWAY - DAY

Turk storms down the hallway and nearly runs into Candice.

CANDICE
We need to talk.

TURK
Kind of a bad time.

CANDICE
Good, I wanted to keep this short.
We should break up.

TURK
Where is this coming from?

CANDICE
I think we really need to do this.

TURK
Okay, so it's one possibility that
we should discuss further at
another time.

CANDICE
No, no.

TURK

And we could implement it in the future, if we both agree it's best.

CANDICE

No, this is it. I'm, I'm breaking up with you.

TURK

Did your Dad do this?

Candice starts to walk out the door.

TURK (CONT'D)

This whole thing is him, isn't it?

CANDICE

You did this, Turk. You did.

INT. CHARACTER LOUNGE - DAY

Tommy walks into the lounge. The other characters and guardettes are crammed in, but strangely quiet.

TOMMY

You guys playing Quaker meeting?

LITTLE MAGEE

They fucking fired Berries.

TOMMY

You're shitting me.

Tommy sits down on the floor.

BERBER

Is anybody still on a walk?

TOMMY

No. So what are we doing?

BERBER

Waiting for Turk.

TOMMY

He still has a job?

Motorin shrugs.

BIG MAGEE

Anybody know what he got fired for?

PAIGE
He's responsible for you guys. It
could be anything.

OWEN
This is all my fault.

BIG MAGEE
No, it isn't, big man. Clones
happen every year.

ASHLEY
I can't imagine anything that
Berries did that Turk didn't do.

The group nods. Little Magee puts his arm around Ashley, who
snuggles into him.

LITTLE MAGEE
If we're just waiting, somebody
turn the lights off.

CAKES
Dude.

Turk paces into the lounge, half out of breath.

TURK
Alright, kids.

BERBER
Everybody's here.

TURK
By now, I assume you all know that
Berries, who never hurt a soul, was
canned by that fascist asshole,
Dunkelman.

SANDY
What for?

TURK
For all of us, my furry, curry
friend. For all of us.

BIG MAGEE
It's that damn anniversary, isn't
it?

TURK

Exactly. He said that our shenanigans and overall frivolity pushed him to the limit, so he is trying to make an example of Berries and send a message to the rest of us.

OWEN

Message received.

Berber leaps to his feet.

BERBER

Wrong, Slown. Message rejected. I say we send our own message - we all walk through the park in our costumes with our hands bound behind our back, no heads on, but we wear hostage bags over our faces!

LITTLE MAGEE

Awesome!

TURK

Sit down, you idiots.

SANDY

We could all get a tattoo for Berries.

TOMMY

Too Jersey.

CAKES

I already have one.

PAIGE

How about a sit in?

CAKES

Too California.

MOTORIN

Every day is a sit in for us.

TURK

We can throw everything into it and try every damn stunt in the book, but at the end of the day they're gonna dump us!

Turk wipes the sweat from his face as they watch in silence.

TURK (CONT'D)

We're like an aboriginal tribe, fighting against the norms and strictures of the modern world. We have make a symbolic stand, even if we are about to perish. It's Massada.

ASHLEY

Sweetie, I can't understand what you say most of the time.

Little Magee pats Ashley's head.

TURK

What I am about to propose is not for the faint of heart. It may cost you your jobs but save your souls. Actually, it might cost you your souls too. Big Magee.

Big Magee stands up and reaches up into one of the tiles of the dropped ceiling and pulls out several rolled up sheets.

BIG MAGEE

I've been working on this plan for a while, just for fun. It was always just a dream, but now, now we can make it a reality. I call it, "The Afterbirth of the Characters' Reign of Apocalyptic Suffering."

They all stare for a moment, repulsed.

BERBER

We can work on that.

EXT. ROYAL POINT, FRONT GATE - DAY

Tommy walks with Big Magee and Sandy.

TOMMY

It's not about getting fired, it's getting arrested that concerns me.

SANDY

It'll be a slap on the wrist.

TOMMY

A slap on the wrist? I've tried one of these things before and all I got was burned. I'm just trying to get through college! I didn't sign up for this.

BIG MAGEE

Tommy, I get it. It's totally cool if you can't do this.

They walk in silence until they arrive at the entrance to the character workshop.

Waiting outside is Kent, from Tommy's old fraternity, dressed in seersucker pants, a tank top, and sunglasses.

TOMMY

Kent?

KENT

Tommy, my man. There you are. How've you been?

They shake hands. Big Magee looks at Sandy and shrugs while they wait by the wall.

KENT

Look, I've been trying to track you down. Your folks told me where you worked, but they hadn't seen you in a while. I couldn't believe it.

TOMMY

Busy summer.

Kent stares over his sunglasses at Sandy and Big Magee.

KENT

I see that. Look, man, we've had a few guys drop out of the frat this summer due to some academic-slash-methamphetamine misfortune. So the good news is we have a spot for you if you want to finish out your pledgeship.

Kent opens his hand to reveal a pledge pin to Tommy. Tommy looks at it.

TOMMY

You want me to come back?

KENT

You'll be a great addition to the brothers. And I can get that scholarship back in a semester. Just do hell week and you're in.

TOMMY

You know what hell I've already been through?

KENT

No hard feelings here.

TOMMY

No hard feelings? Talking to you is like wrestling a pile of rope.

KENT

What'll it be?

Tommy looks over again at Big Magee and Cakes. Big Magee jumps up on a nearby bench.

BIG MAGEE

(yelling at Tommy)

Tommy Wallace! I am Wind In His Hair.

(beats his chest)

Do you see that I am your friend?
Can you see that you will always be my friend?

Kent turns back to a smirking Tommy.

KENT

Who the hell is that?

TOMMY

He's a friend, Kent. A real friend. Something you don't have.

Tommy throws the pin onto the rooftop.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

I think you need to look somewhere else for what you want.

KENT

What a surprise. It looks like working at a playground didn't teach you anything.

TOMMY

No, no it didn't. Nice pants.

Tommy slaps Kent on the shoulder and walks towards the door, where Sandy and Big Magee join him.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

(to Big Magee)

I'm in.

EXT. REGAL POINT, FOUNTAIN - DAY

The park is decorated for the anniversary blowout. A band plays rocking music next to a bandstand, set against the park's main fountain. News teams are standing by.

A crowd of patrons watch the dancers perform a sexy routine around a huge anniversary cake. Tommy, Little Magee, Big Magee and Sandy, in costume, dance nearby.

Owen, in unusually baggy pants, shuffles next to a water pipe in the bushes. Paige drags a wire out of the back of the stage speakers and hides it in her pocket.

An ANNOUNCER bounces on stage.

ANNOUNCER

Welcome to the 25th Anniversary
celebration of Regal Point!

Mr. Regal, followed by Dunkelmann and the stuffy MAYOR, 55, walk onto the stage.

ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

We hope you've enjoyed the show so far. Before I turn it over to Mr. Regal and the mayor for a few words, we have some members of the local reserve unit at the ready to present Regal Point with special salute. So hold your ears everybody!

Three soldiers stand with guns ready for a rifle salute. Next to the soldiers, Berber wears the Horse costume pulled up over his head, with the Horse head resting on top.

The soldiers raise the rifles and fire. After the third shot, Berber slaps the horse head to the ground. He begins running around like a decapitated horse. Kids in the crowd begin to scream.

Berber runs directly towards one of the TV cameras, screaming.

MR. REGAL
What the hell is that?

DUNKELMAN
Oh shit.

Nearby, Paige takes the speaker wire out of her pocket and plugs it into her iPod and presses play. An obnoxious foreign dance song plays over the speakers, making Mr. Regal cringe. Dunkelman scrambles to the sound booth and fights with the sound manager.

MR. REGAL
(into the mic)
We'll have this straighten out in a moment, folks, just hang on.

Owen hooks a hose from his pants onto the plumbing intake. From under his shirt, he pulls a massive bag of fruit punch mix and squeezes it into the hose. After a moment, the water in the fountain turns to red punch.

Owen turns another valve and the red water sprays out of control, covering the scrambling patrons.

OWEN
And the streets will run red!

Mr. Regal grabs the microphone and points angrily.

MR. REGAL
Stop this! Stop this at once!

Tommy, Little Magee and Big Magee (in characters) sprint through the crowd and spray silly string on everyone.

The cake in front of the stage bursts open and out climbs Cakes, wearing the twisted "Belligerent Bear" head and holding a t-shirt launcher. A kid screams.

CAKES
Geez, I'm not Godzilla. Who wants a t-shirt?

Cakes fires a t-shirt into the Mayor's gut, sending him backwards.

Berber (in the headless Horse) tackles Little Magee and starts dryhumping him. Dunkelman runs at them swinging a mic stand.

DUNKELMAN

You bastards!

They easily disarm Dunkelman and push him in the fountain. Ambrose, watching in horror nearby, jumps into the fountain to save Dunkelman.

AMBROSE

Dunkey!

A prissy TV REPORTER, 35, panics into the camera.

REPORTER

A calamity has unfolded at Regal Point this afternoon, as there appears to be a coordinated attack on the park's anniversary celebration.

Behind the reporter, Berries and Turk ride naked through the crowd on a tandem bike, both wearing berets and fake mustaches. The Reporter looks back at the naked men, who stand and shake their asses at the camera.

REPORTER (CONT'D)

Attack might not be the right word.

Turk jumps off the bike and rushes the stage, pulling the microphone and Mr. Regal to the ground.

MR. REGAL

I'm gonna rip your nuts off, you little son of a bitch!

He swings and misses. Turk grabs him in a headlock.

TURK

Your daughter already tried that, asshole, but I love her anyway.

Turk throws him to the ground and heads to the stage. Berries stands on stage naked, swinging around a Regal Point flag. Turk and Berries head to edge of the stage near the fountain and grab hands.

BERRIES

I can't swim.

They jump in the fountain laughing.

Tommy runs by the cowering dancers. Nicole grabs him.

NICOLE

Tommy?

Tommy takes his head off.

TOMMY

You bet.

NICOLE

Oh my God, you can't take the head off.

TOMMY

Do you think it matters at this point?

Tommy grabs Nicole and gives her a long, hard kiss.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

You're welcome, Nic.

Tommy runs towards the fountain where most of the characters have jumped in. He cannonballs into the fountain.

SERIES OF STILL SHOTS:

PHOTO: Berber stands astride a fountain like it's a high-powered bidet, while security guards try to get him down. Cakes holds a guard back, while Sandy swims a backstroke nearby.

TOMMY (V.O.)

Dear Dad: I know I'll get a letter from you about getting arrested, so I thought it was time to write one of my own.

PHOTO: Berries carries Motorin on his shoulders, Motorin angrily swings a pool noodle at Dunkelman. Tommy does a bellyflop nearby.

TOMMY (V.O.)

You told me to savor my college years. To make the most of the memories. And you were right.

PHOTO: Turk holds Paige over one shoulder on the nearby stage, screaming into a microphone. Owen slams a guitar against an amp.

TOMMY (V.O.)

I just never thought the band of misfits I met this summer would be the guys, even though they freak you out.

PHOTO: Big Magee and Little Magee ride the tandem bike up a ramp and into the fountain.

TOMMY (V.O.)

Aside from you, Dad, these are the first people I've found that truly have my back.

PHOTO: All of the characters are standing together in a police lineup, soaking wet, with big smiles and arms around each others shoulders.

TOMMY (V.O.)

I guess it's more than a friendship, it's a brotherhood. The character brotherhood.

FADE OUT.