

PREMIERE AMUSEMENTS 2000
Pilot

Written by

Ritchie "Stonian" Johnston

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Contact info:

E-mail: richardjohnston83@hotmail.co.uk
Phone Number: (+44) 7718 275 002.

TITLE CARD - THE TOWN OF FICKLE - MAY 19TH 2000

The song "The bad touch by the Bloodhound gang" plays

FADE IN:

EXT. THE TOWN OF FICKLE

A Coastal town, with a small parade of shops.

A TOWN WORKER hangs a banner between two lamps in the heart of the town. The banner reads - "WELCOME SUMMER 2000" it's a quaint town with heart and colour.

It's a cheery town, FLORISTS put out a display.

A group of SKATEBOARDING TEENS, plow through the town, they use the tall plant pots and benches for grinding rails. They pass a BUTCHER who puts out his deal board, he stops and yells at the kids annoyed.

BUTCHER

Get a job you little bastards!

EXT. PREMIERE AMUSEMENTS - MORNING

A small car pulls up outside of the shuttered, beat-up looking PREMIERE AMUSEMENTS, an arcade adjoined to "LARRY LUCKS AMUSEMENTS" the only thing separating them is a small roofed alleyway housing the dumpsters.

From inside the car a woman speaks, she has a warm, enthusiastic tone.

MICKEY'S MUM (V.O.)

This will be good for you.

INT. SMALL CAR - CONTINUOUS

Inside the car sits MICKEY JONAS (15, grunge look, emotionally distant) he stares out the window.

MICKEY

If you say so mum.

In the driver's seat, MICKEY'S MUM (Late 30's), she tries to get some form of eye contact, but the music is disgusting her.

She turns off the radio, finally getting a reaction from Mickey.

MICKEY (CONT'D)
 Hey! I was listening to that.

MICKEY'S MUM
 That is a disgusting song.

MICKEY
 Yeah, but it's better than Barry
 Manilow, right?

Mickey's mum looks taken back for a beat.

MICKEY'S MUM
 I'm going to pretend you didn't say
 that.
 (warm smile)
 I know it's been tough finding your
 place this year. But try and enjoy
 this.

Mickey unable to handle the conversation bales.

MICKEY
 Yup, cool, see you tonight.

Mickey gets out the car.

EXT. PREMIERE AMUSEMENTS - CONTINUOUS

Mickey closes the car door, he walks around the building, a
 glass, sea-front complex, looking out over a sea.

Mickey stops short of the main entrance, his eyes open wide,
 in front of him -

A drunken man, clothes torn, a mess, BENNY KENNEDY (early
 40's) sleeps at the closed doors, a half-drunk bottle of
 scotch in his hand.

MICKEY
 Uh- Mr. Kennedy?

Benny stirs, his eyes slowly open.

Above him - a concerned Mickey.

MICKEY (CONT'D)
 Are you okay?

Benny sits upright.

BENNY
 This isn't my house is it kid?

MICKEY

No.

BENNY

Ah, I didn't make it home last night.

(sniffs)

Is that me or is that you?

MICKEY

I think that's you sir.

BENNY

Guess I didn't make it twice last night then.

Benny gets up and walks away, as he passes Mickey it's apparent he shat his pants.

BENNY (CONT'D)

If you see my wife, please don't tell her how you found me.

Mickey recoils in horror.

MICKEY

I- I won't.

The doors open from inside, on the other side -

A man holding a welcoming grin, his arms out wide, dressed in khaki's, a Nirvana T-shirt and blue Teflon blazer, CHUCK GREENE (early 20's)

CHUCK

Welcome, I'm your new boss chuck and welcome to -

CUT TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

EXT. THE TOWN OF FICKLE - MAIN TITLES

The sun rises over the cliffs of the seaside town. ELVIS PRESLEY'S "VIVA LAS VEGAS" blares.

A montage of the town: prestigious houses on the cliffs, a quaint town center, a fairground perched on the edge of the beach, and a strip of arcades lining the promenade.

We stop at PREMIERE AMUSEMENTS, which adjoins LARRY LUCK AMUSEMENTS.

CLOSE-UP: A FRUIT MACHINE spins... All three slots line up with bars labelled as PREMIERE AMUSEMENTS.

JACKPOT!

Cue main titles:

PREMIERE AMUSEMENTS 2000

FADE IN:

INT. PREMIERE AMUSEMENTS - ARCADE FLOOR - MORNING

A giant DANCE DANCE REVOLUTION MACHINE sits wrapped, a "GRAND LAUNCH TODAY" banner draped over it. An ENGINEER in blue overalls fiddles with the wiring.

In the background quietly plays "Steal my sunshine by Len" hidden by the noise of the gaming machines.

Chuck glares at it, mid-bite of a bacon sandwich. Beside him, Mickey struggles into his own blue blazer, clearly uncomfortable.

CHUCK
(impressed)
Looking fly kid! Look at you!

Chuck notices Mickey itching.

CHUCK (CONT'D)
Oh yeah, you'll get used to the Teflon. The rash usually subsides by month six.

MICKEY
The what?

CHUCK
Chicken butt.

The ENGINEER approaches Chuck, holding out a clipboard.

ENGINEER
That's everything. Sign the bottom, and we're golden.

Chuck lazily signs. The Engineer flips a switch.

D.D.R springs to life—lights flashing, MUSIC BLARES.

MICKEY

Wow, isn't that something, Chuck?

CHUCK

(unimpressed)

Apparently so, young Nick. But trust me, the novelty wears off faster than a holiday romance.

MICKEY

Uh- It's Mickey, actually.

CHUCK

Oh. Well. That's just plain unlucky for you, little mouse.

Chuck walks off. Mickey hesitates before jogging to catch up

CHUCK (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Come, new blood. First day, fresh season—let's get you acquainted before you quit in a week.

They walk through the arcade, past a row of blinking fruit machines on one side and gaming cabinets on the other.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

Now, out of the four top arcades in our quaint little town... you've landed at number five.

Mickey frowns. Chuck grins.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

But don't worry, Uncle Chucky's here. Things never stay boring for too long.

ACROSS TO THE BING AREA -

DAN (mid-30's, deadpan, bad skin even worse mood) polishes a large console and microphone that overlooks rows of fixed in coin-slot, bingo cards and stools.

CHUCK (V.O.)

This is Dan, our resident "possible" serial killer -

Dan looks up from the console, in front of him -

A smirking Chuck and a nervous Mickey.

CHUCK
I say possible 'cause I haven't
quite nailed the evidence yet.

DAN
Yes very humorous Chuck.
(eyes up Mickey)
Is this the new man?

CHUCK
'Man' would be a strong term. Look
at him—fragile, delicate. We're
taking care of him as he eases into
the harsh realities of the working
world.

DAN
Aren't you Higgy's nephew?

Mickey goes to answer, but then -

CHUCK
(interrupting)
He is, which means he's higher up
on the pay ladder than you!

DAN
(stunned anger)
What?!

CHUCK
Relax, I'm just ribbing you -

Chuck throws an arm around Mickey, leading him away. Over his
shoulder—

CHUCK (CONT'D)
(whispers)
Or am I?

Dan glares as Chuck and Mickey disappear into the arcade.

CHUCK (CONT'D)
Anyway's on with the tour.

Chuck and Mickey pass a caged off area, more gamblers, but
this area is crowded, each player locked in to their machine.

CHUCK (CONT'D)
That's the over eighteens only, so
no go for you young-un. Not even to
clean it.

MICKEY
It looks busy.

CHUCK
That's the dedicated crowd.

TO THE HEART OF THE ARCADE -

At the heart of the arcade is a circular booth with a glass opening, sat inside the booth is BASHER (A.K.A DIANA, 50's), a tough, short-haired blonde woman in a knitted dog jumper and a Kathy Bates "Misery" look, aggressively fumbles with a money bag, jamming coins into a dispenser with military precision. She scowls like she's at war with loose change.

ACROSS THE FLOOR -

Mickey and Chuck watch from a distance, even Chuck seems nervous.

CHUCK (CONT'D)
That over there is Basher.
(beat, turns shakes head,
whispers)
But don't call her that to her
face.

MICKEY
What's her deal?

CHUCK
(laughs darkly)
Oh, you'll find out. She's cold,
dead inside, and wears knitwear in
24-degree heat. That tells you
everything you need to know. Oh
that and Kathy Bates based her
"Misery" persona on Basher.

MICKEY
Really?

CHUCK
No!
(beat)
She was too scary for Kathy.

Before Mickey can respond, MARISSA (early 20s, gives as good as she gets), wearing her blazer over a crop top and low-rise jeans, sneaks up behind them.

MARISSA

Are you still scaring the newbies
Chuck?

Chuck spins, grinning, arms open wide.

CHUCK

Marissa! Our resident law student,
back for summer! The very
definition of a part-timer-

MARISSA

(flatly)
Wow, thanks.

CHUCK

(grinning)
- She justifies it by knowing that
lifelong debt and an existential
crisis will totally be worth it.

MARISSA

Says the guy who won't leave his
hometown.

CHUCK

Why leave when the party's only
just starting?

Marissa and Chuck share a stare, it lasts a little longer
than it should which makes Mickey uncomfortable -

MICKEY

Uh- am I interrupting something
here?

CHUCK

(laughs)
No!
(beat)
It's good to see Marissa. We went
to school together. She turned me
down. There was heartbreak.
(a beat)
-All on her part, of course.

MARISSA

(rolls eyes)
Of course.

Chuck and Marissa hug. Chuck, pulling back, gestures toward
Mickey.

MICKEY
 Anyway, I'm Mickey.

CHUCK
 (whispers loud to Marissa)
 He's Higgy's nephew. The nepotism
 is real this year

Marissa eyes Mickey up and down, then turns to Chuck with concern.

MARISSA
 He's not like-

She sniffs her wrist pointedly. Mickey looks further confused.

MARISSA (CONT'D)
 -Louie, is he?

CHUCK
 Hands up, not so far!

MARISSA
 Cool. Anyway, Clarky sent me. Some
 kid blew chunks all over the
 grabber machines.

CHUCK
 (eyes light up)
 Ah yes! A true trial by fire.
 (pats Mickey on the back)
 Go on then, young blood. Cut your
 teeth on some vomit!

MARISSA
 Also, the boss wants you and Clarky
 in his office.

CHUCK
 Did he say why?

MARISSA
 Nope. But he looked mad. "Luxury
 Liner. Now." mad.

CHUCK
 Eugh. And it's only the first hour
 of the season.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. LUXURY LINER AMUSEMENTS - MORNING

A busy, gaudy, neon-lit arcade-turning-casino hybrid. Lights flash out of sync, a clash of BGM music, it's well maintained, the floor staff like military, cleaning machines, all in the same uniform as the Premiere, it's packed out with gamblers eager to lose money and kids playing the games.

Kids play claw machines, filled with knockoff Pokemon plushies.

MR. TALBOT (V.O.)

Chuck, Mr. Clark, I think it's pretty clear the Premiere isn't what it once was.

INT. THE BOSS'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Chuck and CLARKY ((50s, chain-smoker, still clinging to his '50s Teddy Boy glory days) sit opposite the boss, MR. TALBOT (60s, stylish, with wavy white hair and the air of a man who loves money) in a big, office that overlooks the floor of the Luxury liner.

It's a, cluttered office with decor stuck in the 1970's. The CRT monitor hums faintly next to a stack of blue money bags.

Talbot looking out the window at his empire sighs -

THE BOSS

This is going to be the Premiere's last summer. I'm putting it on the market.

CHUCK

WHAT?!

CLARKY

But Mr. Talbot, we're getting there, the new dance machine's just been installed this morning.

THE BOSS

Guys, I've been in this game nearly thirty years. Once upon a time, we had queues down the block for Pac-Man.

(a beat)

Now? Pac-Man's Lucky to make ten quid in a season.

CLARKY

The gamblers still bring in cash,
though.

THE BOSS

They do. But the Premiere was
supposed to be the go-to-place for
families.

A deeply concerned look hits the boss.

THE BOSS (CONT'D)

This morning when I parked up there
was a crack head sleeping outside
the entrance.

CHUCK

Oh that's no crack head sir, that's
Benny. Y'know the guy who fixed
your roof.

(beat)

He has a habit of getting so wasted
he forgets where he lives.

THE BOSS

(perturbed)

Maybe so. But it doesn't set the
right example does it?

(sighs)

Either way the families aren't
coming in. They're all at home
playing Nintendo, PlayStation-

(beat for though)

That new one's coming soon-

(snaps fingers)

What's it called again?

CLARKY

The Xbox sir.

THE BOSS

Right. Kids don't wanna pay to play
anymore.

CHUCK

That's not entirely true boss, the
new lads cleaning up a kids vomit.

THE BOSS

(grimaces)

Not the kind of engagement I was
hoping for.

CHUCK
So - Anyone interested in buying?

THE BOSS
Larry Griffith. Wants to turn it
into a Laser Quest.

A beat. Open mouthed Chuck glares at the boss horrified.

CHUCK
A-fucking-Lazer quest?!

THE BOSS
The one in Faynesfield is doing
well. I would of considered it but
the refurb costa alone.

The boss shakes his head.

CHUCK
Not to mention it'd look like a
seizure-inducing nightmare.

THE BOSS
Look, I appreciate everything
you've done.
(stares directly at Chuck)
And as always, I'd appreciate
discretion.

CHUCK
Do we have any chance?

THE BOSS
We'd have to have a killer summer,
maybe. Or -
(a beat, chuckles then)
Or, maybe even you two could buy it
off me?

Chuck and Clarky fake laugh as they stand.

CLARKY
Well, we'd best get back.

THE BOSS
Chuck, a word?

Clarky exits. Chuck hesitates.

CHUCK
What's up boss?

THE BOSS

Look, I know there's our -
 "History". But I really hope like
 that, you can keep this one to
 yourself.

Chuck backs away, his hands in the air, he's casual, but nervous, he really doesn't want to talk about this -

CHUCK

Hey, man. That- that is your
 "history" and business boss.
 Nothin' to do with me.

Chuck backs to the door.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

Anyway, I'd best go see what
 catastrophe Mickey's doing back at
 base.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. PREMIERE AMUSEMENTS - MORNING

The rundown, slightly sad looking arcade, joined to the more flashier "LARRY LUCK AMUSEMENTS", The other side a near desolate car park. A few people wander around, some towards the arcades.

Inside a dry heave is heard -

INT. PREMIERE AMUSEMENTS - CONTINUOUS

A fed up Mickey scrubs at a suspicious stain in the carpet, T-shirt pulled over his nose. A pair of stylish, confident feet step into frame.

SARAH (O.S.)

They got you doing *this* on your
 first day?

Mickey freezes. He looks up, eyes widening.

MICKEY

(nervous exclamation)
 Sarah!

EVERYTHING GOES TO SLOW MOTION -

A glow emanates around SARAH TALBOT (16-18, effortlessly cool, boss's daughter) as "Genie in a bottle by Christina Aguilera" plays.

Mickey is in awe of her -

Sarah approaches, she looks Mickey up and down, speaking with a bubbly, bright tone in her voice -

SARAH

Mickey Jonas? You work here now?

Mickey snaps too, reality kicks back in -

MICKEY

Ah-uh Yeah, my mum thought I needed to be "constructive." Or something, I don't know?

SARAH

Yeah, I did hear about *that* incident at school

An awkward beat. Mickey rubs his arm.

MICKEY

Uh-so anyway, what are you doing here?

SARAH

Uh, working? Also - my dad owns this place.

Mickey blinks, connecting the dots.

MICKEY

Oh. That makes sense.

Sarah sprays polish on a gaming machine.

SARAH

So? How's it going?

MICKEY

Didn't expect this on day one.

SARAH

Yeah, Chuck and Clarky like to test the newbies. Trust me, it gets better.

(warm smile)

We do know how to have fun.

Mickey forms a nervous smile as Dan stomps over.

DAN

Sarah. New guy. Bingo starts in five minutes. You're both on prize duty.

SARAH

Thanks, Dan.

Mickey offers a handshake.

MICKEY

It's Mickey. We met earlier.

Dan scoffs, walks off, muttering to himself.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

What's his deal?

SARAH

Oh, Dan? He's still salty Chuck got promoted over him. Two seasons ago. When they're out he likes to think he's the next in charge.

MICKEY

How did that happen?

SARAH

(shrugs)

No clue. Dad hated Chuck at first. Even fired him once. Then, outta nowhere—boom. Assistant manager

MICKEY

And he's never explained it?

SARAH

Nope. Dad's business is his business.

A SMALL KID run by stops and vomits on the carpet.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Oh. That's nasty.

MICKEY

Oh my God! Where are the parents?

The small kid runs off into the arcade.

SARAH

I'd best go find them.

Sarah starts to walk away, she turns back - smiles at Mickey.

SARAH (CONT'D)

It's good to see you here Mickey, I think you'll fit in well.

Mickey watches Sarah leave, it's clear he's soft on her. But then - Reality and the smell hits. Mickey gags as he gets back to work.

ACROSS THE FLOOR -

Clarky enters through the main entrance, he surveys the near-empty arcade.

A few DECREPID CUSTOMERS play the slot machines, their eyes locked on reels. The sound of cash hitting slots.

The prizes in the glass cabinets look like they were last updated before the millennium.

Clarky sighs to himself as Marissa approaches -

MARISSA

Clarky? You good?

Clarky lights a cigarette. Inhales. Exhales. he maintains a steely tone.

CLARKY

Marissa. Cover the floor. Gotta sort the prize attic.

MARISSA

Sure thing. What about Chuck?

CLARKY

He's decided on an early lunch.

Clarky walks off. Marissa watches, frowning, Sarah joins her, now also concerned -

SARAH

Hey! What's going on?

MARISSA

No idea. But the last time I saw Clarky this grumpy was when we were told the Bowl-n-go was going to the Luxury Liner.

(MORE)

MARISSA (CONT'D)

(lowers voice)

I got a bad feeling about this.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE DIVE BAR.

Adjacent to the Premiere Amusements, across the car park is THE DIVE BAR. Standing on it's own, it's anything but it's namesake, decorred to look like a beach party.

A steady flow of people pass by.

TED (V.O.)

Hey, Chucky. Why you looking like someone's pissed on your cornflakes?

INT. THE DIVE BAR.

Chuck sits at the bar, nursing a glass of Coke, absentmindedly picking at a silver bowl of chips. He looks up.

CHUCK

Talbots considering selling the Premiere.

Down the bar and approaching is TED (mid-20s, Chuck's best friend, perpetually clad in horrendous Hawaiian shirts). He's drying a glass, eyeing Chuck with concern.

TED

(surprised)

What?! No way. He's had that place since we were kids.

CHUCK

Before even that, Teddy. He says it's becoming a relic.

(sighs)

He might even be right. Nobody plays in arcades anymore. It's all 'stay home, sit in your underwear, and game online' now.

TED

And this whole 'shopping on the web' thing seems to be catching on.

(eye's widen)

Speaking of -

Ted ducks under the bar and comes back up with some colorful flyers. He lays them out with a flourish.

TED (CONT'D)
 Ordered these online. Took four weeks, but damn.
 (runs hand over flyer)
 That print quality is something else.

Chuck picks up a flyer, admiring it.

CHUCK
 What about Buncrofts Printing?
 They've been a staple of the town for years.

TED
 Buncrofts closed down.

CHUCK
 They did?

TED
 Yeah. I heard Woolworths is thinking of pulling out too. Too expensive

CHUCK
 (sarcastic)
 What? Least there's still the holiday shops right?

TED
 Word is only half are coming back this year.

Chuck turns his attention down, back to the flyer

CHUCK
 So Anyway, what's this?

TED
 Some local college kids putting on a drum-and-bass D.J contest. I haven't even put the flyers out yet, but the tickets are already flying.

CHUCK
 A contest?

A booming, thick voice cuts through the bar. Chuck's brow furrows at the sound. His eyes roll upwards -

JONNY CARGO (O.S.)
Well if it isn't the soon to be
unemployed Chucky Greene!

ACROSS THE BAR -

JONNY CARGO (Late 20's, burly set, full of attitude, not intelligence) swaggers across the bar towards Chuck, taking a seat right next to him and ruffling his hair, much to Chucks annoyance.

CHUCK
Jonny, good to see they let you out
your cage this morning.

JONNY CARGO
(to Ted)
Pint of Carling Shandy please, Ted.
(to Chuck)
You're a funny fucker ain't you
Chuck. You'll need that once you're
back in the job market.

CHUCK
So you know then?

JONNY CARGO
Do I know?
(beat, beaming grin)
It's all the boss talks about.
Expanding into your place? That's
his wet dream come true.

CHUCK
Always the poet, Jonny.

JONNY CARGO
I can't wait to be the one that
fires you, hell I might even make
you dance to "try" and keep your
job.

A beat. An idea hits Chuck hit eyes light up, a wicked grin forms.

CHUCK
What did you just say?

JONNY CARGO
I said I might even make you do a
little dance to k--

Before he can finish, Chuck leaps off his stool, ruffles Jonny's hair, and plants a kiss on his head.

JONNY CARGO (CONT'D)

Hey what the hell man?

CHUCK

Jonny, I know I really under appreciate you sometimes -

(a beat)

Well all the time. But you inspire me not to be a total ape. Like you -

-

(beat)

-- that's it.

Chuck pinches Jonny's cheek and bolts out the door, leaving Jonny scowling in confusion.

JONNY CARGO

What the hell was that?

Ted slides Jonny's beer over.

TED

Well, I think you just gave him an idea. Also, he said his beer was on your tab!

Jonny taking a refreshing sip of his pint spits it across the bar -

CUT TO:

INT. PREMIERE AMUSEMENTS - DAY

The double doors swing open. Chuck struts in, beaming, like a man who just won the lottery.

His confidence evaporates as he turns his head.

ACROSS THE ARCADE FLOOR -

a YOUNG CHILD, pees straight into the seat of a spin-around motion ride. A slow, rhythmic whirl as the ride turns the kid like a rotisserie chicken.

BACK TO CHUCK -

Chuck's face contorts in pure horror. He raises his hands in surrender and backs away, calling out, with a chant in his voice -

CHUCK
Oh new blood!

INT. PREMIERE AMUSEMENTS - PRIZE ATTIC - CONTINUOUS

Clarky sits in a cramped attic space surrounded by shelves of cheap toys, chocolates and the kind of junk you see on late-night shopping channels. He sighs, scribbling notes in his inventory book.

He pauses for a moment, turning round and reaching under the pile of stuffed toys behind him pulls out a dusty old photo album.

He blows the dust off and opens it -

Inside - Clarky, The Boss, and Higgy all looking a lot younger and happier, cutting the ribbon outside the Premiere. A note beneath it reads: "GRAND OPENING 1975."

Chuck pops his head up through the attic door, he's ignorant at first, jovial, upbeat -

CHUCK
Oh Clarky, the savior has arrived!

Clarky shoves the book under an oversized teddy bear.

He quickly wipes away a stray tear from under his glasses.

CLARKY
(abrupt)
Ever heard of knocking?

CHUCK
It's an attic, Clarky. There's no door. Also, I literally announced myself with my signature 'OH CLARKY' entrance.

A beat. Chuck clocks Clarky's emotional state.

CHUCK (CONT'D)
You good? Need a minute? Hug? A themed motivational speech?

CLARKY
I'm fine. What do you want?

Chucks expression lights up -

SWIPE CUT TO:

INT. PREMIERE AMUSEMENTS - ARCADE FLOOR - MOMENTS LATER

Chuck and Clarky stand behind the D.D.R machine, an array of music and flashing lights.

CHUCK
This bad boy is about to keep us
our jobs.

Clarky turns to Chuck, blank expression, cigarette hangs from his mouth, he don't believe it -

CLARKY
What, the flashing migraine
machine?

CHUCK
Clarky, my guy, my dude, my beloved
cynic—we turn Friday nights into a
party. Summer-long high score
contest. Boom. Instant crowds.

CLARKY
(raised brow)
And how are you going to pull that
off?

CHUCK
I don't know. I'm formulating. But
the pieces are here, I can feel it.

CLARKY
(skeptical)
You know Talbot won't go for any of
that. He won't want to spend money
on this "sinking ship"

CHUCK
That's where the ol' Chuck charm
comes in.
(beat)
When I have a plan to get the
crowds through the door.

CLARKY

(blunt)

You really are living in the clouds
Chuck.

Clarky walks away. Chuck looks slightly hurt—until a voice from behind startles him -

MICKEY (O.S.)

I think it's a good idea, Chuck.

Chuck turns, sees Mickey. Sighs.

CHUCK

(sarcastic)

Yup. Thanks. validation from the
new guy. I feel unstoppable now.

INT. PREMIERE AMUSEMENTS - BINGO AREA - CONTINUOUS

Dan sits at the bingo desk, flicking his finger along his hairline, sending small dandruff flakes onto the monitor below. As an attentive half full audience plays bingo in front of him.

DAN

Blue four and two, forty two, we
have a blue forty two!

Mickey comes back, he pauses for a moment with a fascinated, horror, watching Dan's movements.

DAN (CONT'D)

White six and eight, sixty eight,
white sixty eight.

MICKEY

(whispers)

My God. It's snowing.

DAN

Red, its just the single, its
number one, red one.

A firm TAP on Mickey's shoulder. He turns—BASHER, cigarette in hand, blows a thick cloud directly into his face.

BASHER

So, you're the new kid then?

MICKEY
 (coughs)
 Yeah I'm Mickey.

DAN (O.S.)
 A green pair two and two,
 twenty two, we have a green
 twenty two.

BASHER
 How you finding it?

MICKEY
 It's different. I washed dishes at
 a country club before this.

BASHER
 (nodding)
 Word of advice—don't be like the
 others. They think they can be
 slack -
 (taps her eyes)
 But I see everything.

Her eyes LOCK onto someone. Her body tenses.

ACROSS AT THE GAMBLING MACHINES -

A CHAVY MAN, with his burberry cap covering his eyes,
 nervously looks around, he oozes suspicion, sticks out like a
 sore thumb.

He thinks the coast is clear, he pulls out an ELECTRIC
 LIGHTER and dismantles it removing the igniter.

He checks the coast again - it's clear.

Chavy man shoves the igniter into the chrome payslot.

CLICK -

An error message appears on the digital display.

JACKPOT. CHING. CHING. CHING. Coins rain down.

He scoops them up—until -

BASHER (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 And just what do you think your
 doing son?

The mans eyes widen, he freezes -

Stood a meter away Basher lines herself up, like a rugby
 player readying for the hard tackle.

The man bolts, he runs across the arcade floor.

He dodges a small crouched-over child.

Three steps behind him without hesitation Basher launches she jumps over the child, landing smoothly, and continuing her sprint.

AT THE BINGO AREA -

Mickey watches on, his jaw dropped. Chuck approaches from behind, he stirs a hot cup of black coffee, his eye's also fixed on Basher -

CHUCK
Isn't she like a lion in the wild.

EXT. PREMIERE AMUSEMENTS - DAY - CONTINUOUS

The chavy man exits the arcade, he stops desperate to get away, he looks for options.

The main doors open behind him, BOOM. He goes down, rugby tackled by Basher.

She sits on top of him, delighting in the catch.

INT. PREMIERE AMUSEMENTS - CONTINUOUS

Mickey and Chuck stand side by side, they recoil back.

MICKEY
Damn.

CHUCK
Oh yeah, that's going to leave a mark alright.

Chuck takes a sip from his coffee, he turns to Mickey and smiles patting him on the shoulder -

CHUCK (CONT'D)
That's why no one cheats here. Now, go young one, take your lunch hour.

Chuck walks away -

CHUCK (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Don't be gambling though!

Mickey rolls his eyes, he walks from the bingo over to the D.D.R machine, he stops, it's clear.

AT THE MAIN ENTRANCE -

Jonny Cargo saunters in, his smug grin making the room 10% greasier. He looks around the place eyeing it up.

The arcade floor is a little busier but still half-empty, machines auto play and Mickey steps on to the dance machine.

Chuck approaches Jonny, he has a stern tone in his voice -

CHUCK (CONT'D)

Jonny, I think your early onset dementia is kicking in, you're in the wrong arcade.

JONNY CARGO

(smirks)

Just seeing what's new. Boss wants an inventory.

CHUCK

Oh, getting ahead of yourself, huh? Sale's not final.

JONNY CARGO

Oh, it will be. And don't worry, sweetheart-

Jonny looks over to Marissa, who's stood nearby polishing a gaming machine.

JONNY CARGO (CONT'D)

-I'll make sure we keep you around. Maybe in something a little tighter.

CHUCK

Back it up, Donkey Kong.

Jonny steps up to Chuck, meets him, nose to nose.

JONNY CARGO

You want to take this outside?

CLARKY (O.S.)

Jonny. You know the rule. No beefs in the arcade.

Jonny steps back. Clarky commands respect.

JONNY CARGO

Mr. Clark, I ain't here to cause trouble. Just business.

CLARKY

And yet... here we are, nearly
throwing hands.

JONNY CARGO

Sorry, look, when we get this
place, I'm sure my boss is going to
look after you. You've always been
a top fella.

Something catches Chucks attention -

AT THE DANCE MACHINE -

Mickey is hitting top scores, he is bustin' moves the machine
is cheering him a small crowd is starting to gather.

Jonny smirks, leaves. Chuck watches him go, fists clenched.

BACK TO CHUCK -

A wide grin forms on Chuck.

CHUCK

Oh Jonny. Do you really think it's
over that easy? We're going
nowhere!

Chuck wraps his arms around Jonny, confidence fills, as he
escorts him to the exit.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

And as assistant manager until the
day comes these doors permanently
close.

Chuck opens the door and pushes Jonny out.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

You are banned!

Jonny stares stood on the doorstep.

JONNY CARGO

You- You can't do that!

CHUCK

(smirks)

I just did! I am assistant manager -
Bitch!

Chuck pulls the door shut.

CHUCK (CONT'D)
Good riddance.

CLARKY
What are you upto Chuck?

CHUCK
I'm formulating Clarky. I'm
formulating.

AT THE BINGO AREA -

Dan steps off the bingo stage. Sarah takes his place, as she sits down she looks at the operating screen -

Dead skin flakes cover it like a fine layer.

Sarah blows off the skin, it becomes a dust cloud, she coughs, clears her throat and speaks into the microphone, with a smile -

SARAH
Good afternoon ladies and gentlemen, I'm Sarah, you've got me for the next hour calling you some bingo.

CROWD MEMBER (O.S.)
Get on with it.

AT THE DANCE MACHINE -

Mickey finishes inputting his name into the high score, he looks over to the bingo area, allowing himself a brief moment to fawn over Sarah, oblivious to the approaching Chuck.

CHUCK
She really is a sweet girl.

Mickey JOLTS, nearly knocking over a tall, standing ashtray.

MICKEY
Oh- uh- who? Sarah? I mean yeah, she's okay. We go to school together.

CHUCK
(laughs)
Yeah, and now you work together. That's all it'll ever be-especially with her being the boss's daughter.
(pats Mickey on back)
(MORE)

CHUCK (CONT'D)

But hey, respect—you got taste. And
I always love a good underdog
story!

Chuck turns serious.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

So, that score. That's something.

MICKEY

Ah, yeah. I spent last summer
playing one on an all week holiday
whilst my parents negotiated
divorce.

CHUCK

Ouch.

(beat)

But you could do that again?

MICKEY

Psh, yeah. All day.

A beaming smile forms on Chuck, he starts to back away.

CHUCK

You hold that thought.

(a beat)

Oh yeah, the ashtrays need emptying
into the bins outside when you're
done here.

Mickey sighs.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

It gets better tomorrow kid.

Chuck walks out of the main entrance.

CUT TO:

EXT. LUXURY LINER AMUSEMENTS - EVENING

It's busy outside the Luxury Liner, crowds are coming in and
out.

INT. LUXURY LINER AMUSEMENTS - MAIN FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Chuck enters, he's greeted by HIGGY (50's balding, bearded,
has a flair for cords and short sleeve shirts, old school)
and DICKY (50's, also old school, but comes off like Mafia)

HIGGY
How's my nephew fitting in with the
rest of the brat pack?

CHUCK
He's something Higgy I'll tell you
that.

DICKY
So what brings you from the sewer
to the palace then?

CHUCK
Dicky, you cheeky old bastard. They
not retired you out yet?

DICKY
I still got a few years left in me
yet young 'un.

CHUCK
Oh, that I don't doubt. The boss
around?

HIGGY
Yeah, he's playing bowling, keeping
Louie on his toes.

CHUCK
Someone's gotta.

They share a laugh.

AT THE BOWLING AREA -

Mr. Talbot bowls down the middle lane, the bowling is packed
with families having a good time.

Chuck enters, he looks over to the other side of the room

ON THE STEPS -

At the steps by the fire escape sits LOUIE (mid 30's, nice
but simple) he sits in a world of his own, sniffing his
wrist.

BACK TO CHUCK -

Chuck gives Louie a half assed wave -

CHUCK (CONT'D)
 Louie, looking sharp there man!
 (mutters)
 Ground control to Major Tom!

Chuck approaches Mr. Talbot, who's busy lining himself up to bowl.

Chuck clears his throat -

CHUCK (CONT'D)
 Hey boss, any chance I could grab a word?

Talbot throws his ball.

It rolls smooth down the alley. STRIKE.

Talbot smirks to himself, he turns finally noticing Chuck -

MR. TALBOT
 Shouldn't you be at The Premiere?

CHUCK
 Yeah, well, I couldn't sit on this.
 Gotta talk to you.

MR. TALBOT
 I am a little busy Chuck as you can see.

CHUCK
 Oh I know. But I figured I would tell you how I'm going to save the Premiere and make you a ton of money this summer.

The Boss grabs his next ball, rolling it between his hands.

MR. TALBOT
 I love the enthusiasm Chuck. But it would have to be one hell of an idea.

Louie drifts over, surprised to see Chuck.

LOUIE
 Ah Chuck mate, how long have you --

CHUCK
 (dismissive)
 -- Not now Louie, that was two minutes ago!

Chuck turns back to The Boss, stepping onto the alley.
Confident. Fired up.

CHUCK (CONT'D)
All I want is a minute in the
office, if you don't like it then
you can fire me.

The CRASH of pins echoes. Mr. Talbot's brow raises.

CUT TO:

INT. THE BOSS'S OFFICE.

The Boss lounges at his desk, feet up, sipping a lukewarm
coffee. Across from him, Chuck paces like a man possessed.

CHUCK
We host a high score contest at the
end of the summer, we get the last
two to compete make it an event. A
fifty grand prize, winner takes
all.

MR. TALBOT
Fifty grand! Jesus Chuck why don't
I give them all my sports cars
while I'm at it.

CHUCK
You don't have to. I have a ringer.
The new kid, he's good, he's more
than good, I watched him finish the
hardest difficulty with top score.

MR. TALBOT
Chuck, I'm sorry. This just sounds
desperate.

Chuck stops dead. He gulps, steels himself—he's got something
to say.

CHUCK
Look. I know why I got my job back.
And why I got promoted.

The Boss stiffens.

CHUCK (CONT'D)
I didn't say anything 'cause, well,
I like the job.
(MORE)

CHUCK (CONT'D)

But boss, listen- I know you think I'm going to use that *secret* against you like I'm some kinda... blackmailer.

The Boss's face drops. His foot slides off the desk.

THE BOSS

Are-are you blackmailing me Chuck?

CHUCK

What?! No! The opposite! If this place is gonna survive, we need to trust each other. These arcades, they're my life. And yeah, times are changing-but I'm not ready to roll over. I wanna fight.

Beat. The Boss eyes him, intrigued.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

I will put the fifty grand prize money up, out of my own pocket.

MR. TALBOT

You have that kind of money?

CHUCK

I work sixty hours a week in the summer and it's too cold to do anything else in winter, so yeah. I have the money.

Chuck fumbles around in his jacket, he pulls out the photo of the Premieres Opening and places it down in front of Talbot.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

The Premiere is the place all the kids who stick out come to work. I was one of those kids. It's a foundation of our town, a town that needs a little fight if you ask me!

(a beat)

So what do you say?

Talbot looks at the photo, a heavy look hits him -

Cue - Tubthumping by Chumbawumba.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET/ PREMIERE AMUSEMENTS - NIGHT

Chuck strolls down the street, he jumps fist pumping the air, full of pride until something catches his eye -

OUTSIDE THE PREMIERE -

Mickey is bound and industrial taped to the wall outside, like a fly in a web, with a note attached - "THIS ISN'T OVER, SUMMERS JUST STARTING"

Chuck approaches, he looks Mickey up and down, frowns -

CHUCK

Jonny Cargo?

He peels the tape off Mickey's mouth.

MICKEY

I was emptying the bins and some guys came out of next door, they were with that gorilla that came in earlier.

CHUCK

What, Jonny?

MICKEY

Yeah, they grabbed me and said "welcome to the neighborhood", taped me to the wall, took my shoes and left.

CHUCK

Classic. How long you been there?

MICKEY

About half an hour.

CHUCK

And no one came looking for you?

MICKEY

Sarah and Marissa have gone, Clarky was doing some machine maintenance and Dan is arguing with his mum on the bingo.

CHUCK

Yeah, they do that.

Chuck helps Mickey down.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

Look. I need your help kid. I need to save this place and dammit those little magical dancing moves of yours will do it.

MICKEY

I don't want to empty bins anymore.

CHUCK

Okay, done.

MICKEY

Or vomit.

CHUCK

(thinks about it, then)
Negotiable. But, I will help you with that little Sarah crush you have.

Chuck looks up at the neon glow of the PREMIERE ARCADE sign, the lights reflecting in his eyes. He grins, a man on a mission.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

There's only one Premiere. And WE do the fucking around, around here.

Chuck and Mickey head back into the Arcade, Chuck opening the door for Mickey.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

Come back tomorrow, we'll get some payback on those primates.

Chuck extends his hand.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

So what do you say?

Chuck notices Mickey's tapped to the wall still, but Mickey nods.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

Oh, yeah right.

Chuck starts to help Mickey down.

The neon sign flickers, brightly into the night, its glow emanates onto the road.

The E's in the sign all go out.

What could go wrong --

FADE TO BLACK:

THE END.