

PREMIERE AMUSEMENTS 2000  
Pilot

Written by

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First draft completion date: 07/10/2024

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FADE IN:

EXT. THE TOWN OF HUNSTANTON.

We OPEN TO the sunrise over the cliffs of the coastal town of Hunstanton, the song **VIVA LAS VEGAS** by **ELVIS PRESLEY** comes on.

FADE IN SUBTITLE: **HUNSTANTON, THE YEAR 2000**

We see more of the small seaside town, with prestigious houses along it's cliff line. A quaint town in it's heart, a fairground on the edge of a beach and a line of arcades along its promenade.

We stop at the **PREMIERE ARCADE AMUSEMENTS**, an arcade that adjoins on to **CHESTNUT AMUSEMENTS**.

We **CLOSE UP** on the three reels of a fruit machine that lines up with three cherries

Cue main titles:

**ARCADE 2000**

CUT TO:

INT. THE **PREMIERE ARCADE AMUSEMENTS** - **ARCADE FLOOR**.

We OPEN TO a wrapped up **DANCE, DANCE REVOLUTION** machine, a banner that reads "**GRAND LAUNCH TODAY**" an **ENGINEER** in blue overalls works on installing it.

A half scruffy looking man in a blue Teflon blazer with a nirvana T-shirt, **CHUCK** (early 20's) eats a bacon sandwich, he stares at the machine, with an annoyed glare. Taking a bite from his sandwich, Chuck shift his eyes, we **PAN ACROSS** and meet Mickey (16-18) he struggles to get his blue blazer on, it makes his arms itch.

**CHUCK**

Yeah, you'll get used to the Teflon. The rash usually subsides by month 6!

The engineer approaches Chuck, he holds out a clipboard.

**ENGINEER**

That's everything. Sign on the bottom line and we're golden.

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Chuck signs the paper, the engineer steps round the back, he flips a switch, the dance machine comes to life, loud music pours from the machine as the engineer removes the wrapping.

Mickey watches in awe.

MICKEY

*Wow, isn't that something, Chuck!*

CHUCK

*Apparently so, young Nick. But trust me the novelty soon wears off.*

MICKEY

*It's actually Mickey.*

CHUCK

*Well, that's just plain unlucky for you, little mouse!*

Chuck walks away, he calls back to Mickey.

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

*Come on then new blood, it's a new season and your first day, let's get you acquainted!*

Mickey runs to catch up.

Mickey and Chuck walk between an array of lit machines, on the one side is the fruit machines. On the other, gaming cabinets.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

*Well, I'll say this only once, Out of the four main amusement arcades in town you could of worked in, you've got number five!*

Chuck stops, he turns to Mickey and grins.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

*But don't worry, Uncle Chucky is here and things are never not interesting for too long!*

A straight faced man, DAN (mid 30's) with really bad flaky skin, cleans down a bingo console with polish as Chuck and Mickey approach.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

*Mickey, this is our resident possible serial killer, Dan.*

(MORE)

CHUCK (CONT'D)

I say possible cause I can't quite prove it yet.

Dan looks up from his cleaning, he is not amused.

DAN

Get fucked Chuck. *Is this the new man?*

CHUCK

Man's a strong term here, look at him he's fragile and delicate and so we're taking care of him as he eases into the working world.

DAN

*Aren't you Ralph's nephew?*

Mickey nods as he goes to speak, Chuck cuts him off.

CHUCK

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

DAN

WHAT?!

CHUCK

Relax, I'm just ribbing you...

Chuck wraps his arm around Mickey, he turns and walks away looking over his shoulder, he grins and whispers.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

*... Or am I?*

CUT TO:

INT. ARCADE - CASH DESK.

In a glass booth cash desk at the heart of the arcade, an angry, short haired blonde woman, who wears a knitted dog jumper, BASHER (A.K.A DIANA) fumbles with a money bag, arranging a coin dispenser into an orderly fashion.

We PAN BACK as Chuck and Mickey watch her from a distance.

CHUCK

That there is Basher, but I wouldn't call her that to her face.

MICKEY

Why do you all call her that?

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CHUCK

*HO...HO..HOOO that is a question I have no doubt you will find out the answer to later on. But see how she looks cold, dead inside, wears a knitted jumper in 24 degree heat, tells you a lot right!*

A young woman, she's dressed in the blue blazer with a polo top and a beaming smile, MARISSA (early 20's) approaches Chuck and Mickey from the back.

MARISSA

*Good to see nothing changes round here, Chucky!*

Chuck turns, he smiles and holds his arms out.

CHUCK

This here is Marissa, she is our resident university student, here for summer break. The pure definition of the part timer here...

Marissa gives Chuck an off look.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

... But, she justifies it by knowing that in the end, the crippling life long debt and anxiety of 'am I good enough' will be totally worth it.

MARISSA

Say's you, the guy who won't leave the confines of his hometown.

CHUCK

*Why leave when the party's only just starting?*

MICKEY

(awkward)

Am I interrupting something here?

CHUCK

(laughs)

No! It's good to see you Marissa, we were in school together, she turned me down, there may have been some heart break all on her part of course...

Chuck and Marissa lean in for a hug, as he pulls away Chuck brings his attention back to Mickey.

MICKEY

Anyway, this is Mickey, Ralph's nephew.

Marissa looks at Mickey, she eye's him up and down before turning to Chuck with a concerned look in her eye.

MARISSA

*He ain't like --*

Marissa gestures sniffing her wrist.

MARISSA (CONT'D)

*-- Louie is he?*

Chuck holds his hands up and shakes his head.

CHUCK

*Not so far!*

MARISSA

Ah well that's cool. Look, Clarky's sent me, a kids been sick over by the grabbers.

CHUCK

AH YES! A true trial by fire...  
(pats Mickey on the back)  
... G'wan then young blood, go cut your teeth and clean up some sick!

MARISSA

The boss has also asked for both you and Clarky in his office.

CHUCK

Did he give any inclination as to what it might be about?

MARISSA

Nope, but he didn't look happy! He's waiting for you at the Luxury Liner.

CHUCK

Of course he is.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE LUXURY LINER AMUSEMENTS.

We CUT TO the exterior of the LUXURY LINER AMUSEMENTS a bustling, casino type arcade.

A softly spoken, middle age voice speaks, this is THE BOSS.

THE BOSS (V.O.)

*Chuck, Mr. Clark, I think it's pretty clear, the Premiere isn't doing as well as it used to...*

CUT TO:

INT. THE BOSS'S OFFICE.

Chuck and CLARKY (mid 40's-50's, has a 1950's Teddy boy style, chain smoker) sit on the opposite side of a large desk filled on it's top with blue money bags and a CRT computer monitor. They both look like this is unwelcome news, on the opposite side of the table is THE BOSS, (early 60's, well dressed, stylish with wavy, white hair), he looks almost sad.

THE BOSS

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

CHUCK

*WHAT?! NO WAY, YOU CAN'T!*

THE BOSS

Guys I've been in this game nearly 40 years, the times are changing. Pac Man used to have queues round the corner, now, it's lucky to see 10p a season.

CLARKY

The gamblers do well though, sir.

THE BOSS

Yes they do, but the Premiere wasn't built to be a casino, it was built as the fun place you could bring your kids, but look around, no more kids, they're all at home playing Nintendo, Playstation, that new ones coming soon...

(snaps fingers)

... What is it called again.

CLARKY

The Xbox sir.

THE BOSS

Yes, that one. Kid's don't want to pay to play anymore.

CHUCK

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

The boss recoils in horror.

THE BOSS

*Well Chuck, that isn't exactly what I meant.*

CHUCK

Have you got anyone interested?

THE BOSS

Harry Chestnut from next doors made me an offer. He's interested in turning it into a Laser quest.

We PAN IN on a horrified Chuck.

CHUCK

*Did you say a fucking Laser Quest?!*

THE BOSS

Yes, the one in Norwich does quiet well from what I hear, but the cost to refurbish the Premiere for me would be too much.

CHUCK

Not to mention it would look *fucking horrendous, what a seizure inducing nightmare.*

THE BOSS

Look guys, I really appreciate everything you've done and as always, I'd appreciate both your discretions on this.

CHUCK

Would there be anyway to save it?

THE BOSS

Well, if we have a fantastic summer I am open to keep going...

(MORE)



THE BOSS (CONT'D)

(laughs)

... Or you could buy it off me.

Chuck and Clarky both feign a laugh, they stand and go to exit behind their seats.

THE BOSS (CONT'D)

Chuck can I grab a private word.

Chuck stops, he turns back as Clarky exits the door behind him

CHUCK

What's up, boss.

THE BOSS

Look, I know that we have "our thing", I trust in light of all this shake up, I can trust you.

CHUCK

Hey man, *THAT is your business!*

CUT TO:

EXT. THE PREMIERE ARCADE AMUSEMENTS.

We CUT TO the Premiere Amusements, a smaller arcade adjoined to CHESTNUT AMUSEMENTS. Sat on the edge of a council car park. The Premiere looks a little bit more run down than it's counterpart.

We hear the sound of Mickey gagging.

CUT TO:

INT. THE PREMIERE ARCADE AMUSEMENTS.

Mickey has his polo shirt covering his nose and mouth, he scrubs at a stain in the red, cheap carpet. As he does, a set of young woman's legs step into frame.

WOMANS VOICE

*He seriously hasn't got you doing this on your first day?*

Mickey stops scrubbing, he looks up, his eye's widen as he recognise's the voice. He speaks through the makeshift shirt mask, a happy, almost nervous tone in his voice as it breaks.

MICKEY

SARAH?!

Sarah (16-18, stylish, smart, popular type) stands over him, she's also in the work uniform.

SARAH

Mickey Bennett! You work here now?

Mickey stands, he removes his shirt down from his mouth, it's clear he's nervous as his red cheeks give him away.

MICKEY

Yeah, my mum. She thought it was time I did something constructive. What are you doing here?

Sarah waves her hands down her uniform.

SARAH

I work here, duh! Also, I am the boss's daughter.

Mickey thinks for a moment, everything snaps into place for him.

MICKEY

Of course you are.

Sarah sprays polish on one of the screens of the nearby gaming machine, she starts to clean it.

SARAH

*So how you finding it?*

MICKEY

It's cool, but I didn't think I'd be doing this on the first day.

SARAH

Ha, well, Chuck and Clarky they like to whittle out the weak from the sturdy, trust me though it does get better.

Dan approaches he has a stern look on his face.

DAN

Sarah, new guy, the bingo is opening in five minutes, I'll need you both to be on prize distribution.

SARAH

Okay Dan, thanks for letting me know.

Mickey offers his hand out in a handshake.

MICKEY  
My name's Mickey by the way.

Dan dismisses it, he scoffs and walks away, this perturbs Mickey.

MICKEY (CONT'D)  
What's his deal?

SARAH  
Dan? He's harmless enough. Just quirky, he's still mad cause Chuck got promoted over him. It's been two seasons now, hopefully he'll ease up.

MICKEY  
How did that happen?

SARAH  
No one knows. My dad hated Chuck when he started, he even fired him, then one weekend out the blue he's back and promoted to assistant manager.

MICKEY  
Has he said nothing to you about it?

SARAH  
Na, daddy's business is his thing.

MICKEY  
*Fair enough...*

Mickey rolls his eyes he pulls his shirt back up over his nose.

MICKEY (CONT'D)  
.. Anyway, I'd best get back to this if I got to help Dan in five.

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

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

Sarah walks away leaving Mickey, he takes a moment watching her as she walks away, but a sharp aroma snaps him back to his senses, he wretches and kneels back down to his bucket of water and sponge.

We PAN ACROSS to the entrance as Clarky enters the arcade, he takes a few steps in and looks around the Arcade.

We PAN AROUND seeing things from Clarky's perspective, a near empty arcade, with a few people playing fruit machines, a selection of cheap and nasty prizes sit in the cabinets over the machines surrounding the inside wall of the building.

We come back to Clarky who sighs.

Marissa approaches him, she looks concerned.

MARISSA

*Hey Clarky, is everything okay?*

Clarky puts a cigarette in his mouth, he lights it taking a puff before shaking his head and exhaling.

CLARKY

Mar, reckon you could watch the floor for me. I need to go sort the prize attic out.

MARISSA

Sure. Where's Chuck?

CLARKY

He's decided to go for an early lunch.

Clarky walks off, leaving Marissa. Sarah approaches her.

SARAH

What's up there?

MARISSA

I don't know, but both floor managers go, one comes back and promptly disappears. I have a bad feeling about this.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE DIVE BAR.

We CUT TO the DIVE BAR, a pub that sits on the other side of the car park to the PREMIERE.

It's a solo building but big, it may have a tacky name but it has an exquisite look about it, cars pass by as do a steady flow of passers by.

TED (V.O.)

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

CUT TO:

INT. THE DIVE BAR.

Chuck sits at the bar, he nurses a glass of coke and picks at a silver bowl of chips, he looks up.

We PAN ACROSS to TED (mid 20's Chuck's best friend, wears horrendous hawaiian shirts), he cleans a glass giving his friend a concerned look.

CHUCK

He's thinking of selling the Premiere!

TED

(surprised)  
What?! No way, he's had that since we were kids.

CHUCK

Before even that, Teddy. But no one plays games in the arcades anymore. It's that *stay at home and play* thing now.

TED

It doesn't help that the town is slowly dying out, this whole shopping on the web thing seems to be taking off...  
(eye's widen)  
... *Speaking of...*

Ted reaches under the bar, he pulls out some flyers and places them on the bar.

TED (CONT'D)

... I got these from this website, took about four weeks, but damn...  
(runs hand over flyer)  
... that print though!

Chuck picks up the flyer, he is impressed.

CHUCK  
*And it was cheaper?*

TED  
Loads man.

Chuck nods, he looks at the flyer.

CHUCK  
So what's this about?

TED  
Local college kids, they want to put on some drum and base, D.J contest. I haven't put the flyers out yet, but damn, the tickets have been flying out for it.

Chuck nods, he's impressed.

CHUCK  
*That's cool... a contest you say?*

A Booming, thick, West Norfolk voice calls out from across the bar, as soon as Chuck hears it his brow lowers.

JONNY CARGO (O.S.)  
WELL IF IT ISN'T THE SOON TO BE  
UNEMPLOYED, CHUCKY GREENE.

We PAN ACROSS to JONNY CARGO (mid 20's - early 30's, wide set, not the most intelligent guy, thuggish attitude), he stands at the bars entrance, we FOLLOW HIM as he comes and takes a seat next to Chuck.

JONNY CARGO (CONT'D)  
Pint of Carling Shandy please, Ted.

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

JONNY CARGO  
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? It's all the boss is talking about, expanding to yours is his wet dream coming 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 keep your job.

An idea hits Chuck, he beams with a smile.

CHUCK  
What did you just say?

JONNY CARGO  
I said I might even make you dance  
for it to keep your job, yeah, I'll  
have you on as my toilets cleaner.

Chuck jumps off his bar stool, he ruffles Jonny's hair and  
kisses the top of his head.

JONNY CARGO (CONT'D)  
Get the fuck off me.

CHUCK  
Jonny, I know I really under  
appreciate you sometimes, well all  
the time --  
(pauses)  
-- no that's it.

Chuck exits leaving Jonny looking confused.

CUT TO:

INT. THE PREMIERE ARCADE AMUSEMENTS.

The double doors at the main entrance open, Chuck enters,  
he's beaming, he turns his head, his smile fades and turns to  
disgust.

We PAN ACROSS to see a YOUNG CHILD stood with his back to us  
peeing into the seat of a spin around motion ride.

We PAN BACK to Chuck, he raises his hands and walks off  
camera calling out as he does.

CHUCK  
*OH YOUNG BLOOD!*

CUT TO:

INT. THE PREMIERE ARCADE AMUSEMENTS - PRIZE ATTIC.

Clarky sits in a tight space attic, he is surrounded by shelves stocked with bears, chocolates, cheap gifts, stuff that you see at 3 a.m on the shopping network. With a notebook in his hand, he marks down the inventory, he is sullen.

He pulls out a photo book from under some of the prizes, he opens the book, a happy look of nostalgia takes over him.

We PAN OVER his shoulder and see a photo of Clarky, The Boss and Ralph stood cutting the bow outside the Premiere, note under the photo reads "GRAND OPENING 1975"

Chuck pops his head up through the open floor.

CHUCK

Oh Clarky, the saviour is here!

Clarky shoves the book under a giant stuffed teddy bear, he turns his head as he wipes a tear away from under his glasses.

CLARKY

Haven't you heard of knocking?

CHUCK

It's an attic Clarky, there's no door. Plus I did kind of yell and did that "OH CLARKY" thing.

Chuck notices Clarky's upset.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

You okay there? Need a minute?

CLARKY

*No I'm fine, what do you want?*

CUT TO:

INT. THE PREMIERE ARCADE AMUSEMENTS - ARCADE FLOOR.

Chuck and Clarky, with a cigarette hanging off his bottom lip, stands in front of the dance machine, it is empty but on auto play, the music is loud, the flash of the screen flickers off the lads uniforms.

CHUCK

This bad lad is about to keep us our jobs.



CLARKY

What are you talking about?

CHUCK

Oh Clarky boy, I'm talking about the future, we make Friday nights a party and we host a contest for the highest score of summer.

CLARKY

You really think people will buy into that?

CHUCK

Well, you remember when we went to the expo last year and ordered this, the queues getting on it, the movement, the entertainment.

CLARKY

Yeah.

CHUCK

Well, we could do that here. I mean fuck, the boss can move the gamblers over to the Luxury Liner and we could have ourselves space.

CLARKY

He isn't going to go for that!

CHUCK

Ah come on Clarky, where's your sense of adventure. He will, we just have to be more entertaining, oh and we'll totally need new uniforms cause...

(sings)

... These suck!

CLARKY

You really are living in the clouds Chuck. He won't go for that. You really think with the boss being the boss he'll wanna put up a grand prize, especially cash.

CHUCK

That's the beauty of it, he won't. Look, leave the persuading to me okay, but I got a plan, means we might have to move a few things around here, but, yeah, I got a plan.

CLARKY

Well, least you got something.

Clarky turns and walks away. This almost upsets Chuck a little, until a voice from behind him snaps him out of it.

MICKEY

I think it's a good idea, Chuck.

CHUCK

Thanks...

Chuck looks down at Mickey disappointed, he shakes his head and walks away.

CUT TO:

INT. THE PREMIERE ARCADE AMUSEMENTS - BINGO AREA.

Dan sits on a small rectangular stage, in front of him a computer generated bingo desk with a microphone, he sits flicking his index finger along his hairline, each time a small mass of skin drops down onto the screen below.

DAN

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

We PAN BACK to see a disturbed Mickey watching Dan do this.

DAN (CONT'D)

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

We PAN AROUND and see the bingo area, six rows split down the middle each row with six seats and four plastic bingo cards forged into the seated desks.

DAN (CONT'D)

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

A hand taps Mickey on the back, he turns.

Basher stands behind him, she smokes a cigarette blowing a thick cloud of smoke into his face.

BASHER

So, you're the new kid then?

DAN

A green pair two and two, twenty two, we have a green twenty two.

MICKEY  
Yeah I'm Mickey.

BASHER  
How you finding it?

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

BASHER  
(nodding)  
Hmm. Well, I'm Diana, I run the  
cash desk. Word of advice don't be  
like any of the others round here.  
They think they can be slack...  
(taps at eyes)  
... I see it all.

Basher locks her vision on someone, her eyes narrow and her  
look intensifies.

BASHER (CONT'D)  
I'll be right back.

Basher dashes off.

A MAN IN A POLO TOP, looks shifty, he looks around making  
sure the coast is clear.

He pulls out an ELECTRIC IGNITOR from his jeans, places it  
under the metallic coin tray and clicks it. The machine  
starts to dump out cash.

The man lowers himself scooping it into his shirt until a  
voice calls out and startles him

BASHER (CONT'D)  
*AND JUST WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'RE  
DOING, YOUNG MAN?!*

Basher stands ready for action, she smirks as a predator  
would finding it's hunt.

The man starts to bolt through the arcade, coins fall out of  
his shirt, Basher charging after him catching up quickly.

The man navigates around a small crouched over child, Basher  
leaps over the child.

Mickey watches on, he stirs at a cup of tea as Chuck  
approaches him.

CHUCK

Isn't she like a lion in the wild.

We PAN AROUND to the windows that show a sea view and see Basher chasing the guy outside, the man stops and hesitates, but Basher doesn't, she tackles the man with a confident rugby tackle.

Chuck and Mickey recoil back.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

*... Oh, that's going to leave a mark.*

We watch from the window again as Basher lifts the guy off the ground and slams him against the window with a loud THUD.

We PAN BACK as an older woman, DAN'S MUM (early 70's) stands, she has a grin as she waves her hands in the air.

DAN'S MUM

HOUSE!

CHUCK

(smirks)

*That's why no one cheats here, you're up now kid!*

Chuck enters into the CASH DESK/ BACK OFFICE, as Dan rips a coupon out of a book, with his back to Mickey he holds the coupon out.

Mickey takes the coupon down, the bingo has a fair few people playing, but it is still more than half empty, Mickey approaches Dan's mum, he passes her the coupon, she sits turning her head up as if she's looking down her nose, speaking to Mickey with a nasally tone in her voice.

DAN'S MUM

Thank you love. Can you tell my son that his dinner will be ready for five please.

MICKEY

(confused)

*Your son?!*

DAN'S MUM

Yes, the sad sack, sat scraping his dandruff onto the monitor over there.

MICKEY

OH...

(smiles)

... sure thing I will.

Mickey turns and walks away, Dan's mum continues.

DAN'S MUM

Also tell him his room is filthy  
and needs cleaning.

Dan glares down his glasses, this irritates him.

Mickey approaches.

MICKEY

(exhales nervous)

Ah, hey Dan.

DAN

I heard.

We PAN ACROSS to the main entrance, Jonny Cargo enters, he looks around the place, he smirks with a smug grin.

Chuck approaches.

CHUCK

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

JONNY CARGO

Nah, I just wanted to see what you  
got that's new this year. My boss  
would like an inventory.

CHUCK

Getting a little ahead of yourself  
there Jonny, our boss hasn't said  
the sales going through yet.

JONNY CARGO

It's as good as done, trust me...

Jonny nods ahead, we PAN OVER and see Marissa watching on as she cleans down one of the gamblers with a cloth.

JONNY CARGO (CONT'D)

.. And don't worry sweetheart, I'll  
make sure we keep you around. Get  
you a nice outfit too, something  
real tight!

CHUCK

(laughs)

Oh Jonny, you and your caveman  
ways, such a gent to the ladies, I  
keep myself awake at night  
wondering, how is he so much better  
than me?

Jonny steps up to Chuck.

JONNY CARGO

You want to take this outside do  
you?

Clarky approaches, he steps in between Jonny and Chuck.

CLARKY

Jonny, you know the rules. The beef  
stays away from the arcades.

Jonny steps back, he has more respect for Clarky, and  
addresses him with such.

JONNY CARGO

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

CLARKY

But yet, here we are on the cusp of  
it!

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.

Jonny leaves. Clarky and Chuck watches on as he leaves,  
Chuck's eyes burning a hole into the back of Jonny's head.

CHUCK

*Ohhh I fucking hate that guy.*

CLARKY

Oh trust me lad, I think the  
feeling is mutual.

CHUCK

I totally had that you know.

CLARKY

I know, but it never hurts to have  
backup.

Chuck wraps his arm around Clarky, he kisses him on the top of the head.

CHUCK

*Clarky!* Where would I be without you?

Chuck shakes his head, Clarky takes a pull from his cigarette.

CLARKY

You think you can pull this plan of yours off?

CHUCK

(surprised)  
Huh?

CLARKY

*The contest*, reckon it could work?

CHUCK

Well, Ted told me the bar have been getting by hosting D.J contests, they bring in numbers. It's something, it could be nothing, but Clarky, we can't let this become a laser quest, *no fucking way!*

MICKEY (O.S.)

*Those are cool, I went to the one in Norwich.*

Chuck narrows his brow this grates him, he's not impressed, he turns around to see the hopeful looking Mickey stood behind him.

CHUCK

Mickey -- Just no! What d'ya want?

MICKEY

A kids got their arm caught in the grabber, I was told you have the keys.

CHUCK

Alright, let's get to it then!

Chuck and Mickey start to walk away.

CLARKY

Have a word with the boss and see what he thinks!

(MORE)

CLARKY (CONT'D)

You're right, I've put too much  
into this place to just let it get  
destroyed like that.

Chuck turns back, he smirks and salutes Clarky.

CHUCK

You got it, boss.

Chuck and Mickey walk off.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

*Now come on then, oh little  
learner, let a pro show you how  
this is done!*

CUT TO:

INT. THE PREMIERE ARCADE AMUSEMENTS - LATER.

Chuck leans inside a glass grabber machine, he keeps his hand  
on the slide door panel holding it in place, next to him a  
young girl stands, her arm stuck in the delivery slot.

CHUCK

Yep -- I can see the problem here --

Chuck leans out of the machine, he kneels down beside the  
young girl.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

Honey, you need to let go of the  
toy your holding, it didn't drop  
out.

The embarrassed little girl slides her arm out with ease, her  
parents stand over her both look embarrassed and annoyed.

Chuck stands, he addresses the parents.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

See, all good and all body parts in  
tact!...

(leans in and whispers)

... You don't get that next door!

Chuck reaches into the grabber, he pulls out a fluffy, purple  
dragon.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

Oh, look what fell out!

Chuck passes the dragon to the little girl.



CHUCK (CONT'D)  
I guess you're going to have to  
keep it now aren't you!

The little girl smiles.

CUT TO:

INT. THE PREMIERE ARCADE AMUSEMENTS - BINGO AREA.

Dan steps down off the Bingo, Sarah passes him, she takes a seat and looks down at the display, her face recoils as she brushes off the mounted pile of dead skin off the screen, she takes a deep breath and speaks into the microphone.

SARAH  
Hey there ladies and gentlemen, I'm  
Sarah, I'll be calling the bingo  
for the next hour...

We PAN BACK as Mickey cleans a roulette machine, he watches on over the bingo from a distance.

In a world of his own, Mickey doesn't see Chuck approach from behind.

CHUCK  
She really is a sweet girl.

Startled Mickey, quickly dismisses the statement.

MICKEY  
She's okay, we share a few classes  
together.

CHUCK  
(laughs)  
Yeah and now you work here, that's  
all it'll be especially with her  
being the bosses daughter.

Chuck pats Mickey on the back.

CHUCK (CONT'D)  
But good for you man, you've got  
taste I'll give you that!

Chuck turns and walks away, leaving through the main doors. Mickey goes back to cleaning the glass dome of the roulette wheel.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE LUXURY LINER AMUSEMENTS.

We FOLLOW Chuck as he crosses a busy street and enters into the Luxury Liner.

CUT TO:

INT. THE LUXURY LINER AMUSEMENTS - MAIN FLOOR.

As Chuck enters, he approaches two men stood looking out the front glass windows, one of the men, a slightly balding, bearded man, RALPH (50's) and DICKY (Late 50's, always wears a tie and smart dress, hair bryl creamed to the max)

Ralph turns and shakes hands with Chuck.

RALPH

Chucky, I hope you ain't over working my nephew over there?!

CHUCK

Of course not, the guys arcade royalty, Ralphy!

DICKY

You can always tell when this ones bullshittin' you Ralph, he speaks.

CHUCK

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

DICKY

You cheeky fucker, I still got a few years left in me yet.

CHUCK

(grins)  
So anyway, the boss about?

RALPH

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

CHUCK

Someone's got to right?

The three laugh. Chuck walks away, we FOLLOW him as he walks through the busy arcade, each gambling machine manned by a paying customer. Chuck navigates his way to the back where a ten pin bowling alley is, the boss bowls down the middle lane, while groups of families fill the other alleys.

As Chuck enters, he looks off to his right, he raises his hands and does a half wave.

CHUCK (CONT'D)  
Louie, looking sharp there man!

We PAN ACROSS and see LOUIE (late 20's) he sits on some steps leading to a fire escape, he sniffs at his wrist in a world of his own. We PAN BACK to Chuck, who shakes his head.

CHUCK (CONT'D)  
(to self)  
*Ground control to Major Tom!*

Chuck steps up to the alley where the boss plays, he clears his throat, he's a little bit nervous.

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

The boss bowls his ball, we FOLLOW as it rolls down the lane striking the middle pin of ten, they scatter.

The boss turns and notices Chuck.

THE BOSS  
Chuck, aren't you supposed to be at the Premiere?

CHUCK  
Yeah, well, I couldn't hold onto this and I really need to chat to you!

THE BOSS  
I am a little busy right now.

CHUCK  
Yeah well, I figured you'd have time to listen to how I'm going to make you a ton of cash this summer without giving up the premiere.

The boss picks up his ball, he lines his shot up and bowls it, with a crash he turns back to Chuck.

THE BOSS  
And how are you so confident this is going to work.

Louie approaches, he's happy but surprised to see Chuck.

LOUIE

Ah Chuck mate, how long have you --

CHUCK

(cuts off)

-- *Not the time Louie, that was five minutes ago!*

Chuck steps up to the boss on the alley, he takes in a deep breath, he's confident in his plan.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

Cause if it doesn't, I'll mortgage my house and cash in my inheritance and buy the place myself!

We hear the crash of pins in the background as the boss raises his brow at this proposal.

CUT TO:

INT. THE BOSS'S OFFICE.

The boss sits at his desk with his feet up, he seems relaxed as he listens to the pacing Chuck.

CHUCK

So it's that simple, we host a summer long contest, make every Friday an event night, go big or go home right!

THE BOSS

Yeah, but Chuck, that's going to take some investment and...

(sighs)

... I don't know, I think we're past that.

Chuck stops pacing, he gulps, he's got something to get off his chest.

CHUCK

Look, I know why I got my job back and I know why I got promoted, I didn't say anything cause I needed the job, but look, I know you think I'm going to come at you with this boss, I'm going to spill your "secret" but seriously boss, I'm not. It's not me.

The bosses face drops.

THE BOSS

*Are -- are you blackmailing me  
Chuck?*

CHUCK

What?! Fuck no! I'm trying to do the opposite, if I want to keep my job and make this work and if we're going to do that, we need to trust each other, right?

The boss slowly nods, Chuck has his interest.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

Good, I don't want you to think I am going to stab you in the back. These arcades, they are a part of my life. I know that times are changing, but I'm not ready to give into that, I want to fight -- That is, if you'll let me.

THE BOSS

*Hmm, okay, say I do that, what do you need?*

CHUCK

Well, I'm going to need a budget, a P.A System and a few old machines out of parts and service, I'm also going to need more staff...

THE BOSS

Bankrupt me why don't you?

CHUCK

Well, I will to close the Premiere for a week to get it ready!

The boss raises his brow, this doesn't sound like his kind of good idea.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE PREMIERE ARCADE AMUSEMENTS - DUSK.

Chuck walks across a quiet road, he's smiling full of pride, as he approaches the Premiere, something catches his attention.

We PAN ACROSS and see Mickey tapped to the outside wall with industrial tape.

Chuck approaches his smile fades to uncertainty.

CHUCK  
*You alright there, kid?*

Chuck removes the tape from 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  
They did, did they? 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 from the wall.

CHUCK (CONT'D)  
You want to come back tomorrow and  
get some payback?

MICKEY  
Get some payback?

CHUCK  
Oh yeah--

Chuck looks up to the bright lights of the PREMIERE ARCADE the lights glow against the color of his eyes. He smiles, proud to be a part of this family.

CHUCK (CONT'D)  
*-- We're gonna get them back  
alright! There's only one Premiere,  
and we do the fucking around here!*

FADE TO BLACK:

**THE END.**