

THE ACTIVITY ATTENDANTS

"Karens and Closets" - Pilot

Written by

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COLD OPEN

FADE IN:

EXT. SERENITY SPRINGS ARCHERY RANGE - DAY

HARLEY (25, chipper, ambitious) stands in front of a line targets and fake foam animals. A group of CHILDREN watch, uninterested. She holds a compound bow, ready to fire.

Trees and picnic tables filled with GUESTS surround them.

HARLEY

Okay, for my right-handed friends,  
we're gonna stand with our feet  
facing...

Harley looks around, unsure.

HARLEY (CONT'D)

Uh, this tree! And the bow is going  
to sit in our left han-

An arrow hurls past her head. She leaps back and turns to the group of children. A boy, TYLER (12, never been told no) holds a bow, snickering.

HARLEY (CONT'D)

(gentle)

Hey kiddo, I said no firing until  
we're all ready. You need to be  
more careful. We don't want to turn  
anyone into swiss cheese do we?

MRS. WALTON

Excuse me?

A woman, MRS. WALTON (Early 40s, very rich, dressed far too formal) stomps over to Harley.

MRS. WALTON (CONT'D)

You watch your mouth when you talk  
to my son. Do you have any idea who  
he is? Or is this how you treat all  
your guests, belittling them and-

Harley glances to the camera with a fearful expression.

HARLEY TALKING HEAD

HARLEY

My name is Harley, and this is my third week, working in the activity department here at Serenity Springs.

EXT. RESORT YARD - SUNSET - FLASHBACK

Harley stands in front of a foldable table. A group of children in smocks and gloves tie-dye shirts. She smiles as she watches over.

HARLEY (V.O.)

I wasn't really sure what an activity department was before I applied to work here, but if I had known it was basically just babysitting a bunch of rich people and their kids...

At the end of the table, a KID (5) struggles. Harley kneels down and takes the bottle. She turns it upside down and squeezes it.

The bottle explodes with a POP, covering her and the child in blue dye.

HARLEY TALKING HEAD

HARLEY

I'm not so sure I would have gone through with it.

**END OF COLD OPEN**

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. ACTIVITY DEPARTMENT DESK - MOMENTS LATER

Harley approaches to RAYMOND (35, tall, blunt, gruff), typing on a computer. He glances up at Harley.

The sign above him reads, "Activity Department" with framed photos of the activities on the wall behind.

RAYMOND  
How was archery?

HARLEY  
It was-

Two kids run past the desk almost tripping Harley.

RAYMOND  
No running!

He shakes his head then goes back to typing. DANI (27, effortless, artsy) stomps over, covered in paint.

HARLEY  
Oh um, I thought the kid's finger painting class was an hour?

Harley pulls out a paper schedule from her pocket and fumbles to open it.

DANI  
Yeah well one of those kids told me I look like I struggled to learn how to ride a bike.

HARLEY  
Isn't the age limit for that class supposed to be ten?

DANI  
Oh, it is.

Raymond tears away from the computer and turns to the pair.

RAYMOND  
How many times do I have to tell you, that you can't just end class early because you don't like the kids.

DANI  
They can't read clocks, Raymond.

DANI TALKING HEAD

DANI (CONT'D)  
My name is Dani, and I'm the art instructor here at Serenity. Which means I've watched an insane amount of kids try and succeed to eat paint.

INT. ACTIVITY DEPARTMENT DESK - CONTINUOUS

Raymond and Dani loom over the computer. Harley watches, sidelined.

HARLEY  
Do you guys mind if I go talk to Adam really quick?

DANI  
Why. What'd you do?

HARLEY  
(flustered)  
I-I just had a little hiccup at archery I think I should talk to him about.

DANI  
We can hold down the fort. Right, Raymond?

Dani playfully nudges Raymond. He glares back at her.

RAYMOND TALKING HEAD

RAYMOND  
I'm Raymond. I've worked here for five years now, and I'm one of the main reasons we haven't been sued. At least not since I started.

INT. RESORT LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Harley passes through the upscale yet woodland themed lobby. Nature photos, couches, a grand fireplace, and potted plants fill the space. FAMILIES mill about with suitcases.

A massive logo of two phallic shaped pine trees with the letter "S" engraved in them, hangs behind the front desk.

Harley smiles at the FRONT DESK EMPLOYEE (30s) who rolls their eyes. She looks away, embarrassed.

INT. COLEEN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

ADAM (30s, meek, awkward) cowards across from COLEEN (60s, impatient, permanently upset)

COLEEN

No more excuses, Adam. Two and half stars for customer satisfaction is just humiliating.

ADAM

I promise I'm trying. I even hired more help. The team is really shaping up.

COLEEN

Look at my face. See that. That's me not caring. No one is going to come to upstate New York for family friendly activities and fun if the top review is...

Coleen scrolls on her computer.

COLEEN (CONT'D)

"Staff was lifeless and activities were borderline deadly."

ADAM

Give us till July. That's like halfway through the summer right? We'll have it up by then. I promise.

Coleen pinches the bridge of her nose, thinking.

COLEEN

Fine. But if guests aren't leaving raving about your activities, changes are going to have to be made. Now get out of my office. You're getting your sweat all over the place.

Adam rises. He wipes his hands on his pants, and reaches for Coleen's hand. She glares at him for a second then resumes working.

INT. MANAGEMENT OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Harley steps in. Cubicles with busy EMPLOYEES line the room. Adam approaches looking anxious, but smiles when he sees her.

ADAM

If it isn't my favorite new attendant! Come on in. Make yourself at home.

Adam opens the door to his closet office. He climbs in.

ADAM TALKING HEAD

ADAM (CONT'D)

I'm Adam, and I'm the manager of the super cool activity department here at Serenity! Like my office?

FLASHBACK MONTAGE:

- Adam makes a phone call.
- Adam decorates his desk with a photos of him and a cat.
- Adam plays 2048.
- Adam sadly watches his co-workers from a far at the water cooler.

ADAM (V.O.)

Well my stuff started overflowing when I had a cubicle. But, one day I remembered this closet and thought, you know what, that would make a great office. And Coleen said I could just have it!

ADAM TALKING HEAD

ADAM

(insecure)

Do I miss the camaraderie of the cubicles? I mean sometimes, but the other managers still visit.

INT. ADAM'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Adam sits in a large office chair, listening intently. Harley squats on a tiny stool next to him.

HARLEY

And I tried to calm her down, but she just wouldn't listen.

ADAM

It happens. Our guests expect to be treated like royalty. You have to make sure you prioritize safety. You don't wanna be like me right?

Adam throws his leg onto the desk knocking over a few knick knacks.

HARLEY

Oh!?

He rolls up his khakis and reveals a circular shaped scar.

HARLEY (CONT'D)

Is that from an arrow?

ADAM

No, it's from a hot glue gun mishap. But, how cool would that have been?

HARLEY

Very cool. But you're right. Safety first. Thanks, Adam.

Harley gets up to leave.

ADAM

Before you go. What was the name of that guest again?

HARLEY

Oh um, I think their last name was Walton.

ADAM

Walton! Oh no. Oh no no no no.

Adam pulls out his phone and rapidly scrolls.

HARLEY

Why? Who is she?

Adam passes his phone over. A social media page that has over a million followers called "The Walton Bunch" fills the screen. The most recent post features Mrs. Walton and her kids in the lobby.



ADAM

The Waltons are family vloggers, mega rich, and they have over a million followers. We call those kind of people, VIPS. Usually to avoid situations like this.

HARLEY

What should we do?

ADAM

Give her anything she wants! I've seen this once before. Her fans will descend on us in masses. It'll be a bloodbath!

HARLEY

Don't worry Adam. I'll fix this, I swear!

Harley scurries away. Adam clicks on one of Mrs. Walton's posts.

INT. CAR - FLASHBACK

Mrs. Walton and her daughter, BRIELLE (6), sit in a parking lot.

MRS. WALTON

Hey Walton Nation, I'm just logging on to spread awareness about this coffee shop!

Angle on: B-roll of a small, family owned cafe.

MRS. WALTON (CONT'D)

They just lost our business. They refused to remake my drink after I mistakenly threw it at the worker.

INT. ACTIVITY DEPARTMENT DESK - MOMENTS LATER

Harley races in. Mrs. Walton stands angrily and points her finger at Raymond.

MRS. WALTON

I have never been treated with such disrespect. At least not since we did that segway tour. Telling me I can't drive and vlog. Well, this and your horrible cell service has soiled my family's vacation.