

## EXT. RENAISSANCE FESTIVAL - MORNING

A family of four (MOM and DAD in their mid-forties and middle school-aged DAUGHTER and SON) talk excitedly amongst themselves as they approach the main entrance/ticket counter of a Renaissance Festival.

SON

Do you think there will be jousting, Dad?

DAD

I should think so! It's the most authentic Renaissance festival in America.

MOM

Considering the cost of day passes, it had better be.

They approach a young CASHIER (teenaged girl) at the ticket counter. She wears a polo shirt and sits in front of a computer. A walkie-talkie hangs off her khaki shorts.

CASHIER

Good morning and welcome to Fairy Haven, the largest and most authentic Renaissance Festival in the continental U.S.!

FAMILY

(in unison)

Huzzah!!!

DAD

Four day passes, please.

The cashier swipes Dad's credit card and hands over four tickets and some paperwork. Dad quickly signs the papers before handing back to Cashier.

CASHIER

Thanks! Alrighty then.

Cashier disappears from the front desk space briefly and emerges with several garden tools. She disperses a couple shovels, a hoe and a wooden bucket to the four family members. Cashier starts walking toward the park and gestures for the family to follow her. They are frozen in place, dumbfounded.

MOM

What would we possibly need these for?

CASHIER

For digging! You're lucky you came on a day with zero percent chance of rain.

DAD

You can't be serious.

CASHIER

Why wouldn't I be?

MOM

(to Dad)

Is this some kind of joke?

DAUGHTER

What's the bucket for?

CASHIER

(after a beat)

I think you already know.

A couple beats. It slowly dawns on the family that the bucket is for excrement.

MOM

Ok, we will NOT be using a bucket for anything bathroom-related whatsoever! Don't you have regular restrooms with indoor plumbing?

CASHIER

Technically, yes, but they're for staff only. Please follow me.

The family exchanges horrified glances before cautiously taking a few steps after the cashier toward the park. The group enters the park where other patrons dressed in peasant clothing mill around. A small child sits next to a large pig and eats a small chunk of bread.

Cashier leads the family toward a mud pit and gestures to a giant map detailing the park.

CASHIER

(pointing at map)

So, this here is our crown jewel—the castle. You aren't allowed to enter though, so I wouldn't waste my time if I were you.

(pointing to a different spot on the map)

Here is our gruel stand if you get hungry. Situated right next to it is the physician's office in case you

need medical attention while you're here. I typically don't recommend it unless you enjoy having your blood sucked out by leeches.

A voice comes over the walkie talkie. Cashier picks it up and clicks over to respond.

CASHIER

The Pear of Anguish? Again? Ugh, ok I'll be there in 10 minutes.

MOM

What the...

CASHIER

(interrupting)

Anyway, as I was saying, here's the mud pit where you'll likely spend most of your day. Please keep in mind you must relinquish to your feudal lord any potatoes you happen to harvest.

The cashier gestures toward a couple in the foreground. They wear garb typical of a medieval lord and lady and are shouting inaudibly at each other.

DAD

I don't believe this. How is it possible that we are paying money to do manual labor and poop in a bucket?

CASHIER

Sir, we fought hard to be named the most authentic Renaissance festival in the United States and we take that honor extremely seriously.

A PATRON DRESSED AS SERF pops her head out of a thatched cottage and dumps the contents of a slop bucket out onto the mud pit. The contents land at the feet of the son.

SON

(after a beat)

I want to go home.

CASHIER

Oh, come on. You didn't think you were going to lounge around all day eating huge turkey legs, did you?

Nearby PATRONS DRESSED AS SERFS hear this and laugh heartily.

CASHIER

Listen, the vast majority of the Western European population during the Middle Ages and the Renaissance were serfs and peasants. It would be historically inaccurate to let you waltz in here and pretend to be a princess or a knight.

Dad notices that Daughter has started digging a hole.

DAD

Whoa, hon, what're you doing?

DAUGHTER

I want to find the potato.

DAD

(to Cashier)

This is nonsense. We're leaving.

CASHIER

Well actually that would be in direct violation of the feudal manor arrangement, not to mention the contract and liability forms you signed at the entrance.

The family members exchange glances. Dad sighs, resigned.

DAD

Fine. Son, hand me that hoe.

Son hands hoe to Dad.

DAD

Let's get this over with.

The family members start digging at the soil.

CASHIER

(to family)

Great! Enjoy your day!

(directly into the walkie talkie while walking away)

Alright, so what happened exactly? And did the physician check ALL of the humors this time?