THE RIDE INSPECTOR’S NIGHTMARE

by

Dick D. Zigun

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C/O CONEY ISLAND, USA, INC.

1208 Surf Avenue

Coney Island, N.Y. 11224

(718) 372-5159

INT. SCENE - DESCRIPTION

*The Locker Room for Ride Inspectors at The Brooklyn Headquarters of the NYC Department of Buildings. It is late Friday night after a full week of work yet two Inspectors remain drinking and swapping stories instead of going home to their lives. They sit at a table full of empty alcohol bottles, spilling over ashtrays and scrambled piles of playing cards, loose cash and drugs. The Locker Room is a surreal nightmare, not realistic. Bloody body parts spill out of lockers and dozens of clipboards holding accident reports litter the room. Both inspectors still wear dirty, bloody uniforms: white Lab Coats, Hardhats and Goggles. They acknowledge the audience as if fellow guests at their roast.*

INSPECTOR MANNY

Ladies and Gentlemen, Wise Guys and Wild Women: here’s another Toast at the Roast for Mr. about to be fucking retired after sixty eight mother fucking years on the job...your partner in bribes and fines but never crimes...he’s no longer our fucking bad ass of a boss as it’s now fucking officially midnight...won’t you join me in our 68th and fucking final hip hip hooray for Chief Inspector of Nothing Anymore: Mr. Patty McKay! Hip Hip Hooray! Patty McKay!

INSPECTOR PATTY

*(Head resting on table. He’s wasted)*

Oh fucking forgetaboutit already you flattering assholes, I’m nodding out and I’m wasted... I’m hallucinating... I’m falling asleep...(hiccup) five more minutes maximum men or I’ll be wobbling and weaving and sleepwalking home...

*(head hits table again)*

INSPECTOR MANNY

What are you talking about this party’s just needs refueling, Big Boss! *(he snorts a line of cocaine)* Oh how sweet it is Brooklyn! *(another line another nostril)* It’s midnight we're bad ass Brooklyn ride inspectors let’s tell fucked up true stories about tourists dying on fucked up amusement park rides! Horror stories Horror rides: Hip Hip Hooray! Hip Hip Hooray?

INSPECTOR PATTY

When Irish Eyes Are Blinking

And Sleep’s A Yawn Away

Yours Truly Inspector Patty

Starts to Dream His Life

Away...women...whiskey...pay...

INSPECTOR MANNY

I swear to God these are true stories or my name isn’t Deputy Chief Ride Inspector Manny Mendelbloom. A customer lost his head on the Jumbo Jet ride another lost his hand on the Twister. Himalaya took a Life, Hell Hole cut off a leg. Bungie ride sliced a body in half. Giant Spider crushed a head.

INSPECTOR PATTY

I wrote the reports. No more reports.

INSPECTOR MANNY

One busy afternoon a car crashes into Nathan’s some guy loses his arm while eating a hot-dog I swear to God the severed arm still grasping the hot—dog flies through the air and lands on the grill.

INSPECTOR PATTY

I got no beef with Nathan's. No more reports...zzz...

INSPECTOR MANNY

A customer fell one hundred feet to his death off a Rainbow. A woman's hair was ripped out on the Go Kart track. One day the mechanical Fat Lady at the Magic Carpet Fun House rolled right out of her big window crashed right through the glass still laughing and cut up two people on line on the sidewalk below. Blood every fucking where!

INSPECTOR PATTY

zzz...I still lose sleep over those reports...Leering Lepricauns on Lucky Charms give me lesser nightmares No more reports… zzz…

INSPECTOR MANNY

A man gets dragged by a famous roller coaster that takes him around the first big turn and rips his arm off. The second turn takes his leg off and the third turn throws him out of his seat and fifty feet into the air... and this dude lives to tell about it! Big NY Post headline: Roller Coaster Amputee Roller Skates at Studio 54!

INSPECTOR PATTY

And that report Inspectors still touches me drunken old Irish heart so I’m retired and I’m out of here... I’m drunk... and falling asleep... Deputy Inspector Manny I leave you in charge and your final instructions are to pick me up, point me in the right direction... give me a swift kick in the ass out the door... and ask these kind people here to get up out of their seats and walk with me as we shut down this raunchy roast and find our wicked ways home...

INT. SCENE - DESCRIPTION - SCENE TWO

*Ride Inspector Patty McKay sleepwalks, arms stretched out... There is a sound loop recording playing over and over of a manual typewriter. PATTY bumbles with a large file folder.*

TAPE RECORDING

Accident Report. By Rookie Ride Inspector Patrick McKay. Location: Luna Park Surf Avenue, West 12th to West 8th Street. Ride: Every damn one. Category: Total Death and Destruction. Accident Details: My first fucking day on the job and forty fucked rides burn up in fire. I’ve never seen dead bodies before no less smelled burnt ones...I pissed in my pants then I puked what do you guys expect from a 17 year old rookie? You guys laughed at me and said "Patty, if you wanna get along just start drinking and swearing on the job like everyone else so here goes guys: WHAT THE FUCK! But it’s all Blarney Bullshit to me!

*(Additional RIDE INSPECTORS whisper to the audience about traumatic accidents they have witnessed)*

INT. SCENE - DESCRIPTION — SCENE THREE

*The set becomes blood soaked dolls as if a mass murderer had just happened within It’s A Small World After All. We hear a broadcast of TV Breaking News)*

RECORDING

Accident Report. Location: New York World’s Fair. Flushing Queens. Pepsi-Cola Pavilion. Ride: Boat ride by Disney. It’s A Small World After All. Category: Top Secret. Handle with care. Special Attention for your eyes only Commissioner Robert Moses. Accident Details: Accident? What accident? Remarks: Dear Moses, thank you for reading me your personal ten commandments of loyalty and enlightening me on my path to promotion. Please thank Walt and tell him that the wife and kid are excited about next week’s vacation in California.

INT. SCENE - DESCRIPTION — SCENE FOUR

*Ride Inspector Patty McKay sleepwalks, arms stretched out... he leads the audience to a flooded vision of Astroland. The extra RIDE INSPECTORS have water pistols to use on audience*

RECORDING

Accident Report Location: Coney Island the ENTIRE Fucking Island. Ride: Every fucking one’s in danger. Category: Hurricane Gloria on the horizon just hours away! People say Casinos are Coming but forget about it as the flood’s coming first! Water parks are the more likely future...Potential Accident Details: Evacuation Orders should be issues ASAP before she submerges this silly sliver of a sandbar in Surf...north shore and south shore...water to the left of me water to the right of me Mermaid to Neptune I’m ordering a total evacuation except for Astroland’s Diving Bell and Waterflume...at least Astroland's waterproof... fireproof...Astroland will never go under..lglub-blub...never go under...Abandon Ship... MayDay... SOS... we’re about to go under...

Int. scene — description - Scene FIVE

Ride Inspector Patty McKay sleepwalks, arms stretched out... he leads the audience to a roller coaster accident. The extra RIDE INSPECTORS bark like homeless dogs

RECORDING

Accident Report Location: Maybe it's Surf and West 15th and maybe it's Bowery and West l6th - Giuliani doesn’t give a fuck. Ride: Thunderbolt. Category: Inactive Roller Coaster closed for 20 years. Accident Details: Could not gain access due to locked perimeter fence, guard dogs and Bensonhurst born caretaker. First impression: No accident. No change in condition. Ride remains closed and some distance from property line fence with no structural danger to public. Remarks: City Hall wants to beautiful the neighborhood so here’s my second opinion from a block away with toy binoculars I bought at a souvenir stand (receipt attached for reimbursement). On second thought this ride represents the #1 danger to the public good in Brooklyn. I hereby recommend an Emergency Demolition Order - Arrest the caretaker, shoot the guard dogs and bulldoze the roller coaster tomorrow morning 6 AM and if the owner finds out and sends a lawyer with a cease and desist, put a fucking bullet in his back and bury him under the mother fucking Boardwalk.

*(The audience listens to the recording as they climb the stairs and encounter the ZOMBIE RIDE INSPECTORS...who gather them together facing a chicken wire cage with an accident survivor look and a brace around her neck. She has a can and begs money...sometimes in and sometimes out of her cage)*

STICKY FINGERS

I'm just a girl who needs money you should give me some cash...I'm a coaster crash survivor give me some money and I’ll sing you a song... find some loose change in your pocket and buy a ride ticket from me I don't care if the coaster is broken. I don't care if you already paid in full for the Creepshow I haven't gotten my cut yet. I always get my cut and that gave me my name: I’M SUZY STICKY FINGERS Thank you, sir and thank you mam. Step right up and buy a ticket and see for yourself... nothing's wrong with this ride... nothing's wrong with this ride... no reason to kill it...

*(STICKY FINGERS herds INSPECTOR PATTY inside her GoGo Cage as well. She sings and dances:)*

You saved my life... I’m Your Groupie... You're my Hero Ride Inspector in a Bloody White uniform...You saved a few of my fingers...You want a really cool hand job Inspector? ...ha-haha...

INT. SCENE - DESCRIPTION — SCENE SIX

*they are suddenly in complete darkness.*

RECORDING (SIRI Voice)

Accident Report Location: Brighton Beach. Oceanview Avenue. Ride: No ride. My bungalow, my house. Category: My family. The wife and the kid. Accident Details: My bad habits... my selfish lifestyle... but that’s all gonna change now... gonna change now because today I’m retired. Remarks: Maybe I should buy her flowers... maybe roses and champagne and chocolates... maybe I’m gonna get some from the wife... just get back and make it all up to the Mary McKay and the kid...

*(The Door suddenly opens and reveals a room full of power saws and dismembered limbs. His wife is crying and rocking a dead baby back and forth in her arms)*

THE WIFE

Your own son is dead on that dark ride you signed off on this morning so don’t think you’re gonna get some as I’m no longer your redheaded Mary McKay you murdering motherfucker I’m PROUD MARY the Tina Turner Acid Queen Black Irish version of your wife and I’m about to kick your ass for killing my baby! Like you stuck a knife in my heart. . .as if you tied up your own son Isaac and lifted his body onto a table saw and sliced my heart up like this!

*(She sings as she saws)*

Hush, little baby, don't say a word,

Mama's going to buy you a mockingbird.

If that mockingbird won't sing…

(sob)... I... I...

Mama's going to buy you a private eye.

If that private eye don’t work,

Mama‘s going to buy you a state supreme court clerk.

If that clerk can’t deliver the judge,

Mama‘s going to buy you some guys with a grudge.

If those goons can’t get revenge,

Mama's going to squeal to the press instead.

If mommy stumbles and falls to the ground,

You'll still be the sweetest little boy in town.

So hush little baby, don‘t you cry,

Daddy loves you and so do I.

After the cops drove me home from the morgue they handed me a sealed envelope a really thick sealed unmarked envelope and they said it was for you . . . Patty McKay you know we were both hoping for a fat bundle of cash the day you retired. . . so I opened it. . .you were served with a subpoena . . . the cops have been waiting outside and they need to take you to court...

*(Lots of loud police whistles)*

INT. SCENE - DESCRIPTION - SCENE SEVEN

*Ride Inspector Patty McKay sleepwalks, arms stretched out... he is led to the courtroom The audience is seated on benches.*

THE JUDGE

Hear ye, Hear ye, the court’s in session. I am the judge. And you are the jury. My jury my court room my rules. Please rise and raise your right hand... (not YOU Inspector)... jurors, repeat after me:

I pledge allegiance to the creeps

That hold court in Kings County

And to the things of which dreams are made of

One Nightmare Under Indigestion

With snorers in horror for all!

Thank you, be seated... not you Inspector you are now going to face judgment on a ride I call The Guillotine.. Verdict first, trial later. Juror One, please stand. The defendant has been charged with multiple counts of DWI: DREAMING WHILE INTOXICATED! Dreaming...while intoxicated...hiccup... intoxicated...snoring? Innocent or Guilty? Be seated. Juror Two, Innocent or Guilty? Say what, I guess Juror Two doesn't speak English and is dismissed. Guilty! Be seated. Juror Three, Guilty or Guilty? Be seated. Juror Four, have you ever had a nightmare? Dismissed, guilty!... (etc.)

Ladies and Gentlemen, you have found the Defendant GUILTY and I hereby sentence Chief Ride Inspector Patty McKay to death by taking a ride on the Guillotine. Inspector, do you have any last words?

INSPECTOR

Pint a Guinness might be nice...

*(THE JUDGE throws the switch and the blade falls however Inspector’s head is still attached.)*

What the fuck! Something’s wrong…

*(JUDGE pokes INSPECTOR who awakes and jumps out of the device.)*

INSPECTOR PATTY

What the fuck! Judge, you need an emergency inspection from the Death Sentence Division... besides, EVERYONE knows you can’t die in your own dream... Ladies and Gentlemen, the rides in Coney Island are safe... nobody dies in the end... except for an occasional audience member at the Creepshow...

(Coming at audience)

hahaha... have fun... hahaha...

THE END