

WILDCATS

GONE!
IT'S GONE!
SO GONE!
LONG GONE!

JACK SCOTT

The Wildcats win the pennant!
The Wildcats win the pennant!
The Wildcats win the
Lava Springs pennant!

(The Wildcats and Ryan jump for joy then exit, victorious. Troy runs on, just missing everyone.)

TROY

Hey guys, I'm -
(realizes he's missed the boat)
... late.

(Fulton walks through, holding a Lava Springs pennant.)

FULTON

Missed you at the game, Troy. Go Wildcats!

TROY

Mr. Fulton, I don't know what to do.

FULTON

Well, try being on time.

TROY

No, I mean, it feels like my life is going so fast, but somebody else is driving the car

FULTON

(with a paternal concern)

My boy, there are times when the journey before you is filled with nothing but dangerous curves and blonde - sorry - blind ambition. You're a fine young man, Troy. Just keep your eyes on the road, your hands on the wheel, and eventually you'll get where you're going.

TROY

You really think so, Mr. Fulton?

FULTON

Bet on it, Mr. Bolton.

(a moment of real sympathy)

Just remember, my boy, buckle up for safety.

(Fulton and Troy exit.)