

CAMP PEACH WOOD

"Episode Two"

Written by

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INT. JULIE'S OFFICE - DAY

JULIE, mid 40s, is wearing a plain tee with "CAMP PEACH" on the front. She paces behind her desk.

MAX, mid 20's, sits stock straight in a chair in front of her desk.

Seth films them from the corner of the room.

MAX

It's okay, Peaches. Take your
soothing breaths.

Julie stops and whips towards Max.

JULIE

I am calm.

Max gives an example of a deep breath, moving his hands up and down.

Julie scowls at him and sits in her desk chair. She rubs her temples and sighs.

JULIE (CONT'D)

I put too much on the line. I can't
lose the camp.

MAX

Now, now Peaches. Rule number 12,
always keep your head up and your
hopes high.

Julie frowns.

MAX (CONT'D)

If you really think it's too much,
we can back out--

MIKE, mid 20's, pompous and trendy journalist, stomps into the office with a piece of paper in his hand.

MIKE

Hell no.

JULIE

Absolutely not.

MAX

Language, Mikey.

Mike joins the two at the desk.

MIKE

Just Mike... You're not backing
out.

(MORE)

MIKE (CONT'D)

This competition can bring in a lot of viewers. It'll totally help me-- you guys keep the camp running.

Max shakes his head.

MAX

But if Julie isn't comfortable with it, we shouldn't.

Mike scoffs.

MIKE

Please, you think I got this far doing what's comfortable. Besides, you signed a contract.

Julie nods at Mike, and Max frowns.

MAX

Rule number--

JULIE

He's right. I have a point to prove, and I'm not losing to Ezra Fox.

Mike smiles wickedly and sets the paper on the desk, and taking a seat in a chair next to Max.

MIKE

Here's a list of competitive games I'd like to shoot. Can you do them?

Max picks up the paper reading the list.

MAX

Dodgeball. Ultimate capture the flag. Water wars. Kayaking race.

JULIE

We can do those.

MIKE

Perfect.

Max shakes his head and puts the list back on the table.

MAX

I don't know, Peaches. The campers have fragile bones, and more than half of them can't even swim.

MIKE
They can take it.

JULIE
Rule number 12, Max. We'll do it.

EXT. CAMP PEACH WOOD - FIRE PIT - DAY

Julie and Max stand with a small GROUP OF KIDS behind them. The kids look scrawny and nerdy, very much matching Max's attire.

Ezra, late 30's, high-rise casual and stuck up, stands to the opposite side of the fire pit with MUSCULAR KIDS standing behind him.

Mike stands between the two camps and looks into the camera Seth holds.

MIKE
Are you filming?

Seth nods to the camera.

MAX
They don't even look like children.

Max falters when a BUZZCUT KID stares him down and spits.

EZRA
Peachy Dear, what's wrong with your kids? They look like bones.

JULIE
And yours are overfed with steroids.

Mike stares at Ezra's kids.

MIKE
Seriously, how old are they?

Ezra turns to Mike and smiles.

EZRA
Do you always have unnecessary commentary?

MIKE
Watch it. I'll cut your screen time.

Julie cackles.

JULIE
Oh, how will the viewers ever live
without it?

EZRA
Are you saying you can't live
without my face?

Julie scowls. Ezra smirks and wiggles his brows.

Mike grumbles.

MIKE
Alright, let's get on with it.
We'll flip a coin to see what camp
will choose the first game. Ezra,
did you get the list?

Ezra nods.

Mike fishes in his pockets. He snaps at Seth when his hands
come up empty.

MIKE (CONT'D)
Seth. Coin, now.

Seth scurries forward, the camera view wobbling as he does.
He hands Mike the coin.

Seth rushes back as the coin PINGS.

Mike catches the coin and covers it with his palm.

MIKE (CONT'D)
Sides?

Ezra extends a hand, urging Julie to speak first.

JULIE
Heads.

Mike reveals the coin.

MIKE
Tails.

Julie Sighs, and her kids groan behind her.

Max pats her back gently, and she shrugs it off with a look
in Max's direction.

Ezra smiles, and his kids whoop and shout behind him.

EZRA
Dodgeball.

MAX JULIE
Oh, no. Your on.

EXT. CAMP PEACH WOOD - FIELD

A white line divides the center field on patchy grass.
Dodgeballs are spread out and follow on top of it.

Ezra's team is on the right side of the line. The team is in
a ready position. Ezra stares down Julie.

Julie and Max's team are on the left. Some kids stand
confused others pick at their nose or fingers. Julie is
crouched and ready to run.

MIKE
Camps, are you ready? Julie makes a
gesture at Ezra. Ezra laughs.

Julie's team weakly responds. Ezra's team shouts in unison.

Mike snickers.

MIKE (CONT'D)
How fitting... On three, one.

EZRA
You sure you can hold up? Buzz Cut
Kid smirks at max.

BUZZCUT KID
(mouthing)
Your mine.

Max slouches like a scared puppy and grabs the side of
Julie's tee.

MAX
Peaches.

MIKE
Two.

Julie's fingers touch the ground as she goes deeper into a
running stance.

JULIE
Rule Number 24. Don't underestimate
my kids.

MIKE

Three!

The teams take their first step to get to the balls first.