

CAMP PEACH WOOD

"PILOT"

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INT/EXT. CAR - CAMERA VIEW - DAY

MIKE, mid 20's, pompous and trendy journalist, is driving with Seth. Seth is filming Mike. The car jerks due to the road being bumpy. Mike is oblivious to the camera.

MIKE

This place is a hellhole. I thought Detroit was bad, but damn.

Mike looks at the camera lens and scowls.

MIKE (CONT'D)

What the- Dude, not right now!

Mike slaps the camera away from his face. The camera falls to Seth's feet.

SETH, mid 20's, reserved cameraman picks up the camera and examines the lens. He wipes it with a microfiber cloth.

Seth aims the camera up to the windshield to see MAX, mid 20's, counselors uniform and waving emphatically. Mike grunts.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Is that him... Are we at the right place?

Mike stops the vehicle next to Max and exits with Seth.

EXT. CAMP PEACH WOOD - SIGN - DAY

Max stands, hands on his hips with his chest puffed under a dilapidated sign that reads, "CAMP PEACH WOOD."

Max prances forward excitedly.

MIKE

Hey, we are the crew from Cutting Edge here to do the--

Max reaches out and grabs Mike's hand, and shakes vigorously.

MAX

Welcome to Camp Peach Wood! I'm Maxwell Ophelia Cheddar, the camp counselor.

Mike pulls his hand away and wipes it.

MIKE

N-nice to meet you. Can you take us
to Julie?

MAX

Sure thing! Follow the Max-mobile.

Seth and Mike get back in the car while Max jumps into a golf cart. The golf cart has a megaphone, ahooga horn, and a messily hand-painted logo reading, "CAMP PEACH WOOD." The two O's in 'Wood' are peaches.

INT. CAR - DAY

MIKE

Alright, Seth, kill it.

EXT. OFFICE PORCH - DAY

Seth switches his camera back on, stepping off the back of Max's cart. He turns around to capture Max's obnoxiously decorated golf cart next to a much more straight-laced gator six-wheel.

Mike gives a quick whistle off-camera, and Seth snaps the frame back to the front stoop of the office cabin.

MIKE

Is this the place?

MAX

(hushed)

This is it, but we have to use our
indoor voices.

Max opens the door, and it CREAKS.

MAX (CONT'D)

Oh, Peaches! We have company!

INT. JULIE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

JULIE, mid 40s, wears a plain tee with "CAMP PEACH" on the front. She sinks in her chair and sighs.

JULIE

What is it now, Max?

Julie turns to the camera and freezes.

MAX

This is the crew from Cutting Edge.
They're going to do a documentary
on the camp.

Max turns to Mike then looks at the camera. He gives the camera a thumbs up.

MAX (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, I didn't catch your
name?

MIKE

I'm Mike McCreedy, and this is
Seth.

Seth nods the camera in greeting.

Julie scowls at Max and gestures to the camera.

JULIE

I never invited a crew.

MAX

Now, now Peach. Remember rule
number three in the Peach Wood
Handbook, welcome all guests with
open arms.

Julie stands and points to the camera past Max.

JULIE

Get them out of here.

MIKE

Hey, wait a minute. We aren't here
to--

JULIE

Out! Now!

Julie pushes Mike and Seth out the door and grabs Max's shirt, and yanks him back as he tries to leave. The camera jostles then straightens to face the closing door.

MAX

I'll be alright, fellas. Her bark
is bigger than her bite.

Max winks. Julie grumbles something inaudible, the door closes.

EXT. OFFICE PORCH - DAY

The door slams behind them. Mike looks into the camera.
Seth turns and points to a window beside Mike. Mike smiles.

MIKE
Don't just point at it. Film.

INT. JULIE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Julie and Max talk. A muffled argument is heard. Mike huffs and fidgets with the screen on the window.

MIKE (O.S) (CONT'D)
Should've given him a mic.

Julie glares at the window. She storms over and shuts the blinds.

EXT. OFFICE PORCH - CONTINUOUS

Mike stomps.

MIKE
Damn it!

Mike and Seth head back to the porch.

Max opens the door, grinning ear to ear.

MAX
Alrighty! Let's get going, shall we?.

Julie stands behind him, defeated.

JULIE
Welcome to Camp Peach Wood.

Max laughs and walks past them to the Max-mobile. Julie follows and goes to her gator.

MAX
Let's go, guys. We have much more to see! What do you think, Peaches? Firepit?

Julie nods as she starts her gator.

JULIE
Firepit. And don't call me that.

Julie looks to Mike and nods her head towards the tail of the gator.

JULIE (CONT'D)

You guys ride with me. That'll be more stable than Max's... Max-mobile.

Max giggles. Mike and Seth get in the back of the gator. Max sounds his AHOOGA horn and leads them down a rustic trail.

EXT. CAMP PEACH WOOD - FIRE PIT - DAY

EZRA, late 30's, high rise casual and stuck up, picks at splintering wooden chairs around an empty fire pit. He looks unamused.

EZRA

Is this what passes for reasonable seating around these parts? Pagaille!

The gator and Max-mobile pull up to the fire pit. Max AHOOGA's. The crew disembarks.

Julie glares at Ezra. He flashes an award-winning smile in response.

JULIE

What are you doing here?

Ezra motions to the camera crew and bows politely.

EZRA

What are they doing here?

JULIE

They're filming a documentary--

EZRA

Excellent! Much like Moses and his Commandments, you have allowed someone to immortalize your failures.

Mike chuckles.

MIKE

Not quite there, bud. Do you always come to a campsite looking like that?

EZRA

One must strive to maintain proper dress and etiquette in all situations, both mundane and magnificent.

MIKE

Yeah. Out here, we wear boots, not penny-loafers and a Rolex.

EZRA

Of course, boots! Magnifique!

Mike laughs incredulously.

MIKE

And the Rolex? Trying to lose a diamond in the leaves--

Max steps between them, blocking Ezra from the camera.

MAX

Hey now, fellas. Peach Wood's number one rule is to always be kind.

Seth moves to the side to get a view of the four.

EZRA

Your first rule should have to do with functionality, not frivolity.

JULIE

Don't talk to me about functionality. You couldn't change your own oil, let alone understand a campsite proper.

EZRA

Easy, you pay for someone to do both. Simplicity, thy name is the dollar.

Julie snorts.

JULIE

And when the money's gone, Ezra? When the body must rely on skill and not possession? Where will your money lead you then? Other than kindling?

Ezra thumbs his mustache.

EZRA

If you know what you're doing, the money is never gone, darling.

Max shifts from foot to foot. He clears his throat.

MAX

Camera crew, guys.

Ezra relaxes and folds his hands behind his back. Julie holds his stare, and he smiles.

JULIE

We'll see when the competition comes. Your money won't help you.

Mike looks at the camera.

MIKE

Pure. Gold.

EZRA

Would you like to put some land down on that? They say it was the classic currency in the olden days.

JULIE

By all means, I'll finally show you how your camp is supposed to be run.

Ezra extends his hand for a shake.

EZRA

Do we have an accord?

Julie clasps his wrist in a warrior's shake. Ezra returns it with equal vigor.

JULIE

Make no mistake, this means war.

EZRA

Indeed, dear lady. Indeed.

She scowls, he smirks.

INT. JULIE'S OFFICE - DAY

JULIE, mid 40-s, wears a plain tee with "CAMP PEACH" on the front. She passes behind her desk.