

# **DUDE RANCH**

by

Mike Blejer & Ben Lockman

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Belockman@gmail.com  
Mblejer@gmail.com

INT. HOLY LAND INDOOR ADVENTURE CENTER - DAY

Darkness. Then...FWOOSH. A spotlight illuminates a giant disembodied ROCK FACE. It's an animatronic ST. PETER. The mouth opens, speaking in a BOOMING VOICE--

ROCK OF ST. PETER

Welcome to the Holy Land Indoor Adventure Center. You've traversed the Trinity Arcade and dived to the depths of Dante's Ball Pit, now you face your final challenge-- Legends of the Hidden Cathedral. I, St. Peter, will be your guide.

Epic music blasts as a SPUNKY GIRL sprints through the giant mouth into an obstacle course.

ROCK OF ST. PETER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Start by climbing past the crucifixion site to arrive at the bloody gates of old Jerusalem.

Spunky ducks and weaves past a line of JESUSES on crosses as each one falls, trying to block her way. She shoots up a climbing wall, rolling under an iron gate as it slams down.

ROCK OF ST. PETER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

There you'll find the sacred key. But beware, it's cursed by the spirit of a burned witch! If she catches you, you'll have to surrender a letter from your "What Would Jesus Do" lanyard.

A WITCH pops out, catching Spunky's hair. She hands over a "W." With a puff of smoke, the witch retracts into the wall.

ROCK OF ST. PETER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Next, crash through the Wailing Wall and plunder the Dome of the Rock, where you'll find and circumcise baby Jesus.

Smashing through rubber blocks, Spunky crawls into a gold igloo. Inside, she rips a scrap of velcro off a JESUS DOLL.

ROCK OF ST. PETER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

His anointed foreskin will open the door to my sacred chapel.

She places the "foreskin" on a stone altar. It sinks down, à la *Indiana Jones*, revealing a treasure chest. The lid pops open, shooting out reams of prize tickets.

ROCK OF ST. PETER (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 Seize your destiny and become...  
 Champion of the Hidden Cathedral!

PULL OUT to reveal we've been watching a promo VIDEO on a TV in a run-down, Christian-themed Chuck E. Cheese's. The place is deserted except for CHARLEY (10) who stands in front of the St. Peter rock. It's far less majestic than in the video.

ROCK OF ST. PETER (CONT'D)  
 So? What do you think?

CHARLEY  
 It's good. Can I run the course now?

St. Peter's glowing eyes power down. TIM LYONS (mid-30s, consummate underdog) steps out from behind a curtain. He's the kind of guy who thinks this is the Cleveland Browns' year and says things like "Quit is a four-letter word."

TIM  
 Sorry, kiddo. I just wanted to show my number one adventurer the new St. Pete head-- can't afford the electricity if it's only you. But hey, come back with some friends. Or, in the meantime, why don't you play one of our energy efficient games, like Pin the Tail on the Judas or...Unplugged Skee-Ball?

CHARLEY  
 Come onnnn. It's my last chance.

TIM  
 What? Why?

CHARLEY  
 My mom doesn't want me at the mall anymore since they shut down Sears.

TIM  
 It's still there. It's just a homeless shelter now.

CHARLEY  
 Also, my dad says it's weird for an unmarried middle-aged man to run a playground.

TIM  
 I'm 35. And I'm married.

CHARLEY

My dad doesn't believe you. But they bought me a PS4 to make it up to me, so thanks.

TIM

C'mon. That's not *real*. You should be out in the world-- climbing trees and scraping your knees. At least jumping headfirst into a ball pit. Y'know, when I was your age, my dad used to take me to Chuck E. Cheese's every day after school. He'd put me in front of a different game and say, "We're not leaving till you get the high score."

CHARLEY

They have high scores in *Fortnite*.

TIM

Charley, I know your generation is all about "Snaptweeting" and *Pokemon* Goat-herding or whatever, but part of growing up is realizing life isn't a video game. When you fall down a hole in a game, you can just restart right back on top. But when you get stuck in real life, you gotta pull yourself out. *That's* what makes you a man.

He turns back to find Charley filming him with his iPhone.

TIM (CONT'D)

Wait, don't post that.

CHARLEY

It's live. Can I do the course now?

TIM

Fine, but just once. I have plans.

Charley sprints gleefully towards the first obstacle.

TIM (CONT'D)

With my wife. Who exists.

INT. HALLMARK STORE - ONE HOUR PHOTO STATION - EVENING

Tim drops a box brimming with photos onto the counter. The picture on top is of him as a 25-year-old with his wife ASHLEY at their wedding.

As we PUSH INTO the wedding picture, a PHOTO MONTAGE begins over the OPENING CREDITS--

--Tim is showing the BRIDESMAIDS a picture. Ashley is rolling her eyes as if to say, "*Yup, that's my corny husband.*" We PUSH INTO the photo Tim's holding. It's of--

--College Tim and Ashley, moving in together. With one arm around Ashley, Tim shows a NEIGHBOR a photo. Ashley has a wry smile-- "*He does this.*" We PUSH INTO the new photo. It's of--

--High School Tim and Ashley in a darkroom. Tim is showing her a picture. She blushes-- "*I'm dating the sweetest boy in America.*" We PUSH INTO that photo. It's of--

--Middle School Tim and Ashley, sharing their first kiss at the County Fair while fireworks explode in the background. It's a metaphor for orgasm.

END OF OPENING CREDITS.

INT. TIM'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - EVENING - PRESENT DAY

PULL OUT to find the County Fair photo is now bound in an album with the other photos from Tim's box. It sits on the table as Tim cooks dinner, overdressed under his apron. His dog, GROUCHO, begs for scraps. Tim gives him a bite.

TIM

Don't tell your mom.

The doorbell rings. Tim flips on romantic music. Psyching himself up, he opens the door to--

Ashley (now mid 30s, adventurous go-getter). Her superpower is seeing through your bullshit, which is too bad because she works in PR. Groucho leaps into Ashley's arms, eager.

ASHLEY

Groucho! Aw, I missed you.

TIM

We missed you too.

Weird. She gives him a look. Covering, Tim eyes her outfit.

TIM (CONT'D)

You look nice. Is that your "new client" blouse?

ASHLEY

Yup. Jaden Smith took a shit all over Twitter. Meet the new janitor.

(MORE)

ASHLEY (CONT'D)

(then, super casually)

Oh hey, my lawyer said she hasn't gotten the papers yet. I can just grab them now, if it's easier?

That's literally the last thing Tim wants. Pressing on--

TIM

How about we open a bottle of wine and celebrate the new client?

ASHLEY

Thanks, but I can't.

TIM

It's Mirabeau, your rosé of choice.

ASHLEY

I have to drive.

TIM

Okay, no wine. Food then? I made Chicken Tim-a-tore, your favorite of the three things I can cook. Plus, I wanted to show you this--

He reaches for the photo book, but Ashley's done playing his game. She steels herself for the bomb she's about to drop.

ASHLEY

Tim, I have a date. Do you want to give me the papers or not?

BOOM! *Deep Impact*, starring Téa Leoni. Tim quickly covers the album with a nearby stack of papers.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)

Come on, you know I'll always love you, but it's been a year.

TIM

(wincing)

So? Who is this guy?

ASHLEY

Does it matter? You two don't know each other. Don't be a masochist.

TIM

I'm just saying, he'll never know you like I do.

ASHLEY

It's not a competition.

TIM

Yeah, it's not even close. I know everything about you, Ashley.

ASHLEY

Really? What's my favorite movie?

TIM

Pfft. Easy. *Mean Girls*.

ASHLEY

And who's in it?

TIM

...So *stay*. I'll put on *Mean Girls*. We can watch it after dinner.

(off her eye roll)

Come on, you know I don't like Rom-Coms. They're like porn for women. Which, by the way, I *totally* think should exist; it's just not for me.

ASHLEY

*Mean Girls* is not a Rom-Com, which you'd know if you ever watched it.

TIM

Okay. And you've never been to my favorite froyo shop in the valley because you don't like froyo, or the valley, and I accept that about you. And no offense, but you never tried *my* favorite thing, reverse cowgirl. Which I know all about from man Rom-Coms, aka porn. I think it's okay for us to have our own interests.

ASHLEY

Tim. You can't filibuster our divorce.

She checks her watch then starts packing up Groucho's things.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)

I'm going to be late. I'll just have my lawyer follow up.

TIM

Yeah, you'd better get back to... wiping Jaden's ass-tweets.

He doesn't quite land the zing, but it's enough. Ashley snaps around. They've had this fight before.

ASHLEY

That's my job. You don't have to like it, or respect it, but those retweets bought our patio and Groucho's new intestine.

TIM

Well, maybe if I'd gone to Red Bull to sponsor my adventure zone, I could've paid for all that, but I went to your church because I *thought* it would bring us together.

ASHLEY

You went to my church because your company was tanking, and unlike Red Bull, Pastor Jeff actually *is* in the business of charity.

TIM

AND because I thought it would bring us together.

ASHLEY

You could've just come to church with me once in a while.

TIM

I don't really like church, you know that.

ASHLEY

It's not about church! You could have come rock climbing. Or watched *Mean Girls!* Or anything!

TIM

I was trying to put food on the table. I'm sorry I don't earn enough to make you happy.

ASHLEY

Bullshit. You're just so fragile you couldn't handle me making more. We were happy when we had nothing.

This is too much reality for Tim right now. He hands her a manila envelope with "Quitter" written on it.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)

Real mature.

TIM

All my other ideas were sexist.

ASHLEY

Whatever. After today, we never  
have to do this again.

She walks out the door with Groucho in tow. Then turns back--

ASHLEY (CONT'D)

And so what if I didn't try reverse  
cowgirl? Maybe I just didn't think  
you needed another excuse to avoid  
eye contact.

TIM

Well, it's a little hard to make  
eye contact when you left me!!

But she's gone. Tim rests his head sadly against the door.

INT. TIM'S DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Under the romantic glow of candlelight, Tim crabbyly eats the  
food he made for Ashley.

Across from him sits his brother NATHAN (mid 40s, superdad,  
even to his brother). Tim would say he's incredibly  
supportive, for someone who is secretly judging you. Also, he  
wears individual toed shoes.

KELLY (14), one of Nathan's five daughters, inhales her food  
with the confidence of a teenage boy.

TIM

...I bet it's her rock climbing  
instructor. She always said he was  
"great with a harness."

NATHAN

Hey, maybe you should try climbing.  
Exercise is great for endorphins.

TIM

I just wish I knew for sure.

KELLY

Check her Snapchat. No wait, she's  
old. Check her Facebook.

TIM

Facebook is for moms and Russians;  
phones are for phone calls. Should  
I call her?

NATHAN

Absolutely not. Hey, maybe you should call Mom?

Kelly pulls up Instagram on her phone.

KELLY

Wow, Aunt Ashley's got like 40K followers. I didn't know she was an influencer. Wait, is that Cardi B?

It's CARDI B and Ashley! Rock climbing in Zion National Park.

TIM

What's an influencer? What's a "Cardi B?"

KELLY

What're you, like 80?

TIM

Not everyone is tech obsessed. People need to get offline and go outside.

KELLY

She is outside. With Cardi B!

NATHAN

(leaning toward Tim)

I think it's some kind of climbing equipment. Kelly, does the "b" stand for "belaying?"

KELLY

You should both really take a continuing education course.

TIM

Going outside doesn't count when it's just for *likes*. Y'know, I got her her first camera-- taught her about shutter speed and aperture-- back when she wanted to be a journalist instead of a-- an "influencer." Hell, I should get half her followers in the divorce, and I don't even want them. Wait, what if this new guy is one of her followers?

(lightbulb)

Kelly, could I use social media to find out who she's dating?

KELLY

Wow. Great idea, Uncle Tim.

She downloads Instagram onto Tim's phone and hands it to him.

KELLY (CONT'D)

With how active she is on Insta, I bet he's all up in her tags.

Nathan stops parenting Tim and starts parenting Kelly.

NATHAN

"All up in her tags?" Is that what kids are calling it? Kelly, are there any boys up in your tags?

KELLY

Daaaaaad!

Tim, now engrossed by his phone, leaves the table.

TIM

Love you. Listen to your dad.

NATHAN

Don't forget *Survivor* tomorrow. And maybe call a therapist!

KELLY

If you see Aunt Ashley, tell her to tell Cardi B I said "Okurrrr!"

INT. TIM'S LIVING ROOM - MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT

Tim scrolls through Ashley's public Facebook pics. Her recent photos are of her rafting with Glenn Close and playing shuffleboard with Tom Hardy.

LATER. *Facebook for Concerned Mothers* lies heavily earmarked next to him while he creates a fake account. He sends Ashley a friend request, waits...waits...it's accepted. Tim pumps his fist triumphantly, knocking over a soda in the process.

MUCH LATER. Empty pizza boxes litter the room as Tim moves social media account windows around his computer like *Minority Report*. He mumbles, seeing order in chaos until-- BAM. Nathan barges in the front door.

NATHAN

Tim! Are you okay-- Oh, hey.

TIM

Nathan? What the fuck? I'm not wearing any pants.

NATHAN

I changed your diapers for years.

TIM

Well, it's gotten bigger, but I don't want you to know by how much.

NATHAN

Dude. I called like ten times.

TIM

Sorry, I got caught up.

NATHAN

For two days? Zoe's supposed to be in the O.R. reversing the mayor's vasectomy, but she had to watch the kids so I could make sure you're not getting eaten by your dog.

TIM

Ashley got Groucho.

PULL OUT to find a Carrie Mathison crazy board with profile pictures connected by yarn. Ashley's photo is at the top. Tim rises and stalks the room like a tiger on a hunt.

TIM (CONT'D)

I made a crazy wall!

NATHAN

I can see that.

TIM

My first break was her friend Becky. See Becky was always desperate to sell me on her bullshit essential oils, so when she got a friend request from a "massage therapist" named "Lavender McKinna," she couldn't resist.

He points at a fake FB page with a stock image of a MASSEUSE.

TIM (CONT'D)

Once we were friends I could look at her "events." Last week she was at a party that Ashley also RSVP'd for... with a plus one. But who?

NATHAN

Probably a friend. Does it matter?

TIM

So I go adiggin' and deduce there's three potential guys. But then, and this I'm especially proud of, I checked Venmo. See there's a charge at night then another in the morning-- to a dude. Two days later, same thing. It's like they don't even know you can make these things private. So I cross-referenced that to her recently played artists on Spotify, and it's just Drake, Ed Sheeran, Adele, The Weeknd. That playlist might as well be called "Songs to get railed to."

One guy is circled-- ANDY MARKS (30s, think Chris Hemsworth, or whoever revs your engine). Nathan doesn't even look.

NATHAN

Okay Tim, I know this is your first divorce. And first break up. Ever. Jesus. But bro, this is crazy.

TIM

Well, it's not called a "stable wall." I figure six months ago they started dating. It's moving fast and I gotta do something. Fuck you, ACandyMan from Venmo! Fuck you.

NATHAN

Dude, Ashley left, and you're not going to get her back by trapping her in your human spiderweb.

TIM

No look, she's wearing the shirt from my college band-- *The Cheeseheads*. See?

Tim rips a photo of Ashley off the wall. Her shirt features a macabre humanoid mouse in a bowler hat and eye makeup (Chuck E. Cheese meets *Clockwork Orange*).

NATHAN

Charming. And?

TIM

I gave it to her the first time we had sex. I mean, she took it, but it's a sign. She still loves me.

NATHAN

Or it could be a sign it's laundry day. She's smart-- if she wanted to be with you, she'd let you know.

TIM

Come on, haven't you ever seen a Rom-Com? I don't even watch them and I know the deal-- Girl says no, starts dating an asshole, guy goes to the airport, breaks onto a plane, wins her back.

NATHAN

I think a lot of those were made in a pre-9/11 world, when airports had no security and women had to just marry the first guy who stalked them effectively.

TIM

I never took you to be such a cynic about love. Now if you'll excuse me, I need to empty my pee bottles.

NATHAN

You have a bathroom!

TIM

The wifi's faster in here.

He grabs several pissed-filled Mountain Dew bottles.

NATHAN

Okay "Lavender," I think you need a change of scenery. You're coming to stay with us for a few days.

TIM

Well, I would refuse, but I cut up all my blankets to make crazy yarn.

EXT./INT. NATHAN'S HOUSE - EVENING

Tim and Nathan hop out of Nathan's car and walk towards the house. Tim has his face buried in his phone. Nathan grabs it.

NATHAN

I know you're a newly minted addict, but this is a phone-free house. Also I don't think the girls should see you stalking your ex.

TIM

Oooh, look at White Knight Nathan.

NATHAN

Get it all out now cause once we're inside, I'm king of this castle.

Nathan opens the door. Two little girls (JENN and TINA) dart by screaming. Kelly walks past wearing headphones.

NATHAN (CONT'D)

No running inside! Kelly, tell Mom--

Kelly taps her headphones and keeps walking. Nathan's fourth daughter, BECCA (7), runs up. Tim swoops her up in a hug.

BECCA

Uncle Tim!

NATHAN

Zoe? Tim's alive. And here.

Nathan's wife, ZOE (40s), pokes her head out of the kitchen.

ZOE

That's great hon. Dinner's in 30.

She holds out a phone with Uber Eats on it.

ZOE (CONT'D)

If the delivery guy shows up on time. Can't trust men. Right girls?

Jenn and Tina pop out of a kitchen cabinet.

JENN AND TINA

Right!

Zoe winks at Tim and Nathan; they give thumbs up.

ZOE

Go wash up, you smell like urethra.

Jenn and Tina go "ewwww." Tim bows deeply and gestures for Nathan to walk in first.

TIM

My liege.

INT. HALLWAY - LATER

Tim, now all cleaned up, walks towards the stairs but sees SARAH (12), the fifth daughter, in bed texting on her phone.

INT. SARAH'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

TIM

Hey Sarah, cool phone. Can I see it? It has Facebook, right?

Sarah cocks an eyebrow but doesn't hand over her phone.

TIM (CONT'D)

Okay...well, your dad said you're not allowed on your phone at home. Should I just get him?

SARAH

Ugh. Here. Old people are obsessed with Facebook. It's a phone; you can do other stuff on it, like buy reading glasses or a new hip.

Tim grabs her phone and navigates to Andy's page. There's a recent post. Tim reads it aloud in a "jerk guy" voice--

TIM

Hello Facebookaneers! Great news-- I WILL be returning to The Dude Ranch next week to defend my five-time championship trophy #TheManlyCup. I just want to thank my #GOAT girlfriend Ashley for being so cool #beastmode. After Ashley and #AndysCandy, The Dude Ranch is the most important thing in the world to me. So except for emergencies I'll be #phoneless4Real. Andy out!

Tim sneers. He clicks the link and a **VIDEO** plays-- in outer space, CAMP DIRECTOR BILL (60s, an aging hippie with the soft energy of a new-age guru) materializes on screen.

BILL

Truth. Potency. Raw male energy. Come with me on a powerful journey to explore your inner masculine.

A QUESTIONING MAN floats into frame below him.

QUESTIONING MAN

What is this? Some kind of retreat?

BILL

Don't call it a retreat, my friend.  
Retreats go backwards; we're going  
forward. Together. If anything,  
it's an attack! On your fears.

BWAAA! 2001-style space melts around Bill to reveal him  
standing on an open field. A fiery "Dude Ranch" logo appears.

BILL (CONT'D)

I'm Bill Greystaff. Here at The  
Dude Ranch you'll reawaken the  
primal energy of your ancestors by  
participating in camp activities  
with our OSHA certified staff.

The video JUMP CUTS to MEN playing camp games.

BILL (V.O.)

You'll also enjoy our modern spin  
on sports you loved as a kid,  
including football, basketball,  
baseball and NO soccer.

QUESTIONING MAN (V.O.)

Take that, Europe!

BILL (V.O.)

Kidding! My retirement fund is in  
Euros. And for those who long for  
the thrill of competition, our camp  
curriculum includes a tournament to  
determine a singular MAN champion.

(hoisting a giant trophy)

Will it be you? Answer below in the  
comments, and subscribe to our  
channel for Dude Ranch updates. See  
ya there!

**END VIDEO.** Tim lights up. He shows Andy's post to Sarah.

TIM

See this man? He's a bad guy. He  
took your Aunt Ashley away from me,  
which means he took her from you.

SARAH

Dad says women aren't things.

TIM

Well, he took the relationship. A relationship can be a thing, right?

SARAH

I guess...

Tim clicks through pics of a glamorous photoshoot of Andy dressed like a ripped, shirtless Willy Wonka. With a man bun.

TIM

I mean, come on. What a douche.

SARAH

Mom says douching can lead to urinary tract infections.

She sneaks a peek and immediately hits puberty.

SARAH (CONT'D)

I think I need some kind of talk.

TIM

So now your Uncle Tim, because he knows women aren't things, is going to go to this stupid camp and destroy him, by taking what *he* loves most-- The Manly Cup.

SARAH

Like in *The Grinch*, when the Grinch is angry 'cause other people are happy, so he steals Christmas?

TIM

You'll get it when you're older. Oh and don't mention this to your dad.

He runs out the door and down the stairs.

INT. NATHAN'S DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Nathan is setting the table when Tim runs up excitedly.

TIM

You're right. I'm a phone addict.

NATHAN

Hey, how'd you get that?

TIM

I stole it from your kid. See? Addiction.

(MORE)

TIM (CONT'D)

I'm behaving like a teenage girl,  
and I know exactly what to do.

Tim points to The Dude Ranch's homepage on Sarah's phone.

TIM (CONT'D)

I'm going to The Dude Ranch. And  
you're coming with me.

NATHAN

Wait, what?

TIM

Come on! It's only four days. It's  
not like you have a job.

NATHAN

Excuse me? Sarah's got an  
equestrian showcase, Kelly has oboe  
lessons, and Tina needs braces.

TIM

You know what I mean. You said it  
yourself, I need a change of  
scenery. Where better to escape my  
woman troubles than a camp for  
adult men? Sports, nature, no  
phones. It's perfect.

NATHAN

Okay, so go, god bless.

TIM

No. Look, it's a tournament. You  
love that; you were a D-1 athlete.

NATHAN

Tim, I played Frisbee.

TIM

Division One Frisbee! Come on, I  
need to spend some quality time,  
away, with my brother.

NATHAN

...Okay. Let me talk to Zoe. But no  
promises, she's a busy lady and--

Zoe pokes her head in.

ZOE

My mom can help. You two go ahead.

NATHAN

Honey...I kind of thought we could discuss it in private.

ZOE

And let you use your family as an excuse to avoid helping your brother? Not on my watch.

TIM

Man, your wife's smart. Thanks Zoe!

Nathan looks at a now-giddy Tim with annoyed love.

NATHAN

You're driving.

INT. NATHAN'S MINIVAN - DAY

Nathan types a text to Zoe as Tim drives on the highway.

TIM

You won't regret this. We're gonna crush these dudes-- you listening?

Nathan "mhms" absentmindedly, composing a text to Zoe.

NATHAN (TEXT)

Tell your mom Tina can't have dairy. Sarah can if it's organic. Now Kelly's an interesting one--

He hasn't sent it yet when he gets a message from Zoe.

ZOE (TEXT)

You still typing? I see three dots. If it's long just send to my mom.

Nathan quickly deletes the entire text and types a new one.

NATHAN (TEXT)

Must be a glitch. Love you too.

Nathan looks back up. Tim is still going on.

TIM

...and that's why you never wear cleats to do Parkour.

EXT. THE DUDE RANCH PARKING LOT - THREE HOURS LATER - EVENING

The minivan pulls into a dirt lot. A "Welcome to The Dude Ranch!" banner is draped over a wooden sign. They see a vast landscape dotted by groups of MEN doing cool dude activities.

To the north, guys are manning a grill, beers in hand. To the east, a touch football game looks like the Kennedy compound at Thanksgiving. To the south, a man strums a guitar lazily while another guy swings in a hammock puffing on a joint. To the west, a couple of dudes are fishing in a lake.

It's perfect. They exit the car, and immediately a drone carrying a tray of beers hovers before them. An attached tablet showing camp director Bill plays a recording--

BILL DRONE (TABLET)

Welcome to The Dude Ranch. Please  
enjoy this hop-forward, citrusy  
IPA. Your camp Manbassador will be--

Another beer-carrying drone flies precariously over the first drone, spilling drinks onto the speaking drone below.

BILL DRONE (TABLET) (CONT'D)

--Along in no ti-ti, no ti- ti...

The malfunctioning drone dips then crashes into Nathan's minivan, breaking its tail light. Tim leans over to Nathan.

TIM

Does your insurance cover drones?

DAN PANG (40s, buff, Korean-American-- which does *not* mean everyone else is white; Tony Robbins is his patronus), approaches wearing a Dude Ranch jersey. He resets the drone, and it flies off.

PANG

Sorry, still working on the air  
space restrictions. Hi, I'm Dan, a  
Camp Manbassador and--  
(recognizing him)  
Nathan Lyons?

NATHAN

Holy shit. Pang? Tim, Dan Pang and  
I ran track together in high  
school. What's it been, 20 years?

PANG

At least. Oh man, are you Nathan's  
little brother? Last time I saw  
you, you were half a pint.

TIM

Puberty.

PANG

Well, the important thing is you guys are here now. Let me guess, long weekend away from the wives?

Pang goes to bro-five them.

TIM

I'm divorced.

PANG

What? Me too!

Even bigger bro-five. He points at Tim.

PANG (CONT'D)

Gay?

TIM

What? No.

PANG

Turned out I was gay. Or like... what's that sexuality called where you're kind of into women who aren't your wife, but suuuper into men who *remind* you of your wife?

TIM

Inconsiderate?

PANG

Yeah, my sexuality is "inconsiderate." I don't really like labels.

NATHAN

You just haven't found the right label maker yet. And you said you're a "Manbassador?"

PANG

Guide to all things Dude Ranch.

He makes two Dude Ranch BROchures appear.

PANG (CONT'D)

I also teach a seminar on close-magic. I recommend registering soon before all the spots...disappear.

He makes the BROchures disappear.

NATHAN

Dan Pang, still doing magic. Crazy.  
Tim, we used to call him--

TIM

Lemme guess, Abraca-Daniel?

NATHAN

No, "Big Dong Pang" 'cause he had a  
huge dick. And now that I think  
about it, because we were a little  
bit racist. Sorry, man.

PANG

All good. You should have heard  
what we said about you in Korean.

NATHAN

That's fair. You a magician now?

PANG

Nah, dude. I want to go pro, but  
Management Consulting just pays too  
well. Always looking for that side  
hustle though, hashtag second-  
generation first-world problems.

(checking his clipboard)

Hey, we're all on green team. You  
still run a six-minute mile?

Nathan gestures at his body as if to say "Really?"

PANG (CONT'D)

All good. I've been in the top five  
three years in a row. I can train  
you back up. And hey, if I don't  
win again, no biggie. I'll just cry  
myself to sleep and burn the camp  
down in the morning. Joking. C'mon,  
I'll show you our Bro Teepee, AKA  
Eco Cabin, AKA The Yurt Locker.

EXT. DUDE RANCH GROUNDS - VARIOUS LOCATIONS - MOMENTS LATER

Pang leads them on a tour by the lake, yurts, fields, etc.

PANG

That's the Kombucha fountain.  
That's the Huey trail, named for  
Lewis and the News. Big donor. Over  
there's the HALL OF BAD MEN--

NATHAN

What's that?

PANG

It's where we send men who defend guys like Woody Allen, Steve Jobs, the Papa Johns Papa. We do a group detox-- an intervention to convince them a person can be both great at their work *and* a terrible human. You should drop in. This year we're inducting Kanye. To your left is--

A SOBBING MAN walks by with a FRIEND's arm around him.

TIM

Guess he's a *College Dropout* fan.

PANG

No, looks like they're coming from the Crying Tent-- a Bose-powered, soundproof safe space for men to feel their feelings. You'll want to go early. There's usually a line.

TIM

To mock them?

PANG

Nah, man. Dudes cry now. Used to be they didn't, but now that they do, everyone wants to be the guy that cries the most. Not to get cocky, but I sob like a motherfucker.

Pang high-fives Nathan.

TIM

I'm not much of a cryer.

PANG

No worries. There's all sorts of guys at The Dude Ranch. But if you wanna have a smooth time, it helps to know the brotypes.

They arrive at a large gymnasium and walk inside.

INT. MAN CAVE - CONTINUOUS

Grown men play at a series of activity centers. It's like a bar mitzvah party meets tech giant's "*Are we even at work?*" office. Fancy bar, stupid egg chairs-- it's got everything.

PANG

You've got your basic bros, your woke bros, fuckboys, fuckbros, dudes who got dumped by Taylor Swift, hedge fund guys, Former Obama speech writer podcast bros, and their counterpart, Koch bros.

TIM

Koch political, or they do coke?

PANG

Yes.

He points to GUYS wearing goggles and swinging their hands as though they have ping pong paddles, even though they don't.

PANG (CONT'D)

Those dudes met here and started a tech company that makes Augmented Reality glasses. They show you the regular world, but with computer generated imagery layered on top.

NATHAN

My kid has a set of those for catching Pokemon.

TIM

Dude, I don't know why you let your kids play those stupid video games. In my day, if you trapped animals and made them fight, it was nothing to be proud of.

PANG

I can think of better cock fights. Oh, and here's our team. It's you two, the twins Liam & Murray, Sam Jacobs, and me. Sam's new too.

He bangs on the glass of an indoor skydiving station. Inside are SAM JACOBS (20s, slim hipster with a Bieber haircut) and LIAM & MURRAY (50s, identical twins). Sam waves and, as a result, goes flying up out of frame.

Pang points over to a table of GQ MODEL looking dudes.

PANG (CONT'D)

And here's the High Council-- Guys who run masculinity-based tech start-ups.

(MORE)

PANG (CONT'D)

Gym owners, e-commerce razor blade companies, and makers and shakers of the protein shake shake-making world.

NATHAN

Sorry, what?

PANG

Well see, there are shake makers and shake takers. And-- y'know what? It doesn't matter. They rule the roost, and their king and five time Manly Cup champion is Andy Marks. You saw that yurt at the head of the others? That's his private tent. Perks of being champ.

Andy, still sporting a man bun, somehow manages to be both perfectly rugged and perfectly soft. Supple AF.

NATHAN

Wow. He is...

PANG

Majestic. I know. He came here with nothing, and left with a million dollar distribution deal for the highest concentration of bar protein this side of Ron Jeremy's dick. "Andy's Candy."

TIM

Y'know, I read somewhere that if you name a company after yourself, you're a sociopath.

Suddenly, the lights turn off and everyone goes silent. A v-formation of MEN IN HOODED ROBES walk out holding candles.

HOODED FIGURE 1

Today you have journeyed to manhood's inner sanctum. But your trials have only just begun. And so we start again, with the question every man must ask--

He rips off his hood, revealing director Bill's smiling face.

BILL

Are you ready to get MANleashed!?

BLAM! "Jock Jams" plays as the men tear their robes to reveal different outfits-- A suit, a sports jersey, a sweater vest, a lumberjack. They start to dance. Tim whispers to Pang.

TIM

It's very... village people.

PANG

You can just say "gay." I mean you can't, but you can think it.

As the music fades, Bill steps forward, addressing the crowd.

BILL

Thank you all for coming. For those who were expecting a frat, we are, in a sense, a fraternity, but here at The Dude Ranch, you will be paddled with emotions and hazed by the compassionate support of another camper asking, "You okay, bro?" Much like manhood, we'll test your rugged individualism as well as your ability to work together. For the first three days, you'll compete in team events. On the last day, the top two teams will move to the finals. And there, it's every man for himself to determine who will bring home the Manly Cup!

He holds up a huge trophy. Tim eyes it.

BILL (CONT'D)

Now, please welcome to the stage the 5-time winner, and the manliest man I know, Andy Marks!

Andy takes the stage to thunderous applause.

ANDY

Men, man. Men... When I was growing up, my mom was burning bras and marching on Washington. My dad was out in the yard tossing the pigskin or on the couch watching *Good Times*. And don't get me wrong, it was a good time, but it didn't feel important. Men didn't have the same kind of reckoning with our gender that women had. Instead, we just got to own everything. And still, it wasn't enough.

RANDOM CAMPER

I own a jet, and I'm miserable!

ANDY

Amen, brother. Nowadays, women don't need us to bring home the bacon. Heck, I only eat meat on weekends. And it's left a lot of men angry, confused, and looking for answers in all the wrong places. Drugs, alcohol, ISIS, Reddit AMAs, they're all built on impotent male rage. But that's not us. We're not here to get away from women; we're here to find ourselves and connect with each other.

Tim rolls his eyes at Nathan, but Nathan gives a thumbs up.

NATHAN

Coming here was a great idea.

ANDY

And that's why, to separate ourselves from the outside world, we put our phones in lock pouches for the duration of camp. When you seal your pouch, think about some way you've felt hurt by society's expectations of you as a man. The only expectation here is that you have both a good and a great time. Thank you.

He does a little namaste bow. The campers erupt in cheers as Manbassadors begin passing around phone lock-up pouches.

LIAM

My company didn't give a shit when I needed time off to bond with my newborn baby!! Woo!!!

He throws his phone hard against the wall, shattering it.

BILL

Hey, I like your spirit, man. Let's toss some points up on the board.

BING! A large scoreboard adds points for the green team.

LIAM

Ten points for Greenfindor. Hi, I'm Liam. This is Murray.

MURRAY

We're twins, but you can tell which is which because of Liam's ridiculous new haircut.

Tim looks at Liam's hair. (It's identical to Murray's.)

TIM

Well, at least it's not a man bun like Andy Fuckface over there.

NATHAN

I liked the speech.

SAM

Nah, dude's right. Man buns are stupid. I'm Sam. You guys ball?

INT. MAN CAVE - BASKETBALL COURT - LATER

A basketball soars just over SHAQUILLE O'NEIL's arms (surprise!) and goes in.

SHAQ

Lucky shot, lil man.

Pang, wearing goggles, was the one who shot it. Nathan, also in goggles, grabs the ball, but Shaq D's him up.

SHAQ (CONT'D)

Get that weak shit outta here. I'm Shaq!

Finally, Nathan bursts through Shaq's body, which flickers, revealing it to be an Augmented Reality game. (When wearing the goggles, the CGI people look like they're really there. This technology exists. Bing it). Nathan shoots and scores.

PANG

Oh, come on. You can't go through him. That's cheating.

AT THE WATER COOLER, Tim watches with Sam, beers in hand.

SAM

...Yeah, it's an app called *BroCal*. It lets you rate meeting attendees. Miss one, you're a "dip." Two, you're a "flake." Three? You're outta here, bro.

Tim "Mhms." Sam sees he's not paying attention, instead watching Andy over at the bar holding court with his dudes.

SAM (CONT'D)

Miss four, they hunt you *Purge*-style and make you eat your phone.

TIM

Oh, interesting.

SAM

Right. And why're you at The Ranch?

TIM

It was this, therapy, or model train sets, and I swore off that.

SAM

Model trains?

TIM

Therapy. If I wanted to hear about how everything is my dad's fault, I'd call my mom more. Which I don't, which she says is his fault.

They clink bottles then chug. Nathan walks over to get water.

NATHAN

Y'know she's right, though.

TIM

This is Nathan. He likes our mom so much, he decided to become one.

SAM

Pardon?

NATHAN

I'm a stay-at-home dad, and my brother's an asshole.

TIM

Yeah, but that's my dad's fault.

Tim winks then walks to a keg for a refill. He looks over at Andy again, who is now animatedly delivering a punchline to big laughs. Tim shakes the tap, feigning emptiness.

TIM (CONT'D)

Tapped. I'mma go grab one at the bar. Back in a few.

He downs a shot and marches over to Andy with determination.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. TIM'S MAN YURT - 4AM

Tim pukes in a trashcan next to his bed as everyone else sleeps, except for Sam who's in bed writing on a notepad.

SAM  
Yurt foul.

TIM  
Ugh, what the fuck happened?

SAM  
You and your new bestie really tore  
shit up last night.  
(off Tim's blank stare)  
Look, you *Memento*'d yourself.

Tim lifts his shirt. Scrawled in marker is a heart that reads "Platonic bro heart." BOOM. It all comes flooding back.

FLASHBACK SEQUENCE - INT. MAN CAVE - BAR - NIGHT

Tim walks up to Andy where JASPER, Andy's bro, sounds off.

JASPER  
Tell'em what she said, bro.

ANDY  
Jasper, that was in confidence.

JASPER  
C'mon, this is critical intel.

ANDY  
Jasper, I just don't think--

JASPER  
She goes, "I thought man buns were  
lame till I realized it's like a  
joystick for eating pussy."

He mimes joy-sticking a man bun.

JASPER (CONT'D)  
Up, down, left, right, B, A, Start!

He moans, to cackles. Tim interjects in an announcer voice--

TIM  
A new challenger approaches!

Silence... then--

MINION 1

Finish him!

Everyone laughs. Tim is handed a drink.

ANDY

Hi, I'm Andy.

LATER. In a boxing ring, Tim and Andy are mid-drinking competition.

ANDY (CONT'D)

Admit when you're beat, Tim.

TIM

No way, man. You see these love handles? They absorb vodka handles.

Tim downs three shots. Tense moment. Andy starts to drink one, heaves for a second, then puts his hands up.

ANDY

I'm out, I'm out.

Everyone cheers. Tim turns to hug Sam but Sam rebuffs him.

SAM

Not a hugger.

Andy picks up Tim in a giant bear hug.

ANDY

You're the man, man!

TIM

And you are the other man...man.

LATER. In a ball pit, a wasted Tim sits atop Andy's shoulders while Sam sits on Jasper's, chicken fighting. From the sideline, Nathan throws back a beer, a little jealous that Tim is bonding with the other campers instead of with him.

TIM (CONT'D)

Making apps is not a real job!  
Learn to hammer something, softboy.

Tim shoves Sam. Jasper staggers back then charges Tim/Andy.

SAM

Uh oh, grampa's drinking again.

Sam shoves Tim, but Andy reaches up and holds him upright.

ANDY  
I got you, bro.

TIM  
My hero-Ohhh.

Tim pukes all over Sam then falls back into the balls.

END FLASHBACK SEQUENCE.

INT. MAN YURT - BACK TO SCENE

TIM  
Oh fuck. Are Andy and I...friends?

SAM  
He seems to think so. But according to your upper thigh, you've got other plans.

Tim looks. His thigh says "Too strong! What's his *WEAKNESS??*?"

TIM  
That's...I can explain. Why were you looking at my thigh--

BLUGH. Tim dry-heaves. He runs to the toilet. There's a bang on the bathroom door.

TIM (CONT'D)  
Someone's in here.  
(louder bang)  
I said someone's in here, goddamn--

The door is kicked in and a bag is placed over a screaming/barfing Tim's head.

INT. VAN - MOMENTS LATER

As the van drives along a dirt path, Tim's head bag is pulled off. He sees the rest of his recently de-headbagged team. Two guys in NAVY SEAL gear stand before them.

NAVY SEAL 1  
Central Command has located a high value target being held in a remote compound two clicks east of the Sisquoc River. The objective of your mission-- search and rescue.

LIAM  
Um, I'm supposed to be at the Dude--

MURRAY

Shh. Dumbass, this is Dude Ranch.

LIAM

Oh, thank god. Thought I was having a *Zero Dark Thirty* flashback. I was a background actor in ZDTZ. We lost a lot of good extras that day.

TIM

...to what?

LIAM

Bad curry. We were in the shit.

Navy Seal 2 hands out helmets, night vision goggles and camo.

NATHAN

Anyone have Advil? My head is--

NAVY SEAL 1

When we reach the drop-site, you'll take up your paint rifles and track down the hostage...Burt Reynolds.

This raises eyebrows, and Pang's hand.

PANG

*Boogie Nights* Reynolds? Or *Deliverance* Reynolds? Also, what?

NAVY SEAL 2

Bill dropped ten Gs on a replica of Michelangelo's *David*, but there was an issue with his Prime billing, so we went with our backup-- a life size foam model of Burt Reynolds from his iconic 1972 *Cosmo* shoot.

PANG

Ah, Nude *Cosmo* Reynolds. That's a good Reynolds.

NAVY SEAL 1

But there's a hitch. Burt's been split into seven pieces-- his head, his chest, his torso, his arms, his feet, his buttocks, and his...

NAVY SEAL 2

Longest yard. One for every team. Each of these parts symbolizes a different way men tend to guide themselves, and get into trouble.

NAVY SEAL 1

Some lead with their heads and  
succeed at their career but neglect  
their loved ones; others lead with  
their hearts, forgetting that  
without wisdom, the heart can be a  
fool. Now some men prioritize--

TIM

--Their longest yard, yeah we get  
it. So it's paintball Capture the  
Flag with chopped up Burt Reynolds?

PANG

That man never got the respect he  
deserved.

TIM

And we reassemble him for dude  
points. Is that about right?

NAVY SEAL 2

Yes. Each piece is worth 50 points,  
but if you let me finish, we still  
have four symbolic totems left--

From the front, the DRIVER yells back.

DRIVER

We're there in five. Wrap it up.

NAVY SEAL 2

Dammit. Okay, long story short--  
men tend to be disconnected from  
their bodies. You can read about it  
on the camp's website.

NATHAN

I'd take Tylenol. Anyone?

NAVY SEAL 1

Before you deploy, we'll need a  
team name. It lasts the rest of  
camp, so make it a good one.

PANG

Oh shit. It should be something  
badass, like a panther.

Tim looks at Nathan, who seems like he's about to puke.

TIM

Dadbod.

LIAM

That doesn't sound very badass.

TIM

Appear weak when you're strong, and  
strong when you're weak - Sun Tzu.

(beat)

Also a lot of us have Dad bods.

They begrudgingly nod. He is tough, but fair.

PANG

I guess I could be a DILF.

Navy Seal 1 sighs and writes in "Dadbod."

NATHAN

Seriously, my head is splitting.

LIAM

I gotcha.

Liam pulls a bottle from his pocket and gives Nathan a pill.

NATHAN

What is it, Advil? Tylenol? Aleve?  
I can usually tell from the pill  
number-- My wife is a urologist.

LIAM

They're homeopathic.

TIM

They don't work? Cool.

Nathan looks skeptical but pops one. Swallows.

TIM (CONT'D)

Fuck it, gimme.

Tim takes one. Everyone but Sam does too.

SAM

Hangovers build character.

The van comes to a stop, and the door slides open.

TIM

Great. Now let's go manhandle an  
icon of cinema.

EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

Tim, Nathan, Pang, and Sam (all in warpaint) hide in the underbrush. Under Tim's arm rests another team's captured body part-- Burt Reynolds' foam head (think wax museum). Tim looks around cautiously, ready to spring into action.

NATHAN

What'd you get Mom?

TIM

Oh shit, her birthday.

NATHAN

Wednesday. I got her Springsteen tickets. Wanna just split it?

Tim "shushes" Nathan then points to Andy and his team MAN CANDY as they sneak up to a house. Andy shoots two BLUE TEAM GUARDS then gives hand signals. His teammates leap from the bushes and storm inside, taking out everyone. It's brutal. Andy strolls up to Burt Reynolds' foam dick, grabs it, and nods heroically. Tim, Nathan, Pang, and Sam watch in awe.

PANG

I saw that maneuver in *Platoon*.

SAM

You guys wanna give up now or wait till we're picked off one by one?

TIM

Fuck that, Sam. Did the Bandit give up when the cargo was in quarantine and he needed to get it to Dallas in three days?

(off Sam's blank stare)

Did Gator give up when the chips were down and it looked like he'd lose custody of his sweet, nine-year-old daughter?

SAM

Uhhh?

TIM

Jesus Christ. Have you seen any Burt Reynolds movies?

(off Sam's shrug)

Fucking Millennials. Whatever, let's regroup and--

The paint on Nathan's face seems to be moving. Tim watches as it weaves, creating swirling patterns, getting trippier.

NATHAN  
Regroup and what?

TIM  
Re group. RE, re, group. Grouper.

SAM  
You still drunk?

Sam turns to Pang who is rolling around in the dirt. Whatever was in those pills, they're tripping balls.

PANG  
Help. I'm a fish!

SAM  
What the fuck-- run.

NATHAN  
Frun? Hehe, frun.

SAM  
Run!

Sam points. A paintball grenade is hurling towards them.

SAM (CONT'D)  
Incoming!

They tumble down a hill. Pang and Nathan go to the left while Tim (clinging tightly to Burt's foam head) and Sam go to the right. When they come to a stop, the two pairs are far apart.

CUT TO:

Murray and Liam guard the team's Safe House. It's calm.

MURRAY  
You have a homeopathic doctor?

LIAM  
Well, Shaman, I guess. I don't know. Dude in a lab coat at Burning Man, but he swore by them.

MURRAY  
Aw crap, I can taste colors.

He's hit in the face by a paintball. He licks his lips.

MURRAY (CONT'D)  
Hm. Tastes purple. And like paint.

Boom. A firefight (of paint) ensues. Liam panics.

LIAM

Go to ground! I'll find you on the  
dark net when it's safe.

Liam runs screaming into the distance.

CUT TO:

Pang and Nathan wander the desert. Nathan whisper-shouts.

NATHAN

Tim! Sam! Tim!

PANG

Echo-o-o.

A paintball whizzes between their heads. They don't notice.

**PANG'S TRIP:** The desert looks like a tranquil ocean. The dunes are waves with dolphins diving in and out of them.

PANG (CONT'D)

Hehe, sand dolphins.

DRUG DOLPHIN 1

I'm a (dolphin noises) porpoise.

DRUG DOLPHIN 2

FYI, sand dolphin is a (dolphin noises) highly offensive slur.

A "The More You Know" star shoots over the porpoise's head. Pang watches it then turns to Nathan, who has a Miyazaki-esque forest blooming out of his head. Pang licks his lips.

PANG

I recognize this. This is drugs.

Nathan in no way hears Pang.

NATHAN

Oh man.

**NATHAN'S TRIP:** Nathan opens the door to his house. He hears two little girls (Jenn and Tina) running and giggling then feels a gust of wind like ghosts in a horror movie.

JENN AND TINA (O.S.)

Come play with us, daddy.

NATHAN

No running inside!

Kelly walks by wearing headphones. She turns to Nathan.

KELLY

Can we go to the zoo today?

NATHAN

I'm sorry honey, but your uncle Tim had another break-up.

Kelly's face flashes to crying then quickly back to a smile; then her head turns back to having headphones on.

When we cut back to Nathan, he's now roughly ten years older and greying around the temple. Becca, now 17, runs up. She wears a graduation gown and mortarboard.

BECCA

Dad! Are you coming to my graduation?

NATHAN

Sorry, Becca. Your uncle went to jail for Pikachu fighting, and someone's gotta bail him out.

Becca walks away sadly. When we cut back, Nathan is ten years older, in his 60s. Zoe's head pokes out of the kitchen.

ZOE

Hey, honey. I died while you were at Tim's hockey recital.

Her head falls off and rolls to a stop at Nathan's feet.

ZOE (CONT'D)

Just can't trust men. Right, girls?

Jenn and Tina, now in their 80s, pop out of a kitchen cabinet.

JENN AND TINA

Right!

From the floor, Zoe's head winks at Nathan. He yelps then looks up. He's now a desiccated old man, pushing a baby carriage. In the carriage is an adult Tim in a baby bonnet.

TIM

Oh what are you whining about? You changed my diapers for years.

Nathan screams then looks up. **END TRIP**. He's back to his normal age and is standing with Pang.

NATHAN

Ah! Did I hit my head or something?

PANG

Relax. These dolphins are chill.  
Let's go rescue Buddy. That was  
Burt Reynolds' nickname. Fun fact.

Pang yanks Nathan by his backpack strap to move him along.

CUT TO:

Sam stealthily creeps around, looking for Tim.

SAM

Tim. Tim. Where you at?

No response. Finally, Sam hears groans coming from a creek.  
It's Tim, laying by the bank, covered in blood.

TIM

Sam! I'm hit. It's everywhere.

SAM

Holy shit, you okay?

TIM

Do I look okay? I'm bleeding out!  
Quick, tie something around it.

SAM

Around what? Did you cut yourself?

TIM

The bullet wound! I don't know! Cut  
off my leg! Oh god, why'd I bring  
useless Nathan here instead of his  
brilliant urologist wife?

Sam checks for a wound. He finds a red paintball casing.

SAM

Hey. I think it's just--

Tim is now in a full blown death soliloquy.

TIM

I'll tell you why, Sam. Because I  
thought Nathan would help us win. I  
was only thinking of us. And  
because Zoe's not a man. But I  
regret it now that I'm dying.  
MEDIC! WE NEED A MEDIC!

Paintballs fly at them. Sam ducks. Six hit Tim. He screams.

SAM

Shh!

TIM

I can't believe I'm dying! This blows! Also could you move me? I think I'm laying on a big root.

SAM

Really Tim, it's just paint.

TIM

Come here, Sam. Closer. I want you to smell my death.

Sam leans in, face saying *"Okay I guess we're doing this."*

TIM (CONT'D)

Promise me you'll find Ashley and tell her I said this was her fault.

SAM

Who's Ashley?

TIM

My wife! Or she was. But now she loves Andy and left me with Buddy. That was Burt Reynolds' nickname. A lot of people don't know that. It's just you and me now, big guy.

He strokes Burt's head. The nose falls off.

TIM (CONT'D)

Shh, don't cry. I may be on drugs.

SAM

Yeah, no I figured.

TIM

Tell my story when I'm gone, Sam. But also, it's a secret. Shhhh.

He passes out. Sam whips out a phone, snaps a picture, and sends a text to "Boss Man."

SAM (TEXT)

He's a mess. It's perfect for us.

He puts the phone away just as he sees Andy (now with a bunch of Burt parts strapped to his back) and the rest of Man Candy emerge from the bushes, guns in hand. Sam gulps.

INT. HOSPITAL - ROOM - MORNING - DAY 2

Tim comes to and notices an IV in his arm. Nathan, Pang, and Murray are also awake, recovering.

TIM  
Whoa. Nice yurt.

A DOCTOR consults her clipboard.

DOCTOR  
Thank you Mr... Lyons, but this is actually a hospital.

TIM  
It looked pretty good for a tent.

DOCTOR  
Mhm. I'll make a note that your vision is in working order.

NATHAN  
Excuse me, Doctor, how are my levels? My wife's a urologist and--

DOCTOR  
Okay, no more questions from the guy who married a doctor. You're all fine. You did test positive for low levels of giraffe bone marrow, so that's...non-standard, but we could rerun it if you'd like.

PANG  
That won't be necessary.

The Doctor shrugs then walks to the other side of the room. She don't give a shit.

TIM  
Okay...so anyone know how we did?

Nobody seems to know.

MURRAY  
Last I remember is tasting purple. Then Liam freaked and ran off. I thought I found him at one point, but it turned out I was just staring into a pond. Man, that hasn't happened since I was four.

PANG  
Good giraffe marrow.

Pang and Murray fist bump.

SAM

I can probably fill you in.

Sam walks in with sandwiches and starts handing them out. As he hands one to Tim, Tim leans in.

TIM

Hey, last night, I say anything--

SAM

Incriminating? Yes, but I'm pretty sure you're past the statute of limitations for a dead goldfish.

Sam winks at Tim then returns to normal volume.

SAM (CONT'D)

We tied for first, thanks to our boy Pang over here.

Pang looks up, mouth full of sandwich, confused.

SAM (CONT'D)

While everyone else was fighting off Andy's Nicaraguan death squad, you captured Burt's chest, butt, and foot. Though they can only verify two of those. They found you in a canoe dumping yellow team's foot in the lake.

PANG

It's what he would've wanted.

TIM

How do you know what Burt Reynolds would have wanted?

PANG

TMZ did a piece on it when he died.

SAM

Exactly. Bill awarded us 15 points for respecting the dead. But then subtracted 15 for critical intoxication. So-- tied. With Man Candy. But hey, Tim, you're the reason they didn't do better.

TIM

What?

SAM

Andy found us after you passed out. I told him you'd be fine, but he just dropped his gear and fireman carried you to the infirmary. Then they rounded up the rest of you.

TIM

He fireman carried me?

SAM

Like a baby.

NATHAN

That's not how you carry babies.

TIM

God, that dude thinks he's such a fucking hero. I was fine.

SAM

You said you were dying.

TIM

Everybody dies. Fuck it. A win's a win.

SAM

Tie.

TIM

For first place. Nice work, Pang.

SAM

That's the good news. The bad news is Full Contact Hugby is next.

NATHAN

Hugby?

PANG

Rugby but with hugging.

MURRAY

I don't get it.

PANG

Oh, you will.

TIM

How's that bad news? We can win.

SAM

The game starts in two minutes.

TIM  
Shit. Come on, let's go.

DOCTOR  
Sir, the IV's still in. If you'll--

Tim tries to rip his IV out, but the needle snaps off. Everyone gasps as Tim releases a painful wail.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)  
Jesus that only would've taken a--  
ugh. Forget it, I'll call a nurse.

NATHAN  
Want me to call my wife?

DOCTOR  
I'm good.

EXT. THE DUDE RANCH - FIELD - DAY

The guys sprint to the field.

TIM  
We're here. We made it. We're here.

Tim gasps for air as Bill, in a ref uniform, walks over.

BILL  
Hey Tim, glad you're back up and  
kicking. Heard you had a night.

TIM  
Yup, but we're here. Hugby time.

BILL  
No can do, buckaroo. The games have  
already started.

NATHAN  
Come on, Bill.

BILL  
Sorry guys, but part of being a man  
is showing up. Just ask my dad. Oh  
you can't, because he died!

TIM  
Sounds like a real jerk. Isn't  
there some way we can make it up?

BILL

No! Nobody can-- oh, the contest. Sure. By winning Vulneraball tomorrow. Especially because I have to deduct 30 points for your team missing this round. Good luck!

Before Tim can respond, Bill zips away.

TIM

Fuck.

LATER. Dadbod watches as Man Candy's game ends in a 42-7 win. Tim looks up at a scoreboard that shows Dadbod is now in third place. Man Candy's in first.

Two Man Candy players jog towards the stands, tossing a ball.

MAN CANDY PLAYER

...I just think you're underestimating what they have to deal with on a daily basis--

JASPER

Oh, whatever. I WISH women would catcall me. Hell, my favorite type of porn is LadyBoss Harassment.

MAN CANDY PLAYER

Well, if I were your boss, I'd make you suck my dick for a raise.

JASPER

Not what I mean at all.

MAN CANDY PLAYER

Sounds like somebody doesn't want to get ahead in this company.

They approach Dadbod.

JASPER

Hey brosephines, heard you didn't play, and we didn't get much of a workout from those guys--

He gestures towards the team they just beat, who are doubled over, heaving from exhaustion.

JASPER (CONT'D)

--So y'all wanna play for funsies?

SAM

Hard pass. That submarine I ate is about to turn into a floater. I'm gonna go take a massive shit.

Sam runs off. Nathan, Pang and Murray move onto the field. Before Tim gets up, Andy, holding a rugby ball, taps him.

ANDY

Looking better than last I saw ya.

TIM

Yeah accidental hallucinogens isn't really my look.

ANDY

I hear that. Hey, you got a sec?

Tim tries to make an excuse.

TIM

Can't. Running to this seminar--

He scrounges around in his pocket for the camp schedule and reads a seminar name.

TIM (CONT'D)

"How to call a bro out on misogyny without getting called a pussy."

ANDY

Oh nice, but you got twenty minutes. I'm actually teaching it.

Andy passes his ball to Tim.

ANDY (CONT'D)

Good talk last night. You should be an advice columnist.

This catches Tim off-guard. *What is Andy talking about?*

ANDY (CONT'D)

Don't get me wrong. Jasper's like a brother-- we've been playing sports together since college-- but when it comes to dating, dude has a used *Playboy* where his heart should be.

TIM

Well...I hope it's operable?

ANDY

Hah. Anyway, when I was telling you about my gal, I could tell you really got it, like on an emotional level. Respect.

Blackouts are rough. Better to just go with it.

TIM

...Yup. That's me. Good ol' drunk Tim, gives amazing dating advice.

ANDY

So, Ashley, right? She was gonna take me bouldering for my first time in Cancun this week-- she's a climber-- but we found out camp conflicted, and she goes "Cancun'll still be there next week."

TIM

Well that's understanding. And optimistic, given climate trends.

ANDY

I gotta make it up to her somehow. Especially because-- okay, so last month she suggested I do this photo shoot to promote my new bar line, and it was suuuuper douchey, right?

TIM

I'm sure it wasn't that bad.

ANDY

Shirtless. Willy. Wonka.

TIM

Ah.

ANDY

Yeah, I felt like such a dipshit, and I wouldn't stop whining about it. But sure enough, just like she said, next month sales ticked up.

TIM

I guess she's good at that social media bullshit.

ANDY

She just gets people. Though after the DMs I've gotten since I'm fine not having my phone for a week.

TIM

Cool. Hey, I gotta go--

ANDY

Normally, I'm a really confident guy, but with her I'm a nervous wreck. I just don't think I've ever really loved anyone this much. Speaking of, you got any ideas--

Tim shudders at Andy's proclamation of love. Andy sees.

ANDY (CONT'D)

You cold? Here take my windbreaker.

TIM

No, it's okay--

Andy unzips his jacket, revealing Tim's *Cheeseheads* t-shirt underneath (the same band t-shirt Tim showed Nathan to prove Ashley still loved him). Tim stares at it.

ANDY

You know these guys? I've never actually heard them. Ashley was gonna get rid of it, but you know me. Rinse, reuse, recycle--

Tim visibly dry heaves.

ANDY (CONT'D)

Whoa. You okay, dude?

TIM

Bad subs. I gotta hit the head.

Tim scurries away.

EXT. CRYING TENT - DAY

Tim tries to open the door, but it's locked. He bangs on it then sinks to the ground, upset and queasy. The door opens.

TIM

Sorry, I didn't mean to interrupt--

Tim looks up and sees it's Sam. He has a phone in his hand, which he quickly slips into his pocket.

TIM (CONT'D)

Sorry I-- was that a phone?

SAM  
I snuck it in. You okay, dude?

TIM  
I ran into Andy, and I--  
His voice catches, fighting back tears.

SAM  
Hey, I know. I'm sorry, man.

Sam raises an arm to pat Tim on the back, but to Sam's surprise, Tim clasps him tight in a big, sad bear hug. Beat.

TIM  
...Hey, Sam.

SAM  
Yeah?

TIM  
Why do you have boobs?

SAM  
Uhh...I do a lot of pushups.

TIM  
No, I'm pretty sure those are  
boobs.

SAM  
I've been eating too much soy?

Tim finally releases Sam, taking her by the shoulders to look her up and down. *Surprise!* (hopefully)

TIM  
Sam, you're a girl.

SAM  
Actually we prefer the term "woman"  
once we're in our late twenties.

INT. CRYING TENT - CONTINUOUS

Sam pulls Tim inside and locks the door.

TIM  
What's going on?

SAM  
I'm a method actor doing reverse  
Shakespeare.

(MORE)

SAM (CONT'D)

(off Tim's look)

Okay, okay. I'm transitioning-- no that's not okay at all.

TIM

Wow. Just wow.

SAM

Fuck it. I work for Blotch Media.

TIM

What? The hipster news guys?

SAM

"Bespoke news you can use." But it turns out it's just a bunch of Burning Man douchebros who want to use polyamory as an excuse to cheat on their girlfriends. My dumbass editor kept assigning me girly crap like "Brooklyn's Best Etsy Pop-ups" or "Native American Head Dresses at Coachella: Who Appropriated it Best/Worst?" I told him I wanted to cover something that wasn't just for girls. Three days later, I'm on a bus here. I guess this was his idea of ironic comeuppance.

TIM

And you're here because...?

SAM

Men, Tim. Well, and massive student debt. They thought it would get major clicks to send a woman in disguise to cover the "toxic masculinity of the basic-ass unwoke old farts"-- their words-- who come here. Oh, and in case you're too old to know this: clicks equal money.

TIM

What? But we're woke. Everyone here is so totally freakin' woke.

SAM

Tim, every generation of guys thinks they're woke, and every generation uses their wokeness to close the wage gap by 10 percent and use the leftover cash to design 50 new kinds of dick pills.

She can see Tim's still ill at ease.

SAM (CONT'D)

Relax, my story's focused on Andy. He's been coming here for six straight years to win a piece of glorified laser-etched plastic.

TIM

Okay but also...I opened up to you, and you were just sitting there "Ladybugging" me the whole time.

(off her blank look)

"Just-One-Of-The-Guysing" me.

(off her shrug)

God, have you seen any movies? Hm..."Mister Doubtfiring" me?

SAM

Isn't that a guy dressed up as a woman?

TIM

I said, "Mister Doubtfiring."

SAM

Ohhhh. Then yes.

TIM

I thought I could trust you.

SAM

Tim, I took your confessional when you thought you were dying on hallucinogens. Let's not romanticize it.

TIM

Sam, please. Nobody else knows why I'm really here. Nathan would flip his shit if--

SAM

Look, we both have ulterior motives, so maybe we both just keep our mouths shut. Okay?

Tim squints then extends his hand. They shake.

TIM

Hey, can I ask you your opinion on something as a woman?

SAM

That is not why I'm here.

TIM

Oh come on. One question.

SAM

How about I lie down, prop my legs up, and you can just yell your questions directly into my vagina? Any advice that echoes out, you can use. No charge.

TIM

Heeeey, and here I heard women weren't funny.

SAM

Tim, I have a knife.

TIM

Is it hidden in the same place you keep your phone?

SAM

Yup, they're both nestled snugly beside my rubber packing-dick. JK, it's in my pocket. Which, by the way, is fucking huge. Why are dude's pockets so big? Do you know how little space Calvin Klein has been throwing our way? I feel like my thighs moved into a Walmart.

There's a knock on the door. They freeze. The knocks continue, so Tim cracks the door open to a WHIMPERING CAMPER.

WHIMPERING CAMPER

Will-- you-- be long? My boss is--

SAM

Oh shut up, you cry baby.

(to Tim)

C'mon, let's go.

EXT. HUEY TRAIL - LATER

Tim and Sam walk down a trail towards the camp office.

SAM

...Tim, I hear you, but you know this won't win her back, right?

TIM

Whaaaat? Of course not. This is purely a revenge play.

Sam looks at him skeptically then nods judiciously.

SAM

Well look, as a journalist, I'm an impartial observer. As a woman, I'm troubled by how you're handling your divorce, and as your dick friend Sam, I say fuck Andy for stretching out your shirt.

TIM

Right, fuck Andy. But then I get here, and he's so...I just thought he'd be a huge tool, y'know? I mean he's got a man-bun. I just wish I knew I was doing the right thing.

SAM

Oh, you're definitely not.

But Tim doesn't hear this because up ahead he sees a flyer that says "*Mean Girls* tonight at 8pm." He lights up.

TIM

*MEAN GIRLS!* Ashley was always on me to watch it. It's a sign, Sam. Literally, but also, y'know, like if god existed, the kind he'd send. Or she. Eh? Points for a lady god?

Sam rolls her eyes as they walk away, Tim now buoyed.

EXT. FIELD - EVENING

Campers sit on blankets in front of a movie screen. Tim and Sam spot the rest of Team Dadbod and plop down next to them.

TIM

Um, thanks for the invite.

NATHAN

Oh, I just figured you weren't interested, since it's you-know-who's favorite, and I've seen you refuse to watch it like 50 times.

MURRAY

*Mean Girls* is a modern classic.

PANG

I just want to see it as much as possible before it's tainted by Lindsay's inevitable tragic death.

MURRAY

Hey, we're all gonna die. But Lindsay Lohan, man...she lived.

Tim leans towards Sam, and the two whisper--

TIM

Everybody's seen this movie but me.

SAM

Yeah, dude. It's great. You had a smart wife. Shh, it's starting.

MONTAGE: MOVIE CLIPS showing Cady (Lindsay Lohan) in a battle of manipulation and wits with Regina George (Rachel McAdams). As the end credits roll, Tim can't help but smile.

TIM

That is a great movie.

PANG

Right? It's like *Goodfellas*, but instead of fellas who are good, it's girls, and they're mean.

Andy sidles up beside them, jogging backwards in place.

ANDY

Hey Tim, how's the tum-tum?

TIM

(startled)

Andy. Hey...better. Thanks.

ANDY

(checking his own pulse)

Sorry, when I sit around too long, I like to get my heart rate up.

TIM

Oh sure. Can't have all that heart blood pooling in your ankles.

NATHAN

Oh hey, I don't believe we've met. I'm Nathan, Tim's brother--

As Andy extends his hand, Tim suddenly realizes the danger of having Andy and Nathan in the same conversation.

TIM

Nathan, lemme just meet you guys at the bunk. Andy and I have some stuff to catch up on.

Nathan gives Tim a "*why you being weird?*" look then shrugs.

NATHAN

Yeah. Good luck with the "tum tum."

He takes off. Tim turns back to Andy.

TIM

Sorry, brothers. Y'know?

ANDY

I hear that. I was kind of the black sheep in my family.

Tim looks at him like "...you?"

ANDY (CONT'D)

And speaking of families...I've been chewing over what you said, and I'm trying to decide, is a hot air balloon too cliché?

TIM

To get to Oz? Yes.

ANDY

Hah. I was planning to do it in front of everyone when-- if, if, I know-- I win my 6th Manly Cup. I figure I do it, we hop in the balloon, and *shwhup*, away we go.

TIM

Who? Your team? Is this like a camp tradition Pang didn't mention?

ANDY

No, Ashley. Remember?, I'm gonna propose, and I wanna do a big romantic gesture. Jeez, how drunk were you?

KaPOW. It all comes flooding back. Again.

FLASHBACK SEQUENCE - INT. MAN CAVE - BAR - FIRST NIGHT

Tim is getting drinks for himself and Andy.

ANDY

So I'm thinking, a proposal on the lake.

Tim thinks Andy is making a drink suggestion.

TIM

What is that, vodka and Skittles? I got you a *Sex on the Beach*. Cool?

He hands Andy his drink.

ANDY

What? Sure.

Andy turns away and Tim quickly scribbles "Google: Proposal on Beach - recipe" on his leg with a Sharpie.

BEERS LATER. They sit in bucket seats of a car racing arcade game, hands on the steering wheel, drinking via beer hats.

ANDY (CONT'D)

What if I pop the question on stage when-- I mean, *if* I win the cup. It's like c'mon, I'll have six of these babies. Who says no to that?

He winks, but just then Tim wins and the game lights up.

TIM

Woo! Eat my dick-dust! Yeah. Girls love six packs. And questions.

MORE BEERS LATER. Tim and Andy are in the skydiving wind tunnel, wearing beer helmets. Andy shouts over the noise--

ANDY

I'm going to ask Ashley-- the woman who is my girlfriend-- to marry me. At the end of camp.

TIM

I'm really drunk right now and can't process the sounds your mouth is making, but that seems like something I should remember.

Tim looks at his arm, but it's already covered in Mementos.

TIM (CONT'D)

Here's a marker; write on my back.

ANDY

One tramp stamp coming up.

TIM  
Thanks! I'll make sure to check  
that later-- ahh!

The wind tunnel starts and they go shooting out of frame.

END FLASHBACK SEQUENCE.

EXT. FIELD - BACK TO SCENE

Tim's stomach drops.

TIM  
I forgot to check my fucking back.

ANDY  
Hey, no big deal, just the biggest  
decision in my life, and she gets  
here in two days. No pressure.

He's teasing, but Tim looks like he just got sucker-punched.

ANDY (CONT'D)  
Too corny? Too soon? I know it's  
fast, but I want to spend the rest  
of my life with this woman.

Tim gropes for words and/or air.

TIM  
Well. Men die earlier.

ANDY  
Hah, yeah. So? What do you think?

TIM  
I gotta go-- think about it.

ANDY  
Of course, wisdom takes time. Oh  
hey, if you want a hot tip on a  
quiet thinking spot--

TIM  
Crying tent? I've been there.

ANDY  
No way, too long a line. I go to  
the HALL OF BAD MEN. See, when I'm  
questioning myself, I don't need to  
be alone with my thoughts. I need  
to be reminded I could be wrong.

(MORE)

ANDY (CONT'D)

I look into the eyes of Matt Lauer,  
Louis CK, Steven Seagal, and I  
think to myself...we have gotta get  
better at writing public apologies.

Andy is lost in a trance, dreaming of a better world. Tim is still just trying to leave.

TIM

Uh yeah, I'll keep that in mind.

ANDY

(snapping out of it)

Anyway, I can always cancel the  
balloon. Man, I can't wait for you  
two to meet. She is gonna love you.

Andy wraps Tim up in a huge hug.

ANDY (CONT'D)

Ooh, when you meet her, mention how  
much you loved *Mean Girls*. It's her  
favorite movie; that's why I  
suggested we screen it tonight.

Tim moans softly.

INT. MAN YURT - NIGHT

Murray and Sam are asleep. Pang, under the glow of a  
nightlight, performs a magic trick for Nathan.

PANG

But sweet Aunt Joon did not vanish  
forever. She returned...as a dove!

A dove flies out of Pang's hands just as Tim bursts inside,  
waking the others. The dove flies straight at Tim, narrowly  
missing him on its way out the door.

PANG (CONT'D)

Oh fuck. Aunt Joon, no!

TIM

Guys...I...Help...

MURRAY

(to Nathan)

Does your brother have asthma?

NATHAN

I don't think so. Tim, do you have  
asthma now? Wheeze once for yes.

TIM  
No. She's coming here. She--

PANG  
Who?

TIM  
My wife.

MURRAY  
I...thought you were divorced.

NATHAN  
He is. Since last Tuesday. It's  
also his first break up.

PANG  
Ooooh. Rough. MURRAY

NATHAN  
Yeah, it's kind of complicated--  
(he spins to Tim)  
Tim, what did you do?

TIM  
Andy's going to propose to her.

NATHAN  
Um. Can you guys--

The others go but linger just outside the door, listening in.

NATHAN (CONT'D)  
Tim. What is going on?

TIM  
Ashley is dating Andy. She's coming  
here, so I need your help to stop  
him from proposing. Or maybe to  
kill him. I'm still trying to  
figure out the play.

NATHAN  
When were you gonna tell me this?

TIM  
Ugh. Catch up. I brought you here  
to help beat Andy, but shit went  
sideways and now I'm thinking we  
bean him in the head with an apple.  
Not hard enough to kill him, just  
like amnesia strength. Can you ask  
Zoe if that happens in real life?

(MORE)

TIM (CONT'D)

Or is it just a lie they tell kids,  
like quicksand and voting?

NATHAN

You brought me here to beat your ex-  
wife's boyfriend...at camp?

TIM

And for moral support.

NATHAN

Tim, you can't be fighting guys  
over Ashley anymore; we're not in  
high school. What would she think  
if she found out?

TIM

No. Don't do that. This isn't about  
her. It's entirely between me and  
Andy, purely a revenge play.

NATHAN

I missed Kelly's blue belt test  
because I was worried about you  
stalking Ashley on Facebook.

TIM

Welp. I'm not on Facebook. Besides,  
Sam said lashing out is a natural  
part of the healing process.

NATHAN

You told Sam about this, and you  
didn't tell me?

TIM

I didn't think you'd react well.

NATHAN

Man, fuck this.

Nathan starts stuffing his things into his bag.

TIM

See! Come on, you can't leave. I  
need your help.

NATHAN

Dude, you're acting crazy.

TIM

Yeah, and yet I have no wall,  
because I'm in a fucking yurt.

NATHAN

Tim--

TIM

Okay fine, I'm crazy. Crazy Tim, I went crazy. She's my wife, man. She was my wife. I mean hell, maybe if Mom had been a little crazier, Dad would've seen that she cared and stuck around.

NATHAN

Dude, I'm not saying Mom is perfect, but do *not* blame her for the fact that Dad's a selfish piece of shit who didn't think of anyone but himself a day in his life.

TIM

What? Dad thought about us all the time. I mean, even on the last day I saw him, he took me to Chuck E. Cheese's.

NATHAN

Really?

TIM

Yeah. He knew it was the place I'd be happiest in a hard situation.

Nathan facepalms-- *This is gonna be rough.*

NATHAN

Tim. Dad was fucking the manager. He left you there because they ran off together while Mom was at work.

Ouch. Tim flinches. Nathan tries to soften the blow.

NATHAN (CONT'D)

Look man, your and Ashley's relationship has nothing to do with Dad and Mom's, other than that maybe you're all better off apart.

TIM

Whatever. Fuck that. I've known Ashley since we were fourteen. Fourteen! I'm not just giving up. You're telling me if Zoe left, you wouldn't go a little bit crazy?

This has an impact on Nathan, who stops packing.

NATHAN

Tim, I know that this is a hard--

TIM

I mean, you're a stay-at-home dad.  
If Zoe left, you'd be homeless.

NATHAN

Hey, fuck you. I chose to be a stay-at-home father.

TIM

No, no, I know, you're a great Dad.

NATHAN

Yeah, because I got out all my mistakes when I raised you.

Tim pushes Nathan. Nathan tackles Tim. They wrestle. The others run in and pull them off each other. Sam hangs back, discreetly whipping out her phone, and starts recording.

PANG

Boy fiiiiiiight!

Nathan tears free and ends up on top of Tim. After a bit of struggling, he stops, shakes his head, and gets off him.

NATHAN

Jesus, what am I doing? I came here because I thought you needed me. But it turns out it's just some ego trip. I don't have to do this, Tim. If you want to tilt at windmills, fine, but do it without me.

He grabs his bag and walks out. Tim yells after him.

TIM

I don't know what that means, but fuck you!

SAM

(Muttering to herself)  
Aaaand cut.

Sam puts away her phone just before Tim turns back.

TIM

He'll be back in the morning. He's just sleeping in the car.

EXT./INT. NATHAN'S MINIVAN - MORNING - DAY 3

Nathan's minivan zooms along the highway. His head bobs to muffled music as he enthusiastically sings along.

Now inside, he sings along passionately to *Frozen's* "Let it Go." He's a man free of worries, on the open road.

WOOP WOOP! A siren flashes behind him. Nathan looks up to see a COP in his rearview mirror. He pulls over and taps his iPhone, stopping the music mid-chorus. Under his breath--

NATHAN

The cold never bothered me anyway.

He taps again to turn on Johnny Cash's "Boy Named Sue." The cop approaches. Nathan calmly exhales, hands at ten and two.

INT. MAN YURT - MORNING

Tim wakes from a deep sleep, sitting bolt upright in bed.

TIM

Brother!?

He gets his bearings, looks around and sees Nathan's stuff is still gone. Only Sam is there, typing away on her phone.

SAM

You were right about him sleeping in the car. He took off ten minutes ago. I tried to stop him.

Tim is hurt by this news but quickly shakes it off.

TIM

Forget Nathan. We gotta focus on how to win with the guys we got.

SAM

Ashley's coming to camp, Andy's proposing, Nathan left. Does the trophy even matter now?

TIM

Ashley's not a trophy-- oh, the Manly Cup. Yes, of course it matters. You think I'm gonna let Andy walk on stage with a trophy that says "Best Dude" and propose to my wife-- my ex-wife?

SAM

You could always leave.

TIM

No. No way. What is fucking wrong with people today? Why am I the only one who remembers you're not supposed to be a quitter? Now it's like-- don't like your college? Quit. Marriage too tough? Quit. No. When I got to season three of *Lost* and realized they had absolutely no idea what that smoke monster was, did I quit? No, I stuck with it, and four years later I had earned the right to say I fucking called it. Unlike everyone else in this idiot generation, and apparently in my family, I am not a quitter. We just gotta figure out some way to put that man-bun-wearing, bro-bar-hawking douchenozzle in his place.

SAM

Well, I wouldn't recommend wrestling. You suck at that.

TIM

There's an art to brother-fighting. You'd get that, if you were a guy.

SAM

Oh sure, tell me all about how grown men resorting to physical violence is a sophisticated dance.

TIM

Ever heard of *Capoeira*?

SAM

Psh. See if you were women, you'd have handled it like adults and passive aggressively guilted him into staying.

TIM

First off, we didn't "resort" to violence; we started with it.

(lightbulb)

Wait, that's it! Sam, you're brilliant. I could kiss you.

SAM

Don't.

TIM

What? No. It's just a phrase.  
I'm...gonna go get the guys.

They look at each other awkwardly.

INT. MAN YURT - LATER

Tim stands in front of a rolled up retractable whiteboard. He addresses the guys like he's General Patton.

TIM

Andy said Ashley's arriving on the  
last day of camp, which means we  
have two days to *Mean Girls* him.

He whips around and pulls down the whiteboard screen. On it is written, "WWCD: What Would Cady Do?"

TIM (CONT'D)

See, I've been trying to beat Andy  
like a dude, but clearly I can't,  
at least not at a test of strength  
straight up, and given his winning  
streak, neither can anyone else.  
Which is why we gotta stop  
attacking him from the outside like  
men, and destroy him from the  
inside.

SAM

(sarcastic)

Right, like a woman would.

TIM

I just mean we have to hit him from  
an angle he isn't expecting, using  
manipulation, secrecy, deceit.

SAM

Sure, "women's weapons."

TIM

Sam's making it sound sexist, but  
let me assure you, it is not. This  
is a compliment. I'm saying, women  
can be...

PANG

Careful.

TIM

--Cunning. In a way men often aren't. I know Andy's all woke a.f., but even guys like him are so used to defending against ball taps that they never built up a defense for heart taps. We gotta take him apart *indirectly*, emotionally demolish him-- without Ashley seeing. Then I get what I want, and we *all* get a shot at the Manly Cup.

Pang nods, starting to see Tim's vision. He raises his hand.

TIM (CONT'D)

Pang.

PANG

Won't she recognize you? On account of you having been married and all?

On Sam's phone, Tim shows them a page with Bane-like masks.

TIM

Nope. I ordered elevation training masks to hide our faces.

Pang raises his hand again.

TIM (CONT'D)

Pang. Again.

PANG

How'd you get a phone?

TIM

Sam smuggled it in his butt.

SAM

(off their looks)  
What? It's god's pocket.

Pang raises his hand a third time. Tim sighs, points.

PANG

But...isn't this kind of cheating?

TIM

What? No. This whole camp is about broadening our concept of manhood. Getting an edge with emotions isn't cheating, *it's the lesson*. We just have to ask--

(pointing to the board)

(MORE)

TIM (CONT'D)

--What Would Cady Do? She understands her adversary's strengths and exploits their weaknesses. Everybody has a weakness. Even Andy.

PANG

Yeah. Being "too handsome." Ugh. But are you *sure* you watched all of *Mean Girls*? I feel like you maybe missed the lesson. Y'know, about not being cruel to each other?

TIM

Thanks, Tina Fey. Look, it's a great lesson for high school girls, but we're grown men, and we need to destroy Andy so we can win at camp.

Pang is sold. Sam still looks skeptical. Tim eyes her keenly.

TIM (CONT'D)

Plus, you'll all come away with a great story. Hell, a story like this? Dudes using "feminine wiles" to take down the top dog. It'd be legendary. Don't you think, Sam?

SAM

(begrudgingly)  
...Sure.

TIM

Good.

MURRAY

Nobody asked, but I'm in too. What can I do to help?

Tim tosses him Sam's phone.

TIM

Report your brother missing, man. And keep a lid on this. Nothing goes outside the circle of trust, got it? Okay. So we're playing Man Candy in Vulneraball *tonight*, and we need a win to make finals. That doesn't give us time to get Andy fat or cut holes in his bra, so think-- what does Andy have that I don't have?



MURRAY

...was looking over my niece's homework and I caught her cheating. But at some point, all girls cheat.

EXT. LAKE - DAY

Tim and Andy toss a ball as Pang and Murray tan nearby.

PANG

...I keep my money with Fidelity. I don't even bother with other financial planners, they might as well be called Infidelity, because I say you can't trust'em.

INT. MAN CAVE - DAY

Tim benchpresses as Andy spots him. A couple feet away, Sam and Pang do bicep curls.

SAM

I guess I just don't like women.

TIM (V.O.)

If it works, we'll be going into Vulneraball with the ground softened. But we can't take for granted just how good Andy is at feeling his feelings.

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - DAY

Dadbod vs. Man Candy in Vulneraball. The score's tied 14-14 in the second quarter (think football scoring). Andy, holding a kickball and wearing a Broadway style headset-mic (all the players wear one) walks calmly in big, deliberate steps towards Dadbod's end zone.

ANDY

...and even though I was only 13, I remember it like yesterday. My buddy, Andrew Carrow, lay there in the Hospital, his barely pubescent muscles wasting away. He struggled to turn his head to say, "I don't mind dying. I just wish I could've grown up a little bit more." And that's why I decided to name Andy's Candy after him. RIP buddy. You'll always be my first best friend.

He passes to Jasper, who's being guarded by Tim. Tim dives for the interception, but Jasper catches it for a touchdown. Bill, in a ref uniform, strikes a dramatic pose.

BILL

Touchdown! That was beautiful.

The score moves to 21-14 Man Candy.

CUT TO:

TIM (V.O. FROM THE PLANNING SCENE)

Which means that when we have the ball, we gotta work on him hard.

Tim gives Pang an "*it's go time*" nod as Pang walks deliberately with the ball towards Man Candy's end zone.

PANG

So last year I was seeing a 24 year-old barista/Instagram model. He was totally into me, but all I could think about was the other dudes trying to fuck him. I mean, when I was his age I was a total slut, so--

PHWWWT. Jasper blows a whistle that's hanging from his neck.

JASPER

Projection-- No matter how much you like this dude, you don't trust him because you don't trust yourself!

Bill strikes a pose.

BILL

The play is good! Turnover.

PANG

Ugh. I really ought to call him.

Tim shakes his head as Andy gives Jasper a low-five.

ANDY

Way to D him up.

Jasper walks towards the opposite end zone with the ball.

JASPER

My lowest point was when my first company tanked. Obviously, it was a learning experience, but at the time I felt like a failure.

(MORE)

JASPER (CONT'D)

I sank into drinking, sleeping  
around, and joined a full time  
*World of Warcraft* league--

WHISTLE. It's Sam this time.

SAM

Regression! You sought solace in  
childhood pleasures to avoid the  
painful burden of adult life.

Bill nods. Jasper flips the ball to her.

SAM (CONT'D)

Look, I don't wanna brag, but  
everybody knows I crush puss. Some  
of the time though, it's like these--  
- I don't want to say gold diggers,  
but let's be real-- are just--

PHWWWT.

ANDY

Reaction Formation! You hate women  
because they have too much power  
over your dick and feelings.

SAM

Wow, I never thought of that, but  
now I know to treat women better.

Tim runs over to her.

TIM

Yo Sam, I see what you were doing  
there, and you make a good point,  
but unless you get more authentic  
Andy's gonna see right through it.

SAM

Wow, you think The Canteen sells  
coach of the year mugs?

She slaps Tim on the ass and chucks the ball to Andy.

CUT TO:

The fourth quarter. The score's now 31-24 Man Candy (a one  
touchdown difference) with three minutes left in the game.  
Murray has the ball. A drop of sweat rolls down his forehead  
as he discloses his intimate details.

MURRAY

(posturing towards Andy)  
 A while back I dated a divorcee.  
 After a year, I planned to ask her  
 to move in. Then, the day I go to  
 pop the question, I find her  
 sitting there, on a couch I bought  
 her, with her ex, drinking my  
 favorite coffee. Sure, they weren't  
 fucking, but I guess I didn't get  
 the amount of emotional baggage  
 that accrues in a failed marriage.

Murray passes to Pang.

PANG

My ex-wife is still devastated that  
 I came out at Thanksgiving dinner.  
 But hey, if it took me thirty-five  
 years to understand myself, how can  
 we ever expect to know anyone else?

Pang sends the ball sailing to Sam.

SAM

I'm a programmer, and I thought my  
 boss, who I idolized, hired me for  
 my elite coding skills, but then  
 one day he confessed he didn't even  
 know my work. He just gave me the  
 gig because I'm a wo-- a  
 millennial, and management said his  
 team was too old. Like WTF? I felt  
 so betrayed. Plus, he's always  
 trying to touch my dick.

She passes to a proud coach Tim.

TIM

The woman I loved since middle  
 school broke my heart and ditched  
 me for another man. Some days I  
 wish I were in denial. Some nights  
 I insist that I'm not.

Tim clocks that, although Andy is supposed to be guarding  
 Sam, he's totally invested in his tale of woe. Tim and Sam  
 lock eyes. Sam bolts for the end zone, and Tim hurls the ball  
 her way. Andy, realizing he's been caught, dives, but Sam  
 breaks free and catches it for a game-tying touchdown!

Dadbod kicks the ball off. Andy gets it with a minute left,  
 takes a moment to reflect, then begins--

ANDY

I love my girlfriend. She's amazing, but I met her when I hired her firm to consult for my company. And like, I knew a guy who married his office manager, and nobody was shocked when that went south. In an era when men and women are finally in sight of equality, can any relationship based on a power imbalance survive? But I mean she doesn't work *for me* for me--

PHWWWT. Tim blows his whistle with the ferocity of a waterlogged Rose at the end of *Titanic*.

TIM

Rationalization! You're justifying your discomfort by reframing it in a flattering way, when really you know that you shouldn't be sleeping with somebody on your payroll.

Damn, that was harsh. Beat. Bill strikes a pose. It's good!

ANDY

Fuck me.

Andy shakes his head and flips the ball to Tim. Tim looks at the scoreboard and sees there's ten seconds left. He takes giant steps as fast as he can without running.

TIM

MY. DAD. LEFT. MY. MOM.

He dropkicks the ball towards Man Candy's goalposts. It hits the left post but ricochets between them for a made field goal and a Dadbod win 36-33.

As the guys jump on Tim in celebration, he looks up at the scoreboard to see Dadbod slide up the rankings to second place. Man Candy remains in first despite this loss.

EXT. MECHANIC - DAY

Nathan FaceTimes Zoe. She answers and sees his car.

ZOE (FACETIME)

Hi honey-- are you at a mechanic?

NATHAN

Yeah. A nice highway patrolman told me I had a tail light out.

ZOE (FACETIME)  
Did he give you a ticket?

This possibility hadn't even occurred to Nathan.

NATHAN  
What? No, he just told me where the nearest garage was and gave me a great tip on a deck washer. How are you? How are the girls?

INT. NATHAN'S KITCHEN - INTERCUT FACETIME CONVERSATION

Zoe and the kids make arts-and-crafts, all in face paint.

ZOE  
I'm okay. The girls miss you.

She sees Becca about to put a lollipop in Sarah's hair.

ZOE (CONT'D)  
No! No, don't you dare.  
(back to Nathan)  
We all miss you.

NATHAN  
Well, I'm coming home. I'm a few hours out now.

ZOE  
Wait, why? Camp's not fun?

NATHAN  
No, it's great. We reassembled Burt Reynolds and everything, but Tim's--

ZOE  
Are you two fighting again?

NATHAN  
When would we find the time? He's always hanging with Sam and Andy.

ZOE  
Aw, are you a little jealous?

NATHAN  
Trust me. Tim has a way of making a huge mess of things, and who's gonna clean up after him. Sam? No, of course it falls to me.

ZOE

It falls to you? Or you choose to?

NATHAN

If not me, who? I'm the closest thing he's got to a father.

ZOE

Okay, but you're not his father, Nathan.

Nathan is silent for a moment as he processes this.

NATHAN

So what do you think I should do?

ZOE

Go back! If you're having fun, go back, have fun. Act like idiots; try not to get arrested. I assure you there will be more than enough fathering to do when you get home.

Sarah walks up to Zoe.

SARAH

Did Dad find out that Uncle Tim went to beat up Aunt Ashley's new boyfriend at camp yet?

Zoe looks at her then at the phone.

ZOE

Nathan, I gotta go.

INT. MAN CAVE - SALON - EVENING

Campers get pampered. Andy, wearing a robe, sighs blissfully while a MASSEUR works his shoulders and a MALE MANICURIST buffs his nails. Tim spots Andy and sits next to him.

TIM

Sorry if I was harsh at V-Ball.

ANDY

Nah dude. I appreciate the honesty.

Another MALE MANICURIST starts giving Tim a mani-pedi.

TIM

Word. Y'know, it's weird getting a manicure. My ex used to love 'em. Or at least she *said* she did...

ANDY

You didn't believe her? What, she come home with dirty cuticles?

TIM

If you mean dirty from some other dude's dick sauce then yeah.

ANDY

Really? I'm sorry to hear that. My girl loves manicures too. But y'know, hold the sauce.

TIM

Yeah, I'm sure your girl is trustworthy. Of course, I thought the woman I married was perfect, so what do I know? I'm just saying I learned that manicures, massages, hell, even a fitness regimen are the perfect excuse for a woman who does want to cheat, since most guys aren't checking up. My ex would always say, "Monday is me day."

ANDY

Hah, Ashley says that too. Must be a *Cosmo* thing.

TIM

More like "meat day." And the worst part was she was huge into social media, a real influencer type. You date one of those women, and no matter how wrong they are, they always have like 10,000 followers-- most of whom are just dudes trying to hit it-- to back them up and convince them they're in the right. I'm telling you, the human ego wasn't meant to fight off an army of horny yes-men.

This gets Andy's attention. He changes the topic.

ANDY

Oh. Yeah. I'm sorry, dude. Truly. I don't know why we're talking about me so much. If you ever want to vent about your breakup, I hope you know I'm here for you.

Tim is touched, but after a moment he shakes it off.

TIM

It's all good. What's done is done,  
but fool me once...I saw a study  
that said like 54 percent of women  
admit to cheating at some point, so  
it's pretty much a coin flip.  
Anyway, you think I should get a  
clear finish or is that not manly?

Andy ruminates. The manicurist, an old New Yorker, chimes in.

MANICURIST

You want my advice?

TIM

On how to be manly?

MANICURIST

I've been servicing women's nails  
for over 25 years, overheard a lot  
of chitchat-- or as I call it,  
"chick chat"-- and usually these  
dames just need a safe space away  
from the pressures of every day  
life as a modern woman in a society  
still gripped by the double  
standard of hyper-sexualization and  
repressive Victorian gender norms.

ANDY

Wow, that's pretty keenly observed.

For a moment, Andy relaxes. Tim clocks it and jumps back in.

TIM

And how long have you been married?

MANICURIST

Oh, no no, women don't respect me.  
I do nails.

Andy returns to inspecting his nails with consternation. Tim  
breathes a sigh of relief. Situation defused.

ANDY

...Wanna grab a beer after this?

TIM

Sure.  
(re: his manicure)  
Ooh, that feels good.

MANICURIST

Five stars on Yelp.

EXT. HUEY TRAIL - LATER

Tim and Andy talk on their way to the Man Cave.

ANDY

Oh hey, just gotta stop by my yurt  
real quick to grab my milk thistle.

TIM

For hangovers? Does that work?

ANDY

Not according to science, but, hey,  
I didn't get into the supplement  
business for the research findings.

TIM

I hear that. So look, I've been  
thinking about the hot air balloon,  
and I think you were right to nix  
it. Something just as romantic but  
a bit simpler would be to  
incorporate traditional anniversary  
gifts. Paper, cotton, whatever  
anniversary makes sense. How many  
years have you guys been together?

ANDY

Oh, I thought I told you-- it's  
been kind of a whirlwind romance.

TIM

What, so like... a year?

ANDY

Uh... six months.

(off Tim's severe look)

What, you think I'm rushing it?

TIM

It's not my place to say, man. You  
know her better than I do.

ANDY

C'mon, give me your honest opinion.

Tim sighs then turns to Andy and answers faux-begrudgingly.

TIM

Look, I know my brother Nathan,  
I've known him my whole life, but I  
*just* found out he wears those shoes  
with individual toes on them. Like  
what? How'd I miss that?

ANDY

We just vibe so hard. But I don't know, I was a little nervous about getting involved with a divorcee.

TIM

She's a divorcee? Good lord, man. You have no idea what kinds of emotional scars she may have. She tell you why it didn't work out?

ANDY

I'd rather focus on the present than the past.

TIM

(muttering)

Probably his dick was too big.

ANDY

What?

TIM

He was probably a dick head. Anyway, the big thing is she's cool with you asking for a prenup.

He looks at Andy for confirmation but only gets a blank look.

TIM (CONT'D)

Andy, tell me you've at least *discussed* a prenup with this girl.

ANDY

I guess I hadn't thought about it.

TIM

And she knows you run a company? Dude, she could literally snap your man candy in two. Maybe you can afford the risk, what do I know? I'm just a guy who has joint custody of a Golden Labradoodle.

ANDY

Damn, maybe I *should* wait. There's nothing wrong with taking things a little slower, right?

TIM

Nothing wrong with that at all.

ANDY

God. I am so lucky you're here.

They arrive at Andy's yurt and walk inside.

INT. ANDY'S CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Tim sees five Manly Cup trophies on a table and a photo collage of Ashley and Andy wind surfing, scuba diving, and dancing on *The Ellen* show. He turns and sees, in the flesh, Ashley, sitting on the bed, in a robe.

ASHLEY

Surprise--  
 (spotting Tim)  
 Ah!

She rapidly covers herself and gives Tim a "what the fuck?" look then immediately plays it off and smiles back at Andy. Tim looks between Ashley and Andy, frozen. He's about to throw himself on the mercy of the court when Ashley rushes to Andy and plants a big kiss on him, then turns to Tim.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)

Sorry I didn't expect Andy to have someone with him. Hi, I'm Ashley.

Tim numbly extends his hand.

TIM

Hi. Tim. This is, me. I'm Tim.

ANDY

Sweetie. Hi. Tim's a camp friend.

ASHLEY

Hi, Tim. Honey, Blue Ivy's in Qatar learning how to ski, so I got off early. I know family's not supposed to show up till tomorrow, but I kind of thought it could be our little secret.

(squeezing his bicep)  
 Could you grab my stuff from the car? I parked out back to unload.

ANDY

Oh, sure.

Andy runs out the door. As he does, Tim turns to Ashley.

TIM

You...know who I am, right?  
 (off her severe look)  
 Oh, thank god.

(MORE)

TIM (CONT'D)

I thought I was in some kind of  
*Black Mirror* situation. I can  
explain why I'm--

Andy returns, and they instantly pretend nothing's up.

ANDY

Forgot to grab the keys.

He grabs the keys off the table and runs back out the door.

ASHLEY

I don't need an explanation for  
whatever *this* is. Oh my god, is  
this why I have six missed calls  
from Zoe?

Tim opens his mouth to respond, but before he can get a word  
out, Andy comes back in, carrying a big bag on his shoulders.

ANDY

Jeez this thing's heavy. Why would  
you bring so much for just a night?

ASHLEY

You know me. I love to pack. Oh, I  
got you a smoothie on the way. It's  
still in the car, sorry.

ANDY

Aw, you shouldn't have. See, Tim? I  
told you she was thoughtful.

Andy runs out. They snap back.

TIM

It's not like that. I'm just--

ASHLEY

I don't give a shit what it's like.  
You're not turning our failed  
marriage into a suicide bomb to  
destroy the first functional  
relationship I've had in years.  
Right now, you need to make an  
excuse to get the hell out of here,  
and do not even think of letting on  
that you know me.

TIM

So...you're *not* gonna tell him?

ASHLEY

I don't know. Yes. No. Maybe when we're home. For whatever reason this camp is his favorite thing he does all year, and I'm not about to ruin it with my psycho-ex drama.

TIM

Actually, I'm kind of starting to get why Andy's into this camp--

ASHLEY

Leave!

Andy comes back in with the smoothie.

ANDY

Oh man, I can't believe they had Asian pear. Asian pear!! I had to sit down to enjoy this sucker.

ASHLEY

Oh hey, hon. Tim has to run.

She walks over to Andy and throws her arms around his neck.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)

And I think I am going to indulge in a bit of my own Man Candy.

She elbows Andy playfully. He blushes. Tim dry-heaves.

ANDY

Ash-leeey.

ASHLEY

And since this counts as vacation, maybe I'll even--

She whispers the last part into Andy's ears.

ANDY

Uh, okay Tim. We'll see you later.

They start canoodling as Tim stumbles out the door.

EXT. ANDY'S CABIN - MOMENTS LATER

As Tim walks away, dazed, Andy runs out and taps him.

ANDY

Hey man, sorry about that. I'd hate to be the kind of guy who's rude to my boys just cause he's in love.

Tim lets out a small laugh, which is definitely a whimper.

ANDY (CONT'D)

Thanks for letting me vent all those pre-proposal jitters. Keep that between the two of us, yeah? Don't wanna ruin the surprise.

TIM

Yeah. S-sure.

ANDY

Hope the nerves don't get to me in the finals, hah. Tell the guys I might be late to the "Bondfire."

He winks at Tim, then slaps him on the shoulder and runs back in. Tim stands there, screaming silently.

EXT. BONDFIRE - NIGHT

Campers sit around the Bondfire, partying. Off to the side, Tim stares listlessly at the fire. A few empty beer cans lie beside him. Adjacent, Sam, Pang, and Murray look on.

SAM

Look at him, so sad.

MURRAY

You'd think he's the one that lost a brother.

PANG

I mean, he did lose a wife.

MURRAY

Whatever, my brother could be dead.

As the guys watch Tim with sympathy, Sam cautiously pulls out her phone and snaps a few pictures.

INT. ANDY'S YURT - SAME TIME

Under the glow of candle light, a hand grips a man-bun as stifled moans emerge. It's HOT in an R-rated kind of way.

ASHLEY  
Yeah, that's nice.

She blows out the candle. In the darkness, the bed squeaks.

ANDY  
Uh, you've never done *that* before.

ASHLEY  
Surprise.

EXT. BONDFIRE - NIGHT

A drunk Pang, Sam, and Murray roast marshmallows on a stick. Sam finishes and walks over to Tim with a plate of s'mores.

SAM  
Hey sunshine, you celebrating our making the finals?

TIM  
Sure. Maybe if we get lucky Andy'll pull his groin fucking my wife.

SAM  
Aw cheer up. He hasn't even proposed yet. She's a divorcee; she could be soured on the whole institution. Maybe you ruined her.

TIM  
One can hope.

SAM  
Hell, maybe they'll have an open marriage, and you can still hit it.

Tim looks up at Sam, speechless, then sees over her shoulder a WHOOOOSH! Bill zooms by on a zip-line and lands on a platform high above the fire. It's very dramatic.

BILL  
Citizens of Dude Ranch. Returning campers know we do something special each year for our finals, and this year is no exception. And although only two teams make the finals, you've all done amazing so far, challenging each other and yourselves. Tomorrow, it's every man for himself, so let's hear it for the individuals on teams Man Candy and Dadbod!

Campers cheer for the two teams as they nod.

BILL (CONT'D)

As I'm sure you're all aware, the stressors of modern manhood are as much psychological as they are physical, which is why this year we've chosen to close out camp with the world's first "Emotional Obstacle Course"-- patent pending.

MURRAY

Very smart of him to say that. I'm a patent attorney.

PANG

You are?

MURRAY

You guys have asked me literally zero questions.

BILL

You've shared a lot here, and when you arrived, you filled out a detailed form and gave us links to your social media profiles. We've crawled that data, your friends, your family, and we've gathered information on your lives, your history, your hopes, and your fears. Each finalist will be given a pair of AR goggles programed with what we've found. If you remove your goggles, you are eliminated from the competition and will be escorted off the course by one of our referees. Aside from campers and staff, there are no other people on the course. What you see may be very convincing, but it is not real. I believe in you. And by the time we're done, you will believe in yourselves.

(spreading his arms wide)

Now go enjoy your last night here in our beautiful camp, for tomorrow we die as men. Just kidding, you'll be fine. Probably. Okay, let's go.

The crowd erupts. Sam turns to Tim.

SAM

You think our cabins are bugged? I bet I know what they'll be piping into your goggles.

TIM

I fucking hate technology.

Just then Pang runs up and gives Sam a big bear hug.

PANG

Finalist hugs!

He picks her up and spins her around, causing her phone to fall out of her pocket and her s'more stick to break.

PANG (CONT'D)

Congratulations.

He puts her down then pats Tim on the shoulder.

PANG (CONT'D)

Sorry, I'd spin you too, but you don't seem in the twirling mood.

TIM

Keenly observed.

SAM

Thanks for that.

(re: the s'mores stick)

You're finding me a new one.

PANG

Sir, yes Sir!

They walk off. Tim notices Sam's phone on the ground.

TIM

Hey Sam, you forgot your--

He sees the picture of him by the fire on the screen. He examines it quizzically then starts flipping through the photos. There's a text from "Boss Man." He pops it up.

BOSS MAN (TEXT)

Love it. Can't wait to read the ending. You're right, he is a MESS!

Tim does a take then clicks on the Google Docs link that Sam had sent in the text before. It takes him to a page with an article titled, "The Trophy ~~Wife~~ Ex." He begins to read.

By the fire, Sam feels for her phone in her baggy man-pockets and realizes it's missing. She spins around and sees Tim face-deep in it. She marches over to him.

SAM

What are you doing?

She yanks her phone from his grip.

TIM

Your article's about me?

SAM

I was going to tell you.

TIM

I thought it was about Andy.

SAM

He's in it.

TIM

I thought you were on my side.

SAM

I'm not on anyone's side. I'm a journalist. My job is to write the most compelling story here. Congratulations.

TIM

I thought you were writing about toxic masculinity.

SAM

And I thought you stalked your ex-wife's boyfriend because you're so insecure that she left you that you need to prove you're the bigger man at camp games?

KaBoom. It dawns on Tim what Sam's been up to, like Chazz Palminteri at the end of *The Usual Suspects* when he realizes Kevin Spacey is making all the other actors on set uncomfortable. Tim whistles softly.

TIM

Denial. I guess I've been in denial...Is that really how you see me?

SAM

Tim, I'm not trying to hurt your feelings, but if you want to know how I see you-- here, read it.

She gives Tim the phone again. He looks down at it, back at her, then turns and walks away.

TIM READING SERIAL-STYLE MONTAGE:

--Tim reads Sam's article as he passes the dining hall.

SAM (V.O.)

The first time I met Jim Katz, I thought to myself, "Well, here's a guy who definitely doesn't have his shit together." What I couldn't have known then is just how right I'd turn out to be.

--Tim walks by the yurts.

SAM (V.O.)

"Purely a revenge play" was how he put it. "Purely?" There was nothing pure about this. How could anyone be so deluded, I wondered? So incapable of differentiating between their pain and their anger.

--Tim heads down the lake trail.

SAM (V.O.)

Some men never made it home from Vietnam. Others got stuck in their first relationship. And even years after it ended, they still couldn't let go-- flashing back, relitigating, refusing to move on. Will Jim ever become the kind of man who deserves the kind of woman he *believes* his ex to be? It's impossible to say. But if he does, I've got just the camp for him.

END MONTAGE.

EXT. LAKE - NIGHT

Tim sits staring at the phone then sighs. He navigates to Nathan's Facebook page and sees an old photo of Nathan, Zoe, Ashley, and himself hiking Yosemite. Zoe and Nathan smile ear to ear. Ashley wears a strained smile; Tim looks miserable.

A figure walks up. It's Nathan, holding a bottle of Bourbon.

TIM

Nathan?

NATHAN

I tried to go home. Zoe wouldn't have it.

TIM

(WHIP sound)

Smart lady though.

NATHAN

Best urologist in the county.

They smile. Beat.

NATHAN (CONT'D)

I'm sorry I left.

TIM

Nah, man, you were right to go. I shouldn't have lied to you.

Nathan starts to speak but stops.

TIM (CONT'D)

Go on. You can say I told you so.

NATHAN

No, I get it. I'd lie to me too.

Nathan sits down and pours them both a drink.

NATHAN (CONT'D)

Hey, you remember when I was dating Ginny Malone, and for Valentine's Day I came to school in a red tux? Only we didn't have any of the same classes, so I was just sitting there in Driver's Ed holding a rose like a fucking idiot?

TIM

Oh my god, I forgot about that. Is it possible for something to be so embarrassing that other people repress it for you?

Nathan ignores Tim; he's still telling his story.

NATHAN

Then after school those dicks were still hounding me. Until my eight-year-old brother walks up and kicks Ryan Hall square in the nuts.

TIM

Didn't do much, but the black eye he gave me impressed the hell out of the girls in my class. Almost as much as my being supportive of my "differently-abled brother."

NATHAN

Rude.

TIM

Yup. And that's the sanitized version. What they actually called you was way worse.

NATHAN

Well, they were jerks. And then of course I had to go and tell you it was dumb to try to fight them.

TIM

It was.

NATHAN

Sure. But what I should've said was thank you, for being there for me. I guess I got so used to parenting you that I forgot to just be your brother. Although, with our parents, you might've lucked out.

TIM

Hey, Mom's not so bad.

Nathan gives Tim a pleasantly surprised look.

TIM (CONT'D)

What? I like moms now. You're great. Most undervalued labor force in America.

NATHAN

"Labor" force? Is that a dad joke?

TIM

No, I mean it-- you're an amazing parent. Your kids are lucky to have you.

(MORE)

TIM (CONT'D)

I certainly always felt lucky you were there for me. And that you're here now. I just wish *I* knew what I was doing here.

NATHAN

You don't?

TIM

I thought I did. Now...

NATHAN

Well, as your brother, I can't tell you what to do, but whatever it is, I'll be here for you when it blows up, no matter how "differently-abled" you are right now.

TIM

You big softie.

They clink their glasses. Drink.

TIM (CONT'D)

Oh by the way, Ashley got here early. I ran into her with Andy.

NATHAN

Huh. That must've been fun.

EXT. EMOTIONAL OBSTACLE COURSE - MORNING - DAY 4

Finalists warm up near a series of metal barricades that funnel in towards a large ARCH GATE they'll have to pass through to start the course.

In the stands, FAMILIES watch. Tim's focus is locked on Man Candy, searching for Andy. Sam gives Tim a sheepish wave, which he returns with a small nod. Jasper marches over.

TIM

Hey, Jasper, where's Andy?

JASPER

Maybe you can tell me.

He hands Tim a note that says, "For Tim's eyes only. (Jasper, this means you. Love ya, bud.)" Tim reads--

ANDY (V.O.)

Dear Tim, last night, after Ashley went to bed, I couldn't sleep.

FLASHBACK - INT. ANDY'S YURT - NIGHT

Ashley sleeps as Andy lies in bed awake. He gets up and works out like a machine then looks at Ashley, doubt in his eyes.

ANDY (V.O.)

See, you were right. She's definitely acting weird. She tried to reverse cowgirl me. I mean, it's a fine position, but she has NEVER done that before. So I start to think, maybe she's cheating and can't look me in the eye. I couldn't get the thought of Ashley fucking some other guy out of my head. So I did it.

He picks up her phone, turning the screen on and off.

ANDY (V.O.)

I must've sat staring at her phone for 30 minutes. But at the end of the day, if I'm ready to violate her privacy, I don't deserve her.

He puts it down.

EXT. EMOTIONAL OBSTACLE COURSE - BACK TO SCENE

Tim continues to read.

ANDY (V.O.)

Maybe she's cheating and doesn't deserve me either, but I don't want to be this person. I appreciate your advice, but my fear almost made me do something terrible. I need a little space to think. Your #Brother, Andy.

Tim stares at the note, then sees Ashley staring daggers at him-- *you're still fucking here?* Tim walks towards her.

Murray, the only one wearing an oxygen mask, turns to Pang.

MURRAY

Ashley's never gonna recognize me in this. When's she getting here?

PANG

That's her. Have you two even met?

MURRAY

No, but I'm terrible at secrets.  
Also, it's great for my allergies.  
(In a Bane voice)  
You have my permission to breathe.

BACK ON TIM as he gets to Ashley. She speaks before he can--

ASHLEY

What. Did. You. Do??

TIM

I don't-- that's not fair.

ASHLEY

Fair? My boyfriend goes away for four days and now he's acting all distracted and neurotic. And he is not a neurotic man, Tim.

TIM

C'mon, everybody has insecurities--

KaWHOOSH! A plane soars above. The outdoor movie screen displays a go-pro stream of Bill on the plane.

BILL

You're all about to enter the hardest four hours of your middle-aged to nearly complete lives. This course will test your body and your mind. Your camp Manbassadors will now hand out AR goggles to be worn for the duration of the event.

Manbassadors pass out goggles with attached ear pieces.

BILL (CONT'D)

And it wouldn't be right to ask you to do it without facing one of my own biggest fears-- death by falling. That's why I am about to jump out of a plane for the first time in my life to welcome you to this year's Dude Ranch Finals.

SKYDIVING INSTRUCTOR

Wait, you've never done this? You need at least 16 hours with an--

BILL

Too late, sucker! I just pull this, right? - AAAUGH!

He trips out of the plane and starts soaring towards the ground as Ashley continues to chew Tim out--

TIM

I'm not the bad guy. You left me.

ASHLEY

Oh please! I left because you couldn't stand to be around me. Me, on my phone, doing work you didn't respect. Me, racking up "Likes" on Instagram, my very existence a reminder that your business was failing, even though I didn't care if you were a good businessman. I left because you were already gone. And now you're back, but it's just to fuck with my new boyfriend.

TIM

Oh, whatever. I like Andy, but if he can't handle a little competition, that's on him.

ASHLEY

Y'know, I used to think the whole first base, second base crap guys talk about was shitty because it put men and women on opposing sides, but now I get it. We're not the other team. We're the sport you're playing, trying to score with us, racking up points against each other. But I'm not a sport Tim. I'm a person you're hurting with all this childish bullshit. And you're not playing against Andy. You just ran up behind him and lobbed a baseball at his head.

Tim freezes. Then--

TIM

Look, I'm not saying you're wrong about me. In fact, I think you may be a really good source for a deep-dive article about toxic masculinity that's about to appear in a major media outlet, but for the record, a "lob" is actually a very soft throw in baseball.

Ashley's face takes on an inscrutable look. Then after a moment, she heaves a beleaguered sigh.

ASHLEY

Just forget about it.

TIM

No, I'm not saying...I didn't mean--

ASHLEY

Whatever. You do you. You're great at it. Good luck beating my boyfriend, wherever he is. If you run into Andy, tell him I left.

TIM

Wait, you can't leave.

ASHLEY

The hell I can't. I don't know what's going on with you two, but I'm not sticking around waiting for another man. I already did that once, and I learn from my mistakes.

She walks away. Tim starts to respond, but before he can get a word out, WHAM, Bill slams into a football goalpost, his parachute getting stuck on top. After a moment dangling motionless, he jerks to and pulls out a starter pistol from his jacket without losing a beat.

BILL

Okay folks. Let's get emotional on three. One...Two...Three!

He shoots the pistol FWWWOOSH! The campers rush through the arch, and it BINGS to register each one as they pass underneath. Murray, who thinks he's slick, wears his goggles on his forehead. As he runs through there's a loud BUZZER sound, and two REFS arrive to escort him off the course.

MURRAY

I'm going. I'm going.

On the course, the campers run towards a 15-foot climbing wall. Pang, one of the first to arrive, begins climbing. Instantly, his GOGGLES POV transforms the pegs in the wall into a colorful array of wriggling dicks.

PANG

Hah! I've done this before.

He keeps climbing. At the starting line, Tim hasn't moved. He eyes Ashley leaving, then the course, then Ashley again.

TIM

Ah, fuck.

He sprints away from the course. Nathan clocks this.

INT. ANDY'S YURT

Tim runs inside, looks around. No Andy. He jets out.

EXT. OBSTACLE COURSE - SOFTBALL DIAMOND

Each base is a different station-- "Petting Zoo," "Park," "Vaccinations," "Baby Yoga." Sam puts on a velcro vest labeled "Manny Van" and picks up a weighted baby.

BABY DOLL 1  
(creepy doll voice)  
Take me to the zoo, Daddy.

She runs the baby, attached to the vest, over to the "Vaccinations" station, passing an ANTI-VAXXER CAMPER who refuses to drop his baby off.

BABY DOLL 2  
I need a vaccine! I need a vaccine!

ANTI-VAXXER CAMPER  
Nooooo! Read Jenny McCarthy's blog!

Sam runs back to the pitcher's mound and grabs another baby. Basically, she's doing suicides covered in heavy dolls.

INT. HALL OF BAD MEN

Tim flings the door open to a museum-like setting. Light streams in and highlights a series of exhibits, like the kind they have at national monuments.

There's a timeline labeled "Accomplished Shitheads of History." Notables include Genghis Khan (conqueror/rapist), Thomas Jefferson (president/slaveowner/rapist), Mario Batali (celebrity rapist/chef), etc... Andy looks up at Jefferson as if to say *"How do I avoid becoming you?"*

ANDY  
The thing I always wonder is, did he not know he was wrong? Or did he know and just couldn't accept it?

TIM  
Yeah...this situation is basically just like that. Dude, can we talk?

ANDY

What's there to talk about, Tim?

TIM

I came here to beat you because you're dating my ex-wife. Ashley.

ANDY

Wait, I'm the guy she cheated with?

TIM

No. She didn't cheat on me. I made that up. Because I'm an asshole. Which is why she left me-- well, no. But she left me before she met you. For reasons that have everything to do with me and her, and nothing to do with you. I thought she betrayed me. She didn't. I thought you were a douche. You aren't. Yeah-- turns out, you're a pretty good guy! Much to my fucking chagrin.

ANDY

C'mon man, you're not an asshole--

TIM

Stop. If Sam's taught me anything, it's that men need to stop making excuses for other men's bullshit.

ANDY

Sam taught you that? *Sam Sam*?

TIM

Yeah, Sam's a woman. It's a whole thing. But I should be ashamed of myself, and I am. I'm sorry.

ANDY

Okay. Yeah, I guess you should apologize. I...accept? Maybe? I will accept? Can I think about it?

TIM

Yes. You should be angry at me.

ANDY

Okay, but I'm not a child, Tim. I'm responsible for my actions. If my relationship is fucked, it's because I lost faith in what we had and let you fuck it up.

(MORE)

ANDY (CONT'D)

That's on me. Crap, I'm gonna have to tell her I wanted to hack her phone.

TIM

Andy, everybody wants to hack their girlfriend's phone. You didn't actually do anything.

ANDY

Maybe she's too good for me.

TIM

Look, I spent years thinking I knew what was best for her. But I didn't, and you don't know either. So probably best to just ask her.

ANDY

Are you saying you think I should still propose?

TIM

Man, that is none of my fucking business. But she told me she's leaving. And if my experience with Ashley is any indication, once she leaves, she don't come back.

ANDY

Oh jeez.

TIM

Yup. Let's get you back to my-- to your-- Let's get you back to Ashley.

They run out the door.

EXT. HALL OF BAD MEN - CONTINUOUS

SHWOMP! Out of nowhere (well, out of a tree), Nathan, face painted with glittery camo, crashes down on Andy. Hard.

NATHAN

Yeaaaah! I got him, Tim. I saw you running off and followed you. I'm here as your brother-- to support and not to judge you-- but also I cannot let you become a murderer.

TIM

Shit. Nathan, no-- Is Andy okay--

Andy springs up, Nathan holds onto him piggyback style as Andy swats at him.

NATHAN

Brothers! I got him, Tim. Go, win!

Andy screams as he lumbers around with Nathan on his back.

NATHAN (CONT'D)

I can delay him with non-lethal force. Why are you not going?

TIM

No, Andy and I, we're friends now. For real. I was wrong. I'm trying to get him back to Ashley, to propose or not or whatever.

Nathan pops off Andy immediately.

NATHAN

Oh. Wow. That's amazing. I'm... really proud of you.

Nathan hugs Tim then turns to Andy.

NATHAN (CONT'D)

Dude, I am so sorry.

ANDY

All good. Nice camo, by the way.

NATHAN

Thanks. I found my daughter's makeup kit in the car.

TIM

Okay. Love you. We gotta go.

They start to sprint off, but Nathan stops them.

NATHAN

Wait, when I came back I saw Ashley's car in the East Lot. The fastest way's via the Huey trail, which means you've gotta go--

TIM

Through the course. Damn.

ANDY

Well, I guess after how much Bill spent on it, it would be a shame not to use the thing.

NATHAN

Here. To get into it, you'll need a pair of these.

He takes off his goggles and gives them to Andy who puts them on. **POV OF INSIDE ANDY'S GOGGLES:** They scan his eyes... BING! The screen reads "Camper: Andy Marks."

TIM

Nathan, I don't know how to--

Nathan puts a finger on Tim's lips to stop him.

NATHAN

Shh, I know.

(to Andy)

I landed pretty hard on your kidney. My wife is a urologist. You should have that checked out when you get home. Now go to her.

Andy gives Nathan a solemn nod. Tim and Andy jet.

EXT. OBSTACLE COURSE - SWAMP

Jasper walks arms out on a balance beam across a stretch of mud. His **GOGGLES POV** shows CONSTRUCTION WORKERS surrounding him. They catcall him with a cacophony of lewd phrases.

CONSTRUCTION WORKER 1

I got a beam you can balance on.

Jasper blinks, looking down to see his body has been replaced by a bikini model's. His boobs bounce with each step.

JASPER

Shut up! I'm a human being!

CONSTRUCTION WORKER 2

Ooooh, someone's on his period.

Jasper screams and falls headlong into the bog.

EXT. OBSTACLE COURSE - STARTING LINE

Tim and Andy sprint through the arch. It BINGS. They're in.

ANDY

How do we know these are working?

In Tim's **GOGGLES POV** he sees Shaq holding a GIANT GOLDFISH. Tim cocks his head with faint recognition.

SHAQ

That's right, it's Sunblossom, your dead fish from grade school. But now he's mine 'cause unlike you, I ain't no forget'n-to-feed-him-flush-n-run-lil bitch! I'm Shaq!

Tim turns back to Andy. **END GOGGLES POV.**

TIM

They're working.

EXT. MAN CAVE LAWN

Ashley, bag packed, sees a sign for Huey trail with an arrow that reads, "Parking Lot," and walks in that direction.

EXT. OBSTACLE COURSE - CREEK

Tim and Andy arrive at a creek and need to use a rope to swing across. Tim crosses but Andy stands frozen. In his **GOGGLES POV:** Andy's DAD tosses a football with his BROTHER.

ANDY'S DAD

Hey, Mandy. How's your fruity bar company? Or is it filled with nuts?

ANDY

(muttering)  
Dickhead.

ANDY'S DAD

Hey, so what if you don't join the army rangers like your big brother? Your mother always wanted a daughter anyway.

Andy's dad spits in the dirt. **END GOGGLE POV.** Tim looks across the creek at Andy then ahead to the space where his eyes are locked. He calls over to Andy.

TIM

What is it? What're you seeing?

ANDY

My dad. He was kind of an asshole.

TIM

I hear that. My dad left. I used to make all kinds of excuses for him, but at the end of the day, dude was an asshole.

Switching to Tim's GOGGLES POV reveals this entire time he's been seeing a punky, early 20s version of Ashley, floating just to his right.

ASHLEY

Come on baby, leave him. Meet me in the crying tent.

Tim quietly snaps to respond to this.

TIM

No. We're over. It's for the best.

ASHLEY

I thought we'd be together forever.  
I thought we'd *die* together.

Ashley now has a Stephen King-level corpse face. Tim gasps.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)

Jump in the lake with me, Tim.  
You'll float too.

Tim blinks with fear and concentration.

Andy's GOGGLES POV: He faces his father, still grimacing. Suddenly, an arm bursts through his dad's chest. Then Tim's face leans in like a sun that parts the clouds, his other hand holding the rope for support. He reaches his free hand out to Andy. END GOGGLE POV.

TIM

I got you.

Andy takes Tim's hand, and Tim pulls him across. They take a moment, traumatized by what they just experienced.

TIM (CONT'D)

Fuck! Jesus, fuck! I did not like that like AT ALL.

ANDY

What is Bill thinking??

TIM

I wanna see those OSHA certificates when we get back. Y'know, we needed these to get *into* the course...

ANDY

Yeah man. Screw this.

They push their goggles up onto their foreheads. Instantly, two REFS jump out from the bushes, blowing whistles.

REF 1

That's a DQ. We're here to escort  
you off the course. Do not resist.

TIM

Oh fuck.

Tim and Andy look at each other then burst into a sprint as the refs give chase. Jostled mid-run, Tim's goggles slide back down over his eyes. In his **GOGGLES POV** an enormous, monstrous humanoid mouse (*The Cheeseheads* mascot) rises over the trees and charges after him, fangs bared.

CHUCKLES

Say CHEEEEEEEEESE!

**END GOGGLE POV.** Tim screams, so Andy looks through his own **GOGGLES** and sees a huge Hacky Sack bouncing up and down.

HACKY

You'll never be a master hackier,  
Andy. You just don't have the sack!

**END GOGGLE POV.** Andy screams too. Their gazes meet, each seeing the Lovecraftian horror in the other's eyes. Beat. They chuck their goggles and rush towards a thicket of trees. Suddenly, from out of nowhere, they hear a VOICE--

VOICE

Come with me if you want to live.

Tim and Andy look around. Liam (the long lost twin) emerges, filthy, from a spider-hole and beckons them inside.

TIM

Murray! What the hell-- Liam?

LIAM

I discovered an underground rail  
system. I think Elon Musk built it.  
Either The Dude Ranch is an  
elaborate drug smuggling operation,  
or we're all just simulations on  
his computer. Or it's a sewer.

At that very moment, Tim steps in a wet poop.

EXT. FIELD

Pang sprints towards the finish line. He looks back. No one else is in sight! He triumphantly busts through the ribbon. Staffers shoot confetti and blow vuvuzelas.

BILL  
 Congratulations, you're--

PANG  
 Five years baby, five years! I  
 finally won. I wanna thank my mom,  
 my dad, Aunt Joon, without who--

BILL  
 Whoa, whoa, whoa, gotta stop you  
 right there. You didn't win.

PANG  
 But-- but... the confetti, the  
 vuvuzelas, the ribbon.

BILL  
 We do that for everybody now.  
 Here's your participation trophy.

He hands Pang a small trophy that says, "You tried."

BILL (CONT'D)  
 Y'all ready for the next group?

Staffers roll more finishing line ribbon out.

PANG  
 I just... Who won? Andy? I didn't  
 see Tim...

BILL  
 Why, Sam here. He came in about  
 five minutes ago. I've never seen a  
 man handle his emotions so  
 effortlessly.

The staffers part to reveal Sam holding The Manly Cup.

SAM  
 I can explain that, Bill. You see,  
 emotional obstacles are nothing for  
 someone who's spent years actually  
 feeling their feelings.

BILL  
 Wait, but that would mean--

SAM  
 Yes. Sam is short for...Samantha!

She rips off her hat and shakes her head, causing her only  
 slightly longer hair to tumble down. It's very *She's All  
 That*, except she still looks basically like a boy.

PANG

Ohh, see I *knew* it was weird that you reminded me of my ex-wife but I still wasn't attracted to you.

SAM

A woman won your Man Games. So let that be a lesson. You can never--

BILL

Disqualified. I'll just grab that.

Bill snatches the trophy from Samantha then turns to Pang.

BILL (CONT'D)

Well, I guess you win after all.

Pang takes the trophy, caressing it longingly, then looks at Sam and begrudgingly hands it back to Bill.

PANG

Thank you Bill, but no. I can't. I should earn it, fair and square--

BILL

Fine. No winner this year. Sam, you did great. You're banned for life.

EXT. CLIFF

Tim, Andy, and Liam emerge to find the sewer pipe juts out from a cliff's edge. Above them, 30 feet of sheer cliff. Below them, an 80-foot drop to the East Parking lot.

TIM

Liam, what the heck? You said this went out to the parking lot.

Liam gestures down below.

LIAM

Tada!

TIM

No. No tada. How are we supposed to get down there?

LIAM

Hey, I'm just the shortcut guy.

ANDY

Okay. We'll figure something out. Thanks for your help, Liam.

Liam turns to Tim and grabs his arm firmly.

LIAM

Hey, you helped me when I was going through a rough time with my haircut, even though it looked objectively ridiculous.

TIM

What are you talking about--

KaDOOSH. It all comes flooding back. Last time, promise.

FLASHBACK - EXT. MAN CAVE LAWN - 1ST NIGHT

Tim, drunkenly hanging on Sam's shoulders, sees Liam.

TIM

You. Your hair is beautiful. No matter what they say, words can't bring you down.

Tim passes out. Liam, touched, helps Sam drag him home.

EXT. CLIFF - BACK TO SCENE

TIM

Man, that was a busy night.

LIAM

It meant a lot. Tell my brother I'll meet him at the diner near Big Bear. He'll know.

He gives them a kiss on their foreheads then vanishes.

ANDY

Should we go back?

TIM

Too late.

Tim points to Ashley who's now loading up her trunk.

TIM (CONT'D)

Hold on, I'll get her attention.

He grabs onto a rock on the edge of the cliff and shouts--

TIM (CONT'D)

Ashley! Ashley!

The big rock Tim is holding loosens and rolls down the cliff, slamming into Ashley's car. She looks up. Tim waves.

ASHLEY

Tim?! What are you doing?

TIM

(rambling)

I've been asking myself that a lot lately. Originally, I said it was about revenge, but I know it was really about my inability to let go of the past. It was stupid and selfish of me to come here, but I'm glad I did because I learned a lot about masculinity, and how I make things about myself too much and--

(catching himself)

Sorry! I can explain later. Today's about you guys. Love you both!

(beat)

Oh and I told Andy we were married! I mean, not anymore. Obviously.

Andy peeks over Tim's shoulder and waves.

ANDY

We came to stop you from leaving.

TIM

I know it's not an airport, but we're here.

ASHLEY

I'll wait. You can go back around.

ANDY

No! This is a grand dramatic gesture. I'm coming down.

ASHLEY

Andy, no! You barely know how to boulder!

TIM

Go get'er, bud.

They nod at each other. Andy starts climbing down. Two seconds later, he freezes, about ten feet below the sewer.

ANDY

Nope. Mistake. I don't know why I thought I could do this. I'm stuck.

TIM  
Oh shit. I got you.

Tim starts scrambling down but is immediately stuck too.

ASHLEY  
No! Tim, you're even worse!

TIM  
Oh yeah, bad decision. Why do I  
never listen?

ASHLEY  
(to herself)  
Why do they never listen?

Just then, Nathan sprints into the parking lot with Sam, Pang, and Murray close behind. Sam whips out her phone.

SAM  
Don't die! It'll really bum out my  
readers if you die.

NATHAN  
Tim, I'm trying not to judge you  
right now, but you're making this  
very difficult.

PANG  
Dudes! I almost won! I know you're  
busy, but closing ceremonies are in  
15. Manbassador for Life!

Ashley looks at the helpless squad then up at the equally  
helpless men.

ASHLEY  
Goddamn it.

She runs to the side of the cliff and starts climbing.  
Moments later, she gets up to them.

TIM  
Holy shit you're fast. Man, why did  
I never go climbing with you?

ASHLEY  
We can talk about it later. Andy,  
I'll lead you down first then come  
back up for you, Tim.

ANDY

Ashley, I just wanna say, I've been acting dumb, and when we get down I'll really think about what I need to do to be a better friend and partner to you. You're amazing.

ASHLEY

Yeah, I'm a real Mary Sue. Chop chop, let's go.

Suddenly, one of the flying Bill drones appears. Its claw holds a spool of rope anchored to a tree above.

BILL DRONE (TABLET)

Hey guys! Maybe this'll help.

Bill, holding a remote, leans over the cliff face and waves.

BILL DRONE (TABLET) (CONT'D)

When you do your exit survey, if you could explain what it was about my emotional obstacle course that made you jump off a cliff, it would be very helpful. Thanks!

Tim gives the drone a thumbs up as Ashley sends Andy down then helps Tim. As they near the ground, Andy looks up.

ANDY

Hey, Tim, this is more dramatic than a hot air balloon, right?

TIM

Oh way more. Go for it, man.

Andy drops the last ten feet, gets down on one knee, and pulls a ring from a necklace inside his shirt. He gazes up at Ashley who, along with Tim, is still on the rope.

ANDY

This isn't how I planned to do this, but-- Ashley Lassoff, will you marry me?

Ashley looks down.

INT. MEDIA COMPANY - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Sam, hair longer now, talks with two PRODUCER types.

SAM

So you think this could be a movie?

PRODUCER 1

What even is a movie? These days everything is everything. We just like to think of it as platform-independent monetizable content.

PRODUCER 2

With eight million clicks, we can turn it into *something*. Hell, last month we optioned a meme and turned it into a breakfast cereal. Kids are eating it up. Literally.

PRODUCER 1

Who knows, maybe your story's a daily podcast. Or a video game you play on an upscale Japanese toilet.

SAM

Well, that's...good news?

PRODUCER 2

It is! We just have a few thoughts. First off-- and I've literally never given this note before-- but what if this was more about women?

Sam's eyes narrow, skeptical of this seeming progressiveness.

PRODUCER 1

Picture this. A camp full of hotties playing Chickball or whatever, and one man goes undercover to answer the age-old question: what do women talk about in the bathroom? This summer-- *MILF Ranch*, starring Jonah Hill. So? What do you think?

Oh yeah, that's more what she was expecting.

SAM

Well...I guess that passes the Bechdel test. Let's talk money.

INT. LYONS INDOOR ADVENTURE CENTER - DAY

Nathan, Zoe, the kids (wearing AR Goggles), and Pang look on as Tim presents his remodeled adventure zone. Tim gets a FaceTime from Ashley. He answers. She's on a bed in Hawaii.

NATHAN'S KIDS

Aunt Ashley!

BECCA

Uncle Tim's about to show us his new AR-cade course. You can't tell, but I'm a dragon-slaying Samurai.

Charley pops out of nowhere and into the FaceTime screen.

CHARLEY

And I'm a handsome prince that can tame a wild unicorn.

ASHLEY (FACETIME)

That's amazing. Send pictures. I can ask "Miley's Kids" to come by for a presser. How's our doggy?

TIM

Thanks, I bet that'll kill with this new demographic of radically androgynous youth. Groucho's great. He misses his mom--  
(Groucho barks)  
--and stepdad.

Andy sits beside her. He holds her (engagement ring-ed) hand.

ANDY (FACETIME)

Hey, everybody!

KIDS

Not-Uncle Andy!

ANDY (FACETIME)

Hey, kids. Tim, the place looks incredible. You sure you're not looking for any more backers?

PANG

(popping into frame)  
And let you dilute my investment?  
No way. You'll have to sit this round out. But maybe if you beat me at camp next year, I'll cut you in.

He winks at Andy.

TIM

We're good for now, thanks. You guys having fun?

ANDY (FACETIME)

A blast. Just went foraging for puka shells. Two more dives today and a surfing class after lunch.

TIM  
Sounds exhausting.

ASHLEY (FACETIME)  
You'd hate it.

Tim gets a FaceTime from Sam. He merges the two calls.

ALL  
Sam!

TIM  
So? How'd it go?

SAM (FACETIME)  
Well enough that I'm already  
planning an inorganic sequel.

Everyone cheers.

PANG  
Make it a trilogy!

TIM  
Hey, look at what I just got.

He gestures to the wall where a framed copy of Sam's article hangs, now titled "True Bromance: Masculinity in Detox."

SAM  
Wow. You...printed out the  
internet. Nice work, Grampa.

CHARLEY AND OTHER KIDS  
C'mon, c'mon, let's go!

TIM  
Okay, okay. Check this out.

He presses a button. The lights go out. Then...BOOM. In the kids' AR GOGGLES POV Bill pops up in a wizard robe.

BILL  
I, Wizard Greystaff, Servant of the  
Diode Light and Wielder of AR  
Patents, invite you to an adventure  
beyond compare. Are you ready?

Cheers. AR Bill spreads his arms wide. Lasers shoot out.

BILL (CONT'D)  
Then fly, you fools. Fly!!!

THE END