

HAPPY CAMPERS

A SCREENPLAY (?)  
BY  
DANIEL WATERS (!)

THIRD DRAFT

OCTOBER 1998

NOTE FROM THE PERSON WHO'S PUTTING THIS ONLINE:

HERE IS AN EARLY DRAFT OF THE SCREENPLAY.  
IT FEATURES A HIKE INSTEAD OF A HURRICANE AND  
A SINGLE GOD-LIKE NARRATOR INSTEAD OF A SERIES  
OF SUBJECTIVE, IN-CHARACTER NARRATORS. THERE'S  
A LOT MORE PETER STORMARE (OBERON) IN THIS.

FOR THE ONLINE TEXT VERSION OF THIS EARLY DRAFT,  
ALL "DELETED SCENES" AND "DELETED DIALOGUE" WILL  
BE MARKED WITH RIGHT-MARGIN BRACKETS: ---->

]

DIFFERENCES IN DIALOGUE (REWRITES, ETC), SLIGHT  
CHANGES TO ACTION, LOCATIONS, AND ANY RE-ORDERING  
OR "CHOPPING UP" OF SCENES ARE NOT MARKED AT ALL.

ALL THAT'S MARKED IS WHAT'S MISSING FROM THE  
FILM AS RELEASED...

EXT. THE LAKE OF THE CAMP--DAY ]  
] ]  
A brief, majestic trek across a placid lake to...discarded ]  
life jackets on a barren pier...canoes capsized next to ]  
abandoned sand castles. ] ]

INT. EMPTY CABIN--DAY ]  
] ]  
An unsettling glide through a cabin packed with overflowing ]  
trunks and torn apart bunks...empty of children. ] ]

INT. CAFETERIA--DAY ]  
] ]  
A cafeteria looming like a ghost ship, bereft of people, ]  
but decked out in the gooey remains of a food fight. ] ]

EXT. A PATCH IN THE FOREST--DAY ]  
] ]  
A tangled weave through a neglected gallery of trees, each ]  
carved with a heart, + sign, lovers' initials, and an ]  
apostrophied year. ] ]

EXT. ANOTHER PATCH OF THE FOREST--DAY ]  
] ]  
The viewer dizzys deeper into the woods before emerging into ]  
a clearing to behold the enigmatic image of SEVEN ACTUAL ]  
HUMANS-- not boys and girls, not quite men and women-- ]  
aggressively dressed to fit their very different ]  
personalities. The Humans-in-question stare forward while ]  
standing upon a log that is balance beamed across a ditch. ] ]

THE SMOOTH VOICE OF A NARRATOR (V.O.)  
It was the first summer of the 21st  
century. Wendy, Wichita, Talia,  
Donald, Adam, Jasper, and Pixel were  
to spend it as camp counselors. The  
world would be changed forever. Kind  
of. Not really.

EXT. CENTER OF CAMP--DAY ]  
] ]  
The seven characters are now seen situated atop an array ]  
of large rocks surrounding a flagpole. They have all been ]  
straight-jacketed into the same identity-squelching light-

blue shirt and all hold a glossy booklet that has a cute counselor couple and a cuter Camper joyously roasting hot dogs on its cover.

A HARSH MALE VOICE sneers from a loudspeaker atop a small structure nearby.

HARSH LOUDSPEAKER VOICE (O.S.)  
...no smoking, no drinking, no climbing the mountain, no cursing, no playing favorites, no sexuality of any possible dimension...

Irreverently ignoring the harsh voice, the instantly charismatic WICHITA and his overwhelmingly acerbic college pal, TALIA, entertain themselves over the workbooklet cover.

TALIA  
Am I the only one disturbed by this cover? The way counselor's holding his weenie...

WICHITA  
...the way the camper is holding his little bun. Total Kiddie porn.

An almost painfully adorable fellow counselor, later to be revealed as WENDY, turns to give them a Sh-h-h gesture causing them to further unmuffle their giggling.

HARSH LOUDSPEAKER VOICE (O.S.)  
...and to quote the moving words of the workbooklet: "You'll learn the true meaning of responsibility while creating memories that last a lifetime."

WICHITA AND TALIA  
Wow.

Two buses screech up out of nowhere. The counselors jolt their skulls toward an opening bus door.

JUMP CUT

The viewer pulls out from a T-shirt displaying a crappy mall-computer-photo of a Happy Kid to see the SHIRT-WEARING KID HIMSELF, clinging to a bus door, WAILING his reddened eyes out. Moving off, one takes in the panorama of ravidly freaked-out CAMPERS and beleaguered COUNSELORS.

Immediately most noticeable is a warped, sparkle-haired fairy later to be known as PIXEL, who floats throughout the scene sticking different colored band-aids on every camper and counselor. Oasis-of-adorability Wendy overgloriously leads a seated circle of singing, clapping campers into song.

WENDY AND CAMPERS  
(Frito Bandito tune)

"Aye-aye-aye-aye, in China they never  
grow chilly, So sing me another verse  
that's worse than the first and make  
sure it's foolish and silly..."

SMOOTH NARRATOR (V.O.)  
Rightly or wrongly, for better or  
worse, the counselors defined  
themselves quickly. No one more so  
than Wendy. First week of camp, the  
perky girl who knows all the rules  
and all the songs is pretty much  
Queen.

EXT. THE WOODS--FLASH FORWARD DAY ]

Wendy looks up a wiggling rope, cheering an unseen climbing ]  
camper. The Camper body SLAMS down out of frame. Wendy aims ]  
a "Don't give up" cheer downward. ]

SMOOTH NARRATOR (V.O.)  
Wendy's monarchy of relentlessly  
daisy-fresh enthusiasm could not  
possibly last. Or could it?

EXT. CENTER OF CAMP--FLASH FORWARD DUSK ]

Wendy is lowering a flag reading DAY 4 while booming out ]  
a hymn to camp spirit. A semi-circle of other counselors ]  
stare dumbfounded. ]

COOL COUNSELOR WICHITA ]  
Uh, Wendy dear, the kids are back ]  
in the cabins... ]

WENDY ]  
Oh please, you silly geese, like ]  
you need to be a child to do the ]  
sing-a-long... ]

Wendy re-blasts into song. Snorting out smiling surrender, ]  
the other counselors slowly warble along with her. ]

EXT. CENTER OF CAMP--PRESENT DAY ]

The bandaid fairy Pixel adhesives Wendy and the rest of the ]  
circle. She then flutters over to stick TWO CAMPER BOYS, ]  
who are both LATINO, but of highly different income brackets. ]

UPPER INCOME LATINO KID ]  
You're one of those charity kids, ]  
aren't you? The newspaper sends a ]  
bunch of broke kids to camp every ]  
year. You're one of them. I can ]  
tell. ]

LOWER INCOME LATINO KID  
Why are you talking shit--I'm not  
one of them.

The bespectacled, profoundly geeky DONALD DARK, lowers a  
clipboard before the Lower Income Boy.

DONALD DARK  
Hey Hector, I just need you to check  
this box so the people at the  
Oregonian Send A Kid To Camp Fund  
know you got here safe and sound.

The Upper Income Spanish Kid detonates in an "Aah" of  
laughter. The Lower Income Spanish Kid glumly checks the  
paper and makes a surly exit. Donald comprehends the  
situation with an agonized body heave. He wallops the  
clipboard against his forehead then turns to a NASTY GIRL.

NASTY CAMPER GIRL  
This camp sucks shit! A good counselor  
is supposed to know when we eat and  
where are the horses and why--Fu--  
uck!

A burst of blood pours from the losing-it girl's nose. The  
freaked-out Donald Duck backs away into the flagpole.

SMOOTH NARRATOR (V.O.)  
Donald Dark liked to think of himself  
as a witty, intelligent young man  
trapped in a geek's body.

EXT. THE GRASS BEFORE THE ARCHERY RANGE--FLASH FORWARD DAY  
Donald claps his hands trying to rouse his volleyball team.  
A ball thunders right into his face. His team bursts into  
laughter. Donald weakly smiles.

SMOOTH NARRATOR (V.O.)  
Unfortunately, and Donald Dark had  
known this for years, a witty,  
intelligent young man in a geek's  
body is still a geek.

EXT. OUTSIDE BOYS' CABIN--FUTURE NIGHT

Donald and some other male counselors patrol past some  
cabins, casually wielding flashlights. A SLEEPWALKER GIRL  
shuffles in the background.

DONALD  
I had a sleepwalker at my last camp.  
Important thing's not to panic...so  
anyway, like I was saying, once the  
campers found out my full name was

Donald Dark, their brilliant minds  
led them to call me Donald Dark Duck,  
which turned into Daffy, for Daffy  
Duck is indeed a dark duck. Then  
my name became Retarded Marshmallow  
Head. Don't ask...

MALE COUNSELOR (JASPER)

I won't. Listen man, I'm sure this  
summer will be a lot different...

A group of smiling male campers are revealed to be sinisterly  
huddled at a window behind them.

EAVESDROPPING MALE CAMPER

"Retarded Marshmallow Head." I like  
it. I like it a lot.

EXT. CENTER OF CAMP--PRESENT DAY

A FEMALE AFRICAN-AMERICAN COUNSELOR OF EXTREME COMPETENCE  
sails past Donald to deftly gauze the nasty, nosebleeding  
girl. Donald spins away right into Talia. She snickers as  
he scrambles away.

A Jewish non-princess oozing an urban sharpness, Talia goes  
to light a cigarette. Realizing the potential no-no factor,  
she pockets the cig with a sigh, then notices a SAD LONELY  
GIRL plopped on a rock, backpack against chest.

With a deep breath, Talia approaches and crouches beside  
the Sad Lonely Girl.

TALIA

You look a like you could use a  
friend. You know, I'll never forget  
my first day at camp. Boy, I was  
so nervous that I...

WENDY

(rushing up)

Hey--whaddya say, we need another  
muskrat to join our Sunshine circle.  
Scurry up! Isn't Fun great!

Blossoming, the No-longer-lonely girl gallops off, leaving  
Talia gaping. Talia's buddy Wichita sidles up with a chuckle,  
throwing an arm around the rising-in-defeat Talia. They watch  
No-longer-lonely girl being tucked into the circle of  
handclappers.

TALIA

So much for that child psychology  
class we took last semester.

WICHITA

I warned you, Talia--Childhood has

got nothing to do with children.

TALIA

How can you compete with "Isn't Fun  
great?"

Talia nestles a little further into Wichita's arm.

SMOOTH NARRATOR (V.O.)

Talia liked kids. In theory. Talia  
liked nature. In pictures. Talia  
was city-cigarette-cynicism  
temporarily located 72 miles outside  
of Portland for one reason: Him.

EXT. THE LAKE--FLASH FORWARD DAY

AN UNSTOPPABLY MUTTERING CAMPER GIRL is glommed to the side  
of Talia, who is standing in the lake, staring out to a  
shirtless Wichita playing frisbee in the wind.

UNSTOPPABLY MUTTERING GIRL

It-was-just-like-summer-camp-except-  
it-was-on-a-farm-in-Canada-and-nobody-  
wore-any-clothes-Guess-how-many-rated-  
R-movies-I've-seen?-Three-The-  
Shawshank---

Not breaking visual contact with Wichita, Talia firmly dunks  
the Muttering Girl's talking head beneath the water.

SMOOTH NARRATOR (V.O.)

Wichita, the gorgeous gentile with  
the only bullshit detector cranked  
as high as hers was. She loved him  
from the moment he moved into the  
dorm. For a chance to deepen their  
friendship, Talia would have done  
anything. Unfortunately, summer  
camp has a way of redefining the  
word "anything."

Talia plucks back up the Muttering Girl who sputters some  
water then picks up where she left off.

UNSTOPPABLY MUTTERING GIRL

Redemption-Repo-Man-Schindler's-List---  
all rated R. My-favorite-food-is-  
Chinese-food, my-second-favorite-  
food is...

EXT. CENTER OF CAMP--PRESENT DAY

Talia tenderly lifts her head from Wichita's shoulder.

TALIA

College was entertaining, Wichita,

but after 40 days and 40 nights of  
this, I really think we're going  
to get to know each...

WICHITA

Ooh look, time to confiscate my first  
water balloon...

Wichita dutifully withdraws his arm and bolts off, leaving  
Talia in a contorted dangle. She straightens with an exhale.  
Behind her, a Camper Boy is nailed to the ground by a  
backpack jettisoning from the back of the bus.

THE BACK OF THE BUS

ADAM, a severely muscular counselor of the fascist mode,  
bellows down a hearty laugh to the crushed camper.

ADAM

What's wrong with you little vaginas?  
Weak! Next!

EXT. SOMEWHERE ELSE IN THE WOODS--DAY ]

Adam is leading his young "troops" in a boot camp trot down ]  
a forest trail. ]

SMOOTH NARRATOR (V.O.)

Adam needed little elaboration. As ]  
a child, he tasted the whip. Now, ]  
after years of waiting, it was Adam's ]  
turn to crack it. ]

ADAM ]

This cabin needs to be a tight unit ]  
of pure strength. You don't need ]  
courage when you have no fear... ]

BOLD TWELVE YEAR OLD LOUDMOUTH ]

Man, you're such a cliché. ]

Adam brakes. So do the rest of the campers. Adam calmly turns ]  
to the loudmouth and smiles. ]

SMOOTH NARRATOR (V.O.)

Like any good fascist, Adam truly ]  
believed his brand of counseling ]  
was not sinister, but rather for ]  
the camper's own good. ]

EXT. YET ANOTHER PART OF THE FOREST--FAST FORWARD DAY ]

Boy and Girl Campers are laughing at a tree. The viewer spins ]  
around the bark to see that the Loudmouth Kid has been nailed ]  
high on the tree by his underwear in the most painfully ]  
graphic wedgie of all time. ]



EXT. BACK TO THE BACK OF THE BUS--PRESENT DAY

Adam whips another pack into a QUIVERING BOY's chest. The kid wobbles back, but keeps hold.

ADAM

Excellent! Now that's the focus I want to see this summer! Next!

Wichita drifts by the bus, oblivious to the sight of another hapless kid being slammed to the dirt by swooshing luggage. Wichita stops at the tangle of the still-clutching-the-bus Crying Boy and a struggling-to-remove-him counselor, the sensitive but subversive JASPER.

WICHITA

Cinnamon or spearmint or both?

The Crying Kid devolcanoes into a sniffle to clasp a gum stick magically appearing out of Wichita's hand. Wichita gently pushes the boy off and points.

WICHITA

Go stand by the flagpole.

JASPER

Sorry about all that...I'm your CIT-- Jasper.

WICHITA

When all else fails, Jasper--Gum. Even now in these troubled times, every child's drug of choice.

Wichita struts off. The relaxed Jasper's eyes follow him along with a subversively admiring smolder.

SMOOTH NARRATOR (V.O.)

Jasper was seemingly shy, but actually sly. A lot more than met the eye.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE OF MESS HALL--FUTURE NIGHT

Fighting back tears, a LIP-BITING, HEAD-DOWN MALE CAMPER HANGS UP a pay phone. He turns to Jasper, who calms him with a soothing tone. Head rising, the boy departs. Jasper then turns into a hug from a WEEPING GIRL hanging up another pay phone.

SMOOTH NARRATOR (V.O.)

Jasper was the sensitive counselor, the one the campers seeked out to discuss the biggies. He had an uncanny ability to notice pain and get it in the open. "In the open" was Jasper's favorite place to be.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE GIRLS' CABINS--FUTURE NIGHT

Jasper, along with Wichita and Donald, continue the Sleepwalker girl search party.

DONALD

I mean, how far could she have..

JASPER

I'm gay. I could tell people were getting this "sexually confused" vibe from me. I'm not. I'm straight-up fairy...but don't freak out, I'm not attracted to either of you...

WICHITA

(a smile)

There's no reason to be rude...

] ] ]

DONALD

Well. Gay. Gay's great. I mean, I'm not, you know, but hey, if you, I mean--

Suddenly, the Sleepwalk Girl collides into the babbling Donald causing him to screech.

EXT. THE CENTER OF CAMP--PRESENT DAY

Breaking his concentration, Pixel puts a band-aid on Jasper's arm, then whisks forward to stick a SERIOUSLY TROUBLED BOY, who immediately explodes into tearful shrieks. Jasper cringes at the renewed noise pollution.

SERIOUSLY TROUBLED BOY

She touched me! She touched me!

WICHITA

(shouting back)

Meet Todd! From our cabin!

Jasper laughs. Pixel, meanwhile, flees from the scene of the crime to a new area where she resumes her mysterious band-aid sticking.

SMOOTH NARRATOR (V.O.)

The gung-ho cute counselor...The hard-ass control freak...the sensitive gay counselor...and then there were those who could not be glibly categorized. To name one...Pixel.

INT. THE MESS HALL--FUTURE RAINY NIGHT

A BOOMBOX POUNDS a sultry TECHNO tune. Pixel and the girls

of the camp have taken shelter in a cafeteria with rain battering about outside. A line of girls of different sizes and ages are grinding to the music, unbuttoning their jeans. The other girls are cheering their heads off, throwing quarters at their feet.

PIXEL

Come on, this isn't the hokey-pokey,  
a-che the body...that's it...Let's  
hear some noise out there! The ladies  
dance for tips and tips only!

STRIPPING GIRL

How's this empowering, again?

] ]

PIXEL

No, no, not one arm at a time, grab  
the bottom of the shirt with both  
hands, that's it. Feel the heat...

Backs turned, the girls tug their shirts up their spines.  
A LOOKOUT GIRL turns from a splattered window.

LOOKOUT GIRL

Wendy!

Wendy enters the mess hall. She collapses her soaked umbrella to reveal the vision of Pixel in charade mode with the girls crumpled together in fake rapture. Wendy frowns suspiciously.

CAMPERS

A movie...two words...first  
word...sounds like...

INT. WENDY AND PIXEL'S CABIN--FUTURE DAY

Wendy again gives off an uncomprehending stare. This time toward Pixel meticulously painting strangely erotic tattoos on a line of their cabin's girls.

] ] ] ] ] ]

SMOOTH NARRATOR (V.O.)

Pixel gleefully answered all the  
dirty questions a good counselor  
would uncomfortably ignore. It was  
dangerous to try and figure Pixel  
out. She herself wisely never tried.  
Others would.

EXT. CENTER OF CAMP--PRESENT DAY

From a distance, Pixel can be discerned colorfully trotting through the grand tableau of first day activity. Back turned to the viewer, Wichita steps in before this image.

SMOOTH NARRATOR (V.O.)

As strange as Pixel may have seemed,  
the camp's real wild card was

Wichita.

EXT. CENTER OF CAMP--FUTURE DAY ]

Two groups of Campers rip on the same rope in a vicious bout ]  
of tug of war. Veins-a-poppin, Adam wails at his team on ]  
one side while Wichita calmly traverses next to his group. ]

SMOOTH NARRATOR (V.O.)

Here was a someone who did not care  
about workbookleted activities. Here  
was someone who had anarchy in his  
eyes. Here was someone. Period. He  
played it low-key that first week...

WICHITA ]

Now. ]

Wichita's team immediately-giddily lets go of the rope, ]  
sending Adam's "winning" team into an ugly crash. ]

EXT. THE BEACH--FUTURE DAY ]

Zen amidst a lake of activity, Wichita sits on the pier,  
writing in a brilliantly scruffy journal. ]

SMOOTH NARRATOR

No one could see into Wichita's soul,  
but at least it was clear that he  
had one. He had an effect on  
everyone, even those thought to have  
no feelings...

In a canoe, being paddled by campers, Wendy looks up from ]  
a her own diary (pink polka dots) to study the enigmatic ]  
counselor. ]

EXT. CENTER OF CAMP--PRESENT DAY ]

A VIEW THROUGH BINOCULARS of the Day One panorama.

SMOOTH NARRATOR (V.O.)

A collection of individuals separated  
from regular society eventually  
becomes something more than a  
collection of individuals separated  
from regular society. It becomes  
one mammoth living organism.  
Different traits of different people  
feeding off and flowing into each  
other--the naive and the perverse,  
the brutal and the sweet, the  
overconfident and the overwhelmed--  
all coming together to form one  
singularly special whole.

EXT. OUTSIDE OF OBERON'S OFFICE--DAY ]

Binoculars withdraw through venetian blinds in the window of the office structure.

SMOOTH NARRATOR (V.O.)

An organism made up of 70 screaming kids counseled by young adults at the most fucked-up point in their lives is a monster well worth a glance. Welcome to Camp Bleeding Squaw.

EXT. THE CENTER OF CAMP--DAY

A deafening whistle rattles everyone into a camp-wide flinch. All turn to get a view of OBERON, the camp's terrifying, fully Full Metal Jacket Camp Director, marching from his little fortress, growling into a high-tech headset.

OBERON

Campers, welcome to Camp Bleeding Squaw! I'm Big Chief Oberon. Fun. I like it. You think I don't? I do. But Fun without structure is chaos and chaos is not fun--Now everybody rip off their band-aid!

All shapes and sizes of campers (and counselors) reach to their bandaged body parts and tear away with the same AAH sound. Red, Blue, Green, and Purple dots are revealed upon each character's skin.

OBERON

Yes! It has begun! I declare war! Color War!--all the way to our Fortieth Day! Welcome to the thrill of competition and the joy of making others cry. I want Reds here, Greens there, Blue across from them and the Purple team against the flagpole!

A perfect four-section-split of Counselors and Campers swiftly surrounds the volcanic camp director.

OBERON

This new turn of events brings up an interesting question: Who's got more Camp pride?

With absurd reflex enthusiasm, each side screams out their color. Red! Purple! Donald turns to Wichita.

DONALD

Something tells me he can't hear us.

OBERON

I can't he--ar you!

WICHITA

Not bad, Donald Dark.

Both sides screech out their colors even louder. Wendy, eyes closed in a religious fervor, leads the Red side. Oberon turns, getting off on the manic reverberations behind him.

OBERON

One more time!

There is sudden silence except for the lone shout of Wendy bleating out "Red, red, red." Completely mystified, Oberon and the viewer spin around to see AN EPILEPTIC GIRL having a trembling-on-the-ground fit, unnoticed by the soulfully shut-eyed Wendy.

WENDY

Red! Red!  
(opening her eyes)  
Whoopsy.

The African-American SuperCounselor silently rockets down to hold and steady her. Everyone else just gapes.

OBERON

Haven't you people ever seen an epileptic camper before?--  
Counselors, get these Injuns into the cabins and then onto the Activities! Fun! Now! Move it!

Oberon clicks a mammoth stopwatch and shrieks his whistle.

EXT. CAMPFIRE--NIGHT

Camp Director Oberon's seething, whistling face slam-cuts into the image of a roaring bonfire. Oberon's body reveals itself around the inferno, doing a circular storyteller stroll. Huddled and bundled, the campers have settled into something approaching paying attention.

OBERON

But even more than the taste of S'mores, he enjoyed the taste of camper flesh.

THE CAMPERS

(delightedly sarcastic)  
Ooooh!

A COLLECTION OF COUNSELORS

stand outside the campfire circle, waging a loudly whispered conference, led by Wendy.

WENDY

Well, the first week of camp has swooshed on by and I thought this a perfect time to finally pow-wow. I think we should discuss--

TALIA

We need more ritalin. Can't we just grind it into the munchkins' food?

DONALD

I'm having "Billy" problems again. He turned today's food fight into a fork fight.

ADAM

You have no authority. To get camper respect, you must...

WENDY

Now Adam, I had a chat with one of our campers--Nathan King--he seems to think your methods of earning respect are severe and what's more...

ADAM

"Nathan King"--he's the redhead, right? I'll make it up to him.

WENDY

Instead of getting all mad at Donald's Tasmanian Devil Billy, have you people ever thought of getting all glad at him-- making him feel a part of things. The workbooklet says...

WICHITA

Don't mean to interrupt, Wendy dear, but isn't that the little buckaroo eating a sandwich of communion hosts...

ANGLE ON THE CAMPFIRE

A feral, dirty-blond boy, BILLY, is indeed disturbingly chomping into a sandwich piled high with communion hosts.

THE COUNSELORS

laugh, except for Wendy.

TALIA

Who wants to go tell the Anti-christ to take a "time-out?"

WENDY

Talia, just because you happen to

be Jewish, doesn't mean you can make fun of someone desecrating the Lord's body...

TALIA

Yes, it does.

WICHITA

Don't look at me, I'm an atheist.

WENDY

Really? I think we should discuss...

ADAM

Could we please stop the petty religious sniping? We have much more important things to deal with--like what are we going to do about that fag? It's one thing if Jasper was one of those Birdcage kind of homos. We could laugh and make fun of him, but Jasper...

PIXEL

The workbooklet says this is a summer camp, not a concentration one, you homophobic Nazi cunt.

ADAM

Listen hippie-chick, put yourself in the place of a parent who finds out their only child got AIDS by drinking the camp bug juice.

EVERYONE

(variations on)

What an asshole...

DONALD

Besides we all got tested at the Camp physical...positive is good, right?

WENDY

Now Adam, me fearing Jasper with the little boys would be like me fearing you with the little girls.

PIXEL

Bad example.

ADAM

Funny.

WICHITA

Oh my God, wait, Adam's right, look at that sick son-of-a-bitch...





WENDY

What did you...

ADAM

That's cold, man.

WICHITA

Next to "boring," "Sucks" is the most painfully overused word in the current English language. I thought if I could reverse the meaning of "sucks" so it means something positive, I don't know...It would be vaguely revolutionary. It's kind of my social experiment for the summer. "Suck" is historically a nice word-- sno-cones, your mother's...

WENDY

(strangely smitten)

So that's one of the pearls from your mysterious journal? And all this time I thought you were restructuring the world's economy.

PIXEL

(looking off)

Ugh, is anybody paying attention to what Big Chief Oberon is saying...

BY THE CAMPFIRE

Oberon glowers over the now-completely-traumatized campers.

OBERON

And as the stench of complete and utter death rose above the camp, the birdies began to choke and drop from the...

WENDY

(rushing in)

He-ey, what happened to the fire while I was gone? I think we need some kindling, campers, and pronto!

On cue, a tide of children spill forward to fling their twigs into the already too-frightening fire. Donald rips open a bag of marshmallows and pokes them on to his campers' twigs.

A MOVING OFF CAMPER

Thanks, Retarded Marshmallow Head.

DONALD

You're welcome...Hey, what did you just call me...Who told...Hey!

Turning from the youngsters, Wendy incongruously loses her smile, staring down to her hand's insane shorthand. One can almost feel the buzzing in her brain. Suddenly, a marshmallow she is lazily roasting bursts into flame. She quickly blows it out...then slowly, spookily squeezes the burnt marshmallow into her scribbled hand, taking the pain.

Wichita scans to this strange image. He quickly snatches up a blanket and a canteen. He bounds to Wendy and swathes her paw as they speak.

WICHITA

What in the hell did you do that for?

WENDY

("I don't know" shrug)  
I-unno...Don't worry, I had everything on the hand memorized.

WICHITA

That's not what I was worried about.

On the other side of the campfire, Talia squints the flames to see Wichita comforting Wendy. She gulps.

INT. MAIN BATHROOM AREA--NIGHT

Talia and Pixel are leaned against a sink as girls giddily slide about them ostensibly washing up.

TALIA

Are we allowed to start hating "Wendy" yet..."Gee Wichita, I guess mosquitoes have always liked me."

PIXEL

You and Wichita go to school together, right? Have you two ever...

TALIA

That would be a No.

PIXEL

That wants to be a Yes.

Talia gives off a "You got me" snort/laugh as the campers finish up and fall into line.

TALIA

I don't know what I'm doing. I know he only likes me as a friend. He's just so...everything--I know he only likes me as a--but it came up that he used to be a camp counselor and I used to be a camp counselor...

PIXEL

Get him alone for the summer. Out  
in the wilderness. Underneath the  
stars...

EXT. OUTSIDE THE BATHROOM--NIGHT

Leading the campers from the bathroom, Talia and Pixel swing their flashlights to an EVER-LOVELORN CAMPER GIRL, AMBER, and a CUTE CAMPER BOY kissing at the edge of the woods. They break off and run away. The counselors are at a loss as the other campers "ooh."

TALIA

Am-ber! Uh...don't do that.

PIXEL

"or you're going to get it?" Wow,  
first week of camp. Promise me you  
won't try moving so fast with  
Wichita.

TALIA

Don't worry, I have 33 more days  
to find just the perfect moment to  
tell him how I...

INT. THE MESS HALL--NIGHT

A seemingly unnoticed SOBBING GIRL sits beside Wichita and an unraveling Talia in the completely empty cafeteria.

TALIA

...and it hurts too much to keep  
these feelings inside me any  
longer...

WICHITA

Talia, you know how important our  
friendship is to me and I would  
never do anything to...

TALIA

"...how important our friendship..."  
Not that old--Oh God, what have I  
done?

WICHITA

Talia, you're a wonderful person...

TALIA

Stop, stop, what was I thinking...out  
in the wilderness. Under the stars.  
I've ruined every--

WICHITA

I just never thought of you in that...

TALIA

I gotta...I gotta go do a "bunk  
check." Or some fucking thing.

Talia bolts off, holding in a nervous breakdown. Wichita  
heavily sighs, then looks down to the sobbing girl seemingly  
for the first time.

WICHITA

I'm sorry, honey, I completely forgot  
why you're crying...

SOBBING GIRL

Because BLUBBERING GIBBERISH.

WICHITA

Uh, I see. Gum?

Wichita produces from his pocket a pack of gum. Instantly  
unweeping, the girl takes the goods and wraps her arms around  
Wichita's neck. He carries her off.

INT. ADAM'S CABIN--NIGHT

Adam and a select group of his Cabin Boys look upon a  
sleeping RED-HAIRED CAMPER BOY, dozing upon a top bunk, in  
pajamas marked NATHAN.

ADAM

Nathan King, the redhead tattletale.  
Headlights.

Adam snaps his finger. One Senior Boy clambers up and  
straddles over Nathan, holding two unlit flashlights.  
Conductor Adam points at Noisemaking Twins, who make a low,  
rumbling truck noise. Adam cues some others to begin slowly  
shaking the bed.

The truck noise gets louder. The bed quakes. Red-haired  
victim Nathan stirs. Adam cues the Straddling kid, who turns  
on both flashlights.

Nathan's point of view of the lit flashlights, along with  
the truck noise and the shaking, makes it appear he's about  
to be hit by the headlights of an oncoming diesel. Nathan  
shrieks.

EXT. CENTER OF THE CAMP--THE NEXT DAY

An echo of the screams die over the image of Wendy warbling  
a delightful camp tune as she tugs up a flag with the number  
8 on it to the top of the pole.

EXT. BY THE LAKE--DAY

Wichita and Adam are jogging-fierce by the lake.



EVERYONE AT TABLE  
Howdy Pouty!

WENDY  
That's what we say to people who pout!

With a shudder, Talia bolts away...past Wichita's table.

He gulps as she blasts out the mess hall door. Wichita then sighs forward to take in some painful blubbering from "Don't touch me" Todd.

DON'T TOUCH ME TODD  
And then those Twins touched me! Twice  
each! You're supposed to protect me!  
It's your job!

WICHITA  
Yes, Todd.

Across from Wichita, Jasper holds in a laugh.

Behind Jasper, Pixel marches to her table of girls; all are wearing crazed, homemade, Tie-die shirts. As she sits, Pixel notices Adam moving through the cafeteria, smittenly staring at her. He grins and waves. With complete confusion, Pixel counters with a dazed wave back to her despised nemesis.

ADAM  
turns from Pixel and reaches his table, going back into  
brutal counselor mode.

ADAM  
Freeze!

Everyone at his table turns immediately into statues. One  
Boy breaks to scratch his nose. The others joyously unstiffen  
to pound the loser's arm.

OBERON  
bulldozes into the Mess Hall, piercing a whistle through  
his megaphone head-set. Everyone straightens into Triumph-  
of-the-Will symmetry. Oberon does an Indian hand-raise.

OBERON  
How, campers...

EVERYONE  
(in fear)  
How, Big Chief Oberon...

OBERON  
Better. You're getting better.  
Inspection results. Cabin Four. Dead  
fly. 24 hour Playstation

confiscation.

Donald's cabin moans.

OBERON

And it looks like Cabin One has a  
bedwetter. I don't want to embarrass  
anyone but his initials are Ted  
Jackson.

Adam's table roars in vicious glee at an unsmiling older  
camper, BEDWETTER TED, sitting among them. Revealing a  
flicker of actual feeling, Adam acts swiftly.

ADAM

Freeze.

The boys cut off their teasing to become statues. One Boy  
is pouring juice, remaining motionless. It overflows.

OBERON

bounds atop the chair at the front of the cafeteria. Wendy  
hefts the cardboard-timetable-easel display behind him and  
begins pointing to it in precious Carol Merrill fashion.

OBERON

Thank you, Wendy. Listen up! Red and  
blue teams will report to the archery  
range for...

BY WICHITA'S TABLE

Wichita, Jasper, and Donald have vaguely clumped their chairs  
together to take in the Oberon/Wendy show.

JASPER

Who's more terrifying? Big Chief  
Oberon or Little Wendy?

DONALD

(sudden reverie)

Oh, come on, Wendy is...she's, she's  
a ray of sunshine...

WICHITA

Yeah, don't look directly at it or  
you'll go blind...Honestly though,  
I'd like to think nobody's seen the  
real Wendy yet. Including Wendy.

DONALD AND JASPER

Oooh...

Behind the counselors, with suspicious flippancy, the boys  
of Wichita's cabin strike up a conversation indirectly  
directed at Todd.



WICHITA BOY ONE (ERIC)  
Dude, how many times have you had  
sex with your mother?

WICHITA BOY TWO (STANLEY)  
Gee, lots of times. Nothing beats  
having sex with your own Mom. Right,  
Todd?

TODD  
(hopelessly confused)  
Uh, I don't...I never..I never had  
sex with...Never.

WICHITA BOY ONE (ERIC) ]  
Figures. Can you believe that? Todd's ]  
never had sex with his mother.... ]  
]

Biting their lips to keep from cracking up, the Wichita cabin ]  
boys shake their heads in mock-disappointment. The head- ]  
setted Oberon swings before the table to wail directly at ]  
the viewer. ]  
]

OBERON ]  
Headbands! Now! Move it! ]  
]

The entire camp, in military unison, put on alternately ]  
colored headbands, then march toward the exits. ]  
]

EXT. IMAGES AROUND THE ARCHERY RANGE--DAY ]  
]

A nightmarish blast of images from the same location. In ]  
operatic slow-motion, a line of campers/players crash to ]  
the ground in a brutal sack race. ]  
]

A DARLING RED TEAM GIRL viciously clotheslines a DARLING ]  
GREEN TEAM GIRL to the ground. ]  
]

Talia tries to tie the legs of a crying boy camper and a ]  
crying girl camper together for a three-legged race. ]  
]

With a deftly extended leg, Adam non-chalantly trips a ]  
dashing PLAYER OF ANOTHER COLOR into a vivid crash. ]  
]

Donald awkwardly changes the numbers on a humungous, ]  
hilariously complicated homemade scoreboard. ]  
]

A blast of camper-boys hustle side-by-side holding out ]  
perforated cups spewing streams of water. ]  
]

AT THE FINISH LINE OF THE HOLE-IN-THE-CUP RACE ]  
]

The counselors are lazily huddled, barely noticing the ]  
gasping campers barreling right at them. Wichita opens his ]  
mouth to speak to Talia, but she violently turns away toward ]  
the race. Wichita turns to his side to Wendy, who opens ]  
]

her mouth to speak...just as an ALL-AMERICAN GOLDEN BOY,  
RYAN, crosses the finish line before them.

RYAN THE ALL-AMERICAN BOY  
I did it! Did you see that Wendy! First  
place in the hole-in-the-cup race!

WENDY  
That's really nifty, Ryan, but  
remember winning is not what it's  
all about. The main thing is to have  
fun with friends and...

ADAM  
(slapping Ryan's back)  
Wendy, are you insane? He won! You  
don't have to say "Winning isn't  
everything" to someone who just won!

Wichita, tongue-in-cheek tough, confronts the Wichita-like  
camper ERIC, who is tossing his cup away.

WICHITA  
No water left? Damn you to hell. You  
let down the blue team!

ERIC  
(comforted chuckle)  
I figure a certain number of good  
things happen to you in your life.  
I don't want to waste one on a hole-  
in-the-cup race.

WICHITA  
Eric, the day you stop taking all  
that Nike-Highfive-Gatorade bullshit  
seriously is a very good day  
indeed...

OBERON  
Rewind. The day you stop caring about  
Victory is the day you've lost  
forever. Why do you think little  
Johnny here came to camp in the first  
place! To Go For It! To clench his  
fist and say "Yes!"

During Oberon's rant, A DEER WALKS ACROSS THE B.G.,  
SHAMEFULLY UNNOTICED.

WICHITA  
His name's Eric.

ADAM  
No wonder blue team is mired in  
fourth place. You got no leadership  
skills, Wichita.

WICHITA  
(dry)  
You take that back.

WENDY  
My God, everything is just...

WICHITA  
"one big joke to you, isn't it?"  
Not everything, Wendy.

Wendy quivers. Oberon shakes his head and flicks on his megaphone/headset.

OBERON  
Okay injuns, our next event is...

Wichita friskily swipes the headset and barks a new ending to Oberon's sentence.

WICHITA  
"has been canceled!" Finally your first hour of free time! I don't know about you, but I'm hitting the beach!

The campers instantly rejoice: squealing, hopping, dancing. Oberon rips back the headset with a seethe.

OBERON  
You touched the head-set. Nobody touches the head-set. You touched the head-set. Nobody...

WICHITA  
With all due respect, Big Chief, a breath--the camp needs to catch one. Give us an hour. 59 minutes.

WENDY  
He's talking crazy, sir. If we cancel the round-robin tetherball tournament, it will completely throw off tomorrow's chart.

WICHITA  
Gosh, I never looked at it that way. Go ahead, "sir," tell the kids that every moment of their summer has to come straight out of a cheesy workbooklet.

Oberon looks out to the delirious mass of unshackled boys and girls. Something deep inside him is touched.

OBERON  
Fine. Enjoy your precious moment

of freedom from my evil tyranny. ]  
Maybe we'll all learn something. ]  
Oh, and if you touch my headset ]  
again, I'll kill you then I'll fire ]  
you. ]

(into head-set) ]  
You heard Wichita! Relax! Now! ]

EXT. THE BEACH--DAY

Another grand glide is made across the camp's lake to the  
beach waterfront area--now packed with uncharacteristically  
casual and downright happy kids. Bloodbrothering. Sunbathing.  
Sandcastle building. Playing Gameboys on motionless canoes.

SMOOTH NARRATOR (V.O.)  
59 minutes of free time. It seemed  
like such a small concession, yet  
it was the official end of one summer  
camp and the beginning of another.

The viewer drifts to the end of the beach where a surly ]  
Talia, in backpacking gear, is leading a co-ed pack of would- ]  
be adventurers. Dripping wet in an unintentionally sexy ]  
bikini, Wendy rushes up to Talia, who resists snapping her ]  
neck. ]

WENDY ]  
Talia, I found Sheila the Sleepwalker's ]  
insulin. ]

TALIA ]  
Our hero. Sheila! ]

Talia flips the insulin over her head. Sheila, the ]  
Sleepwalker, breaks from the pack to make a bobbling catch. ]  
Wendy does a hurt cringe as Talia and the hikers move ahead. ]

TWO FEMALE BEST FRIENDS bring up the rear, arms lobbed over ]  
each other, laughing away at some shared secret joke. ]

VANESSA ]  
You are...bi-itch! ]

HAYLEY ]  
Uh-uhh...bi-i-itch! ]

The girls scan Wendy rejoining a beatific block of languid ]  
sunbathers. Being the more Tomboyesque of the two, HAYLEY's ]  
look is one of disparagement while the more prettified ]  
VANESSA has a look of longing. ]

HAYLEY ]  
Gawd Vanessa, can you believe those ]  
bimbettes missing out on a hike to ]  
do some clichedly-cancerous activity ]  
they could do in their own ]

backyard...

VANESSA

(half-hearted)

Yeah. Can you believe that?

THE BLOCK OF SUNBATHERS

Wendy is bending to the earlier-seen-kissing-in-the-woods Amber, who is now miserably boo-hooing.

WENDY

But Amber, you barely knew this boy a week...

AMBER

But Jared was so cu-ute and I loved him...so...much!

THE PIER

Adam at his side, Oberon glares to Wendy's bent-over cleavage, then flinches over to Pixel adjusting her bathing suit bottom before diving.

OBERON

Coed camps--Anarchy by definition. I mean, look at these twitching heinies...If you stop channeling this sick energy, even for a second, the fluids build up, the generators start to rumble and...

ADAM

Sir, I think we have a bigger problem with Jasper at the end of the pier. Rhymes with "Big Homo."

AT THE END OF THE PIER

Jasper is cannonballing an eager assembly line of Waterlogged Boys and Girls. There are two sensitive lads that will be part of Jasper's arc--CALEB is a boy from harsh upbringing who responds to Jasper's sensitivity while ANDREW seems to like Jasper in a crush sense.

CALEB

That was a good one! You know, you're not an asshole like other counselors and like--My Father likes to throw me in our pool without warning me.

JASPER

Oh, really, Caleb?--Warning!

With good-natured lightning speed, Jasper sends Caleb joyfully flying into the drink as Andrew comes shivering

up out. Jasper touches to happy-go-lucky Andrew's blue lip. ]

JASPER ]

That's enough for you, Andrew. You're ]  
like legally drowned. Take a rest. ]

ANDREW ]

Okay, okay, whatever you say, Jasper. ]

Andrew pelicans back into the water. Jasper laughs. ]

THE BLOCK OF SUNBATHERS

A CRUSHING-ON-JASPER GIRL (DOROTHY) sits among the ]  
sunbathers, charcoaling a pretty impressive drawing of ]  
Jasper. Soaking rays nearby, Wendy peers over Dorothy's ]  
shoulder. Seeing the object of her affection, Wendy opens ]  
her mouth to say something, then wisely closes it. ]

Off to the side, the familiar crew of Camper boys gape to the  
sunbathing enclave. Two tanning thirteen year old Bombshelletes  
dramatically flip onto their stomachs.

ERIC

Ooh--Cabin 3 babes turning over...

ERIC'S PAL STANLEY ]

Thank God my Bible Camp lost its ]  
funding--Ooh, Wendy-nipple- ]  
definition... ]

Wichita approaches the boys from behind, tickled by their  
would-be naughtiness.

WICHITA

Take a picture, it lasts longer.

ALL-AMERICAN RYAN

Good idea, Wichita.

WICHITA

Um, that was my way of saying it's  
not cool to sta-are...

Wichita cuts off to stare at Wendy stretch over to a radio.

WENDY

turns on an energy-sapping, Whitney Houstonesque ballad that  
will haunt our counselors the entire summer.

WENDY

I love this song!

WICHITA

glowers toward her, not unamused.

WICHITA

I hate this song.

Wichita unzips a fanny pack at his waist and begins to tug out a water balloon as the boys coo in excitement. He quickly re-zips as Wendy turns to him with a look of real affection. Wichita is affected by his effect on her. They awkwardly wave.

BEACH PANORAMA

As the Smooth Narrator chimes in, the sunbathing girls breathlessly look from waving Wendy to waving Wichita. The boys surrounding Wichita do the same. A co-ed group of counselors and campers halt their horseplay in the water to watch the waving.

SMOOTH NARRATOR (V.O.)

Some liked the cookouts, some liked the water sports, but the one activity everyone had an interest in was watching the attractive and attracted opposites of Rulemaker Wendy and Rulebreaker Wichita. They were becoming the heart of the organism, pumping blood to its every pore.

Sitting back from molding a sandcastle with Two Female Campers, Donald also gazes to the waving couple.

DONALD

But camp has only really just begun...

SANDCASTLE GIRL #1

It's in-veta, in-never--it's just natural. Wendy's the hottest girl and Wichita's the smokingest guy.

SANDCASTLE GIRL #2

It's fun to watch them get together, isn't it? It's just like a movie.

DONALD

Haven't you seen movies where the beautiful girl realizes--"Hey, maybe I don't have to be with the most foxy hunk in the world, you know, maybe that nice, caring guy, the one the others sometimes call "nerd"-- Maybe he's the one who--"

SANDCASTLE GIRL #1

Yeah, you're right, there are movies like that--but those movies are pretty pathetic.

SANDCASTLE GIRL #2  
Yeah, those movies are for people  
to rent when they can't get a date  
so they won't kill themselves or  
others.

Wendy suddenly hovers, holding out sunscreen. Donald pogos.

WENDY  
Donald, can you do my spine?

DONALD  
Oh, uh, sure.

Donald applies the lotion with hyperventilating Jerry Lewis  
finesse, trying desperately to appear casual.

WENDY  
Boy, it's great to see all these  
camper smiles, isn't it, Donald?

DONALD  
Yeah, the water really brings the  
little brats to life. Doesn't it,  
little buddy?

Donald casually thwaps a nearby boy in the back, not  
realizing it's the Seriously Troubled "Don't Touch me" Todd.

DON'T TOUCH ME TODD  
You touched me! You touched me!

Wendy sighs with amused compassion as Donald tries to turn  
the boy off. She pivots back to the block of sunbathers--  
a water balloon whips past her right into the radio causing  
it to static. The sunbathers shriek.

Wendy swerves to the sight of Wichita and the boys cackling  
away. Wendy doesn't know whether to shout in anger or  
amusement. A frog grib-bits at her feet. She smiles.

Wichita and the boys continue to whoop it up with intentional  
gold-medal-win exaggeration. Wendy, with the Sunbathing Girls  
as giggling chorus, rushes up and puts a frog down Wichita's  
trunks.

Wendy races off. The boys "Whoa!" The girls "Yes!" Wichita  
wrenches the beast out with an impressed chuckle. He narrows  
his eyes to Wendy bounding like a doe into the woods, then  
slowly looks down to the frog. He breaks into a dash.

EXT. THE FOREST--DAY

Wichita pants into the woods; the crackling bramble at his  
feet and the croaking frog in his hand are the forest's only  
sounds. Wichita weaves his vision tree to tree trying to



lock on to his target--he scans a blur of bikini darting behind a cedar. He heaves forward.

An envious Donald and a coed cluster of campers have entered into the brush, berating each other with shushing sounds. Like one multi-legged beast, they rustle toward Wichita.

Wichita swings around a tree (with an ancient heart and initials carved upon it) to see Wendy lying in wait against the next tree over, seemingly unaware of Wichita's presence behind her.

As Wichita panthers forward, Wendy bites her lip and closes her eyes. Wichita carefully reaches out to the bikini bottom, clenching his teeth, dangling the frog.

Catching discreet sight of this strange image, the boys and girls slam to a gasping halt.

Talia and her hikers, from a ridge above, catch another angle of this perverse-act-posing-as-an-all-in-good-fun-prank.

Wendy's suit is ever-so-slightly pulled back. Wendy gulps. Wichita gulps. The frog moans as it is gently lowered into...

OBERON

What kind of nauseous fucky-fuck ritual is this?

Almost magically appearing in the middle of the forest, snarling through his headset, Oberon sends everyone into trembling fear. Wichita drops the frog to the ground. It hops away.

OBERON

Wichita...I should have known this was going to happen! Et tu, Wendy? And look at all of you, the giddy witnesses! I command a complete camp lockdown until dawn! No one is to leave their cabin and no one is to say one word about this incident or the entire subject of sexuality until I can concoct proper punishment! Move it!

INT. WICHITA AND JASPER'S CABIN--NIGHT

Eric's short pal, Stanley, seems to be directly addressing the viewer. ]

STANLEY, ERIC'S SHORT PAL ]

The Rebel and the Goody-good girl. ]  
A tale as old as time, yet the ]  
romance of Wichita and Wendy has ]  
shaken this camp to its foundation. ]  
Now if you want my opinion... ]

(determinedly squinting) ]  
Shoot. I was supposed to fart really ]  
loudly just then. ]

The rest of the campers of Wichita and Jasper's cabin are  
revealed, laughing and groaning. They are all encrusted  
together atop the top bunks oddly giving each other massages.

ERIC ]  
Man, Stanley, shut up. Now where ]  
was I? Would you rather climb a forty- ]  
foot pile of boogers or swim through ]  
a pool of that stuff that's in your ]  
eyes when you wake up? ]

RYAN, THE ALL-AMERICAN BOY  
Hey, how long do we have to keep  
up this queasy massage shit?

Eric thumps Ryan on the head with a wiffle bat. ]

ERIC  
Man, didn't you listen to Wichita?  
If you ever want to be with a girl,  
instead of just talking about it,  
Massage ability is key.

STANLEY, ERIC'S SHORT PAL  
This sucks.

ERIC  
Thanks, I know. Wichita says that  
everyone cool knows that "sucks"  
is a good word now.

RYAN, THE ALL-AMERICAN BOY  
All right, all right--just because  
you're Wichita's favorite, doesn't  
mean you have to be such a drag.

ERIC ]  
(not-so-secretly pleased) ]  
I'm not Wichita's favorite..am I? ]

INT. WENDY AND PIXEL'S CABIN--NIGHT ]

A BLINDFOLDED GIRL holds up her hand to an assembly line ]  
of Intermediate Cabinmates to glug down a glass of water. ]

BLINDFOLD GIRL ]  
Getting gang-banged is exhausting. ]  
Next. ]

Ritualistically one by one, the girls clumsily mount the ]  
Blindfold Girl and briefly simulate missionary position sex. ]

GANG BANG GIRL ONE ]

Hey there, it's me, Leonardo  
DiCaprio.

BLINDFOLD GIRL  
Thanks, Leo.

GANG BANG GIRL TWO  
I'm Hansen.

BLINDFOLD GIRL  
All three?

GANG BANG GIRL TWO  
Don't worry, it's just Taylor, baby.

GANG BANG GIRL THREE  
I'm Will Smith. You're the bomb.

GANG BANG GIRL FOUR  
And I'm Gabriel Byrne.

BLINDFOLD GIRL  
Who? Next.

GANG BANG GIRL FIVE  
I'm Todd! Touch me! Touch me!

The Blindfold Girl giddily tries to squirm away.

EXT. PORCH OUTSIDE OF ADAM'S CABIN--NIGHT

Various surly Boys of the older cabin hang out on the porch.

TRUTH OR DARE PLAYER ONE  
Truth.

TRUTH OR DARE PLAYER TWO  
Have you ever seen a naked female  
with a fully grown patch down there?

TRUTH OR DARE PLAYER ONE  
Uh, no. Not really.

TRUTH OR DARE PLAYER TWO  
That's it! From now on, we're only  
doing Dares. We're too young to have  
good truths. Somebody get the shaving  
cream...

INT. TALIA'S CABIN--NIGHT

The older girls, including our beloved tomboyesque Hayley,  
sit around trying to out-tough-talk each other.

A SMOKING AMBER, THE LOVELORN GIRL  
And that's the real reason they call  
it "doggie style."

HAYLEY

That's Bullshit. I think.

On the top bunks, finding such chatter unpleasant, Vanessa waves away the cigarette smoke and turns with a sigh. The Bombshellettes are combing each other's hair.

BOMBSHELLETTE ONE ]

We were just talking about you... ]

VANESSA ]

(a little defensive) ]

Why? ]

BOMBSHELLETTE TWO ]

You remind us of the girl in that ]  
video, the one with the unicorn. ]

VANESSA ]

Really? ]

HAYLEY (O.S.) ]

All right, I have another question... ]

INT. WICHITA AND JASPER'S QUARTERS--NIGHT

The notable male counselors--Wichita, Donald, Adam, and a BIG STONER LUG partake in bad substances and bad talk.

WICHITA

Pamela Anderson, Kate Moss, Halle Berry, and Fiona Apple, all naked in one room. You can do anything you want to them, except one of them has full-blown Aids, and you don't know who. And you're not allowed to use a condom.

DONALD

Call me conservative, but I'd rub my penis on the faces of all the ladies before bestowing the final honors to the divine Ms. Berry's lovely visage.

WICHITA

Yowza--Only a virgin could answer that fast.

DONALD

I'm not really a--Does it count if...

ADAM

You either have or you haven't. It's pass/fail, Daffy.

BIG DRUNKEN STONER LUG  
It's okay, Donald Dark dude, I'm  
waiting until I find the right girl,  
myself...

ADAM  
"The right girl?" I thought we were  
talking about sex. Pardon my French,  
the right girl means one avec a  
pussy. Guys are different. You know  
how a girl feels like a whore if  
the guy's only in it for the poon.  
What women fail to understand is  
that a man feels equally ashamed  
if the relationship is based on just  
talking and sharing feelings.

DONALD  
Do you realize if the women of  
America would have just heard what  
you said...

WICHITA  
(Groucho)  
They wouldn't be a bit surprised..

INT. WENDY AND PIXEL'S CABIN--NIGHT

Having crossed the Rubicon of sobriety, the female counselors  
swagger about the cabin acting like males. They have each  
put something in their pants to create bulges.

PIXEL  
You know what da problem with women  
is? They're all bitches.

THE OTHER GIRLS  
Fu-uck yes...

TALIA  
You know what I hate; a woman says  
yes to going out to dinner wich-you,  
right? Orders chips and salsa and  
appetizers and shit. Then on the  
way home when you whip it out, she  
gets all...

AFRICAN-AMERICAN SUPER-COUNSELOR  
I like big-ass titties!

TALIA  
Man, why you dissin' me with your  
non-sequitur bullshit.

AFRICAN-AMERICAN SUPER-COUNSELOR  
Sorry G. Now I ain't going down on  
no woman. Belly button low as I go.

PIXEL

But dude, dude, dude, the babes go  
crazy for dat shit. Especially when  
you're just wiggling your tongue  
all around, having no idea what  
you're doing, without a single clue  
about a woman's body...

The girls laugh uncontrollably (except for a just-smiling  
Wendy). A banana falls out of Talia's shorts.

TALIA

Man asswipe, you made my enormous cock  
fall off...

WENDY

(trying a little hard)  
I don't know about you dickweeds,  
but I gotta go take a nice, long  
juicy dump.

AFRICAN-AMERICAN SUPER-COUNSELOR

(breaking gender)  
Wendy, men aren't that disgusting!

INT. WICHITA AND JASPER'S CABIN--NIGHT

Donald makes a triumphant re-entry into the cabin to lounge  
upon Jasper's bed.

DONALD

That was one of the five great shits  
of my life. You know, when you start  
off with incredible resistance, then  
pow, two, neat packages that you  
barely have to wipe. I need a hug.

BIG STONER LUG

Man, I had a Grande yesterday. I  
didn't know whether to flush it or  
put it through college.

Finishing a patrol, Jasper huffs into the room, setting down  
his flashlight. There is a moment of awkwardness. Donald  
a-little-too-quickly bounds up from Jasper's bed.

JASPER

Oh God...that's it? I'm "the gay guy."  
Every time I walk into a room,  
everyone is going to...

ADAM

Hey, nobody asked you to be a  
homosexual. You can't complain about  
being treated gay when you are gay.  
While we're on the subject, do you

have your Camp physical results?

JASPER

The only toxic asshole in this cabin is you...Wichita, Wichita, why are you hanging around with us clowns, when you know you how badly Wendy wants to be your wonderwall...

BIG DRUNKEN STONER LOG

The gay guy--I mean, Jasper's right. You and Wendy bring out the romantic in all of us.

WICHITA

(post-Stoner burp)

Gee guy, coming from you, that's..disturbing. Wendy and I...come on. I believe in nothing. She believes in everything. I listen to Reznor, she listens to Barney. I watch...

DONALD

(a little sullen)

Man, you're doth protesting way too much. Admit you want her.

ADAM

In case you haven't noticed, the entire camp is in quarantine because of you two. Now instead of slipping in a frog...

WICHITA

Listen you Vikings, Wendy's still very young and inexperienced and I have to respect...

ADAM

If no one had sex with a girl because she was a virgin--you know where I'm going with this.

JASPER

You are to be executed at Dawn anyway. Might as well commit the crime. Go to her, Wichita...

WICHITA

You're all making me blush...

INT. WENDY AND PIXEL'S QUARTERS--NIGHT

The viewer pulls away from Wendy's incredibly reddening face as Pixel and the others go into their own tease-fest. Talia makes a sad, UNNOTICED EXIT out the door.

WENDY

Me and Wichita? Don't be ridiculous.  
That guy thinks he's so "alternative"  
with all his brooding and his...He's  
hardly uninteresting, but...

AFRICAN-AMERICAN SUPER-COUNSELOR

Oh Wendy, the transparent bickering,  
the lingering glances...

PIXEL

That fucking frog. Before revelry,  
I want something to actually happen  
tonight. It's important we don't  
cower to Oberon's bullshit decree.

AFRICAN-AMERICAN COMPETENT COUNSELOR

Bring the decaf. You're both coffee  
freaks, so he'll think you're God.

Pixel pulls Wendy up and paws through her hair. The Super-  
Counselor puts a thermos in her hand.

PIXEL

Wendy, don't be afraid to get a  
little stupid and contagious. The  
kids don't understand that this is  
our summer, too. We shouldn't have  
to put our lives on hold to be their  
butlers.

WENDY

I just don't know about this whole  
actual sexuality thing--How do you  
go from being friends with a guy  
to wanting to put the thing he uses  
to go to the bathroom with in your  
mouth?

YOUNG GIRLS BEHIND THE DOOR

Eeuuhhhh!

Pixel suddenly wrenches the door separating the counselor  
quarters from the rest of the cabin, a cabal of eavesdropping  
girls come toppling out.

INT. WICHITA AND JASPER'S QUARTERS--NIGHT

A tangle of boys are sprawled on the ground. Wichita is  
holding the door open. All the boys, except a tugged-up-by-  
Wichita Eric make a break for it.

WICHITA

Eavesdropping, eh? Hear anything good?

ERIC



(adorably cocky)  
Man, it's not like I don't know about women. I had this babysitter...

ADAM  
Eric. You ever have a woman's pussy wrapped completely around your head?

ERIC  
(disturbed by question)  
Uh...no.

ADAM  
What were you, a butthole baby!

Adam, and even unfortunately Donald and Jasper erupt into cackles. Eric manages a pained stranger-in-a-strange-land smile. Wichita gives him a pat, motioning to the "men".

WICHITA  
Eric, if you ever find yourself evolving into that, please jump off the Fremont Bridge. Now get to bed--all you boys.

EXT. OUTSIDE OF THE BOYS CABIN--NIGHT ]

Wichita steps from the boys cabin with a pleasant exhale. ]  
Down the porch from him, Stoner Lug and a Camper stand side- ]  
by-side, throwing up over the rail. ]

VOMITING DRUNKEN STONER LUG ]  
Tequila. ]

VOMITING CAMPER ]  
Gummi bears. ]

The Gentle Giant counselor places his palm on the camper's ]  
back as they both drop below frame for more retching. ]

EXT. OUTSIDE THE GIRLS CABINS--NIGHT ]

Wendy tentatively walks right at the viewer. She is revealed ]  
to be heading toward the top of the stairs. ]

EXT. OUTSIDE THE BOYS CABINS--NIGHT ]

Wichita confidently walks right at the viewer. He is revealed ]  
to be heading toward the bottom of the stairs. ]

ON THE STAIRS ]

Wichita and Wendy face-to-face in the middle of the ]  
staircase, letting out a drama-deflating laugh. ]

WENDY ]  
Hey. ]

WICHITA

Hey--that coffee? You're a goddess.  
Gimme, gimme...So what you gals talk  
about?

They pass the thermos cup/cap back and forth.

WENDY

Oh you know, Bosnia, the importance  
of the right to vote...

WICHITA

Yeah, we talked about sex, too.  
Oberon must be sweating in his sleep.

WENDY

(post-sheepish laughter)  
We had fun. I even got along with  
Talia-- for about three minutes.  
I don't know why she hates me so  
much...

WICHITA

(romantically)  
Yes you do.

WENDY

(romanced)  
Yeah. I guess I do.

WICHITA

Talia's a rock. She'll be fine...

INT. MESS HALL--NIGHT

Talia sifts through a table of mail, some of it already  
shredded open. She weighs a package in her hand, then rips  
it. She depressingly devours the brownies inside.

EXT. THE STAIRS--NIGHT

Wichita and Wendy are quite cozily seated side-by-side in  
the middle of the staircase.

WENDY

Ann Taylor would have paid a lot  
more, but I wouldn't trade this  
experience for the world. Sometimes  
the first time you understand  
anything is when you have to explain  
it to someone younger-- You think  
I'm a big dork don't you?

WICHITA

I think your passion is terrific.

WENDY

I think your condescension is even better.

Wichita cackles, further nestling against Wendy. They take each other's hand.

WICHITA

We have more in common than you think, Wendy dear. I loved summer camp when I was young and I love it now. It's important. Between school, family, friends, pot, playstations, basic cable, and the goddamn Internet, it's possible to go your whole life without listening to your soul. Out here, in nature, away from the shit, surrounded by reminders of who I once was...I get recharged. Now who's the dork?

WENDY

Gosh, this is really a great conversation--I can't believe I said that out loud.

WICHITA

You know, this reminds me of the time we were talking about something and then just started kissing...

Wichita and Wendy melt into each other and begin kissing, softly-softly, then deeply-deeply.

INT. OBERON'S OFFICE--NIGHT

Oberon suddenly awakens. He bounces up from a cot in his pristine office and begins violently sniffing.

EXT. THE STAIRS BETWEEN THE CABINS--NIGHT

Wendy and Wichita lie back on the landing in the middle of the staircase, going into a full-on, side-to-side make-out session. Wichita's hand begins a smooth ascent beneath Wendy's shirt. Wendy breaks off.

WENDY

Do you really not believe in God?

WICHITA

It's okay, there's a lot of things I don't believe in...

Definitely not in conversation mode, Wichita burrows back into Wendy but she winds away again.

WENDY

What else don't you believe in?

WICHITA

Talking while kissing.

Thinking he has suavely defused the situation, Wichita swoops yet again. Alas, Wendy grimly sits all the way up.

WENDY

Sometimes I think you're just into nihilism for nihilism's sake.

WICHITA

That's the point of nihilism; you know, what other sake is there? You're not laughing.

Wichita exhales through his teeth and rises all the way up to look out into the night. He turns to Wendy.

WICHITA

I don't believe in organized religion, organized school, and organized summer camp. I don't believe cigarette advertisements have ever caused a single teenager to take up smoking. Premature death sells itself. I find Catcher in the Rye a bit whiny, and much prefer Franny and Zooey...

WENDY

When you say you don't believe in organized summer camp...

WICHITA

Timetables. Workbooklets. Minus four for the blue team...

Not used to such combat, Wendy wobbles to her legs.

WENDY

I'll agree to a degree of overregimentation here at Bleeding Squaw, but kids need to be guided through well-established rituals of teamwork and verbal reinforcement.

WICHITA

That is one frightening sentence.

WENDY

Please, that's the way summer camp has worked for years.

WICHITA

Please, that's the way summer camp

has not worked for years. The old  
coming-of-age rituals are just  
so...expired. You think you can just  
throw an arm around these kids'  
shoulders and say, "I know how you  
feel. Life is kind of tough. All  
that I ask is that you be the best  
you can be." How do you tell my  
tubby, whiny loser Todd to be the  
best you can be, when the best he can  
be is probably pretty shitty. Wendy,  
you're an idealist and that's  
wonderful, but an idealist without  
reality is like a great dancer  
without legs.

WENDY

Oh.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE CABINS--NIGHT

Prowling before the cabins, a glowering Oberon bangs  
batteries into a powerful flashlight and thunders it on.

INT. ADAM'S CABIN--NIGHT

With a grin, Adam watches Oberon rumble past the window.

ADAM

Wichita, you are so dead...

Losing his smile, Adam sits down and nudges a sleeping  
Bedwetter Ted awake with his boot.

ADAM

Sorry about waking you, Ted...but  
changing your sleep patterns is key  
to avoiding...your problem. Or so  
I've read. It takes time, but I know  
you can do it.

EXT. BACK ON THE STEPS--NIGHT

Completely uncozy, Wichita and Wendy sit stiffly upright  
on the staircase landing, an endless space between them.

WICHITA

So this is it, anybody you don't  
agree about everything with can't  
be your friend...

WENDY

(Wendyesque shrug)

Iunno.

WICHITA

"Iunno." I'm really beginning to

hate that word of yours. I'm sorry  
for sounding hostile, but I'm not  
sorry for...

WENDY

Don't be. Don't be sorry for your  
thoughts. They make me...react. I  
don't know...all I know is that I  
can't go through another summer  
where I almost did something.

WICHITA

What does that mean?

WENDY

It means you have another opening,  
Slick.

WICHITA

(comic mock-panic)

Um, ugh, everything about you is  
refreshing and the kids love  
you...Shit, um, your eyes are like  
sapphires on a moonlit desert and...

WENDY

(laughing)

Okay, okay...

Wendy and Wichita outstretch their bodies and delicately  
crane their necks for a kiss...when suddenly, before they  
connect, it begins to rain. Wichita snorts a smile.

WICHITA

Wow, your God really doesn't want  
us to happen.

WENDY

Yeah, well, too bad for him...

In a clumsy attempt at passion that comes across as even  
more passionate because of its clumsiness, a rising Wendy  
struggles off her shirt. Wichita effortlessly peels off his  
and also stands. They crush into each other's arms and each  
other's lips, waltzing off the side of the staircase,  
disappearing into the darkness of the forest.

EXT. THE WOODS--NIGHT

Oberon blusters forward through the wet wilderness, the rain  
inflaming-rather-than-dampening his adrenaline.

OBERON

I'm not against the occasional camp  
romance, but...I can feel  
it...Nocturnal Activities. Little  
rapists and their little whores...Who

goes there?

He raises his mighty flashlight to...Sheila, the Sleepwalker in the middle of another eerie somnambulistic trek. Oberon sighs, then readjusts his beam...as the Sleepwalker shockingly/obliviously drifts by Wichita and Wendy clawing each other on the forest floor.

Oberon blinks. Oberon howls. Oberon gets hit by lightning.

FADE TO BLACK

Over black, revelry is heard.

INT. OBERON'S OFFICE--DAY

A painted fingernail presses off the familiar revelry tape. Wendy is revealed to be situated in Oberon's office, wearing his head-set. Her enthusiasm seems a bit forced.

WENDY

Rise and Shine, campers and  
counselors. Today, unhappiness is  
not an option. Mess Hall. Nine  
minutes. Please.

Wendy removes the head-set with a sigh. As narration kicks in, she drifts over to the office cot where a dazed, scraggly-bearded Oberon lies. Wendy begins feeding him oatmeal.

SMOOTH NARRATOR (V.O.)

Of course after I was hit by  
lightning, things around the camp  
changed...but not as much one would  
think. At least not right away...Oh.  
Yes. I'm the narrator. My voice is  
difficult to recognize when I'm not  
shouting. Anyway, I used my freak  
accident as an excuse to kick back  
and contemplate my life. As well  
as everyone else's.

INT./EXT. ARTS AND CRAFTS ROOM--DAY

Wendy is aggressively marking up some official paperwork. She then rises from the desk to vociferously supervise a line of campers making wallets. She reaches the window where she pulls on the head-set, sticks out her head, and blows the whistle-- commencing an obstacle course going on outside.

OBERON NARRATION (V.O.)

After the trauma of having her first  
significant sexual experience  
interrupted by her camp director's  
electrocution, Wendy threw herself  
into her work and my work.

EXT. SMALL MOUNTAIN--DAY ]

Wichita charges up the rockage of a small mountain-hill-type ]  
thing. The image repeats itself over and over--each time ]  
Wichita is more sweaty, gasping, sneering. ]

OBERON NARRATION (V.O.) ]

Wichita threw himself into himself. ]  
The rules forbid anyone from the ]  
climbing the camp's mountain. It, ]  
of course, became Wichita's favorite ]  
activity. ]

EXT. OBERON'S OFFICE--NIGHT ]

Now highly uncatatonic, Oberon felines from the door of his ]  
office structure. ]

OBERON NARRATION (V.O.) ]

Something deep inside me told me ]  
that, despite their retreat into ]  
Denial, Wichita and Wendy were still ]  
very fond of each other. The fact ]  
that I snuck out every night and ]  
read their diaries greatly helped. ]

EXT. PATCH OF THE WOODS--NIGHT ]

Oberon sits in a lotus position before a small campfire, ]  
reading from Wendy's diary. ]

VOICE OF WENDY (V.O.) ]

Ever since the night of the Evil ]  
Weirdness, I find it painful to even ]  
look at him. Only you, dear diary, ]  
know just how much he has changed ]  
me and how much I feel... ]

Oberon lowers Wendy's girly-girl diary with one hand and ]  
raises up Wichita's scruffy journal with the other. ]

VOICE OF WICHITA (V.O.) ]

I'm not sure I even like Wendy; I ]  
only know that I love her. Wendy's ]  
the only truly surprising person ]  
I've ever met. Why won't she talk ]  
to me? Why won't I talk to her? ]

Oberon looks to his watch, kicks dirt on the fire, then trots ]  
back off into the night. ]

INT. WENDY AND PIXEL'S CABIN--MORNING ]

Wendy twitches in restless slumber. ]

OBERON NARRATION (V.O.) ]

The would-be lovers were in pain. ]



Their cabinmates were not much help...

Pixel (in a bizarre new haircut) tinkerbells over from her side of the room and predatorily curls beside sleeping beauty Wendy on her bed.

WENDY  
What are you doing?

PIXEL  
Nothing.

Pixel's fist does a gopher rumble beneath Wendy's T-shirt. As if withstanding torture, Wendy hangs tough.

WENDY  
You know you just do this for shock value. It's not shocking.

PIXEL  
When did pretending to be bored become a sign of superiority? Are you mad at me for giving the cabin new haircuts or are you just still miserably pining for Wichita's lightning rod?

WENDY  
Geez, what time is it? I have to go feed Big Chief Oberon...You're right, I miss him. Wichita, that is. I really want to be with him, but I can't bring myself to--Are you a lesbian or are you...

PIXEL  
I didn't realize I had to declare a major.

WENDY  
(to Pixel's hand)  
Why do you even like me?

Confronted with a real response, Pixel withdraws her hand and unwinds up and over to her own bed. ] ]

PIXEL  
You remind me of me when I was...I guess I was never like you. So cute. So questioning.

WENDY  
I'm not a nai-ive little...

PIXEL  
Uh-huh.

Wendy fumes as the Endlessly Muttering Girl appears in the doorway, wearing the new Pixelesque haircut.

MUTTERING GIRL  
I-lost-my-barrette. One-time-I-lost-a-magnetic-puzzle-piece-We-thought-my-little-brother-ate-it.

PIXEL  
(to watch)  
On that note, my morning swim...

Wendy sighs as Pixel scampers off. The girls of the cabin all awaken with the same kooky haircut (a severe, petite braid dangling about the temple.) ]  
]  
]

MUTTERING GIRL  
We-had-to-go-through-his-poop-with-a-kitchen-knife-for-a-week. My-favorite-food-is...

INT. WICHITA AND JASPER'S CABIN--NIGHT

Finishing a late run, Wichita de-hustles into the counselors' quarters to where Jasper is regarding a board of pressed flowers that spell I LOVE YOU.

JASPER  
No, they're not from Wendy.

WICHITA  
Your Secret admirer?

JASPER  
Not so secret anymore. Don't look all at once...behind the pine...Dorothy from Cabin Seven.

Wichita does a fake-yawning peek out the window to see crush-on-Jasper Dorothy recoil behind a tree. ]  
]

JASPER  
I guess it was too much to ask that it would somebody older...and maler. Like you.

WICHITA  
Hey, I thought I wasn't your type.

JASPER  
Wichita--you're everybody's type. But seriously, don't worry about it. I get my occasional crushes.

WICHITA  
Hey, it's not a crush anymore if ]

you actually say it to the person  
you supposedly have the...

JASPER

Thought I'd get points for a post-  
modern approach to coming on to you.

WICHITA

(with a laugh)  
Goodnight, Jasper.

JASPER

Goodnight.

Wichita moves toward his bed. Jasper jokingly follows him.  
They both laugh as Jasper retreats.

EXT. A PIECE OF THE FOREST--DAY

Head down in depression, Wendy leads a single-file centipede  
of her robed campers away from the showers. Wichita, head  
down as well, leads a line of his camperstoward the showers.

OBERON NARRATION (V.O.)

Being over eighteen, the counselors  
assumed all love is shit. It was  
the campers who were most  
disillusioned by the fall of Wichita  
and Wendy.

The two human trains are about to collide when Wendy and  
Wichita look up. Without verbal acknowledgement, they glumly  
readjust and continue their head-down trek. The boys and  
girls look from Wendy to Wichita in despair.

INT. CAFETERIA--DAYS

Wendy hops upon a chair at the head of the cafeteria and  
booms out a cheer.

WENDY

Hey campers, give me a morning YEE-  
HO!

THE CAMPERS

(mildly)  
Yee-Ho.

OBERON NARRATION (V.O.)

At even the best camps, the fear  
and excitement of the opening weeks  
gives way to dull routine, but after  
finding and losing the thrill of  
romance, the organism that was Camp  
Bleeding Squaw seem to wither and  
die faster than usual.

The image of Wendy vibrating atop the chair, leading a cheer, repeats itself.

WENDY

Hey campers, how about a morning  
YEE-HO!

CAMPERS

(feebly)  
Yee....Ho.

The image repeats again.

WENDY

Hey campers, I think it's time for  
a morning YEE-HO!

CAMPERS

(barely perceptible)  
yeeho.

INT. ARTS AND CRAFTS ROOM--DAY ]

Another line of campers solemnly sit with their bored look- ]  
a-like parents in the Arts and Crafts room. The campers ]  
dutifully hold up some piece of crap they made. The parents ]  
weakly smile as it falls apart. ]

OBERON NARRATION (V.O.) ]

All this ennui culminated into the ]  
deadly-dull, Day 20, halfway-mark ]  
non-event known as Parents Day. ]

EXT. PATCH OF THE FOREST--NIGHT ]

Oberon goes through a pile of tiny, brightly colored ]  
notebooks on his lap. ]

OBERON NARRATION (V.O.) ]

After the parents bailed, I decided ]  
to check out the little notebooks ]  
we gave the campers at the start ]  
of the session. Good stuff! ]

BOYS VOICE FROM DIARY (V.O.) ]

I can't believe those are the people ]  
I was homesick for...I'm really going ]  
to savor my remaining days here at ]  
camp and only do exciting stuff like ]  
the plan to get Wichita and Wendy ]  
back together. Tonight's secret ]  
camper meeting about the Day 21 ]  
mission went really good, I mean, ]  
well. ]

GIRLS VOICE FROM DIARY (V.O.) ]

It was just so neat to see them ]

flirting and pretending to be arguing  
with each other. It was like watching  
Titanic without the boat. That's  
why I'm so happy everything's going  
to come together on Day 21...

Oberon smiles, then looks to his watch. He kicks out the  
fire and heads off.

EXT. CENTER OF CAMP--DAY

A flag reading DAY 21 hits the top of the flagpole. Wendy  
is revealed to be pulling it, sadly mumbling her familiar  
flag raising song.

INT. WICHITA AND JASPER'S CABIN--DAY

Wichita watches Wendy walk away from the flagpole way in  
the distance. He turns to see Eric slide off his top bunk  
to chat up his pal Stanley in the bunk below.

ERIC

That was a bummer, Stanley--your  
parents not coming to parents day--  
you all right?

ERIC FRIEND STANLEY

Yeah, I'm fine. My Mom had to work.  
I'm fine.

Wichita, impressed at the interchange, spins a baseball at  
an oncoming Eric, who catches it.

WICHITA

That really sucked, Eric, what you  
did, asking him that...

ERIC

Oh thanks, it was nothing...

WICHITA

(to watch)

You know, I think I left something  
by the lake. Could you check it out--  
You'll know it when you see it...

ERIC

Sure, Wichita. Whatever you say...

EXT. BY THE LAKE--MORNING

Guitar music accompanies Eric's pumped trek. He spurts from  
some trees and stops dead at the sound of a splash. Pixel  
is unwinding in the water, luxuriating in her ritualistic  
skinny-dip. A traumatized (in the best sense) expression  
is frozen upon Eric's face.

INT. THE MESS HALL--DAY

Strumming a guitar before the crowd, Wendy is revealed to be responsible for the soundtrack. She finishes off, seemingly commenting on the previous scene.

WENDY

Isn't Fun great? It's the first day of last half of camp, so let's start with the biggest YEE-HO yet. YEE-HO!

The cafeteria crowd does not even attempt a response, completely wrapped in their own conversations. Wendy grits up some strength and belts out louder, pulling out a gold flyer.

WENDY

Boy oh boy and girl oh girl, looks like I'm going to have to tug out my super-secret summer weapon! I think I have two words that will turn some of those frowns upside down.

AMID THE TABLES

Donald (wearing a different set of acne) bends down to Talia (wearily wearing sunglasses).

DONALD

Please God, don't let one of those words be "Scavenger."

TALIA

No way, she can't be that fucking desperate. ]

WENDY

"Scavenger Hunt!" Is it getting awesome in here or is it just me! Counselors, pass out the lists! ]

Talia and Donald share a moan. Donald raises up his hand for a high-five. ]

TALIA

No, no, I can't. ]

DONALD

You have to. I called it. ]

Laughing, Talia gives in to the high-five. ]

ADAM ]

gruffly passes out the golden scavenger sheets to the underwhelmed campers. He grumbles to the flyers. ]

ADAM  
This fun and games shit is getting  
old.

ADAM CAMPER  
What did you say, Adam?

ADAM  
I said red team is going to kick  
ass on the scavenger hunt.

Adam passes out some more flyers, including one to Bedwetter  
Ted. Adam pauses.

ADAM  
Ted, dry for a week. I'm proud of  
you.

The counselor and camper trade thumb-up signs. Adam continues  
on, flipping forth scavenger lists to Wichita and Jasper,  
who drowsily scowl at them.

JASPER  
Wichita, this is one girl who needs  
a good virginity loss...Uh, what's  
with Eric?

Eric sits at the end of the table with the same dazed  
expression he had while watching Pixel.

WICHITA  
Eric's been a good boy, so I thought  
I'd initiate him into the world of...

Wichita cuts off. Squinting down, he pokes his finger into  
his cereal bowl and pinches out a plastic baggie that has  
been submerged in the milk. In the bag is a note which  
Wichita swiftly skims. His eyes widen and he bolts up.

AT WENDY'S TABLE

The African-American Super-counselor bends to Wendy, who  
speaks while she eats.

WENDY  
And don't forget to make sure the  
campers all have sacks to put their  
retrieved objects in. Oh, and before  
I forget...What's he doing?

Wendy cuts off to watch Wichita rush past and pound through  
the cafeteria doors. She brings a spoonful of cereal, with  
a baggied note balanced atop, to her unsuspecting lips.

INT. WENDY AND PIXEL'S QUARTERS--DAY

Wendy pounds into her quarters just as Wichita vaults through the mammoth open cabin window. Awkward.

WICHITA

I got this note...It was in my bowl...

WENDY

Yeah. Me, too.

EXT. OUTSIDE WENDY AND PIXEL'S CABIN--DAY

A co-ed mixture of campers are huddled at the edge of the woods, taking turns staring through binoculars.

ERIC

My note said I'm a pyromaniac who wants to burn down cabin 2...

MISCHIEVOUS GIRL TWO

Oh that's much better than ours. We went with this lame suicide attempt-type thing...

RYAN, THE GOLDEN BOY

What are they saying? Let the boys have a turn...

CAMPER GIRL WITH BINOCULARS

It's looking good, it's looking good...

BACK IN THE CABIN

Wichita and Wendy uncomfortably lean toward each other, comparing notes.

WENDY

I mean, what a ridiculous way to try and get us together alone...

WICHITA

(sardonic)

Yeah, no way could it work...

WENDY

This is absurd...I'm sorry if we're not going to become the cute camp couple that-everybody wants us to be...I don't want to talk about this. I think it's important we stay focused on the camp.

WICHITA

Absolutely. Day after Parent's Day is important. The campers need to feel they're not going back to the usual grind. They need to be



challenged...

WENDY

I know. That's why I scheduled the Scavenger Hunt.

WICHITA

Your lack of irony is brutal.

WENDY

(awkwardly)

Fuck you.

WICHITA

Wow...was that your first time saying that word...

WENDY

Fuck you!

WICHITA

Improving. Let's try it once more...

EXT. OUTSIDE THE CABIN--DAY

Through binoculars, Wendy can be seen violently mouthing the bad word. The Binocular Camper Girl lowers them.

CAMPER GIRL

It's looking bad, it's looking bad...

INT. WENDY AND PIXEL'S CABIN--DAY

Wheezing, controlling her anger, Wendy counts to ten.

WENDY

8, 9, 10...I apologize for my outburst. We've both been under stress. I know you're not religious, but ever since Oberon...What are you doing? Don't, please don't...

Wichita narrows his eyes, past a hand-flailing Wendy, to a myriad of family photos stuck to her wall. He focuses on a picture of Young Wendy and family at Niagara Falls.

WICHITA

When were you in Niagara Falls?

WENDY

About ten years a--why...Don't look at these...Come on...Stop.

WICHITA

Niagara Falls is where my Mom first told us...Wait, how much younger than me are--

Wichita zeroes his gaze behind Wendy's family in the picture to an adolescent boy in the background, standing at a rail with his back turned. WICHITA'S BLOWN-AWAY EXPRESSION TELLS THE VIEWER THAT THE BOY IS WICHITA.

WENDY

Now that we're past all the personal nonsense, let's speak counselor to counselor: I'm running the camp now and I expect your obedience and your...

WICHITA

Yeah. Whatever you say.

Wichita races out of the cabin, leaving Wendy very perplexed.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE CABIN--DAY

The spying campers sadly watch Wichita bolt from the cabin.

EXT. THE WOODS--DAY

Decked out for a hike, Wendy leads Counselors and Campers into a single-file-Heigh-Ho trot across the familiar tree balance-beamed over the small ravine, clutching scavenger sheets and wearing little bags.

OBERON NARRATION (V.O.)

The adventure was about to begin and I don't mean the Scavenger Hunt...

TALIA

leans against a tree, off to the side, shaking her head to the image while crumpling a Scavenger list sheet.

OBERON NARRATION (V.O.)

Everyone was hungry for a change, but no one more than Talia, even if Change meant being eaten by a family of bears. She had become a camp counselor for reasons other than camp or counseling with harsh results. On Day 21, she was pretty much resigned to 19 more days of torture...until she opened her eyes.

Talia re-focuses back to the log--Subversively tomboyesque Hayley is making her cross when her friend Vanessa calls out from a planted position at the end of the makeshift bridge. The Bombshellettes can be seen waiting in the fuzzy distance.

VANESSA

Hayley...

HAYLEY

Where were you, Vanessa? You're not wearing that on the...

VANESSA

I'm blowing off the Hunt. Quelle snore. Tiffany and Brooke got permissh from Wendy to lay out on the megaraft and read magazines as long as we keep it tied to the pier.

HAYLEY

Wow. Sounds raging. You're saying you'd rather--

ONE OF THE BOMBSHELLETES

Come on, Vanessa.

VANESSA

Yeah, I'd rather.

Vanessa turns to her new pals, stranding Hayley on the collapsed tree. Affected by the poignant image, Talia removes her sunglasses, no longer selfishly frazzled.

FURTHER ALONG IN THE WOODS

The Kids are spread out over the woods, looking downward like a search party tracking down a corpse. A RED-TEAM CAMPER rushes up to a staring-ahead Adam, holding up a robin's egg.

RED TEAM CAMPER

Robin's egg, sir. Three points for the red team.

ADAM

Yeah. Outstanding. Three points.

OBERON NARRATION (V.O.)

Even Adam was losing intensity. It was hard to stay pumped over the increasingly benign skirmishes of the almighty Color War, especially with so many dazzling distractions...

Adam is revealed to be transfixed by Pixel-in-tight-shorts before him. The viewer drifts ahead to Pixel, who has a naughty, knows-she's-being-watched-but-dare-not-turn-around smile on her face.

OBERON NARRATION (V.O.)

As much as Pixel was nauseated by Adam, she was intrigued. The Wendy project was not quite going the way she wanted...and a vibrator would

keep the kids awake at night and  
besides, there was only one  
electrical outlet in the cabin to  
begin with so...

Pixel spins around causing the tailgating Adam to brake.

PIXEL  
Could you please take your periscope  
out of my ass...

ADAM  
Uh, we got off to a bad start, me  
and you. I'll bet there's a lot of  
things you don't know about me.

PIXEL  
Believe me, I wish I knew less.  
(eye-raping his bod)  
Oh, if you weren't such a pig...

ADAM  
I can be a good pig. Babe.  
Charlotte's Web. Good pig. Watch.

Adam strides ahead to Eric's pal, Stanley, to give sloppy  
compassion.

ADAM  
Hey Stanley, it must've been tough  
when your parents didn't...

STANLEY  
I'm fine! Jesus! Will everyone please  
stop feeling sorry for me!

Pixel brushes beside the shot-dawn Adam.

PIXEL  
Going to have to do better than  
that...

Stanley darts ahead to Wichita's cabin boys. Todd peeps up  
with an attitude pathetically attempting to be confidence.

TODD  
Guess what, guys? I didn't want to  
come out and say anything the other  
day, but you know, I've had sex with  
my mother, too...

STANLEY  
He fell for it! What a perverted  
idiot!

The boys all simultaneously explode into laughter,  
exaggeratedly toppling to the ground around the humiliated

Todd. Todd quickly retreats past his coming counselors.

JASPER  
Your turn, Wichita...

DONALD  
You're not going after him?

WICHITA  
Todd'll have a lot better time  
daydreaming in the cabin about  
heroically saving the camp from a  
fire than he will out here...So  
what's with you and Talia cracking  
each other up in the cafeteria. You  
two could be interesting together....

DONALD  
Oh, I don't know...I can't imagine....

WICHITA  
Start imagining. Watch me, you have  
to Novocain your body like this...And  
your shirt--In or out, man?

Wichita vigorously tucks Donald's shirt all the way in for  
the first time. As they converse, Donald vibrates into a  
very uncool imitation of Wichita's casual style.

WICHITA  
Make it seem you have this  
comfortable, mysterious life and  
you don't give a shit whether she's  
a part of it. Oh, and bring up India,  
Talia has this obsession...  
(noticing Donald poses)  
Whoa, Donald, play hard to get, not  
hard to want...Let Talia know that  
your goofy act is just something  
you do for the kids....

DONALD  
It is? I don't know about this,  
Wichita. Am I even right for Talia?  
What About Wendy? I mean, you and  
Wendy--how are you and Wendy...

WICHITA  
Complicated. Extremely.

Wichita and Donald drift closer toward the head-setted Wendy,  
who stands to the side of the searchers like a commandant.

WENDY  
Now remember, people, let's keep  
away from the mountain. Repeat...  
(bossy toward Wichita)

There you are. Could you possibly  
do one thing and help keep the  
campers away from....

WICHITA  
(in her face)  
Hey everybody, we're climbing the  
mountain!

EXT. THE SMALL MOUNTAIN--DAY

Satisfied and exhilarated, the entire camp is clawing and  
panting up the undangerously inclined rockage of the camp's  
mini-mountain. A frazzled Wendy brings up the rear, clumping  
up discarded scavenger sheets and bags.

WENDY  
Don't get angry, count to ten, count  
to..one, two, three--Will you people  
please stop dropping your scavenger  
sheets and retrieval sacks!

Mountaineering side-by-side, Talia and Hayley turn back to  
the trying-to-keep-it-together Wendy.

HAYLEY  
Man, she's losing it...

TALIA  
It's about time. Isn't Fun great?

They share a laugh of camaraderie. Hayley stumbles. Talia  
protectively steadies her. Wendy breezes by.

WENDY  
Okay, okay, this sure was exciting,  
but it's time to go back...time  
to...What do we all say to a Marco  
Polo tournament!

CLIMBING BOY CAMPER  
That's a baby game!

CLIMBING GIRL CAMPER  
Yeah! Besides, climbing the mountain  
sucks!

Wendy stomps to the head of the pack and a beaming Wichita.

WENDY  
Well, a positive "suck" usage. You  
must be so proud. Okay, I suppose  
I deserve to be poked fun of a little  
bit, but...but climbing the mountain  
is the granddaddy of the Camp  
Bleeding Squaw No-No's! It can not  
be done!

WICHITA  
Wendy, don't you understand, that's  
why we're doing it. I really hope  
to see you at the top.  
(swiveling to climbers)  
Keep up the energy! We're making  
history!

Wendy stops dead to quiver in rage. She then registers  
Lovelorn Amber smooching it up with another Tiger Beatish  
boy, tucked behind a boulder.

WENDY  
One, two, three--whore!

Amber and the Tiger Beatish Boy burst off. A SMALL WHITE  
CAMPER tugs Wendy from behind.

WHITE CAMPER BOY  
Wendy, Billy just called me a nigger.

WENDY  
But niggers are black--Ugh, that's  
not what I meant to...

WHITE CAMPER BOY  
Whoa.

PIXEL  
What was that, Wendy?

The white camper boy scampers off.

WENDY  
Come back, I didn't mean to...  
(to Pixel)  
Don't look at me like that.  
Counseling tips from you of all  
people...Jennifer said you taught  
her how to "activate her clitoris."

PIXEL  
And?

WENDY  
"And?" There's no "And!"

PIXEL  
(chiding)  
Oh, calm down...you dirty racist.

WENDY  
I'm not...

The Female African-American SuperCounselor rises up from  
expertly bandaging a knee.

AFRICAN-AMERICAN SUPER-COUNSELOR  
Wendy. Is it true you said...

WENDY  
I'm sorry, I didn't mean to say the  
nigger-word--the N-word! Damn it! It's  
the altitude, I'm not a dirty racist!

AFRICAN-AMERICAN SUPER-COUNSELOR  
(calming)  
Wendy, maybe you should go back and  
lie down...

WENDY  
I'm fine. I'm fine. I'm fine.

Wendy hurries away from the black super-counselor, up into  
the midst of a coed group of climbers.

CUTE-AS-A-BUTTON CAMPER BOY  
Heaven is what you want it to be.  
For me, Heaven is a place with angels  
and talking marigolds.

WENDY  
(sigh of happiness)  
What a lovely, lovely thought,  
Jeremy. I personally think Heaven...

SECULAR CAMPER-GIRL  
My parents have never even taken  
me to Church. They say religion is  
a farce, which means it's silly and  
wrong.

WENDY  
Okay, so you've never gone to Church,  
but Tammy, haven't you noticed a  
pattern of spiritual connections  
and coincidences that lead your life  
one way as opposed to another?

The Non-Religious Girl trembles with a "What are you talking  
about" look of terror on her face. She begins to cry. Wichita  
appears beside Wendy.

WICHITA  
Oh, now look what you've gone and  
done, you've insinuated the existence  
of a higher power and caused the  
poor child to question everything  
she is...

Sneering, Wendy turns up the volume all the way on the  
headset and starts to shout...



WENDY

That's it! I demand...

The headset dies with a brain-piercing whine.

EXT. UP AHEAD ON THE SIDE OF THE HILL--DAY

The camp is splayed on the side of the hill, basking in a warranted rest break. A constellation of seated-on-the-rock female counselors and campers are getting vigorous back massages from the Wichita's boys. Stanley shiatsus a comically shellshocked Wendy.

STANLEY

Wow, what a knot--Wendy, you are really tense.

WENDY

Harder. Harder....Harder.

PIXEL RE YOUNG MASSEUR

Wichita, Wichita, you're the shit.  
Such brilliant training--to the right, kid...your other right...ooh.

Starting to loosen up a bit, Wendy flicks on a small radio.

THE RADIO

And here it is, number one for the ninth week in a row, the song of the summer: "Oh my Unforgettable Summer Love"

WENDY

Oh yes...I need this.

The painfully familiar ballad blares on. Wendy relaxes in a reverie. Everyone else groans. The nearby counselors and campers begin singing along with the song in intentionally silly off-key fashion. Talia and Hayley are especially obnoxious. Wendy seethes.

BELOW THE MASSEURS

Jasper and his young pals, Caleb and Andrew, laugh it up to the bad singing, then continue banging on a very complicated Playstation.

ANDREW

To the left, Jasper...yeah!

CALEB

You ever think of having kids of your own, Jasper?

JASPER

(sudden pathos)

Kids? This is probably the closest  
I'm-- Don't ask me that. You're  
going to make me....agh.

Jasper gives up the game with a groan. The boys bustle away.  
Jasper looks out in sad contemplation. Adam suddenly sits  
down beside him. An amazing flower is sprouted between them.

ADAM

Can you believe these kids today  
with their 7.4. bits of graphics.  
2.4 was all our Gameboys needed...

JASPER

We didn't even have color. Donkey  
Kong, Tetris, a guy had to use his  
imagination back then...

(a beat)

So you want me to explain the gay  
thing.

ADAM

Pixel's into that whole personal  
freedom stuff and I guess I'm into  
Pixel. Figured I'd make the effort  
to understand--Let's get it over  
with. This airline magazine I read  
said homosexuality is caused by not  
having a good relationship with your  
father.

JASPER

Oh, that's garbage.

ADAM

You have a good relationship with  
your father?

JASPER

Hell no, I'm gay. But come on, the  
gay comes first. You see, I...

UP WITH THE MASSEURS

Wendy turns off the radio to cut off the smartass singing.  
Led by Talia and Hayley, everyone applauds themselves. Wendy  
exhales, then turns back to her masseur, Stanley.

WENDY

Stanley, I almost forgot--it must've  
been rough when your parents didn't  
show up yesterday..

ERIC'S FRIEND STANLEY

Yeah, it really felt bad watching  
all the other kids having someone  
to run up to and hug...

Wendy wraps her arm around Stanley. Stanley naughtily takes advantage of Wendy's comforting to cop a feel of her breast.

WENDY  
Stanley!

As the boy bounds away, Donald lowers himself next to Wendy.

WENDY  
Now what? What did I do this time?

DONALD  
I just wanted to know if you've seen this.

Donald gives Wendy a card reading "This." She can't help but giggle.

DONALD  
What about that?

Donald flips the card. It reads "That." Wendy cackles in delight. Donald smiles.

WENDY  
You're nifty, Donald. Really.  
(a beat)  
Hey, I noticed you talking to Talia in the cafeteria. You should make a move.

Donald's smile goes into a sigh which then turns into a determined look toward Talia.

ADAM AND JASPER

continue their conversation. The former twitches as if being given slight electrical shocks.

JASPER  
8th grade basketball practice. Me and this other guy hit the showers after everyone else and we're just talking-- you know, about trouble shooting from the free throw line, whatever. But then we become visually aware of a mutual attraction.

ADAM  
What do you mean by visually awa-  
aah.

Adam's jaw involuntarily slams open as he achieves comprehension. Jasper cracks up.

JASPER

Did you want to hear the rest--  
(to flower between them)  
Hey, isn't that the Wazada flower?

ADAM  
The jewel of the scavenger hunt.  
Worth fifty points...What now? I'm  
red team and you're purple.

Adam and Jasper pause, then laugh with "I don't give a fuck"--  
type chants.

BACK WITH THE MASSEURS

Pixel gives an impressed glance down to Adam and Jasper.  
Her masseur, Eric, leans back to open up a Twinkie. Ryan,  
the All-American Golden Boy, recoils to bite into a peach.

RYAN THE GOLDEN BOY  
How can you eat that junk?

ERIC  
Here we go again...Poor Ryan, parents  
have him brainwashed. You bought  
the lie!

RYAN, THE GOLDEN BOY  
You just don't get it. A peach is  
just not better for you, it tastes...

ERIC  
That's it!

The pee-wee massage masters break from their servile  
positions to chase and pin down the fleeing All-American  
Boy. Eric pulls forth a twinkie and kneels down over Ryan.

Abandoned and wanting, the females stretch back and appraise  
the roughhousing.

TALIA  
I knew that was too good to last.

PIXEL  
You can teach a boy to give a  
massage, but you can't teach him  
to be a man.

WICHITA  
(strutting by)  
Enough rest! Onward and upward! Camp  
history, people...

Everyone hustles up and away. Eric and his Pals ascend from  
the Golden Boy. Frosting covers his face along with an  
expression of uncomprehending shock.

RYAN THE HEALTHY KID ]  
So..tasty...All my life..a farce... ]

EXT. THE TOP OF THE HILL--DAY ]

Behold, the flat top of the mini-mountain, overlooking a ]  
rather glorious vista. A lone boy clambers up into view. ]  
It is the wailing child from the opening, who now has a ]  
glowing expression that matches the one on his T-shirt. ]

The rest of the camp bubbles atop the mountain gasping and ]  
sputtering with "We did it" joy. Everyone quickly winds down ]  
into a plop upon the summit and looks out. The first moment ]  
of absolute tranquillity in the film. And the last. ]

Pixel undeniably-glamorously lights up a cigarette, ripping ]  
a match against a rock--all under the watchful eye of an ]  
ADORING FEMALE CAMPER. ]

ADORING FEMALE CAMPER  
Smoking is cool.

PIXEL  
Yes. It is.

ADORING FEMALE CAMPER  
Can I have a drag?

PIXEL  
You're not pregnant are you?

ADORING FEMALE CAMPER  
(giggling)  
No-o.

Pixel pinches the cigarette over to her. The Adoring Female ]  
Camper launches into a hacking cough. With a cackle, Pixel ]  
turns and pats the rock next to her, allowing Adam to sit. ]

PIXEL ]  
I couldn't help but notice your ]  
incredibly transparent attempt to ]  
appear open-minded with Jasper--I'm ]  
flattered. ]

ADAM ]  
I think everyone should have the ]  
right to express... ]

TROUBLEMAKER BILLY ]

lights a fuse. The sound of sizzling stays on the soundtrack. ]

TALIA ]

lies on her back looking up to a cloudy, but beautiful sky. ]  
Donald's head pokes into her POV, trying to be laid back. ]

DONALD  
Talía. How's it going?

A CAMPER BOY NEXT TO WENDY

screeches down to the palm of his hand.

CAMPER BOY  
I got stung by a bee!

WENDY  
Oh, that's terrible. I know how you  
must feel...

CAMPER BOY  
No, you don't.

WENDY  
(epiphany)  
You're right, I don't. My God, I  
have no idea what you feel like...

Wendy rack-focuses to the view of a bee pollen-bingeing upon  
a nearby flower. She ferally crawls over and squeezes the  
flower and the bee, launching into a therapeutic scream.

The boy wipes away his tears, giggling at Wendy, as she  
shuffles to the edge of the mini-mountain, raising her stung  
palm in the air.

WENDY  
All this time talking down to the  
kids, talking around the kids. No  
more! No distance between me and the  
campers, me and the pain. Yes, yes,  
the pain is the key!

THE FLAME OF TROUBLEMAKER BILLY

continues to threateningly sizzle across a fuse.

OVER BY TALIA AND DONALD

A tensing up Donald waits for an opening with Talía.

TALIA  
So the kid says, "Just because  
something's dead doesn't mean I can't  
play with it..."

DONALD  
All in all, I'd rather be in India.  
I find their culture to be so...

Talía's eyes widen. Donald and the nearby campers cower.

TALIA

Oh my, you're making your big move,  
aren't you, Retarded Marshmallow  
Head? And you've been coached by the  
best. I mean, of course, let's pair  
off the two geeks! How convenient  
for everyone. Talia can't possibly  
have any standards! All of you can  
go to hell!

Talia tears down the hill. A concerned Hayley calls out.

HAYLEY

Talia, don't go!

TALIA

Wha-at? What is it?

HAYLEY

Everything.

Blood starts to cascade from Hayley's shorts. As the nearby  
campers freak away, Talia jolts toward her.

WENDY

continues to rave, stung hand in air, back to the viewer.

WENDY

It took something as simple as a  
bee sting to remind me that a part  
of myself will always be a camper.  
You have to be hurt in order to heal!  
Today is the first day I can truly  
call myself Counselor!

Wendy pivots around, her face has spookily swelled up. The  
surrounding children immediately explode into watching-a-  
monster-movie, finger-pointing wails of fear and amusement.

DONALD

wobbles to the ground in mortification. Hearing a sizzling  
noise, he turns to see Billy's lit fuse blazing toward a  
Frog covered with taped firecrackers.

The disgusting sounds of the thankfully unseen explosion  
are thrown into the mountaintop mix. Donald staggers Pvt.  
Ryan-style, sprinkled with frog's blood.

Some counselors are huddled in a nearby trench. They watch  
Troublemaker Billy fall to the ground, laughing.

JASPER

Adam, on behalf of the sensitive,  
peace loving counselors, you have  
our permission to kill him. Make

]  
]  
]  
]

it look like an accident. Or don't.

]

WICHITA

stands staring out the other edge of the mountain. His back turned to all the ferocious activity. The soundtrack goes silent for Oberon's narration.

OBERON NARRATION (V.O.)

Much like a little boy who throws sand at the girl in the sandbox because he likes her, Wichita had helped turn the mountain into a rumbling volcano that had almost given Wendy a nervous breakdown. A good time was had, but it was now time to move on. To start to take responsibility. To deal with the implications of the photograph on Wendy's wall...

Sounds of chaos come back. Wichita finally turns and tanks forward, making sharp scans to the pockets of anarchy around him. Darkening clouds. Traumatized campers. The blood-stained statue of Donald. The wailing wake around a froglike crater. Talia helping hemorrhaging Hayley down the hill. Laughing Billy. Zombie Mutant Wendy.

Wichita exchanges nods with a rather familiar girl. The rather familiar girl goes into the throes of a very familiar epileptic fit immediately sobering everyone.

However, the creature that will not die, the monstrously swollen Wendy continues to hobble forward.

WENDY

You know I think I forgot to remember that I'm allergic to bee stings.

Thunder ripples the air. Wendy faints. Wichita slides to catch her in a picture-perfect pose.

INT. INFIRMARY ROOM--DUSK

Rain pounds outside. Her head bloated to an almost sci-fi degree, Wendy moans away on a cot. Wichita is by her side, surrounded by some of the other counselors.

ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE CURTAIN

Trying to rip open a tampon, Talia is crouched before a standing, shivering Hayley. Both are crying.

TALIA

Whew, that wasn't a period. That was an exclamation mark. You know, Hayley, behind every great woman



is a great first menstruation anecdote.

HAYLEY

I hope so...

TALIA

This is...this is...a very special moment...

Talia and Hayley look to each other, and without stopping the flow of their tears, break into a cathartic laughter.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE INFIRMARY--DUSK

Wichita and Talia accidentally emerge together from the infirmary. They grudgingly acknowledge one another.

WICHITA

How is she?

TALIA

She's okay. What about yours?

WICHITA

Like you care...

TALIA

Oh, that's right, Wichita, you like her more than you like me so I want her to die. Oh, but hey, thanks for passing Donald my way. I need the business.

WICHITA

Well, you're not going to have to worry about Donald anymore...

TALIA

What do you mean?

WICHITA

You didn't hear...He feels so humiliated that he's quitting the camp.

TALIA

(ashen)

That's not true, is it?

WICHITA

Nah...He's at the store.

TALIA

(amused at being fooled)

Ass-hole.

INT. SMALL GENERAL STORE--DUSK

A wet Donald mopes across the small store wiping the last of the frog's blood off his face. He brings up a basket of sundries to the counter where a KINDLY OLD GROCER starts ringing him up.

KINDLY OLD GROCER

Hello, Donald. How are things going up there? Those brats still giving you a hard time?

DONALD

You know it.

KINDLY OLD GROCER

What about condoms? We got some of those "made for her pleasure" ones that you requested.

Donald goes into "cool" mode as the kindly Grocer piles boxes of condoms on the counter.

DONALD

Thank you, Walter. Double my usual supply. You know, the babes are starting to realize camp is half-over...I don't have to explain the effect.

KINDLY OLD GROCER

You most certainly do not. When I think about all the times you've come in here...You must be the Errol Flynn of camp.

DONALD

That's funny, that's what all the kids call me.

KINDLY OLD GROCER

Have a good one.

DONALD

Always do.

Turning from the counter, Donald's cool aches back to defeat.

OBERON NARRATION (V.O.)

Pathetic. I just thought you should know now that nobody ends up responding to Donald's inner beauty. He does not get the girl, or even a girl...But he does get the last laugh. Just not for a while.

INT. DONALD'S CABIN--DUSK

Wichita hustles into a cabin, leading out his charges. ]

WICHITA ]

Okay, everybody from my cabin, let's ]  
go...Wendy is going to be fine...And ]  
if anyone shows any kind of ]  
disrespect to Hayley, they'll be ]  
the ones bleeding. ]

Soaked to the bone, Donald moroses through the door, straight ]  
into his quarters, clutching a sack. Wichita takes notice. ]

INT. DONALD'S QUARTERS--DUSK ]

Donald unlocks a drawer and throws in his condoms atop an ]  
another load of unopened condom boxes. He plops a shiny porno ]  
mag atop them all and relocks the drawer. Wichita pokes in ]  
(Worshipping Eric noticeably loiters behind).

WICHITA ]

Howdy Pouty. ]

DONALD ]

I was pretty confident that I was ]  
going to blow it with Talia, but ]  
I must say, I outdid myself. ]

WICHITA ]

She's still pissed at me and took ]  
it out on you. We should have taken ]  
it slower. It's hard to operate in ]  
the woods. Much easier in, like a ]  
club. Tell the girl you've got to ]  
go do something, leave her view, ]  
take way too long until she is ]  
worried that you're not coming back. ]  
Just as she starts feeling awful, ]  
you come up from behind and touch ]  
her neck... ]

DONALD ]

(smiling in admiration) ]  
You are the prince of the darkness. ]

WICHITA ]

Yeah. I should put all my shit in ]  
a book and then throw away the ]  
book... ]

DONALD ]

The funny thing about this Talia ]  
thing is I wasn't even really ]  
that...The person I really like-- ]  
I probably shouldn't be admitting ]  
this... ]

WICHITA

(breaking from trance)

I'm in the picture on Wendy's wall.  
Niagara Falls. Family trip. Little  
Wendy foreground. Me background.  
What are the odds on that one?

DONALD

Uh, yeah, that's...wow.

WICHITA

I couldn't tell her...it's, it's  
too major...Jesus, I'm starting to  
believe in God and what's worse I  
think I like the guy. The lightning  
bolt was just a test, right? Wendy  
and I--we're meant to be. I'm right,  
right? I have to see her...

DONALD

(deflated)

Say Hi for me.

Donald stands to watch Wichita and Eric exit, then glances  
to his campers. One of them, in Donaldish glasses, paces  
back and forth, staring at a scrap of paper.

DONALD

What is it, Cosmo?

COSMO, THE DONALDISH CAMPER

I don't know...this girl...gave me  
this note...she wants to meet by  
the creek tonight...I don't know.

Donald launches down and grabs Cosmo by the shoulders.

DONALD

Camp Eberhardt. Anne Wilson, lovely  
Anne Wilson. She was the only camper  
to have a lifeguard's license so  
she was the only one allowed to take  
out a canoe without supervision.  
She asked me to come with her for  
a post-bonfire spin around the lake  
and I said no. I was young, I was  
nervous, I didn't really like canoes--  
I said no. If I would have gone on  
that canoe, I'd be a different  
person, I know it. Successful,  
happy, assertive. I'd be a  
nearsighted Wichita. You think  
you're a kid so your decisions don't  
matter now. They do. They all do.

COSMO, THE DONALDISH CAMPER

Okay, okay, I'll go to the dumb lake.

But only if you do "Retard goes to  
the Movies."

The other campers, joyfully rabid, encircle Donald.

CLAMORING KID  
Yeah, Retarded Marshmallow Head,  
Do the retard!

DONALD  
It's not very nice to make fun of  
the mentally handicapped...

COSMO  
Yeah, but it makes us laugh...

Donald immediately contorts himself into a Carreyesque/Sling  
Blade slouch and lurches about the cabin to camper guffaws.

DONALD  
I lack to gowuh to duh movies becuz  
my Uncle Playdohhead buys me duh  
Dunior mints if I do duh Dunior mint  
dance!

EXT. OUTSIDE OF THE INFIRMARY--NIGHT

Wichita clandestinely streams the side of a small building  
where the now completely composed Epileptic Girl stands  
waiting. He hands over an entire box of gum.

EPILEPTIC GIRL  
Trident Cinnamon?

WICHITA  
Yes, ma'am. Great work today, Tracy.  
I'll probably need you again on  
Thursday.

TRACY, THE EPILEPTIC GIRL  
You're going to see her, aren't you?

WICHITA  
Romantic, huh?

Wichita hand-smacks Tracy goodbye. He then whizzes around  
a building corner, almost whistling with the excitement.  
He sees Todd blobbed before the infirmary door. Wichita  
immediately cringes back around the building.

UP CLOSE WITH TODD

Todd stares down at his feet, waiting for camp to end.  
Wichita takes a kamikaze sitting position beside him.

WICHITA  
(comically perfunctory)

Hello, Todd. What are you doing  
outside the infirmary?

TODD

What do you care? You don't like me  
as much as everyone else doesn't  
like me. That Mexican boy Lionel  
is fatter than me and he has friends.  
I should sue this camp for Lack of  
Fun. Oh, Diarrhea.

WICHITA

Whuh?

TODD

You asked me why I was here, didn't  
you? Geez!

WICHITA

Oh. You know, Todd, no one cares  
whether you live or die. Don't get  
me wrong, it's the same for  
everybody. Now it's a sad thing that  
nobody cares if you die--but then  
if you're dead, who cares that nobody  
cares. Now the nobody cares if you  
live part is great. It means you  
can come up with any idea and quietly  
burrow it into the world. You may  
fail a few times and other people  
might say negative things, but other  
people are basically lame and they  
never put up much of a fight.

TODD

Uh, is that speech in the camp  
workbooklet..?

WICHITA

Todd, you gotta stop taking  
everything so seriously. You have  
to have a sense of humor about life.

TODD

But what if it's not funny.

Wichita gulps at Todd's persistent humanity. He starts to  
pat Todd on the back, but wisely freezes.

WICHITA

Want some gum?

INT. INFIRMARY ROOM--NIGHT

A radio is playing "Oh, my Unforgettable Summer Love." The  
monstrously swollen Wendy, half-awake, murmurs affectingly  
along with the song. Wichita is revealed standing in the

doorway watching her. He briefly murmurs along, too. His ruggedly casual look has smoothed into one of a tamed tiger.

WICHITA ]  
You were magnificent today. Camp ]  
Hall of Fame. ]

WENDY ]  
Would have been cooler if I had died. ]

In the throes of an eloquent delirium, Wendy, almost comically, tries to rise up on the cot, but can't.

WENDY  
I have to get up. Still more to do.  
That boy hates Asian people. That  
girl thinks she gave her Mom cancer  
by dropping a plate on her hand.  
Her daddy touches her. His daddy  
never touches him. It would have  
been cooler if I'd died.

WICHITA ]  
Wendy, I'll come back later. ]

WENDY ]  
Why does every ten year old know ]  
what they want to be when they grow ]  
up, but then as you actually grow ]  
up, you forget every--The girls are ]  
big on "Veterinarian" this year-- ]  
I think it could be the "ballerina" ]  
of this century. ]

WICHITA  
You're seriously wonderful.

Wendy starts to feel a little self-conscious, touching her hair....and then her warped visage.

WENDY  
Hey...You have to get out of here.  
I'm...having a bad face day. Don't  
look at me...  
(a warm beat)  
Jasper told me what you did. Carrying  
me down the mountain as fast as you  
could...

WICHITA ]  
Only dropped you twice... ]

They pause to inhale the intoxicating romantic tension.

WENDY  
Isn't this the time where one of  
us says something deeply offensive

to the other one...We're just so different.

WICHITA  
So what?

WENDY  
(trying to be flippant)  
Yeah, why should we let our actual personalities get in the way of us falling in love?

WICHITA  
(trying not to be flippant)  
Exactly.

ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE DIVIDER

A BOY AND A GIRL COVERED IN POISON IVY SPLOTCHES lie in their beds on the other side of the divider. They are unbearably holding in a huge burst of laughter.

BACK TO WENDY'S SIDE OF THE DIVIDER

Wichita glides into an intimate kneel beside Wendy's bed.

WICHITA  
Todd was out there blocking the entrance. You would have been proud of me...My suit of armor is starting to come off. Not all of it, but enough to walk around...

WENDY  
And you'll be happy to know I'm going to drop my Snow White and the Seventy Dwarves act...Not all of it, but...

WICHITA  
I was thinking...if we could mesh my way of thinking with your way of thinking, we could really do some great counseling. It's all about the evolution of the species, we can improve...

WENDY  
I love you. Don't say I love you, too. I hate that--"love you, too."

WICHITA  
I know what you mean. But it doesn't put me in too great a position...

WENDY  
Don't worry, you...



Wichita brings his head down upon Wendy's mutated one for a kiss.

WICHITA  
God, you're beautiful.

WENDY  
Thank you, my love.

The kids on the other side of the divider let loose with a huge ream of laughter. Wendy happily-grouchily chastises.

WENDY  
Fuck off.

WICHITA  
I should leave. You probably need your rest.

WENDY  
Probably.

Wendy suddenly throws back the sheets and projects out of the bed. Wichita chuckles and gives breathless chase.

EXT. ON TOP OF THE HILL--NIGHT

This moment of passion turns into the sight of a FULL MOON, complemented by the HOWL of an animal. The viewer's viewpoint DRIFTS DOWN to see that the howl comes from a wild-haired OBERON, seen from the back, in a mountain man frock.

INT. TALIA AND JADE'S CABIN--NIGHT

Sheila, the Sleepwalk Girl, leans out another massive cabin window as Dorothy, the Crush-on-Jasper Girl, loads batteries into a flashlight. Hayley approaches, holding a telescope.

SHEILA, THE SLEEPWALK GIRL  
The coast is relatively clear.

DOROTHY, THE CRUSH-ON-JASPER GIRL  
Relatively? What are we actually doing again?

HAYLEY  
Who cares? Let's go...

SHEILA THE SLEEPWALK GIRL  
What about your friend Vanessa?

Hayley looks to the Bombshellettes working on Vanessa's hair.

HAYLEY  
What about her? Let's go...

EXT. OUTSIDE TALIA'S CABIN--NIGHT

The girls bound from the window into the night air. Talia stands at the side of the window, letting them trod forward a couple feet before bellowing with a mock-severe tone.

TALIA  
Freeze! You're busted!

HAYLEY  
(mock-defiant)  
What are you gonna do about it?

TALIA  
(grinning, bluff called)  
Ooh, I'll think of something, missy.  
A telescope? Where you going? I don't want to know.

DOROTHY, THE CRUSH-ON-JASPER GIRL  
Talia, do you think Jasper and I have a chance--He's got a girlfriend back home, doesn't he?

TALIA  
(double-take)  
Uh, that's not your problem, Dorothy. Jasper is absolutely-positively 100%...older than you-- Will you all just get out of here, before I actually see you!

Hayley hangs back as the others scatter.

HAYLEY  
Thanks, Talia...Why are you so nice to me?

TALIA  
Why am I so--That's new--The way I figure it is if I can get through to just one camper...then I'm a pretty incompetent counselor.  
(with warmth)  
Don't get caught. I'll deny everything.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE BOYS' CABINS

Sheila the Sleepwalk girl is doing a zombie meander before the Boys cabins. She suddenly breaks character to wave forth her cabinmates and a co-ed assortment of other campers.

INT. DONALD'S CABIN--NIGHT

Wearing only boxers, Donald obliviously closes shutters over the sight of the camper prowlers. Donald proceeds to put a towel upon his chair and a hot oil bottle upon his desk,

beside an innocuous Wendy Polaroid. He climatically opens his drawer. No dirty mag. Donald goes into a panicked ransack.

THE REST OF THE CABIN

Donald flings open his door to make a glaring appraisal of his snoozing campers. He growls suspiciously, then recloses the door. The campers leap out of their fake slumber, whip out the stolen magazine, and flick on a flashlight.

VOYEUR BOY ONE

Whoa--I don't get why people protest pornography. They must not have seen this issue.

VOYEUR BOY TWO

Nobody seems to be having much fun...

VOYEUR BOY ONE

I'm in love with love.

EXT. A CREEK AT THE FOOT OF THE HILL--NIGHT

By a creek, next to a lantern, Cosmo, the Donaldish Boy quivers on a log with his female Rendezvous Partner. They reach out to hold hands.

The viewer's viewpoint drifts up the hill to a ridge where the African-American SuperCounselor and the Big Stoner Lug are squeezed side-by-side, their arms adorably, if a little incongruously, wrapped around the other. They look down to the kids.

AFRICAN AMERICAN COMPETENT COUNSELOR

Oh, they're so cute...

BIG STONER LUG

(amusingly contemplative)

Was I ever that young?

The African-American SuperCounselor and the Big Stoner Lug contort for a clumsy missed smooch that segues into some delightfully sloppy kissing. The viewer drifts up the hill to where a post-coital Wichita and Wendy are artfully entangled among some bushes, watching the couple below.

WENDY

Oh, they're so cute...

WICHITA

Was I ever that young...?

They tenderly kiss. Wendy unscrews the thermos lid and pours herself a cup of joe.

WENDY

I'm still on anti-biotics, I really shouldn't be caffeing...Gosh, I've had a lot of daydreams about losing my virginity. Never one like this. For one, I wasn't a mutant. Secondly, I...What are you thinking?

WICHITA

I'm just thinking I'm glad I broke up with everyone I ever went out with.

(mock-concern)

The swelling is gonna go down, right?

Wendy giggles. Wichita gently kisses her.

WENDY

Are you allowed to do it more than once a night?

WICHITA

It's been known to happen.

Wichita and Wendy curl into an embrace. The viewer's viewpoint clambers even further up the hill to where the deranged raggedy man OBERON starkly stands watching.

OBERON (V.O.)

Cute. Was I ever that--

THROUGH A TELESCOPE

The viewer gets a flash of the grappling Wichita and Wendy.

EXT. A CABIN PORCH--NIGHT

Surrounded by a strange mix of campers on the mess hall roof, Bedwetter Ted is transfixed into the telescope.

BEDWETTER TED

Oh my god...intercourse.

HAYLEY

No way...Move over, Ted.

DOROTHY, THE CRUSH GIRL

You promised we'd get to see Jasper take a shower...

HAYLEY

Stop whining, Dorothy. Wendy's virginity is becoming history. Show some respect...

The rooftop crowd is jolted. All clamor for the telescope.

HAYLEY

Back...back....

OBNOXIOUS ADAM CAMPER IN RED CAP  
That makes you and Wendy like  
bloodbrothers. On same day you...

HAYLEY  
I get it. You're gross. Here...get  
educated.

OBNOXIOUS ADAM CAMPER IN RED CAP  
(into telescope)  
Whoa...20 points for the blue team.

ERIC  
Hey, let us impressionable minds  
have a turn...

AMBER, THE LOVELORN GIRL  
(crying in corner)  
Jerome was the one, so different  
from the others...I loved him so  
much!

THE OTHER CAMPERS  
("shaddup")  
Amber...

SHEILA THE SLEEPWALKER  
Wendy and Wichita back together gives  
the camp a great fizzy feeling. I'm  
just so happy that...  
(into telescope)  
Ick.

STANLEY  
One has to wonder if this dramatic  
change in the relationship of Wendy  
and Wichita will affect a change  
in the camp as a whole...

ERIC  
Stanley, don't even try to...

STANLEY  
Now if you want my opinion...

Stanley finally-viciously lets off a THX fart. The campers  
screech and abandon the telescope, barreling down a ladder.

EXT. THE FOREST--NIGHT

The fleeing campers giggle and pant in excitement, madly  
dashing away from the mess hall, into the forest. Eric is  
good-naturedly pounding on Stanley.

ERIC

Man Stanley, Wichita and Wendy,  
sitting in a tree, F-U-C-K-I-N-G.  
And we missed it--thanks to you!

OBNOXIOUS ADAM CAMPER IN RED CAP  
Hey Sheila, did looking through that  
telescope give you any ideas...

SHEILA THE SLEEPWALKER  
Yeah. The priesthood.

AMBER, THE LOVELORN GIRL  
What's so wrong if two people are  
in love or just really feel like  
it-- Ooh, lightning bugs.

Backtracking to reasonable innocence, the varied campers  
all laugh and shove each other trying to capture the nearby  
dots of light.

Hayley and Bedwetter Ted hang back a bit, sweetly nervous  
around each other. A strange muffled noise can be vaguely  
heard in the distance.

BEDWETTER TED  
Um, pretty interesting day...

HAYLEY  
Too interesting. I think I liked  
things better when--what's that  
noise?

EXT. DEEPER IN THE FOREST--NIGHT

Troublemaker Billy is wailing as loud as a gagged person  
can. Hence the strange noise. His arms are tied around a  
tree. A Tennis racquet is pressed against his bare chest  
by one Adamesque camper, while others, using Brillo pads,  
severely scrape skin poking out. Adam observes.

ADAM  
It's called "Pink waffle"--perhaps  
before your time--Brillo pad scraped  
against the skin popping out from  
a pressed down tennis racquet. Okay,  
that's enough!  
(a chuckle)  
I'm only kidding. More.

The Brilloing gets fiercer. The muffled moans get louder.  
Pixel suddenly appears, pushing everyone out of the way.  
Tennis racquet batted away, Billy's stomach indeed resembles  
a pink waffle. Adam's Henchmen tear the boy away with them.

PIXEL  
Sadist! I can't believe I thought  
you could change--This is your idea

of discipline? You're a monster. That kid is going to be traumatized for...

ADAM

About three days. I'm a monster. He's a monster. Actually, we're both just guys. I don't expect you to understand that I...

Surprising Adam, the viewer, and herself, Pixel unzips Adam's pants and reaches her hand inside. She determinedly strokes and Adam helplessly quivers.

PIXEL

No really, keep talking, I ree-ally want to hear what you have to say, you're just so eloquent...

ADAM

Why are you...don't stop...why?

PIXEL

"Why?" If I asked questions like that, I'd never make love-"love"--Damn you, Damn this, damnit!

Pixel and Adam tug at each other's clothes.

EXT. WOODS BEHIND THE BOYS CABINS--NIGHT

Wiping off his sweat with his shirt, a euphoric Adam emerges from the woods behind his cabin. He scans a half-awake Bedwetter Ted crunched upright against a tree stump with a blanket.

BEDWETTER TED

Oh Adam...I'm sorry...I've...

ADAM

been waiting for everyone else to snooze then sneaking out here. You piss and no one will find out--but you're usually too uncomfortable to even sleep. Then you crawl back before we wake up.

BEDWETTER TED

How did you know?

ADAM

(a beat)

Wild guess...come on, pal.

Adam hefts Ted up and compassionately steadies him toward the cabin. The viewer's viewpoint rises to take in OBERON lumbering across the roof like a warped Santa Claus. His narration slithers over the following visions.

OBERON NARRATION (V.O.)

Only now that I was detached from  
it, could I see how dazzling and  
alive a summer camp could be. Can  
you blame me for wanting to  
experiment, to test and to prod the  
organism, to want to take it to the  
next extreme...

INT. ONE OF THE BOYS CABINS--NIGHT

OBERON's hands snatch a Playstation from a knapsack and  
another one out from underneath a pillow. He also clings  
up a pile of comic books poking out through a trunk

INT. WENDY'S CABIN--NIGHT

From a shelf above Wendy's sleeping head, OBERON's hand tugs  
out a pristine copy of the happy-happy Counselor workbooklet.

EXT. GROUNDS NEAR THE CENTER OF CAMP--NIGHT

Many workbooklets, many playstations, as well as whistles,  
drugs (medicinal and otherwise), car keys, candy bars, cell  
phone and power books are heaved into a massive, dug-out  
hole. Oberon's beloved stopwatch is maraschino-ed atop the  
pile. Dirt is heaved over everything.

INT. OBERON'S OFFICE--NIGHT

OBERON kicks open the door to his ex-office. He takes a  
delicious pause before laying siege to the immaculate lair  
of efficiency. OBERON violently tips a bookcase, hurls  
papers, shreds his cardboard timetable. He then rips out  
the camp's ham radio sending the film into black.

EXT. OUT OF BLACK--CENTER OF THE CAMP--DAY

The campers stagger the center of the camp, silently howling  
their heads off. The counselors help some breathe into  
inhalers. Oberon's voice soothes the soundtrack.

OBERON NARRATION (V.O.)

The initial reaction to my actions,  
especially the burying-the-toys  
maneuver, was less than superb.

INT. OBERON'S OFFICE--DAY

Wendy, Wichita, and the other counselors suspiciously  
encircle the "sleeping" Oberon. They turn around, walk a  
couple paces, then spin back hoping to catch him moving.

OBERON NARRATION (V.O.)

Tensions were raised and certain  
suspicions were aroused...but it



wasn't long before the counselors  
realized the succulent freedom that  
lay before them.

The counselors survey the damage, the destroyed  
communications equipment and the spilled bookage, with  
boggled expressions that are not necessarily unhappy. Donald  
lifts up the ripped-up cardboard timetable and broadly grins.  
The other counselors, even ex-fascists Wendy and Adam, grin  
as well.

EXT. THE FOREST--DAY

Like Dali watches, campers are strategically splayed about  
a forest clearing. A deer delicately clumps around them.  
The campers simultaneously rise up out of their stupor.

OBERON NARRATION (V.O.)

Soon the rest of the camp let go  
and went with the utopian flow.

EXT. THE LAKE--DAY

The lake is placid and untouched. Suddenly, the entire camp,  
counselors and campers, boisterously plow into the frame  
and into the water with their clothes on to splash and shout  
in giddy release.

EXT. BONFIRE AT THE CENTER OF THE CAMP--NIGHT

Adam and Jasper tip the humungous homemade scoreboard into  
a huge bonfire as the rest of the camp cheers. The campers  
jut forward to fling their colored headbands into the flames.

OBERON NARRATION (V.O.)

Every camp, in its closing weeks,  
must cut loose from the regimentation  
of its early stages. Every camp  
has to find a way to reinvent itself  
in a more casual, free-er  
form....Bleeding Squaw just went  
a bit further. I can't take all the  
credit--there was a much deeper cause  
of our anarchy than my cut-the-camp-  
off-from-civilization mischief...

A SUDDEN FLASH

of skin on skin. Indecipherable body parts. Lip biting close-  
ups. Operatic music on the soundtrack.

OBERON NARRATION (V.O.)

Sex, of course. Don't worry, only  
four people were actually having  
it. But...

EXT. BY THE LAKE--DAY

As the operatic music continues, Pixel splashes/meditates in the throes of her morning skinny dip.

Eric again stares out from the woods, completely bewitched. The viewer's viewpoint pulls out to reveal that Eric is surrounded by practically every other male child in the camp, all looking forward with the same life-will-never-be-the-same gaping mouth.

OBERON NARRATION (V.O.)  
the whole idea of it, the scent of  
it, seemed to insinuate itself into  
everything like a lush fog...and  
a grotesque oil spill.

Pixel does a somersault in the water, catching a glimpse of the army of young voyeurs. She bursts back up. The boys are gone.

EXT. PATCH OF FOREST--DAY

Crush-on-Jasper Dorothy snips a hefty lock of a napping-in-the-forest Jasper.

INT. TALIA'S CABIN--NIGHT

Seemingly chanting along with the operatic music, a very pagan Dorothy puts the hair in an altar covered with sketches of Jasper. Her friends help out in the bizarre ritual.

EXT. THE CENTER OF CAMP--DUSK

On the center of camp's grass, resembling a 60's love-in, every male camper gives a massage to every female camper.

INT. CAFETERIA--DAY

Operatic music cuts off. With comically intentional stiffness, Wichita approaches Wendy at her cafeteria table.

WICHITA  
Excuse me, Counselor Wendy, I need  
assistance in finding that  
important...thingie in the storage room.

WENDY  
Oh my gosh, why didn't you say  
something earlier...

Holding in laughter, Wendy and Wichita solemnly move off from the table toward a storage room at the back of the Mess hall. Most of the campers and counselors subtly stop speaking and eating to behold them as the operatic music creeps back on.

OBERON NARRATION (V.O.)

As always, everything revolved around Wendy and Wichita. They were the plant on the classroom windowsill, fed and watered by enthusiastic teachers and children.

A special pan is made across the unrequited lovers Donald, Jasper (big patch of hair missing at his temple), and Pixel, who sighs down to a shockingly relaxed Adam dozing on her lap. They all sadly blink as Wendy and Wichita animatedly unlock the storage door and disappear inside.

OBERON NARRATION (V.O.)

It's so much fun to watch it grow and grow...but these classroom plants always have a way of getting too big...beyond control...

INT. STORAGE ROOM--DAY

Wichita naughtily backs Wendy into the sizable storage room. She gleefully half-fends off his frisky prods beneath her blouse and down her shorts.

WENDY

Do you really think we're fooling anyone?

WICHITA

Do you really think I care?

WENDY

You're bad...

WICHITA

We're bad...

Wendy surrenders into a kiss. The couple crushes back against a wood table.

INT. STORAGE ROOM--ANOTHER DAY

With no tentative giggling foreplay whatsoever, Wichita and Wendy hungrily bash through the storage room door and immediately launch into each other. They do a Postman-Always-Rings-Twice collapse up atop the table and begin clawing each other's clothes off.

INT. STORAGE ROOM--YET ANOTHER DAY

Passion down to a clinical science, Wendy and Wichita swiftly but calmly enter the storage room. With military precision, Wendy removes her shorts, lies back on the table, and lifts her tennis shoed feet into the air. Wichita removes his shirt and fiddles with his pants. They converse as if they were playing Scrabble.

WICHITA

She got a little poison oak and started screaming for assisted suicide.

WENDY

Be nice. Her father died in that TWA flight the government shot down...You know I'm going to be in the city next week. My mom says it's okay that I stay overnight at your dorm...It'll be nice to see you in a different shirt.

WICHITA

Oh, I didn't tell you. I wear this all year round. The chicks dig it...

WENDY

It's going to be strange. Having to plan "dates" and....  
(suddenly unreclining)  
Something wrong? What's up?

WICHITA

(looking down)  
What's not up. Guess my mind is on the end of camp and all that.

WENDY

It's okay...Serves us right after these last weeks...

WICHITA

(attempted smile)  
Yeah. Serves us right.

EXT. FOREST CAMPFIRE--NIGHT

Oberon, beard larger than ever, is familiarly sifting through Wichita and Wendy's respective Journals. The pages are barren of new writing. He eventually clings up some of the campers' journals as well. Blank as well.

OBERON NARRATION (V.O.)

So much was happening, so quickly, no time to process it for both witnesses and participants. The journals, so often packed with scribbled spiritual groping, were now completely blank. Constant activity, be it archery or fucking, without introspection is dangerous. It causes a brain clot, even worse a clotting of the soul. Bleeding Squaw had gone Koyaanisquatsi...out-of-balance, but then, if you've ever

been to a summer camp, you know how  
matters most astonishing, tragic,  
and wondrous are not worked out until  
the very last day.

Gravely rising, Oberon clumps the diaries into his arms and  
kicks dirt over the campfire.

EXT. CENTER OF CAMP--DAY

A very different Wendy--tougher, older, not quite wiser--  
dutifully raises, while smoking a cigarette, a ragged flag  
marked 40. A pack of campers can only-very-briefly be seen  
making a wild Lord of the Flies run in the b.g.

INT. THE MESS HALL--DAY

The MESS HALL is a mess. Loud and dirty with a black eye  
or two, the campers race around from table to table in  
rhythmic chaos. Boys and girls eat together--some of them  
on the floor. The counselors are too ethereally de-energized  
to do anything actively disciplinary.

BY TALIA'S TABLE

In perfect syncopation, the Bombshellettes, with a similarly  
coiffed Vanessa musketeered between them, saunter across  
the mess hall. A much more bohemian Hayley passes by the  
trio. The two ex-friends do not even acknowledge each other  
enough to ignore each other.

Hayley brakes before the uncharacteristically counseling  
counselor Talia, who is surprisingly holding court with a  
group of awed campers. Talia is almost unrecognizably  
unbrittle and earth motheresque (flower in hair!). Hayley  
attaches a string of Arts and Crafty beads around her mentor.

OBERON NARRATION (V.O.)

Oh, I almost forgot about Talia.  
She did the most shocking thing of  
all: She became a camp counselor.

TALIA

I finished your poem, Hayley. It  
rocked and I'm not just saying that.

HAYLEY

But I'll never be as good a writer as you...

TALIA

(wryly)  
Good point. Sit down, I want to  
show...

AT A TABLE WITH WENDY AND DONALD

A healthier Donald, his face seemingly acne-less, has risen

to present Wendy with a gorgeously ornate miniature of the  
camp with a micro-Wendy in the middle.

DONALD

and there's you in the middle..

WENDY

Oh Donald, it's so...so exquisite.  
You must have put so much work into  
it...You know, Donald, your face  
is really clearing up...

DONALD

Oh, uh, thanks...I just want to say  
that knowing you has...

Wendy looks off to see Wichita set up a chair at the front  
of the cafeteria.

WENDY

Donald, I have to go check on  
something, but thanks...

DONALD

(glum incisiveness)  
Another run to the storage room?

WENDY

(feeling dirty)  
No--Well--It's not--I--Anyway, thanks  
for the, the object...

As Wendy sheepishly departs, Donald removes his hand from  
a contemplative position on his face, revealing a comically  
concentrated patch of acne. A Frisbee swooshes into Donald's  
Arts and Crafts masterpiece and clips off the flagpole.

DONALD'S GOONY CAMPERS

Sorry, Marsh-head!

WICHITA

is fixing the wires of the headset with surprising  
determination. Wendy peeps up, trying to be more suave than  
she is.

WENDY

Excuse me, Wichita, I can't seem  
to reach the top shelf in the storage  
room. Could you...

WICHITA

Not now, Wendy.

WENDY

(softening)  
This isn't about "doing it." I just

think we need to talk some things  
out privately before...

Not registering her, Wichita bounds upon the chair and barks  
into the working head-set.

WICHITA  
Does this camp suck or does this  
camp suck?

THE CAMPERS  
(joyously)  
This camp sucks!

WICHITA  
They tried to tame us...They forced  
us to make their bead necklaces and  
run their sack races, but we  
rebelled! We made our own camp!

Dazed by his would-be revolutionary fervor (and non-fervor  
toward her), Wendy wobbles down to the nearest seat. Next  
to her, Ryan, the former Golden Boy, looking like a strung-  
out heroin addict, sleazes up to Eric. ]

RYAN, THE EX-HEALTHY KID  
Eric, man, you gotta hook me up. ]  
Ho-ho's, ding dongs, some Little ]  
Debbie action. My parents won't send ]  
me the shit. You hear what I'm ]  
saying, they're sending me pears, ]  
for chrissakes... ]

ERIC  
Back off--I warned you about too ]  
much, too fast. Now get out of my ]  
face... ]

Wichita continues to weave the crowd, really getting into  
his increasingly malevolently modulated speechifying. ]

WICHITA  
And don't leave this attitude in ]  
your sleeping bag. Take it with you ]  
back to so-called society--to your ]  
parents, your teachers, to anybody ]  
who tries to give you shit! ]

Pixel crouches beside Wendy. ]

PIXEL  
Uh, what's with loverboy? ]

WENDY  
Pixel...he's been strange these last ]  
couple of days. I feel him pulling ]  
back...Maybe it's my imagination-- ]

I know he loves me--It's just--

PIXEL

Quiet...a plan is forming. Come on.

Pixel tugs Wendy away. Wendy makes momentary eye-contact with Wichita, who turns and roars to a finish.

WICHITA

There's only one activity you need to do before tonight's big dance! Anything you want!

OLDER ADAM CABIN CAMPER

But that's what we've doing for the past week...

WICHITA

Geez, give you little bastards your freedom and this is how you repay me? Okay, let's all hit the beach; I'll figure out something relatively mind-blowing when we get there. "Move it!"

The camp bustles upward.

EXT. OUTSIDE CAFETERIA--DAY

Campers and counselors plow out the cafeteria doors. An exiting Wichita gives a glance to the side where Jasper is finishing a heart-to-heart with Dorothy, the crush girl. He pats her on the back, then rises up to join Wichita.

WICHITA

How'd it go? You didn't tell her you were...

JASPER

Oh, that's not very inventive. (in deep romantic voice) "You're obviously a very desirable young woman, but Dorothy, if I took advantage of you at this point in your life...dot-dot-dot."

WICHITA

You're good. Oh God, look at Jerry Rice over there.

The counselors approach Todd, who is tossing a football in the air and then bobbling it to the ground.

JASPER

You're a little harsh on Todd. You're a little harsh on everybody. I know you like to think of yourself as



the Anti-Oberon, but man, you're getting just as spooky. What was that speech in there? Does Camp really have to be a revolutionary act? Can't the children, at their own pace, discover...

WICHITA

Yeah, okay, I was a little out of hand, but come on, you got to give me Todd. Don't get me wrong, I've learned to love the little Piggy, but Todd is the most invincible loser I've ever come across. His greatest talent is lack thereof. No matter what the category, bet against him and win.

JASPER

Stop, stop...I'm willing to put my mouth where my mouth is...I throw one overhand pass and Todd catches it-- dramatic pause--You let me go down on you...

WICHITA

Hello?! What's in it for me?

JASPER

Thanks a lot. Seriously though, by winning this bet, you will prove to the world that you indeed know everything. Isn't the rush of gambling on your cynical philosophy of life enough?

WICHITA

(beat)

Yes. It is. But let's throw in you having to write the camper evaluations for the entire cabin.

JASPER

Shit...Deal.

WICHITA

Sorry Jasper, this handshake is as hot as it's going to get.

Post-handshake, Jasper takes the ball from Todd, who waddles ahead fifteen feet. Jasper cocks back to pass.

JASPER

Go back for a pass, Todd. I know you can catch it, buddy.

TODD

Sure, Jasper.

WICHITA

(deliciously)

Todd. Don't drop it.

In slow motion, Jasper arcs a perfect pass right toward Todd's chest. The ball semi-comically hangs in the air forever. The surrounding campers turn to watch with gaping mouths. Jasper rips out a piece of dental floss and confidentially brings it up to his mouth. Wichita has a flicker of doubt.

Going back to regular speed, Todd drops the ball, then shouts out, adorably hapless.

TODD

Ooh--Almost!

JASPER

(quietly)

Yeah, "almost," you fat fuck.

Wichita cackles and struts off, picking up the discarded football. Jasper sighs. Suddenly, AN AMIABLY UNGORGEIOUS COOK sidles up beside him.

JASPER

Oh hi, Charlie. Excellent Eggs Benedict this morning.

COOK

Thanks. I know I'm just the Camp Cook and I know I'm not all smoldering like that Wichita. But, for what it's worth, I'm gay.

JASPER

Why did you wait until the last day of camp to tell me?

COOK

I figured you wouldn't be interested.

JASPER

40 days without--Let me see your teeth.

EXT. OTHER SIDE OF MESS HALL EXTERIOR--DAY

Wichita rounds the outside of the mess hall, tossing the football to himself, humming. He gets a glimpse of Wendy and Pixel in heated discussion around the corner. Wichita recoils back, letting the football drop to the ground.

PIXEL

Okay, let's go through it again...

WENDY  
This is so silly, Pixel.

PIXEL  
You want to know if Wichita's love  
is true. I can think of nothing less  
silly. I approach Wichita at the  
beach, tell him he needs to go to  
the woods...

WENDY  
It'll never work...

Pressed against the brick around the corner, a lip-biting  
Wichita eavesdrops, absolutely enthralled.

PIXEL  
You'll be hiding behind a tree.

WENDY  
The oak where Jocelyn sprained her  
ankle.

PIXEL  
Exactly. When we get into the  
clearing, I'll turn on my sexy moves.  
Wichita will go for it or he'll shoot  
me down. Either way, you come away  
with knowledge.

WENDY  
(resigned sigh)  
Let's do it up.

To the sound of their retreating footsteps, Wichita exhales  
a tickled chuckle. Strangely though, his beaming face  
deteriorates into a rock-hard-serious expression.

EXT. THE BEACH--DAY

Sitting on the beach, Wichita has maintained his eerie,  
stone faced expression as the camp merrily gallivants around  
him. Pixel's shadow envelopes him.

PIXEL (O.S.)  
Wichita--the Thomas Twins are  
missing. Somebody said they saw  
them run into the forest. Can you  
help me?

EXT. THE WOODS--DAY

In alluring bathing suitage, face scrunched in mock-concern,  
Pixel leads Wichita through the forest. She stops in a  
clearing for some borderline bad acting.

PIXEL  
Hmmm...I wonder where those two  
rascals could be...

Wichita gives a glance to a nearby massive Oak.

BEHIND THE OAK

Wendy eeks around the back to see Wichita move closer to  
Pixel, who is nastily fingering her bathing suit straps.

THE CLEARING

PIXEL  
Now that were in the middle of  
nowhere, aren't you a little curious  
to know what it'd be like to...

Wichita abruptly yanks Pixel into a passionately passionless  
kiss. His eyes are wide open. So are Pixel's. She watches  
Wendy quiver out from around the tree in shock.

WENDY  
No! No...You...you...God damn you!

Wichita tears Pixel away with a cold stare. He closes his  
eyes, swallows hard, then turns to see Wendy bolt away.

EXT. THE BEACH--DAY

The counselors and campers continue to cut an idyllic image  
on the beach, playing, splashing, relaxing.

The new, laid-back Adam lazily catches some rays, reading  
some gooey Women-are-from-Venus self-help book. Pixel  
scampers up in a breathless delirium.

ADAM  
Where have you been, babe?

PIXEL  
Watch this--the empire is  
crumbling...

A weeping Wendy tears into the Beach Party postcard, stopping  
at the water's edge. Wichita storms up behind her. Frisbees  
drop. Sandcastles collapse. The camp extinguishes their  
beach blanket bingo to watch their model of romantic love  
rupture.

WICHITA  
Wendy--I'm sorry--Wend--

WENDY  
How could you--how could--I gave  
you ever-y-thing! I gave you parts  
of myself I never even knew I had!

WICHITA

Wendy, I never meant to...

Wendy connects with a savage punch to Wichita's stomach that leaves him and the rest of the beach gasping.

OBERON

is revealed in the bushes at the back of the beach, watching through binoculars. He swings his viewpoint from the Wendy-Wichita fight to a small canoe...

ON THE WATER

Unaware of the goings-on sandside, Tracy, the epileptic girl, has her arms around Two Best Buddies, belting out a silly song, while standing on a canoe. She starts to vibrate into a seizure.

THE BEACH

Oberon lowers his binoculars and howls. Wichita and Wendy truce their war to take notice of him.

WICHITA

Big Chief Oberon has awakened. What is he...

WENDY

Oh look, that girl you got on your payroll is doing her seizure act again...

The expression on Wichita's face tells the viewer what is already known. That this is no act.

ON THE WATER

Tracey falls. Her head bashes against the side of the boat on the way down into the water.

ON THE BEACH

Wichita instantly breaks from his stupor and lightnings into the water.

The rest of the counselors charge onto the pier. Wichita aches Tracy the epileptic girl's body up out of the water.

Talia cuts in before an impressed African-American SuperCounselor and takes over with paramedic poise. Mouth to mouthing. Shaking Tracy awake.

TALIA

Tracy, can you hear me? Okay good, that's it, that's right, cough it

out. We're going to the infirmary,  
honey...

Tracy coughs to consciousness. Talia hefts Tracy up and hustles her away.

WICHITA

is still in the water in his clothes, utterly unnerved. He sinks below the surface.

ON THE PIER

The counselors watch Epileptic Tracy being carried away into the forest. Wendy rumbles...then erupts.

WENDY

Can't you see...We've been selfishly clawing for any thrill we can get with a reckless, putrid disregard to safety and morality and...and now we are being punished! Rightfully punished!

PIXEL

Oh, please. Epileptic Girls should always wear life preservers. End of story. Let's dance.

EXT. THE AREA BEFORE THE BOYS CABINS--NIGHT

The area before the cabins has been done up with cheesy hanging lights. A vicious rocker pounds from a crappy stereo system worked by Donald. The Upper and Lower Income Latin Boys from the opening are doing an intense lip-sync, sharing a mike before the wildly-badly dancing crowd.

OUTSKIRTS OF DANCE AREA

Talia and Hayley are crashed on some cabin steps. They are silent and a little sad.

HAYLEY

I wish you were my Mom.

TALIA

I think you mean to say: attractive, glamorous, older sister...

They softly, sweetly titter. Fanning herself, a sweaty Pixel huffs up from the dance floor.

PIXEL

Talia, get away from her, I told you, Hayley's my favorite--

TALIA

Mine!

HAYLEY

You guys have been so colossal...

PIXEL

Don't forget, when you get home,  
O.B.'s. They're created by a female  
gynecologist.

TALIA

Yeah, an insane female gynecologist!  
Hayley, don't listen to her.

PIXEL

They're the easiest to shoplift,  
okay? No woman should have to pay  
for something forced-on-her-without-  
choice by Nature...what's the matter,  
Hayley?

As they playfully bicker, Hayley gazes, with a tinge of  
longing, to Vanessa and the Bombshellettes parked at a picnic  
table, flirting up a storm with their cute-boy-counterparts.

TALIA

What do you think--it's the Last  
Night of Camp Dance.

PIXEL

What are you saying? She doesn't need  
some boy to validate her summer  
experience!

TALIA

Oh of course she does, you dumb  
bitch. Just because we're feminist,  
doesn't mean we have to be totally  
abnormal.

PIXEL

Hayley back me up...

HAYLEY

(sheepish)

One dance would be kind of  
nice...Don't hate me, Pixel.

PIXEL

(smiling)

I don't. Now go away, Talia and I  
need to huddle...

DANCE AREA

Briefly lowering the musique, Donald takes the microphone.

DONALD

You asked for it. You're scared of  
it. You got it--the last slow dance  
of the summer--in ten minutes. You  
have been warned. Act accordingly.

The campers stop and shudder as if hit with an  
electromagnetic pulse. They gulp and move toward one another  
as Donald cranks back up with a happy tune.

Looking and feeling unfestive, Wichita enters the arena.  
His eyes rove over the Last Dance ambiance. The African-  
American SuperCounselor and her big Stoner Lug beau stroll  
by, touchingly holding hands, with matching paper mache  
roses. Adam sidles beside Wichita for contemplation.

ADAM

Get a load of those two. Still in  
the kissy-hand holdy stage. Pretty  
pathetic, huh?

WICHITA

(wistful beat)

Yeah...Have you seen Wendy?

INT. THE KITCHEN--NIGHT

A slam-cut away from the dance, into the kitchen. Wendy,  
in an eerie black turtleneck, pounds a vast scattering of  
multi-colored tablets into dust with a meat tenderizer. She  
sweeps the chemical powder into the familiar thermos.

EXT. THE DANCE--NIGHT

The campers continue to adorably-awkwardly couple up. Pixel  
and Talia look on like Wall Street brokers.

PIXEL

You're right, you're right, that's  
a good match. Pam never speaks and  
Martin can't shut up. Hurry, what  
about Hayley...

TALIA

I don't know, I don't know, Hayley  
seems to get along with Simon...

PIXEL

The Christian kid who wants to lead  
advertiser boycotts when he grows  
up...Oh please, somebody a little  
more jalapeno than that.

TALIA

When you said find someone for  
Hayley, you did mean "dancing,"  
right?



PIXEL  
Yeah, yeah, but it wouldn't hurt  
for her to feel something small and  
firm rub up against her leg.

TALIA  
Jesus Pixel...How about bedwetter  
Ted? Good-looking. Clever. And it'll  
be my insurance that they don't end  
up in the sack together.

PIXEL  
Nice, nice, Hayley is always looking  
at Ted and she's too cool to tease  
about the urine thing. Let's work  
it. We'll each tell one that the  
other thinks they're cute...

TALIA  
Let's go--Oh, and I know who's  
perfect for Darlene...

Taking to the crowd, Talia and Pixel burst from each other,  
revealing behind them: Adam leading one of his campers  
through a practice slow dance with Bob Dole grace as other  
Adam-Campers study from the side.

ADAM  
A slow dance is a light moving hug.  
Don't force anything. Be her shadow.

Adam glances to Jasper, who raises up a cup in a "toast"  
motion. Adam tries to glower, but half-smiles.

JASPER  
sips his cup and turns to Caleb.

CALEB  
She's just going to say no. Or laugh.  
What was it like the first time you  
asked a girl to slow-dance?

JASPER  
I'll have to get back to you on that  
one...

CALEB  
I really feel I can talk to you.  
My parents never give answers to  
me.

JASPER  
Parents don't give answers; they  
just ask questions about your  
questions...Caleb, you're a good

guy. Dorothy's going to like you.

Jasper watches Caleb head to Crush-Girl Dorothy. Jasper turns to his other side where Andrew cheekily sits.

JASPER  
Why aren't you out there?

ANDREW  
Is that an invitation?

JASPER  
(out-Jaspered)  
No. It's not.

ANDREW  
Girls dance together. Why can't  
guys...

JASPER  
Well, actually they can. But  
not...uh, I have to go check on the  
next song...

BY THE DJ AREA

Donald presses a button and an Acid Jazzy version of "Kumbaya" comes over the speakers. Donald turns to poignantly watch the young and younger couples clumsily come together.

The bespectacled Donaldish Cosmo is dancing with his rendezvous partner. He gives Donald a salute, which the counselor sadly returns. Suddenly, wordlessly, the darkly garbed Wendy appears and pulls Donald out onto the dance floor dirt.

A SPEEDY MONTAGE OUT OF NOWHERE

A STRING OF CAMPER FACES continue the same sentence.

DANCING FEMALE CAMPER ONE  
Why did you wait--

DANCING MALE CAMPER ONE  
until the last day of camp--

DANCING FEMALE CAMPER TWO  
to tell me that you--

DANCING MALE CAMPER TWO  
liked me.

MIDDLE OF THE DANCE FLOOR DIRT

Bedwetter Ted and Hayley drift, quite relaxed in each other's arms. The red-capped Teaser from his cabin shouts out, while dancing with Vanessa.

RED-CAPPED TEASER

Hey Bedwetter Ted, too bad your dry  
spell's over. I hope you remembered  
your diaper, dude.

Losing a smile, Adam focuses upon the Red-capped jerk with  
a look of death. The viewer curls to Adam's dance partner,  
Pixel. Pixel's eyes float down the backside of Wendy.

Wendy's partner, Donald, floats on air, his face beaming  
out of control. The viewer's viewpoint twists around to the  
stony of expression of Wendy. She is, in turn, glaring out  
to Wichita and Talia dancing together.

Wichita and Talia feel the chill.

TALIA

Br-r-r. Nice show at the beach this  
afternoon. What's this little tift  
about?

WICHITA

You don't want to know...

TALIA

I believe you. You know I'm still  
pissed off...I thought this summer  
we would really get to know each  
other more than ever.

WICHITA

We did, Talia. One way or the other.  
Did you get into Livingston's class  
next semester?

TALIA

Yeah. You too? When we get back to  
the city, we should...

(looking off)

Oh my God, there goes Amber again.

I gotta go be a counselor...

Talia rushes off. "Kumbaya" ends and is replaced by a robust  
punk ditty. The couples go into tribal writhing.

The abandoned Wichita's attention is pulled to the sight  
of Eric planting his dance partner on a chair. With queasy  
awareness, Wichita watches Eric give her an "I'll be right  
back" gesture. The mentor's eyes follow the protoge to the  
punch bowl where Eric flirts with some other girls.

Wichita scans back to Eric's dance partner beginning to feel  
restless and unwanted. After a squirming beat, Eric finally  
neck-touches the Girl from behind. Wichita sadly realizes,  
just as the viewer does, that he has taught Eric well. Dark  
Wendy breaks Wichita's concentration, clutching a lantern

and the fateful thermos.

WENDY

Come on...

DONALD

sees Wichita and Wendy vanish into the woods.

DONALD

Hey, where are they...

ADAM

Where do you think? The woods. Tender goodbyes and what-have-you.

DONALD

What about the fight on the beach... ]

PIXEL

Can you cover for us, Donald? ]

DONALD

Not like I got anything better to do.

ADAM

Don't worry, we'll help you get the ponies back in the stables. Okay campers, party's over..!

Adam pounds off the music. The campers let off an en-masse groan as Adam lemmings them back to their cabins.

GENERIC DANCING CAMPER ]

No fair! ]

ERIC ]

Yeah, you counselors are just going off to make out in the woods. ]

ADAM ]

Among other things...Move it! ]

Holding lanterns, the African-American SuperCounselor and the Big Stoner Lug sheepishly come up behind a starting-to-clean-up Donald. ]

AFRICAN-AMERICAN COMPETENT COUNSELOR ]

Donald, we don't want to leave you alone with all the campers... ]

BIG STONER LUG ]

But... ]

DONALD ]

Get out of here you two crazy kids... ]

Donald sweetly smiles as they scamper through the trees. ]

DONALD ]

Well Jasper, my one and only  
homosexual friend, it looks like  
it's just you and me tonight.

Donald turns around to see Jasper approaching, holding hands  
with the Cook, who is holding a lantern.

DONALD

The cook? Charlie, the cook?

JASPER

Don't laugh.

(Nathan Lane)

He's the only thing on the menu I'm  
allowed to eat.

COOK

(good-natured laugh)

Ouch.

DONALD

Go on, girlfriend...

EXT. THE MESS HALL ROOF--NIGHT ]

In a Moses pose atop the MESS HALL roof, Oberon looks out ]  
to a constellation of beaming lanterns scattering over the ]  
dark expanse of forest each representing a trysting couple. ]

OBERON NARRATION (V.O.) ]

So many lanterns...Too much, too ]  
quickly...The organism needed a major ]  
readjustment... ]

EXT. BY A ROCK BY THE CREEK WITH WICHITA AND WENDY--NIGHT ]

Sucking a cigarette, Wendy puts the lantern and the thermos ]  
in the crevice of a large rock. She sulks to the side of ]  
the creek as Wichita nervously skips rocks across the water. ]

WENDY ]

Ah, our last night at camp...I always ]  
knew it would be something special. ]

WICHITA ]

What do you want me to say?

WENDY ]

Something more interesting than ]  
that...How could you? How could--! ]

WICHITA ]

Stop! Stop it, this afternoon was ]

not what you thought...I overheard  
you and Pixel, at the side of the  
mess hall, your idea about the  
"test"...Do you believe me?

WENDY

(devastated shrug)

Iunno.

(quiet strength)

Of course I believe you. It's so  
you...I didn't think it was possible  
for you to make me feel worse,  
but...you're saying you deliberately  
destroyed us! I don't even get I'm-  
sorry-it-was-the-heat-of-the-  
moment...

WICHITA

I know, I'm...I'm evil.

WENDY

Oh that's right, baby, you're so  
"evil." You're, you're so "dark"...

WICHITA

We should get back.

WENDY

You're not evil or dark...you're  
just scared.

WICHITA

Shut the fuck--!

Wichita spins, hurling a rock with unconscious rage. It  
shatters the lantern sending the ex-couple into darkness.

EXT. THE NON-SEXUAL COUPLE'S PATCH OF THE FOREST--NIGHT

The Stoner Lug helps the African-American SuperCounselor  
scrape her initials within a heart upon the bark of a pine.  
They step back to behold their achievement, then seal it  
with a kiss.

The viewer's viewpoint floats back from the smooching  
counselors to show all the nearby trees similarly marked  
with previously etched hearts/initials.

EXT. ANOTHER PATCH OF THE WOOS--NIGHT

Rising from a campfire, Adam launches into "Last Night  
together" romantic maneuvers. Pixel is pretty bored.

ADAM

It's funny, when I first met you  
I thought you were such a weirdo...I  
still think you're a nut, but you're

my nut.

PIXEL

Yeah...Are we going to do it or what?  
I still haven't packed.

ADAM

Why are you being so grouchy--This  
is an important night for us...

PIXEL

Adam. Dollface. We had a physical  
relationship that served a purpose  
and now...

ADAM

But, but that was before we started  
sharing stuff. Before I told you  
how I cried when Peepers died. I  
never told anyone that before.

PIXEL

And this Peepers was your...dog? If  
it makes you feel better, I probably  
wasn't paying attention.

ADAM

That doesn't make me feel better!  
Why are you being like this?

PIXEL

Don't raise your voice at--I gave  
you the ultimate male fantasy--sex,  
nothing on the side. Don't pretend  
we shared anything other than fluids.

ADAM

Stop it, stop it, you satanic whore!

Adam spins Pixel by her elbows, slamming her spine against  
a tree. She lets off a more amused-than-angered yelp.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE BOYS' CABINS--NIGHT

Donald sweeps up post-dance debris. A radio sputters.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (RADIO)

You keep requesting it. We keep  
playing it-- "Oh, my unforgettable  
Summer Love."

The overpoweringly overplayed ballad again cuts into the  
air. Donald sadly warbles along with it--then angrily stomps  
up and begins changing channels. But every channel is playing  
some part of the song. He bangs off the radio. But the song  
can still be faintly heard from his cabin.

INT. DONALD'S CABIN--NIGHT

Donald bashes into his room. A nightstand radio has been left on-- the ballad wails to a crescendo. Donald batters the radio and rends open the desk drawer full of unopened condom boxes.

Donald dunks the drawer contents onto his bed. He then whips open his closet, revealing yet another awesome array of condomage--pristine boxes lined up like an encyclopedia set.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE BOYS CABINS--NIGHT

Donald flaps out a bedspreadful of prophylactics to the ground and wrenches up the microphone.

DONALD

All right, stop pretending to be  
asleep and get out here!

Donald meticulously removes a single condom and glides to a water pump. He fills the rubber with water as the Male Campers plow from the cabins and the females cascade down the stairs.

EXT. BY THE ROCK BY THE CREEK--NIGHT

The lit tip of Wendy's cigarette is the only thing visible.

WICHITA (V.O.)

Sorry about that. If we just stay  
to the edge of the creek, we can...

WENDY (V.O.)

Oh, sweetie, you're not getting away  
that easily...I set up some stuff  
a little earlier in the evening:  
twigs, a little kerosene what-have-  
you...

Wendy flicks the cigarette through the air where it ignites a kerosene drenched mountain of branches. Wichita violently recoils at the chilling bonfire.

WICHITA

Uh, okay, this is getting twisted...

WENDY

I thought that's the way you like  
it. You're not getting "normal"  
on me, are ya?

The bizarrely illuminated Wendy and Wichita attack and retreat--from each other like magnets.

WICHITA

Wendy, damnit, will you just--turn



this fire off! Stop acting like this  
is the most important conversation  
in the world...

WENDY

But it is. What conversation could  
be more important--eight white guys  
sitting around a conference table  
arguing about tax hikes and budget  
cuts? We are two people who gave each  
other their hearts. Two people who  
knew they were not alike, but...

(clapping hands)

Fucking mosquitoes! We challenged  
each other--we created ideas!--we  
were about to change the world, but  
instead we threw it all away to have  
sex a bunch of times.

WICHITA

Do you hear how pretentious you sound?

WENDY

Ooh, "pretentious." Yeah, I have  
pretensions, you dick! You just want  
to tear everything down without  
putting anything else back up.

WICHITA

What do you want from me? You want  
the good stuff. You want to know  
that my father, in the three years  
before he died, only had custody  
of me for the summer and he sent  
me to camp. You want to hear that  
I thought that was the only decent  
thing he ever did. Here's another  
good one: I was misdiagnosed as  
schizophrenic at 14 and given a bunch  
of poison that almost killed me.  
Keep going?

WENDY

Oh Wichita...

WICHITA

Don't "Oh Wichita" me. I refused  
to be defined by such bullshit  
trivia. I take that back, I'm defined  
by that shit and all sorts of other  
shit that you can't rip out of me.  
I don't want to be cured! That's what  
makes me a good camp counselor,  
because I protect who I am and I  
pass that on. I make the kids  
question things; I teach them how  
to get through life, decode it,

attack it...

WENDY

There's got to be more to living  
than surviving...

Wendy turns to her thermos, lit up against the rock. She dramatically floats toward it.

INT. MAIN BATHROOM--NIGHT

The viewer tracks across a line of sinks where adrenaline-geysering campers expertly fill condoms and water balloons. At the end of the line, Donald confers with expert Troublemaker Billy.

TROUBLEMAKER BILLY

Always aim for the face. When it comes to water balloons, a body hit is pointless.

DONALD

Thanks, Billy. Coach the others.

THE KIDS

inventively store their water weapons into bags, fanny packs, sweatshirt pouches, and backpacks.

LATER OUTSIDE THE BOYS CABINS

Donald marches before a perfectly positioned military regiment of campers. Very Kurosawa. Rubbing sleep from her eyes, Talia floats in from the back, dazed at the epic sight.

DONALD

All the magazine polls say that the trait most looked for in a lover is a "sense of humor"! Now that's funny! I'm the most hilarious fucking guy in the world and I have never touched a human breast! But I digress, let's do this attack for all of us who have ever been told "Wait here, while the rest of us have all the fun." For all of us who have been told "You're too young and uncool to understand." Let's do this attack because it's not like we have anything better to do tonight. Are you with me?

Raising a water weapon into the air, the campers erupt into a terrifying roar. Led by Id-unleashing Donald, the soldiers besiege the forest.

Talia holds in a laugh and then is handed a condom weapon

by Hayley. With a cheerful shrug, she follows. ]

EXT. THE MESS HALL ROOF--NIGHT

Oberon continues to pace the edge of the mess hall roof, mumbling out loud to himself.

OBERON NARRATION (V.O.) ]

In all the excitement, came to some, ]  
uh, last-night-epiphanies of my ]  
own... ]

OBERON

What was I thinking, taking all this  
time off, playing God? Nobody tells  
you how to be an adult. But you just  
keep getting older anyway. That girl  
almost died! We needed an authority  
figure on that beach today! Is it  
too much to ask for a little order!  
Is it too much to...

A swooshing rainbow constellation of condoms and water  
balloons rocket up into a raging Oberon, crashing him to  
his knees. Oberon looks down to the unleashed little beasts ]  
of Camp Bleeding Squaw scrambling on the ground below. Oberon ]  
completely clicks to his past persona. ]

OBERON ]

You children should be in bed! That's ]  
it, I'm subtracting major points! ]

EXT. THE NON-SEXUAL COUPLE'S PATCH OF THE FOREST--NIGHT ]

The camper army makes a swift ninja sweep through the ]  
romantically carved-up forest. ]

The Stoner Lug and the African-American SuperCounselor break ]  
from each other and drop their smiles. Lined across like ]  
an execution squad, the campers fire away with their water ]  
packed weapons. The counselors slam back against their ]  
initialed tree. ]

EXT. ADAM AND PIXEL'S PATCH IN THE WOODS--NIGHT ]

Adam's hands launch up to Pixel's neck and begin squeezing.

ADAM ]

You think you're so...but you're ]  
just... ]

PIXEL ]

That's it, Adam, pretend it's one ]  
of those arcade things, the tighter ]  
you squeeze, the more of a man you ]  
are...Ooh, that's it. ]

ADAM

You meant something to me! I'm almost  
sure of it. Damn you!

Adam tries to tighten his stranglehold...but he is suddenly obliterated by a fleet of swooshing water balloon/condoms. Pixel's laughter is cut off as she too is bombarded by the camper commandos.

Billy makes a particularly severe throw. Adam grabs his eyes in pain.

ADAM

Damnit, spermicidally lubricated!

EXT. AN UNSEEN AS YET PART OF THE WILDERNESS--NIGHT

The demon campers bound up over a ridge. Suddenly, they halt, silencing their deafening battle cry. Before them, Jasper and the Cook are necking on a blanket in the woods.

Everyone blinks, then instantly goes back into terrorist-mode, projecting their water ballooning down upon the gay lovers with equal-opportunity malicious glee.

Side by side, Caleb and Dorothy the Crush-girl, drop their unthrown balloons with a tragic thud. The savages retreat past them, wailing in delight.

EXT. BY THE ROCK BY THE CREEK--NIGHT

Wendy's fingers spider around the noxious thermos. She takes it out from the crevice and unscrews the lid. She then pours herself some hemlock.

WENDY

Have you ever thought of instead  
of making children more equipped  
for reality, we should make reality  
more equipped for children?

WICHITA

No. Fuck no. If you met yourself  
as a child, would you hug her and  
say everything's going to be okay...

WENDY

Yes! God yes! I would tell her that  
I love her! To not let anyone take  
away her dreams..!

WICHITA

You should grab her and shake her  
and tell her it's a goddamn war out  
there. Idiots and assholes and  
sadists that must be defeated. Tell  
them her the truth!

WENDY

The truth is a lie! Yes, television is rotting our brains! Yes, people kill people easier than ever! Does that mean we give up! I think every child is capable of being talented, happy, and great. I'm probably wrong, but you know something, it's good to be wrong.

WICHITA

(stung to the core)

You might be right...Wendy, you're fantastic. I can't stop adoring you...

(mild dementia)

What I thought was lust, was only love...You think I'm scared, scared of love...Love conquers all...Maybe I don't want to be conquered. "Share my life"--I barely got enough for myself...But we were in the picture together...the picture....

WENDY

What are you talking about? What picture...

WICHITA

Just forget--You didn't bring me out here to help me change. You brought me out here to punish me.

WENDY

Nobody really changes at summer camp. They merely find out who they are and become it more than ever. You can't be helped, Wichita. I'm not sure you can be punished, either. But let's find out...

WICHITA

How do you mean?

She raises up the cup. Wichita is petrified by her intensity.

WENDY

Two billion years of evolution and you're what we've come up with-- "Wichita"--the hot, cool, tell-it-like-it-is counselor with a dark side.

WICHITA

What are you doing, Wendy? What's in that cup?

WENDY

"Wichita"--The guy every boy wants  
to be and every girl wants to hold.  
You're the love of my life and the  
end of the world. Cheers.

Wendy brings the cup to her lips. A brilliantly precise water  
balloon spectacularly smashes it from her hands.

Eric turns to a beaming Todd.

ERIC

Great shot! Todd, I think we finally  
found something you totally suck  
at. High-five!

TODD

(to Eric's hand)  
Don't touch me.

DONALD

Now!

The two boys and the rest of the camp rabidly turn and launch  
a water balloon blitzkrieg at the traumatized leads. Talia  
enthusiastically fires away at Wendy, while Donald  
satisfyingly scores direct hits upon Wichita.

OUT OF BLACK--EXT. THE WOODS JUST OUTSIDE THE CABINS--NIGHT

To the sound of lyrical banjo strumming, the drenched and  
discombobulated counselors emerge from the forest.

INT. ADAM'S CABIN--NIGHT

Adam slicks back his wet hair, making it look as short as  
it originally was. He fo-fums past his sleeping campers to  
focus upon the Teaser from the dance floor, snoozing while  
still wearing his familiar red cap. Adam unzips his pants.  
A streaming sound is heard.

EXT. THE PORCH OF DONALD'S CABIN--NIGHT

A very content Donald is revealed to be playing the banjo  
upon his porch. Banging water from his ear, Wichita pauses  
before the porch.

WICHITA

Have a good time, tonight, Donald?

DONALD

Yes. Nice of you to ask.

WICHITA

Pretty enthusiastic balloon tossing.  
You have a thing for Wendy, don't

you? All this time, sharing my  
feelings with the competition...

Donald stops playing the banjo.

DONALD

I'm not the competition. I'm  
just...me. A person shouldn't be  
allowed to have a crush on someone  
they don't have a chance with. A  
buzzer should go off, like when your  
seat belt is not on.

WICHITA

(a smile)

I'm gonna miss you, Donald Dark.

DONALD

Wichita...How could you hurt her--  
how could you hurt yourself. I had  
one slow dance with Wendy and for  
me, that made for a great summer.  
You did everything with her--and  
you're still not satisfied. I don't  
understand. I guess I never want to  
be that cool-- I mean, Wendy is a  
dream come true.

WICHITA

(sudden venting)

That's right, Daffy. A dream. I  
have a lot of them...Lot of dreams...

A little unconvinced of himself, Wichita smokes off. Donald  
raises back up his banjo and starts playing again. Faster.

INT. OBERON'S OFFICE--NIGHT

To the sound of this more malevolent music, a waterlogged  
Oberon bangs into the disarray of his office. Trembling,  
Oberon heaves up the crashed bookshelf from the ground and  
carefully places in it alone, discarded camp workbooklet.

Oberon catches his reflection in a mirror. He touches his  
beard. Oberon then opens the mirror, revealing a shiny pair  
of scissors.

THE NEXT MORNING

The mirror closes on the scissors. Oberon smoothes his now  
completely shaven face. With a familiarly severe expression,  
the director sweeps across his now completely clean and  
sterile office and tugs on his head-set.

OBERON

Camp is over. Rise. Shine. Now. You  
can pick up all your "missing" crap

in the mess hall. Move it. ]

INT. THE ADAM'S CABIN--DAY ]

The Red Capped Teaser awakens and adjusts his trademark head- ]  
piece. He smells something. Feels something. Screaming as ]  
if it were a severed horse's head, he whips off his sheet, ]  
revealing a vivid urine stain. The campers laugh away. ]

Bedwetter Ted smiles toward Adam, but Adam moodily shuts ]  
his duffel and pounds out the door. ]

INT. WENDY AND PIXEL'S PART OF THE CABIN--DAY ]

Wendy and Pixel are engaged in a deep, open-mouthed kiss. ]  
Wendy's face contorts away into a snicker. ]

WENDY ]

I'm sorry. It just...It seems silly. ]  
Like kissing a girl. ]

PIXEL ]

Clever observation. Go back to ]  
Wichita. Oh that's right, you can't. ]

A wobbly Wendy lights up a cigarette and begins to pack. ]  
And to cry. Pixel exhales, with a twinge of self-anger. ]

PIXEL ]

...sorry... ]

WENDY ]

This is not the way it was supposed ]  
to-- I was going to start writing ]  
a children's book using input from ]  
all-- I don't even like smoking! ]

The flustered Wendy stomps her cigarette. She proceeds to ]  
pluck and pack her family pictures from the wall. ]

PIXEL ]

One day they'll find a cure for AIDS. ]  
They'll never find one for sex. It's ]  
kind of funny, most movies and ]  
stories with a bunch of camp ]  
counselors has some serial psycho ]  
in the woods with a chainsaw who ]  
systematically butchers everybody ]  
one by one. ]

WENDY ]

Yeah. And? ]

PIXEL ]

It's just funny...who needs a serial ]  
psycho in the woods with a chainsaw ]  
when we have ourselves. ]



Wendy gulps at Pixel's words, then turns back to the wall.  
HER NIAGARA FALLS PICTURE HAS BEEN RIPPED. The image of the  
boy she never knew was Wichita has been torn off.

EXT. WOODS LEADING INTO THE CENTER OF THE CAMP--DAY

Burning across the forest, mumbling to himself, Wichita pulls  
out the ripped-off image of his Young Self and DEVOURS IT  
IN HIS MOUTH.

The deadened counselor emerges into the madness at the center  
of camp which can't help but resemble the madness of Day  
1. Wichita drifts forth taking in the scattered sights of  
baggage-grappling campers and counselors trading goodbye  
hugs before humming buses. Eric scampers before Wichita.

ERIC

There you are! Man, I don't know how  
to thank...

WICHITA

(grabbing Eric's shoulder)  
Eric...You can't be like me. You  
have to be better. I'm not the guy  
you think I am...

ERIC

(having none of it)  
Of course you are. You don't know  
what I was like before I met you.  
You're like the best counselor ever.

Eric breaks from Wichita's guilty grip and bustles to his  
pals. Jolting them all, Oberon kicks Stanley's overflowing  
duffel bag. ]

OBERON ]

Is that what you call packing your ]  
gear? Sub-standard! You're not getting ]  
on that bus until... ]

JASPER AND PIXEL ]

watch the re-brutalized Camp director from a distance. ]

JASPER ]

I actually kind of missed him. ]

PIXEL ]

You're kidding. ]

JASPER ]

Of course I'm kidding. See ya,  
sweetie... ]

Jasper and Pixel hug goodbye. Andrew pops up behind Jasper ]

for a farewell of his own.

ANDREW

I'm gay. Like you didn't know.

JASPER

Andrew. You're not gay; you're ten.  
You shouldn't even be having thoughts  
like...

ANDREW

You mean you didn't have any gay  
thoughts when you were my age...

JASPER

(of course he did)

Well, uh...Promise me you won't do  
anything until you're 18.

ANDREW

Did you wait until you were 18?

Jasper lets off an involuntary spark of laughter that means  
"You got to be kidding." Then grows serious.

JASPER

I can't remember. Andrew, this is  
serious. If you do anything, I mean  
anything, ever in your life, use  
a condom.

ANDREW

Have you always used a condom?

JASPER

(firm, deadpan lie)

Yes.

ANDREW

I'll bet you're glad I waited until  
the last day to have this  
conversation.

JASPER

You have no idea. Now run away.

ADAM

is cut off by a giddy Bedwetter Ted.

BEDWETTER TED

Adam, that was awesome, what you  
did back there, pissing in that  
asshole's bed. Did you see the look  
on...

ADAM

Get the fuck away from me.

Bedwetter Ted is stopped dead. Adam pounds forward, up to Troublemaker Billy.

ADAM

Hey. Kid. Keep giving 'em hell. Don't let anyone ever take a piece of you.

Adam takes off his whistle and drapes it over Billy's neck.

DONALD

snaps a perfectly framed picture of the passing of the whistle then he rotates his camera-view to a forlorn, baggage dragging Wendy and shutterclicks.

WENDY

Summer would have been a lot less without you. You're a true friend, Donald.

DONALD

Was there a night that I got really drunk and declared that I never loved anyone as much as I loved you?

WENDY

(half-smile)

No.

DONALD

That's good. I wouldn't have wanted to embarrass myself.

Wendy flutters up to bestow Donald an exquisite kiss and then shuffles over to a bus to stow her gear. She realizes she is next to Talia. Both maneuver sleeping bags and backpackage to get them to fit. Together, they crunch the baggage door shut with an exhale. Followed by silence.

TALIA

I hate the cliche that two female friends will tear each other apart over a guy.

WENDY

Good thing we were never friends.

TALIA

(impressed)

Ooh--Wendy with the last minute sense of humor.

WENDY

Hope you're not jealous of me. Me and Wichita--I guess you heard.

TALIA  
For what it's worth, Wendy, I find  
you more interesting when you're  
unhappy.

WENDY  
Aren't we all...

The young women walk off together past the Kid with the Cheesy-Computer-Picture-of-Himself on a T-shirt, clinging to a bus door. Once again, his bawling face is a comic mismatch with the beaming photo. Day One problem was getting him off the bus. Day 40 problem is getting him on.

INT. INSIDE THE FIRST BUS--DAY

In the front row of the bus, the African-American SuperCounselor and the big Stoner Lug are asleep in each other's arms. Behind them, atypically-not-crying-or-kissing, Amber, the Lovelorn Girl, sits beside a weeping Cute Boy.

WEEPING CUTE BOY  
But I loved you so much...

AMBER, THE LOVELORN GIRL  
You'll live.

Across from that pair, Jasper makes eye-contact, through the window, with a sour Caleb. Caleb gives him the finger, mouthing the word "Fag." Jasper sadly grits his teeth. Dorothy, the Crush Girl sits herself next to Jasper and silently, tenderly, puts her head on his shoulder.

OUTSIDE BUS ONE

Pixel is craftily unPixelating a line of girls--scissoring off the mini-braid from each girl's hair (a pile forms in the dirt) and rubbing-alcohol-cotton swabbing off each girl's tattoo. She sees Adam moodily staring upon her from the bus. She gives him a pinkie wave.

AT THE BACK OF THE BUS

Adam turns away from the glass and strenuously pushes his hair back. The Endlessly Muttering Girl seats herself down next to him to haywire his thoughts.

MUTTERING GIRL  
My-uncle-used-to-drive-the-Grand-  
Canyon-Bus-but-he-was-fired-  
because-he-slapped-an-Australian.  
My-favorite-food-is-Chinese-food,  
my-second-favorite...

Adam glares to the girl and then bolts up.

OUTSIDE BUS ONE

In one sweeping gesture, Adam twists out and yanks the Computer Image T-shirt Boy inside. The doors close instantaneously behind and the bus roars away. Wendy runs up beside it, but can't catch up. She turns to the other bus with dread as Wichita can be seen clambering inside.

INT. INSIDE BUS 2--DAY

The Bombshellettes giggle together in one of the front seats. Behind them, Hayley and Vanessa sit side-by-side in complete silence. Words are not necessary to show how wide the chasm between them has become.

Behind them a couple rows, Eric hands the ex-Golden Boy a Pink Snowball.

RYAN, EX-GOLDEN BOY

Thanks Eric. I'll get you back, I swear.

ERIC

Man, get some help.

Behind them, in opposing rows, Donald and Talia hold up checks.

TALIA

That was fun last night, Donald.

DONALD

Feel bad you turned me down on the mountain?

TALIA

(intentionally deadpan)

No, but that was fun last night, Donald.

(to check)

Another day. Another dollar.

Literally. I think I'll cash this and buy myself a...pizza.

DONALD

Hey, we didn't do this for the money, we did it for...help me out...

All eyes turn to a head-down Wendy thudding up the bus steps and clumping down the aisle. The viewer can quickly discern that the only open seat is next to a lone, brooding Wichita, but Wendy is in denial. She shuffles all the way to the back of the bus before retreating forward.

OBERON NARRATION (V.O.)

As long as it continues to feel good, the young are not going to stop taking drugs, getting drunk, having

sex, and watching crap media. Even ]  
a parody of a grown-up like me knows ]  
they're will never be a return to ]  
old-fashioned values--But that ]  
doesn't mean we won't get some new ]  
fashioned ones. Coming of age in ]  
the 21st century is less about the ]  
loss of innocence, then the finding ]  
of it. Wendy, Wichita, Talia, Adam, ]  
Jasper, Pixel, and Donald Dark were ]  
reborn this summer. And it hurt. ]  
And that's good. ]

As if the seat were covered with needles, Wendy descends  
next to Wichita. The bus immediately begins to lumber  
forward. The ex-lovers stare straight ahead.

BACK AT THE CAMP

Oberon watches the buses rumble away. He clicks off his  
stopwatch.

OBERON (V.O.) ]  
"You'll learn the true meaning of ]  
responsibility, while creating ]  
memories that last a lifetime." The ]  
workbooklet is not bullshitting. ]  
It's just pretty fucking sketchy ]  
on the details. ]

INT. BACK ON THE BUS--DAY

Turning to the zombie tableau of Wichita and Wendy, would-  
be cheerer-upper Donald wobbles up with his camera.

DONALD  
Oh no, I'm sorry, I refuse to go  
out with this doom-and-gloom. I'm  
getting a picture from you complex  
individuals. Hold on, let's get  
a kid in here...

Not really taking his eyes away from the camera, Donald  
latches a child's arm in the aisle. With a shudder of fear,  
Donald realizes he has grabbed Don't-Touch-Me Todd. Donald  
cringes for a scream, but Todd calmly curls into a seated  
position between the caught off-guard Wendy and Wichita.

DONALD  
Now stop pretending you didn't have  
any good times...Shooting stars.  
Frogs down pants. Surely, at some  
point, one of us watched a baby deer  
being born. Come on...Smi-ile.

The members of the trio drift their heads forward. Look  
ahead. Look down. Look around.

OBERON (V.O.)

I know, I know, our tale is supposed  
to have a happy ending. Okay, this  
may not be happy, but look on the  
bright side, it's not an ending  
either. Life is a lot like death,  
it happens to everyone whether they  
like it or not. It's going to be  
beautiful-ugly, exciting-boring,  
endless-abrupt-- So go ahead, smile.  
God bless my counselors and campers,  
in a small but significant forest-  
in-the-middle-of-Oregon way, they  
tried to destroy the cliches of  
growing up and come up with some  
better ones. Let's not get uptight  
over their ultimate failure...I mean,  
there's always next summer.

Wichita, Wendy, and Don't Touch-Me-Todd all momentarily creak  
their heads up and form a valiant, bittersweet smile.

Donald snaps. The image freezes into a photograph.

INT. THE CENTER OF CAMP--A DAY NEXT SUMMER

Instantly multiplied, the photograph is now the cover picture  
of the new Camp Workbooklet. NEXT YEAR'S SET OF COUNSELORS,  
in their uniforms, are seated atop the center-of-camp rocks,  
pretending to read the silly tome. Oberon's loudspeaker voice  
crackles in the air, pretty much ignored.

OBERON (O.S.)

...no smoking, no drinking, no  
climbing the mountain...

WISECRACKING FEMALE COUNSELOR

Can you believe this cover? Where  
do they get these giddy freaks?

MALE COUNSELOR WITH ARTIFICIAL LEG

More importantly, what drugs do they  
give them...And where can we get  
these drugs?

OBERON (V.O.)

"...the true meaning of  
responsibility while creating  
memories that last..."

The counselors' tension-breaking laughter melts back into  
tension as a convoy of Buses rumble to a stop nearby. All  
the counselors charge up, except for a LOVELY FEMALE REDHEAD  
COUNSELOR and a HANDSOME, AFRICAN-AMERICAN MALE COUNSELOR.

LOVELY FEMALE REDHEAD COUNSELOR

I have a feeling this summer is going  
to really suck...

LIKABLE BLACK MALE COUNSELOR

Do you mean that in the good way  
or the bad way?

The novice counselors turn to make instantly smitten eye-  
contact. The Lovely Female Counselor enchantingly shrugs  
her shoulders.

LOVELY FEMALE REDHEAD COUNSELOR

(Wendyesque)

Iunno.

The counselors both suddenly turn, along with the viewer,  
to the sight of the bus doors opening.

THE FILM GOES TO BLACK

And after a beat of silence, a bold, full version of "Oh,  
my Unforgettable Summer Love" completely takes over.