

MOUNTAIN MATCHMAKER

Written by

Tom Stohlgren

Representation:
Eleni Larchanidou, LLM
Literary & Talent Manager
GREECE: +30-697-9619813
(WhatsApp, Viber)
USA: +1-714-702-5507
movieselenilllm2014@gmail.com
Registered WGAw

Mountain Matchmaker

FADE IN:

Act One

INT. NICE DOWNTOWN LOFT - DAY

CHRIS ROSS (30) a nerdy black man in glasses lies flat on the bed, expressionless, with a beautiful black woman (SHEILA, 25) under the covers next to him. Without so much as a 'thank you,' she hops off quickly and RACES to the shower as Chris dresses and packs a small backpack with underwear and a few shirts. As he packs a bath bag in the bathroom, he yells to Sheila in the shower.

CHRIS

Back late Sunday night.

SHEILA

Is this your stupid online singles-only campout with a bunch of damn losers?

CHRIS

Hey, girl. It can be for couples, too! Supposed to check out our compatibility. Camping outside. Trees and stars and dirt!

SHEILA

We never camped out in no tent and slept on the ground with bugs and stupid dirt!

Chris examines the old canvas pup tent.

CHRIS

Got this camping gear from my grandfather. Said it never been used!

SHEILA

Hell no it never been used.

CHRIS

You spouting that stereotype stuff that black folk don't camp?

SHEILA

No. It's lawyers who don't camp! But you quit being a lawyer!

CHRIS

You said you didn't want to go,
remember?

SHEILA

I did want to camp with a lawyer.
Didn't want to go with no pretend
investigative reporter.

CHRIS

No way someone pays three bills a
night to sleep in a tent without
something funny going on!

(beat)

I'm having a pre-mid-life crisis.
You should be glad I'm getting it
out of the way before we're
married, and I have a regularly
scheduled mid-life crisis!

SHEILA

What was that you said about a
crisis?

CHRIS

A pre-mid-life crisis! That's what
I mean! Never mind. This is just
something I gotta do!

SHEILA

Go on, then! Get it out of your
stupid system. Just get your black
butt back here as a lawyer!

CHRIS

Yes, Dear. And say good-bye to your
bossy mother for me?

SHEILA

My mother ain't here!

CHRIS

(mumbles)

The hell she ain't!

Chris grabs his backpack, a tent, and a cardboard box of
supplies, and RACES out the door.

EXT. FOREST ROAD - DAY

We see Chris (casual clothes, sunglasses) driving along a forested road with the loud BASS of rap music blasting from a lowered, black, *Honda Accord* with shiny rims and overly-wide tires (very "gangsta").

EXT. BRIDGE ON FORESTED ROAD - DAY

Five cars are lined up to cross a small bridge over a creek. A large rustic wooden sign reads, "Camp Patibility, where you meet camp-mates for life." A handsome, rugged man, Camp Director LANCE BOONE (35) greets each of the "campers" with a clipboard and pencil. The first vehicle is a massive *Chevy Suburban* with a top-carrier, packed to the gills with fancy camping gear. A brash businessman, BRET O'BRIEN (35; tall, handsome, new camping clothes), steps out to shake hands.

LANCE

Welcome to Camp Patibility. I'm Lance Boone, and you are?

BRET

Bret O'Brien. I just drove up...

LANCE

Just a minute, Bret, I have to check you off my list.

Finally, Lance finds the name.

LANCE (CONT'D)

Here you are. You're in campsite number four. Go ahead and set up. We'll meet in my cabin at five for cocktails and introductions.

Lance smells something funny emanating from Bret's car.

BRET

Campsite number four, cocktails at five. Got it!

Bret waves and drives off, as Lance YELLS.

LANCE

No pot in here!

A new BMW hatchback drives up. DEBBIE CHONG, 30, Asian beauty with short-cropped black hair, in a black shirt and pants (Goth-style; with many tattoos and piercings), extends her arm out for a shake.

DEBBIE

Debbie Chong.

LANCE

Debbie. Yes, here you are. Camp Patibility, where you meet camp-mates for life. Thought of the name myself. You're in campsite number two. Go ahead and set up. We'll meet in my cabin at five for cocktails and introductions. I call my cabin, "The Warming Hut," free drinks, open twenty-four-seven for you, for obvious reasons.

DEBBIE

It's warm in there?

LANCE

Okay, maybe not that obvious.

He points toward the campsite.

LANCE (CONT'D)

Campsite number two, Debbie, but for me, you're number one.

He smiles like a wolf in heat. Debbie drives off without a second look. ARTIE ROSENBLUM (32, urbanite wimp, short, and shy) drives up in a new black Mercedes SUV filled with gear.

LANCE (CONT'D)

Let me guess. Artie Rosenblum.

ARTIE

How did you know?

LANCE

You're the only one who sent me their license plate number.

ARTIE

Detail oriented.

LANCE

Campsite number one. Cocktails are at five.

ARTIE

I don't drink.

LANCE

Of course, you don't. That's why you're here. Number one.

Artie drives on. A red Audi sports coup drives up with two beautiful women in it. The blonde, driving, is SANDY MAHONEY (28) an aging exhibitionist bikini model in a low-cut top. Her passenger is a cute Latina, LUPE MEDINA (28) dressed in shorts and tank top. Lance is drooling over Sandy, and ignoring Lupe.

LANCE (CONT'D)

Welcome, ladies, to Camp Patibility, where you meet camp-mates for life. Thought of the name myself. You're in campsites number five and six, closest to my warming hut. Open twenty-four-seven for free drinks and companionship. Go get settled in. We'll meet in my cabin at five for cocktails and introductions. Wear what you got on, or something less. We're informal here.

SANDY

Did our camping gear get here?

LANCE

Yes, Ma'am. Already set up. You must be Sandy Mahoney. Wow! I've seen all of you in *Sports Illustrated!*

SANDY

Why, yes. I put the 'lust' in illustrated.

Lance points to Lupe.

LANCE

Other one must be the schoolteacher.

LUPE

Lupe Medina.

LANCE

Whatever. Campsites five and six.

They are interrupted by the loud Hip-Hop music and BASS from Chris's Honda Accord. The car SCREECHES to a stop, causing Lupe and Sandy to turn their heads back. Chris SMILES. Sandy drives on, with Lupe staring at Chris.

CHRIS

Chris Ross.

LANCE

Lawyer. Campsite number three.
Cocktails at five.
(mumbles)
Didn't know black people camped.

Lance waves him on. Chris MUMBLES as he drives on.

CHRIS

Former lawyer. And, that's a
stereotype! Black folk camp all the
time. You'll see.

LANCE

(waves him on)
Whatever.

EXT. CAMPGROUND - DAY

Chris drive's past Campsite #1 where he sees Artie failing at
setting up a luxurious seven-man tent with an awning at the
entrance. Chris hops out of the Honda to help out. Artie is
overly shy, and a little fearful of Chris.

CHRIS

Let me help ya with that!

Chris grabs a tent pole, and steadies the tent.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

I'm Chris Ross. Campsite number
three.

He extends a hand for a shake, and Artie reluctantly shakes
hands, and mumbles in conversation.

ARTIE

Artie Rosenblum. Don't know why I
did this.

CHRIS

Bought this hotel of a tent?

ARTIE

No, came up here at all. Never
going to meet anyone.

Artie and Chris struggle with the tent.

CHRIS

You might. For three bills a night,
you'd better!

ARTIE
Don't do this much.

Chris sees a price tag on the tent.

CHRIS
Could've fooled me. Look like a natural. Here, let me pound in the stakes, while you steady the tent.

Artie, holds the tent up. Chris grabs a hatchet and examines it. Then he grabs a handful of stakes, and in no time, the tent is standing perfectly.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
There ya go, my man.

ARTIE
Thanks. Thanks a lot, Chris.

CHRIS
I'm just down the block if you need more help.

Artie waves, and Chris hops in his car, and slowly passes Campsite #2, a perfectly erect, five-man tent with portable tables and chairs, lanterns, and large cooler. Chris doesn't see anyone, so he drives on to empty Campsite #3. Chris sees Bret's magnificent setup at Campsite #4, and he's blown away by the elegance. Bret is spraying insect spray all around his massive tent and campsite, when he calls out to Chris.

BRET
They call this "Glamping," a cross between glamour and camping. I'm Bret O'Brien, nice to meet you.

Chris hops out of his car, and shakes hands. Chris smells marijuana smoke around Bret.

CHRIS
Looks like the Taj Mahal and smells like a Hollywood mansion and insect spray! I'm Chris Ross.

BRET
My second wife loved glamping.

CHRIS
Second wife?

BRET
Shhhh! Don't tell anyone.
(whispers)
(MORE)

BRET (CONT'D)

My third wife hates it! Or she hates me spraying for bugs all the time. Ha!

CHRIS

She let you come to a singles' campout?

BRET

Marriages didn't work out.

CHRIS

You mean, you're looking for wife number four?

BRET

And I was issued Campsite number four. What are the odds?

CHRIS

I'd like to get the tour some day. Should I schedule half a day?

BRET

Mine's almost as big as the African safari tents at five and six!

CHRIS

What?

Chris turns to see two palatial estates already fully set up in Campsites #5 and #6.

BRET

Set up yesterday by a crew. I heard one is a rich bikini model, and the other is her dumpy friend.

Bret makes quote marks with his fingers when he says "friend" again.

BRET (CONT'D)

Ya know, "friend."

Chris whispers.

CHRIS

You mean...?

BRET

How should I know?

CHRIS

Why didn't they use one tent or stay home?

BRET

The bikini model is Sandy Mahoney. You know, the Sandy Mahoney! The tabloids say she was dating Milo Tempe, three-time Academy Award nominee. Maybe he turned her!

CHRIS

Turned her?

BRET

Stranger things have happened!

CHRIS

Don't think so!

BRET

Anyway, rule is, you have to have separate tents, and you have to be invited into them.

CHRIS

Not much of this is making sense yet.

BRET

That's why they have orientation, introductions, and cocktails at five at Lance's cabin.

Bret POINTS to a trail leading to a rustic log cabin.

CHRIS

Right. Cocktails at five! I'd better set up camp.

Chris sets up a tiny, antique, one-person canvas pup tent (old boy scout type), while reading the instructions. He unrolls a foam pad, and tosses it, and a sleeping bag and a pillow inside. He then opens his trunk, finds a box of camp gear (flashlight, water bottle, and his overnight bath bag) and tosses the box in the small tent.

Lance drives by the six campsites in a golf cart, conspicuously signed, "Camp Patibility," honking the horn, and yelling.

LANCE

Camp Patibility cocktails in ten minutes. Warming hut!

Lance smiles at all the tents except Chris's at Campsite #3, where Lance shakes his head in disbelief and disgust.

INT. CABIN - EVENING

Lance's "warming hut" is his log cabin. It contains a small kitchen, one bedroom, a full bathroom with shower, a fireplace, and a large picnic table with two long benches. There are two boxes of wine (red and white), two six-packs of beer, and a pitcher of water on the table. There is a small desk and computer in one corner of the cabin.

Lance stands as the campers remain sitting around the table, as Chris ambles in. Lance refers to his clipboard frequently, while speaking.

LANCE

And last to join us is Chris Ross.

CHRIS

Hi everyone. What's that smell?

LUPE

Bret sprayed for insects.

LANCE

Chris missed the part where we all said Camp Patibility three times fast until it sounded like "compatibility."

CHRIS

Ooh. Sorry I missed that.

Lance stands behind Sandy. He stares at her breasts in her bikini top, as he speaks.

LANCE

Then, we all laughed when I said our website was w-w-w-Camp-patibility-dot-calm. Get it? C-a-l-m. Get it?

Everyone rolls his or her eyes at the bad pun. Chris sees Lance gawking over Sandy's cleavage.

CHRIS

Very creative business model you have here, Lance.

LANCE

I look around this table, and I see three couples, perfectly paired by our online computer questionnaires. All very scientific, I assure you.

Everyone looks around the table, wondering whom the computer matched them with.

LUPE

Can computers do that?

Lance ignores the question.

LANCE

Forgot to mention Chris is a successful attorney, although you wouldn't know it from his campsite, number three.

CHRIS

Hi everyone. It's true, I'm Chris, but I'm no longer an attorney. I successfully completed a two-week rehabilitation program called A-A, Attorneys Anonymous, and I've reentered the human population.

Everyone applauds and chuckles.

LANCE

What is with that ridiculously uncomfortable-looking campsite of yours?

CHRIS

I call it "The ghetto on the meadow." Seriously? I didn't know this was a competition.

BRET

Looks fine to me.

ARTIE

(mumbles)

My camp would look the same, if Chris didn't help me set it up.

Sandy, showing off her chest, reaches her arm out to Chris for a handshake.

SANDY
I'm Sandy Mahoney, campsite number
six. I didn't know that black
people camped.

CHRIS
(laughs)
Y'all didn't know that Daniel Boone
was black?

LANCE
He most certainly was not.

CHRIS
John Wayne? Black?

LANCE
No!

CHRIS
Who haven't I met?

Chris turns immediately to Lupe, but Lance steers him to
Debbie.

LANCE
This is Debbie Chong. Your two
computer profiles matched up nearly
eighty percent.

Debbie looks stunned. Chris is in SHOCK.

LANCE (CONT'D)
Even some of the write-in answers,
like number one-thirty-three. Do
you believe in love at first sight?

SANDY
What did they write?

LANCE
So cute. Both of them typed in,
"Are you nuts?"

Everyone laughs. Debbie shakes Chris's hand, but she looks
away as she speaks.

DEBBIE
Debbie Chong. Campsite number two.
You look like you're in shock,
Chris!

Chris POINTS to each camper as he looks around the table.

CHRIS

What just happened? You're Artie Rosenblum in campsite one. You're Bret O'Brien in number four. This is my match? Debbie Chong in number two.

Chris looks at Lupe.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

What about the mysterious woman in number five?

Lupe stands to shake hands.

LUPE

Lupe Medina. Campsite number five. I admit to being a skeptic, too.

Their eyes MEET, but Lance breaks it up by putting his clipboard between their faces. He hauls his clipboard back, and he examines it.

LANCE

You two had only fifty percent in common on your two computer profiles, no better than random chance. Let's get on with the introductions, shall we?

SANDY

Good idea.

LANCE

This is a lightning round. Three rapid statements. Tell us your occupation, what your house looks like, and one secret about yourself.

SANDY

I'll go first. I'm a bikini model. I have a house on the beach, of course, and love my best girlfriend, Lupe.

Bret and Chris look at each other and nod.

SANDY (CONT'D)

Like a sister!

Bret and Chris shrug their shoulders.

LANCE
Very good. Artie?

ARTIE
I am a diamond buyer. I have a
medium-sized apartment downtown.

LANCE
And a secret?

ARTIE
I've never been married.

LANCE
Shocker. Debbie?

DEBBIE
I head a small nonprofit educating
women around the world. I hate my
house in the suburbs that my father
bought for me, and I don't keep
secrets.

Chris looks at Debbie is disbelief.

LANCE
What?

DEBBIE
A secret is something you tell one
person at a time, not six!

CHRIS
Okay. That's fair.

LANCE
Okay, Bret?

BRET
I own a large food distribution
business. I have three homes in the
city and suburbs, but none in the
mountains that I love. My secret is
that I have been married, and I'm
lousy at it.

Everyone gasps.

LANCE
Nice. Lupe?

LUPE

Third-grade teacher. I live in a small, quiet apartment which I love. My secret is that living alone doesn't mean you're lonely.

LANCE

Oh! Playing hard to get!

Lance moves to put an arm around Lupe, but she flings it off. Lance moves on like nothing happened, but Chris sees it all.

LANCE (CONT'D)

And last but not least, or maybe it is, Chris?

CHRIS

Former attorney like I said. I share a nice downtown loft with a roommate, and my secret is that I've never slept in a tent or in a sleeping bag.

LANCE

Shocker.

(beat)

Okay. Help yourselves to drinks, the pizza should be here any minute now.

SANDY

Pizza? For three hundred bucks a night.

LANCE

Hey, they have to deliver from an hour away. My brochure said meals are provided, not cooked from scratch by a chef!

CHRIS

I think the boxed wine is an excellent touch. Good month?

Chris pours from the wine box into a plastic cup. He holds the cup up to the lantern as in a wine-tasting. The others chuckle.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

It's oaky, and yet obtuse.

Lance turns away, clearly upset.

BRET
Beer's good.

SANDY
I was hoping for a martini or three
to help me sleep.

A pizza DELIVERY GUY (17, red-checkered shirt and jeans)
shows up, obviously upset at the long-drive.

LANCE
About time.

The Delivery Guy pulls four pizzas from "stay-warm" satchels,
without taking his eyes off Sandy's breasts.

DELIVERY GUY
Sixty miles, windy roads.

LANCE
Fifty-nine miles. Within your
delivery zone. Like last weekend.

DELIVERY GUY
That guy quit.

LANCE
Here's an extra five bucks.

He hands the pizza Delivery Guy five bucks.

LANCE (CONT'D)
Hey, wait. Where's our cinnamon-
bread dessert?

DELIVERY GUY
Ate it half-an-hour ago. I was
starving.

Lance pulls the five dollars out of the delivery guy's hands.
Then Lance sees everyone staring at him, and he gives it
back.

LANCE
See ya tomorrow night!

DELIVERY GUY
I don't think so!

The Delivery Guy RACES away. Lance turns like there's nothing
wrong with his behavior.

LANCE

Like they say in France, Boner Par-
tee!

No one laughs.

DEBBIE

What's for breakfast, Duncan
Donuts?

Silence.

LANCE

That delivery girl is much
friendlier.

Bret pops another beer. Guzzles it down, then pops another.

BRET

What's next on the agenda?

LANCE

After dinner is the nightly
bonfire, where we pair-up with our
Camp Patibility Partner and chat
the night away.

SANDY

Just chat?

LANCE

Or hug the night away, or do
whatever fully consenting adults
want to do. That's your business,
not mine.

SANDY

Who are our Camp Patibility
Partners?

Lance reads from his clipboard.

LANCE

I mentioned earlier that based on
extensive analysis from your online
questionnaires, which are never
wrong, Chris is matched to Debbie
with eighty percent compatibility.

The crowd gently applauds, but Debbie looks at Chris in
disbelief. Chris remains in SHOCK.

SANDY

What about me?

Bret pops another beer.

LANCE

Sandy and Bret overlapped sixty-five percent compatibility. Not bad.

Lighter applause. Bret is surprised, but he looks tipsy and happy. Sandy doesn't quite believe the pairing.

SANDY

Huh? Sixty-five percent doesn't sound high.

Bret burps.

BRET

I'm high.

LANCE

And Lupe and Artie matched up thirty-seven percent.

LUPE

(skeptical)

That's less than by random chance?

LANCE

Low is better than nothing, as we always say around here!

ARTIE

What if we just want to go to sleep?

LUPE

I'm pretty tired too.

LANCE

Nonsense. The bonfire is always great fun, no matter what happens, or what doesn't happen. You'll see.

LUPE

And what do you do, Lance?

LANCE

I watch you all tend a safe fire. I keep the conversations going, and answer questions.

(beat)

I also offer my warming hut as a safe haven for anyone who needs it: Sandy, Lupe,

(MORE)

LANCE (CONT'D)
(reluctantly)
or even Debbie.

Chris looks suspiciously at Lance.

EXT. CAMPFIRE - NIGHT

The central campfire ring is set up for bonfires, but the fire tonight is small. There are four logs to sit on around the campfire, designed for couples to pair up and snuggle. Lance sits in the center of one log, with Chris and Debbie on one log, Bret and Sandy on one log, and Artie and Lupe across from Chris and Debbie. Bret has a can of bug spray with him. Sandy wears an unbuttoned, long-sleeve shirt, still showing her bikini top and cleavage.

LANCE
Here we are with our computer-
designated Camp Patibility
partners. Isn't this cozy?

They gently smile, but look uncomfortable.

LANCE (CONT'D)
Okay, let's try another icebreaker
to get a conversation going.

Artie looks down.

LANCE (CONT'D)
This is called Sensible And Silly,
where you make a sensible statement
followed by a silly one that
connects the two.

Artie grunts.

LANCE (CONT'D)
It's easy. For example, I might
say, "I took an online course in
how to be a master baker, and now I
know what every girl kneads."

Everyone STARES at Lance.

LANCE (CONT'D)
Master baker and needs with a "K"
like kneading bread. Get it?
Debbie, you try one.

DEBBIE

I wrote a book about the psychology of running marathons called, "Their Egos Again."

Everyone chuckles except Artie and Lance.

LANCE

(laughs)
I don't get it.

DEBBIE

Like there he goes again?
(beat)
Never mind.

CHRIS

I read a book about tent assembly in campgrounds, because there's a lot at stake.

Lance laughs hysterically. The others chuckle a little.

LANCE

At stake. I get it.

SANDY

I once bought a bathing suit for half-off, so I thought I had to sun bathe topless on the beach.

Bret, Chris, Debbie, Lupe, and Artie laugh. Lance doesn't get it.

BRET

I once signed my divorce papers in invisible ink, so my reputation wouldn't be smeared.

Light chuckles.

BRET (CONT'D)

If you'll excuse me for a moment.

Bret departs quickly.

LUPE

A one-legged carpenter once proposed to me, but he wasn't on the level.

LANCE

See, great icebreaker. Artie?

Artie thinks.

LANCE (CONT'D)

Artie?

ARTIE

I took an online course in making suicide bomber vests to see what makes people tick.

The joke falls flat. Everyone stares at Artie.

LANCE

Oh, Artie, there's nothing funny about suicide bomber vests.

ARTIE

See, I don't do well at these games. I'm going to sleep.

Artie gets up to leave, but Lupe GRABS his sleeve.

LUPE

Stay, Artie. These are silly parlor games. They're not the measure of a man or a woman.

CHRIS

So true, Artie. Stay.

Bret returns with two martinis, handing one to Sandy, who smiles.

BRET

What did I miss?

Artie reluctantly sits down.

SANDY

Stay, Artie. Thank you, Bret. How did you know?

LANCE

The questionnaires!

SANDY

Lance was about to tell us all how his Camp Patibility surveys are never wrong.

LANCE

I didn't design them. I took 'em from a number-one online dating and matchmaking service called, Cupid's Standardized Test for Dating.

CHRIS

Cupid's STDs? Catchy!

LANCE

They do matchmaking for people all over the world with this same list of one-hundred-fifty questions.

DEBBIE

And it works?

LANCE

Take last weekend. There was a big guy named Reggie and a tiny gal named Felicity, who matched up seventy-seven percent.

ARTIE

Wow.

LANCE

Everything from house colors to favorite kinds of vanilla lattes, to underwear choices.

CHRIS

They wore the same underwear?

LANCE

Cotton, and never leather.

LUPE

(sarcastic)

Good to know.

LANCE

And they hooked up faster than a catering wagon to a Weight Watchers bus.

CHRIS

And by Sunday, they were married?

LANCE

No. Last morning they fought over a maple bar and an apple fritter. Came to blows. Took the rest of the campers to pull Felicity off him.

DEBBIE

That bad?

LANCE

She would have killed him. She weren't fed yet!

SANDY

How did this gentleman, Bret, know to bring me a martini?

LUPE

You mentioned three martinis earlier?

LANCE

It's the surveys! You can really get to know a person.

CHRIS

Other examples?

LANCE

Okay. You put down, looking to make big changes in your life as a high priority. So did Debbie. Debbie put down that a few years after college were wasted. So did you, Chris.

DEBBIE

Those might not be the most important questions to ask.

CHRIS

But it is impressive.

Lance speaks to the crowd like a preacher.

LANCE

Most answers for Chris and Debbie matched up closer than Anthony and Cleopatra, Ricky and Lucy, and Blake Shelton and whomever he's with right now.

LUPE

(mumbles)

Like those ended well!

LANCE

And Artie and Lupe only matched thirty-seven percent, but both like long walks on a beach without muggers, and libraries rather than strip clubs.

ARTIE

(seriously excited)
Who knew?

Lupe rolls her eyes in disgust.

LANCE

And a quiet breakfast, over firing automatic rifles at a gun club!

LUPE

(sarcastic)
Yeah. Who knew?

LANCE

Then, we have Bret and Sandy.

Bret and Sandy sip their martinis.

BRET

Matching sixty-five percent, I think you said earlier.

SANDY

Imagine that!

LANCE

Both like fun in the sun; like sunbathing, over midnight disco bowling; and backyard barbecuing over naked bullfighting.

CHRIS

(sarcastic)
Huh? Amazing similarities!

Lance ignores Chris.

LANCE

And both like life on the wild side, like massages and costume parties, over ballroom dancing and colonoscopies.

LUPE

(sarcastic)
Two colonoscopies in a pod.

BRET

But didn't the tabloids say you
were dating that movie star, Milo
Tempe?

SANDY

Three-time Oscar nominee? That Milo
Tempe?

DEBBIE

Isn't he a little young?

SANDY

We're just friends.

LANCE

Two A-listers having a little fun.

SANDY

He's filming in Rome.

LANCE

(failing to sound black)
Tapping that thang!

SANDY

Home tomorrow, actually. But we're
not as close as the tabloids
suggest.

BRET

So I have a chance? Is that silk?

Bret feels the material of Sandy's bikini top.

SANDY

If you have the martinis, you have
a chance. Or there's Lupe?

Lupe stands up, annoyed.

LUPE

She just came here to drag me
along. Hates that I'm alone a lot.
She doesn't understand that I don't
need all the attention she gets
from men. I'm not your sloppy
seconds, Sand!

SANDY

What's gotten into you, Lupe? We're
all just having a little fun.

Lupe calms down as Artie holds out a hand and motions her back to their log.

LANCE

No reason to get huffy-puffy. One of you can add another log on the fire, and you can all talk quietly with your log-partner for a minute or two.

They HEAR something thrashing around by the garbage dumpster thirty yards away in the dark.

CHRIS

What's that?!

They all stand and look in the direction of the noise.

LANCE

Our resident black bear, but ya never see him. Don't worry. It won't hurt you. Just need to scare it away. And the garbage is bear proof.

CHRIS

(yells)

But I ain't bear proof!

Chris jumps behind the others, genuinely scared. They HEAR the thrashing again.

SANDY

Should we get our flashlights?

Everyone notices that Chris and Lance are shaking.

CHRIS

(to Lance)

You look more scared than me.

LANCE

Just cold, is all. The bear leaves after a few minutes. That's why our brochure says don't bring food into your tents.

BRET

(to Sandy)

I'll go with you to get your flashlight.

SANDY

So sweet.

ARTIE
 (to Lupe)
 I'll go with you.

LUPE
 How nice.

DEBBIE
 (to Chris)
 Let's go, Tarzan.

A minute later, they return with flashlights. They are all large, LED, bright flashlights, except for Chris's small, old-fashioned, single-bulb flashlight. Chris is self-conscious about it.

LANCE
 You'll be lucky to find the outhouse tonight with that little thing.

CHRIS
 Outhouse?

LANCE
 It was in the brochure.
 (beat)
 Of course, the women are welcomed to use the full bathroom and clean shower in my warming hut.

CHRIS
 Of course, they are.

LANCE
 Okay, let's get back to your one-on-ones with your log-partners. It's getting late and if you have hopes of sharing a sleeping bag, you'd better get working.

The log-partners pair up and WHISPER quietly: Bret with Sandy, Artie with Lupe, and Chris with Debbie. Lance stands right behind Bret and Sandy to listen in.

SANDY
 You seem like a nice guy, Bret. Why hasn't some nice young lady scooped you up?

BRET
 I've been scooped up more times than a backyard full of sheepdogs with the runs.

SANDY

Might be better if I had another martini, while I listened to you.

Bret RACES to his tent, and Lance moves to listen in to Artie and Lupe. Sandy scoots over the log to eavesdrop on Lupe.

LUPE

So, Artie, do you go out much?

ARTIE

I broke out in hives a while back. Kind of regularly, I guess.

LUPE

Not broke out, I said go out.

ARTIE

Then, no.

Lance drifts over to Debbie and Chris, as Bret brings Sandy another martini.

CHRIS

So your own father sent you away to camp, like he did all those years growing up?

DEBBIE

He wants me to make him a clay ashtray and a plastic key chain.

CHRIS

Did he know this was a matchmaking camp?

DEBBIE

That's why he sent me!

CHRIS

And he threatened to cut you off? That's horrible!

DEBBIE

And don't think he's going to get that ashtray and key chain!

(beat)

I can't believe you're scared of chipmunks.

CHRIS

Razor-sharp, gnawing little teeth. Killer chipmunks! I hate 'em!

Lance nods his head in agreement.

LANCE
(loudly)
Nice to see everything going so
well!

A GUST of wind comes up. They hear a tree FALL in the distance.

CHRIS
What's that?!

Lance and Chris are the most worried.

BRET
Trees fall from time to time. No
big deal.

SANDY
(tipsy)
Are our cars safe? How often do
trees fall around here?

LANCE
(being funny)
Once, Ma'am. They never get back
up.

No one laughs.

LANCE (CONT'D)
Once every couple of weeks I hear a
tree fall somewhere in this huge
forest. Usually due to bark
beetles.

SANDY
I never heard 'em bark!

They HEAR another THUMP!

ARTIE
Another tree fell?

SANDY
No, that was Bret!

They see Bret on the ground (having passed out), sound asleep.

LANCE
Help me carry him to his tent.

Artie and Chris pull a drunken Bret to his feet and guide him.

ARTIE
Come on, Bret.

CHRIS
Say good night to the folks.
(high voice)
Good night to the folks.

LANCE
He's in campsite four.

CHRIS
Next door to me. There goes the neighborhood.

They drag Bret off to his palatial tent.

EXT./INT. BRET'S TENT - NIGHT

Lance finds the LED lantern and turns it on. It's a massive tent with a queen-size air mattress and nice bedspread and pillows, box of different liquors, a box of insect sprays, and a small wood dresser with three ex-wives' photos (all in their underwear).

They load Bret in bed. Chris looks around.

CHRIS
(mumbles to himself)
Who takes a dresser full of clothes camping? And why showcase the ex-wives in underwear? Kinda sexy!

They wander back to the campfire.

EXT. CAMPFIRE - NIGHT

SANDY
I gotta pee. Can I use the warming hut?

LANCE
(smiling)
I'll walk you up there myself. You four, talk amongst yourselves.

Lance leads a tipsy Sandy away. Chris sits next to Debbie, and Artie sits next to Lupe.

CHRIS
Guess we're all a little pathetic.

LUPE
(defensive)
What do you mean by that?

CHRIS
I'm sorry. Just saw Bret's mega-
tent.

ARTIE
Huge.

CHRIS
Had a good-sized wooden dresser for
clothes and a huge queen-sized,
fully made-up bed.

DEBBIE
Man likes comfort.

LUPE
To each their own.

CHRIS
Photos of his ex-wives on the
dresser.

ARTIE
Must still love 'em.

LUPE
No problem there.

CHRIS
Full liquor boxes. Sandy could have
asked for any drink, and he would
have had it.

DEBBIE
He obviously likes to drink a
little.

CHRIS
It was something else.

LUPE
What?

CHRIS
I don't think he had any intention
of inviting Sandy or anyone to his
tent.

LUPE
What makes you say that?

CHRIS
I don't know.
(beat)
Just sensed it.

CUT TO:

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

Lance shows Sandy around the cabin.

LANCE
Sure you wouldn't be more comfortable up here?

SANDY
Where's the bathroom? If I need a pool boy for the sink, I'll let ya know.

LANCE
They said I was too hairy to be a swimsuit model. Couldn't see my thong with all that hair. Must be those Neanderthal genes, they said.

SANDY
Imagine that?

Sandy heads straight to the bathroom.

BACK TO:

EXT. CAMPFIRE - NIGHT

The group is silent.

LUPE
This place doesn't add up, even in third-grade math!

CHRIS
How so?

LUPE
The hundred and fifty online questionnaire is obviously rigged to get similar answers from the majority of people.

CHRIS

I noticed that. I was skeptical from the start. Would you rather be massaged by a cigar-smoking truck driver or by a beautiful woman?

LUPE

Even I answered a beautiful woman.

DEBBIE

No-brainer for me.

ARTIE

Shoot. I got that one wrong. I'd be too embarrassed with a beautiful woman.

LUPE

Or, would you rather go out to a fancy restaurant alone or with someone?

DEBBIE

Right! Of course, with someone.

ARTIE

Fancy restaurants can be expensive.

CHRIS

Do you describe yourself as the adventurous type or an old stick-in-the-mud?

LUPE

Right. Nobody thinks of himself or herself as an old stick-in-the-mud.

Artie looks down, and doesn't speak up.

DEBBIE

So the questions are rigged. That's why Chris and I matched almost eighty percent of the time.

CHRIS

And why Bret and Sandy matched answers sixty-five percent.

ARTIE

I guess I didn't try hard enough. I'm more disillusioned about love than ever.

Lupe briefly HUGS Artie.

LUPE

Many of those questions were just plain silly!

CHRIS

Like, if you're getting dressed, and can't reach your back zipper, do you change into something else, or ask a friend for help?

(beat)

I'm just messin' with you, Artie. Laugh a little. There are no wrong answers in life, only different answers.

LUPE

That's right. We've all been fooled from time to time. I got pulled here by my dear friend Sandy.

DEBBIE

And I got pushed here by dear old Daddy, and those questions missed on a lot of important...

Lance, interrupts the conversation, chasing Sandy, who STOMPS back down the trail toward the campfire. Lance YELLS.

LANCE

Didn't mean nothing by it.

SANDY

You stay away from me, pervert!

LANCE

I always take my shower this time of night!

SANDY

That wasn't in your brochure! Come on, Lupe, we're getting out of here.

Lupe raises her flashlight as a club.

LUPE

What did you do to her, Lance?

LANCE

Didn't touch her!

SANDY

Pervert was taking off all his clothes, while I was in his bathroom.

LANCE

It's a warming hut!

LUPE

Sounds like a warning hut!

SANDY

We're getting out of here. Lupe, grab what you can carry, and we'll send someone for the camping gear tomorrow!

Sandy hits Lance in the shoulder with her flashlight.

LANCE

Ow! Wait, I can explain. It's a harmless mistake.

SANDY

The only time you're going to strip around me is when I sue the pants off ya!

CHRIS

Need a lawyer?

Lupe hits Lance in his other shoulder with her flashlight.

LANCE

Ow!

LUPE

You should be ashamed of yourself!

CHRIS

I've seen enough, too. I'm outta here. I want a full refund!

LANCE

Can't! Money's gone!

CHRIS

What do you mean, gone?

LANCE

I don't own this place. I rent it.

LUPE

From whom!

LANCE
Marilyn's dad.

Sandy hits Lance with her flashlight again.

ARTIE
Who's Marilyn?

LANCE
Ow! Camped here last weekend.
Beautiful, young, Marilyn Mangini.
(beat)
A goddess.

Lupe hits Lance with a flashlight again.

LANCE (CONT'D)
Ow! I didn't know she was the
landlord's daughter when she signed
up for the Camp Patibility
experience.

SANDY
So you tried to take advantage of
beautiful, young, Marilyn, too?

Sandy hits Lance with a flashlight.

LANCE
Ow! I fell in love! Just the look
of her soft red hair, endearing
smile, and eyes so warm, you could
bathe in them, if you didn't use
soap, because soap stings.

Sandy hits Lance with a flashlight again.

LANCE (CONT'D)
Ow!

SANDY
And I reminded you of her when I
was going pee?

Lupe hits Lance again.

LANCE
Ow! I don't know. I guess so.

Lance collapses on a log.

LANCE (CONT'D)
Pathetic. I know. I'm a complete
failure.
(MORE)

LANCE (CONT'D)

I created Camp Patibility, so I could find the perfect mate for myself.

CHRIS

How long have you been in business?

LANCE

Counting this weekend?

(beat)

Two weekends. I rent the place weekly from Marilyn's dad. But I had to pay the website developers up front, and I made a bunch of stuff up, so I sounded successful and single people would flock here.

CHRIS

Flock here? They were flocked, all right!

LANCE

Then there was the cost of the brochures, and the caterers.

Lupe hits Lance again.

LUPE

What caterers?

LANCE

Ow. Pizza for dinner, donuts for breakfasts, and sub-sandwiches for lunch. Had to pay in advance for delivery way out here. I'm broke.

SANDY

You'll hear from my lawyer. We're outta here. Let's go, Lupe.

Sandy and Lupe each hit Lance with their flashlights, as they stomp away.

LUPE

I'll drive.

CHRIS

I'll leave in the morning after donuts. Dumb as it sounds, I'm looking forward to my only night sleeping in a stupid tent.

ARTIE

Me, too. If that's okay, Lance?

LANCE
 (slumps down)
 I'll reimburse you all when I can.

Lupe is driving a tipsy Sandy out of the campground, as Debbie, Artie, and Chris wave good-bye, then sit quietly by the campfire.

A minute later, Lupe and Sandy return in the car. Lupe is laughing. Sandy is YELLING and SCREAMING as they stomp over to the campfire.

SANDY
 Lance, a huge darn tree fell
 blocking this side of the bridge.
 We can't get out!

LUPE
 We're stuck in matchmaker heck!

SANDY
 Get a darn chainsaw, and go cut
 that tree up, so we can get the
 hell out of here.

Lance doesn't look up.

LANCE
 Probably that wind we had earlier.
 (beat)
 I don't own a chainsaw. It's too
 dark to do anything tonight. Gotta
 wait 'til morning.

ARTIE
 We still get donuts in the morning?

LANCE
 Long as no other trees are down on
 that long road outta here!

Sandy goes to choke Lance.

SANDY
 I'll kill him!

LUPE
 Shhh. You'll wake Bret!

CHRIS
 He's asleep at nine o'clock at this
 swinging singles' party, and he's
 the smart one!

DEBBIE
Wind is coming back.

ARTIE
Fire's getting low.

CHRIS
Things can't get much worse!

It starts to RAIN. Lance covers his head and looks down. The others look up, and SIGH.

LANCE
Better get in those tents. We'll
straighten things out in the
morning. Good night, everyone. And
welcome to Camp Patibility!

The campers SCATTER.

CHRIS
Good night, everyone. It's darn
nine o'clock. Ain't nobody goes to
bed at nine o'clock!

Everyone heads to his or her tent.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
This sucks!

INT. CHRIS'S TENT - NIGHT

Chris, in a sleeping bag, struggles to get comfortable.

CHRIS
Ain't nobody getting lucky tonight.
Dumb online dating. Some
investigative reporter! Nobody
gonna believe how dull this is.
This is pathetic!

A drop of water drips on his head. Then another. He checks his phone for the time. It reads: "9:15 PM."

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Very pathetic!

End Act 1

Act Two

INT./EXT. LANCE'S TENT - NIGHT

Chris lays in his tent with rainwater dripping on his head. He checks his phone for the time. It reads, "10 PM." He hears the faint sound of giggling a Lupe's tent (Campsite 5). He struggles to get his pants on.

CHRIS

(mumbles)

Can't sleep. May as well do some snooping around for the story.

He finally gets his socks and shoes on, struggles with his jacket, then awkwardly exits the tent.

He HEARS a man's voice in Lupe's tent.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

(mumbles)

Artie?

Chris HEARS Sandy's loud drunken voice.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Artie! You devil you! Be like, acting all shy. Then, wham!

As Chris gets closer, he realizes that it's Lance's voice. He stops outside the tent and listens in, despite the light drizzle of rain. Sandy is still tipsy.

LANCE (O.S.)

I hope you stay after they clear the tree. Enjoy nature at its finest.

SANDY (O.S.)

Raining like hell earlier.

LANCE (O.S.)

Liquid energy for the beautiful trees.

LUPE (O.S.)

If Sandy goes, I have to go. One car.

LANCE (O.S.)

Lots of eligible men here. Pretty darn handsome, if you ask me. Handsome enough for you two?

Outside the tent, Chris LEANS closer to hear better.

LUPE (O.S.)

Looks aren't the measure of a man,
Lance.

SANDY (O.S.)

They don't hurt. Money is just as
important. Girl can't work the
beaches forever.

LANCE (O.S.)

My mom was a lifeguard 'til age
sixty, but that was at the senior
center in town.

SANDY (O.S.)

Wow, sixty, and they let her wear a
bathing suit?

LANCE (O.S.)

Could hardly blow her whistle,
though.

Chris hears Lance demonstrate an old woman out of breath, and
trying to blow a whistle.

LANCE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Whaaaaaaa. Whaaaaaaa. Whaaaaaaa.

LUPE (O.S.)

We get the idea, Lance.

LANCE (O.S.)

And Ma's eyesight was failing.

LUPE (O.S.)

(mumbles)

I see where this is going.

LANCE (O.S.)

It wasn't her fault those old
ladies drowned. Ma couldn't see or
hear by then.

LUPE (O.S.)

What did your dad do?

LANCE (O.S.)

Ran away to join the circus.

SANDY (O.S.)

Trapeze artist?

LANCE (O.S.)
Shovel and a wheelbarrow.

LUPE (O.S.)
Who would've guessed?

LANCE (O.S.)
But they're retiring all the
elephants now. Cruelty! He had to
get another job.

SANDY (O.S.)
Following politicians.

LANCE (O.S.)
Huh? No, at the zoo.

LUPE (O.S.)
Could he work at a zoo?

LANCE (O.S.)
They just fired him, too. Only has
the one good arm. Can't lock gates.

It starts to rain heavily outside, and Chris rolls his eyes
in disgust.

SANDY (O.S.)
That's awful!

LANCE (O.S.)
Tell the people who live around the
Denver zoo! Those wildlife
officials chased that tiger for
weeks. Gave a whole new meaning to
puppy chow!

Chris looks angry, wet, and cold.

SANDY (O.S.)
So you're the breadwinner in the
family?

LANCE (O.S.)
It's why I needed a great idea like
Camp Patibility.

They HEAR thunder. Chris fears for his life, and JUMPS in the
tent.

INT./EXT. LUPE'S TENT - NIGHT

Lance is standing by the bed, holding a bottle of wine, drooling over Sandy. Lupe and Sandy, who were sitting on a queen-sized blow up mattress with full bedding, fall back. Lance turns to Chris.

LANCE

What are you doing here? Camp Patibility rules state you have to be invited into another camper's tent.

CHRIS

My darn pup tent leaks a little.

They see Chris is dripping wet, completely soaked. Sandy and Lupe laugh and return to a sitting position.

SANDY

Apparently.

LUPE

Come in. Take off that wet coat.

CHRIS

(to Sandy and Lupe)
What's he doing here?

LUPE

Came to talk us into staying.

CHRIS

I bet his lame butt came to get one of you back to his cabin!

Lance looks surprised!

LUPE

Nonsense. He's been the perfect gentleman.

CHRIS

Did you actually invite him to join you inside a tent with two beautiful ladies? Or did he come down himself.

SANDY

He brought us a bottle of wine.

CHRIS

He didn't bring me no darn bottle a wine.

LUPE
Should have brought you a towel.

LANCE
I was just...

SANDY
Lonely?

LUPE
Insecure?

CHRIS
A crazed stalker?

Lance gets defensive.

LANCE
I may be in love with my beautiful
enchantedress, Marilyn Mangini, but
it's not every day that an
experienced and voluptuous bikini
super model passes my way!

Now, Sandy stands ready to deliver a punch.

SANDY
Voluptuous means fat in the
modeling world, and if you mean
experienced like I think you mean
experienced...

CHRIS
(interrupting)
He do!

Sandy takes a swing at Lance, but she misses him. Chris steps in to break up the fight, but Sandy connects a left hook to Chris's jaw and knocks him down. Sandy holds her fist in pain. Lupe hops up from the bed to pull Sandy back and comfort her. Lance is protecting the bottle of wine, as Chris slowly rises from the floor of the tent.

LUPE
You two troublemakers, get out!

CHRIS
I was just protecting Sandy.

LUPE
All men want to do is protect
Sandy!

Chris points to Lance.

CHRIS

He's the one who showed up with a bottle of wine expecting a darn booty call!

SANDY

Lance misses his girlfriend is all.

LUPE

(mumbles)

All men are like that!

CHRIS

What?

LUPE

You heard me.

CHRIS

Are you crazy? You think that's why they nail our coffins shut?

Lance is busy in thought. He looks up, hand on his chin.

LANCE

Why do they nail 'em shut? Not like they're going anywhere?

CHRIS

Okay, I get it. Lance just wanted company tonight. He was lonely.

SANDY

I get lonely, too.

Lupe comforts Sandy.

LUPE

Of course, you do, Sand.

LANCE

And I get very lonely.

Lupe starts to push Chris and Lance from the tent.

LUPE

Time for you both to leave.

LANCE

Fine. I'll go back to my nice warm cabin. Alone.

Chris rolls his eyes in disbelief.

CHRIS

Yeah. He's in love all right! I'll just go sleep in my car. Unless it leaks, too!

Lupe pushes the men out of the tent. Lance turns and marches away in the rain to his cabin. Chris looks bewildered.

LUPE

(to Chris)

Thanks for stopping by and breaking up the fight.

(beat)

By the way, if Lance is that deeply in love, that makes him the luckiest person here!

Chris TRUDGES away in the rain.

CHRIS

Right about that!

EXT. CAMPFIRE - DAY

It's a beautiful dawn, and the rain has ceased. Lupe starts a fire and is warming up, as she sees Chris exiting Debbie's large, fancy tent in Campsite #2. Chris's tent is flattened by the wind. Chris waves to Lupe as he drops his sleeping bag and pillow off in his tiny tent in Campsite #3. Lupe politely waves back. Chris joins her at the campfire.

CHRIS

My tent leaked.

LUPE

Whatever.

CHRIS

No kidding. Right on my head. 'Cause I'm an idiot.

LUPE

How so?

CHRIS

I saw a small bag when I was packing that said rain fly.

LUPE

Yeah.

CHRIS

I said, I'm not going fishin' so I don't need rain flies or dry flies, or any flies for that matter.

LUPE

You're kidding, right?

CHRIS

Wish I was. Debbie told me what a rain fly was last night.

Lupe laughs. Sandy struggles out of her tent and wobbles over to the campfire.

LUPE

Such an idiot!

SANDY

I know, right? Never drinking again.

CHRIS

(to Lupe)

Honest! I was sleeping in my car, when Debbie passed by to go to the outhouse. Knocked on the window and I screamed. Thought she was a killer chipmunk or that bear!

SANDY

She was bare?

LUPE

So she let you sleep with her?

Chris laughs, as Bret stumbles out of his tent holding a can of bug spray, and wanders over to the campfire.

CHRIS

No! Nothing happened.

BRET

Something happened. Feel like a train hit me. What happened last night?

Bret starts spraying the campfire area with insect spray.

LUPE

After you passed out, Artie and Chris got you to your tent. Then, Lance put the moves on Sandy.

BRET
I saw that coming.

LUPE
We started to leave, but a tree
fell and blocked the road and
bridge. We're stuck here!

SANDY
Darn wind!

BRET
Didn't see that coming.

CHRIS
Then, Lance admitted Camp
Patibility was all a sham.

LUPE
But he's broke and can't pay us
back.

CHRIS
Then, it started to rain.

LUPE
Then, Chris slept with Debbie.

Bret's eyes open widely. Chris shakes his head 'no' in quiet
anger. Debbie exits her tent, and starts towards the
campfire. Bret looks back at Debbie.

BRET
Sure as hell didn't see that
coming!

SANDY
Almost eighty percent on their Camp
Patibility score.

LUPE
Those scores are a crock of poop,
Sand.

Artie joins the crowd around the campfire.

ARTIE
I never like anyone, but I really
don't like online dating programs
more. Donuts here yet?

Lance is thirty yards away screaming, and yelling as he
stomps up the road (from the bridge) carrying a small branch-
trimming saw.

LUPE

My guess is the donuts didn't make it!

ARTIE

This is more of a disaster than I thought!

BRET

So, I didn't miss much?

Lance is still thirty feet from the campfire, but he's swearing up a storm!

LANCE

Road is blocked by a bunch of downed trees between here and the highway!

BRET

How many trees?

LANCE

A dozen.

ARTIE

(mumbles)

Dozen donuts would be good about now.

LANCE

Donut delivery driver left them on the side of the road next to a downed tree half a mile up.

CHRIS

I'll go get 'em.

LANCE

From the bear that took 'em?

CHRIS

Never mind!

LANCE

Ate the box too. We could be stuck here for a while. They're sending a road crew, but they take care of the roads to millionaires' homes first.

DEBBIE

What are we going to eat?

LANCE

I've got coffee, and a little beer
and wine left.

ARTIE

I have some powdered non-dairy
creamer.

DEBBIE

My dad made me take a package of
dried prunes to keep me regular.
I'll go get 'em.

Debbie runs to her tent.

SANDY

Overly chipper before noon don't
sound regular to me.

LANCE

Bear could've broke into her tent,
ripped her apart, then ate all
those prunes.

CHRIS

At least that would answer the
question of whether or not they
poop in the woods.

Debbie returns with a large package of prunes.

LANCE

Those are dangerous to keep in a
tent.

LUPE

And more dangerous to eat. I've
been to the outhouse.

SANDY

It's all a Donner Party nightmare.

Chris laughs and smiles!

CHRIS

Let's make the most of this
campout. What do ya say?

LUPE

Lance, you must have some food
supplies in your warning hut.

LANCE
Warming hut. I saw some self-rising
flour.

LUPE
Got any sugar? I know you got beer!

LANCE
A little.

SANDY
How can you think about beer this
early?

LUPE
I can make beer bread.

CHRIS
I'll help.

BRET
Beer bread?

They TRUDGE up to the cabin. Chris and Lupe are the only
one's laughing and smiling.

INT. CABIN - DAY

The crowd sits around the table, and watches in amazement, as
Lupe gathers the necessary supplies. Lance pulls out a
container of self-rising flour. Bret and Chris get the small
oven going.

LANCE
I looked at this when I got here
two weeks ago, opened the top, and
it didn't do nothing.

LUPE
Did you expect it to make bread by
itself?

LANCE
It said self-rising?

LUPE
Three-three-one. Three cups of self-
rising flour, three tablespoons of
sugar, and one room-temperature
beer. I always use *Dos Equis*, but
any beer will do.

Lupe mixes the ingredients in a large bowl.

SANDY

What does the beer do?

LUPE

Adds the water and yeast at the same time. Liquor cooks out of it.

BRET

Shame to waste a beer.

LUPE

Not to provide us all with a meal!

ARTIE

Any word on the road crew?

LANCE

It's Saturday and they had to pull a team together. Could be a while.

Chris steps up to confront Lance.

CHRIS

How the hell did you expect this to turn out? Look at us! We got nothing in common!

Lance looks away.

BRET

Chris is right. This is a campground for misfit boys.

DEBBIE

And girls. But being outdoors is pretty chill.

CHRIS

I guess I did sleep in a tent. First time in my life. Very chill!

Sandy's cell phone gets a text message. Everybody strains to peek at her phone. Sandy turns furious.

SANDY

That son-of-a-gun!

Lupe is putting the bread in the oven, and stops.

LUPE

What's up, Sand?

SANDY

Milo says he's staying in Rome with his co-star for a few days.

BRET

Probably seeing the sights.

SANDY

Feeling the sights is more like it. His co-star is Nadia Angelica.

Everyone gasps.

LUPE

That son-of-a-gun!

Sandy stands and PACES in the small cabin. She tries not to let on that she's crying.

SANDY

Saw it coming in the mirror every day.

LUPE

Don't say that! You're beautiful inside and out.

BRET

Yes, Ma'am.

DEBBIE

Nadia Angelica? Is she the model with the big...?

SANDY

Heart? That's her!

CHRIS

That's horrible.

ARTIE

Who's Nadia Angelica?

Everyone glares at Artie, who turns away.

ARTIE (CONT'D)

No TV. Sorry.

LUPE

Lance, why don't you serve coffee, while the bread is cooking.

LANCE
 (mumbles)
 Marilyn loved my coffee.

CHRIS
 Did you really cook this whole
 scheme up as a general booty call?

Lance is defensive.

LANCE
 Didn't know any of this was gonna
 happen! Didn't know how many people
 would answer, let alone see, the
 ads. Didn't know what kind of
 people would show up.

CHRIS
 Didn't know nothin'.

LANCE
 Maybe I was hoping to meet a girl.
 (beat, mumbles)
 Didn't expect Marilyn.

BRET
 So the rest of us don't matter?

Lance PACES opposite of Sandy.

LANCE
 Six more campers signed up for next
 week.

DEBBIE
 People that desperate for love?

CHRIS
 I researched it. The top online
 site gets over seven million users
 per month. The next gets over four
 million. There are dozens of darn
 sites!

DEBBIE
 I never used one before. My dad did
 this to me.

CHRIS
 You mean, for you?

DEBBIE
 Told him I didn't want to go!

LUPE
 Sometimes dads, and well-
 intentioned friends, don't listen
 to you.

Lupe HUGS Sandy. Artie turns sad.

ARTIE
 I'd like to go home.

Everyone ignores Artie.

CHRIS
 (yells)
 Show of hands. How many of you have
 used an on-line dating site?

Sandy and Lance raise their hands. After a moment, Bret
 raises his hand. After another moment, Artie slowly raises
 his hand, then, he looks away.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
 Wow!

They put their hands down.

ARTIE
 (mumbles)
 But I never showed up for arranged
 dates.

LUPE
 I researched that! That's not
 uncommon. I looked up all the
 statistics before Sandy drove me
 out here.

SANDY
 You did that?

LANCE
 Really?

LUPE
 Eleven percent of Americans have
 used dating sites.

SANDY
 That's incredible.

LUPE
 Almost sixty percent of Americans
 think it's a good way to meet
 people.

CHRIS
I saw those same statistics!

LUPE
But one-third of online dating
people don't show up for dates.

Artie raises his hand.

CHRIS
They must hate that!

ARTIE
Got scared every time.

BRET
Are dating sites effective for
finding long-term relationships?

LUPE
Not really. Only five percent of
long-term relationships originated
from online dating sites.

LANCE
Darn. That's lower than I put in
our questionnaire.

ARTIE
By a lot, Lance!

CHRIS
But that five percent who found
someone, for them, it must be
awesome!

SANDY
Good point, Chris. Gotta have hope
that you can be among the five
percent!

Sandy HUGS Lupe.

SANDY (CONT'D)
Isn't that right, Lupe?

LUPE
Yes, that's right, Sand. But look
who's talking?

SANDY
Touché!

Lances phone RINGS! Artie is excited.

ARTIE
They opened the road?!

LANCE
Hello, Lance here.
(beat)
Okay.
(beat)
Okay.
(beat)
Okay.

Lance HANGS up.

LANCE (CONT'D)
It's not okay. They haven't even
started clearing the road yet.

Everyone is glum until Lupe takes the bread out of the oven,
and everyone sniffs the air.

LUPE
(laughs)
I think everyone needs a good
Donner Party breakfast of beer
bread.

They sit around the table, break bread, and smile.

Suddenly, Bret JUMPS up and races out of the cabin. Lance
peeks out the door.

EXT. BRET'S TENT - DAY

Bret races out of his tent with a big box of liquor, stomps
down to the dumpster and tosses it in.

INT./EXT. CABIN - DAY

Everyone eats bread, but curiously stares at Lance by the
door. They HEAR bottles crashing in the dumpster.

DEBBIE
What's that?

LANCE
I think Bret quit drinking today.

LUPE
Hope it wasn't the beer bread?

CHRIS

His choice. No big deal. Good for him.

Everyone is silent when Bret returns. Lance heads to the stove to grab the coffee.

BRET

Coffee? Thanks, Lance. Sorry, everyone, for being a drunken fool last night.

CHRIS

No big deal.

LUPE

Nobody's perfect.

SANDY

(laughs)
At eighteen, I was pretty close.

DEBBIE

(laughs)
We've all got minor flaws.

LANCE

(sighs)
Except Marilyn.

Lance looks out the window.

CHRIS

Call the woman, Lance. Tell her! Ain't no sense keeping it to yourself!

LANCE

Not that easy.

LUPE

Why not?

LANCE

My new business venture, Camp Patibility, is over, and I won't be able to pay Marilyn's dad the rent on this place.

ARTIE

(mumbles)
Maybe money doesn't matter to her if she's that perfect for you.

Everyone stops and stares at Artie. Artie looks away. Chris puts out a fist and waits for Artie to fist-bump him.

CHRIS

Brilliant, my man. Bump me!

Artie finally fist-bumps Chris.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

You got insights to contribute. Way to speak up, Artie.

LUPE

Artie, was that your first fist-bump?

Artie SMILES. Everyone laughs.

A loud helicopter passes overhead.

Everyone RACES out of the cabin to look up, and WAVES madly.

SANDY

Help! Help! Save me! I mean, us!

LANCE

Not like it's a deserted island. Just a few trees to remove.

The helicopter begins to move on. Sandy lifts up her blouse to show her breasts (but we don't see them).

SANDY

Help! Help, darn it. Help!

Everyone stares at Sandy.

LUPE

Put those things away, Sand. This isn't a photo shoot, or a real emergency.

Sandy puts down her blouse.

CHRIS

'Bout gave Artie a heart attack!

Chris picks up a small wood ax leaning against the side of the cabin. He begins to STORM down the path.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Gonna chop me up that tree crossing our road.

Lupe races in the cabin and grabs Lance's small branch saw, and races after Chris.

 LUPE
I'll help!

The others follow.

 BRET
We'll help, too.

Everyone RACES off.

EXT. BRIDGE ON FORESTED ROAD - DAY

The tree blocking the road is enormous. Chris reaches it first, with Lupe close behind.

 CHRIS
Mother...!

Chris stares at his small ax, as Lupe arrives.

 LUPE
Opposite of a man. Looks twice as
big in the daylight!

Chris laughs. Lupe looks at her small branch saw.

 LUPE (CONT'D)
Let's get to work on the branches,
shall we?

Chris and Lupe are madly cutting away at branches as the others arrive.

 LANCE
Told ya!

 BRET
Paul Bunyan couldn't cut up that
monster.

 SANDY
Like washing a car with a
toothbrush.

 DEBBIE
Like digging to China with
chopsticks.

ARTIE
 (mumbles)
 We'll never get home.

They all chip in to remove small branches and twigs from the fallen tree. The activity is a great lesson in team building, and everyone smiles and laughs.

LATER

Many branches are cleared from the trunk of the tree, but the tree is still blocking the road. The team is exhausted in the hot sun. Many have stripped to the bare essentials in clothing. Chris has his shirt off. Lupe steals a glance at him. The men can't help but look at Sandy in a bikini top and shorts. Debbie steals a glance at Sandy too. However, everyone is too exhausted to move.

LANCE
 You guys are great! We did what we could.
 (beat)
 Not even the great Marilyn Mangini could move this tree!

LUPE
 That's it! You said her father is the landlord! It's his responsibility!

CHRIS
 Lupe's right. Call the dude! Get his butt over here with a chainsaw!

The group grumbles.

ARTIE
 And lunch!

BRET
 And more coffee.

SANDY
 And a new boyfriend.

LANCE
 Okay, okay! I'll call. I'll even put him on speakerphone!

Lance takes out his phone and calls Mr. Mangini (55; angry millionaire land baron).

MR. MANGINI (O.S.)
 Who is it?

LANCE

It's Lance Boone. Rented your cabin and campsites.

MR. MANGINI (O.S.)

Owe me rent today.

CHRIS

Drive over and pick it up, dummy!

LANCE

Shhh!

LUPE

You got a lot of down trees to clear, Sir.

LANCE

Shhh!

SANDY

Get your butt over here, now!

LANCE

Shhh!

MR. MANGINI (O.S.)

I saw you all from the chopper. You look like you're all okay to me. My house is blocked in too. We're waiting for field crews. You can pay me tomorrow!

CLICK. Mr. Mangini hangs up. Lance turns and walks dejectedly toward the campfire. The others follow.

LUPE

That went well. Who knows how to hunt?

No one raises his or her hand.

CHRIS

How about gather? Must be berries around here!

BRET

Good idea. We'll pair up and look for berries.

LANCE

(sad)

Marilyn will never speak to me again!

Chris puts an arm around Lance.

CHRIS

Don't worry. We'll never speak to you again either!

(beat)

Just kidding, dude. We'll get out of this!

LUPE

No problem.

EXT. CAMPGROUND - DAY

The teams pair up again, based on their survey results.

LANCE

Chris and Debbie will head north;
Sandy and Bret will head south;
Artie and Lupe east; I'll take west.

CHRIS

If anybody finds food, we call the others, right?

LANCE

Right.

CHRIS

(mumbles)

Or a killer chipmunk!

LUPE

Set a time limit for safety? Two hours, max?

LANCE

Good idea. Everybody got GPS on their phone?

Artie SHAKES in fear.

ARTIE

Are there bees out there?

LUPE

Don't worry, Artie, you're with me.

BRET

Guess you're stuck with me, Sandy.

SANDY

I'm lucky. My guess is you've got the munchies, and that will lead us right to the food.

BRET

I hope you're right. I am kind of hungry.

LANCE

I'm heading west. Back in two hours people. Call if you find food.

Chris follows Debbie north.

CHRIS

(mumbles)

Or bears or killer chipmunks.

They head out into the forest.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Debbie leads Chris on a small trail. Chris talks out of nervousness.

CHRIS

You ain't worried about bears and killer chipmunks?

DEBBIE

They're more afraid of you, than you are of them.

CHRIS

I doubt that!

DEBBIE

You really can't be afraid of all wildlife!

CHRIS

Deer can kick your darn face in!

DEBBIE

Not in all recorded time has there been such a case.

CHRIS

Could happen.

DEBBIE

No. It won't. Are all blacks this afraid of wildlife?

CHRIS

Yep! I'm sure that's why we left Africa a hundred thousand years ago. Get us the heck away from hungry lions. You owe all of human evolution to people like me!

He has Debbie laughing hysterically.

DEBBIE

You wimp.

CHRIS

I think we left caves 'cause we couldn't lock the doors.

DEBBIE

Come on, look for berries.

CHRIS

You think it's an accident all those Kenyans keep winning those Olympic track events? Hell no! I see one killer chipmunk, and I'm flying out a here!

DEBBIE

You almost stepped on three of 'em. Look for berries, and grow a pair.

CHRIS

Me? Why haven't you told anyone you're gay?

DEBBIE

That obvious?

CHRIS

You and me were both checking out Sandy.

(beat)

Your dad know?

DEBBIE

He knows, but he doesn't admit it.

CHRIS

Sorry.

DEBBIE
Keeps hoping I'll come around.

CHRIS
You tell him there's a cure?

DEBBIE
A cure?

CHRIS
For his ignorance!

DEBBIE
Ha! Like there's a cure for you
being afraid of some darn tiny
little chipmunks!

They laugh.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Bret and Sandy are sitting in a forest clearing. She smells
Bret's skin.

SANDY
You should be able to attract us a
pizza and a bag of Cheetos with all
those oils you wear!

BRET
Enough for everyone.

They giggle.

SANDY
Threw out your liquor, huh?

BRET
That stuff was killing me. The oils
I wear are strictly medicinal.
Aromatherapy!

SANDY
Aromatherapy?

BRET
Cures my autophobia.

SANDY
Autophobia? Fear of cars?

BRET
Fear of oneself. I'm a jerk.

SANDY

A handsome jerk.

BRET

Three wives later, and I haven't been able to get my act together.

SANDY

You will. You haven't peaked yet. You'll learn. Me? I peaked at eighteen. What do I do now, the Sports Illustrated Sweatsuit Issue?

Bret looks at Sandy's bikini top.

BRET

I don't think so. Is that silk?

SANDY

Cameras have so many mega-pixels, they make every darn wrinkle like the freakin' Grand Canyon. You can clean up your act as you get older; I can't get any younger!

BRET

We've both been all over the world. We've both had memorable relationships. We're both rich enough to buy happiness. Why can't we find a few pizzas and a couple bags of Cheetos out here?!

Bret helps Sandy up.

SANDY

They have bird calls! What we need is a pizza and Cheetos call.

They start making awful bird-like-calls for pizza and Cheetos.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Lupe and Artie hike on a steep trail. Artie wears long, tight jeans and long shirt with the collar pulled up, boots, and a pith helmet. Lupe is braless in shorts and a loose tank top.

LUPE

You must have wanted to come to this camp. Your first time showing up. Be proud of yourself.

ARTIE

I was scared. Like now.

LUPE

What's there to be scared of?

ARTIE

Bees. Three percent of people have allergic reactions. Less than one percent of the reactions can be deadly. That's me.

LUPE

Do you carry an Epi-pen? One of my students does.

ARTIE

Everywhere I go.

LUPE

Nothing to worry about.

They HEAR a BUZZING sound. A bee stings Artie, another stings Lupe, and they race back down the trail, when Artie stops suddenly. He looks paralyzed.

ARTIE

My pen! Front pocket!

LUPE

(giggles)

That's what they all say.

ARTIE

Hurry!

Lupe finds the Epi-pen.

LUPE

Got it. But I've never used one.

ARTIE

Pull the cap.

Lupe pulls off the cap.

LUPE

Where does the shot go?

Silence. Lupe yells.

LUPE (CONT'D)

Where does the shot go?

ARTIE
 (mumbles)
 Upper thigh.

LUPE
 Let's go! Drop your pants.

Artie's hands are shaking, so Lupe puts the shot in her teeth, unbuckles his jeans. She kneels before him and pulls his pants down, while Artie can't look away from her tank top.

Lupe jabs the Epi-pen in his right thigh. Artie gets nearly instant relief.

ARTIE
 Oh, Lupe, thank you so much. You saved my life.

Lupe sees that Artie is very well endowed.

LUPE
 You going to make some lucky girl very happy some day, Artie.
 (laughs)
 Now, pull up those jeans while you still can.

Artie is embarrassed, and pulls up his jeans.

They walk slowly back.

ARTIE
 Why did you come here?

LUPE
 Fair question. Sandy pressured me, but I could have said 'no.'

Lupe stops to face Artie.

LUPE (CONT'D)
 Secretly, I hope there is someone out here for me. But I have very unrealistic expectations for a man to steal my heart.

ARTIE
 Unrealistic expectations?

LUPE

My ideal guy is child-like sweet,
adores me like a teenager,
converses with me like an equal
adult, and wants to grow old
together.

ARTIE

Sounds like you want a series of
loyal dogs.

Lupe reaches over and up and kisses Artie on the cheek.

LUPE

That's it, Artie.

Artie SMILES and they both stroll down the hill.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Lance struggles to hike in a forest thicket near his cabin.

LANCE

I'm such an idiot!

He crashes through thicker forest and shrubs.

LANCE (CONT'D)

Such an idiot!

He crashes through another thicket of forest and shrubs, and stops.

LANCE (CONT'D)

Why did I let Marilyn go? Why
didn't I profess my love to her
like Romeo in Joliet?

(beat)

I'll text her a poem. That will
seal the deal!

Lance whips out his phone as writes a text. We see: "Marilyn Mangini, I wish I was a genie, I'd grant three wishes, to make you love me, then I'd have a happy..."

LANCE (CONT'D)

What rhymes with genie?

He types: "weenie."

He looks up at the forest before pressing "send."

LANCE (CONT'D)
That sounds stupid. I can't send
that.

However, in putting the phone back in his short pants, he
hears the "send" sound. He SCREAMS!

EXT. CAMPFIRE - DAY

Sandy and Bret are sitting close to each other on one log and
giggling, when Lupe and Artie join them from the forest to
the east. Sandy is still in a bikini top, and Lupe is in her
tank top.

LUPE
You two find any food?

BRET
Not a thing. You?

LUPE
Found a beehive, but no honey.

SANDY
I'd say Artie found a honey.

Bret and Sandy giggle, just as Chris and Debbie join the
group from the north.

ARTIE
She saved my life after a bee
sting!

SANDY
Did Lupe suck out the poison?

Bret and Sandy laugh.

BRET
Hey, it's Chris and Debbie. Find
any pizza or Cheetos out there in
the woods?

SANDY
(snide)
You two were sure gone a long time.

DEBBIE
No food. Sorry.

CHRIS
Where's our fearless leader?

They all turn and see Lance returning from the west. He's cleverly hiding something in his T-shirt.

DEBBIE

Uh oh!

LUPE

This isn't good.

CHRIS

I say we eat him first!

Everyone stares at Chris.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

What? Just messin' with ya!

LANCE

Anybody find food?

They shake their heads 'no.' Lance proudly shows that he has a T-shirt full of wild berries.

LANCE (CONT'D)

Lunch is served!

LUPE

What?

LANCE

That's right! The great provider, by that I mean me, has delivered!

Lance reveals dozens of blackberries to share, and a heavily stained T-shirt. The campers gather around Lance, happy to eat anything.

SANDY

Thank you, Lance. Bret and I are starving.

They grab a handful of berries.

LANCE

Whoa! Got the munchies or something? Maybe we should count these out and divide them up.

BRET

We paid for full meals.

LUPE

Let's not make Lances of ourselves.

ARTIE
You mean, pigs?

LUPE
Exactly.

LANCE
(to Lupe)
No berries for you!

CHRIS
Looks like we've chosen our human
sacrifice victim for tonight.

DEBBIE
Now we're talking. I've got knives!

Lance looks worried for a moment. Then everyone laughs.

LUPE
You're doing a fine job under the
circumstances, Lance.

SANDY
I'm actually having a pretty good
time.

ARTIE
The scenery is nice.

BRET
Especially the grass in the forest.

DEBBIE
Haven't had this much fun in a
while, to be honest.

CHRIS
Really not a bad idea, this camping
stuff.

The campers sit on their regular logs: Bret next to Sandy,
Artie next to Lupe, and Chris next to Debbie, eating berries,
while Lance paces and pontificates.

LANCE
The impossible becomes the possible
at Camp Patibility!

BRET
Huh? We can get outta here?

LANCE

Just yesterday, you were mere strangers. Lost souls seeking companionship.

SANDY

If you're thinking about coming back to my tent tonight, you can forget it!

Lance ignores Sandy, and carries on.

LANCE

The miracle of online questionnaires has brought you three couples remarkably close together in less than twenty-four hours.

The campers look at each other with puzzled looks.

DEBBIE

What?

LANCE

Don't try to deny it. Don't deny your inner feelings for each other. It's so obvious from where I stand. I have created the ultimate online mating site.

CHRIS

What you been smokin'?

Lance ignores Chris, and rolls on.

LANCE

You underestimated obvious similarities.

The campers look puzzled.

LANCE (CONT'D)

Animal magnetism. Urges to mate and procreate right before our eyes.

DEBBIE

Don't think so.

LANCE

(points to Debbie)
Behind those piercings and tattoos
is a fragile little girl, yearning
to be dominated by a powerful,
African chief.

CHRIS

I know you been smokin'!

LANCE

And Artie, patiently waiting for
the perfect opportunity to unleash
yourself on the world of passion.

LUPE

(mumbles)
You don't know the half of it!

LANCE

And Sandy, rejuvenated by the
forest air, has learned that her
perfectly formed breasts are not
her only assets.

SANDY

Those berries must be
hallucinogenic.

Lance ignores them all.

LANCE

And Bret, tossing away your
crutches of alcohol, so that you
may walk in the sobering world of
true love once again.

(beat, yells)

I have done it! Camp Patibility is
an unqualified success!

CHRIS

(mumbles)
Unqualified is right.

BRET

Lance, I think you've been drinking
enough for the both of us.

Lance stands on a log and yells like a savior.

LANCE

Just as I fell so completely and irreversibly in love last weekend with the true incarceration of gentleness, Marilyn Mangini, so to have you three beautiful couples at Camp Patibility.

LUPE

(mumbles)

That's incarnation, not incarceration.

CHRIS

(mumbles)

I can check the arrest records.

The campers separate more on their logs. Lance stretches his arms out, and looks to the heavens.

LANCE

I've decided to double the size of the campground, no, triple it, to bring more couples together in love each week. For I have the power and the glory to do so.

Lance looks down at the campers to see them SNICKERING, and looking away to hide it.

CHRIS

Just may want to reconsider, Sir Lance-a-little. You got six people stranded without food, and don't none of them love each other like you love this mythical Marilyn Mangini.

BRET

You owe Marilyn's father rent today that you don't have.

SANDY

I'm considering a lawsuit for false advertising.

LUPE

And bad business practices, at a minimum.

LANCE

(bewildered)

What do you mean?

DEBBIE

No one here is in love!

ARTIE

And we just want to get out of here!

Lance steps down off the log, sits down, and plops his face in his hands.

LANCE

It all sounded so good a minute ago.

CHRIS

We're sorry, Lance. Really. But what we need is an exit strategy.

Lance thinks for a moment. Then he stands triumphantly again. He puts his hands on his hips like a would-be hero. He turns and looks at the forest around him. He speaks with renewed confidence.

LANCE

Exit strategy! That's it! I may have to hike out of here and get help!

SANDY

You can't just leave us here without food!

ARTIE

How soon 'til they clear the road?

LANCE

Your guess is as good as mine. I can't predict road crews, only perfect love matchups.

The campers roll their eyes in disgust.

CHRIS

How far is the hike out?

LANCE

Thirty-five or forty miles. Trail is behind the cabin.

LUPE

That would take fourteen hours if you averaged three miles an hour, but without food it could take longer!

LANCE

And lots of up and down over the mountains. Not easy. Gonna take a real mountain man! A hero!

Lance looks at the campers.

LANCE (CONT'D)

Not sure any of you would make it. Too risky. Gonna take a real man! Someone Marilyn Mangini would be proud of.

They HEAR the growing roar of a motorcycle in the distance from behind the cabin. It gets louder and louder.

LANCE (CONT'D)

Maybe somebody's bringing us a day or two of food and supplies until they clear the road!

CHRIS

Hope it's the darn pizza dude!

BRET AND SANDY

Yeah!

A powerful DIRT BIKE with two riders (male and female in black leather riding outfits and helmets) ROARS into camp from behind the cabin. The driver (AMMAR; 30, strong, powerful Arab) rips off his helmet to show off his devastatingly handsome face with a two-day beard. The female rider, rips off her helmet to reveal it's Sheila, Chris's girlfriend, and she is ANGRY.

CHRIS

Oh my God! It's Sheila!

Sheila RACES over to Chris and slaps him in the face. The others are stunned. Sheila yells.

SHEILA

I know he didn't tell y'all about me! Sittin' in your stupid downtown loft, watching the stupid news about some freak windstorm and rain storm, right where he was going stupid camping!

BRET

(mumbles)

She's a keeper, Chris.

Sheila gets in Bret's face.

SHEILA

You shut the hell up, or I'll have
Ammar kick the dummy out of ya.

Ammar smiles like he'd do it.

CHRIS

Who's Ammar?

SHEILA

You know Ammar from the fancy
coffee shop he owns on the corner.
Good steady job that he don't quit,
and he rides dirt bikes like a real
man!

Sheila parades around Ammar and his dirt bike.

SHEILA (CONT'D)

Told him about my stupid boyfriend,
going camping in a rainstorm, and
Ammar, the gentleman that he is,
said he would ride me out to see if
your dumb butt was still alive.

LANCE

(proudly)

Welcome to Camp Patibility, where
you meet camp-mates for life.
Thought of the name myself.

Sheila threatens him with her finger.

SHEILA

Sit your stupid butt down and shut
up when I'm talking!

Lance sits down immediately.

SANDY

(mumbles)

You know how to pick 'em, Chris.

Sheila threatens Sandy with a LOOK.

SHEILA

TV said something about a super
model stuck up here too, but they
can't be talkin' 'bout this
shriveled up old witch. She look
like a stick of dried beef jerky to
me.

Sandy LOOKS sadly at her body.

CHRIS

I apologize for my friend's behavior...

SHEILA

(interrupts)

Let me guess which one of these fine campsites belongs to my worthless, piece-of-crap boyfriend.

Sheila inspects each of the campsites, starting with Sandy's (#6).

SHEILA (CONT'D)

This one here look like a penthouse.

Sheila moves down to Lupe's campsite.

SHEILA (CONT'D)

Same fancy equipment, but you still sleeping on stupid dirt and bugs.

Sheila moves down and peeks in Bret's tent.

SHEILA (CONT'D)

Who brings a damn dresser when they's out camping? That's some strange stupid-human behavior!

Sheila passes up Chris's pitiful campsite, with the tiny pup tent blown over by the wind.

SHEILA (CONT'D)

Uh uh. Pitiful.
(beat)
There go the neighborhood.

She strolls by the other two nice campsites, and returns to Chris's tent.

SHEILA (CONT'D)

This has to my stupid boyfriend's. You can't do nothin' right. Best date I ever had was ridin' on the back of Ammar's motorcycle.

Ammar looks bewildered.

SHEILA (CONT'D)

I'm moving in with Ammar!

Ammar is STUNNED! Sheila begins walking back to Ammar and the dirt bike.

CHRIS

Wait! Didn't you bring us some food? You knew about the darn storm!

Sheila stops and turns to address the crowd.

SHEILA

You dumb rich folk still don't get it, do you?!

The campers stare at each other.

SHEILA (CONT'D)

My stupid boyfriend was an up and coming attorney two weeks ago.

(beat)

District Attorney called, by the way. Wants your black butt back next week.

(beat)

Anyway, Chris came up here to expose y'all rich losers, so desperate for a mate that y'all dumb enough to pay six hundred bucks to sleep in a sleeping bag out in the woods somewhere.

The campers STARE at Chris.

CHRIS

Wait! I can...

SHEILA

(interrupts)

He's writing a magazine article about modern-day online scam artists, and all y'all were gonna be raked over the pages of some big magazine. You didn't tell 'em that stuff, did you, Chris?

Sheila races over to slap Chris one more time, before putting on her helmet, and hopping on the back of Ammar's motorcycle. The group is STUNNED. Lance yells as Ammar and Sheila RACE off.

LANCE

Tell somebody we need food! Send help!

LUPE

They won't send help! Chris has burned that bridge for us!

Lance puts his hands on his hips and yells.

LANCE
You're a real disappointment,
Chris. I trusted you. We trusted
you.

SANDY
Got that right.

Chris drops his chin.

LANCE
You came here under false nonsense.

CHRIS
Pretense.

LANCE
Pretense, pup tents, whatever. And
you were going to throw these fine
people under the bus.

ARTIE
Should be ashamed.

LANCE
Just so you could get a story.

BRET
A liar and a cheat.

CHRIS
I'm sorry, okay.

DEBBIE
Un-cool.

LANCE
I'll deal with you when I get back.
But we need a hero, now.

SANDY
Hell, we need a superhero!

LANCE
I shall march out for help, to save
us all, as any true mountain man
would do, just as a shepherd must
sometimes rescue his flock to get
the flock out of there.

Lance proudly waves and he STOMPS away to the trail behind
the cabin.

CHRIS

What the flock are we supposed to
do here, without any darn food?

BRET

(mumbles)

I say we eat the traitor!

Bret, Sandy, Artie, and Debbie GRUMBLE as they trudge to
their tents. Lupe stays for a moment, giving Chris a sad,
lonely look.

LUPE

(mumbles)

You're a real disappointment,
Chris.

There is a tear in her eye as she trudges to her tent.

CHRIS

Wait! I can explain!

Chris collapses on a log in sadness.

End Act Two

Act Three

EXT. CAMPGROUND - DAY

Chris paces back and forth in front of the tents and yells for forgiveness. The others yell from their tents.

CHRIS

I'm sorry. I'm very truly sorry.

SANDY (O.S.)

Go away, con man!

CHRIS

I'm not a con man. I'm a lost man.

ARTIE (O.S.)

You had a girlfriend.

CHRIS

Girlfriend? You saw her! Did she look friendly to you?

DEBBIE (O.S.)

You kept secrets from us!

CHRIS

Don't we all keep a few secrets?

BRET (O.S.)

You were going to expose us all for being pitiful, lonely, losers.

CHRIS

There is nothing pitiful about any of you. You're not losers, and if loneliness was a crime, I'd be right there with you in prison, dropping the soap in the shower on purpose.

(beat)

You know what I mean.

Chris is outside Lupe's tent.

LUPE (O.S.)

(softly)

We trusted you.

CHRIS

(softly)

Trust. Let me tell you about trust.

(louder)

(MORE)

CHRIS (CONT'D)

I used to trust everybody. Every street hood and criminal who I was forced to defend. Most of them did not deserve my trust, but I gave it to them anyway; day after day, week after week, year after year!

Bret steps out of his tent.

BRET

It was your job as public defender.

CHRIS

I was good at it, too. Got a lot of those suckers off. Couldn't look at myself in the mirror some nights.

Sandy steps out of her tent.

SANDY

So it was easier to look at Sheila?

CHRIS

It was easier to look at anybody else. Just not me!

Artie steps out of his tent.

ARTIE

Sometimes it's hard to look at ourselves. I mean, really look.

CHRIS

My mom thought I had it all. A good job, a pretty woman, and a chill downtown loft. But I didn't have nothin'!

Debbie steps out of her tent.

DEBBIE

It's 'cause you didn't have self-respect.

CHRIS

(sad)

I didn't have nothing to hold on to. Nothing I wanted to keep.

Lupe steps out of her tent.

LUPE

It's not about what you keep, it's about what you give.

CHRIS

I'm getting a lot of free advice here.

(beat)

I guess I deserved it.

The others are shaking their head, 'yes.'

CHRIS (CONT'D)

You don't know what it's like.

(beat)

I walked into the courtroom every day, with everybody thinking I was the defendant instead of the public defender!

LUPE

Only you can make yourself feel inferior. You're never forced to feel that way about yourself! I should know. I perfected it.

ARTIE

I did a pretty good job, myself.

DEBBIE

Ditto!

SANDY

Don't help him, y'all.

Chris is sharing his troubles with Lupe and Sandy.

CHRIS

Don't ya see? That's what led to my pre-mid-life crisis!

Awkward silence.

SANDY

I'm having one of those right now! Ten years ago, I had the skin of teenager. Now it's the skin of a reptile.

LUPE

Beauty's only skin deep, Sand. You mean so much more to me.

SANDY

A wrinkled up has-been with cancerous blotches the dermatologist wants to remove on Monday. My career will be ruined!

LUPE
But your life will be spared.

CHRIS
You can always get another career.
You only get one life!

Sandy gets defensive.

SANDY
Now who's dishing out the advice,
dumpling?! Not yet thirty and I
have nothing left. What am I
supposed to do for the next twenty
years?

LUPE
Twenty years? You'll likely live
fifty or sixty more years.

SANDY
You're kidding, right? That's
really disappointing!

Bret and Debbie are sharing their troubles. Everyone turns to
see it.

BRET
Truth is, I'm a serial
disappointer!

DEBBIE
You and me both.

BRET
Married and divorced three times
before most of you even started
marrying.

CHRIS
Darn good thing. Y'all saw Sheila!

SANDY
Add my best friend, Lupe, to that
list!

Everyone turns to face Lupe and Sandy.

LUPE
What? I'm a disappointment to you?

SANDY

I think you disappoint yourself;
for not taking chances. Not
breaking out of your comfort zone.

LUPE

My comfort zone?

SANDY

Small, perfectly neat apartment.
Hell, dust particles fear for their
lives in your apartment!

LUPE

Cleanliness is not...

SANDY

(interrupting)

Your biggest problem. You don't
even look for relationships with
men, because there is no room for
them!

LUPE

In my tiny apartment?

SANDY

In your heart.

(beat)

You're happy grading third-grade
book reports all night. That's why
you assign so many reading
assignments, isn't it?

Lupe drops her head.

SANDY (CONT'D)

You've gotten so accustomed to
quiet and solitude, you don't make
room for someone to share it with
who might make a little joyful
noise! A little laughter!

Awkward silence.

CHRIS

We all a little pitiful. Forgive
me?

They pause. Then they SMILE and surround Chris.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Group hug! Bring it in!

They HUG, and LAUGH, then Lupe breaks it up.

LUPE

I don't have time for this! I have to find food. I'm going to tear apart that cabin if I have to.

CHRIS

Let's do this!

The six campers, led by Lupe, charge up to the cabin.

INT. CABIN - DAY

The campers search for food.

LUPE

Maybe there's something he overlooked.

DEBBIE

He didn't know what self-rising flour was.

SANDY

I didn't know what self-rising flour was. Thought it had something to do with Easter.

BRET

Might be something else edible in there.

CHRIS

Worth a try.

ARTIE

Even canned food would taste good now.

LUPE

I'd eat the can.

They storm through the door and start looking around. Chris finds little yellow sticky notes in Lance's bedroom area.

CHRIS

Boy, this dude has it bad! These look like love notes from Marilyn, the beauty Lance is always talking about.

(reading)

Saw you spying on me in the shower.

(MORE)

CHRIS (CONT'D)

I put soap in one eye, so I could wink back. Not sure if it was love at first sight, because the soap blinded me for a while. Marilyn.

The group SWOONS.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

(continues)

P.S. Daddy wants the rent money.

BRET

Sounds like they're meant for each other.

LUPE

Hey, those notes are private.

SANDY

So, read one more, quietly.

CHRIS

Lance left the notes out. I think he wanted us to see them.

(reading)

Lance, Thanks for the use of your shower again. I sweat a lot. I saw you spying on me again. You know that glass is see-through in both directions, right?

The group HOOTS and HOLLERS.

DEBBIE

Go, Marilyn!

BRET

Must have drove Lance crazy!

CHRIS

(reading)

P.S. My dad still wants the rent money.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

Lance looks around in a thick and brushy forest. He looks totally lost, but remains triumphant in spirit, and YELLS.

LANCE

Have no fear, campers. It is by the grace of the beautiful enchantress, Marilyn Mangini, that I shall triumph over darkness, find help, and bring food back to my stranded camp-mates!

Lance heads off in a different direction.

EXT./INT. CABIN - NIGHT

The campers HEAR a commotion outside, and PEEK out of the cabin window. They see a rather large woman (MARILYN; 30; Italian) wearing a white wedding dress, running with three pizza boxes in her arms and screaming. She is still thirty yards from the cabin, so she can't hear them talking.

MARILYN

Lance! Open the door! I've got rescue pizzas!

LUPE

Rescue pizzas? That's got to be Marilyn!

Marilyn continues racing toward the cabin (20 yards away).

CHRIS

His beautiful enchantress?

DEBBIE

Goddess?

BRET

The love of his life?

Artie sees the pizza boxes and jumps for joy.

ARTIE

She does have rescue pizzas!

Marilyn continues racing toward the cabin (10 yards away).

MARILYN

Lance! Open the door! Darn bear behind me!

SANDY

(mumbles)
Three showers a day?

CHRIS
 (mumbles)
 She sweats a lot.

Marilyn reaches the door, which Sandy opens. Marilyn eyes Sandy's bikini top, and goes ballistic!

MARILYN
 I'll kill that two-timing Casanova!

Marilyn tosses down the pizzas and takes a swing at Sandy. She fails to land the punch, but rips the sleeve on her wedding dress as she falls down.

LUPE
 Marilyn?

MARILYN
 I'm Marilyn. Who's this bony-butt witch?

SANDY
 I'm Sandy. Lance told us so much about you.

CHRIS
 Described you perfectly. A goddess!

MARILYN
 He said, goddess?

DEBBIE
 He's really in love with you.

Marilyn is helped to her feet by Chris and Lupe. Sandy gets help from Bret and Debbie.

MARILYN
 (angry)
 You must be this week's campers! He didn't mention you. I assumed you saw the weather forecasts, and like any normal people, you would have re-booked for a better weekend!

Chris turns his head away and mumbles.

CHRIS
 And so charming.

MARILYN
 What was that?

CHRIS

So alarming, the wind and the rain,
and down trees and all.

ARTIE

How did you get the pizzas?

MARILYN

They didn't quite finish clearing
the road, so I told the pizza guy
that I'd deliver the four pizzas
for the love of my life.

LUPE

Lance?

MARILYN

My knight in shining armor.

LUPE

(swoons)
Like Lancelot.

MARILYN

It's why I wore my wedding dress.
Didn't think anybody else would be
here.

ARTIE

But you carried in three pizzas.

MARILYN

Ate one on the road. That's when I
saw the bear.

LUPE

And you ran all the way to bring
Lance dinner.

MARILYN

(angry again)
So where is he?

CHRIS

Took the trail to get help.

MARILYN

That's forty miles! He'll never
make it! You let him go?

LUPE

He was desperate. Worried we
wouldn't survive.

Marilyn calms down.

MARILYN

That's my Lance. Not too smart, but very brave.

They HEAR a cry for help in the distance.

LANCE (O.S.)

Help!

MARILYN

That's Lance!

CHRIS

Lance would be twenty miles away by now.

LANCE (O.S.)

Help! Somebody help!

MARILYN

(yells)

Coming to get ya, Baby!

Marilyn RACES out of the cabin, with the others, right behind. Lupe and Chris grab flashlights. They leave the cabin door open.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

Lance is only a thirty yards or so from the cabin.

LANCE

Help! I'm up here!

Chris and Lupe shine their flashlights up on a short (ten-foot high) rocky cliff and everyone sees Lance.

MARILYN

Lance, Baby? Are you okay?

LANCE

Marilyn, sweet Marilyn? Is that you?

MARILYN

Get your butt down from there! I didn't come all this way, climbing over dozens of fallen trees on the road, risking my life with four, I mean, three pizzas, to watch you fall from a cliff!

CHRIS
(to Lance)
Thought you were going for help?

LANCE
Got lost.

LUPE
How far did you get?

LANCE
This far.
(beat)
Help me down!

MARILYN
My brave knight in shining armor!
I'm coming.

Marilyn's dress rips on a shrub.

MARILYN (CONT'D)
Darn it!

LANCE
Are you wearing a wedding dress?

MARILYN
How could I not, after that last
text message from you?

LANCE
It was the last spot I had cell
phone coverage.

MARILYN
I remember it like yesterday. A
love poem!

LANCE
It was this afternoon.

Marilyn stops at the bottom of the ten-foot cliff as she
recites the text message.

MARILYN
Marilyn Mangini, I wish I was a
genie, I'd grant three wishes, to
make you love me, then I'd be a
happy weenie.

Lance smiles down at Marilyn. The others look PUZZLED.

LANCE
I'm coming, my love!

MARILYN
Be careful, my sweet!

Lance steps back and crashes through the bushes down to Marilyn, where they kiss like in the movies. The others CHEER!

LANCE
Marilyn, I've got something to ask you?

Marilyn, looks down and away like she's shy.

MARILYN
Yes, Lance?

LANCE
Do you think your father could give me an extra week on the rent?

Marilyn punches Lance in the jaw, and he falls back, knocked out.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

Everyone STARES at the empty, ripped up pizza boxes as though nothing happened. Lance has a wet wash cloth covering his eyes as he leans his head back. Marilyn sits next to Lance. They are opposite Chris and Lupe. Next to them, are Bret and Debbie, and finally, Artie and Sandy. Marilyn is red with anger.

LANCE
I deserved that! And the bear got the pizzas while you rescued me?

Everyone is nodding, 'yes.' Marilyn drops her chin.

MARILYN
I've made a terrible mistake.

Everyone is nodding, 'yes.'

LANCE
My specialty is matchmaking, not small talk.

Marilyn gets angry.

MARILYN

Small talk?

LANCE

You know what I mean?

Everyone nods his or her head 'no.'

LANCE (CONT'D)

Marilyn, just look at these couples
I've brought together. That's why
they call me, the Mountain
Matchmaker!

Marilyn looks at Artie and Sandy thinking they're a match.
Everyone else looks at Artie and Sandy, with a puzzled
expression. Marilyn is sarcastic.

MARILYN

I see what you mean! These two over
here look adorable together.

LANCE

Like twins separated at birth, but
without the incest, right?

MARILYN

Uhm, sure! You bet!

Marilyn looks at Debbie and Bret as a match. Everyone else
looks too, with a puzzled expression.

MARILYN (CONT'D)

And these two? You think these two
have far more in common than anyone
knows?

LANCE

They can't hide it much longer.
They're like starved-cursed lovers.

CHRIS

I think that's star-crossed lovers,
from Billy Shakespeare.

LUPE

Right. Nice job.

Lupe's eyes meet Chris's.

MARILYN

And these two? Are you kidding me?

Marilyn points to Chris and Lupe, and everyone else stares, with a puzzled expression.

MARILYN (CONT'D)

The way they look at each other?
It's like the way you looked at me
in the shower, Lance! Like a
stalker, more than a lover!

Everyone snickers.

LANCE

I went a perfect three-for-three.
Matches made in heaven. Just like
the online questionnaires
confirmed.

Marilyn stands, ready to punch Lance again. No one jumps to stop her.

MARILYN

But Lance, when you took the
questionnaire, and matched it with
my score, you said we only got
sixteen percent in common!

LANCE

Oh, honeybunches, that's only
because questionnaires can never
make up for raw sexual appeal.

Marilyn pauses. She softens.

MARILYN

I did like your unshaven legs right
away.

LUPE

(mumbles)

Ooh. That's T-M-I, Too Much
Information.

LANCE

And I liked your ankles, remember?

CHRIS

Yeah. That's enough.

MARILYN

And the nape of my neck. You said
you had a soft spot for hairy
napes.

BRET
 (mumbles)
 I'm gonna throw up.

Lance rips off the washcloth for covering his eyes, stands, and grabs Marilyn in a bear hug.

LANCE
 And our combined animal magnetism
 is like bipolar off the charts!

Lance drops to one knee.

LANCE (CONT'D)
 Will you marry me, Ms. Marilyn
 Mangini, my one true love?

Silence.

MARILYN
 This comes as such a complete
 surprise.
 (beat)
 Okay. Why not?

They KISS, and the group CHEERS!

LANCE
 I wish we had champagne.

MARILYN
 We do.

Marilyn pulls at a chain around her neck until a small key appears.

LANCE
 What's that? Key to my heart?

MARILYN
 Key to the steel storage cabinet in
 the back of your closet.

BRET AND DEBBIE
 What's in it?

MARILYN
 Emergency canned food, gasoline,
 liquor, wine, one bottle of
 champagne, bottled water, and
 smores supplies like Graham
 crackers, chocolate, and
 marshmallows. Got to keep it locked
 'cause of the bears.

ARTIE AND SANDY AND BRET

Food!

CHRIS

A chainsaw! We could cut our way out of here tomorrow morning.

LUPE

Thank God! But it sounds like one heck of a fun campfire tonight!

EXT. CAMPFIRE - NIGHT

Marilyn squeezes next to Lance on one log, all lovey-dovey. They are all semi-smiling, roasting marshmallows with long metal pokers, and eating smores. Bret and Sandy sit apart on a log. Lupe and Artie sit apart on a log. And Chris and Debbie sit apart on a log.

CHRIS

Thanks, Marilyn! We survived a can food dinner. That's the main thing.

LUPE

We're getting out of here tomorrow. That's the main thing.

Lance HUGS and KISSES Marilyn.

LANCE

Matchmaking is a miraculous thing.

Everyone STARES at Lance.

BRET

You didn't attract Marilyn with your online questionnaires!

SANDY

Right! It was all about hairy legs.

ARTIE

Marilyn, you were here last weekend as a camper, right? Who were you paired with?

MARILYN

That was a laugh. Lance had me paired up with a Wall Street big shot.

CHRIS

So that matchup didn't turn out?

MARILYN

All he wanted was another trophy wife.

Everyone looks out in a different direction.

LANCE

No animal magnetism.

LUPE

(mumbles)

Imagine that?

MARILYN

The Saturday night campfire was just like this, except everyone was fighting after we played the three secrets game.

LANCE

Punching, kicking, scratching. Who knew?

BRET

The three secrets game?

LANCE

Supposed to reveal your inner-self to your love interest faster than skinny-dipping in a public hot tub.

MARILYN

That Wall Street creep told me his three secrets, and I let him have it.

LANCE

(proudly)

Got a note from his lawyer two days later.

LUPE

What did he say?

MARILYN

One, he said he loved me. Two, he wanted me right then and there. And three, he was still married.

ARTIE

That's awful.

MARILYN

To three sister-wives in Utah.

LANCE

That's when the fight broke out.

MARILYN

Everybody was hitting everybody else after the three secrets game!

LANCE

At first, I thought Camp Patibility would never work. But look at you three happy couples, and Marilyn and me. I am the Mountain Matchmaker!

Sandy stands up.

SANDY

I have three secrets.

LUPE

What?

SANDY

One, I'm going to retire from bikini modeling. Demeaning anyway. Two, I never liked celery. And three, I have no attraction to Bret no matter what the computer questionnaires say. I'm sorry, Bret.

BRET

That's a relief.

Sandy pats Bret's hand. Lupe smiles at her dear friend. Artie stands, walks over, and stands before Sandy. Bret goes to Lupe's log and sits down, dejected.

ARTIE

I've got three secrets.

Everyone looks shocked.

CHRIS

Artie?

ARTIE

One, I lied on my online questionnaire when I said I was a triathlete with swimming, biking, and running.

No one is shocked, but Lance.

LANCE
Really? You lied?

LUPE
That's okay, Artie. I'm sure lots
of people lie on those forms.

ARTIE
Two, I lied on every question. Then
when I got here and met you guys,
all I wanted to do was tell the
truth. Sorry, Lupe.

The group SMILES.

MARILYN
Hey Mountain Matchmaker, your three
happy couples are falling apart.

ARTIE
Three, the truth is that I've been
in love with Sandy since I saw her
smile on her first magazine cover.
In fact, I'm getting excited now.

LUPE
Stand back, everyone! I mean it.

SANDY
That's lust, not love. Have you
been stalking me for ten years?

ARTIE
Not you! You're smile. It's the
only smile in the world that "it"
responds to.

Artie points to his crotch. Sandy's eyes open widely. She
SMILES.

SANDY
Whoa! I see!

Artie, embarrassed, sits next to Sandy. Debbie stands.

DEBBIE
(yells)
One, I'm gay.

Only Lance is surprised.

LANCE
Did not see that coming!

DEBBIE

Two, I love camping and doing all the things boys do. And, three...

(beat)

I like to wear frilly ladies' undies and bras.

Bret's eyes open widely. Debbie sits down.

LANCE

Isn't that a coincidence, Marilyn?

LUPE

(mumbles)

T-M-I.

DEBBIE

And another thing. I've enjoyed meeting and talking to Chris. He's the best listener I've ever met in my life. He's totally non-judgmental, and behind his urban slang and swearing, he's softhearted, and a warm human being.

(beat, mumbles)

But I don't want to make love to him or anything.

Everyone's eyes open widely.

LUPE

(mumbles)

Really T-M-I.

Debbie sits down, and Lupe stands. She's sad.

LUPE (CONT'D)

Here are my three secrets. One, it's clear online questionnaires can't predict love. Maybe that's not a secret if only five percent of long-term relationships are initiated online.

LANCE

I object. That's rushing to judgment!

CHRIS

Objection overruled. She's right.

LUPE

Two, I wished I was wrong. When Sandy carted me here, I had a smile in my heart that I thought had died long ago. It was the smile of a brief sliver of hope. Maybe that's all humans need to carry on with life. That belief that their dreams could come true. That there is someone for them.

SANDY

(interrupting)

But there is hope. There's always hope.

Artie looks at Sandy's SMILE, and he melts. She melts back. Chris stands.

CHRIS

I know what you mean, Lupe.

LANCE

It's not your time to speak, Mister Investigative Reporter!

Chris sits.

LUPE

And three, as crazy as this sounded to spend a weekend camping with Sandy and a group of strangers, I really enjoyed getting out in the woods, communing with nature, and meeting new people. Done. I said it!

The group applauds (like a golf clap), but Chris is CHEERING madly!

LANCE

Who's next?

Bret stands.

BRET

I'll go.

LANCE

Okay, then.

Bret sounds sad.

BRET

One, my dresser in my tent is filled with women's clothes. Lots of frilly under-things.

The group is stunned.

BRET (CONT'D)

Two, I married three women I most wanted to be like. Ya know, emulate. I loved them and wanted to be them.

The group remains silent.

BRET (CONT'D)

Three, I like camping and outhouses, because the choice is simple. When I see men's and women's bathrooms side by side, I get frightened and confused. You'd never understand.

There is an awkward silence.

DEBBIE

I understand.

Debbie gets up and sits next to Bret. A low-level applause starts, but Chris cranks it up to make Bret feel better about coming out. They all CHEER madly. Chris stands.

CHRIS

Three secret truths are impossible for any lawyer, and I go back to work Monday.

Everyone chuckles.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

One, I came here under false pretenses. I already confessed to that, and most of you forgave me.

Everyone, but Lance, nods.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Two, I had a defining moment in my life while I was here.

Chris looks around at everyone.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Everybody did, but for me it came when Lupe told me that only you can make yourself feel inferior. You're never forced to feel that way about yourself!

Lupe stands and softly speaks only to Chris.

LUPE

I should know. I perfected it.

CHRIS

We all feel like that at some point, inferior, but we don't have to.

Chris steps closer to Lupe. She opens her arms slowly, a little bit scared.

LUPE

It's a little scary not to feel inferior.

Chris opens his arms and moves in closer to Lupe. He is speaking only to Lupe now.

CHRIS

Three, I didn't believe in love at first sight. Hell, I'm not sure I believed in true love. But I'm a believer now. This weekend, the evidence was overwhelming.

Chris gives Lupe a short, sweet kiss. The group applauds mildly.

LUPE

It's not about what you keep, it's about what you give.

Lupe gives Chris a passionate, long kiss. The group CHEERS madly!

They HEAR the bear attacking the garbage dumpster.

LUPE (CONT'D)

Let's scare off that pizza-stealing bear!

CHRIS

I'm not afraid anymore!

MARILYN

We got this!

ARTIE

Charge!

Everyone but Lance charges down the road with their marshmallow roasting stakes held like swords. They scream and laugh, and the bear takes off. The group laughs as they stroll back to the campfire, where Lance is shaking in fear.

MARILYN

Lance, are you okay?

Marilyn HUGS Lance.

LANCE

One, my name isn't really Lance Boone. It's Herman Baxter, I just changed it for the Camp Patibility brochure, and I hate camping, and I'm afraid of everything out here.

LUPE

Didn't see those three truths coming.

LANCE

Two, after tonight, I realize that I may not be the greatest matchmaker in the world, but I'm feeling pretty good about the love I sense around me.

CHRIS

Give it up for Lance!

Everybody CHEERS madly.

LANCE

And three, I know for a fact that I would never have met the love of my life and the life of my love without Camp Patibility, but I can't stay here and run it. It's just not me.

The group GASPS.

MARILYN

'Cause you don't have the rent for my father?

LANCE

No. I hate animals. And trees. And shrubs. And dirt. I don't like dirt. Some people like dirt. I'm not one of them.

(beat)

I hate camping worse than Chris!

SANDY

What would happen to the camp?

LUPE

I loved your camping idea. Far better than trying to meet someone at a stinky biker bar, church, or a nude beach!

Awkward silence. Everyone STARES at Lupe. Then, Marilyn stands next to Lance/Herman.

MARILYN

You don't have to run the camp, Herman.

LANCE

What?

MARILYN

If you marry me, you can hire people to run Camp Patibility for you.

LANCE

How?

MARILYN

I'm fairly wealthy, Herman. It's not Daddy who owns the Camp, it's me.

LANCE

You?

MARILYN

And all the land out to the highway.

CHRIS

You're messin' with us!

MARILYN

And a string of all-inclusive, five-star hotels and spas all over the world.

LANCE
No dirt?

LUPE
No shit!

Lupe covers her mouth after swearing. Everyone chuckles.
Debbie and Bret whisper to each other.

DEBBIE
Bret and I would run Camp
Patibility for you, Herman and
Marilyn.

Everyone is shocked.

BRET
We'd ask to make a few changes,
mostly for safety.

DEBBIE
Fresh food supply.

BRET
Chainsaws and a small tractor.

DEBBIE
An exit strategy for stranded
guests.

MARILYN
Sounds reasonable.

BRET
And all types of guests would be
accommodated.

Bret surprises Debbie with a kiss, and she doesn't pull back.

DEBBIE
Did not see that coming.

Bret smiles.

BRET
Here it comes again!

Bret kisses Debbie, and everyone CHEERS.

LANCE
It's settled then. Donuts may or
may not show up in the morning, but
I think we ought to call it a
night.

Marilyn giggles.

MARILYN

Where am I going to sleep, Herman?

Lance/Herman drops to one knee again.

LANCE

It may be our last night in a one-star cabin, but I'd be honored if you'd join me.

MARILYN

After a shower, of course.

They ROMP up to the cabin giggling.

LUPE

T-M-I!

SANDY

Artie, I wonder if you might consider dropping by my tent for a bite to eat.

Artie looks puzzled.

ARTIE

But I'm not hungry.

Sandy pulls him by the arm.

SANDY

I am!

Sandy and Artie RACE to her tent.

BRET

Debbie, would you like to stop by my tent and talk about our new business venture?

Debbie nods 'yes,' and holds Bret by the arm as they amble to Bret's tent.

DEBBIE

Maybe I can try on a few things.

BRET

(whispers)

I have this little French number that...

LUPE

T-M-I.

Chris leans closer to Lupe. He points to his collapsed, little pup tent, with one sleeping bag and pillow.

CHRIS

I'd like to formally invite you to stop by my pup tent, so I can get to know you better...

LUPE

(interrupting)

You're coming with me!

Lupe pulls Chris by the arm, and leads him to her tent.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

Lance/Herman chases a giggling Marilyn around the table. Then she turns and chases him around the table.

INT. SANDY'S TENT - NIGHT

Sandy, wearing a bandana covering her face, is testing Artie with several magazine covers of bikini-clad women. He has no reaction to any of them. Finally, she shows him her photo on a magazine cover, and Artie gets excited immediately.

Sandy, removes the bandana from her face, SMILES, and jumps on Artie for mad, passionate kissing.

INT. BRET'S TENT - NIGHT

Debbie and Bret are going through the dresser drawers and trying frilly undies as they giggle and laugh.

INT. CHRIS'S TENT - NIGHT

Chris and Lupe are dressed, but laying atop Chris's single sleeping bag, giggling and staring into each other's eyes.

LUPE

Could've used my tent.

CHRIS

What? Thought you wanted to meet the real me? And I had no idea third-grade teachers could be that wild!

LUPE

Wild as you rich lawyer types
showing off your fancy digs.

Chris points around the tent. He points at his heart last.

CHRIS

Be mine, and all this will be
yours.

LUPE

Be mine, and you will always see
the truth in my eyes, always feel
the passion in my heart, and never
want for a moment of love.

CHRIS

Never? Starting now?

LUPE

Staring now!

They kiss passionately!

EXT. BRIDGE ON FORESTED ROAD - DAY

We see Marilyn in her wedding dress, hard-hat, and goggles, cutting up a tree blocking the road with a chainsaw, as Lance/Herman cheers her on. Bret and Debbie tie a rope to the tree and Bret's Chevy Suburban (to pull the tree away after it's cut). A line of cars waits to get out. Artie stands outside the first car, talking with Sandy and Lupe, who are outside the second car. Chris is third (and last) in line.

SANDY

(to Artie)

See you in town, Big Boy! I'll drop
off Lupe and be right over!

ARTIE

I may not have the strength.

LUPE

T-M-I!

SANDY

I'll bring you some magazine
covers!

Sandy HUGS and KISSES Artie. Lupe HUGS and KISSES Chris.

CHRIS

We're all going to miss this place:
Camp Patibility, where you meet
camp-mates for life. Maybe we
should come back next weekend?

Artie, Sandy, and Lupe look at each other, and shake their
heads, 'No."

The chainsaw stops. Marilyn removes her hard-hat and goggles.
She gives Bret and Debbie a thumbs-up sign.

MARILYN

Haul her away!

Debbie and Bret hop in Bret's Chevy Suburban and pull the
tree off the road. Everyone CHEERS! There are HUGS all
around.

LANCE

Four happy couples in one weekend.
Not bad for the Mountain
Matchmaker! Maybe I could learn to
like camping?

MARILYN

Don't think so, Herman!

Marilyn starts up the chainsaw and tears after Lance/Herman,
as Artie, Sandy, Lupe, and Chris WAVE and drive off laughing.
Debbie and Bret WAVE good-bye to them.

End Act Three

FADE OUT.

THE END