

CAMP ONE GUY

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Vers. 7-19-2019

FADE IN:

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE BACKYARD - DAY

Five couples, old friends in their late thirties to mid forties, gather at one of their frequent potluck barbecues. They are BOB and SALLY, PHIL and RHONDA, PHYLLIS and STAN, MARSHA and DAN, and RANDY and JUDY. CHILDREN in their teens horse around or sit hunched over smartphones.

Phil flips burgers over a grill as Bob watches.

BOB
You gonna fry those things until
they're buffalo chips?

PHIL
They taste better if ya get 'em all
smokey and charcoal-y. And you gotta
make sure you kill the E-Coli. Bound
to be some E-Coli in there.

BOB
Personally, I like my bacteria medium
rare.

Phil frowns and waves Bob to stand back.

BOB (cont'd)
You know, I'm always glad when it's
your turn to host. Makes it a lot
easier to stick to my diet.
(Takes a swig of
beer.)

PHIL
Well, thank me then. I do this for
your health.

Phil hands Bob a platter of hamburgers.

PHIL (cont'd)
Here, feed the brats first, so we can
eat our burgers in peace with another
pitcher of Martoons. You could make
yourself useful in that department,
Bob.

BOB
Put extra cheese on that one there
for me.

PHIL
I thought you didn't want one.

BOB
I lied.

PICNIC TABLE

THE FIVE COUPLES, minus Phil and Bob, sit at a long picnic table and drink martinis or beer and eat.

Bob hustles by them on his way to deliver the burgers to the children's table.

PHYLLIS
Ah, meat at last. Give me your meat,
Bob. I want meat!

MARSHA
Why does that sound vaguely
pornographic?

BOB
Coming up. These are for the
offspring. Phil mixed in some
Ritalin.

RANDY
Put those here, goddamnit.

MARSHA
So as I was saying you guys, Dan and
I are empty nesters this summer. The
girls are off to a dude ranch in
Texas, gonna learn what real work
looks like.

DAN
I give it two weeks, tops.

JUDY
Our kids are spending the summer with
the in-laws in Connecticut. The good-
looking cousins may have something to
do with it. Bet ya Sandra is texting
them right now.

STAN
Texting. I hate that word.

RANDY

Judy, I think the yacht on Cape Cod may be a bigger attraction than the cousins.

BOB

Can we do the next potluck on it? Or I guess you're supposed to say if it's a boat, "on her." We'll bring the croutons.

STAN

Is a yacht a boat or a ship? Why are boats female? Isn't that sexist? Is a bus a "he"? What's a minivan?

DAN

Somebody pass me the potato salad.

MARSHA

So what about you guys, Rhonda? What are you and Phil going to do now that your darling twins are off to, to where again?

RHONDA

Honduras. After six weeks of training. It's a program to help people get out of the poverty there. They'll teach basic survival skills like hygiene and better diets. Some of those people eat dirt.

PHIL

(joining them with a
platter of burgers)

They'll be gone for a whole six months. Man. Screws up their getting into college in the fall. They'll probably come home with six Hondurans hiding in their luggage. That's how they'll get out of poverty.

SALLY

Wow. How about that? We're all going to be childless this summer. For the first time ever.

RHONDA

What? You, too? Where are Mike and Bobby Jr. going?

SALLY

Camp. Camp Wally-Hai. It's a photography camp in New Mexico. They go to different spots around the Southwest, taking pictures of canyons and sunsets and cacti and lizards. They both are deep into photography.

BOB

And into my wallet. Ten grand apiece, can you believe that? My parents sent me to a YMCA camp for a month. Cost all of two hundred bucks.

SALLY

You said if the boys ever showed s passion for anything...

BOB

Yes, sweetie, yes, I did...

SALLY

...that we'd always figure out a way to pay for it.

BOB

Yes, we would.

MARSHA

(bolting upright)

Wait a minute, you guys. I think you just hit upon something. Camps for kids are money makers. People like Bob and Sally here are the market, they'll do anything for their kids.

BOB

We're talking second mortgage here.

MARSHA

Remember how we keep fantasizing about how much fun it would be to have some kind of business we could all do together? Do something creative? Turn a vacation we all want to take into a tax write-off?

STAN

We never did vote on my proposal for adult finger paint therapy clinics.

RANDY

That was tabled, Stan. You need to get a second to un-table it, after three readings. That is, if the second is not also tabled.

STAN

Who has this table and where does he/she/it/they keep it?

DAN

Ketchup please.

MARSHA

Listen, folks, I'm not kidding here. I have had for years now a listing on a property in Idaho that was once a camp for a survivalist cult. I can't move it because of what it was.

SALLY

Oh oh. Uni-Bomber country.

MARSHA

We can get it for a song since the county will sell it for back taxes. It has cabins, a mess hall, a lake and several outbuildings. We all love the outdoors. It'd be only for the summers, and we get the campers to help fix up the place.

RHONDA

We all used to be athletes in high school, so we could coach sports. I'm still a mean archer.

DAN

I can bring a gross of scalpels and show the kids how to dissect a frog.

PHIL

I can teach them how to take apart a Harley and put it all back together again. Sort of.

RANDY

I can bring my Colt .45 collection and set up a firing range.

SALLY

No, no guns!

RHONDA

No guns.

STAN

No Huns.

PHYLLIS

Hey. This could be fun! Outdoors and a kid again.

PHIL

A camp, really, in Idaho? You guys serious?

MARSHA

Everybody's kids go somewhere these days in the summertime, Phil. The kids need it. The parents need it. So yeah, I'm serious.

(starts pacing)

Say you get 200 kids, say for five grand apiece for six weeks, that makes for a cool million dollars. Where else are you going to make that kind of money in six weeks?

PHYLLIS

And we get back in shape again.

(grabs and squeezes

STAN's little paunch)

STAN

Hmmm. That's \$200,000 gross per couple. Not bad. Before expenses, of course, but then counter that with depreciation, maybe there's tax credits and federal grants if we get inner city kids in there, and various and sundry loopholes and whatnot for wildlife and conservation. Lots of angles.

BOB

Stan, as all-around math wizard you can keep the books for our new enterprise.

PHIL

Well, I can already see you guys are thinking 200 brats set loose for six weeks in an abandoned Nazi fort are worth putting up with to make a million bucks. Really? I have a much better idea.

PHYLLIS

Which is?

PHIL

How about we just have one camper. One kid for one million dollars. Much more manageable. We can call it Camp One Guy.

Everybody laughs.

RANDY

Wow. Why is it always Phil who has all the good ideas?

MARSHA

Well, just think about it, guys, will ya? It would be better than sitting around on our asses all summer in our empty houses.

STAN

I liked the Tower of Toast franchise idea better. 76 different kinds of toast, with a stunning array of syrups and toppings. Whose idea was that?

SALLY

You know it was you.

STAN

So it was.

INT. BOB'S HOME OFFICE, HIS COMPUTER SCREEN - THAT NIGHT

Gazing at the New York Times online classified ads web page, BOB enters this text:

"Want a safe, exclusive and secluded summer camp experience for your child this summer? One that caters to just one special camper, full of challenges? Then you want Camp One Guy. Four weeks in pristine Idaho, just \$1,000,000.

Includes all meals, taxes and ground transportation. Enroll now at www.CampOneGuy.com today."

BOB
(clicks the "ENTER"
key.)
OK, now to set up the website.
(Laughs)
I love this.
(Laughs)

The computer screen switches to a build-it-yourself web design site. Bob clicks away at his keyboard.

Under the headline banner of "WELCOME TO CAMP ONE GUY" in a big forest green font is the photo of the five couples at their recent barbecue picnic table, including the tabletop debris, their bleary faces, and the clowning for the camera.

The caption under the photo: "Camp One Guy, Administration and Staff."

Below that, Bob creates a boxed space to input registration information and credit card payment for \$1,000,000.

And below that he types: "Non-refundable."

He saves the file and publishes the website.

Next, he composes an email to his friends:

"Amigos,

Action taken! We are now in business: www.CampOneGuy.com.
Get ready, get set. Ta-dah!

Bob

P.S. Check out tomorrow's NY Times Classified Ads, under 'Camps and Schools.' Big surprise!"

BOB (cont'd)
Ahhh. Well done, Roberto.

He shuts down the computer.

INT. PHIL AND RHONDA'S KITCHEN BREAKFAST NOOK - DAY

PHIL reads the New York Times while enjoying his breakfast of toast and coffee.

Phone on wall next to him RINGS. He picks it up.

PHIL
Hello. This is Phil.

BOB (V.O.)
You look at your email yet?

PHIL
Nope.

BOB (V.O.)
You got today's Times?

PHIL
I'm looking right at it.

BOB (V.O.)
Go to the classified section.

PHIL
Why do I want to do that?

BOB (V.O.)
Just go. Look under Camps and
Schools.

PHIL
This have anything to do with what we
were talking about yesterday? Just a
sec. Camps...camps...camps. OK, found
it.

BOB (V.O.)
See it?

PHIL
See what --
(bursts into laughter)
Oh, shit yes, haha! Oh, this is so
funny. "Camp One Guy." Marsha will
not be pleased. You didn't take her
seriously.

BOB (V.O.)
I always say, go for the gold, not
the silver. I took action. Marsha
respects action.

PHIL
Will she be pissed. Oh boy, I gotta
see how I can top this.

BOB (V.O.)
 You can't, me boy. I even got us a
 slogan: "Camp One Guy: No Nonsense,
 No Riffraff."

PHIL
 You clown.
 (Hangs up)

INT. PALACE OF THE KING OF ARABISTAN - EVENING

KING ABDULLAH sits at the center of a long mahogany banquet table.

He tries to eat his sumptuous dinner.

Liveried SERVANTS stand behind him, ready to serve.

Seated at a far end of the table is his well-fed, scowling NUMBER ONE WIFE.

Their 13-year-old rambunctious son, PRINCE MAHMUD, bounces around the spacious room like a manic beachball, gyrating ninja moves, at turns hanging from \$800/foot silk curtains, jumping on and breaking antique furniture, and yelling and throwing toys.

A SERVANT frantically follows after him, trying his best to clean up after Mahmud.

In a dark corner, at a desk lighted only by a small lamp, sits the king's chief advisor and prime minister, ZAYED. He is lean, aloof, and ascetic.

ABDULLAH
 (throwing down his
 napkin)
 Not again! Why does Allah constantly
 test me with this wild monkey son of
 mine? I can't even have my dinner in
 peace. Mahmud! Stop this nonsense!
 Sit and eat.

MAHMUD
 I am perfecting my martial arts
 skills. As you commanded me to do,
 father. I learn to serve you as your
 best warrior.

NUMBER ONE WIFE
 Don't pick on him. He is a good boy.

ABDULLAH
I didn't tell you to speak. I will be obeyed.

NUMBER ONE WIFE
He is a good boy. His goodness comes from me. It does not come from you.

Mahmud stops and stands at attention before his father.

MAHMUD
Or shall I now entertain you, Your Highness?

Mahmud grabs fruit from a bowl on the table and does an impressive juggling act with it. Alas, a fruit sent too high and wide lands in Abdullah's stew, splattering it all over his face and clothes.

ABDULLAH
(in a rage)
Out, out! Get him out of here! Now!

Servants rush to seize Mahmud and take him away.

Zayed calmly picks up his phone and makes a call.

NUMBER ONE WIFE
Abdullah, he is your son, be merciful. He only wants to please you. But you never let him. Don't be so cruel.

ABDULLAH
Get her out of here now, too! Now! I cannot tolerate all this insolence!

SOLDIERS appear from seemingly nowhere and whisk her away. Zayed pulls aside the COMMANDER.

ZAYED
Commander, release them once His Highness takes to bed tonight. And give the Prince dinner before he retires. Be gentle with him.

COMMANDER
Yes, sir. As you command.

Zayed goes to Abdullah and cleans his face and robe with a napkin.

ZAYED

I should have noticed the Prince was in high spirits. I failed to prevent his rude intrusion on your supper. I apologize, Sire. I beg your pardon or your punishment, which I more rightly deserve.

Abdullah, exhausted, waves Zayed off.

ABDULLAH

Nonsense, Zayed. Stop. I wouldn't last a day as king without you running things. You are my right arm. No -- you're both my arms.

ZAYED

Majesty, you are too kind and too modest. I thank you. All Arabistan basks in the warmth of your magnificent sunshine.

ABDULLAH

What is with the world today?

ZAYED

It is all in my report. And there are your newspapers. I will leave them all here now if you like.

Zayed snaps his fingers and a servant hands him an ornate box.

Zayed places the box on the table, opens it, and withdraws the New York Times.

ZAYED (cont'd)

I have earmarked for you in the New York Times an advertisement that I believe you will welcome, Sire. There's a youth camp in America. It's in a remote and secure military compound. It has sports, even archery, and a lake. Wild game.

ABDULLAH

A lake. A real lake? Ah, and this is for Mahmud, yes? Yes!

ZAYED

Yes! And here is the best part -- it only will admit one camper.

ABDULLAH
Really? Must be CIA.

ZAYED
Could be. But CIA are our friends.
Usually. I think.

ABDULLAH
So how much, and for how long?

ZAYED
One million dollars. Four weeks.
Meals and ground transportation
included.

ABDULLAH
Ooooh, Allahu akbar! Do it, do it
right now! Grab it before somebody
else does!

ZAYED
At your service, Exalted Potentate.

ABDULLAH
Ooooooooooh!

Abdullah does a little dance and exits, followed by servants
and soldiers.

AT ZAYED'S DESK

Zayed picks up his phone and looks cautiously around the
room, and PUNCHES phone number.

SOUND-OVER: PHONE RINGING

INT. BASEMENT - SAME EVENING

Surrounded by dimly lighted concrete walls plastered with
jihadi posters and lethal weapons, TALIB (40) picks up
RINGING phone.

TALIB
The tree needs watering.

ZAYED
So the figs can grow.

TALIB
What good news do you have for me,
brother?

ZAYED

Talib. Our prayers our answered. I have just convinced the silly fat man it's safe to send his son to that boys camp in Idaho. Where we kidnap him. Demand ransom. For justice! Inshallah. And force him to abdicate.

TALIB

Inshallah, brother. But how will we infiltrate this camp to find this boy among so many others?

ZAYED

You have forgotten, Talib? That is the miracle. The boy is the only camper. It will be easy. His bodyguards get lazy. The boy wanders. He will come to us.

TALIB

Make the arrangements. I will bring eight men. If you can book us in a nearby Holiday Inn, please do this. I love their breakfast buffet.

INT. BOB'S CAR - DAY

BOB drives his SUV in suburban traffic. He is listening to music on the radio. His cell phone RINGS.

He pushes a button to turn on the car's speaker phone. The dashboard LCD identifies Sally as the caller.

BOB

Hey, babe. What's up?

SALLY (V.O.)

(shaken)

Honey, something very, very weird has just happened.

BOB

Oh? What?

SALLY (V.O.)

I don't know what to make of it. You know Ted Lawson at the bank? He said we need to see him right away and straighten this out.

BOB
Straighten what out?

SALLY (V.O.)
Bob, he says he just received an electronic deposit into our account of one million dollars. A million dollars!

BOB
What?

SALLY (V.O.)
From a bank in the Bahamas. He says he has to report any deposit over \$10,000 to the IRS, and if he thinks there's something suspicious about the deposit, he has to tell the IRS about that, too. Like if this is some kind of money laundering or drug money.

Bob starts laughing uncontrollably.

BOB
Oh my God, babe. You know what this is? You know what this is?

SALLY (V.O.)
What?

BOB
Phil! It's Phil. He said he'd top my classified ad gag, Camp One Guy? For a million bucks? And now he's gone and done it. Trust me. Ted's in on it. We're being punked, Sally.

SALLY (V.O.)
Hmmm, Ted sounded pretty serious. I can see Phil maybe pulling our leg, sure, but not Ted.

BOB
C'mon, this is a joke. I'll meet you at the bank in 10 minutes. That's all this is, Sally. It's Phil.

SALLY (V.O.)
You're right. OK.

BOB
God, what Phil won't do to pull off a
practical joke.

He hangs up.

INT. FIRST UNION BANK, DESK OF TED LAWSON - DAY

TED LAWSON, a carefully groomed, balding man in his fifties, points BOB and SALLY to chairs opposite his desk, motions them to sit.

TED
Oh, hi guys, have a seat. So glad you
could make it down here right away.
Can I get you some coffee, tea,
water?

BOB AND SALLY
(In unison)
No thanks.

TED
Well, might as well get right down to
it, then. This is awkward. Gee. Well.
Seems like you hit the jackpot
somehow, you two. I hope I can just
say congratulations and be done. But
federal law requires me to ask some
questions when there's a deposit of
this magnitude.

BOB
(suppressing a smile)
Yeah, well, right. A million bucks is
a magnitude. No ifs or buts about
that.

TED
(sweat on his
forehead)
Magnitude. Yes. Yes, indeed. So. I
have to ask this. How did you earn
this money? What activity generated
it?

BOB
Remind me, Sally, was it from the
sales of the sex dolls, or the Korean
porn, or was it that Rembrandt we had
to sell?

SALLY
No. Definitely the porn. Gidget Does
Hawaii, very popular.

TED
Heh-heh. Come on, you two, you're
kidding, right? You're kidding.

Bob bursts into laughter. Starts doing the slow hand clap in
appreciation of what he sees as Ted's superb performance.

BOB
Oh, Ted. You're really good. So
convincing. You're a really good
actor. You missed your calling.

TED
What on earth makes you say that?

BOB
Tell me, how did Phil get you to do
this? What did he promise you?

TED
Look, Bob, I don't know any Phil, and
this is no joke.

Ted turns his computer screen so Bob and Sally can see it.

TED (cont'd)
See this? This is your joint checking
account. Recognize those purchases
you made yesterday. And the deposits
recently made? Including the million
dollars? This is real, I assure you.
People would go to jail if it wasn't.

Bob and Sally stare in stunned silence.

TED (cont'd)
So. You know nothing about this
deposit.

BOB
There's only one possible
explanation. And a really crazy one,
at that. Can you lend me your
keyboard for a second?

Ted does so.

Bob logs into his email account. He finds an email generated by the Camp One Guy website notifying him of a registration and confirmation of payment for one Prince Mahmud Abdullah of Arabistan, age 13.

SALLY

Holy crap. We have our camp. Oh. My. God.

Bob returns Ted's keyboard and turns the monitor back around to Ted.

BOB

Well, this email explains it, Ted. We and our friends got ourselves a real live million-dollar camper from Arabistan. Looks like Sally and I are now in the very lucrative and exclusive upscale international outdoor adventure industry.

TED

Goodness. Well that's a relief. Can I suggest we put this deposit in something that earns a decent interest rather than sitting in your checking account? We have a number of attractive products.

BOB

No, we have partners. We'll need to set up a partnership business account. And let's make sure the IRS always gets, of course, its cut.

TED

Heh-heh, yes. Yes. Well, good. Anything else I might do for you?

BOB

Yes. Can I get ten thousand in cash right now out of that million?

TED

Um, yes. Yes, you can. By all means. Let me handle that for you right away.

He stands and scurries off.

SALLY

What do you need the ten grand for?

BOB

I am going to carpet bomb Phil's garage with the bills. Make him wonder who did it and why.

SALLY

A prince? We're doing this? Where's Arabistan?

BOB

Beyond strange.

SALLY

What if the kid can't speak English? What if he refuses to eat our food?

BOB

Bridges yet to be crossed. Anyway, remember, there are no refunds. We're rich.

SALLY

This can't be real.

EXT. ARABISTAN INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT, A REMOTE RUNWAY - NIGHT

TALIB and eight fully black-clad TERRORISTS enter a black van and drive it up into the belly of a cargo plane.

INT. TERRORISTS' VAN - NIGHT

TALIB

(over two-way radio)

We are in. Good to take off, inshallah. Proceed.

He switches the radio off and hangs it on a hook on the dashboard. The plane's engines rev. He addresses his crew in the van.

TALIB (cont'd)

When we land in Canada, my brothers, we all split up and stay that way until the meet-up point in Idaho. Do not attract attention. Wear the infidel's clothes. Any questions?

There are none.

TALIB (cont'd)
May the most merciful Allah guide us
and bless our intentions.

TERRORISTS
(In unison)
Allahu-akbar!
Allahu-akbar!

EXT. CAMP ONE GUY - DAY

THE FIVE COUPLES: BOB and SALLY, PHIL and RHONDA, RANDY and JUDY, MARSHA and DAN, STAN and PHYLLIS are frantically at work, clearing out debris and pieces of dilapidated buildings, including hidden caches of weapons.

Randy lifts open doors of what looks like a storm shelter.

RANDY
Holy crap, you guys, come and look at this. Here's some more firepower.
(opens crates)
Geez, grenades, Claymore mines, some Uzis, AK-47s. Jesus. They were preparing for World War III.

BOB
Look, put all that stuff back as it was. When we make the next run into town we'll get locks to keep the Prince from snooping.

JUDY
Are we gonna keep calling him The Prince? We gotta make it clear he's in America now, and while here he should be just plain Mahmud.
(she mispronounces his name)

STAN
No, it's pronounced Mah-mud.
(pronouncing it correctly with the guttural "h")

JUDY
I'm calling him Sam.

Everybody else tries saying it just like Stan, but with no success.

BOB

OK. As your newly elected President and Supreme Poobah of this here compound, I make my first command decision. Our camper will henceforth be called Sam.

DAN

When's Sam arriving? I forgot.

BOB

Sam lands at Boise International tomorrow noon with four bodyguards. So first priority is to finish the cleanup in Cabins One and Five. The crazies did do some decent maintenance on those buildings.

PHIL

Must have been where their leaders bunked.

PHYLLIS

This place gives me the creeps. Mildew. Spiders everywhere. Give the the money back and let's go home.

SALLY

We have one more day to do as much cosmetic cleaning up as we can. The Prince--

BOB

Sam.

SALLY

--Sam. He is spending the night tomorrow at the Holiday Inn. To get over the jet lag and have one last day of civilization before coming here for the Wild West Experience.

STAN

Damn. Let's advertise that "Wild West Experience" thing. The place will be overrun by Germans.

RANDY

We need to do something about this arsenal. All these weapons. This stuff can't be legal.

DAN
Second Amendment, man.

STAN
Let the Germans take them off our hands. We can tell them to invade Montana.

JUDY
What normal camper has bodyguards? For what? We're in the middle of nowhere here. This is the USA.

RANDY
Look, we just need to make it through four weeks. We can fake it. The kid won't know the difference from what normal is.

MARSHA
No, we all said this camp idea would help get us in shape again, and we promised to make it fun. And God knows we've already made a pile of money. So don't anybody wimp out now just 'cause we got paid in advance.

PHYLLIS
I'm not sleeping with spiders.

STAN
Let's go to Vegas and give Sam and his bodyguards the keys to this place.

BOB
I'm with Marsha. C'mon, friends. We are doing this for us as much as the kid. Let's do this right.

They go back to work.

RANDY (O.C.,)
(from a distance)
Good God. Unbelievable. Bazookas!

EXT. BOISE INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - NEXT DAY

Mahmud's personal 747 lands and parks on the tarmac near the private aviation terminal.

A black van with tinted windows races to the aircraft.

Mobile stairs are rushed to the plane.

Two thick BODYGUARDS #1 and #2 in sunglasses descend the stairs, look around slowly. Each talks into a cupped hand.

MAHMUD is spirited down the stairs by BODYGUARDS #3 and #4 and into the waiting van.

As the van drives swiftly through the open security gate and onto a highway entrance, a second and identical black van follows them.

INT. TERRORISTS' BLACK VAN - DAY

TALIB in a middle seat leans forward and shouts to the driver:

TALIB
Don't follow too closely. But don't
lose them.

EXT. CAMP ONE GUY, ENTRANCE - DAY

THE FIVE COUPLES stand lined up proudly outside the recently erected rough-hewn gate to the camp, awaiting the arrival of their sole camper.

Logs split and fashioned into a crude arch support a large sign on top that Stan finger-painted to read, in big green letters: "WELCOME TO CAMP ONE GUY."

While the gateway itself is meant to look impressive, it stands there naked, no wall or fence on either side of it. One can just as easily enter the camp by going around it.

RANDY
(just joining the
group)
Well, at least the worst garbage is
gone now, and it looks enough like a
camp. We even have a flagpole now and
a flag.

DAN
Where did you get the flag?

RANDY
Found it tucked in a box of mortars
and candy bars.

SALLY

I don't think I've ever seen so much filth. No wonder Marsha could never sell this place.

JUDY

I thought rats lived only in cities.

PHIL

A "perfect fixer-upper for the right young couple."

BOB

OK, you guys, let's give Sam a royal welcome when he arrives. His chief bodyguard just texted they're five minutes away.

PHYLLIS

I got water boiling for tea. These people like tea.

PHIL

Good idea. Boil some vodka for me while you're at it.

A black van speeds towards them, kicking up dust on the dirt road leading to the camp.

PHIL (cont'd)

Huh. Looks like they're already here.

MARSHA

Let's try to look professional, OK? Our young visitor is the successor to the throne of an important American ally in the Middle East. We don't want the press to catch wind of his presence here. Or for us to screw this up and cause an international incident.

STAN

We should have backed away from this thing. We're way over our heads.

DAN

Look, relax, folks. The outside world ends at this gate. Sam's just a camper here, nothing more, nothing less. I could give a crap if he's some hotshot elsewhere. I could give a crap about the Middle East.

PHIL

Yeah. Camp is supposed to take a kid from their parents and return them a different person. Transformed. No special favors at camp, everyone starts at square one. The American way.

STAN

Liberté, égalité, fraternité, Americay.

INT. TERRORISTS' BLACK VAN - DAY

The welcoming line of the FIVE COUPLES comes into view. TALIB and the other TERRORISTS lean forward and squint.

They wear masks and are in full battle gear

TERRORIST #1

This is it? The camp? This can't be it.

TERRORIST #2

It's a Zionist trick! This looks nothing like the camp on their website. I don't see the Prince's van here or signs of his people.

TERRORIST #3

They must have gotten lost or were tipped off we were coming. We must turn back. Now!

TALIB

Quiet, everyone, be quiet. We will do as we were ordered. We are told our best chance is to grab the Prince before he enters the camp and gets safely hidden inside.

TERRORIST #1

But it looks like he is behind us instead of ahead of us. We should not have lost sight of him. We must abort, brother.

TALIB

I am giving the orders here. Take off your masks and put away your guns. We will say we are the advance security crew for the Prince.

TERRORIST #2

But--

TALIB

Do as I say! I will get out and do the talking. Stop here and let me out.

They do as Talib commands.

EXT. CAMP ONE GUY, ENTRANCE - DAY

TALIB approaches the FIVE COUPLES.

BOB

Hello there, welcome. Salaam Alaikum.

TALIB

Mualaikumsalam. Peace be with you, too.

PHYLLIS

Peace. Hi. Peace.

DAN brings a bugle to his lips and blows the notes of a cavalry charge.

RANDY

Hi there. Sahib.
(bows awkwardly)

STAN

Peace out, dude.

BOB

We welcome you and his most Royal Highness, Prince Mahmud. Welcome to Camp One Guy.

PHIL

Camp One Prince.

RHONDA

(under her breath)
Phil. Don't.

TALIB

No, please, no Prince, not yet. We are an advance team. To check security.

(MORE)

TALIB (cont'd)
Please give us a tour of your guy
camp and associated facilities,
amenities, dualities, and so forth.
The whole taco.

BOB
Oh. OK. I guess. Nobody told us
there'd be a security check by an
advance team.

TALIB
(with a forced laugh)
That is elemental security practices
101. Only those with need to know
need to know.

BOB
That makes sense.

TALIB
We will drive around the outer
perimeter here. Get a layer of the
land. Then we do a tour of the camp.
Yes?

PHYLLIS
Would you like some tea? And some tea
for your men?

Phyllis waves at the terrorists in the van.

INT. TERRORISTS' BLACK VAN - DAY

TERRORIST #2
She is waving at us? Look, she waves!
A woman waves at us? How is that
possible?

TERRORIST #1
They force a woman to surrender to
us? These unbeliever dogs are this
cowardly?

Talib smiles, joins Phyllis in waving at them.

TERRORIST #1 (cont'd)
Oh, now I see, I understand, we are
to wave back.

TERRORIST #2
It is forbidden to wave to a woman.

TERRORIST #1

But it is not forbidden to wave at Talib. So wave back. It means we are safe.

TERRORIST #2 covers his left eye so he sees only Talib, and waves back. The other TERRORISTS follow suit, covering their left eye and doing the same thing.

EXT. CAMP ONE GUY, ENTRANCE - DAY

TALIB

I will go now with colleagues and traverse the terrain. When the other van comes, do not tell them me and my team are here. Part of the complete security check is to surprise them at some future moment. As if we are terrorists, ha ha, and then we see how they react.

BOB

Security 101?

TALIB

Yes, Indeed. You learn quickly, sir.

BOB

Our lips are sealed.
(gestures zippering lips)
Right, everybody? Sealed.
(repeats gesture)

The nine others make the same gesture.

INT. TERRORISTS' BLACK VAN - DAY

TERRORIST #1

They threaten to cut his head off!

TERRORIST #2

Nonsense. The cowardly infidel does not have strength to cut off heads.

EXT. CAMP ONE GUY, ENTRANCE - DAY

TALIB

Thank you, camp people. I am seeing you later.

Talib returns to the van.

As the van departs, the five couples wave.

SALLY
Well, he seemed nice.

JUDY
And speaks English. Thank God.

INT. TERRORISTS' BLACK VAN - DAY

TALIB
Find a way to circle back. We will
park the van to block the road, shoot
the bodyguards when they come out to
assess the situation, and then we
kidnap the brat. Now drive!

They drive off.

INT. RILEY TOWNSHIP SHERIFF'S OFFICE - SAME DAY

SHERIFF GREELY (56), a tall, potbellied man with a nicotine-stained mustache, hair in a long braid, sits at a metal desk, pushing files and papers aside to make room for his meager lunch.

His desk stands between the jail cell on one side and a long, high counter for citizens complaints or payment of traffic fines.

Sheriff Greely's uniform is a neatly pressed khaki shirt adorned with a gold badge, Bermuda shorts, outsized white adjustable belt, sneakers, and no socks.

While relishing his lunch of vegetables he talks to himself.

SHERIFF GREELY
(eating)
Mmmmmfff, crunchy carrot, crunchy
crunch. Mmmmmfff, crunchy boy. Vitamin
A, car-o-tene.
(sings))
Care-oh-teen-a, mama mia, cara mia
bella.
(dabs mouth with
napkin)
Ah, pickle time, pickle's up, batter
up. Pickle's in a pickle now. Gonna
find you, greenie meanie.
(MORE)

SHERIFF GREELY (cont'd)
Gonna eat you. Oh yeah, here I come
now. He throws to third, cuts off the
runner.

(makes muted crowd
cheering noises)

MAYOR MURPHY walks through the only door open to the public.

MAYOR MURPHY
Greely, damn. You're talking to
yourself again.

SHERIFF GREELY
Just some play by play. My best
conversations are with myself. I'd
call 'em scintillating, but then
you'd ask me what that means and then
I'd have to spell it.

MAYOR MURPHY
Look, Dogwood. I got some honest to
God law and order shit for you.
Listen up. We just might have some
trouble right here in Riley Township.
Real trouble.

Sheriff Greely wipes his mouth with his sleeve, puts his
empty plate in a drawer.

SHERIFF GREELY
Well, before I read myself my rights,
Mr. Mayor, I want it on the record
that I did not entice in any way my
two worthless deputies to incur their
opioid dependencies and their brief
wealth in trading in same.

MAYOR MURPHY
It's not about them.

SHERIFF GREELY
And as you can clearly see from my
modest personal appearance and
protein-deficient diet, those two
bastards didn't cut me in on the
graft. Now they're on administrative
leave with pay plus collecting
disability checks from Uncle Sam.

MAYOR MURPHY
It's not about them.

SHERIFF GREELY

Leaving me here alone as civilization's last line of defense against anarchy and dystopian debauchery on a scale hitherto unimaginable. Woe be unto us.

MAYOR MURPHY

You done?

SHERIFF GREELY

I believe I am. Pickle?

MAYOR MURPHY

Listen. I've gotten six calls yesterday and three already today from people saying there's a lot of activity going on at that abandoned survivalists' camp up by Baker's Ridge. Remember those nutballs?

SHERIFF GREELY

Yup. Before I got elected sheriff, but yeah. What are these callers upset about? As I recall, rather than have a shoot-out with the federales, the survivalists simply all took off and left one night.

MAYOR MURPHY

Well, rumors are, they're back. It's bad for business. It'll hurt the fishing and hunting and hiking outfits. You could check it out, see what's going on out there maybe, huh? If I'm not interrupting anything, that is?

SHERIFF GREELY

I'll get right on it, boss. Now if I need to form a posse, or send out APBs or UFOs or FYIs or LOLs, can I get me a budget for this from the township council?

MAYOR MURPHY

Very funny. Use your stealth and cunning superpowers. And tell the press nothing if they call.

SHERIFF GREELY

What press? The Nickel Advertiser? YouTube?

MAYOR MURPHY
Well, yeah. Could be YouTube. Or.
Somebody.

Mayor Murphy's cell phone RINGS.

He pulls it from a pocket and looks at it.

MAYOR MURPHY (cont'd)
Probably another upset voter. Get on
it.

He leaves.

EXT. ROAD LEADING TO CAMP ONE GUY - SAME DAY

The TERRORISTS manage to circle back to the road they previously drove up to arrive at Camp One Guy.

They leave their van in a gully parked perpendicular to the road such that Mahmud and his bodyguards will be trapped in an ambush when they arrive on the scene.

The van transporting Mahmud arrives and stops.

THREE OF HIS BODYGUARDS do in see the situation as a trap and exit their vehicle cautiously, automatic weapons in hand.

As they creep close to the other van, bullets fly from the surrounding woods. Pandemonium ensues. Everyone with a gun is shooting wildly, randomly, and continuously, with no effect.

Absent from the action is one BODYGUARD left behind in the van with Mahmud.

At the sound of gunfire the bodyguard wets his pants, drops his machine gun on the van's floor, exits the vehicle, and disappears into the nearby woods and keeps on running.

MAHMUD, scared but brave, picks up the machine gun and exits the van. By now he is the only person in the scene with a loaded weapon.

He calls out the names of the men who left his van just minutes ago.

MAHMUD
Ali? Fazoud? Omar? Said?

Silence.

Then a sudden rustling of leaves to his left.

TALIB and his eight brethren move toward Mahmud.

Though all their ammunition is spent, they bluff their way towards Mahmud, pointing their weapons at him.

TALIB

Your Royal Highness, this is some big mistake. We are part of your advance security team. We thought you had been kidnapped. Put down that weapon. You could hurt yourself--

Mahmud puts the automatic on single shot and shoots, taking off most of Talib's right ear. Mahmud shoots again and hits Terrorist #3 in the shoulder. With that, the terrorists drop their weapons and run in full panic retreat.

In the woods the terrorists stumble over Mahmud's bodyguards. More panic, more confusion, followed by a hasty retreat by everyone in the general direction towards the Holiday Inn 30 miles away.

Mahmud stands alone, shaken but victorious, holding his weapon aloft.

He sees the keys are still in the terrorists' van.

He runs back to the van he was in and takes from all the amassed luggage a single backpack.

He returns to the terrorists' van, starts it, and drives it slowly but erratically back in the direction of Camp One Guy.

INT. CAMP ONE GUY, MESS HALL - SAME DAY, DUSK

The FIVE COUPLES sit at a long mess hall table near the open-air entrance.

RHONDA

Two hours and twenty minutes ago the kid was supposed to be here. Damn, where is he? Shouldn't we call somebody?

STAN

This heat has made the welcome sign run. It looks like somebody cried all over it. I'm not making another one.

PHIL

Maybe those security guys found something that concerned them and they're calling everything off

PHYLLIS

Oh, please, God, yes. Call it off. Then we can all go home.

RANDY

Something of concern? A cache of AK-47s, maybe? Or enough plastique to blow this place sky high? Yeah, that might be a security concern.

PHIL

Yeah, maybe so. Or the kid took one look at this shithole and got back in Daddy's plane and is now somewhere over Ohio.

BOB

But those security guys would have cell phones, wouldn't they? I got two bars there for a while this morning.

PHIL

But they don't know our phone numbers. And we don't have theirs.

DAN

We don't have a need to know. Maybe we should just pack up and go get drunk somewhere.

RHONDA

I second that motion.

The noise of a van turning over gravel and coming to an abrupt stop outside the open mess hall stops all conversation.

MAHMUD emerges from the van with his gun and backpack.

Everyone at the mess hall table freezes.

Mahmud moves swiftly around and past them, assessing if danger lurks, his ninja exercise moves on display.

MAHMUD

(In Arabic)

Are you safe? Have you been attacked?
Have you seen any men in black?

He doesn't realize he's making no sense to the stunned strangers in front of him.

BOB

Mahmud? Are you Prince Mahmud? Um, er, salaam? Salami?

STAN

Alihu akbar shish kabob? Falafel?

MAHMUD

(Tearing up)

Oh no, please, no, no, I little English. I yes camping one guy Mahmud. Please water. Please something eat.

(in Arabic)

I have had a horrible day. Please call my father and get help. Help me.

(in English)

I need my father.

MARSHA

Oh, look, he's just arrived and already now he's homesick. Poor guy.
(goes and hugs him)

JUDY

Not too crazy with the gun thing. I thought we agreed, no guns. That is a real gun, isn't it?

RANDY

Well, somebody forgot to tell him.

SALLY

Here is water, Sam. You are here now, and welcome! Welcome to Camp One Guy! You're our guy!

Sally motions the others to get up and get into the peppy camp spirit

DAN

Oh, yes, darn, almost forgot.

Dan jumps up on a table and BUGLES A CAVALRY CHARGE.

Mahmoud cowers.

SALLY
(loudly and slowly)
Your bodyguards go in Cabin Five. You
in Cabin One. I am glad you packed
light. That's the camp spirit, Sam!

MAHMUD
Sam? Salaam? Ah. Yes. Salaam.

SALLY
No. Sam! That's your American camp
name. Sam.

MAHMUD
Yes, good. Salaam. And--

SALLY
Yes?

MAHMUD
Big Mac?

PHIL
Well, damn, right, food! The kid
needs food! Right on it, Sam.

MAHMUD
Yes, yes. Sam, Sam. Yes.

Exhausted, Mahmud leans forward and passes out.

STAN
Sam in his country must be Sa'am.
Let's show some flexibility. Let's
show some cultural sensitivity here.

INT. PALACE OF THE KING OF ARABISTAN - DAY

ZAYED stands before KING ABDULLAH's massive desk, who
impatiently paces back and forth.

ABDULLAH
It's been over a week now, and still
the little shit doesn't call his
father to tell me any news. He has no
respect.

ZAYED
But, Sire, if you will allow, you had
given him and his protectors strict
orders not to contact you while in
America.

(MORE)

ZAYED (cont'd)

He was to stick it out and be manly. I believe your words were, "sink or swim," Your Majesty, and, "keep him away from me as long as possible."

ABDULLAH

Zayed, you remember too many things. Be wary of those who remember too many things, Zayed.

ZAYED

Yes, of course. Please forgive my transgression and impertinence.

ABDULLAH

And be wary of people who have a habit of seeking forgiveness. Damn, Zayed, don't you see I trust you because I see you don't fear me? You are the only one who doesn't in this miserable country. You have balls.

ZAYED

(Biting his lip)

Sweet crude is up another ten dollars, Sire. Allah blesses your tending of Arabistan Your subjects sing your name with praises.

ABDULLAH

Such bounty. Only some day to be squandered by a foolish boy. No respect. Why are all my other children daughters? I am cursed.

ZAYED

But he is still young.

ABDULLAH

Find out what he is up to in America. He must stay in that camp. If he ventures off to a city he will see too many perversions and unclean people.

ZAYED

I have been keeping tabs, Sire. It is my duty to assure the Prince's safety. I have been in close contact with his protectors. They are all well and assure me everything is going well. Your son is safe.

ABDULLAH
 Good. Good. We are done now. Tend to
 other things.

Zayed bows and takes his leave.

EXT. CAMP ONE GUY, ASSEMBLY AREA - DAY

As the sun peaks over a low mountain, DAN stands next to a flag pole and BLOWS REVEILLE on his bugle. A loudspeaker atop the mess hall crackles alive.

RHONDA makes the first announcement of the day.

RHONDA (V.O.)
 Attention, attention, camper.
 Assembly is in five minutes for flag
 raising and the pledge of allegiance.
 Ten demerits for anyone who's tardy.

DAN BLOWS REVEILLE again.

The FIVE COUPLES come running to form up. They all now sport identical blue T-shirts, tan khaki shorts, white sweat socks, and ordinary tennis shoes. PHIL wears a big French chef's hat.

BOB, as Camp Director, has a whistle around his neck. He BLOWS it.

BOB
 Camper! Get the lead out! Only one
 more minute and you're in demerit
 land. Again!

MAHMUD exits Cabin #1, still getting dressed, and he quickly gets to his place in the assembly area.

MAHMUD
 So sorry. I now promise, you say,
 "getting the shit together."

BOB
 Just made it on the nose, camper. And
 it's "my shit together," not "the
 shit together."

MAHMUD
 Sorry sir, very much my bad. And I
 promise getting your shit together.

BOB
Now stand attention for the raising
of the flag.

DAN PLAYS "To The Colors" and does passingly well.

Mahmud puts hand over heart as the others do.

They then say the pledge of allegiance to the flag. Mahmud says it perfectly from memory, having no idea what it means.

SALLY approaches Mahmud, puts her arm around his shoulders, and they head toward the mess hall.

SALLY
Mahmud -- I mean, Sam, I'm so proud of you. Your bodyguards just take off because they don't like it here, your security people never show up again, yet you manage on your own. Good for you. And you're making such amazing progress with English.

MAHMUD
Yes, my English was already pretty hot from Internet, but then I forget English when I get nervous. Now I not so nervous. Camp is now bestest thing.

SALLY
Good.

MAHMUD
I like how you thank America.

SALLY
What?

MAHMUD
Yes. When we do this to flag...
(hand over heart)
it means for us in Arabic "thank you." Shokrun. I like how we say every morning, thank you, America, have a nice day.

SALLY
That's just great, Sam.

MAHMUD
And oatmeal. I love it. And Pop-Tarts. So clever.

SALLY
Let's go get some.

MAHMUD
You bet you.

They enter the mess hall.

INT. HOLIDAY INN RESTAURANT AND BAR - NIGHT

SHERIFF GREELY sits at the bar, not in uniform.

At a table behind him in a corner, TALIB, a big bandage over where his right ear once was, is engaged in quiet conversation with his band of TERRORISTS, one of whom has an arm in a cast and sling.

Scratches, bruises, and bandaids on the faces of the others.

They wear Hawaiian shirts and assorted baseball caps, blending in with the Americans.

AL, the bartender, points to Sheriff Greely's drink.

AL
Hit it again?

SHERIFF GREELY
You need to ask?

AL
You off duty?

SHERIFF GREELY
Always on duty when not off duty.
Though I am also always off duty.

AL
(pouring)
Don't see you here much anymore,
Dogwood.

SHERIFF GREELY
Cuz I don't like being called
Dogwood. But this here mixture of
stale pretzels, WheatChex and peanuts
makes up for it. Gimme another bowl.

AL
Yes, sir. Dinner for one.

Al leaves the bar.

SHERIFF GREELY
(talking to himself)
Yep. Conference on the mound. Going
to bring in the rookie southpaw
reliever.

An ATTRACTIVE WOMAN who has been sitting at the far end of
the bar gets up to leave.

SHERIFF GREELY (cont'd)
Hey, you can't leave now\.. I just got
here. Here, take my drink. I haven't
touched it.

ATTRACTIVE WOMAN
I'd say you need that more than I do.

She leaves.

SHERIFF GREELY
Damn. Strike two, high and inside.
Looked like a ball to me.

Al returns with a fresh snack bowl.

SHERIFF GREELY (cont'd)
Good thing I quit huntin'. 'Cause my
gun don't shoot no more. And, hey Al,
besides, this here is official
business. So put my libations on
Mayor Murphy's tab. I'm working
undercover.

AL
You come here to arrest somebody?

SHERIFF GREELY
Nope. I'm here to gather
intelligence. Like who are those
greaseballs over there behind me?
Having afternoon tea this late in the
PM? The escapees from the emergency
ward?

AL
Those guys? They been staying here in
the hotel for some time now. Spend
most of their days holed up in their
rooms. Ordering room service, running
up big tabs with porn movies. Lousy
tippers. Speak a foreign language I
never heard before. No girls.

(MORE)

AL (cont'd)
Judging from their clothes, I'd say
they do each other.

SHERIFF GREELY
From the looks of it, they'd be into
hard trade. Whips, cuffs.

AL
Well, you got plenty of those. You'd
fit right in. You investigating them?

SHERIFF GREELY
Well, I am now. Maybe they have
clues.

AL
How would you know if they do?

SHERIFF GREELY
Watch.

Sheriff Greely gets up with his drink and walks over to
where the terrorists are seated and sits down next to one of
them.

SHERIFF GREELY (cont'd)
(slightly slurred)
Gentlemen. Top of the evening.

They come to a stunned silence. Then after a few beats they
figure he is another drunken filthy infidel, a crazy man.

SHERIFF GREELY (CONT.)
Are you guys in a band? You playing
in the lounge tonight? Some Don Ho
tunes?

TALIB
Sir, you mistake us as acquaintances
when such is most certainly not the
case. I do not know you.

Talib motions to his cohorts to get up and leave.

They leave.

SHERIFF GREELY
And it's a called strike three.

EXT. CAMP ONE GUY, FIELD - DAY

The FIVE COUPLES and MAHMUD sit on the ground in a semi-circle. BOB seated before them holds a clipboard in his hand.

BOB

All right, my fellow One Guyers, we have completed some major milestones here.

(refers to clipboard)

Woven an Indian bracelet. Check. Dissected two frogs, one male, one female. Check. Learned Boy Scouts First Aid Kit manual. Check. Morse Code, smoke signals, assorted complicated knots, check, check, check. Captured the flag, told ghost stories, Snipe hunt. Check, check, check. Sang camp songs, built a lean-to, yadda yadda, made s'mores. How about that?

The five couples applaud and cheer.

Bob stands, smiles, and takes a bow.

BOB (CONT.)

And, oh yeah, learned about life in Arabistan from Sam. Thank you for that, Sam. Go Arabistan! Come on, Sam, take a bow.

More APPLAUSE, cheers.

Mahmud stands to acknowledge the adulation. He smiles broadly and waves.

MAHMUD

And Mr. Phil teach me how to fish. And how to cook them. I never will forget this pleasure.

Phil now stands to APPLAUSE.

PHIL

Sam really deserves all the credit. I showed him how, and he just took over from there. He caught all the fish but one, the one I had to throw back. Too small.

MARSHA

Thanks, Sam, for the first decent dinner we've had here.

PHYLLIS

Delicious.

MAHMUD

Yes, and Mr. Phil also teach me cook the fish. I am learning more from cooking with him now every day. Every way.

PHIL

Yes, meals are getting better. Sam's a natural.

More APPLAUSE.

BOB

All right. So now we turn to the really fun stuff. What we've all been waiting for. Training for The Camp One Guy Summer Olympics. Test your prowess, your mettle, your moral fiber, your core. We gird ourselves now in preparation for those glorious games. With much rigorous practice. We begin with archery. Rhonda.

More APPLAUSE.

Rhonda stands to address the group.

RHONDA

Yes, Bob. Archery is my bailiwick. I've won my share of medals in this sport back in the day, and I still think I've got it. Let's all go to our targets now and grab our bows and use those arrows we learned how to make last week.

Everyone stands and strides toward archery targets fashioned from haystacks and painted bed sheets.

Leaning against the targets are bows. Everyone takes theirs.

Behind the targets, a thickly wooded forest.

RHONDA (cont'd)
All right. Now who remembers how to hold the bow and gently release the arrow?

They all raise their hands.

RHONDA

OK. Line up and face your target. Come on, get farther back, you guys. You're too close to your targets.

They do as told.

RANDY
A real firing range with real guns would top this. Take out these targets big time.

MAHMUD
The Prophet Mohammad, blessings on his name, fought with arrows. it is right we learn this.

DAN
Sam, you're right. Zip it, Randy.

RHONDA
All right. Now go and face your target as I taught you. Don't rush. Concentrate on your breathing.

EXT. WOODS BEHIND THE ARCHERY TARGETS - DAY

TALIB and the TERRORISTS hide in thick bushes that are interspersed between the trees. They are now dressed in military fatigues and are covered with branches and leaves as camouflage.

Talib trains binoculars on the archers.

TERRORIST #1
They are out in the open now and far from the buildings. We must snatch the Prince now. We may not get another chance as good as this.

TALIB
Here, you fool. Take a look.

Talib hands Terrorist #1 the binoculars.

TALIB (cont'd)
This is not an opportune time.

As Terrorist #1 gets the binoculars to focus, his face turns to one of horror.

TERRORIST #1
Oh no.

EXT. CAMP ONE GUY, FIELD - DAY

RHONDA
Release!

All arrows fly wildly over their targets.
Except Mahmud's, which hits a bulls-eye.

EXT. WOODS BEHIND THE ARCHERY TARGETS - DAY

Arrows ZING into the area where the terrorists hide.
One arrow glances off SCREAMING Terrorist #1's forehead, injuring but not killing him.
Terrorist #2 is wounded in the right thigh by an arrow.
Other arrows STRIKE tree trunks.

TALIB
Help those two wounded brothers there. Now! We must rush back to the van. Now, before they shoot at us again.

TERRORIST #3
How could they know our location?
How? I told you, this camp is CIA!

TALIB
Move! Or I shoot you myself.

EXT. CAMP ONE GUY, FIELD - DAY

RHONDA
Well, not so good, let's try that again, people. But yours was an awesome shot, Sam!

DAN
Did somebody just scream? I thought I
heard a scream.

INT. TERRORISTS' BLACK VAN - DAY

TERRORISTS open the back of the van and they hurriedly put the two wounded comrades inside. An arrow still sticks in Terrorist #2's thigh.

They speed off.

TALIB
Drive to that doctor in town again.
This time kidnap him and his wife. He
already knows too much.

TERRORIST #3
(driving with his
good arm, his other
in a cast)
What if he won't cooperate?

TALIB
Torture his wife.
(beat)
Slow down. Stop up at the corner
there. When you get the doctor to
tend to the wounded at the hotel?
Make no noise except turn on the TV.
Loud. Like Americans and their loud
TVs.

TERRORIST #3
As you command, so it shall be done.

Talib signals the driver to stop.

TALIB
Here is good.

TALIB (cont'd)
(getting out of the
van)
We who still can will now walk to the
camp buildings. Because the Americans
are not there now. We will hide and
surprise them. I will call you from
the camp after we have the silly boy
in our hands and have killed all the
infidels. Be ready to leave right
away after I call.

TERRORIST #3
Yes, inshallah.

TALIB
Inshallah.

The van drives off and Talib and the three still-intact terrorists march up the road toward Camp One Guy.

EXT. CAMP ONE GUY, LAKE - DAY

The FIVE COUPLES and MAHMUD, except RANDY, stand on a floating dock, ready to dive into the water.

On shore RANDY, next to a picnic table, resets a stopwatch.

Down at his side, behind the table, he conceals an AK-47.

RANDY
(shouting)
When you hear the starter gun, time starts. First one ashore wins. OK.
Get ready, get set, go!

He BLASTS a single round in the air.

But when all jump into the water, he puts the gun on automatic and BLASTS off the entire clip.

RANDY (cont'd)
Oh, God oh God oh God. Oh, so good.
So good.

Randy contorts in orgasmic ecstasy.

EXT. CAMP ONE GUY, ASSEMBLY AREA - DAY

TALIB and the three intact TERRORISTS enter the assembly area of the camp.

They sit down on a long bench. Tired.

Talib extends the terrorists a canteen.

TALIB
Here, drink.

They drink and pass it around.

Talib takes a map from his pocket.

TALIB (cont'd)
 This layout matches what I found on Google Earth. But some of these buildings look new, and some other ones are missing. We need to look around and pick a good place for an ambush. Look. Come here.

The terrorists bend down to see what he is pointing to on the map.

TALIB (cont'd)
 Go check out these two storage buildings. They look like good locations for an ambush. I will watch the road from here. If I see anyone coming I will call you.
 (beat)
 Now go. Stay together so you don't mistakenly shoot at each other.

They leave.

EXT. CAMP ONE GUY, LAKE - DAY

MAHMUD has won the swim competition and receives kudos from THE FIVE COUPLES.

RANDY, seated at a picnic table, writes down the order in which the swimmers reached shore.

JUDY approaches Randy.

RANDY
 So, what order did you finish in? I couldn't take individual times.

JUDY
 I don't know, fifth?

RANDY
 Well, who was still in the water when you came out?

JUDY
 I really wasn't paying attention.

RANDY
 Well, I gotta make an accurate record here.

JUDY
 (noticing all the
 spent AK-47 shells
 on the ground)
 That was some starter gun you used
 there. You must have needed it for
 all those other races starting at the
 same time.

RANDY
 Ha ha, good one. Hey, it's what I
 could find. Sometimes you just have
 to improvise.

JUDY
 Sure. Improvise.

RANDY
 I got you coming in sixth.

INT. DILAPIDATED STORAGE SHED - DAY

Inside a dilapidated storage shed, tall stacked crates of
 dynamite, the dynamite casings decaying and leaking.

EXT. DILAPIDATED STORAGE SHED - DAY

THREE TERRORISTS try to BASH the door in. One SHOOTS the
 padlock.

It is almost pitch black inside.

One of them lights a match.

A colossal EXPLOSION consumes the storage shed. Then two
 adjacent storage sheds EXPLODE.

All three terrorists vaporize.

EXT. CAMP ONE GUY, LAKE - DAY

JUDY is still chastising RANDY for his gun fetish when the
 ground SHAKES and giant orange-black plumes from the
 EXPLOSIONS rise over the horizon.

THE FIVE COUPLES turn and stare, dumbfounded by the sight
 and sound.

EXT. CAMP ONE GUY, ASSEMBLY AREA - SAME DAY

TALIB, thrown off his feet, lies semi-conscious on the ground, debris continuing to land on and near him.

TALIB

What...

He slowly rises, numb, confused.

TALIB (cont'd)

Where are you, my brothers? Hello?
Hello?

He pulls his cell phone from his pocket. He PUNCHES a number.

No answer.

TALIB (cont'd)

No, no, no. Hello? Brothers, speak.
No! Speak to me.

He staggers about, toward billowing smoke mounting above an enormous crater.

He turns and stumbles toward the camp gate, removes his scorched shirt, backpack and jungle hat.

He proceeds to hitchhike, bare and charred above the waist. He sticks out his thumb.

There are no cars on the dirt road.

INT. HOLIDAY INN RESTAURANT AND BAR - DAY

There are no customers in the restaurant or bar. A little sign on the bar says, "Welcome to Happy Hour."

AL picks up the bar phone and PUNCHES seven buttons.

AL

Sheriff? Am I interrupting anything?

(beat)

I didn't think so. So hey, listen.
You know those handsome Hawaiian band fellas was here the other night, you did such a great job of charming 'em for clues?

(beat)

Yeah, well, they must have played to another unfriendly audience.

(MORE)

AL (cont'd)

Cuz I just saw now four of them hobbling around with more bandages, one with his head almost completely covered, and they just checked out of the hotel. Left in a hurry in a big black van.

(beat)

Nope, didn't get the plate. But the Van Gogh ear guy wasn't with them, same thing for three, four other guys. The way Van Gogh talked to you, seems like he was their leader. But he wasn't with them when they checked out. Strange, no? Is that a clue?

(beat)

What?

(beat)

Yes, sure will. Bye now.

He hangs up, picks up a cloth and wipes down an already clean bar.

EXT. CAMP ONE GUY, ASSEMBLY AREA - DAY

DAN, RANDY, BOB, SALLY, and JUDY survey the damage site. Though severe, the damage is limited to the former storage sheds far enough from the main camp area and cabins.

DAN

Well, anything could have set this thing off. One of the buildings had electricity. It never occurred to us to turn that off. Any kind of short could've set the whole thing off. A rat could have chewed something.

JUDY

A miracle we weren't here. A miracle.

BOB

Well, good news is, all those weapons and ammo left by the survivalists are no longer a risk. I think.

RANDY

We can't be sure about that. They stashed stuff everywhere.

DAN

Whatever, we can't now not tell the cops about this.

(MORE)

DAN (cont'd)

We can't just cover this up. This is something the feds will want to know about, too, the ATF and the FBI. Any explosion this big. Those survivalists meant business.

SALLY

It was that bad, huh? Could have easily been another Waco.

DAN

Oh, yeah. Bad.

JUDY

Another what?

SHERIFF GREELY drives the township's one working if aging police car through the welcome gate and straight towards them, the tires kicking up an impressive cloud of dust.

RANDY

Looks like we don't have to go to the cops. They've come to us.

BOB AND SALLY

Oh shit.

DAN

Relax. We've done nothing wrong. We just tell the truth and sort this out calmly. Let me do the talking, I get along well with law enforcement.

BOB

There's a big difference between truth and lies that are more believable than the truth. Maybe we don't say anything and lawyer up. We got Randy right here, he's a lawyer. We're bound to be suspects now for one crime or another.

RANDY

I don't do criminal law.

JUDY

You suggesting we lie to this cop?

BOB

Nope. But we could be stingy with the truth. Remember what Marsha said.

(MORE)

BOB (cont'd)

We don't want any international incident. We don't want the king demanding his money back.

Sheriff Greely steps out of the police unit. He has the full official uniform on now, including a tall stetson cowboy hat.

SHERIFF GREELY

Well, hello there folks. How are you all doing? Nice sign there. Is One Guy a rock band? Is this a legit camp here, or an armed camp? I don't see any campers, unless you're it.

JUDY

Oh, hi there. Oh yes, it's a camp. Sort of. Well, not just sort of. Just that, well--

SHERIFF GREELY

Maybe some kinky stuff, huh?

SALLY

No way!

SHERIFF GREELY

Look, I am not one to be judgmental. But, say, what have we got here now? Cordite has a way of lingering in the air like cheap perfume. Pungent.

BOB

OK, yes. There was oh you bet a major mishap here. We just came straight back from swimming trials once we heard the explosions. That was something.

SHERIFF GREELY

Yeah. People I thought died ten years ago been calling the station every ten seconds about this, uh, mishap.

(steps by them to
assess the crater)

Wooo-weee. That's one World War Two sized artillery crater there. Enough to start UFO rumors. Did you folks do that? Is this, what, camp performance art?

BOB
(stammering)
Oh no, not at all. Well. You see--

SHERIFF GREELY
Please stop talking.

BOB
But, you--

SHERIFF GREELY
Please stop talking.
(beat)
Thank you. So a question here appears mandatory on my part.
(beat)
Are you another bunch of frigging weirdos come back to start things up again, or are you just some big city clueless yuppies up to colonic cleansing and rubbing shakras, and somehow a candle lit to celebrate the Earth Mother melted and found her way to a mountain of TNT left behind by the Valiant Visigoths?

RANDY
Well, sort of, well for the most part, actually, yes--

SHERIFF GREELY
Say no more! Please stop talking. Case closed. I believe you. You look like fine folks. Maybe you're a bunch of religious whackos, but religious whackos is what built this country. So God bless.

DAN
Look, you got the wrong idea--

SHERIFF GREELY
Damn it, man! I say case closed and you want to argue with me? Do I need to take you into the station to shut you up?

DAN
No, sir.

SHERIFF GREELY

Look, folks. Don't tell me any more, please, or then I got to fill out a lot of paperwork and take a bunch of pictures and measure things and make a map and take witness statements. Really? For a, a, a... mishap? Then 'fore you know it, all these ATF assholes -- oops, sorry ladies, for the French. Yeah, so then all these fed assholes will swarm in, take over my desk and phone, complain about the rain and have food flown in from Boise. Meanwhile, my two worthless deputies are in rehab. Or so they say. So you folks just carry on. Peace be with you.

DAN

And also with you.

Bob glares at him.

SHERIFF GREELY

Just be aware of all the crazies who live around here. They're too scared to come and take a look for themselves, but you never know.

BOB

Thanks for the tip. And, well, thanks.

SHERIFF GREELY

I'll tell folks it was just another bunch of idiots trying to blast open an old abandoned silver mine. Plenty of those around here.

JUDY

(relieved)

Huh, really. Imagine that, officer.

SHERIFF GREELY

And come to think of it, there was just now a group of men, odd looking foreigners in town the last few days, and they looked in really bad shape. All best up and bandaged, like they must have kept getting in car wrecks. Mean looking bunch. So the silver mine story won't be a hard sell.

He goes to his unit and gets in. He tosses his hat onto the passenger seat, loosens his tie, and opens his collar.

SHERIFF GREELY (cont'd)
You need anything, anything at all,
just call 911. Everybody else does.

DAN
But sir--

Bob seizes Dan's arm, hard.

DAN (cont'd)
Ow! Ouch!

BOB
You take care, Sheriff.

Sheriff Greely starts his engine, begins to drive off, then abruptly stops and rolls down his window. He starts to speak, but laughter overcomes him, and he has to start over again.

SHERIFF GREELY
I get it! Camp One Guy. Of course!
Off in the woods, the camp, the
austerity. I almost missed it!

JUDY
Missed what?

SHERIFF GREELY
Who One Guy is! Really. So obvious.
Why, it's Jesus, isn't it? Jesus, The
One Guy. Of course. The clue was
right there and I missed it. But I
didn't miss it, did I?

DAN
But--

Sheriff Greely guns it and Dan is covered with a spray of dirt and gravel.

EXT. RESIDENCE OF DR. AND MRS. FINCH - NIGHT

A black SUV motors toward a big mailbox standing in front of a long driveway to a large white house. Below the mailbox hangs a shingle: Dr. Finch, Veterinarian. The SUV enters a long driveway and stops next to a side entrance of the house.

TALIB gets out of the SUV, signals the coast is clear, and THREE TERRORISTS step out with two gagged and blindfolded hostages in tow, DR. FINCH and MRS. FINCH, in their sixties.

TALIB unlocks the side door.

INT. RESIDENCE OF DR. AND MRS. FINCH - NIGHT

Talib closes the side door and turns on a pocket flashlight.

TALIB
Don't turn on any lights. Draw these curtains. Put the doctor and his wife on the sofa. Hurry. And see what food there is. I'm starving.

Talib turns on a small desk lamp and turns off his pocket flashlight.

The TERRORISTS bustle and keep their pocket flashlights on.

TALIB (cont'd)
(to the Finches,
faces are frozen in
terror)
I apologize for taking extreme measures with you. Especially seeing as how you mended our wounds, doctor. Thank you. I swear by Allah you and your wife will come to no harm. In my country there is nothing more sacred than guests. Even though this is your house, you are for now my guests. And I have treated you very poorly. It shames me. I want to improve. Nod your heads you will behave, and I take the cloths from your mouth and eyes off.

They nod, and Talib takes off the items.

TALIB (cont'd)
There. This was really unnecessary. May we offer you some food, drink?

MRS. FINCH
I need to use the bathroom.

TALIB
You will be escorted by this man. Don't do anything silly.

She and a terrorist leave the room.

DR. FINCH
I need to take some heart medicine.
And I'd like a drink. Bourbon, on the
shelf behind you.

TALIB
Ice? Water?

DR. FINCH
Straight up.

Talib orders another terrorist to follow the doctor to find his medicine.

Talib pours a tall glass half full of bourbon. He sniffs it, makes a sour face, and places the glass on the coffee table in front of the sofa.

He picks up the phone next to the desk lamp.

INT. PALACE OF THE KING OF ARABISTAN - NIGHT

ZAYED sits at his somber desk. His phone RINGS. He picks it up.

ZAYED
Yes? Who? Put him through.

INTERCUT - PHONE CONVERSATION

TALIB
My friend, I hope you are well.

ZAYED
What, no watering of trees, no advice on figs? I think I do not know you.
You must have a wrong

TALIB
(agitated, nervous)
My apologies, learned brother, but we have an emergency here. We have been outsmarted. The Devil is in this land. When we were about to strike they hit us first. With arrows! And then a big boobytrap explosion. I have lost three men, and there's five wounded. Myself included.

ZAYED

Please calm yourself. Slow down.

TALIB

We were forced to retreat. On the way back to the hotel I saw a police car speed by me in the direction of the camp. We have lost all element of surprise. We have lost blood. And the enemy has sustained no losses.

ZAYED

You are fools and cowards. Allah does not reward fools and cowards. As you clearly can see now. You must return home. You failed the mission.

TALIB

No, wait. I have a new plan, a better plan. Please listen to it. We have not lost.

ZAYED

Tell me the plan. I am listening.

TALIB

My son. Hamid. He will martyr himself and be welcomed in Paradise. After Hamid sends the silly prince to Hell. And then the king will have no heir. You see? Hamid becomes a camper, too. Hamid joins the camp and gets close to the Prince. The infidels won't suspect a thing. You pay the fee and I sacrifice the son. Bing, bang. So simple.

ZAYED

This is interesting. Ah, but just a mere boy, this your Hamid, no?

TALIB

He is 12, old enough, Imam. Third son of third wife.

ZAYED

Still, I remember him. Seems he was just a little child yesterday. Children. Ah, how quickly they blow up.

TALIB

There is more. Hamid will make it look like an accident caused by American drunken people. I have instructed him in this, and he will obey. The king will then lose favor from the people forever. For being so negligent as to entrust the future of Arabistan to godless infidels. The people will rise up! Inshallah!

ZAYED

Make it so, Talib, and you will be in the revolutionary council with me and the others. And your son, may he reign in Paradise in glory.

TALIB

Hamid must leave now. We must act before the police here do something.

ZAYED

I will make all necessary arrangements right now. Allah's blessings be upon you.

TALIB

And upon you, holy one.

He hangs up.

END OF INTERCUT

EXT. CAMP ONE GUY - DAY

PHYLLIS hefts a laundry basket filled with freshly folded camp uniforms and towels.

As she passes by Cabin #1 she hears the sound of MUFFLED WEEPING. The sobs are Mahmud's.

She puts down the basket, goes to the door and puts her ear against it. She taps gently on the door.

PHYLLIS

Sam? Oh, Sam? Are you OK?

Mahmud SOBS louder now. Phyllis opens door and peers in.

PHYLLIS (cont'd)

Can I come in?

More SOBS as MAHMUD turns, his back to Phyllis.

PHYLLIS (cont'd)
What's the matter, Mahmud? please
tell me.

She steps in.

INT. CAMP ONE GUY, CABIN #1 - DAY

PHYLLIS
You have been such a brave boy. So
many miles away from home and family.
Sent to a camp that isn't much of a
camp, really.

MAHMUD
(muffled into the
pillow)
No, no. Not so. Best camp.

PHYLLIS
Please, Mahmud, you can talk to me. I
promise to tell no one. I promise. No
matter what it is you tell me. I want
to be your friend. Are you homesick?
Do you need something?

Mahmud slowly sits up, wipes his eyes, and collects himself.

MAHMUD
You are my friend. Sam's good friend.
You are all my good friends. No, I
love this camp and my new friends.
And you most of all. You are kind. I
am not allowed friends in Arabistan.

PHYLLIS
I can't believe that. You are so
smart and talented and up for
everything. There is no shame in
being homesick.

MAHMUD
No, that is not why I hide in this
bed and cry like a silly baby. I am
very ashamed. I have hidden something
really important from you, and now I
think if I had told you all right
away you wouldn't now be in danger. I
betray you and my other friends.

He starts CRYING again.

PHYLLIS

What are you talking about? None of us is perfect. You're not making sense.

MAHMUD

About ever since my first day, on my way here with the bodyguards--

PHYLLIS

The ones in Cabin Five. But they left early the next day. And never said hello or good-bye to anyone, come to think of it.

MAHMUD

Yes, I lied. I told you their job was done when they delivered me here. But they never got this far. I lied to you. We were ambushed by rebels from my country on the way here. They shot at us. They spoke my language. They had to be rebels who fight my father for years. When they shoot my bodyguards get scared and run away. But one of them dropped his gun and I took it, Al-hamdu lil-l?h, thank you, God. I shot and must have wounded at least two of them.

PHYLLIS

Oh my lord, you shot--

MAHMUD

They shot from behind trees. I could not see them. If I had they would be dead now. An Arabistan prince has no choice but to train as warrior.

PHYLLIS

Hmmm. That explains your bulls-eye with the arrows.

MAHMUD

Yes. So then, after the shooting is over, I decide to take just my backpack from the van I was in and I then drive the rebels' vehicle. Because they all run away, too.

PHYLLIS

What made you keep such horrible news to yourself? Why didn't you tell us once you safely arrived here? I had no idea.

MAHMUD

Because as soon as I land in America I feel free, free to do what I want and not what my father wants. I come to American camp, learn better English, find out what fun is. Maybe, if it is possible, I get to meet a girl. American girl. Possible. But if I tell you of ambush, you know rebels come after me here. And then you send me home. So I make a secret from you people. I am so ashamed. Now I have put you in danger.

PHYLLIS

Oh, Sam--, Mahmud--

MAHMUD

Sam.

PHYLLIS

You are too hard on yourself. Whatever war that's going on in your country may have briefly come over here, too, just as you arrived. But as you say, they all ran away. Now weeks later, here you are, safe. Allah is looking over you.

MAHMUD

Yes. No. It is not done. That big explosion here was not an accident. The rebels are still here and I, we, are not safe. I should have told you that right away about the ambush.

PHYLLIS

No. That's now come and gone.

MAHMUD

But danger is still real.

PHYLLIS

The police were here and investigated. They say the explosion was a freak accident.

(MORE)

PHYLLIS (cont'd)
And why would the rebels attack when nobody was here? You've been here three weeks now. Nothing violent happened here until yesterday. One more week and you're back home.

Mahmud lies down, drifting off, but then opens his eyes wide.

MAHMUD
Maybe that is why I cry. I don't want to go home.

PHYLLIS
You still have the week.

MAHMUD
Yes. More to learn still. More fun.

Phyllis stands and gracefully moves towards the door.

PHYLLIS
You're fine, Sam. You have done nothing wrong. Your secret is safe with me. Nobody else will know.

MAHMUD
Shokrun.

PHYLLIS
Good night, Sam.

She steps out of the cabin, closes the door, and leaves.

MAHMUD
Good night, Mom.

FADE TO BLACK

INT. PALACE OF THE KING OF ARABISTAN - DAY

ZAYED sits at his desk, tapping the fingers of his left hand impatiently. He picks up his phone.

ZAYED
I assume you are still trying to make the telephone connection with America. Do I assume that correctly? All right, then. Stay at it.

He hangs up.

KING ABDULLAH enters, eating a big sandwich.

ABDULLAH
Ah, there you are.

ZAYED
Yes, Sire, I am usually here. How may I serve you?

ABDULLAH
The new garden girl, the tall one.
(taking a bite of his sandwich)
Rasmilla, Radilla, whatever, she must go. She --. Well, just do it.

ZAYED
As you command. And as for your son, Sire, I have word of him. He may want to extend his time at the American camp. He makes great progress there.

ABDULLAH
He's in America?

ZAYED
Yes. Camp. Your Highness.

ABDULLAH
(talking while biting into his sandwich, chunks of it leaving his mouth)
Camp? Imagine that. Fine. Now this girl. Find me a new one. A better one. You know what I mean.

ZAYED
At your service.

The King leaves the room. Much of his sandwich lies spewed at Zayed's feet. Zayed stands up, moves his chair three feet sway from the garbage, and seats himself again.

INT. CAMP ONE GUY, STORAGE BUILDING - DAY

BOB'S "OFFICE"

BOB sits at an old government surplus metal desk in the corner of a big supply room. The desk has several dents and scratches. On the floor and against the wall a distance from BOB sits STAN in a lotus position, meditating.

On Bob's desk is a typewriter, still in working order, with a sheet of paper in it; an ancient adding machine; some paperback books; a fly swatter; insect spray; a kite; a half-full bottle of bourbon, and three dirty glasses.

On big shelves and cabinets along the walls are stacked crates of food items, first aid kits, blankets, canteens, sporting equipment, fishing gear, etc.

BOB

Four more days, Stansville, and we're home free. Looks like...

He PECKS numbers into his iPhone.

BOB (cont'd)

So far, after expenses, and adding costs for the next few days, plus what we owe for this rat pit, we'll have around eight hundred and twenty-two grand to split between us. Not too shabby, huh?

STAN

I won't last four more days. The kid sure is active. We spend all our time running after him here and there, climbing, jumping, swimming, zip-lining. Just to keep up. We need to drug him.

BOB

But don't you feel good? You've lost weight. Look at you.

STAN

I can't wait to get out of shape again. No TV and this clean air has made Phyllis friskier, too. I can't get any rest.

BOB

Poor boy. But, yeah, I'm with you. I'm so done here. I keep waiting for another explosion. I want to go home and sleep in my own bed.

Bob's cell phone RINGS.

BOB (cont'd)

Damn. "Unknown caller" has phoned me six times already this morning. Who would call me here?

Picks up the phone.

BOB (cont'd)
Hello, who is this?

INT. PALACE OF THE KING OF ARABISTAN - NIGHT

ZAYED
A voice you should welcome. I am he
who responded to your camp's
newspaper advertisement.

INTERCUT - PHONE CONVERSATION

BOB
King Abdullah? That you? I mean, you,
Your Highness?

Stan bolts up erect upon hearing that.

Bob stands up as if the king had just entered the room.

ZAYED
No, of course not. I am in the employ
of His Majesty. He does not engage in
affairs of business. I assume Prince
Mahmud fares well?

BOB
Oh, very much so, yes, sir. And may I
enquire after your name, sir? And
thank you for choosing Camp One Guy.

ZAYED
My name is not important. But you do
need to know the name of Prince Fakir
al-Surami, the young son of a cousin
of His Royal Highness.

BOB
And why do I need to know that?

ZAYED
He arrives at your camp tomorrow with
one million dollars cash. The banks
here are closed this week, a long
holiday. So we pay cash. Fakir will
be good company for Mahmud. Mahmud
must be lonely for company.

BOB

But, wait, um, sir, the camp closes in five days. The season is over.

ZAYED

One month? No, you need to stay open. You promised. Your ad said nothing about closing. Do you not believe in truth in advertising?

BOB

But, sir. We aren't set up to take another camper now. You know, that's why it's called Camp One Guy. That was in the ad.

ZAYED

You call it now Camp Two Guys.

Stan jumps to his feet.

STAN

Another camper? No! For real?

ZAYED

Do you not want another one million dollars? You are so rich? Are you maybe not American?

STAN

Woah, another million?

Bob nods yes.

STAN (cont'd)

Holy Maloney. Say yes, you idiot.

He tries to grab the phone away from Bob. Bob pushes him back.

BOB

Well, OK, we will figure out something, but Mahmud's stay ends this coming Tuesday. Should we extend his time then, too?

ZAYED

I will let you know. Maybe the week the two boys have together will be enough.

BOB

It's more like four days.

ZAYED
(darkly)
Yes, four days should suffice.

He hangs up.

BOB
Hello? Sir, hello? Jesus, he hung up
on me.

END INTERCUT

STAN
You realize we just got us another
one million simoleons? Oh boy oh boy.
Gimme that.

He grabs the bourbon bottle, opens it and takes a healthy
swig.

STAN (cont'd)
I am gonna buy a boat. Here, your
turn, then let's tell the others.

He hands the bottle to Bob.

BOB
Fakir his name is, the kid. Another
prince.

STAN
Bless the little Fakir.

BOB
The kid is coming with a million in
cash. How's a kid get past Customs
with a suitcase full of cash he
doesn't declare? He can't possibly
pull that off. He'll never show. They
jail him or send him home.

STAN
Hey. Is this possibly another Phil
joke in progress?

BOB
Not this time. This was the real
deal. This guy on the phone is a
killer. I met up with guys like that
in Iraq. I said yes because I was
afraid what a no would do.

STAN
Let's use the money to hire our
replacements. We can afford it.

BOB
Funny thing about this guy?

STAN
He's a born comedian?

BOB
He mentioned Sam a couple of times,
but not once did he ask how he was.
Strange.

STAN
Not his kid.

BOB
But he's not just any kid, he's his
country's future. And not once has
Sam gotten anything from his father,
the king. No calls, no gifts, no
emails -- nothing.

STAN
Growing up, I wish my father could
have neglected me. He paid a little
too much attention.

BOB
Well, let's go tell the others.

STAN (cont'd)
Bring the bottle.

INT. RESIDENCE OF DR. AND MRS. FINCH - DAY

KITCHEN

DR. FINCH and MRS. FINCH struggle, both tied together in
their kitchen chairs.

SHERIFF GREELY bangs open the door.

SHERIFF GREELY
Oh, my God, what happened here?

DR. FINCH
Terrorists. They broke into my
office, one with a pretty bad head
wound. He held a gun to my head.
(MORE)

DR. FINCH (cont'd)
They threatened to kill me and my
wife if I told anyone.

Sheriff Greely busies himself with untying them.

SHERIFF GREELY
Damn. I know who you're talking
about. Of course they went to see you
to get bandaged up. Damn, I should
have put two and two together. You
folks OK?

MRS. FINCH
Thank God you found us. We spent the
night like this.

SHERIFF GREELY
You got a great receptionist, Doc.
She called me right away, said
something's wrong, you're never late.

DR. FINCH
Those bastards came a second time,
too, again before I open up the
clinic. More wounded Arab guys, or
maybe not Arabs, but this time they
take me to my house and kidnap both
of us, we then drive all over the
place and just wind up back here
again. Crazy.

SHERIFF GREELY
I should get you both to a hospital.

MRS. FINCH
We're fine, don't bother. Just let me
make some coffee.

DR. FINCH
Yes, we're fine. Just send over your
deputies to keep watch. These idiot
terrorists are bound to get shot
again.

SHERIFF GREELY
Well, that's why I want to take you
to the hospital. My deputies are over
there for rehab. They're still armed.

EXT. CAMP ONE GUY, ENTRANCE - DAY

The sign over the camp gate has splashes of new finger paint. The "One" has a slash through it, above which is written, "Two." To "Guy" has been appended an "s".

HAMID, using the name Fakir, arrives in an Uber all the way from Boise. He gets out. The driver drives off. Hamid has no luggage other than a backpack. He is tired and bewildered. His Western clothes don't fit.

He stares up at the sign. He takes out a photo of the old sign. He squints and furrows his brow as he tries to match the new sign with the old one.

SALLY drives up in a station wagon full of groceries. With her in the front passenger seat is MARSHA. Sally stops the car, rolls down her window.

SALLY
Hello. Are you lost?

Hamid doesn't answer.

SALLY (cont'd)
Are you from around here?

Still no response.

MARSHA
I think that's the new camper. He looks like a fish out of water.

She gets out of the car and approaches him.

MARSHA (cont'd)
Fakir?

Hamid lights up.

HAMID
(pointing to himself)
Fakir, yes. Fakir.

He shows them the picture of the gate the way it used to look, as if the picture were a ticket of admission.

SALLY
English? You. Speak. English?

HAMID
Thank you. Fine.

MARSHA

Where. Is. Luggage? Suitcase?

She mimics lifting and carrying suitcases. Hamid copies her exactly, clearly not understanding her.

HAMID

Please. Yes. Very.

He smiles through a face of worry.

SALLY

We need Sam to translate.

Sally and Marsha coax Hamid into the car and they drive into the camp.

Seconds later a FedEx truck follows the car into the camp.

EXT. CAMP ONE GUY, STORAGE BUILDING - DAY

The FedEx truck pulls in front of the supply building where Bob has his office.

The FEDEX DRIVER brings two boxes to the door. He knocks, and BOB opens the door.

FEDEX DRIVER

Sign here and here, please.

Bob signs.

FEDEX DRIVER (cont'd)

Thanks. Have a nice day.

BOB

You, too.

INT. CAMP ONE GUY, STORAGE BUILDING - DAY

BOB

Why do I feel I know what this is?

Bob takes a knife to open both boxes. Each contains another box, tightly sealed. Both have stamped on them in bold red letters, "PERSONAL AND CONFIDENTIAL."

Under that in the one box is a label that says, "For Camp One Guy." The label of like kind in the other box: "For Prince Fakir: clothing and medications."

The sender for each is Solomon Exporting Company, Inc., with a P.O. Box in California.

He opens just a corner of the box intended for the camp. He pulls it back far enough to reveal vacuum-sealed translucent bricks of \$100 bills. He closes the box back up and reseals it.

His phone RINGS. He sees it's Sally calling. He picks it up.

BOB (cont'd)

Hey, babe.

SALLY (O.C.)

The new kid, Prince Fakir, is here.
Thought you should know.

BOB

Yeah, FedEx just dropped off all his stuff. And a shitload of cash, too.

SALLY (O.C.)

How simple. No customs. No baggage claim. We should travel like that.

BOB

Well, now we can travel like that, sweets. Where's Fakir now? I should meet him.

SALLY (O.C.)

He doesn't speak English. He's with Sam right now. Relieved to find someone who speaks his language. I think we should leave them alone for today and tomorrow. A lot for a kid to absorb.

BOB

OK. We need to think of what to do with this cash. Can't just deposit it. Ted ain't gonna believe the camp story twice.

SALLY (O.C.)

But it's the truth.

BOB

Truth is always the hardest thing to believe.

SALLY (O.C.)
Well, you believe I love you, don't you? That's the truth.

BOB
Oh yeah. But now you're talking about luck. About how lucky I am. Luck trumps truth.

SALLY (O.C.)
Unless you're lying right now.

BOB
Let's quit while we're ahead.

SALLY (O.C.)
Ok. Bye.

They hang up.

INT. CAMP ONE GUY, CABIN #1 - DAY

MAHMUD and HAMID face each other, seated on opposite lower bunk beds.

At the end of Hamid's bed, the large box FedEx'd him stands open and nearly emptied. Hamid has stowed most of his belongings in an open locker on the other side of the room.

They munch on Arabistan pastries that came in the box.

MAHMUD
These are so delicious, brother.
Thank you. Since coming here I have thought little of home. But now I do with these.

HAMID
My mother made them. I am pleased if you are pleased, Your Highness.

MAHMUD
Please, we are in America in an American camp. Call me Sam. Just Sam.

HAMID
As you command. Thank you for your stories about how you got used to being here. I am so uncomfortable among so many infidels together.

(MORE)

HAMID (cont'd)

So many things I already see them do shock me. And I am here now just my second day.

MAHMUD

But Allah has made them as his creatures, too. They are very kind and generous, you'll see.

Mahmud neatly folds the cellophane his pastry was wrapped in.

MAHMUD (cont'd)

But tell me. They say you are a prince, too. Is that so?

HAMID

(taken off guard)

Yes.

(rote, memorized)

My people are al-Sumani, high north valley people. Converted by the Prophet himself and among them some of the fiercest fighters for Islam. My father Ismael bin-Sufari al-Sumani is a distant cousin of your father, his Excellent Illustrious Royal Majesty King Abdullah.

MAHMUD

I have never heard of your father or of your people in my house. But I must have five hundred cousins.

HAMID

We are humble people and live very far from the palace.

MAHMUD

The north is where the rebels are strongest. How do they treat your tribe there?

HAMID

Oh, terribly. We must fight them frequently, for we are loyal to your father. And to his brave soldiers. As you see, he sends me here to learn from you, Your High-- um, Sam.

MAHMUD

So then your family must surely know of General Abboud.

(MORE)

MAHMUD (cont'd)

His elite army corps has won many great victories over the rebels in your area.

HAMID

Of course, yes. We offer daily prayers to him, and songs. His name is always on our lips.

MAHMUD

I do not understand why you are called a prince. A prince speaks with more words and in better form. And you do not sit properly like a prince.

Hamid shifts quickly to sit the way Mahmud sits.

HAMID

It is because I am still tired and a little afraid. It has been a long journey.

MAHMUD

And you come here without bodyguards. Princes travel with bodyguards.

HAMID

(pumping himself up)

I know how to defend himself. I don't need any bodyguard.

MAHMUD

And...there is no General Abboud. I made him up.

HAMID

But no. I am sure there is a General Abboud. Or I confuse the name. Must be a different general. My mistake. A simple mistake.

MAHMUD

My father the king never has troops anywhere far from the palace. He knows he is hated everywhere and keeps close watch on the army. He fears a coup every day, so he changes generals every week. There are no battles in the north. It has been held firmly by the rebels. For years.

Hamid buries his head in his hands and starts CRYING.

MAHMUD (cont'd)
They sent you, the rebels did, didn't they? To kill me, right?

Hamid slowly nods but doesn't look up. He SOBS.

HAMID
I am to martyr both of us. But I am weak. I am a bad Muslim. And now my father will kill me for disobeying him, for shaming my family.

MAHMUD
The shame is on him. You are but a boy. A goat is slaughtered with more dignity. Your heart is good. It speaks to you.

He goes over to Hamid and offers his hand.

MAHMUD (cont'd)
You told me the truth. You just freed yourself from evil, Fakir.

HAMID
No. Hamid. My name is Hamid. Even the name I tell you is a lie. My father is with the rebels, a leader. He was just here in this place but was shot in the ear by the infidels.

MAHMUD
No, that was me. He shot at me and I shot him back.

HAMID
You can shoot a gun?

MAHMUD
I can do many things. And so can you. You can live a life. A full life. We don't have to be cruel like our fathers.

HAMID
You don't want to kill me?

MAHMUD
No, Hamid. Our people have seen enough death. Let's stop all that death with us. Let's live to live and do good.

Hamid, overcome, embraces Mahmud.

HAMID
Yes, let us do that. Oh, thank you.

MAHMUD
How were you supposed to kill me?

HAMID
With an explosives vest.

MAHMUD
Show me.

HAMID
Over here.

Hamid walks to the locker where all his clothes are hanging.
Mahmud follows.

Hanging on a hanger between ordinary clothes is a thick vest
with big bulges and wires dangling from it. Made to fit
someone twice Hamid's size.

HAMID (cont'd)
This is it.

MAHMUD
Yes, I see.

INT. RILEY TOWNSHIP SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

BOB and RANDY enter. SHERIFF GREELY, his feet propped on his
desk, is fast asleep. An open comic book lies atop his
chest.

Bob, noting the sheriff is asleep, goes back to the door,
opens it, then slams it shut again, hard. The noise awakens
Sheriff Greely.

SHERIFF GREELY
Hoo-bah!

BOB
Hey, sheriff. I hope we're not
disturbing you.

SHERIFF GREELY
Disturb away.

He tosses comic book in waste basket and takes his feet off
the desk.

SHERIFF GREELY (cont'd)
In what way can I marshal the law
enforcement resources of Riley
Township to assist you?

BOB
Mind if we sit?

SHERIFF GREELY
Where are my manners? Sorry, please
do.

They seat themselves.

BOB
Sheriff, this is Randy. He's one of
our camp counselors. And he's also a
lawyer.

RANDY
Hi, Sheriff.

SHERIFF GREELY
We've met before. The explosion,
remember?

RANDY
Oh, yes. Yes.

SHERIFF GREELY
A lawyer, huh? Working as a camp
counselor. Is there a shortage of
ambulances?

BOB
We're all friends who got the idea of
spending the summer together running
a camp. A hobby, really. But we have
a legal problem we thought you could
help us out on.

SHERIFF GREELY
Well, I ain't no lawyer. The township
hires that out as needed to a private
law firm. We don't have the budget
for a full-time lawyer.

RANDY
Making you the law around here,
right?

SHERIFF GREELY

Well, yeah. You could say that. That would be pretty accurate.

RANDY

You also know the history around here. History is relevant to what we have to discuss.

SHERIFF GREELY

I lived here before it had any history.

RANDY

So here's the problem. I have researched Idaho law on what a person is supposed to do if they find something of value on their property that is not theirs.

SHERIFF GREELY

Uhh-huh.

RANDY

The way I read the statute, what you're supposed to do is take the property to a local police station, give them your name and address and phone number, and leave the property with the police after you get a receipt. If nobody claims the property after thirty days, then the person who brought the property in can claim it as theirs.

SHERIFF GREELY

Yeah.

RANDY

And during that thirty day period, the local police are to put a notice in a publication or other method it uses for publishing public notices, so that the true owner, if any, knows where the lost property is located, and then he or she can claim it if they have proof of ownership.

SHERIFF GREELY

So you are here because you found something of value, and now you want me to keep it in my custody and put a notice up on our community bulletin board out in front there that this thing has been found, and if anybody is missing it they can come and get it.

BOB

You got it.

RANDY

Or you publish a notice of lost or abandoned property in the newspaper where you put all your usual township public notices.

SHERIFF GREELY

Well, no. You may not have noticed, but our snug little community here hasn't had a newspaper since 1999. All the foreclosure notices and wanted criminal posters go out there in front on the community bulletin board. There is a piece of glass that goes over it so that everything doesn't get all smeared up from rain or snow. Oh, and I almost forgot. Nobody reads it.

RANDY

This statute also goes on to say that if the lost or abandoned object is too big and unwieldy to transport easily, then a law enforcement person such as you can be deemed to have taken custody of it if you tag and note it as property temporarily de facto and de jure in your custody per Idaho Revised Statutes 34.100.056(b).

SHERIFF GREELY

So, what, you find an elephant up there? You want me to wrap it in yellow tape and make it a crime scene?

BOB

Something like that.

SHERIFF GREELY

Nobody's lost anything up there. The only humans before you folks showed up was those nutball Valiant Visigoths. And they disappeared overnight when the feds headed this way. That was, lemme see, 1989. No, 1988. No, 1989.

BOB

What we have found was created long after 1989. Much more recent design. Ergo couldn't have been left by the Visigoths.

SHERIFF GREELY

So how'd this big-ass thing get there? How does anyone lose a big-ass thing?

RANDY

That's the \$64,000 question. Or more like a million dollar question, you might say.

SHERIFF GREELY

So what the hell is this thing?

BOB

It's better if we show you.

SHERIFF GREELY

You're taking me from my crime-stopper business today, but you've made me curious. Just a sec, let me get some evidence tape here -- where did that go now -- aha, here we go -- all set.

They set out to leave. As they go through the door, Bob notices Sheriff Greely doesn't lock the door.

BOB

Aren't you gonna lock up?

SHERIFF GREELY

Why bother? Nothing in there's worth stealing.

EXT. CAMP ONE GUY, ASSEMBLY AREA - DAY

As the sun peaks again over a low mountain, DAN stands next to a flag pole and BLOWS REVEILLE on his bugle. A loudspeaker atop the mess hall crackles alive. RHONDA makes the first announcement of the day.

RHONDA (V.O.)
Attention, attention, campers.
Assembly is in five minutes for flag
raising and the pledge of allegiance.
Ten demerits for anyone who's tardy.

DAN BLOWS REVEILLE again.

The FIVE COUPLES come running to form up.

BOB BLOWS WHISTLE. But the two campers do not appear.

BOB
Campers! Get the lead out! Only one
more minute and you're in demerit
land again!

MAHMUD and HAMID walk slowly from Cabin #1 to the assembly area. They are fully dressed in fine boys attire taken from the clothes FedEx'd to Hamid. They each carry a suitcase.

DAN stops in mid-bugle. The other counselors are stunned by what they see.

JUDY
What's going on? Where do you think
you're going?

PHYLLIS
Sam? Fakir?

HAMID
It is Hamid, not Fakir.

PHYLLIS
What?

MAHMUD
And I'm Mahmud. I want to be Sam, I
really do. But it is Mahmud.

PHIL
What?

STAN

You're leaving for Whatsits-stan? Is it the food? Because if it's the food, you're right. Let me go with you.

MAHMUD

Yes, but not the food. We have much to do. But, please, we want to explain. I can explain for both of us. It is a difficult story.

BOB

Well, sure, guys. Gentlemen. Let's all get in the mess hall and sit down and talk this out. Let's put down the suitcases. Hey, let's just work this out.

They all enter the mess hall. The boys hang on to their suitcases.

EXT. OUTSIDE RILEY TOWNSHIP CITY HALL AND SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

SHERIFF GREELY has lifted up the glass that covers the community bulletin board. Hinges hold it up. The board is covered with notices that are clearly very old and out of date. He holds a stapler and a large index card in one hand.

SHERIFF GREELY

Whatta we got here. "Easter Pancake Supper, Lutheran Church, April 17, 2014." Hmmm. Missed that one. "Wanted for bank robbery, \$15,000, Dalton Edwards." Hell, he snuffed it while resisting arrest, right after 9/11.

He rips the wanted poster off and tosses it to the ground.

He staples the index card in the spot freed up.

The card reads: "Lost or abandoned property. Container with substantial amount of United States currency found inside, located within Riley Township. Make a claim with proof of ownership to the Riley Township Sheriff's Office before 5:00 PM within thirty (30) days of the date of this notice, failing which ownership of this property shall pass to the finder thereof."

It is signed by the sheriff opposite the current date.

SHERIFF GREELY (cont'd)
A tidy little piece of police work
for today. No typos. If this don't
bring the kooks and cranks out of the
woodwork, nothing will.

He puts the glass cover back in place and walks off, leaving
the shreds of the old wanted poster on the ground.

He turns to look back at it.

SHERIFF GREELY (cont'd)
Ah, fuck it. Biodegradable.

INT. CAMP ONE GUY, MESS HALL - DAY

The FIVE COUPLES, MAHMUD and HAMID sit around a big mess
hall table.

MAHMUD
And so there it all is. As you see, I
was so selfish. I think you are in
danger as long as I am here. Or while
Hamid is here.

PHIL
Wow. I'm blown away.

DAN
Wow. Who knew.

Phyllis studies her fingernails.

BOB
We had no idea. Terrorists? Here? In
Idaho?

RHONDA
Well, those "advance security" guys
who came here before Sam arrived sure
looked creepy and scary.

MAHMUD
That was them. That would have been
just before they shot at me. They
drive up in a black Chevy SUV?

BOB
Yes. They did.

MAHMUD
You see.

SALLY

But why go back to Arabistan? You will not be welcomed back.

RANDY

You will be punished, maybe executed. Killed.

STAN

Please, stay here with us. We love you. You never have to go back.

MAHMUD

If only I could stay.

PHYLLIS

You must stay here.

HAMID says something in Arabic.

MAHMUD

Hamid says we must go because we defiled your hospitality. We are without honor lying to you. He is right.

He says something Arabic back to Hamid.

MAHMUD (cont'd)

And we need to end the violence in our country. Hamid's father is a leader in the rebellion, and I am the son of the king. We will join together to depose our fathers and make peace.

JUDY

How do you plan to make that happen? You have an army?

MAHMUD

Allah will show us the way. His will is for peace.

BOB

But what if you could change your country by staying here? Keep your base of operations here. We'll fortify this place.

MAHMUD

You are serious?

BOB

Yes. What if you could end all jihadi terrorism everywhere from right here?

MAHMUD

That of course would be biggest miracle of all time. But how?

BOB

Listen, I don't know if it's coincidence or Allah's will, but we've been working on a plan. Now just sit and listen.

Bob pulls some notes from his pocket. Mahmud sits down. So does Hamid.

INT. PALACE OF KING ABDULLAH - NIGHT

ZAYED sits in the chair in the banquet hall that is normally occupied by the king. A single candle on the vast mahogany table barely lights the space. Zayed completely in shadows.

ABDULLAH, alone, enters the room. Abdullah is not happy.

ABDULLAH

Zayed? Zayed, is that you? What is so urgent that my sleep must be interrupted? Why is it so dark in here? And why-- what are you...

(he yawns)

...doing in my chair?

ZAYED

I wanted you to hear the good news without delay, Sire. Very good news.

ABDULLAH

It better be good.

(scratches himself,
yawns again)

ZAYED

The rebel leader, Talib, has been captured. He was caught with other high-ranking terrorists.

ABDULLAH

What? Arrested?

ZAYED

He sits now down in the dungeon, in chains, beneath where you stand.

ABDULLAH

All praises be to Allah! I should like to see him for myself, my enemy for so many years. Take me to him at once. I wish to see this caged animal.

ZAYED

Precisely my desire as well, to take you there forthwith.

Zayed stands, picks up the candle, and leads the way to the dungeon.

INT. FIRST UNION BANK, CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

TED the banker sits at the end of a long conference table. Seated around the other end are the FIVE COUPLES.

TED

It wasn't easy reserving this room, and I have it for just 30 minutes, so thank you for coming on time. So, now, what's this about, and why the conference room?

BOB

Just being proactive, Ted, remembering how this went before. We have a very interesting and very legal transaction to consummate.

TED

Another million dollar wire transfer?

BOB

Not exactly.

Bob's phone BUZZES in his pocket.

BOB (cont'd)

Just a sec.

(puts phone to ear)

Yes, come up to the second floor.

You'll see us in the conference room.

He pockets his phone.

BOB (cont'd)
They're here. Give it ten more
seconds.

In walk SHERIFF GREELY and his TWO DEPUTIES. Each man lugs
two large, heavy briefcases. They place them neatly lined up
on the table and step back.

Sheriff Greely turns to BOB and hands him some papers.

SHERIFF GREELY
Here ya go, captain. Receipt and your
certificate of ownership. Sign right
there and mission accomplished

Bob signs the receipt and hands it back to the sheriff. Bob
gets up, walks over to Ted, and hands him the other
document.

BOB
Here ya go, Ted. All legal, a legal
certificate of ownership of lost
property. And all ours. Or rather,
the foundation's.

TED
A million bucks! Again? And what, in
cash? No.

PHIL
You don't take cash?

TED
Well...sure...but...

BOB
(producing more
papers)
The account needs to be set up as The
Oasis Foundation. A nonprofit
charitable organization under Section
501(3)(c) of the Internal Revenue
Code. Be sure you include that
information when you contact the IRS
about the deposit.

TED
You just happened to find all this
cash? You stumbled across a million
dollars?

BOB
Yup. Lucky, huh?

SHERIFF GREELY
Not so lucky for whoever lost it.

TED
Oh my. Heavens. I'll go get a deposit slip.

SHERIFF GREELY
Don't you want to count it first?

EXT. CAMP ONE GUY, FRONT GATE - DAY

RANDY, MAHMUD and HAMID stand at a makeshift lectern. They are conducting a press conference attended by SEVERAL MEMBERS OF THE PRESS, including PRESS PERSON #1, PRESS PERSON #2, and several TV cameras and CREWS.

RANDY
And we just received this Tweet from the President of the United States, quote, wishing OASIS Camp Two Guys all the best in bringing terrorists and would-be terrorists out of the cold and into a safe refuge. May OASIS be a warm home and a hope for peace for all mankind and for an Islam free of hatred and violence. I join you, Mahmud and Hamid, in asking it be the will of Almighty God that you succeed. Inshallah. End quote.

Press people all start shouting at once, shoving microphones forward, microphones jousting with other microphones.

RANDY (cont'd)
OK, maybe just one more question.

PRESS PERSON #1
Prince Mahmud, how is this playing out with your father, the king? What do you hear from him?

MAHMUD
Unfortunately, he does not communicate with me. I beg him to understand.

PRESS PERSON #2
Have you gotten any positive responses?

RANDY

We already have twenty-two new campers starting next month. Donations pour in to cover tuition and expenses. Anyone can sign up until the end of the month. Go to OasisTwoGuys.com.

Press people keep shouting, jostling.

RANDY (cont'd)

No, really folks. We're done here. Call me for interviews. Thank you.

EXT. YACHT, AFT DECK - DAY

The FIVE COUPLES sit in a broad semi-circle, facing the dock they are about to leave. They all look quite prosperous. AL, formerly the bartender at the Holiday Inn, serves cocktails and hors d'oeuvres. He wears a spiffy white nautical uniform.

PHIL

Thank you, Al. You make the perfect martini.

AL

Pleasure's all mine, sir. If anything else is needed, ladies, gentlemen, please push that button.

He leaves with a tray of empty glasses.

BOB

Randy.

RANDY

Bob.

STAN

If the world had always been devoid of olives, would we still want them?

BOB

Tell me again why we're all not going to jail.

RANDY

Which crime are we talking about?

BOB

Well, the "found" million bucks one for openers.

RANDY

We did find it. Who's to say otherwise? Nobody seems to be missing it. We got a certificate of ownership from a sheriff. End of story. All quite clean. And Ted got promoted. He's happy.

BOB

But the terrorists know it's their money. They'll come looking for it someday.

RANDY

The minute they do they'd be lunchmeat here. More likely they'd still try to kill Mahmud. But the camp is now a fortress, Camp One Guy--

SALLY

Two Guys.

RHONDA

OASIS Two Guys.

BOB

We gotta work on that name. OK, Randy, but how about our getting \$100,000 for each new camper. We have 36 campers now. Three point six million for us. How is that legal?

RANDY

Easy. We don't get the money, the foundation does. And then it pays us salaries, bonuses, travel expenses...

PHIL

Like this boat.

RANDY

Like this boat. And so on. The campers pay nothing. They're all on scholarship. Hell, we give them a lot of money. The money all comes from donations.

(MORE)

RANDY (cont'd)
Mostly from Middle East countries
scared shitless of terrorists. And
from Hollywood. They feel guilty
about everything.

BOB
So that's why politicians and
billionaires have foundations. Big
slush funds. Lots of "found" money.

RANDY
Hence the derivation of "found"-
ation. I think you're finally
catching on.

JUDY
Slush fund. Great name for a drink.
I'll have a slush fund, please.

STAN
With an olive.

RANDY
Yup. Foundations. With your name all
over it. You make yourself look good
while you rake in more money for
yourself. Slush. Isn't there already
a drink with slush in it?

PHYLLIS
Push the button and order us some.

INT. ARABISTAN PALACE, SUBTERRANEAN PRISON - NIGHT

Two lit torches bespeak a medieval gloom. TALIB and KING
ABDULLAH glare at each other from across opposite-facing
cells. In the dank cobblestone corridor between the two
cells strides ZAYED, snapping a riding crop against his
thigh.

TALIB
You are slime no pig would eat.

ABDULLAH
Yes, you would know what pigs eat.
Oink!

TALIB
Ape.

ABDULLAH
Monkey fart.

ZAYED
Enough, you buffoons. Any more of
this, and I shall make sure one of
you has nobody left to talk to.

They go silent, though their chains still RATTLE.

ZAYED (cont'd)
You shall live only so long as I
remain the two of you.

Zayed hands each of them sheaves of papers through the
cells' bars.

ZAYED (cont'd)
Talib, I have these orders for you to
sign. And, Your Highness, here are
yours. Sign them now.

They both comply.

ABDULLAH
Why do you play us against each
other? What have you to gain?

ZAYED
Power. Power needs conflict. Power in
every direction. Now the papers
please, and then you'll be fed.

He collects the signed documents and leaves.

TALIB
Butt face.

ABDULLAH
Penis hair.

EXT. CAMP ONE GUY, ASSEMBLY AREA - DAY

MAHMUD stands tall at the camp leader's podium as Bob had
once done.

MAHMUD
Campers! Out of the sack and fall in!
Brothers, it is a brand new day! Run!

HAMID hoists the OASIS flag. A camper plays the bugle, but
in an Arabian musical way. CAMPERS of various ages and sizes
hustle and line up smartly. They exude esprit de corps.

HAMID
Allah-hu akbar!

CAMPERS
(in unison)
Allah-hu akbar!

MAHMUD
Let us sing our song of brotherhood.

They joyfully SING the song.

ZOOM OUT and FADE IN accompanying STIRRING ORCHESTRAL MUSIC.

EXT. CAMP ONE GUY, ENTRANCE - DAY

The MUSIC continues.

A fancy electronic gate has replaced the old one. The sides look like entwined, spiraling palm trees. At the top, aligned horizontally after the words "OASIS Camp" is an LED display with digital red numbers signifying numbers of campers, initially showing the number 36. To the right of the LED is the word "Guys".

The MUSIC starts to fade as the numbers flash on the LED display, from 36 to 42, to 58, 112, 290. 666, 809, 1123.

EXT. YACHT, AFT DECK - DAY

THE FIVE COUPLES continue celebrating on sun-drenched deck.

PHIL
Why are we still docked?

DAN
We're awaiting an all-clear on the harbor from our security officer. He's in radio contact with the harbor police.

MARSHA
Get on the horn, Bob. Take command. This boat is making me land-sick.

Bob grabs a big megaphone, flips it on. It's on high volume.

BOB
Ahoy, this is NOT your captain speaking. First security officer, top deck, report to the, to the--

SALLY

Poop deck.

BOB

Poop deck. Avast. Let us cast off.

SHERIFF GREELY appears, dressed as spiffy as Al, and cleaned up all around.

SHERIFF GREELY

Safe to sail, sir. Anchor's away,
surf's up. Aye aye, hip hip.

BOB

Well done, sailor. Outstanding.

The others laugh and cheer.

Sheriff Greely salutes nobody in particular.

The yacht pulls away, revealing its name: O-WAY-IZ-US.

FADE OUT