

CAMP ONE GUY

Written by  
Larry George Johnson

8505 129th Ave SE  
Newcastle, WA 98056  
425 227-3352  
[larry.ede@gmail.com](mailto:larry.ede@gmail.com)

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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 a 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](http://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](http://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 thousnd 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, Ameri-cay.

**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)

Mmmffff, crunchy carrot, crunchy crunch. Mmmffff, 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  
tipplers. 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.

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

She steps in.

**INT. CAMP ONE GUY, CABIN #1 - DAY**

PHYLЛИS  
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.

PHYLЛИS  
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.

PHYLЛИS  
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." Hmm. 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

Apé.

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