"Camp" 'Mackenzie' Sc 1

ACT ONE

INT. MAIN OFFICE - DAY

Mackenzie puts calamine lotion on the red, blistered hands of a camper, OLIVER, 12.

Start →

MACKENZIE
Oliver, listen to me. A poison ivy rash is very contagious. Don't touch anyone. Or yourself. Especially in sensitive areas. I have a son and I know how it is with you boys, but you gotta give it a rest. Do you understand what I'm saying Oliver?
(off his nod)
I hear you're a pretty good hitter. I want to see you at the softball game. We're not losing this year.

Oliver leaves, hands raised like a surgeon. Buzz enters.

MACKENZIE (CONT'D)
Hey, Buzz! What's up?

BUZZ
A three-year-old threw up on me.

MACKENZIE
You know, girls are very impressed by boys who are good with kids.

BUZZ
Great. Hey. Since I'm working here this summer, collecting a paycheck, paying taxes, I believe it would be good for my growth if I moved into Boys Town with the other CITs instead of living with my mom.

MACKENZIE
Absolutely not.

BUZZ
Why? God!

MACKENZIE
Buzz, this has been a hard year for you. There's so many older kids in Boys Town. I don't want you to get caught up in any...

(CONTINUED)

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BUZZ
Fun?

MACKENZIE
(looks at him, sentimental)
Oh Buzz, my little Buzzy bee. Look at you. All grown up. It's so hard for me to say no to you.
(beat, wry smile)
But I'm totally going to. Because we're a family. And this is family camp. And we need to stick together.

Stop — Mackenzie pats his arm, walks out. Off Buzz, kicking her desk.

EXT. LAKE/DOCK - DAY

Wes fixes the MAST on a Sunfish sailboat. Robbie readies a MIDDLE-AGED COUPLE on a different sailboat. The MAN looks suspiciously at all the ropes.

ROBBIE
You sure you know what you're doing, Mr. Gimbel? Because I'm sensing some confusion.

Mr. Gimbel gives Robbie a curmudgeonly glare, shoves off. JAY, 23, a new counselor, ambles down the dock.

JAY
S'up, boys? What's the deal with that Sarah girl? She's banging.

Robbie, Wes and Jay all look at the water, where Sarah and VIVIAN, 20s, an alluring counselor, teach two young GIRLS to paddleboard. An awkward silent beat.

JAY (CONT'D)
What?

WES
Let me tell you a story, Jay. Ten years ago --

ROBBIE
Twelve.

BEGIN FLASHBACKS

DODGEBALL -- Robbie, 10, gazes at pretty Sarah, 10. Sarah scoops up the ball, smiles and wings it at Robbie, whomping him hard in the face. Robbie stands there, dazed.

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