

EXT. CAMP HELPIT - MORNING

The sign for the camp swings as bus pass.

A Blue Kia rides slowly behind the buses. Driving the car is the Mom of Charlie who sits in the passenger seat listening to his I-pod. Charlie is a 14 year old kid who acts all grown up.

CHARLIE

(Narration)

It all started on Tuesday, no make that Monday when my mom drove me to camp. I didn't want to go but it was one of those choices your parents give you that's a lose-lose situation. Grandma's or Camp and since Grandma became a gook when Grandpa died, I chose camp.

EXT. VISITOR PARKING - CONTINUOUS

After his mom parks the car she goes over to Charlie's side and drags him out.

INT. CAMP - CONTINUOUS

CHARLIE

(Narration)

Just because I chose it doesn't mean I went happily. After three broken finger nails on my behalf, my mother finally got me in there. And I was the counselors problem.

Charlie kicks and screams toward his mother. His mother points behind him, Charlie turns around and sees a huge black man and stops fidgeting of because fear overwhelms him.

INT. BUNKERS - CONTINUOUS

Charlie picks a bunk-bed and just as he gets settled a kid walks up and knocks him off. The kid pulls back his shirt sleeve to reveal the name BULL tattooed on his arm and the points to the bed post where it also says BULL.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

Charlie walks away.

CHARLIE
Your last name must be shit.

BULL
What you say, pretty boy?

CHARLIE
Oh I see now BULL is your middle
name. Your first name must be I
Love.

CAMPER
I LOVE?

CHARLIE
YEAH I LOVE BULL COCK.

The camp laughs.

BULL
You think that funny. Calling
someone Gay. GAY PEOPLE ARE COOL.

CHARLIE
What ever makes you rattle, is
fine by me.
(To Everyone)
Is there any free bunk available
so I don't have to keep changing
them.

CAMPER # 2
Over by me. You want up or down.

CHARLIE
I'll take the top so BULL can't
get to my cock.

Charlie places his belonging in the corner and lays on
his bunk.

CHARLIE
(Narration)
After I got settled in for the
(MORE)

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

CHARLIE (cont'd)
second time, I tried to get some
rest from the long ride over.
But no we had to sing Kumba-
fucking-Ya by the fire.

EXT. CAMP FIRE - LATER

The entire camp sits by the fire, talking and telling
jokes and eating smurs.

CHARLIE
(Narration)
The jokes were old and the
marshmallows stale. It didn't
take me long to realized if I
was at Grandma's, I'd be
watching porn or helping her
finish that joint she has for
her Glaucoma. I chose wrong, but
it took me to the third
rendition of THIS LAND IS YOUR
LAND to figure that out. After
the fire, I had to take a piss.

EXT. OUT HOUSES - LATER

Charlie walks along the Out House across from their
bunker and they all say occupied.

EXT. BUNKER - MOMENTS LATER

Charlie stands against the wall taking a piss.

CHARLIE
(Narration)
The cold breeze and the hot
piss, made it steam, the smell
was unbearable. But at least I
don't have to waste the extra
effort to flush. But that's when
my trouble began.

Charlie zips up his pants and turns around. The HEAD
COUNSELOR, J.R., stands like a general before his troops.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

J.R.
You smell that?

Charlie makes an effortless sniff.

CHARLIE
Smells Delicious.

J.R.
You think it's funny.

CHARLIE
You see me laughing.

J.R.
Talking back to authority. You
got balls son.

CHARLIE
(Narration)
Why do people try to belittle
someone by calling the son? Just
wondering.

CHARLIE
Muy Grande. That's Spanish.

J.R.
That's a second strike.

CHARLIE
(Narration)
Already. Hoping the third one
gets me kicked out.

CHARLIE
How do I get the third?

J.R.
You want it?

CHARLIE
Well, if you're just giving them
out.

CHARLIE
(MORE)

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

CHARLIE (cont'd)

(Narration)

There goes my big mouth. Getting me on the shit list of the one guy who might help me get out of here.

INT. THE BLACK BOX - MOMENTS LATER

Charlie sits on a mattress on the floor. The room has one light swinging in the middle of the room.

CHARLIE

(Narration)

I walked to my doom like a champ. Left foot, right foot. Chin Up. The smell in here was hell compared the steamy piss outside. At least I had my own room. I didn't have to hear about girlfriends they didn't have or deal with Bull's shit. Or deal with the pranks kids play at camp. But I was in hell. I didn't find that out 'til Tuesday.

Charlie pulls an I-pod out of his pants and places the ear phones to his head.

INT. BLACK BOX - MORNING

The sun pears through the vents to bring light to an empty BOX.

CHARLIE

(Narration)

Would it surprise you if I said I was up before the sun rose? Would it surprise you if I said I was woken up by J.R.? I didn't think so.

EXT. HILL DYNO-MYTE - MORNING

Charlie stands on the hill, holding a cinder block over his head.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

CHARLIE

(Narration)

Three strikes you're out is for baseball. In camp three strikes means you do this. For 24 hours. You drop it you don't eat. You lose balance you don't drink. 24 hours of this can drive a man insane. But after the first two hours after I felt it became cake. I stood up there for a day. It was long but I did it. I got tired but did it. 24 hours is a long time and I never noticed that before. After a couple of hours I began to count the sweat dripping from my head. That help me pass the time. UNTIL.

J.R. comes running up the hill with a groups of campers.

J.R.

Slow down. Slow down. I want all of you to take a good look at Charlie Matthews. I don't care who you were at home, I don't care if you were the class clown, nerd, smart-ass or most popular kid. But when you get to camp that's gone. You learn self control. It seems some people just can't get self control. Three strikes kids that's all I give you. You get three strikes you end up like this loser. Let's go back down to camp.

As the go back down, J.R. walks toward Charlie. BULL makes horns with his fingers and points them at Charlie and mouth the words 'LATER.'

J.R.

Sorry that I had to use you as an example, but sometimes you gotta do it. Don't drop the rock.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

J.R. jugs back down the hill.

EXT. HILL DYNO-MYTE - NIGHT

CHARLIE

(Narration)

As night fell, I began to think about the name of the hill DYNO-MYTE. Why is it that pop-cultures of the past can always be found at a camp. Cheesy, smart or not, still cheesy.

EXT. HILL - LATER

Charlie still stands strong.

CHARLIE

(SINGING)

RUB THE STICKS TOGETHER MAKE THE SPARKS IGNITE, I'M LOOKING FOR A LITTLE AFTERNOON DELIGHT. SKYROCKETS IN FLIGHT AFTERNOON DELIGHT.

BULL comes charging up the hill.

Charlie well aware of the things surrounding him throws the block at him.

CHARLIE

Your tiger style can't defeat my crane.

BULL

(In Pain)

I just came to tell you to come down for diner.

CHARLIE

Oh. Ok. Come down when YOU'RE READY.

CHARLIE

(Narration)

24 hours or how ever long I was
(MORE)

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

CHARLIE (cont'd)
up there can make a person do
crazy things. But it sure felt
good throwing that block at him.

Charlie walks down the Hill.

CHARLIE
(Narration)
My knees are weak and my arms
wobbly but I still make it to
the mess hall without falling.

INT. MESS HALL - MOMENTS LATER

Charlie walks into the MESS HALL holding his right hand
in the left trying to regain feeling in his hands. As
Charlie walks in, the place erupts with applause.
Charlie walks to the table where CAMPER # 2 sits.

CHARLIE
This is for me.

CAMPER # 2
Bet your skinny white ass it is.
You are now a legend.

CHARLIE
How so?

CAMPER # 2
You're the only person in camp
history to got Dusk 'Til Dawn on
that hill.

CHARLIE
Well I defiantly feel like a
legend due to the pain. Now when
to the bitches come to praise me.

CAMPER # 2
You get that one in your dreams.

INT. BUNKER - LATER

Charlie sleeps on the top bunk.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

CHARLIE

(Narration)

The food at the mess hall any other day would have been shit, but on that day I ate that meatloaf like I had never had a meal in my life. The gravy was extremely Creamy and delicious. Heaven on that night came in form of a meal. But that night as I laid my head on that pillow I didn't have dreams of holy blow-jobs of goddesses and me. I had even better dream. It was of an ambulance taking J.R. away, some sort of accident. How was i to know it would be foreshadowing tomorrow?

EXT. RIFLE RANCH - DAY

J.R. hands out rifles to each camper. They all stand about 100 feet away from archery like dart boards. J.R. gets to Charlie.

J.R.

Can I trust you with a gun?

CHARLIE

It's not a gun it's a rifle.

J.R. shakes his head and gives him the Rifle.

J.R.

Smart-ass.

J.R. finishes handing out the guns.

J.R.

Ok don't think your cowboys just yet.

Charlie lets a fire got back accident.

CHARLIE

Just checking the kick back sir.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

J.R.
That's strike one Charlie.

CHARLIE
Can't wait to receive strike two
sir.

J.R. looks up to the sky.

J.R.
Now this is just target
practice, i want you to practice
aiming and firing, for we are
getting you ready for the big
quail hunt next month.

CHARLIE
Wait, wait, wait. This isn't a
one week camp.

J.R.
(Talking Over Him)
We want good shots and dead
quails.

CHARLIE
That's just mean.

J.R.
(Talking Over Him)
You but the end of the gun to
your shoulder aim and fire. Give
it a shot ladies.

They all fire in the air like a 21 gun salute.

J.R.
At the Targets.

They all fire at the targets.

CAMPER
Hey Charlie. Why don't you shoot
J.R.?

CHARLIE
You want me to.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

CAMPER
It's only quail bullets.

Charlie aims.

CHARLIE
Gun to shoulder, aim and fire.

The shot leaves the gun and J.R. falls to his knees.

J.R.
Son of a bitch...

INT. AMBULANCE - LATER

The doors close at J.R. screams in pain.

EXT. OUTSIDE AMBULANCE - CONTINUOUS

Everyone stands outside surrounding the truck.

J.R.
(Voice though the
truck, Yelling)
I want him gone. That fucking
kid, get out my camp.

The truck drives away. Camper # 2 walks up to Charlie.

CAMPER # 2
Forget legend, you're now CAMP
LORD.

Charlie smiles.

CHARLIE
Good shot, hun?

INT. CAMP OFFICES - LATER

Charlie sits by him self in a wooden chair.

INT. CAMP OFFICES - CONTINUOUS

Receptionist call Charlie's mom.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

CHARLIE

(Narration)

It only took an hour for them to call my mom and ten minutes for her to arrive which is funny because we live two hours away. By lunch i was on my way to Grandma's. And by diner me and Grandma were...

EXT. HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

Charlie's mom's car is speeding on the highway.

INT. CAMP OFFICES - CONTINUOUS

Charlie's mom drags him out.

INT. GRANDMA'S HOUSE - LATER

Charlie and his Grandma are getting high.

CHARLIE

(Narration)

Getting HIGH. Hope you enjoy my story all about HOW I SHOT J.R.

THE END