

PEACHWOOD EP. 2

Written by

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EXT. FIRE PIT - DAY

JULIE and EZRA break from their firm gripping handshake.

EZRA

I must away, dear Julie.
Preparation is the better part of
victory!

Ezra strides away from the firepit toward his vintage automobile.

MIKE rotates his fingers in a "keep rolling" motion to SETH.

MIKE

So what, you got an old-school
rivalry or something?

Julie brushes the picked splinters away from the arm of one of the firepit chairs.

JULIE

Fabulous Mr. Fox over there has had
it out for Peachwood since he
bought that lodge across the lake.

She curls her hand into a fist.

JULIE (CONT'D)

No idea what kind of nest egg he's
milking.

MAX steps into the shot in front of Julie.

MAX

Camp Rule #14, Speaking ill of
others is ill-advised!

Max puffs his chest out and sets his knuckles on his hips.

MAX (CONT'D)

Now, we're sure to have some great
content for ya, Mikey!

Mike grunts.

MIKE

No nicknames.

MAX

Well I wouldn't say you're name is
Nick, right?

Max chuckles.

MAX (CONT'D)

C'mon pal, we've got a suite made
up for you with space for the gear
too!

Max waves to Julie as she trudges back to her cart and drives
off toward her office as the sun begins to set.

MIKE

Oh no problem, Seth and I were
picking up a place on I-13--

Max puts his arm around Mike's waist and steers him toward
the Maxmobile.

MAX

Nonsense! Buds don't let buds sleep
in motels!

Max all but shoves Mike onto the rear facing seat of the
gaudy vehicle, while Seth takes a much more willing seat next
to him.

MIKE

I hate this guy...

INT. CREW CABIN - NIGHT

Mike sets a few bags down in a corner of the room.

MIKE

No idea why we couldn't just set up
shop somewhere with wifi... Why'd
you have to say yes to the guy,
Seth?

Seth grunts.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Yeah I bet you didn't catch that
one on mic, right? Never do.

Seth bobs the camera.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Oh you liar!

Mike laughs.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Well let's see if we can't get some
juicy footage tomorrow.

EXT. CAMP OBSTACLE COURSE - DAY

Campers scramble up faux-rock climbing walls and across mud that runs underneath netting.

Julie leans back in a camp-branded lawn chair while Max waves the campers through their course.

MAX

Alright, campers! Once you're done
wiggling and waving your way
through the mud, head on over for
lunch!

Max high fives a camper as they finish the course and absentmindedly wipes the remaining mud across his shirt.

The camera shakes as Mike slaps Seth on the shoulder and walks into frame.

MIKE

Getting ready for war, General?

Mike chuckles.

Julie pulls her sunglasses off and opens her mouth to answer.

MAX

Of course! And it's going
swimmingly!

Max kicks up a little mud.

A WHISTLE echoes from the edge of the course clearing. EZRA stands with a gallant nonchalance, backed by a small entourage of his campers.

MIKE

If it isn't the man of the day.
Whats up, Mr. Fox?

EZRA

Not much, my inaffable journalist!

Mike tilts his head and looks to Seth.

MIKE

Inaffable?

The camera jumps as Seth shrugs.

EZRA

I thought of an excellent first
competition my dearest Julie!

Julie grumbles and hauls herself out of her chair as some campers start to gather round.

Mike motions to Seth.

Seth zooms in to get just Julie and Ezra in frame as he strides up to the other camp owner.

JULIE
And that would be?

EZRA
Archery, of course! Have you met
with dear Douglas?

He motions to one of his campers. The boy steps forward with a smugness rivalling Ezra's.

EZRA (CONT'D)
He's doing olympic preparatory
courses, we're quite proud to have
him here at Fox Lake.

JULIE
We've got a range, but it's not
really up--

EZRA
--To par, I understand dear. I've
set the old range up on my end.

Ezra sneers.

JULIE
Thank you, gracious benefactor.

She spits on the ground at Ezra's feet.

EZRA
Then I'll see you there, darling!

Mike gives an "ok" hand gesture to the camera as Ezra takes his campers off campus.

MAX
Peaches, do we have anyone in an
archery program? Olympic? National?
Local?

Julie shakes her head and shrugs.

Max's face falls.

EXT. FOX LAKE ARCHERY RANGE

The immaculately curated archery range is pruned even further by a meticulous gardener.

Ezra stands alongside Douglas as the boy performs several practice shots. Other Fox Lake campers practice as well, but Ezra pays them no mind.

Mike steps into frame and directs Seth to move the camera over.

Seth pans over to see Julie, Max, and the Peachwood campers struggling to put shots on targets or even draw the bows.

MIKE

Dude, we're not war correspondence,
I didn't sign up to cover a
slaughter.

Mike laughs and slaps at his hip.

Ezra whistles to begin the competition. Julie responds with a wave.

The camps take turns target shooting, heavily favoring Fox Lake.

After two out of five rounds being called for Fox Lake, a camper taps Julie on the shoulder.

CAMPER

Excuse me, ma'am?

JULIE

Don't call me--wait--ma'am is fine.
What do you need?

CAMPER

I signed up, but I'm not on the
docket. Can I cut in?

JULIE

Can't do much worse than Reuben.

Julie cups one hand around her mouth.

JULIE (CONT'D)

REUBEN! YOU'RE OFF NEXT ROUND!

Reuben sighs and sits down on the sideline grass.

Two more rounds pass, with the newcomer matching Douglas arrow to arrow.

The two draw their final arrows.

Mike motions to Seth.

MIKE

Dude, target shot, TARGET SHOT!

Seth's hand comes into frame with an incredulous motion.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Go, go, go, c'mon man!

Seth sprints down the sideline, weaving around Reuben as the dropout groans.

Seth slides to a stop and focuses the camera with a quick zoom.

The shafts SLAM into the targets. Both arrows hit their respective bullseyes.

A second set of shafts slam into the bullseyes, and the two campers look to each other.

DOUGLAS

Excellent form, my dude!

The camper gives a jaunty salute.

CAMPER

This is the most fun I've had all summer!

The two nock another set of arrows to continue their sport.

Ezra strokes his moustache with a thumb, getting more agitated as the contest continues.

An arrow splits another, burying itself deep into the target.

Campers cheer. Douglas has done the improbable.

EZRA

And that's one for me, Julie dear!

The prodigal camper nocks their last arrow and splits their earlier shot.

CAMPER

Can I get another, anyone?

Reuben scampers across the field and hands the camper one of his.

It splits, the same as the last.

JULIE

One for us you mean, Foxy?

The Peachwood campers give a rousing set of cheers as the unnamed camper gives Douglas a hearty handshake.

CAMPER

Wonderful work, champ. You're going
to do great stuff!

Douglas gives his opponent a clap on the shoulder.

Ezra seethes as Julie prods him further with words unheard.

END