

~~1 EXT. SPORTSMAN SUPERSTORE PARKING LOT - DAY~~

~~DAD/NATE, 35ish, Caucasian, glasses, exits Sportsman's Superstore, proudly but clumsily dragging a huge wheeled cooler, arms full of bags, fishing poles, and carrying a large tent box.~~

~~He nods confidently as a PRETTY WOMAN passes staring. His phone rings, interrupting his attempted smooveness.~~

~~She giggles.~~

Overwhelmed by his haul, he wrestles the phone from his pleated khakis.

He looks at the screen, shrinks and takes a deep breath as he answers the call on speaker. He juggles the conversation and cars backing out, like an '80s Frogger arcade game.

DAD

I'm on my way. I'm on my way.

1

MOM (O.S.)

Don't let them down again.

2

DAD

I know. I know. I couldn't make it last weekend.

3

MOM (O.S.)

Or the last four.

4

Nate loads the gear into his SUV hatch.

DAD

I had to cover the group tours. It's a new job. I texted! I think I texted.

5

MOM (O.S.)

Why this weekend, Nate? Why the rush?

6

DAD

The moon is full, Mars is in retrograde. And I have Dad's telescope.

7

~~2 EXT. MOM'S DRIVEWAY - DAY~~

~~Dad stands next to the car as his 10yo son, DONNY explodes from the front door with backpacks and pillows, marching to the car. Nate's 13yo daughter, ROBBY, grudgingly follows.~~

~~They march and chant alternating.~~

DONNY	
Is there fishing?	27
DAD	
Heckins zee yassss!	28
ROBBY	
Bears?	29
DAD	
Argh?	30

~~Dad stares at her in the rear view mirror and grunts to cover this new concern.~~

~~6 EXT. CAMP SITE - DAY~~

~~Donny exits the car, scrambling, grabbing gear. Robby not so much scrambling as dragging.~~

DAD	
Whoa whoa whoa!!! Ten hut!	31

~~Donny snaps to attention. Robby slowly moves into place.~~

~~Donny looks at Robby with the sad eyes because she isn't playing.~~

~~She smiles slowly and decides to play along but is still lackadaisical. She comes to attention and salutes.~~

ROBBY	
Sir, reporting for duty, sir.	32

DAD	
At ease, cadets. A few rules of engagement before beginning this mission. No sodas, potato chips, marshmallows, and/or chocolate bears, gulp, I mean BARS. Chocolate BARSSSS, until we eat dinner at zero seven hundred hour.	33

~~The kids side glance each other at his incorrect time.~~

DAD (CONT'D)	
Your mission, should you choose to accept... clear tent pad, gather firewood, get the food off the ground and away from critters. And have some bonafide fun!	34

DAD (CONT'D)	
Ok troopers, the suh'more protocol is activated. Verify building materials. Gray hams?	48
ROBBY	
Check.	49
DAD	
Chocolotto?	50
DONNY	
Checko!	51
DAD	
Marsha mallow wowo wooooop de wooooop!!?	52
DONNY	
Checkoromeo!	53
DAD	
Initiate firing sequence.	54
ROBBY	
Initiating firing sequence.	55
Dad smiles at her over his newfound success with the dark one.	
DAD	
Scalpel.	56
She slaps the roasting stick into his hand. He shakes his stinging hand.	
DAD (CONT'D)	
And now the tricky part, men. And geeentllle ladies? The science behind the perfect s'more comes down to fire... and sugar... and time. And primal gut instinct. Argh argh argh. Rookies prefer a little heat, leaving the mallow in the middle mostly raw, while the true connoisseur goes for the toasty golden exterior with a warm pink center. But we are neither rookies nor connoisseurs. We are real men... ahem, warriors. The real warrior... the brute neanderthal beast of a warrior beats his -or her- chest, raises the powdery confection to the sky, prays down fire, fire from	57
(MORE)	

DAD (CONT'D)

Gaawwwd! Fire that licks the sugary mallow de marsh, charring the outside to a rich black while furiously heating the center into a grand golden gooey goodness...

~~The marshmallow is ablaze. Dad tries to blow it out but it's out of control. He wildly waves the blazer around. It flies off... somewhere.~~

~~He is confused when the marshmallow is strangely gone. He looks at the stick. Looks left, looks right. Hmm.~~

~~He looks at the kids. They are wide eyed, looking over his shoulder. He sees flames flicker against their skin.~~

~~Behind him, the tent is on fire.~~

~~Dad jumps up, kicks dirt onto the tent. The kids join him. He pushes them away to safety.~~

~~The kids stand and watch Dad in a frenzy trying to save the tent. Dad pops a soda top and slings the soda on the tent. Donny shakes another soda violently and tosses to Dad. He tries to cover the fire with a towel.~~

FADE TO BLACK

10 ~~EXT. RIVER BANK — NIGHT~~

~~The three sit on a log on the river bank and stare as the smoldering tent floats in the river.~~

~~Reflection of moon in the river.~~

~~The three lie on sleeping bags under the night sky. They swat mosquitoes.~~

~~DONNY~~

~~Where did you learn to camp, Dad? 58~~

~~DAD~~

~~From MY dad. 59~~

~~ROBBY~~

~~Didn't your dad die when you were a little kid? 60~~

~~DAD~~

~~Ya... I'm sorry guys. I wanted this weekend to be perfect. 61~~