

THE NOT SO GREAT OUTDOORS

written by

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EXT. SHERMER CAMPGROUND

CLAIRE (V.O.)

Saturday, March 24, 1984. Shermer High School, Shermer, Illinois, 60062. Dear Mr. Vernon, we accept the fact that we had to sacrifice a whole Saturday in detention for whatever it was you think we did wrong. Maybe what we did was wrong. But how dare you make us write an essay telling you who we think we are. We are so much more than you'll ever see, so what do you care? You see us as you want to see us - in the simplest terms, in the most convenient definitions. You see us as a princess, an athlete, a brain, a basket case, and a criminal. Right? After all, that's the way we saw each other at 7:00 this morning. But here's a secret you'll never really know--we were brainwashed.

SUPER TITLE: 1998

We see "Welcome to Shermer Campgrounds" on a log hand-painted sign. It's quiet - compared to Chicago, but a bustlin' summer camp filled with joy.

Cut to

EXT. Shermer Campgrounds - Montage

The land--the reeds, the pond, a hilly pasture, a shed, a stack of firewood, ax, saddle, etc.

EXT. Cabin.

There is a lone cabin with a tiny pond next to it and a Mercedes parked out front. You can smell the wood. The sun is hitting late morning and the house soaks it in.

Cut to

INT. CABIN. Bedroom.

He does a hyper dance move similar to those of Emilio Esteves' in the stoned-dance sequence in T.B.C. Stops, noticing the early stages of a gut.

ANDREW

That's gonna have to go. Coach
could never respect that. Drop and
give me fifty, boy!

He gets down and does sit ups.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

You're a winner...strength and
speed...

Cut to

INT. CABIN living room

Claire, late 30s, a grown Molly Ringwald--white-collar pouty princess, our heroine, dressed like she is still in the office (which is a fashion design studio) and wearing a pink blouse, brown gypsy skirt and brown suede boots, sits on the couch watching QVC, engrossed in magazines and twirling her wedding ring. This is her focus.

After a moment, Andrew, her husband, enters sweating and winded. He grabs the milk carton out of the fridge and guzzles it, coming behind her and watching as the milk streams down his throat (but also his face).

Claire doesn't look up. Andrew hovers over her, looking back and forth between the screen and her. She is unfazed.

TV/QVC INSERT:

A cheerful woman shows off a set of silver figurines to the host.

CHEERFUL WOMAN ON TV

--Yes indeed, these are 100%
platinum.

HOST ON TV

Isn't that something!

CHEERFUL WOMAN ON TV

Isn't it? And for you viewers at
home, these can be yours for only 8
simple installments of \$49.95. What
a deal, Jeannie!

HOST ON TV

A real steal, Nancy!

Andrew is finally done and he gasps, panting, covered in milk. Perhaps a belch.

Claire begins to dial an old school 90's first generation cell phone.

ANDREW
We need another set of those?

CLAIRE
(absently) They'd look so nice in
the foyer, wouldn't they?

Andrew leaves the room, shaking his head.

ANDREW
I'm going for a run.

CLAIRE
(re: the phone)
Hold?!

She pops a valium. Flips through her magazine, entitled-ly.

INT. CABIN. KITCHEN. AFTERNOON. LATER.

BANG.

Was that a car backfiring? It wakes up a napping Andrew on the couch.

(O.S.) Faint music is heard - LaVern Baker's "Tweedly Dee." Weird screeching sounds, rusted metal scraping against itself, and the sounds of howling overgrown feral children move toward the cabin.

INT. CABIN LIVING ROOM

Claire comes out of the back room and joins Andrew at the window.

EXT. CABIN

An old, rusted, boat of a Cadillac approaches the driveway and parks. BANG!

INT. CABIN

Claire and Andrew duck and cover.

EXT. CABIN. YARD

Maizy, 30, a modern-day Gaby Hoffman, a sprite with the spirit of John Candy, earnest, enthusiastic and childlike, hops out of the car and takes a picture of the cabin. Or the ground. Or a tree, animal droppings, anything and everything. She is pointing and oohing and ahing. Miles, early 30s, a modern-day Macaulay Culkin--feral, autonomous, chaotic stoner bum, steps out in a much more nonchalant way and starts to stretch his legs. They are wearing alternating colors--Maizy has a red shirt and a blue hat, Miles has a blue hat and red shirt (etc.) He pulls out a cig and approaches Claire and Andrew's Benz. He looks toward the cabin - intrigued.

EXT. CABIN PORCH

Claire and Andrew come out of the front door. Miles looks at them and they approach each other.

CLAIRE

Hey?....Are you, uh, lost?

Miles slams down a pack from the car.

MILES

We couldn't get lost coming here
with our eyes closed, could we,
Maiz?

Maizy runs toward them snaps a picture of Claire and Andrew. The primary coverage is intercut with some surprised faces of Claire and Andrew reaction shots--as though they're each looking at The One That Got Away.

MAIZY

Oh boy howdy, Miles! Mr. Hughes
sent a welcoming committee?!

CLAIRE

Stop, please stop...I'm gonna puke.

ANDREW

What are you kids doing at our
cabin?

MILES

Ruh roh, looks like y'all might be
lost. We have this beast nailed
down for the weekend.

MAIZY

It's a tradition!

CLAIRE

Well, we received the keys in the mail two weeks ago.

MAIZY

So did we!

ANDREW

From Mr. Hughes?

MILES

From Mr. Hughes.

CLAIRE

This is clearly a misunderstanding but you'll just have to find somewhere else for the weekend.

MAIZY

You'd put us out on the mean streets of Camp Shermer? There are rabid opossums and raccoons and bears out there. They're in chain gangs and I'm NOT wearing their colors.

MILES

No one's putting us out on the streets. We have keys that we got from Mr. Hughes, too... I guess we'll just have to share it.

ANDREW

Are you kidding me?

CLAIRE

Out of the question!?!

She snaps a picture of them. Claire scrunches up her face and waves her hand as though Maizy is a bug.

MILES

Look, Mr. Hughes's known us our whole lives. He's like family. (points to a birdhouse) I built that shitty little birdhouse that raccoons now live in 15 years ago.

MAIZY

And behind that tree (points to a tree on the property) is the first place our sister Tia ever frenched Bug.

(MORE)

MAIZY (CONT'D)
 (points to another tree) And behind that one is where she went next time after we busted her. Until Bug got chased off the camp, when--

MILES
 ...Point proven, Mais. So, I suppose we have, like, seniority here, Princess.

MAIZY
 Plus, we really need to be here this weekend, Uncle Buck's--

Miles puts his hand over her mouth to stop her from giving out too much information-alizing.

CLAIRE
 Princess!?!?

MILES
 "Do you know how popular I am? I am so popular." Maybe you're too old to understand the reference?

CLAIRE
 Don't mock me. I KNOW it. By HEART.

ANDREW
 Hey, leave her alone, I'm warning you. Screw them, Claire. Come on. This isn't worth our time. If these wastoids wanna be here, screw it. We can just go to the hotel in town...

CLAIRE
 No, Andrew, we rented this place. We were here first. We're not leaving. Which means that you two dead end kids need to get lost.

MAIZY
 Dead end?

Miles just looks at her - pissed.

MAIZY (CONT'D)
 That wasn't very nice.

Miles turns to go back to the car. Maizy just stands there hurt.

MILES
Let's go Maizy!

Maizy looks at Claire and Andrew, then raises her camera, snaps a photo.

She shakes it, gives Andrew the picture and catches up with Miles in the car.

EXT. RABBIT

Backfire. '80s tape, Simple Minds, whirs back to life, "as you walk on by...will you call my name..." The Rabbit-mobile takes off into the sunset highlighting the colors of said sun with its plume of exhaust smoke and fumes that it leaves behind.

EXT. CABIN

Claire and Andrew turn to go back to the cabin. The door slams.

Cut to.

INT. NIGHT. DINNER TABLE.

Claire, absorbed, is seated at the table with a glass of wine and a magazine. Andrew comes over with a crockpot.

ANDREW
Hot stuff, comin' through.

He hip checks her and smiles, she doesn't respond. He puts the crock down, losing a little steam. He slops some onto her plate first.

CLAIRE
I'm not hungry.

ANDREW
You haven't eaten all day.

CLAIRE
Well, my belt says otherwise. I feel grotesque.

He stares at her, shakes his head, shovels some onto his plate, shovels another helping, grabs two of everything similar to the lunch scene in The Breakfast Club, and goes to town. It's loud and animalistic.

Claire slowly raises her head, clearly irritated. He sees her after a few beats. His mouth is full.

ANDREW

What?

Claire gives him a chilly stare.

CLAIRE

What is that?

ANDREW

I dunno. Beef. Noodles. Sauce.
(beat) It was in a box.

CLAIRE

(grimacing) Hamburger Helper?

ANDREW

Want some?

He holds up a sticky, gloopy forkful. She recoils and holds up her magazine.

ANDREW CONT'D

I added the mac and cheese.
Compliments of Kraft.

CLAIRE

I can't eat that.

ANDREW

What? Why?

CLAIRE

I don't eat meat.

ANDREW

When did you stop eating meat?

CLAIRE

In high school! You know this! You tormented me for years about my sushi lunches that Consuela would prepare!

Andrew considers this. Has another mouthful.

ANDREW

How did I not know this?

CLAIRE

How could you not have noticed?

ANDREW

Huh. I guess I thought all that
tofu was just for fun. (beat) So,
just to be clear, you're...

CLAIRE

Vegetarian.

ANDREW

Vegetarian. Wow. WOW. ...Babe, I'm
so... I'll make something else.

CLAIRE

No, it's fine, really. I'm
starving. I'll pick around it.

Cut to

INT. CABIN. BEDROOM.

A profile wide, in the dark, silhouettes backlit by moonlight
through the windows. Claire in bed. We only see her, her head
back, moving a little, moaning druggedly. Perhaps a shot of
the Valium on the night table. A climax approaches and she
rides it out. The covers rustle and Andrew makes his way back
up.

Andrew emerges from the covers in profile, panting.

ANDREW

Are you ready for The Prom King,
baby?

CLAIRE

Mmm.

Andrew begins to kiss her. His passion mounts and something
is wrong--we realize that Claire has fallen asleep.

ANDREW

Babe. (beat) BABE.

Claire mutters and rolls over. Andrew takes a frustrated beat
and rolls out of bed.

INT. CABIN LIVING ROOM. MOMENTS LATER.

Very wide shot from the hallway on Andrew. Andrew is doing
push-ups, pull-ups, using small dumbbells, whatever our actor
can realistically handle to pour his frustration into pumping
up. Andrew moans animalistic-ally as Claire snores away, deep
in drugged-out slumber.

Cut to

INT. CABIN BEDROOM. NEXT MORNING. FRIDAY.

Close on Claire. She is sleeping. Steamy coffee walks in with Andrew, who brings the mug close to her and blows. Claire stirs, smelling it.

CLAIRE
MmmmMorning.

ANDREW
Good morning, Princess.

CLAIRE
I hate it when you call me
Princess. Did I fall asleep last
night?

Beat.

ANDREW
Don't worry about it, babe.

Beat.

CLAIRE
I'm...

We hear Maizy singing "Cool Jerk," caterwauling and joyful.

MAIZY
(singing, A la Home Alone)
"When you see me walkin down the
street
Then you think twice and then the
next beat
On the chance that they don't make
it work
Cause they know I'm the king of the
cool jerk--WOO!
Cool jerk, cool jerk
Come on people can you do it
Can you do it, can you do it
Can you do it, can you do it"

Claire moves to the window and looks out. She freezes, mouth agape.

EXT. Cabin. Yard. POV.

Maizy's singing is underneath this: