

Let's Go Camping

By

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EXT. WOODS - AFTERNOON - INSIDE TENT

JACK, an insufferably optimistic 20-something, sits inside a shabbily constructed tent with DEV(Devon), also in his 20's but more down to Earth and already annoyed. The tent sits just a few hundred feet away from a main road.

JACK

Man, this is great, huh? Just you
and me and the great outdoors!

Dev looks out of the space in the mostly zipped up tent door and can see cars driving by not too far off.

DEV

Uh, yea man. It's nice to be
outside.

JACK

(inhaling and exhaling deeply)
You can just smell how much cleaner
the air is out here, I swear.

DEV

Kinda smells like diesel.

JACK

Everything does these days, am I
right?

DEV

Huh?

JACK

(ignoring Dev)
So, what do you wanna do first?
Food? Or games?

Jack holds up a freezer bag of hotdogs in one hand, and a freezer bag of checkers in the other.

DEV

Are those checkers? Where's the
board?

JACK

Oh, I lost it like forever ago. I
figured we could go old school and
just draw lines in the dirt.
Pioneer style!

(CONTINUED)

DEV

We're in a tent.

JACK

We can just move some leaves and play over there, I dunno.

DEV

Whatever, man, screw that, I'm starving. Let's get this fire going.

JACK

Yea...you actually can't have fires here. Too close to the trees. We'll get a huge fine and I am in no position to be handing my money over to some firefighter givin' me guff.

DEV

What? Why would you- you know what, never mind. I don't even care just give me the God damn hot dogs.

JACK

Yes, sir.

Jack tosses the bag of hot dogs over to Dev.

DEV

Dude, why are these frozen?

JACK

Uh, maybe cuz they were in the freezer? Think much?

DEV

Yea, no shit. I mean how are we supposed to eat them without a fire?

JACK

Well, they were supposed to be thawed out by the time we got here. That's why I asked if you wanted to play a game while we waited.

DEV

You didn't say they were still frozen! I'm starving man! Jesus, just give the buns I need something in my stomach.

(CONTINUED)

JACK

I thought you brought the buns.

DEV

I swear to God, Jack. If you're telling me right now that you didn't even bring buns I am going to lose my mind.

JACK

I...

Dev looks at Jack intensely. His eyes daring Jack to upset him.

JACK (CONT'D)

I...forgot the buns.

DEV

(fed up)

I'm leaving.

Dev tries to unzip the tent to get out but it's stuck.

JACK

Aw, come on, man. Where are you going?

DEV

I'm going home, Jack! I didn't come out here to play in the dirt and suck on frozen hot dogs with you!

JACK

But we're camping! I thought we were just gonna rough it, ya know?

DEV

We're right next to the God damn highway, Jack. I can practically see our house from here!

The wind outside starts to pick up and becomes louder. Dev gets the zipper unstuck but in the wrong direction, closing it and is unable to open it again.

DEV (CONT'D)

Dammit! What is wrong with this thing?

The tent starts flapping and shaking like crazy.

(CONTINUED)

JACK
Whoa, what the hell? Is that rain?

DEV
Rain? This feels like a hurricane
or something.

The flapping dies down and everything becomes silent. A low hum is coming from outside and is growing in intensity.

The tent suddenly bends up around the guys like it's being pulled up from the top. The sides bend inward causing the guys to roll into the middle on top of each other.

DEV (CONT'D)
Oh, fuck!

JACK
Ah, shit! Dev! It's the big one!
California's breaking off! My mom
warned me about this when I was a
kid!

DEV
Get off me! It's not an Earthquake!
Get your knee off my dick!

JACK
It's happening, Dev! It's
happening! Hold me!

DEV
Ow! Shit!

The humming goes even more intense and a bright white light slowly engulfs the scene. Both guys start screaming.

JACK AND DEV
Aaahh!!
(Dev only) My diiiii...!!

The scene fades to white.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

The white fades away and shows the tent in a pile on an office floor with the guys still underneath holding each other screaming.

JACK AND DEV
Aaahh!!
(Dev only) ...iiiiick!!

(CONTINUED)

Their screams subside as they realize everything has stopped.

JACK

Wait! I think it stopped. Dev?

DEV

I know. Now get off me. Shit, that hurts.

They to to untangle themselves from the tent and finally find a hole to crawl out of. A voice speaks to them from the opposite side of the room.

The voice belongs to PROZAK-323, an alien-abductee intake officer who looks like an overweight middle-aged man with a bad comb over and glasses. His eyes are on some paperwork he's mindlessly filling out.

PROZAK-323

Finally awake, I see.

JACK AND DEV

Oh, shit!

Jack and Dev try to scurry backwards but are still semi-tangled in the tent.

Prozak-323 picks up a laminated sheet and reads from it verbatim, still not looking at the guys.

PROZAK-323

"We mean you no harm. We come in peace. Take me to your lea-" oh... sorry, wrong one. That's invasion. Silly me.

Prozak-323 rummages around his desk and finds the right sheet under some junk food trash. Jack and Dev are very confused.

PROZAK-323 (CONT'D)

Here we go. "We mean you no harm. We come in peace. You'll be home soon."

DEV

Dude, what? Who the hell are you? How did we get here?

Prozak-323 sighs like he's annoyed with the question, but answers as he continues filling out forms.

(CONTINUED)

PROZAK-323

My name is Prozak-323, your intake officer. This is a standard E-3 abduction and you two are next to be processed, analyzed, and sent on your merry way. Understand?

JACK

Prozac? Are you depressed?

DEV

Abduction? Like aliens or something? You don't even have green skin or antennas or none of that shit, man. The hell are you talking about?

PROZAK-323

I assure you, I am an alien, and this is an abduction. I'd say don't judge a book by its cover, but honestly, those kinds of stereotypes are what's been keeping us in business for so long. No one ever suspects a thing, so, I suppose...thank you?

DEV

This is crazy. How were we abducted? We're in an office, bro.

PROZAK-323

Yes, we are. And where were you a minute ago?

JACK

Oh, I know! The woods! We were in the woods!

PROZAK-323

Yes, Jack, very good. You were in the woods. And how do you think you got here?

JACK

Because...you abducted us!

Prozak-323 nods.

DEV

(to Jack)

What are you doing?

(CONTINUED)

JACK

I dunno, I'm scared. I just want to help. Does that help?

DEV

(to Prozak)

Listen buddy, I don't know what kind of crazy shit you're talking about, but whatever you did, just un-do it, alright? We gotta get back.

PROZAK-323

Back to camping? That was quite the party. You must still be starving, Devon. Why don't you have a hot dog? They should be thawed out by now.

DEV

How do you...

Jack picks up the hot dog bag, pulls one out, and takes a bite.

JACK

Yea, he's right, good to go. You still want one?

Dev knocks the bag out of Jack's hand.

DEV

(to Prozak)

I swear to god, if you don't send us back right now...!

PROZAK-323

(rolling his eyes)

Meezus Chreestula, do you want proof too?

DEV

Proof? Of what? That you're some kind of alien? Bullshit!

Prozak-323 reluctantly takes his glasses off, gets out of his chair, and walks around the desk while loosening his tie.

PROZAK-323

Yes, proof. Every single one of you aalways wants proof. I swear, everyone's a cynic these days. Used

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

PROZAK-323 (cont'd)
to be, you'd send up some
mud-covered ingrate from their
little cave and they'd worship you
like a god. But nooo, now everyone
has a plastic square in their
pocket telling them that nothing is
real. So annoying. Oh, and by the
way, those little squares that you
talk to your little boyfriends on
all the time, well, that's our
wheel, okay? Our wheel, dammit!

JACK
You guys have square wheels? Is
that why you're so angry? Cuz it
took you so long to get here?

DEV
Ha! Nice.

Jack and Dev fist bump.

PROZAK-323
Step back, you degenerates. I'm
going to show you my true form so
you'll finally understand.

DEV
Please don't show us your dick.

PROZAK-323
You want proof, yes? Watch.

Prozak-323 takes a few deep breaths and grunts like he's
taking a big shit. Nothing happens and he just gets out of
breath.

JACK
You okay, bud?

DEV
Yea, man, it looks like you're
trying to do one of two things and
I can't tell which is going to be
grosser.

PROZAK-323
Quiet! I need to concentrate. I
can't do it with people watching.

Prozac-323 continues to clench and grunt with nothing
happening.

(CONTINUED)

DEV

Um, hey man, we get it. We don't need proof, okay? We believe you. I think we're just gonna go, though.

JACK

Yea, sorry we couldn't help with the uh...ya know, the thing you're doing.

Jack and Dev walk up to get past Prozac-323.

JACK (CONT'D)

Just gonna sneak right past ya there.

As the guys walk up, Prozac-323 turns into his original monstrous form. We don't see him transform, but we hear the disturbing crunching and ripping noises his body makes as he does.

Prozac-323's shadow grows and casts over both Jack and Dev as they scream in utter terror and grab hold of each other as Prozac-323 makes hellish gurgling noises at them.

JACK AND DEV

AAAHHHH!!!

DEV

What the fuuuuuuck!!

Prozac-323 crunches back into his human form and puts his glasses back on. He takes a sip from his coffee cup.

Jack and Dev have both fallen backwards, Dev in shock, Jack looking more entertained than scared.

DEV (CONT'D)

It's real, dude! It's real! Holy shit!

JACK

(laughing and clapping)
Hahaaa! That was fucking CA-RAZY!
Do it again! Do it again!

DEV

What?? What are you talking about??
We gotta get the hell outta here!

JACK

Dude, calm down! He's fine now. I mean, I gotta admit, I didn't

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JACK (cont'd)
really believe the whole alien
thing, but God damn! That was
insane! You were huge, dude!

PROZAK-323
Thank you. I work out, but just
like, twice a week.

Dev is still horrified and shook up.

DEV
We gotta get outta here! We gotta
go!

PROZAK-323
That's perfectly fine. I told you,
once we get you processed, you'll
be on your way.

JACK
I think I'd do what he says, man.
Did you see those teeth?

DEV
What's that say?? That sign!

Dev points to a sign hanging over the main doorway . It
says, in huge block letters, **ANAL EXAMINATION AND
PROCESSING.**

Under that in smaller letters, **PROBES, POKERS, ETC.**

PROZAK-323
That's just our processing center.
We may not have green skin or
antennas, but orifice probing is a
very basic and efficient means of
examining all kinds of different
species and the bacterium that make
up their inner ecosystem. This
method is used all throughout the
galaxy. It's not just us, you know.

Dev is starting to hyperventilate while Jack seems calm and
interested in what Prozak-323 is saying.

JACK
What do you examine, ya know, up
there?

PROZAK-323

Well, all kinds of stuff, really. Height, weight, blood pressure, how to make individualized immunities for a person's biological dispositions towards certain diseases and genetic ailments...let's see...hair color, true sexual identity, favorite food. Ya know, the list goes on, I mean, you should see what's going on in the main Zargon sector. The Legion of Bizznoids can tell a specimen's *exact* date and time of death just by *looking* at its anus. I swear, those guys are really ahead of the curve. Truly a race to admire.

JACK

You know my favorite food?

PROZAK-323

(eying Jack's ass)
Not yet we don't.

JACK

(jokingly)
Heeeey, alright Mr. Sneak-a-Peak. I'm watching you!

PROZAK-323

(smirking)
You better.

Dev is still trying to cope with reality.

DEV

Dude, we need to leave. NOW.

JACK

Calm down, Dev. We're gonna be fine.

PROZAK-323

Ya know, you guys seem alright. Why don't you take a seat over here and I'll make a quick call, get this whole shebang over with.

JACK

That'd be great, man. We really gotta get back. We were right about to start a real intense game.

(CONTINUED)

PROZAK-323

Don't you mean, *in tents*?

JACK

Ha! Yes! But, actually I kinda lost the board so-

PROZAK-323

Checkers in the dirt, right?

JACK

This guy! You should come play!

PROZAK-323

Ya know, I've always been fascinated with Earth games, but you know how it is with work and everything. *Bosses*, am I right?

JACK

So true. So, so true. Alright then, so what now?

PROZAK-323

Well, we just gotta get you two inside here, so we can, ya know, get inside there.

Prozak-323 points down to the Jack's crotch area.

JACK

Riiight...*that*.

DEV

Dude! He's going to rape us! We gotta go!

Dev starts to try to find a way out of the window, but it's sealed.

PROZAK-323

(to Jack)

Listen, don't worry. Probing is no big thing. A little lube, a little tube, a little pressure, and Bob's your uncle. No biggie. Some people enjoy it, actually. Sometimes maybe a little too much...

Jack looks like he's considering the possibility that he could be one of those people.

(CONTINUED)

PROZAK-323 (CONT'D)
(pointing to Dev)
You on the other hand...

Prozak-323 walks over to Dev who is still frantically trying to escape. Prozak-323 puts a hand on Dev's shoulder and he slowly starts to calm down.

PROZAK-323 (CONT'D)
Come, Devon. This isn't what you think. Everything will be okay.

JACK
Yea, man. It's just like a quick butt plug or something, don't be so close-minded.

PROZAK-323
True, but I think our friend Devon here might be more of an "et cetera" type of patient.

The sign is shown again. **ANAL EXAMINATION AND PROCESSING: PROBES, POKERS, ETC.**

Prozak-323 winks at Jack who doesn't know what to make of it.

PROZAK-323
Anyways, you guys ready?

JACK
Um...Dev?

DEV
It's not real...it's not real....

PROZAK-323
Oh, don't worry. You won't remember any of this. It'll be like that movie, what's it called? The Blackness of Man?

A UNNECESSARILY LOUD AND AGGRESSIVE VOICE comes over a P.A. system.

VOICE
ANAL EXCAVATION SYSTEMS READY AND AWAITING BOWEL SCRUTINIZATION AND JUDGEMENT.

(CONTINUED)

JACK

Um...I dunno, man, I might be
having second thoughts- ow!

Prozak-323 sticks both Jack and Dev with needles at the same time while they're distracted by the voice.

PROZAK-323

It's all okay. Sleep now. Forget
this ever happened. Just like the
Blackness of Man.

Dev tries to swing a punch, but the sedative takes effect immediately and he falls to the ground. Jack also gets woozy.

DEV

Geehh...

JACK

Dude...you can't...say that...they
were just...men...n'black... not
like...man...with blackness...not
that that's...like bad...but
like...fuckin'... fuckin' fresh
prince man...

Jack falls to the ground. Prozak-323 sighs and grabs each of them by a leg and pulls them towards the door.

EXT. WOODS - SUNSET

The guys wake up on the ground outside the now fully constructed tent. They both are missing their pants.

DEV

Ah, shit. What happened?

JACK

I dunno. Where are my pants?

DEV

Where are *my* pants?

JACK

Shit. We must've drank so much. I
can't remember anything.

DEV

Me either. What the hell did we do?

(CONTINUED)

JACK
Not...sure. I *am* feeling a lot of
pain, though.

DEV
Same.

Both put one hand on their stomachs, then the other on their
asses.

JACK
Does your...uh, ass feel alright?

DEV
It's fine. I mean, it's- shit.

Dev winces in pain.

JACK
You don't think...like, we...

DEV
What? No way!

JACK
I'm just sayin'! Neither of us
remember, right?

DEV
Right. But there's no way it was
that.

JACK
Alright. Yea... yea, you're right.
Totally. Totally right. That's
crazy. Heh...

DEV
Can we just go home?

JACK
Yes.

The guys start walking home.

DEV
Should we take the tent?

JACK
Leave it.

The guys walk for a beat, limping and both holding their
asses.

DEV

Weird question, but do you want to watch Men in Black when we get home?

JACK

For some reason, that's the only thing I actually do feel like doing right now.

DEV

Cool.

The guys walk on through the woods as the sun sets. A shooting star streaks across the sky.