

ACT TWO

8 EXT. STRIP MALL PARKING LOT -- NEXT MORNING (DAY 2) 8

The next morning. In a PARKING LOT. SOME PARENTS are dropping off their 12-YEAR-OLD KIDS.

A "BIDDIES IN BLUE" VAN is parked, with its door open. Disher-wearing hiking clothes- stands beside it, with a CLIPBOARD.

LT. DISHER
(reading name)
Will Dellman.

WILL comes running up. He's hyperactive. Excited about everything. Probably bipolar.

WILL
I CALL SHOTGUN!

LT. DISHER
No one has shotgun. Everyone's in the back.

WILL
(scrambling into van)
Aw! Cool van! I call window! What's this thing? Can I see your gun?

LT. DISHER
(next name)
Norman Walters.

NORMAN, a stocky couch-potato, walks up slowly. His face is buried in a PORTABLE VIDEO GAME.

LT. DISHER (CONT'D)
Sorry. No video games.

NORMAN
Hang on. I get 20 more points if I cross this lake.

LT. DISHER
We're going to see a real lake. How about that?

NORMAN
Hang on.

Disher grabs the video game from Norman. Norman sighs... and climbs into the van. The next name:

(CONTINUED)

"MONK" - Norman?

START →

// CUT TO →

1/4

Norman

"MR. MONK GOES CAMPING" - Prod/Network Draft - 5/8/09 19.

10 CONTINUED: (2)

10

MONK

Now you're razzing me! Hysterical!
It sounds just like me!

KYLE

(more mocking)
"It sounds just like me."

MONK

I love it. You'd think it would get
annoying, but it doesn't.

Up ahead: Norman and Will are staggering.

pick-up →

NORMAN

(weakly)
I'm hungry.

WILL

~~When's lunch?~~

LT. DISHER

I thought we'd stop around noon.

NORMAN

What time is it now?

LT. DISHER

Good question. Let's see.

Lt. Disher finds a STICK and sticks it into the ground.

LT. DISHER (CONT'D)

It's called a sundial.

~~WILL~~ **NORMAN**

Why don't you just use your watch?

~~LT. DISHER~~

~~This is more fun. It's more
authentic. The pioneers didn't have
wristwatches or Ipods.~~

~~(reading the sundial)~~

~~I'd say it's about...~~

~~(glancing at his watch)~~

~~Ten twenty five.~~

The boys groan. Disher indicates some WILD BERRIES.

~~LT. DISHER (CONT'D)~~

~~If you want a snack, you can eat~~

~~some of these berries.~~

**// END
sc1**

(CONTINUED)

2/4

NORMAN

"MR. MONK GOES CAMPING" - Prod/Network Draft - 5/8/09 23.

13 CONTINUED:

13

MONK
Probably some Juvies.

KYLE
"Juvies?"

MONK
They were probably playing hooky.
Do you play hooky? I know I did,
when I was a kid. Yeah. I was a
real hood.

KYLE
Go back to the zoo, Monkey.

Kyle shakes his head, and walks away.

14 EXT. EDGE OF WOODS - PARK ENTRANCE -- SAME TIME

14

Meanwhile. Back at the PARK ENTRANCE. The "BUDDIES IN BLUE"
VAN is parked in a small PARKING AREA.

Luke and Del Migas pull up. They get out. They're each
carrying a DUFFEL BAG. Luke indicates the van.

LUKE
We got company.

The brothers walk- determinedly- into the woods.

15 EXT. CAMPSITE CLEARING -- SAME TIME

15

Meanwhile, in the clearing. Monk is building a fire. He's
being careful. Methodical. His WOOD-PILE is very elaborate,
and perfectly symmetrical.

Norman and Will are watching him.

NORMAN
I have some matches.

MONK
Not yet. It's not quite even...

~~WILL~~ **NORMAN**
(annoyed)
You know, we're gonna burn it. We're
not gonna live in it.

MONK
You'll thank me later.

(CONTINUED)

// END
Sc. 2
3/4

START →
Sc. 2

NORMAN

ACT THREE

22 EXT. WOODS - TRAIL -- MOMENTS LATER 22

Seconds later. SHEER PANIC! Monk, Disher and all four boys are running from the bear (which we don't see here)!

They run- frantically- through the woods! They SCREAM!-

THE BOYS
ARRGHH! I DON'T SEE IT! I CAN HEAR IT!

MONK
CALL 9-1-1!

LT. DISHER
I LEFT MY CELLPHONE!

Nicky has grabbed his homemade FISHING POLE! He's swinging it wildly, as he runs, as if it were a sword!

Norman stops. He's just remembered-

NORMAN
MY VIDEO GAME! IT'S IN MY TENT!

MONK
Forget the game! EVERYBODY RUN!
JUST KEEP RUNNING!

START →
SC.3

23 EXT. WOODS - ANOTHER CLEARING - LATER -- MORNING (DAY 3) 23

Hours later. A few miles away. It's morning. Monk, Disher and the Boys have been running all night.

They reach a CLEARING. They stop. They're out of breath. They're lost. And frightened.

NORMAN
I think we lost it.

// END

~~NATURE NICKY
I don't think so. That was a mature grizzly. They can run up to thirty miles an hour.
LT. DISHER
I read somewhere. He's more afraid of us than we are of him.~~

(CONTINUED)

4/4