

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. ARLINGTON NATIONAL CEMETERY - LATE AFTERNOON

A small group of mourners surrounds a gravesite. In the center: a flag-draped coffin. Autumn leaves drift across row after row of white marble headstones stretching to the horizon.

A military honor guard removes the American flag from the coffin and, with unparalleled precision, folds it into the traditional presentation triangle. A **MILITARY OFFICER** accepts the folded flag and strides somberly to a woman dressed in black seated in front of the casket.

MILITARY OFFICER

On behalf of a grateful nation, my sincerest condolences.

The woman, **LORI BEKAS**, forty-four and recently widowed, tearfully accepts the flag. She clutches it to her chest, her head bowed in sorrow. Her son, **BRODY BEKAS**, eleven years old, sits next to her -- motionless, stunned.

The officer stands before Brody. He reaches forward and pins a medal onto the lapel of Brody's new, ill-fitting black suit coat.

MILITARY OFFICER (CONT'D)

Wear this with pride, young man.
Your father was a great hero. You should be proud.

As the coffin is slowly lowered into the grave, the mournful notes of TAPS fill the air from a lone bugler.

A military honor guard fires three volleys from their rifles. Brody **FLINCHES** with each one -- his small body jerking as if absorbing a blow.

The third volley echoes across the headstones and fades into silence.

FADE TO BLACK.

TITLE CARD: "ONE MONTH LATER"

FADE IN FROM
BLACK:

EXT. HOUSE IN A QUIET RESIDENTIAL NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

A small rental truck pulls away from a modest house. On the front lawn, a real estate sign reads "SOLD."

The truck shrinks down the street and vanishes.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. GLEN KEANE ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - MORNING

The school grounds buzz with first-day-of-the-week chaos. Cars jockey for position in the carpool lane. Students stream toward the entrance in clusters.

A large banner stretches across the front of the school:
"SUMMER CAMP EXCURSION -- TWO WEEKS AWAY!"

Carpool monitors in fluorescent yellow vests wave vehicles forward. A crossing guard blows her whistle. Well-orchestrated madness.

INT. LORI BEKAS'S VAN - CONTINUOUS

Lori navigates her well-worn minivan through the stop-and-go carpool traffic. BRODY sits in the passenger seat, clutching his backpack, staring at nothing.

LORI

Brody, did you remember to bring your lunch?

BRODY

(somberly)
 Yeah, Mom. I always do.

LORI

I know, honey, but I'd hate for you to have to go without.

EXT. CARPOOL DROP-OFF AREA - CONTINUOUS

Lori's van finally reaches the curb. **GLADYS SAMUELS**, head of the carpool ladies -- a big-voiced, big-hearted woman in a fluorescent vest with a whistle on a lanyard -- strides up and motions for Lori to roll down her window.

LORI

Morning, Gladys.

GLADYS

Hey, girl. How's it going? You all getting adjusted?

LORI

Oh, we're hanging in there.

GLADYS

Well, sometimes that's all we can do, baby. You hang tough --

A car horn BLARES. Gladys's head snaps around. Her eyes go wide. She jams the whistle in her mouth and BLOWS -- long and loud.

GLADYS (CONT'D)

(bellowing)

ALL RIGHT, PEOPLE! LET'S KEEP IT MOVIN'!

(spotting another offender)

Hey! You in the Mercedes! You can't text and drink your latte there!

(under her breath)

These soccer moms are gettin' on my last nerve.

Gladys charges off. Lori chuckles.

LORI

Go get 'em, Gladys.

The passenger door opens. Brody steps out, slings his oversized backpack into position -- nearly dwarfed by its bulk.

LORI (CONT'D)

Alright, baby. Make it a great day.

BRODY

(flat)

Mom. It's school. How great can it be?

Lori watches him for a beat, wanting to say more. She settles for:

LORI

Just... try, okay? For me?

Brody slams the door and TRUDGES toward the school entrance as Lori pulls away.

EXT. SCHOOL GROUNDS - CONTINUOUS

Brody weaves through the crowd of arriving students. Up ahead, three boys HUDDLE near the entrance, whispering.

WARREN, the ringleader -- confident, mean smile. **VANCE**, wiry and eager to please. **IGGY**, big and slow, always half a beat behind.

Warren NODS. Vance pulls a length of cord from his jacket pocket and hands one end to Iggy. The two separate and walk casually toward Brody from opposite sides.

As they pass him, they YANK the cord taut between them.

Brody's feet catch. He goes down hard -- a full-on faceplant into the grass, pinned beneath his massive backpack.

Laughter erupts from the bullies and a few nearby students.

Warren RUSHES over, feigning concern.

WARREN

Hey, dude. You all right? School can be a dangerous place. Gotta be more careful.

VANCE

Yeah. A guy could get hurt being so clumsy. Did ya have a nice trip?

IGGY

(chuckling)

A nice trip! That's a good one.

Vance and Iggy grab Brody's backpack straps and JERK him to his feet. They make a show of brushing dirt and grass off him. In the commotion, Brody's glasses have fallen to the ground. Warren spots them.

WARREN

Hey, lemme get your glasses for you.

Warren deliberately steps onto the glasses. CRUNCH. He lifts his foot and picks up the mangled frames.

WARREN (CONT'D)

Oh, jeez. Here ya go.

He places the bent glasses onto Brody's face and makes a clumsy show of straightening them. They sit crooked and cracked across his nose. Warren gives Brody a mocking pat on the back.

WARREN (CONT'D)

There ya go, buddy. Good as new.
Come on, guys.

VANCE

(laughing)
Good as new! Welcome to Glen Keane
Elementary. What a dork.

IGGY

(confused)
Yeah... a dork. What a good one.

The three bullies turn and walk away laughing.

TRESSA CAMPBELL, a cute, red-haired girl Brody's age, watches from a few yards away. She's seen the whole thing. She walks over to Brody as he tries to compose himself.

Through Brody's cracked, grass-smudged lenses -- the world is a blur. Tressa's face slowly comes into focus.

TRESSA

I'm so sorry that happened. Are you okay?

BRODY

Yeah. I'll be fine. Just another day in paradise.

CYNDI (O.S.)

Come on, Tressa!

HEATHER (O.S.)

Yeah, c'mon! You'll make us late!

Tressa gives Brody a warm smile, then turns and trots to her waiting friends at the entrance. The three girls disappear inside.

Brody adjusts his backpack and hurries toward the building -- the last student through the doors as the bell RINGS.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - LATER

Students pour out of classrooms for the lunch rush. Brody moves through the crowded hallway with his head down.

As he approaches the cafeteria, hands GRAB him from both sides -- Vance and Iggy -- and yank him through a nearby door.

INT. CUSTODIAN'S STORAGE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The door SLAMS shut. Warren SHOVES Brody against a shelving unit. Rolls of toilet paper and cleaning supplies rain down on him.

Iggy RIPS Brody's lunch bag from his hands, TEARS it open. The contents scatter across the floor.

WARREN

Well, whatta we got for lunch today?

Warren spots Brody's sandwich on the floor. He grinds it under his shoe.

WARREN (CONT'D)

Hey, fellas. Looks like he's got a pressed ham sandwich.

Iggy and Vance snicker --

The door FLIES open. Standing in the doorway: **MR. EDWARDS**, Vice Principal. He's tall, athletic, clean-cut, with the bearing of a man who's seen combat and doesn't rattle easily.

MR. EDWARDS

What's going on in here, fellas?

VANCE

Oh. Hey, Mr. Edwards. We were just helping the new kid find his way around.

WARREN

Yeah. Can you believe it? He thought this was the entrance to the cafeteria.

Warren PATS Brody on the head -- condescending.

WARREN (CONT'D)

Poor guy. Must be tough in a new school and not know your way around.

IGGY

Yeah. Poor guy.

MR. EDWARDS

(skeptically)
Right.

Warren drapes his arm around Brody's shoulders -- buddies for show.

WARREN

Gotta take care of the new kids,
right, Mr. Edwards?

MR. EDWARDS

Absolutely, Warren.

The three bullies stand frozen, grinning cheesy grins. The silence stretches.

MR. EDWARDS (CONT'D)

You're Brody Bekas. Correct?

BRODY

Yes, sir.

MR. EDWARDS

Welcome to Glen Keane Elementary.

He pauses. His voice softens.

MR. EDWARDS (CONT'D)

I heard about your dad. He was a
brave man, giving his life for his
country.

BRODY

He was.

MR. EDWARDS

I served myself. Afghanistan. Three
tours. I know the kind of sacrifice
your family has made.

Mr. Edwards extends his hand. Brody shakes it -- his small hand swallowed in the Vice Principal's grip.

Brody's eyes begin to glisten.

MR. EDWARDS (CONT'D)

Warren. Iggy. Vance. Move along
now.

WARREN

Oh, yes sir, Mr. Edwards, sir.

IGGY

Yes, sir.

VANCE

You got it.

Warren keeps his arm around Brody and steers him toward the door.

WARREN

Don't worry, Mr. Edwards. We'll show our new pal where the cafeteria is.

(to Brody)

C'mon, Brody, old buddy.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The four boys walk down the hall. Mr. Edwards stands in the doorway of the storage room, watching.

MR. EDWARDS

Hey, Brody.

Brody turns.

MR. EDWARDS (CONT'D)

If there's anything I can do to help, my office door is always open.

Mr. Edwards gives Brody a thumbs-up.

MR. EDWARDS (CONT'D)

Semper Fi.

Brody holds his gaze for a moment -- the first real connection he's felt at this school. Then Warren tugs him forward.

As they round the corner toward the cafeteria, Warren leans close and whispers:

WARREN

You're gonna have a great time here. Trust me.

IGGY

Yeah, trust me.

The three bullies LAUGH as they shove through the cafeteria doors, leaving Brody standing alone in the hall.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LORI BEKAS'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - EVENING

A small, tidy apartment -- still half-unpacked. Moving boxes line the walls. A few framed photos sit on the counter, not yet hung. One shows a man in a military dress uniform, smiling.

Brody sits at a small dinette table. Lori carries two plates of meatloaf over and sets one in front of him. He picks up his fork and pushes the food around his plate. Doesn't eat.

LORI

What's up, honey? Meatloaf's usually your favorite.

BRODY

Nah. Just not hungry.

LORI

Rough day?

BRODY

No more than any other.

Lori studies him. She knows there's more, but she doesn't push. She takes a bite of her own food, keeps it casual.

LORI

So Gladys mentioned the school's got a camp trip coming up. Did they say anything about that?

BRODY

Yeah. They handed out some dumb permission slips today. But I'm not going.

LORI

Not going? Since when do you not want to go to camp?

BRODY

Since now. I just don't feel like it.

LORI

Brody...

BRODY

I said I'm not going, Mom.

A beat. Lori sets down her fork. She reaches over to Brody's backpack on the floor, unzips it, and rummages inside.

She finds the crumpled permission slip and smooths it out on the table.

LORI

You know what I think? I think getting out of this apartment for a week is exactly what you need right now. Fresh air. Campfires. Maybe even some fun, if you let yourself.

BRODY

You don't understand. I just want to be left alone.

LORI

I understand more than you think.

She holds his gaze -- steady, loving, firm.

LORI (CONT'D)

You're going, Brody. And I've got a good feeling about it.

Lori takes a pen and SIGNS the permission slip. She folds it and tucks it back into his backpack.

BRODY

But, Mom --

Lori reaches over and puts her hand on his.

LORI

Trust me. Now eat your meatloaf before it gets cold.

Brody stares at his plate. After a long moment, he takes a small bite. Lori watches him, a flicker of hope in her eyes.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. VAST FOREST CANOPY - EARLY MORNING

The first rays of sunlight crest distant mountaintops and spill across a lush, green forest canopy stretching in every direction. A woodpecker TAPS somewhere in the trees. Birdsong. Peace.

The tranquility is SHATTERED by the distant ROAR of a racing car engine.

EXT. RURAL DIRT ROAD THROUGH THE FOREST - CONTINUOUS

An old military-style Jeep ROARS down a winding dirt road, kicking up a massive dust cloud. It takes the hairpin turns like a rally car driven by a maniac.

The Jeep blasts past a large, rustic wooden sign: "**CAMP WANNARUNNAWAY.**" A smaller sign below reads: "**Opening in 2 Weeks!**"

The signs disappear behind a wall of road dust.

EXT. PARK RANGER'S CABIN - CONTINUOUS

The Jeep CAREENS up to the cabin and SKIDS to a halt, striking a pole supporting a "RESERVED PARKING" sign. The bumper is already severely dented from what is clearly a daily occurrence.

PARK RANGER CHAUNCEY SUMAC leaps from the Jeep. He's rotund, jovial, and wears his official Ranger uniform with tremendous pride -- especially the slightly oversized, wide-brimmed, Smokey-the-Bear-style hat.

He bounds up to a flip-board mounted on the cabin porch and flips the first card: "**Camp Wannarunnaway Opens in 14 Days.**"

He BOUNDS excitedly through the front door.

INT. PARK RANGER'S CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Once inside, Ranger Sumac hurries to a table with an old vinyl record turntable. He flips the power switch. A nearby tube amplifier begins to GLOW with a warm golden hue.

He grabs a well-worn record album and BLOWS the dust from the cover, revealing the title: "**MUSIC TO RALLY THE TROOPS BY.**"

He slides the record out, places it on the spinning turntable, lowers the needle -- and SNAPS to attention.

EXT. PARK RANGER'S CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Atop the cabin roof, a massive four-sided megaphone loudspeaker crackles to life.

A moment of phonograph STATIC -- then an almost DEAFENING blast of a military band's REVEILLE explodes across the forest. The speakers RATTLE from the volume.

EXT. VARIOUS LOCATIONS - CAMP WANNARUNNAWAY - CONTINUOUS**MONTAGE:**

-- **FLOCKS OF DUCKS** on a distant pond SCATTER frantically into the air.

-- **SQUIRRELS** asleep inside a tree are jolted awake and SCRAMBLE over each other trying to squeeze out of a small opening in the trunk.

-- **BIGHORN SHEEP** on nearby crags WOBBLE and nearly lose their footing.

-- Inside a large den, a group of **BEARS** of assorted sizes sleeps in a massive furry pile. The music BLARES. Not a single bear moves. They SNORE on, oblivious.

END MONTAGE.

The SCRAPE of a phonograph needle dragged across vinyl. The music cuts out. Silence -- except for the rumbling snores from the bear den.

EXT. PARK RANGER'S CABIN - MOMENTS LATER

Ranger Sumac steps proudly onto his elevated front porch. Assorted groups of forest animals shuffle sleepily toward him from every direction -- dressed in bedclothes, robes, stocking caps, nightshirts, slippers. They form a grumbling semi-circle.

Every species is represented. Except the bears. Their spot in the crowd is conspicuously empty.

RANGER SUMAC

Good morning, my wildlife friends!
I trust you all had a good
hibernation.

Grumbling and murmuring from the crowd.

RANGER SUMAC (CONT'D)

Time for the first roll call of the
season!

He consults his clipboard.

RANGER SUMAC (CONT'D)

Raccoons?
(looking around; a beat)
Raccoons?

A **FATHER RACCOON** waves his arms.

FATHER RACCOON
Right here! Over here!

RANGER SUMAC
(chuckling)
Oh, yes. I didn't recognize you all
with your masks on.

FATHER RACCOON
That wasn't funny last year either.

RANGER SUMAC
Beavers?

FATHER BEAVER
Damned eager!

RANGER SUMAC
Porcupines?

The **FATHER PORCUPINE** flares out his quills with a dramatic flourish.

FATHER PORCUPINE
We're on pins and needles.

RANGER SUMAC
Owls?

The **OWLS** swivel their heads in perfect unison.

OWLS
Who? Who?

RANGER SUMAC
Moose, er... Mooses...
(checking clipboard)
Meeses?

The **FATHER MOOSE** rolls his eyes, enormous antlers swaying.

FATHER MOOSE
(deadpan)
Whatever. Present.

RANGER SUMAC
Bears?

No response.

RANGER SUMAC (CONT'D)
Bears?

The empty gap in the crowd where the bears should be is painfully obvious.

RANGER SUMAC (CONT'D)
Bears? Has anyone seen the bears?

CUT TO:

INT. THE BEAR DEN - CONTINUOUS

The massive pile of bears remains unconscious. Fur and bellies rise and fall in a symphony of snoring.

GRIMSBY dominates the scene -- he's the biggest bear by far, a mountain of brown fur with a belly that speaks to a lifetime of enthusiastic eating. His only motion is to lazily grab a nearby blanket, drape it over himself, and roll over.

A beat. Then a loud, reverberating FART echoes through the cave.

Grimsby raises his head, squints toward the source.

GRIMSBY
Come on, Orson! Give us all a break! I told you not to take those camper's fajitas, but you wouldn't listen.

Grimsby rolls back over. His foot kicks a massive pile of discarded food boxes, soda cans, shredded picnic baskets, and candy wrappers. The debris scatters.

Grimsby doesn't notice. He's already snoring again.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARK RANGER'S CABIN - CONTINUOUS

RANGER SUMAC
No bears. My, my, my. This will reflect poorly on their next evaluation.

He makes a note on his clipboard, then looks up brightly.

RANGER SUMAC (CONT'D)
As you all know, our first group of school campers arrives in just two weeks. And who knows what that means?

A single, meek voice from somewhere in the crowd:

MEEK VOICE (O.S.)
 (excitedly!)
 BOOT CAMP!!!

We pan across to see a cute, hyperactive little **CHIPMUNK**; his tail is **QUIVERING** with excitement.

FATHER MOOSE, his eyes still half asleep, lowers his head way down, coming eye-to-eye with the tiny **CHIPMUNK**. The size difference between the creatures is significant.

FATHER MOOSE
 (again, deadpan)
 Geez, Chester -- Give it a rest. Or at least switch to decaf in the morning.

RANGER SUMAC
 C'mon now, everyone. Where's your team spirit? Whadda we love?

GROUP OF ANIMALS
 (still grumbling)
 BOOT CAMP!!! Murmur-murmur.

RANGER SUMAC
 That's right! Boot camp! I'll be posting the preparation schedule on the bulletin board.

More groans. Ranger Sumac holds up a finger.

RANGER SUMAC (CONT'D)
 Remember: "Good prep means a good rep."

A sleepy-looking **BADGER** mutters:

BADGER
 How about "more sleep means animals you can keep?"

RANGER SUMAC
 (sternly, over his glasses)
 Now, now, now. Where's your Camp Wannarunnaway team spirit?

EXT. CAMP TRAINING AREA - LATER

Ranger Sumac stands atop a tree stump, clipboard in hand, addressing the assembled animals.

RANGER SUMAC

We've got two weeks to get into shape, so let's start with some basic stretching. And -- one, and two. Bend from the waist. Touch your toes. And one, and two --

Grimsby MEANDERS into the scene, wearing an oversized bathrobe and fuzzy house slippers. He yawns hugely and scratches his belly.

RANGER SUMAC (CONT'D)

Nice of you to join us, Grimsby.

GRIMSBY

Right. A bit early, isn't it, Ranger?

RANGER SUMAC

No time to waste. We've got a busy morning ahead of us. Alright, everyone -- touch your toes!

Grimsby gamely attempts to touch his toes. He bends maybe three inches at the waist before his enormous gut stops him cold. He strains. Nothing.

RANGER SUMAC (CONT'D)

Oh, my, my, my, Grimsby. This will never do.

He grabs his clipboard and makes a note.

RANGER SUMAC (CONT'D)

Effective immediately, you're on a diet.

GRIMSBY

A diet?! Have you lost your mind? I'm a bear. BEARS DON'T DIET!

RANGER SUMAC

You know very well the first group of school kids will be here in two weeks. At Camp Wannarunnaway, we have a "Lean and Mean" image to uphold.

GRIMSBY

"Mean," I can give you. It's that
 "Lean" part that's gonna be tough.
 A guy's gotta eat.
 (turning to the other
 bears)
 Right, guys?

ORSON, Grimsby's loyal but sheepish best friend, avoids eye contact.

GRIMSBY (CONT'D)

Orson? I'm taking flak here. How
 about a little cover from my wing
 man?

ORSON

Well, truth is, Grim... you've
 probably got a few extra pounds you
 could shed.

BARRY, a smug male bear, leans to the others:

BARRY

Shed? That'd be more like a
 WAREHOUSE. Right, fellas?

The bears erupt in laughter. Grimsby glares.

RANGER SUMAC

No excuses. You are on restricted
 rations until further notice.

GRIMSBY

I'm going back to bed. Maybe I can
 dream about not being hungry.

Grimsby turns and lumbers away, bathrobe trailing behind him.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. GLEN KEANE ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - MORNING - TWO WEEKS LATER

The school campus is a beehive of excitement. A large school
 bus idles in front of the building. A sign on its side: **"CAMP
 WANNARUNNAWAY OR BUST!"**

Parents hug their kids, snap photos, wrestle duffel bags onto
 the luggage rack on top of the bus. Gladys, whistle at the
 ready, directs the whole operation.

GLADYS

(blowing whistle)

Okay, everyone. Let's wrap it up.
Bus pulls out in five minutes!

Lori's van pulls up. She hops out and grabs Brody's duffel bag from the back.

LORI

Come on, Brody, or you'll miss the bus.

BRODY

Worse things could happen.

Brody steps reluctantly from the passenger seat.

From across the lot, a voice:

WARREN (O.S.)

Hey, Brody! Can't wait to see you
at camp, buddy!

Brody and Lori turn. Warren, Vance, and Iggy stand together near the bus steps, backpacks on, smirking. They wave.

LORI

Friends of yours, honey?

BRODY

Huh? Oh, yeah. The best.

LORI

See? This is going to be a great
experience.

She opens her arms.

LORI (CONT'D)

Give me a hug.

BRODY

Mom... I...

Lori pulls him into a fierce hug and holds him by the shoulders.

LORI

Have a great time. I'll see you in
a week.

From the bus window, Warren leans out:

WARREN

Come on, Brody! We saved a seat
just for you!

IGGY

(from the next window)
Yeah, just for you.

Brody hangs his head and walks toward the bus. Lori watches him go, a hopeful smile on her face.

LORI

(to herself)
They seem like such nice boys.

INT. SCHOOL BUS - CONTINUOUS

Brody steps aboard. The three bullies wave from the very back of the bus.

VANCE

Back here, buddy! Got a seat all
ready for you.

Brody scans the bus. The only other available seat is next to **MR. HOFFERMEYER**, the shop teacher -- a massively overweight man who continually mops his brow with a small towel. His shirt is damp in all the obvious places.

Brody makes his choice.

BRODY

Excuse me, Mr. Hoffermeier. Is this
seat taken?

MR. HOFFERMEYER

Be my guest, Brody.

Mr. Hoffermeier gestures to the seat, revealing that he's missing two fingers on his left hand.

Brody squeezes in next to the sweaty shop teacher, contorting himself to minimize contact.

WARREN (O.S.)

(from the back)
No problem, buddy. Enjoy your ride.
We'll catch up with you at camp.

IGGY (O.S.)

Yeah, at camp.

Brody stares straight ahead.

MR. HOFFERMEYER

It's gonna be a long ride. Gives us
a chance to chew the fat.

He holds up his left hand in front of Brody's face.

MR. HOFFERMEYER (CONT'D)

Have I ever told you how I lost my
fingers in that bandsaw accident?

Gladys bounds onto the bus, checks her clipboard, checks her
watch, and BLOWS her whistle.

GLADYS

Right on time! Great job, everyone.

She drops into the driver's seat and pulls the door shut.

GLADYS (CONT'D)

Let's roll! Next stop -- Camp
Wannarunnaway!

MR. HOFFERMEYER

(calling up to her)
Do your thing, Gladys!

He gives her a thumbs-up -- except we notice that half his
thumb is missing from his right hand. He turns the mangled
digit toward Brody.

MR. HOFFERMEYER (CONT'D)

Drill press. Spring semester. Two
years ago. A Wednesday. Funny
story.

Brody sinks into his seat as the bus lurches forward.

EXT. CARPOOL DROP-OFF AREA - CONTINUOUS

Lori watches from behind as the bus pulls away and rumbles
down the street. She waves goodbye, even though no one is
watching.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ENTRANCE TO CAMP WANNARUNNAWAY - MIDDAY

The bus passes under the Camp Wannarunnaway entrance sign. A
new banner stretches across it: **"WELCOME STUDENTS OF GLEN
KEANE ELEMENTARY SCHOOL!"**

INT. SCHOOL BUS - CONTINUOUS

Gladys grabs the PA microphone.

GLADYS

All right, everyone, we made it!
Welcome to Camp Wannarunnaway!

STUDENTS

YAY!

The bus rolls deeper into the campgrounds and pulls to a stop at the central hub near the camp flagpole.

EXT. CAMP WANNARUNNAWAY - CENTRAL HUB - CONTINUOUS

Ranger Sumac stands proudly on the porch of his office. Beside him: **GRETA HAMMERSCHMIDT**, the rotund, rosy- cheeked German camp cook; **HOMER**, the maintenance man; and two camp counselors, **EMMA** and **CECIL**.

Gladys steps off the bus and stretches.

GLADYS

Woo-wee! Don't think we missed a single pothole between here and the city.

She snaps a military-style salute to Ranger Sumac, which he quickly returns.

GLADYS (CONT'D)

The students and faculty of Glen Keane Elementary, reporting for camp, sir!

RANGER SUMAC

Welcome -- Welcome to Camp Wannarunnaway!

Students and teachers pour off the bus, buzzing with excitement. Luggage is unloaded. Voices overlap.

In the chaos, Warren catches Brody's eye and jerks his head toward the far side of the bus. Vance and Iggy flank Brody and steer him behind the vehicle, out of sight of the group.

Warren **SHOVES** Brody against the side of the bus.

WARREN

Okay, Brody. Let me be the first to welcome you to Camp Wannarunnaway.

(MORE)

WARREN (CONT'D)

Or as we like to call it -- Hell Week.

IGGY

Yeah, Hell Week!

Ranger Sumac appears around the back of the bus. He takes in the scene with a quick, sharp glance.

RANGER SUMAC

Hey, fellas. Something I can help with?

Warren, Vance, and Iggy snap upright, all innocence.

WARREN

Uh, no, sir. Just having a little pep talk with our friend Brody. Seems he's already a little homesick.

IGGY

Yeah, homesick and all.

VANCE

He'll be okay. We'll take care of him.

RANGER SUMAC

Yes. That's what I'm afraid of. Why don't you three run along and help unload the luggage?

WARREN

Absolutely, sir.

Warren pats Brody on the shoulder. Then he leans in close and whispers:

WARREN (CONT'D)

Say a word about this, and you're a dead man.

IGGY

Yeah, a de--

Vance jabs Iggy in the ribs.

VANCE

(hissing)
C'mon, idiot.

IGGY

What?

The three bullies slink off. Ranger Sumac watches them go, then turns to Brody, who hangs his head.

RANGER SUMAC

Bullies?

BRODY

Is it that obvious?

RANGER SUMAC

Oh, yeah. Seen it a lot during my years at this camp. Just about every group's got 'em.

BRODY

Why would this one be any different?

RANGER SUMAC

You gonna be okay?

BRODY

Sure.

RANGER SUMAC

I'm Ranger Sumac. Chauncey Sumac. I run the place. And you are?

BRODY

Brody. Brody Bekas.

Ranger Sumac extends his hand. They shake.

RANGER SUMAC

Nice to meet you, Brody. I hope you enjoy your stay here. And remember - my door is always open if you need anything.

BRODY

Thank you, sir.

RANGER SUMAC

Now let's get back to the others before they send out a search party.

The two walk back around the bus toward the group.

EXT. TREELINE - EDGE OF CAMP - CONTINUOUS

Hidden among the trees, two large shapes watch the scene.

GRIMSBY, an oversized, broad-shouldered and barrel-chested, out-of-shape brown bear, with a bit of a gut, and permanently mussed fur, and his sidekick **ORSON**, a smaller, softer, slightly slow black bear, with thick, plush fur, kind eyes, and a perpetually open, slightly confused expression, stand at the edge of the forest. The two bears peer through the foliage at the arriving students.

ORSON

Are those the camp kids, Grim?

GRIMSBY

No, Orson. They're a band of wayward gypsies that took a wrong turn.

ORSON

Really?

GRIMSBY

No, you big dope. Of course, they're the camp kids -- but somethings not right.

From their vantage point, they've seen everything -- the bullies cornering Brody, the shove against the bus, Ranger Sumac stepping in.

Grimsby's expression hardens.

ORSON

Poor little fella.

GRIMSBY

If there's one thing that puts a burr in my fur, it's a bully. And that kid's got three of 'em. A real trio of torment.

ORSON

Yeah, I know, Grim. But what can you do about it?

GRIMSBY

Nothin' right now. Let's just keep an eye on the little dude.

(beat)

Come on, Orson. I'm hungry.

The two bears turn and disappear into the forest shadows.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE WOODS NEAR THE BEAR'S SCRATCHING PLACE - LATER

At their Scratching Place, Grimsby and Orson are standing with their backs to a couple of large trees. They slowly squat up and down, practicing scratching their backsides against the tree trunks.

ORSON

Wow, this feels terrific, doesn't it, Grim?

Grimsby is lost deep in thought.

ORSON (CONT'D)

I said, "feels terrific", doesn't it Grimsby?

GRIMSBY

(muttering to himself)

Put me on a diet, will you? We'll see about that.

(to Orson)

C'mon, Orson. We're on a mission.

ORSON

Where we going?

GRIMSBY

Don't ask questions. Just follow me. I've just gotta' bite something.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. REAR OF THE CAMP MESS HALL - LATER

They approach a huge metal trash dumpster behind the Mess Hall.

ORSON

Hey, Grim. What are we doing here?

GRIMSBY

Desperate times call for desperate measures.

He drops a small canvas bag, flips the lid.

GRIMSBY (CONT'D)

Shut up and gimme a boost.

Orson GROANS as he hoists Grimsby up and into the dumpster.

ORSON

Jeez! You weigh a ton.

CRASH! As the dumpster lid SLAMS shut.

GRIMSBY O.S.

(voice echoing)

Hard to tell what's in here. Little dark. Toss me the flashlight.

Orson bends to grab the bag. His rear presses the dumpster. It RUMBLES, begins to roll.

ORSON

Uh, Grim?

GRIMSBY O.S.

(voice echoing)

What's that noise?

Orson strains to hold it, but the dumpster PICKS UP SPEED.

ORSON

Oh, nothin.

Grimsby pops through the lid, realizes he's rolling away. Orson shrinks in the distance as the camp disappears behind him.

DUMPSTER MONTAGE

The dumpster RUMBLES through camp, past the flagpole and Ranger Sumacs cabin. Inside, Sumac looks up just in time to see Grimsby's head and torso rocket past his window.

RANGER SUMAC

(to himself)

Glad to see Grimsby has taken this exercise program to heart. Pretty good pace, too.

The dumpster BLASTS through a campsite clothesline. Grimsby pops up in a floral bedsheet cape and boxer shorts crown -- then vanishes again as it CLATTERS across a rickety wooden bridge and narrowly SKIMS past a BLARING freight train at a crossing.

It ENTERS a car wash, pummeled by water, soap, spinning brushes, and a final air-dry. Grimsby emerges a massive fluff ball of fur.

The dumpster DEMOLISHES a roadside fruit stand. Fruit and debris stick in his puffed-out fur, forming an accidental headdress and hairdo.

It rolls straight into the towns Founders Day parade. Spectators CHEER, assuming its a float, as Grimsby, still draped in the bedsheet and fruit finery, gives a perfect beauty-queen wave.

The dumpster HITS the curb at the town square fountain and LAUNCHES Grimsby in a perfect arc. He SPLASHES down dead center in the fountain, seated upright like he meant to do it.

Tourists crowd the rim, phones out.

TOURIST

This is gonna go viral on YouTube!

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

EXT. TOP OF A SMALL WATERFALL ABOVE THE STREAM - NEXT DAY

Grimsby, accompanied by Orson, watches a group of bears standing in the rushing water at the top of the falls, catching leaping salmon with practiced ease. He decides to join them. As Grimsby steps into the water, he reacts immediately.

GRIMSBY

Jeez. This is freezing!

BARRY, a large male bear, sees Grimsby entering the water. He elbows a companion and gestures.

BARRY

Well, look who's here.

GRIMSBY

Hey, Barry. What's happening?

BARRY

What's wrong, Grimsby? Slim pickings in the dumpsters today?

BEAR #1

Yeah, we heard about your little trash bin toboggan ride. Pathetic.

Barry effortlessly snags a large salmon in mid-jump, and devours it in a couple of gulps.

BEAR #2

Hey, Grimsby. Why don't you have your husband come and catch some salmon for you?

BEAR #1

What a total waste of fur!

Bears #1 and #2 also easily snag their own salmons and feast on the catch.

Determined, Grimsby makes his way to the top of the falls.

GRIMSBY

(to himself)

I'll show these guys who's the alpha bear around these parts.

Grimsby takes his position among the other bears and readies himself for the next salmon.

BARRY

(to the other bears)

Hold on, fellas. This is gonna be unbearable.

All of the bears stop and turn their attention to Grimsby, STRUGGLING to keep his balance on the slippery rocks.

A huge salmon leaps from the water below, headed straight for Grimsby. He takes a mighty swing at the oncoming fish but misses by a mile. He PIROUETTES like a ballerina, loses his balance, and TUMBLES over the falls.

EXT. BASE OF THE WATERFALL - CONTINUOUS

SPLASH! Grimsby hits the water like a sack of bricks and disappears under the churning water. After a moment, he emerges, choking and spitting. The other bears erupt in uncontrollable laughter, pointing at Grimsby below.

BARRY

What did I tell you, fellas?
Pathetic!

BEAR #2

He's giving the entire species a bad name.

BARRY

C'mon, fellas. I've lost my appetite.

The bears depart, leaving Grimsby in the water and Orson standing above. Orson calls down to Grimsby.

ORSON

It's okay, Grim. It just takes a bit of practice.

A salmon leaps upstream and, without even thinking, Orson instinctively swipes at it, impaling it on his claws in one smooth motion. He quickly hides it behind his back so as not to embarrass his friend. From his vantage point above the falls, Orson looks down at Grimsby, who hangs his head in shame.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. THE BEAR DEN - THAT NIGHT

All of the camp bears are asleep inside the den. Grimsby, however, is a continuous ball of motion, tossing and turning. The sound of his empty stomach growling echoes throughout the cave.

GRIMSBY

(to himself)

That does it.

Grimsby painfully rises and tiptoes over to Orson. He nudges the sleeping bear with his foot.

GRIMSBY (CONT'D)

(whispering)

Orson! Wake up. C'mon.

ORSON

Go back to sleep, Grim.

GRIMSBY

I can't sleep. I'm starving. C'mon.

I've got an idea.

Orson staggers to his feet and the two carefully tiptoe out of the den without waking any of the other bears.

EXT. THE BEAR DEN - CONTINUOUS

Grimsby and Orson walk quietly from the den in the direction of the camp headquarters. Moonlight illuminates their path.

ORSON

Where are we going at this hour? I wanna go back to sleep.

GRIMSBY

Just shut up and follow me. If I don't get something to eat soon, I'm gonna die.

Illuminated by the moonlight, the two find themselves in front of a small storage shed. Grimsby opens the door and they enter.

INT. STORAGE SHED - CONTINUOUS

Grimsby locates a large Lost and Found box, rips it open, and begins to rummage through its contents. He finds a large trench coat and holds it up against Orson's body.

GRIMSBY

This'll do.

He tosses the trench coat to Orson and keeps rummaging.

GRIMSBY (CONT'D)

Now, a little something for me and we're all set.

EXT. PARK RANGER'S CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Moonlight. Grimsby and Orson stand outside Sumac's cabin in their disguises: Grimsby in a wild Hawaiian shirt, mismatched pants, and sunglasses; Orson in a trench coat and floppy hat.

They approach the door. Grimsby listens.

ORSON

Do you hear anything?

GRIMSBY

(whispering)

Just you flapping your gums and my stomach growlin'. Pipe down.

He puts his ear to the door. Faint SNORING. Grimsby eases the door open, slips inside. A beat, then he reappears with Sumacs KEYS and DEBIT CARD in paw.

GRIMSBY (CONT'D)

(whispering)

Were set. Lets go.

EXT. SUMACS JEEP - MOMENTS LATER

Grimsby and Orson reach the Jeep.

GRIMSBY

Gimme a push. Then jump in.

Orson leans into it. The Jeep ROLLS down the road. Orson scrambles into the passenger seat as Grimsby fires the engine and they CAREEN off into the night.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CHUBBA-BUBBA BURGERS DRIVE-THRU - MINUTES LATER

The two bears, in their disguises, pull the Jeep into the drive-thru lane of a twenty-four-hour Chubba-Bubba Burgers. Grimsby rolls up to the order kiosk.

GRIMSBY

Let me do all the talking.

DRIVE-THRU DUDE O.S.

(over the speaker)

Welcome to Chubba-Bubba Burgers.
Can I take your order?

GRIMSBY

Uh, sure. Gimme a dozen Double
Chubba-Bubba Bacon Cheese
Burgers... very, very rare... and
eight large fries...

ORSON

I want rings.

GRIMSBY

They give you gas.

ORSON

So!

GRIMSBY

(into the speaker)

Better throw in four large orders
of onion rings.

DRIVE-THRU DUDE O.S.

(over the speaker)

Got it. Will that complete your
order?

ORSON

(to Grimsby)

He's kidding, right?

GRIMSBY

(to the speaker)

And, uh, a ridiculous pile of
everything else you got -- nachos,
hoagies, fish sandwiches...

ORSON

No tartar sauce. Cholesterol.

GRIMSBY

You're killing me, man.

(into the speaker)

Make some of those without tartar
sauce. And a dozen large Cokes.

ORSON

Diet.

GRIMSBY

You messing with me?

ORSON

Nope. Gotta watch my sugar. I get grumpy. Pre-diabetic.

GRIMSBY

Unbelievable.
(into the speaker)
Make half of those diet.

DRIVE-THRU DUDE O.S.

(over the speaker)
Would you like a hot apple pie with your order?

GRIMSBY

(into the speaker)
Hey, that sounds great. Toss in about twenty of those.

DRIVE-THRU DUDE O.S.

(over the speaker)
Its a BOGO. They're buy one, get one.

GRIMSBY

Even better. Make it forty.

DRIVE-THRU DUDE O.S.

(over the speaker)
Pull up for your total.

Grimsby drives the Jeep to the pick-up window.

DRIVE-THRU DUDE

That'll be four hundred twenty-one dollars and eighty-eight cents.

Grimsby hands Ranger Sumacs debit card to the employee, held between his long, sharp, black claws.

DRIVE-THRU DUDE (CONT'D)

Nice nails, dude. You into Goth?

GRIMSBY

Uh... yeah, thanks. I get em done.

DRIVE-THRU DUDE

Credit or debit?

GRIMSBY

Credit. And add ten percent for your troubles.

DRIVE-THRU DUDE

Cool.

The employee swipes the card.

DRIVE-THRU DUDE (CONT'D)

Thanks...

(reading from the card)

...Mr. Chauncey Algernon Sumac.

The employee takes a closer look at Grimsby.

DRIVE-THRU DUDE (CONT'D)

A little dark for sunglasses, isn't it, Mr. Sumac?

GRIMSBY

Glaucoma.

DRIVE-THRU DUDE

Oh. That makes sense.

The employee hands back the card.

DRIVE-THRU DUDE (CONT'D)

Here's your card, dude. And here's your order.

The Drive-thru Dude hands several huge bags to Grimsby, who passes them to Orson. Orson, now buried behind a mountain of food bags, sticks his nose deep inside one of the bags and inhales deeply.

ORSON

Ooooooh, dee-light-full!

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PARK RANGER'S CABIN - EARLY NEXT MORNING

The scene is TOTAL DISARRAY. Ranger Sumac's Jeep is parked with its right front wheel up on the lower steps leading to the cabin door. The emergency flashers are dimly lit, but still flashing. The ground around the Jeep is strewn with empty food containers, burger wrappers, and other Chubba Bubba Burger trash. A group of Raccoons are busy foraging for scraps, and a trail of litter leads into the adjacent treeline.

INT. THE BEAR DEN - LATER

Grimsby and Orson are passed out in food comas. The den floor is littered with cups, wrappers, and food scraps. Every bear is sound asleep.

A long fart shatters the silence.

GRIMSBY

Orson, didn't I warn you about the onion rings?

ORSON

Worth it.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

EXT. WHIPPOORWILL CABIN - NIGHT

Moonlight casts three large shadows on the ground approaching the Whippoorwill cabin where Brody is sleeping. They are the shadows of the bullies. ~~They speak in hushed tones.~~

WARREN

Okay. You guys know what to do once we get inside, right?

VANCE

No problem. This is gonna be great.

IGGY

Yeah, great.

WARREN

You got the rope?

VANCE

Of course.

Vance holds up a long coil of rope.

The three move to the front screen door and ease it open. It CREAKS as they slip inside.

INT. WHIPPOORWILL CABIN - CONTINUOUS

A row of bunks, boys snoring. On a lower bunk, BRODY sleeps in his bag, lit by moonlight.

The bullies close in.

In one swift blur: Iggy slaps duct tape over Brody's mouth, Vance binds his wrists, Warren yanks the sleeping bag up over his head, trapping him inside. Brody jerks awake, struggling.

BRODY

(muffled, panicked)

Hey! What are you --

WARREN

(hissing)

Quiet.

Warren slaps a piece of duct tape across Brody's mouth. Rope WHIPS around the bag, cinched tight. They HOIST the bundled Brody off the bunk and DRAG him out into the night.

EXT. CAMP FLAGPOLE AREA - CONTINUOUS

At the flagpole, they clip the rope to the lanyard and haul. The sleeping bag rises into the moonlight, swinging gently at the top of the pole.

WARREN

(looking up, satisfied)

Sweet dreams, Brody.

They melt back into the shadows, snickering.

EXT. THE CAMP FLAGPOLE AREA - THE NEXT MORNING

Reveille BLARES from the loudspeaker atop the Rangers cabin. Students fill the area, headed for the mess hall.

One student stops and points up at the flagpole.

OBSERVANT STUDENT

Hey! Look up there!

Where the flag would normally be, Brody's sleeping bag hangs high atop the pole, twisting as he struggles inside. Muffled MUMBLES drift down.

OTHER STUDENT

Its alive!

A couple of students rush to the flagpole and untie the rope. The sleeping bag slides down and lands with a THUD. They unzip it to reveal Brody, tangled in rope, face red.

The onlookers erupt in laughter. All except Tressa. Among the crowd, Warren, Vance, and Iggy watch with smug satisfaction.

WARREN

Hey, Brody. Sorry you cant join us for breakfast. Looks like you're all tied up.

IGGY

Yeah. Tied up.

The crowd laughs again and drifts toward the mess hall. Tressa approaches and starts untying the ropes.

TRESSA

Hold still. This is gonna sting.

She rips the duct tape from his mouth. He winces as she works the knots loose.

BRODY

(embarrassed)

Thanks for the help.

TRESSA

No problem. You okay?

BRODY

I've been better.

TRESSA

I bet. -- You want to go get some breakfast?

BRODY

Nope. I've kind of lost my appetite.

TRESSA

I understand. I'm Tressa, by the way.

BRODY

Yeah. I know who you are.

TRESSA

You do?

BRODY

Row two, third desk. Pink backpack. You sneak Starbursts when Mrs. Kelley isn't looking.

TRESSA

Wow. Very perceptive. But you sure don't say much, Brody.

BRODY

You know my name?

TRESSA

Of course, silly. Why wouldn't I?
Were in the same class.

BRODY

I just thought you never noticed
me.

TRESSA

Really?

BRODY

Yeah. I'm kind of used to just
blending in.

TRESSA

Don't be ridiculous. I can be
pretty perceptive too.

(beat)

I actually think you're kind of
cute...

She gently takes his hand.

TRESSA (CONT'D)

...when you're not tied up and
hanging from a flagpole.

Brody manages a small, genuine smile -- the first one we've
seen from him.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CAMP WANNARUNNAWAY MESS HALL - LATER THAT MORNING

The mess hall is a beehive of activity as students load up on
breakfast. Ranger Sumac and Greta observe.

RANGER SUMAC

My, my. Our guests certainly are
ravenous this morning. My
compliments to the chef, Miss
Greta.

GRETA

Why, thank you, mein little
strudel. But I am worried. There
seems to be quite a shortage of
bacon this morning.

RANGER SUMAC

Shortage? How so?

GRETA

I'm not sure. I laid out the usual amount, but it looks as though we are an entire slab short.

Warren, Vance, and Iggy are at the soft-serve machine, building massive cones.

WARREN

(to Vance and Iggy)
Pile it high, boys. You gotta love all-you-can-eat free ice cream for breakfast. And speaking of free, you got that bacon?

VANCE

Yep. No problem.

Vance PATS an obvious bulge in his hoodie. The three head for the door, passing Sumac and Greta.

RANGER SUMAC

Did you enjoy your breakfast, boys?

WARREN

Absolutely. The food was great. Especially the bacon.

VANCE

Yeah, the bacon was irresistible.

They grin and chuckle as they exit.

EXT. CAMP WANNARUNNAWAY MESS HALL - CONTINUOUS

Brody and Tressa exit the mess hall, passing by the bullies who sit on a low wall eating their ice cream.

TRESSA

(to Brody)
I guess I'll see you later, Brody.
I've got archery in a few minutes.

WARREN

Yeah, Brody. I guess she'll see you later.

Warren makes fake kissing sounds. Vance and Iggy laugh. Tressa turns and walks away. Brody watches Tressa go, then faces the bullies.

WARREN (CONT'D)

Well, whatta you want?

BRODY

Hey, guys. I was wondering if you three might be able to meet me tonight.

WARREN

And why would we want to do that?

BRODY

I've got a little business proposition I'd like to run by you.

WARREN

Why not run it by us now?

BRODY

Now's just not the right time. But it will definitely be worth it. Meet me tonight after dinner at Reflection Rock.

Warren exchanges a look with the others.

EXT. TREE LINE OVERLOOKING THE MESS HALL - CONTINUOUS

From just beyond the treeline, Grimsby and Orson watch as Brody finishes his conversation with the bullies.

GRIMSBY

I don't like the looks of that, Orson.

ORSON

Why, Grim? What's up?

GRIMSBY

I'm not sure, but those guys go together about as well as making a milkshake with the blender lid off. Any way you look at it, it's a big mess just waiting to happen.

Grimsby pauses and smacks his lips.

GRIMSBY (CONT'D)

Speaking of milkshakes, that reminds me -- I'm starving. Let's go check out the breakfast leftovers.

The two bears walk off.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. REFLECTION ROCK NEAR THE LAKE - EVENING

Brody sits alone atop Reflection Rock, staring out over the moonlit lake. He hears the sound of rustling bushes behind him. As he turns, the three bullies emerge from the treeline.

WARREN

Hey, guys. Look. It's our favorite little playmate, Brodacious.

IGGY

Yeah, Brodacious.

BRODY

Oh, thanks for meeting me.

WARREN

That's what friends do. Right, fellas?

VANCE

You bet.

IGGY

Yeah, you bet.

WARREN

What's up? Why'd you want us to meet you?

BRODY

I wanted to see if we could make a deal.

WARREN

A deal? What sort of deal?

BRODY

Kind of a business deal.

VANCE

Business? What kind of business? Loser Incorporated?

The bullies laugh.

IGGY

Yeah, Loser Incup... uh, Incoop... uh, Loser stuff?

BRODY

No, financial business.

Brody reaches into his jacket and pulls out a small wad of money. He holds it out in front of the bullies.

BRODY (CONT'D)

I've been saving up for a bike, but I'm thinking, you guys can have this money. You just have to do one thing to get it.

WARREN

Hmmmm. Sounds interesting. Go on.

BRODY

It's simple. You guys get the cash and just agree to leave me alone.

WARREN

Alone, eh. Hmmmm. Sounds doable. What do you think, guys?

VANCE

Oh, quite doable.

IGGY

Yeah, doable.

Warren snatches the wad of cash from Brody and counts through it quickly.

WARREN

Wow. Must have been some fancy bike. There's about a hundred bucks here.

Warren stuffs the cash into his jacket pocket.

BRODY

So... we've got a deal?

WARREN

Absolutely.

Warren shakes hands with Brody.

BRODY

Great. I just want to be left alone.

WARREN

No problem. We're definitely gonna leave you ALONE.

Warren glances at Vance, who produces the slab of raw bacon from inside his hoodie pouch.

In a flash, the three surround Brody. Iggy grabs him, pinning his arms, while Warren and Vance duct tape Brody's wrists and ankles. Warren takes the bacon and starts stuffing thick strips of it into Brody's jacket pockets, his pants pockets, down the back of his collar.

BRODY

Hey! Stop it! We had a deal!

WARREN

Yeah, the deal was we'd leave you alone. And we will. Eventually.

Vance wipes his greasy hands on Brody's hair. Warren shoves Brody to the ground, sticks a final strip of duct tape across Brody's mouth, and steps back.

WARREN (CONT'D)

There. That ought to do it. There won't be an animal within ten miles that won't be able to smell that.

VANCE

I wouldn't be surprised if some of them were already on their way here.

WARREN

You should be more careful, Brody. Besides, you're in a "no-porking" zone. Get it?!

VANCE

(chuckling)

No porking zone. Good one, Warren.

IGGY

Yeah, good one.

Warren pulls out his cell phone and aims it at Brody, who lays on the ground, humiliated and reeking of raw bacon.

WARREN

Smile.

Warren snaps a quick picture.

WARREN (CONT'D)

Okay, Brody. We're gonna keep our end of the deal and leave you ALONE now. Let's go, guys.

The three laugh and disappear into the treeline. Brody lays on the ground, surrounded by the overwhelming smell of bacon. He is too shaken to move. After a few moments, he hears the sound of crackling branches and rustling bushes. The sounds get closer.

Brody's eyes get huge. Something large is approaching.

From the nearby brush line, bushes bend and move as a massive dark shape gets closer.

In the darkness, the silhouette of a huge bear slowly moves toward Brody.

Brody freezes. His eyes show absolute fear.

The muzzle of the bear enters the frame. Its coal-black nose wrinkles, nostrils flaring as it draws in the intoxicating bacon scent.

From behind, the bear rises on its hind legs and raises its arm as if about to strike.

Brody's eyes fill with terror.

The bear's paw rises into the air, razor-sharp claws exposed. The paw hangs for a moment of suspense -- then comes down, claws retracting, changing to a single, razor-sharp index claw.

GRIMSBY

(pointing a single claw at
Brody)

Wow! Is that bacon I smell? Yum-
meeeeee!

It is Grimsby, and he is famished. He deftly uses his claw to slice through the duct tape and remove the restraints.

GRIMSBY (CONT'D)

There you go, kid. You all right?

BRODY

(shaky)

Yeah.

GRIMSBY

Let me help you up.

Grimsby reaches down and gently lifts Brody to his feet. He tousles Brody's hair.

GRIMSBY (CONT'D)

There you go, little man.

BRODY

Wow. For a minute, I thought you were going to eat me.

GRIMSBY

Jeez, kid. I'm not a savage. But the truth is, I'd eat my own foot if it was wrapped in bacon. But you really looked so helpless, I just had to do something.

BRODY

Well, thanks anyway.

GRIMSBY

Glad to help. Now... about that bacon.

Brody begins to pull the bacon remnants from his jacket pockets and places them in Grimsby's huge paws. Grimsby takes a good, long sniff and gulps the bacon down.

GRIMSBY (CONT'D)

(smacking his lips)

Ooooooh. Hickory smoked... my favorite.

BRODY

Glad you like it. There's more.

Brody pulls more bacon from his pants pockets and collar and hands it to Grimsby. Grimsby gobbles it up.

GRIMSBY

(with a mouthful of bacon)

You're alright, kid. You're my kind of human.

Grimsby continues to chew as he speaks.

GRIMSBY (CONT'D)

By the way, how'd you get into this delicious situation to begin with?

BRODY

Those guys from my school.

GRIMSBY

Those three losers? The ones that are always messing with you?

BRODY

Oh, so you know them.

Grimsby licks the remaining bacon grease from his claws one-by-one.

GRIMSBY

Yep. I've seen 'em around. Lot of guys like them come up here each year.

BRODY

Really? That's just what the Ranger said.

GRIMSBY

You see guys like them, being bullies and such, and you can really understand why some animals eat their young.

BRODY

(chuckles)

Yeah, I guess that's so.

GRIMSBY

There's a lot of jerks like them in the world, but you just can't let 'em get to ya.

Grimsby pulls open Brody's jacket and checks.

GRIMSBY (CONT'D)

Don't suppose you missed any bacon?

Brody pats himself down.

BRODY

Nope. Sorry. I think you got it all.

GRIMSBY

Shucks. Well, that's okay. I'll consider that an appetizer.

Grimsby extends his paw to Brody.

GRIMSBY (CONT'D)

By the way, I'm Grimsby. But my friends call me Grim.

BRODY

(shaking hands with
Grimsby)

I'm Brody. Brody Bekas.

GRIMSBY

Brody, eh? Nice to meet you, Brody Bekas. So what do your friends call you?

BRODY

Not sure. Don't really have any friends.

GRIMSBY

What? No friends? Well, we've gotta put an end to that. Let me be the very first.

Grimsby grabs Brody in a huge bear hug, lifting him off his feet. Brody is almost enveloped deep in the bear's furry chest, his legs dangling loosely. After a prolonged hug, Grimsby gently puts Brody back down.

GRIMSBY (CONT'D)

Hey, that was some great huggin', Brody. You'd make a mighty fine bear.

Grimsby tousles Brody's hair again.

GRIMSBY (CONT'D)

And now that we're officially friends, what do I call you?

BRODY

Well, I'm just Brody.

GRIMSBY

(shaking his head)

Naw. I mean, that's a fine name and all, but we're friends now, so we've gotta have something special just between us.

Grimsby stops and thinks.

GRIMSBY (CONT'D)

Hmmm. Short Stuff? Nope, too derogatory. Body shaming and all that.

(pauses)

The Baconator? Nope. Tasty, but way too painful.

(pauses again)

Oh, I've got it. How about Little Grim?

BRODY

Little Grim? Me?

GRIMSBY

Absolutely! It's got a good vibe to it. What do you think?

BRODY

(reluctantly)

Well... I guess so.

GRIMSBY

Then it's done!

(pointing to himself)

Big Grim...

(pointing to Brody)

...and Little Grim.

(putting his hand on
Brody's shoulder)

Bear Brothers to the very end!

ORSON enters the scene.

GRIMSBY (CONT'D)

Orson, meet my new friend, Brody
Bekas... better known as Little
Grim.

ORSON

Nice to meet you, Brody.

Uh, Grim... did you forget what day
it is?

Grimsby suddenly lifts his nose to the sky, closes his eyes,
and takes a TERRIFICALLY LONG SNIFF.

GRIMSBY

Sorry. Gotta be going. Today's the
day they put the meat renderings
into the camp dumpster. Gotta get
there before the raccoons get all
the best fatty parts. -- Take care,
Little Grim.

Grimsby and Orson hustle off into the darkness, leaving Brody
alone. For the first time in a long time, Brody smiles.

ORSON

Hey, Grim... the kid smells like
bacon.

GRIMSBY

Long story, Orson. I'll clue you in.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

EXT. REFLECTION ROCK BY THE LAKE - EVENING

Brody is seated on Reflection Rock, gazing out at the lake. He hears a noise and turns to see Orson approaching.

BRODY

Oh, hey. It's you -- Grimsby's pal. You scared me a bit.

ORSON

Sorry. We bears have that effect on people.

Orson settles alongside Brody.

ORSON (CONT'D)

Mind if I join you?

BRODY

Naw. Help Yourself.

The two sit silently. The tranquil sounds of lakewater lapping upon the shore combine with nearby crickets and the rustling of the nearby trees.

ORSON

What are you thinking about?

BRODY

Just stuff.

ORSON

Stuff, eh. Like what?

BRODY

Like Grimsby.

ORSON

What about Grim?

BRODY

Like, why he wants to help me -- be nice to me.

ORSON

Well, kid. It's kind of like that lake out there. It's a deep subject.

BRODY

What do you mean?

ORSON

Back in the day, when Grimsby was a young cub, there came a time when his dad did what all bear dads do.

BRODY

Like what?

ORSON

They pass on the essentials of how to survive in nature to their sons.

BRODY

I'm not sure I understand.

ORSON

You see, it's like this...

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

EXT. THE BEAR DEN - DAY

ORSON (V.O.)

When Grimsby was born, it was a great day for his mother and father.

INT. BEAR DEN - DAY

A mother bear, **GRACIE**, lies beside a tiny bear cub. The father, **PRINCE**, looks over them proudly. Gracie nuzzles the newborn Grimsby lovingly. Prince beams with pride.

DISSOLVE TO:

ORSON (V.O.)

As is the tradition, the responsibility fell upon the father to take his son out and teach him the bear way of life.

EXT. THE BEAR DEN - WEEKS LATER

The young Grimsby clumsily staggers out of the bear den and reacts to the strong light of day. He falters, but Prince pushes him forward with his muzzle, encouraging him. The two continue on their way.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. OPEN GRASSY PASTURE - DAY

ORSON (V.O.)

It's a time of great pride for the father to see his son developing into a strong, thriving bear cub, learning all about his environment.

Prince walks across a wide grassy expanse with young Grimsby romping playfully at his side. A butterfly circles around Grimsby. He stands erect and clumsily swats at it. He loses his balance and falls backward into the deep grass.

As he lies on his back, the butterfly comes to rest on his nose. Young Grimsby's eyes cross to focus on the butterfly resting on his nose. Pure wonder.

EXT. WOODED AREA IN THE FOREST - DAY

ORSON (V.O.)

Prince was doing a great job showing his son the ways of a bear's life.

Prince scratches his back against a large tree. Young Grimsby watches with interest, then moves to a smaller tree and mimics his father. The two stand there, enjoying the moment together.

EXT. A WOODED AREA IN THE FOREST - AFTERNOON

Prince shows Grimsby how to use his claws to open a portion of a beehive, remove a section of honeycomb, and savor the sweet honey inside.

He grabs a small portion of honeycomb and presses it against Grimsby's nose. Grimsby licks his nose, tastes the honey, and smiles with delight. Prince smiles knowingly in return.

EXT. ON TOP OF A SMALL WATERFALL ABOVE A STREAM - DAY

Prince, with young Grimsby at his side, stands at the top of the falls. As Grimsby watches, Prince deftly snags a large salmon and hands it to his son. As Grimsby tries to hold onto the massive fish, it convulses and wriggles wildly, causing Grimsby to drop the fish, spin out of control, and fall into the water below.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. OPEN GRASSY PASTURE - DAY

From a distance, Prince and the young Grimsby walk lazily back across the same open grassy area they have crossed many times before.

ORSON (V.O.)

But then, one afternoon, the father-son journey ended.

In the foreground, a **HUNTER** dressed in camouflage rises into the frame.

ORSON (V.O.)

A poacher had entered the forest looking for a trophy kill to decorate his office back in the city.

In the poacher's crosshairs, Prince walks a few steps, then stops and turns back to check on Grimsby behind him.

ORSON (V.O.)

As Prince and Grimsby were on their way back to the den after spending the day together...

The poacher's finger slowly depresses the trigger.

ORSON (V.O.)

...a shot rang out...

A single rifle shot ECHOES throughout the entire valley.

A split second later, Prince collapses and falls on his side. Motionless.

ORSON (V.O.)

...and in an instant, Prince was gone.

BRODY (V.O.)

Gone?

ORSON (V.O.)

His life was taken and Grimsby was
left without a father.

Young Grimsby walks cautiously to the body of his father and prods him with his muzzle. There is no response. Grimsby looks around, bewildered.

The poacher's crosshairs settle on the stationary Grimsby. The cub turns his head and looks in the direction of the poacher.

The poacher works the bolt of his rifle. The empty cartridge ejects. The bolt rams forward and locks. His finger finds the trigger again.

But the young cub is gone.

A second rifle shot ECHOES throughout the valley.

Grimsby runs from the pasture and disappears into the nearby thicket of brush near the treeline.

END FLASHBACK.

EXT. REFLECTION ROCK BY THE LAKE - CONTINUOUS

Orson and Brody sit together. The weight of the story hangs between them.

ORSON

In a way, two bears died that day.
Grimsby just never learned how to
be a real bear.

BRODY

I had no idea.

ORSON

Yep. And it hasn't been easy.
Grim's been teased and made to feel
different ever since. He just never
fit in with the rest of the group.

BRODY

So I've noticed.

ORSON

But that's not a bad thing, kid. Because of what life handed him, he just had to take a different path. And he did. He managed to survive by his wits. And that's what you've got to do, Brody.

BRODY

What? Live by my wits?

ORSON

You're missing the point. Grimsby realized he had to change the way he would have to live. When he lost his dad, he realized that carrying on the same way, his life just wouldn't work anymore. That's what I'm talking about.

BRODY

Oh, you mean he had to make a change.

ORSON

Exactly. He used the pain of losing his father to motivate him to take a new path. Because unless he did something to change things, he just wouldn't survive. More importantly, he wouldn't have the strengths that were in him from the start. Those special qualities would have died right along with his father. And that would have been a terrible loss for the whole bear group.

Orson puts his paw on Brody's shoulder.

ORSON (CONT'D)

Am I making any sense?

BRODY

Yeah, I think so. You're saying I've got to change.

ORSON

Exactly. Otherwise your talents and abilities will die and you'll never reach the potential that's already inside of you.

As the two sit together along the shore, from across the lake comes a loud, ferocious ROAR that echoes through the entire campground.

EXT. FORESTED AREA ACROSS THE LAKE - CONTINUOUS

As the ROAR echoes through the air, a group of deer grazing in a nearby field raise their heads, look toward the treeline, and scatter as if their lives depend on it.

Another loud ROAR sends a large flock of birds taking flight.

A third ROAR sends a family of rabbits scattering for the safety of their burrows.

EXT. REFLECTION ROCK BY THE LAKE - CONTINUOUS

The sound of the ROAR echoes as Brody and Orson sit together.

BRODY

What's that?

ORSON

(concerned)

Slasher.

Orson tips his head back and sniffs the air. His expression grows serious.

ORSON (CONT'D)

We need to go.

BRODY

Slasher? What's a Slasher?

ORSON

He's a bear. A very dangerous bear.

He announces he's on the prowl

every night about this time.

Another ferocious ROAR echoes from the distance. Orson gets to his feet.

ORSON (CONT'D)

We really need to go. Now.

EXT. A BEAR CAVE ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE LAKE - CONTINUOUS

From outside a rocky cave, a massive black bear emerges. It is SLASHER, the alpha-male bear of the entire area. He stops at the cave entrance and unleashes a terrifically long ROAR.

Slasher walks slowly from the cave directly toward us. His forehead is marked with a prominent white patch of fur -- a drastic contrast against his otherwise coal-black coat.

He lets loose with another equally long and loud ROAR.

EXT. REFLECTION ROCK BY THE LAKE - THE NEXT MORNING

Brody is back at Reflection Rock, his place of solitude. He hears a slight rustling behind him and turns to see Grimsby.

BRODY

Oh, it's you.

GRIMSBY

Sorry. I didn't mean to startle you.

BRODY

No big deal.

Grimsby takes a seat on another large rock near Brody.

GRIMSBY

Beautiful morning, wouldn't you say?

BRODY

I guess so.

GRIMSBY

What are you doing out here all alone?

BRODY

Thinking.

GRIMSBY

Thinking, eh. Thinking's good.

(pause)

But from where I'm sitting, it looks like you're feeling a bit sorry for yourself.

BRODY

Really? I guess you'd know all about that.

GRIMSBY

Ouch. You got me.

BRODY

Sorry. That just kind of slipped out.

GRIMSBY

I guess we've got a lot of things in common, and that's just one of 'em.

They sit quietly for a moment, staring out at the lake.

GRIMSBY (CONT'D)

So, why the long face? What's got you down?

BRODY

Just stuff. It's been a tough couple of months.

GRIMSBY

In what way?

BRODY

I lost my dad.

GRIMSBY

Oh, divorce?

BRODY

Nope. Worse than that. A lot worse.

Grimsby thinks for a moment.

GRIMSBY

Oh... Jeez, I'm sorry, kid.

BRODY

Why are you sorry? You didn't do anything.

GRIMSBY

It's just that I kind of know what you're feeling.

BRODY

Yeah. So I heard.

GRIMSBY

Yep. Sometimes life just seems to hand you a great big pile of scat.

BRODY

You said it. And then, on top of all that, seems like life has handed me three more piles of scat.

GRIMSBY

Those three bullies?

BRODY

It's that obvious, huh.

Grimsby thinks quietly for a moment.

GRIMSBY

Did you ever think about maybe doing something about them?

BRODY

Yeah, but why try?

The quiet of the moment is shattered by the echoing ROAR of Slasher from the other side of the lake.

GRIMSBY

Did you hear that?

BRODY

Of course. I think the whole camp probably heard that.

GRIMSBY

Sounds like old Slasher is calling it a night.

Grimsby pauses. A light comes into his eyes. He jumps excitedly to his feet.

GRIMSBY (CONT'D)

Hey, that gives me an idea.

BRODY

Idea? About what?

GRIMSBY

A plan for dealing with those three miserable piles of scat... that's what.

BRODY

What are you talking about?

GRIMSBY

Pay attention now.
(to himself)

(MORE)

GRIMSBY (CONT'D)

Man, this is brilliant. When I get an idea, it's a real doozie!

(back to Brody)

Here's the plan. You lure those three knuckleheads right here tonight.

BRODY

Lure them? But how? What for?

GRIMSBY

What? Do I have to do all the thinking for us both? You're a smart kid. You can come up with something.

BRODY

I guess.

GRIMSBY

You get 'em to meet you here tonight. I'll be waiting out of sight just over there.

Grimsby gestures to the thick hedge of bushes at the edge of the clearing.

GRIMSBY (CONT'D)

When the time is right, I come out of the brush in full attack mode!

BRODY

Attack mode? You? Are you trying to scare them or get them to die laughing?

GRIMSBY

Okay, you've got a point. But here's the genius part. They're gonna think I'm Slasher.

BRODY

Come on. They may be stupid, but they're not blind. They'll know it's you.

GRIMSBY

Not if I do a little prep work.

BRODY

Like what?

GRIMSBY

The camp maintenance shed is full
of useful goodies.

Grimsby extends his paws out as if revealing a master plan.

GRIMSBY (CONT'D)

I can picture it now.

Grimsby begins to physically demonstrate his plan for Brody.

GRIMSBY (CONT'D)

First, I get Orson to help me color
my fur with some black poster
paint.

Grimsby rubs his paws all over his body.

GRIMSBY (CONT'D)

Then, we put a big slash of white
across my forehead, just like the
one on Slasher.

Grimsby swipes his paw across his forehead.

GRIMSBY (CONT'D)

And then, when the time is right, I
come charging out of the bushes
like this!

Grimsby throws his paws over his head and starts to run
around wildly. After a few moments, he doubles over, gasping
for breath.

GRIMSBY (CONT'D)

(breathing heavily)

Whew! I gotta sit down for a bit.

Grimsby sits on the rock and catches his breath.

GRIMSBY (CONT'D)

So? What do you think?

BRODY

(discouraged)

It'll never work.

GRIMSBY

Sure it will. With my disguise,
combined with my awesome acting
skills, along with the fact that
it'll be dark... it's a sure thing.

BRODY

I'm not so sure.

GRIMSBY

Well, do I have to remind you of how scared you felt when I came sniffing through the brush when you were lying there with all that delicious bacon stuffed in your pockets?

Grimsby licks his lips.

GRIMSBY (CONT'D)

By the way, you wouldn't happen to have any more bacon on you, would you?

BRODY

Really?

GRIMSBY

Just asking. So anyway, what about the plan?

BRODY

Okay, you've made your point. So let's assume they think you're Slasher. What then?

GRIMSBY

So I put on the big scary bear attack act, see. I come running in, growling and all mad and such. Those dudes are gonna freak. It'll be GREAT!

BRODY

And then what?

GRIMSBY

Here's the beautiful part. While those three morons are paralyzed with fear, YOU come to their rescue.

BRODY

And how do you suppose I do that?

GRIMSBY

You grab a stick or something... like this one...

Grimsby finds a club-sized branch on the ground, grabs it, and holds it over his head.

GRIMSBY (CONT'D)

And you swing it at me a couple of times, like this...

Grimsby swings the branch back and forth like a club.

GRIMSBY (CONT'D)

(cupping his paw to his mouth)

...being real careful not to really hit me, because I bruise easily.

BRODY

Of course. What then?

GRIMSBY

So you yell something like, "Get out of here before I kill you!" Real loud, acting all brave and stuff.

BRODY

And then?

GRIMSBY

And then, I turn around and hightail it out of here. Suddenly, you're the hero and those bullies will see you in a whole new light. Total respect. Problem solved.

Grimsby stands upright, arms extended wide, taking a bow like an actor on a stage in front of an admiring audience.

GRIMSBY (CONT'D)

So, what do you think?

BRODY

It could work.

GRIMSBY

Could work? It's gonna work! It's foolproof, and those three fools will be the proof.

Grimsby extends his paw toward Brody. After a moment of thought, Brody reaches his hand toward Grimsby's gigantic paw. They shake on it.

GRIMSBY (CONT'D)

So it's a deal, then.

BRODY

Yep. It's a deal.

GRIMSBY

All right. Big Grim and Little Grim -- Bear Brothers to the end! See you back here tonight after "lights out" at the camp. You just figure out a way to have those three idiots here, and old Grimsby will take care of the rest.

INT. THE BULLIES' CABIN - LATER

Brody opens the door to the bullies' cabin and slowly enters. Warren, Vance, and Iggy are lounging on their bunk beds. Vance and Iggy read comic books while Warren carves his initials into his bed frame with a small penknife.

WARREN

Well, boys, look who's here. If it isn't Brody the Baconator.

VANCE

Oink... oink... oink.

IGGY

Yeah, the Bacon-eater.

WARREN

Not Bacon-eater, Bacon-ator, you idiot!

VANCE

What do you want, punk?

BRODY

Well, guys. I come in peace.

WARREN

You may be coming in peace...
(flashes his knife)
...but you might be leaving in pieces. What gives?

BRODY

I was just wondering how you guys are liking the food here at camp.

VANCE

It blows!

IGGY

Yep... blows!

WARREN

What's it to you?

BRODY

Well, I was wondering if we could make peace if I was able to get you guys a bunch of burgers and fries from the burger joint in town. My treat, of course.

VANCE

Burgers and fries?!

WARREN

What's the catch?

IGGY

Yeah... the catch.

BRODY

No catch. Just wanted to extend the hand of friendship and start things off fresh. Show you there's no hard feelings.

IGGY

You got 'em with you?

WARREN

Idiot! Does he look like he's loaded up with burgers and fries?

Brody extends his hands wide to show he is empty-handed.

BRODY

What? Now? Oh, no.

WARREN

So how do we get these burgers?

IGGY

And fries!

BRODY

I can have them for you tonight after "lights out". But I don't want the whole camp to know about it.

VANCE

That makes sense. Besides, we don't like to share.

BRODY

Yeah. I just want to keep it between us pals.

WARREN

Sounds okay to me. So where do we get these burgers?

IGGY

And the fries?

BRODY

Well, so we can replace bad memories with good, how about Reflection Rock near the lake?

WARREN

Okay, Brody. You toss in a couple of chocolate shakes and you've got a deal. But there'd better be a crapload of burgers...

IGGY

And fries.

WARREN

And no tricks, or you'll be one sorry little loser. Got it?

BRODY

Loud and clear. See you there tonight, after lights out. And be hungry.

Brody turns and exits the cabin. As soon as the screen door slams shut, Warren starts to laugh and flops back onto his bed.

VANCE

Hey, Warren? You don't actually wanna be friends with that little creep, do you?

IGGY

Yeah, do you?

WARREN

Me? No way. Oh, he's gonna show up with the burgers...

IGGY

And the fries?

WARREN

And the fries. And we're all gonna have a great meal. But after we've had our fill, it's more bad news for our new pal Brody.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

INT. GRIMSBY'S BEAR DEN - LATER THAT EVENING

As the rest of the bear den sleeps, Grimsby rises from his resting space. He silently tiptoes to where Orson is sleeping and gives Orson's foot a swift kick.

Orson wakes with a start.

ORSON

What the...?

GRIMSBY

(whispering)

Quiet, Orson. You'll wake the whole group.

ORSON

(whispering)

What are you kicking me for, Grim?

GRIMSBY

(whispering)

I need your help. C'mon.

ORSON

(whispering)

Not another food run.

GRIMSBY

(whispering)

Nope. Something more important.

ORSON

(whispering)

More important than food? Wow...
this IS SERIOUS!

GRIMSBY

(whispering)

C'mon. I'll give you the details on the way. It'll be easy.

ORSON

(whispering)

Right. That'll be a first.

Grimsby helps Orson to his feet and the two tiptoe out.

EXT. THE BEAR DEN - CONTINUOUS

The two walk together through the brush and thickets.

ORSON

Okay, Grim. What's so important that it even outranks food?

GRIMSBY

My buddy, little Brody, is having a terrible time with those boneheaded bullies at Camp Wannarunnaway. And something needs to be done about it.

ORSON

I know. He's a good kid. But what can we do about it?

GRIMSBY

I've got a plan, but I need your help.

ORSON

Anything for you, pal.

GRIMSBY

I was hoping you'd say that. Follow me.

The two friends disappear into the brush toward the camp Maintenance Building.

EXT. THE CAMP MAINTENANCE BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

The bears arrive at the main doorway of the Maintenance Building. Grimsby slides open the large door and the two step inside. They wander around in the dimly lit interior.

INT. CAMP MAINTENANCE BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

ORSON

Are you sure this is a good idea?

GRIMSBY

Trust me. Once I find what we need, we're gonna give those three piles of bully scat the show of their lives.

Grimsby sees a large cabinet stenciled "PAINT". He tries the door, but it is locked with a padlock.

GRIMSBY (CONT'D)

What's this? Now why would anyone need to put a lock on a paint cabinet?

ORSON

Oh, I dunno. Maybe to keep bears like us out?

GRIMSBY

Hey. The lock hasn't been invented that can keep me out.

Grimsby grabs the padlock with his huge hand and twists it from the hasp. SNAP! The lock falls to the ground.

ORSON

Wow, Grim! I'm impressed.

GRIMSBY

That's my dumpster-rummaging, food-chomping, eating hand. It's like my superpower.

Grimsby opens a large locker.

GRIMSBY (CONT'D)

Lookie here! Just what the doctor ordered. Black paint.

He hefts the gallon paint can, tears off the lid and hands it to Orson.

GRIMSBY (CONT'D)

Okay, Orson. Make like Rembrandt and make a masterpiece.

Orson dips his paw into the paint can and slaps it onto Grimsby's back, smearing it across his brown fur.

ORSON

Wow, Grim. That's a lot of bear to cover.

GRIMSBY

Quit yappin and keep slappin. I gotta be down at the lake soon.

Orson works fast, paw-painting Grimsby's arms, legs, and belly.

A SHORT WHILE LATER, Grimsby checks himself in a shiny HUBCAP that Orson holds at chest height. The curved metal warps his reflection. Grimsby turns, twists, and leans in, checking for brown spots.

GRIMSBY (CONT'D)

Perfect. Great job, my friend.

ORSON

Whoa. Aren't you forgetting something, Grim?

Orson produces the WHITE SPRAY PAINT and shakes it.

GRIMSBY

Oh, man. The Slasher signature mark. Lay it on me.

Orson carefully sprays a diagonal white streak across Grimsby's forehead. Grimsby studies the hubcap again.

GRIMSBY (CONT'D)

Why, Orson... you ARE Rembrandt. I'm a wildlife work of art. Sends shivers down my spine.

ORSON

Down mine, too -- But not for the same reasons.

From outside, the faint sound of the REAL SLASHERS nightly ROAR echoes from across the lake.

GRIMSBY

That's him. I've gotta get down to the lake and do my thing for Brody. Wish me luck!

He turns and lumbers out.

ORSON

Good luck, Grim.
(to himself)

(MORE)

ORSON (CONT'D)

Something tells me you're gonna need it.

DISSOLVE TO:

**EXT. SLASHER'S CAVE ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE LAKE -
CONTINUOUS**

Slasher strolls from his cave and takes a few steps. He surveys his surroundings, then tips his nose upward and sniffs the air several times. Something has caught his interest.

He lets out another earth-shattering ROAR, which echoes throughout the forest. Slasher moves off purposefully.

EXT. THE FOREST AREA ADJACENT TO THE LAKE - CONTINUOUS

Grimsby makes his way toward the rendezvous point near Reflection Rock. He talks to himself as he walks.

GRIMSBY

(to himself)

Man, oh man! I can't wait to see the look on those guys' faces when they get a load of me.

He takes a few more steps.

GRIMSBY (CONT'D)

What's that they say? Payback's a karma? Something like that.

Grimsby stops, blinks several times, and wipes his eyes.

GRIMSBY (CONT'D)

Man! My eyes feel like they're on fire.

Grimsby rubs his eyes.

GRIMSBY (CONT'D)

Oh no. What's making my eyes burn so bad?

He swipes his paw over his eyes and looks at his palm.

GRIMSBY (CONT'D)

The blasted paint isn't dry and it's running into my eyes. Oh, this isn't good.

Grimsby looks around desperately.

GRIMSBY (CONT'D)

I've gotta do something. I can't
see a thing. I need some water.

Nearly blind, Grimsby turns and makes his way toward the lake, using his hands to feel his way through the brush and trees, bumping into branches as he goes.

EXT. THE SHORELINE NEAR THE LAKE - CONTINUOUS

Grimsby staggers out of the treeline and walks down to the edge of the lake. He bends down and cups the cool water in his paws, rinsing the paint from his eyes.

GRIMSBY

(to himself)

Ooooooh, now that feels nice.

As Grimsby repeats the action, he catches a glimpse of his reflection in the lake surface. In the moonlight, his paint-blackened fur and the white slash across his forehead stare back at him. For one terrifying moment, he doesn't recognize himself.

GRIMSBY (CONT'D)

(to himself)

SLASHER!

Grimsby RECOILS in terror, throwing himself backward. His feet SLIP on the wet rocks at the lake's edge. His legs go out from under him and the back of his head strikes a large, flat stone with a sickening CRACK.

Grimsby CRUMPLES, his massive body half in and half out of the shallow water. He lies motionless, knocked cold. A thin trail of black paint swirls away in the current around him.

EXT. REFLECTION ROCK NEAR THE LAKE - CONTINUOUS

The three bullies mill around near Reflection Rock, waiting. Warren carves his trademark "W" into the rock face with his penknife.

WARREN

Okay guys. After that little weenie
Brody shows up and hands over the
burgers...

IGGY

And fries!

WARREN

Shut up, Iggy!

IGGY

Shutting up.

WARREN

As I was saying, after that little weenie shows up and hands over the burgers, you guys know what you're supposed to do, right?

VANCE

Yeah, we got it.

Vance pulls a large jar of honey from his hoodie.

A few moments later, Brody emerges from the brush carrying two large, grease-stained paper bags from Chubba-Bubba Burgers.

Seeing Brody, Vance quickly hides the jar of honey back in his hoodie.

WARREN

There he is. Our little Burger Meister. Hope you remembered those shakes, Brody.

IGGY

And the fries.

BRODY

Yeah, I've got it all right here, guys.

The bullies snatch the bags from Brody and attack the food like ravenous beasts.

Not seeing Grimsby anywhere, Brody raises his voice.

BRODY (CONT'D)

(loudly)

Hope you guys like what I brought.

WARREN

(with a mouthful of food)

They'll do. Too bad you didn't bring enough for you.

From the treeline, a massive dark shape emerges. It moves on all fours, sniffing the air. It approaches the group.

BRODY

(Overly dramatic)

Oh, no. It's a bear!

The bullies begin to panic. Brody, however, walks confidently toward the bear, which is on all fours, surveying the scene.

As Brody gets closer, the bear begins to snarl and bare its teeth. Impressed by what he thinks is Grimsby's transformation, Brody whispers.

BRODY (CONT'D)

(whispering)

Wow, great job on the disguise.

Angered by Brody's approach, the bear's aggression intensifies.

BRODY (CONT'D)

(to the bear, with false bravado)

Listen, I'm not afraid of you. Back off right now, if you know what's good for you.

The bear stands upright on its hind legs and lets loose with a horrific ROAR. It towers over Brody. It's SLASHER and he's ready to attack.

Thinking this is Grimsby's signal for the heroic act, Brody grabs a club-shaped branch and raises it over his head.

BRODY (CONT'D)

Okay. You've been warned.

Brody takes a step closer, flailing the club back and forth in front of the enraged bear.

BRODY (CONT'D)

(to the bullies)

Don't worry, guys. I've got this!

VANCE

This kid's either the dumbest kid on the planet... or the bravest.

WARREN

How about the bravest dumb kid?

The bear gets temporarily mesmerized by the flailing club, tracking the end of it with its eyes.

Now really getting into it, Brody takes one more step toward the beast. The bear lunges, its gaping jaws snapping forward.

As luck would have it, the club makes hard contact with the bear's nose. Stunned, the massive bear staggers back.

Thinking he has accidentally hurt Grimsby, Brody whispers.

BRODY

(under his breath)

Ooooh, sorry. Got a little carried away.

(loud, for the bullies)

I warned you! What's the matter?
Can't you take it?

Brody turns his back on the beast and checks on the bullies, who are cowering near the rocks.

BRODY (CONT'D)

(to the bullies)

I'll wrap this up in a minute,
guys! No worries.

The bear, incensed, takes a vicious swipe at Brody. One of its claws slices through Brody's jacket sleeve. Blood seeps through the torn fabric from a shallow cut on his forearm.

BRODY (CONT'D)

(quietly, confused)

Hey! That was a little close. I
said I was sorry.

Brody freezes. Something is wrong. This bear's eyes are not Grimsby's eyes. There is nothing playful in them. Only rage.

A cold realization washes over Brody's face.

EXT. HEDGES NEAR REFLECTION ROCK - CONTINUOUS

Grimsby has recovered and staggered to the scene, a nasty bruise forming on the back of his head, wet paint still streaking his fur. Hidden from the bullies' view, he calls out.

GRIMSBY

(quietly, urgent)

Pssst! Hey, kid. That ain't me!

Brody does a double-take.

BRODY

Huh?

GRIMSBY

That ain't me you're fighting!
That's Slasher!

Slasher lets loose with a horrific ROAR. He rears back on his hind legs and prepares to lunge at Brody.

Out of utter desperation, Brody flails the club at the face of the enraged bear.

At the same instant, Grimsby grabs a large stone and hurls it with all of his might. The stone lands squarely on the muzzle of Slasher. Between the club and the rock, the bear has had enough. Slasher spins and flees, crashing through the brush and into the darkness.

The bullies stand frozen for a moment, then rush toward Brody. Grimsby disappears into the thick underbrush.

EXT. REFLECTION ROCK NEAR THE LAKE - CONTINUOUS

Brody stands, bruised and breathing hard, gripping the club-shaped branch. A long scratch runs the length of his jacket sleeve -- Slasher's parting gift. Blood seeps through the torn fabric from the shallow cut on his forearm.

The three bullies scramble up the embankment, tripping over each other.

WARREN

(awestruck)
Wow! That took a lot of guts,
Brody.

VANCE

Man! That bear was a beast! And you
sent him packing!

IGGY

Yeah, packing!

WARREN

Wait'll they hear about this back
at camp.

BRODY

No! Wait. Let's just keep this
whole thing between us guys. Okay?

WARREN

What are you talking about? You're
a hero!

BRODY

Naw. I just did what anyone would have done. You guys would've done the same thing for me.

WARREN

(with false bravado)

Yeah. Maybe you're right. I'd have done the same thing.

IGGY

Yeah. The same thing.

BRODY

Please, guys, let's just keep this our little secret. Okay?

WARREN

You got it, pal. We owe you that much.

The bullies turn and head toward camp, buzzing with adrenaline. Brody watches them go. He looks down at the branch in his trembling hand and drops it. The adrenaline is beginning to fade, and the reality of what just happened settles in.

From the hedgerow behind him, Grimsby emerges -- still streaked with wet black paint, the white slash on his forehead smudged and ridiculous-looking. A bruise swells on the back of his head. He approaches Brody cautiously.

GRIMSBY

(sheepishly)

Hey, kid. You okay?

Brody spins around. His face changes from relief to anger.

BRODY

Where were you?

GRIMSBY

Listen, Little Grim, I can explain -
-

BRODY

(voice cracking)

Don't call me that. You were supposed to be here. That was the plan. Your plan.

GRIMSBY

I know, I know. The paint got in my eyes and then I slipped and --

BRODY

I could have been killed! That was the real Slasher, Grimsby. Not some bear in a costume. The. Real. One.

Grimsby hangs his huge head. He has no defense.

GRIMSBY

(quietly)

You're right, kid. I messed up. I let you down.

BRODY

You know what the worst part is?

A beat.

BRODY (CONT'D)

You reminded me of my dad. He always said he'd be there for me too.

The words hit Grimsby like a physical blow. He flinches.

BRODY (CONT'D)

But at least my dad had a good reason for not being around anymore. What's YOUR excuse?

Brody turns his back on Grimsby and walks away toward the camp, clutching his wounded arm.

Grimsby stands alone in the moonlight. The black paint drips from his fur onto the rocks below. He looks down at his own massive paws -- the paws that were supposed to protect this kid.

GRIMSBY

(to himself, barely a whisper)

Nice going, Grim. Real nice.

Grimsby sits heavily on Reflection Rock and stares out over the dark water.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CAMP COURTYARD - NIGHT

The camp is abuzz. Students pour from cabins. Flashlights cut through darkness. Ranger Sumac, still tying his robe, hurries across the courtyard.

Warren, Vance, and Iggy are surrounded by a growing crowd of students and faculty. For once, they're telling the truth.

WARREN

(animated, wide-eyed)
I'm telling you, this bear was massive. Teeth like steak knives. And Brody just stood there.

VANCE

He hit it right in the face with a stick! The thing was about to eat us!

IGGY

Yeah! Eat us! ALL of us!

RANGER SUMAC

Slow down. A bear? Near Reflection Rock?

WARREN

Yes, sir. Huge. With this crazy white streak on its head.

A gasp ripples through the crowd.

RANGER SUMAC

(gravely concerned)
Slasher? Are you certain?

VANCE

Positive. And Brody fought it off. All by himself. The thing ran away from him. He CLOBBERED that beast!

Brody appears at the edge of the crowd, his jacket torn, his arm crudely wrapped with his own bandana. The crowd parts as he approaches. Tressa pushes through to him.

TRESSA

Brody! Oh my gosh, you're hurt!

She takes his wounded arm gently in her hands, her eyes filling with concern.

BRODY

I'm fine. It's just a scratch.

TRESSA

(firmly)
That's not just a scratch. You need the first aid kit.

WARREN

(to the crowd)
Did you hear what I said? This kid
is a legend. He went toe-to-toe
with the most dangerous bear in the
forest and sent it running.

The crowd erupts in cheers and applause. Students rush toward
Brody, patting him on the back.

RANGER SUMAC

Someone, get the first-aid kit
immediately!

GLADYS

(shaking her head)
Well, I'll be. And I thought the
scariest thing at this camp was the
archery class.

Tressa beams at Brody with unmistakable pride. She squeezes
his good hand.

TRESSA

(softly)
You're kind of amazing, you know
that?

BRODY

(embarrassed)
I just did what anybody would have
done.

TRESSA

No, Brody. You didn't.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. TOP OF THE SMALL WATERFALL - EARLY THE NEXT MORNING

Dawn light filters through the canopy. Below the falls,
Grimsby stands waist-deep in the churning water, scrubbing
furiously at his fur with a long pine tree branch. Black
paint streams off his body into the current. Orson stands on
the rocks above, keeping watch.

ORSON

You missed a spot on your left ear.

GRIMSBY

(scrubbing harder)
I don't care about my ear.

ORSON

Then you definitely don't care
about the big patch on your rear
end.

GRIMSBY

I don't care about any of it,
Orson.

Grimsby throws the branch against the rocks in frustration.

ORSON

Hey, easy. What's eating you? The
plan worked, didn't it? Brody beat
up Slasher. The whole camp thinks
he's a hero.

GRIMSBY

That's just it. The plan didn't
work. Not my plan, anyway. I wasn't
even there when it mattered. The
kid had to face the real Slasher --
alone. He coulda got killed.

ORSON

But he handled it.

GRIMSBY

No thanks to me. I promised that
boy I'd be there for him, and I
wasn't. I was too busy panicking at
my own reflection while he was
fighting for his life.

Grimsby retrieves the brush and resumes scrubbing -- slower
now, more defeated.

GRIMSBY (CONT'D)

You know what he said to me, Orson?
He said I reminded him of his dad.

ORSON

That's... well, that's kind of
nice, isn't it?

GRIMSBY

He wasn't giving me a compliment.
He was saying I let him down. Just
like --

Grimsby stops himself.

ORSON

(gently)
Just like what, Grim?

GRIMSBY

Just like... everyone has.

A long, sorrowful pause. The only sound is the water cascading over the rocks.

ORSON

Well, what are you gonna do about it?

GRIMSBY

I don't know, Orson. I honestly don't know.

Grimsby continues scrubbing. The black paint streams downstream in dark ribbons.

In the bushes thirty yards below -- Warren, Vance, and Iggy crouch low. They have followed the trail of black-tinted water upstream to its source. They listen intently.

GRIMSBY (CONT'D)

This black paint is gonna take forever to come off. Should've used something water-based.

ORSON

You know, for a master plan, there sure were a lot of holes in it.

GRIMSBY

Don't remind me. The whole thing was a disaster from start to finish. The paint, the disguise, slipping on those rocks... all of it.

Warren's face hardens as the pieces click into place. He turns to Vance and IGGY.

WARREN

(seething, whispering)
That little punk. He set the whole thing up. The bear attack -- it was all a con. His bear buddy was supposed to pretend to be Slasher, and Brody was going to save us.

VANCE

(realizing)

So we made him a hero for nothing.
We told the whole camp.

WARREN

And they're all laughing at us
right now.

IGGY

(confused)

Wait, so... was the bear real or
not?

WARREN

(grabbing Iggy by the
collar)

The bear was real, you moron. The
plan was fake. But it blew up in
their faces, and Brody got lucky.

Warren releases Iggy and stands, his jaw set.

WARREN (CONT'D)

(cold, calculated)

Nobody makes a fool out of me.
Nobody.

VANCE

So what are you thinking?

WARREN

I'm thinking we're done playing
games.

He turns and walks downstream. Vance and Iggy exchange a
nervous glance and follow.

INT. THE BULLIES' CABIN - LATER THAT EVENING

The cabin door is shut tight. Warren paces like a caged
animal. Vance sits on his bunk, uneasy. Iggy picks at a loose
thread on his sleeping bag.

WARREN

Here's the thing. If I go after
Brody directly, what happens? I
beat him up. Big deal. A few weeks
and he's fine. Everyone forgets
about it.

VANCE

So what are you saying?

WARREN

(stopping, turning)
I'm saying, if you really want to hurt someone -- really hurt them -- you don't go after them. You go after what they care about.

A cold silence fills the cabin.

IGGY

(slowly)
Like... his mom?

WARREN

His mom's not here, genius.

VANCE

(uneasy)
So what do you have in mind?

Warren sits down on his bunk and leans forward. His voice drops to a measured, deliberate calm -- more unsettling than shouting.

WARREN

Two things. First, tomorrow night at the campfire, Vance -- you're going to stand up and tell the entire camp the truth. The fake bear, the paint, the whole con. Every last detail.

VANCE

Me? Why me?

WARREN

Because you're a good storyteller. And because when the whole camp finds out their big hero is a fraud, Brody's little fairy tale is over. The cheering stops. The respect stops. Tressa looks at him and sees a liar.

Warren lets that sink in.

WARREN (CONT'D)

But that's just the appetizer.

IGGY

What's the main course?

WARREN

We lure Brody and his little girlfriend out into the deep forest. Past the boundary markers. Into Slasher's territory.

VANCE

How?

WARREN

Fake cries for help. Somebody screaming in the woods -- they'll come running. Especially Brody. He's a hero now, remember? Heroes can't help themselves.

Warren pulls a crumpled paper bag from under his bunk. Inside are scraps of food stolen from the mess hall -- raw meat, leftover fish, bacon grease soaked into napkins.

WARREN (CONT'D)

And while they're stumbling around in the dark, trying to find whoever's screaming, we lay down a food trail. Meat scraps, bacon grease, fish. A scent trail that goes straight to wherever they are.

IGGY

A scent trail? For what?

WARREN

What do you think, genius? What kind of animal follows a food trail in the middle of the night?

Iggy thinks for a moment.

IGGY

Owls?

WARREN

No, SLASHER, you idiot! Let's see how brave Brody really is when there's no fake painted bear to save him. And no stick big enough to matter.

Vance shifts uncomfortably on his bunk.

VANCE

Warren, that's... I mean, a real bear? Someone could actually get hurt.

WARREN

(sharp)
That's the point, Vance. Someone humiliated us in front of the entire camp. They don't just get to walk away from that.

VANCE

But Tressa didn't do anything. She's got nothing to do with this.

WARREN

She chose her side. She doesn't get a pass.

(standing)
Tomorrow at campfire, Vance -- you tell them everything. And after that, we go hunting. Without the hero and his play-acting bear, Brody's got nothing.

Warren flips his penknife closed and tucks it in his pocket.

WARREN (CONT'D)

Don't be late.

Warren lies back on his bunk and stares at the ceiling. Vance and Iggy exchange a long, troubled look.

EXT. REFLECTION ROCK BY THE LAKE - NIGHT

Grimsby sits alone on Reflection Rock. The moon casts long shadows across the water. His fur is still faintly stained in patches where the black paint refused to come off. He stares out at the lake with hollow eyes.

Orson approaches slowly and settles beside him. For a long time, neither speaks. The only sound is the water lapping gently against the shore.

ORSON

You've been out here for hours, Grim. You should come back to the den. Get some sleep.

GRIMSBY

I'm not tired.

ORSON

You haven't eaten, either. That's not like you.

GRIMSBY

I'm not hungry.

Orson stares at Grimsby, genuinely alarmed.

ORSON

Okay, now I know something's really wrong. You? Not hungry? Should I call a vet?

Grimsby doesn't laugh. He doesn't even look up.

GRIMSBY

You know, my whole life, I've been trying to prove I'm worth something. That losing my dad didn't break me. That I could still be the bear he would've wanted me to be.

ORSON

And you are, Grim. You --

GRIMSBY

No. I'm not. I had one chance to prove it -- one chance to be there for somebody who needed me -- and I blew it. I slipped on a rock, Orson. I got scared of my own reflection in the water.

Grimsby's voice cracks slightly.

GRIMSBY (CONT'D)

I promised Brody I'd be there for him, and I wasn't.

ORSON

The kid's okay, Grim. He handled himself.

GRIMSBY

That's not the point. He shouldn't have had to.

Another long silence. Somewhere across the lake, the distant ROAR of Slasher echoes through the valley. Grimsby doesn't flinch.

ORSON

So what are you going to do?

GRIMSBY

I don't know. But I'll tell you this much. If that boy ever needs me again... I won't be slipping on any rocks.

Grimsby continues to stare out at the water. Orson puts a paw on his friend's shoulder.

ORSON

That's the Grimsby I know.

GRIMSBY

Was the Grimsby you know. I'm not sure who I am right now.

Orson settles in beside him. The two old friends sit together in the moonlight, two silhouettes against the water, as the night deepens around them.

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE**EXT. CAMP WANNARUNNAWAY - MESS HALL - DUSK**

The last light of day fades behind the tree line. Campers file toward the bonfire pit for the evening campfire program. Laughter and chatter fill the air.

Inside the mess hall, the kitchen is quiet. A single fluorescent tube buzzes overhead.

Warren slips through the service entrance. He moves fast, pulling open the walk-in cooler. He grabs handfuls of raw hamburger patties, strips of bacon, a bag of hot dogs. He stuffs them into a canvas laundry sack.

Vance stands watch at the door, fidgeting.

VANCE

Warren, this is a lot of food. What are you --

WARREN

Did I ask you to talk or did I ask you to watch the door?

Vance turns back to the door. His jaw tightens.

Warren pulls the drawstring on the sack and slings it over his shoulder. He passes Vance without a glance.

WARREN (CONT'D)

You remember what you're supposed to do at the campfire?

VANCE

Yeah. I tell everyone about the paint scheme. Brody's fake bear, the whole thing.

WARREN

Every detail. The paint. The disguise. How their precious little hero is a fraud. You wait until everyone's sitting around the fire and you blow it wide open.

VANCE

And what are you going to be doing?

WARREN

Teaching Brody a lesson he'll never forget.

Warren pushes through the door and disappears into the dusk. Iggy falls in behind him, carrying a second, smaller bag.

Vance watches them go. He doesn't move to follow.

EXT. THE WIDE PASTURE NEAR THE LAKE - LATER

Golden light fades over the broad, grassy field that slopes toward the tree line. Wildflowers close their petals against the coming dark.

Brody and Tressa walk side by side through the tall grass. Their hands brush against each other, then intertwine. Brody's arm is bandaged from the earlier Slasher encounter -- white gauze peeking from beneath his jacket sleeve.

TRESSA

You've been quiet tonight.

BRODY

Just thinking.

TRESSA

About Grimsby?

Brody nods. A beat.

BRODY

I said some things I shouldn't have. He made a mistake. People make mistakes.

TRESSA

Bears make mistakes.

BRODY

(almost smiling)
Bears make mistakes.

From the tree line at the far edge of the pasture, a faint VOICE carries on the wind.

VOICE (O.S.)

(distant, frantic)
HELP! SOMEBODY HELP!

Brody and Tressa stop. Their heads snap toward the sound.

VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 (more desperate)
 PLEASE! HELP ME! I'M HURT!

TRESSA
 Someone's in trouble.

BRODY
 (scanning the tree line)
 That's coming from the north woods.
 Deep in.

TRESSA
 We have to go. They could be really hurt.

Brody hesitates. Something doesn't feel right. But the desperation in the voice is convincing.

BRODY
 Stay close to me.

The two rush across the remaining field and enter the tree line.

EXT. DEEP FOREST - SLASHER'S TERRITORY - CONTINUOUS

The trees grow thicker here. Older. The canopy blocks the last of the evening light. Brody and Tressa push through low-hanging branches and dense underbrush.

The ground is uneven, studded with mossy boulders. This is not the manicured trail system near camp. This is wild country.

BRODY
 (calling out)
 Hello? Where are you?

Silence. No more cries for help. Only the sound of wind through ancient pines and the distant call of an owl.

TRESSA
 (whispering)
 I don't hear anything anymore.

Brody stops. He looks down. A piece of raw bacon lies in the dirt. Then another, a few feet ahead. Then a split-open hot dog, dragged along the trail. A scent trail. Leading them deeper in.

BRODY

(quietly, alarmed)
Tressa. Something's wrong.

TRESSA

What is that smell?

BRODY

Meat. Someone left a trail of --

A TWIG SNAPS to their left. Then another to their right.

WARREN (O.S.)

(from behind cover)
Going somewhere, hero?

Warren steps from behind a massive oak tree. No weapon. Just a cold, satisfied grin. His hands are smeared with grease from the raw meat he scattered through the woods.

Iggy emerges from behind a boulder on the opposite side, lighting the area with a flashlight. Vance is not with them.

BRODY

Warren. What is this?

WARREN

This is what happens when you try to make a fool out of me, Brody. You and your bear buddy thought you were so clever with your little paint job. The fake Slasher. The big hero act.

TRESSA

What are you talking about?

WARREN

(ignoring her, eyes locked on Brody)
We found the paint at the waterfall. We heard your bear pal talking about the whole thing. The disguise. The plan. All of it.

Brody's face goes pale. He steps slightly in front of Tressa.

BRODY

Fine. You figured it out. So now what?

WARREN

Now I show the whole camp who you really are.

(MORE)

WARREN (CONT'D)

Right now, back at the campfire, Vance is telling everybody the truth. That their big brave hero is a fake. A fraud. A scared little kid who had to get a bear to dress up and pretend so people would like him.

The words hit Brody like a punch. Tressa reaches for his hand.

TRESSA

Brody, don't listen to him.

WARREN

But that's only half of it.

Warren spreads his arms wide, gesturing at the dark forest around them.

WARREN (CONT'D)

You know where we are right now? This is Slasher's territory. The real one. And all that food I dragged through these woods? Every hot dog, every strip of bacon -- it all leads right here. To you.

Brody looks down. The food scraps at their feet. The scent of raw meat, thick in the still air.

WARREN (CONT'D)

Oh...and there's one final touch.

He douses Tressa's and Brody's clothes with juices from the collected meats, literally turning them into human bear snacks.

WARREN (CONT'D)

That's just a little insurance in case you decide to run or hide. Now let's see how brave you really are when there's no painted bear to save you.

BRODY

Warren, you don't know what you've done. That bear is dangerous. If he comes --

WARREN

Then I guess you better figure something out, hero.

Warren jerks his head at Iggy.

WARREN (CONT'D)

Let's go.

IGGY

(uneasy, looking at
Tressa)

Warren, maybe we shouldn't just
leave them out --

WARREN

(sharp)

I said let's GO, Iggy!

Iggy flinches. He throws one last look at Brody and Tressa, then follows Warren into the brush, taking the only light source with him. Their footsteps crash through the underbrush, growing fainter.

Then silence.

Brody and Tressa stand alone in the darkening forest. The smell of raw meat hangs in the air all around them.

TRESSA

(voice tight)

Brody...

BRODY

I know.

TRESSA

How do we get out of here?

Brody turns slowly, scanning the trees. Every direction looks the same in the failing light.

BRODY

We go back the way we came. Slowly.
No running. Running triggers a
chase response.

TRESSA

How do you know that?

BRODY

Grimsby told me.

They take three careful steps back down the trail.

A LOW SOUND rolls through the trees. Not a ROAR exactly -- more like the deep vibration of something vast drawing breath. The ground seems to hum with it.

Brody freezes. Tressa grabs his arm.

Through the trees, fifty yards ahead, something MOVES. A massive dark shape, low to the ground, weaving between the tree trunks. Moonlight catches the unmistakable white slash mark across its forehead.

SLASHER!

The enormous bear lifts his nose. Inhales. Turns toward them.

BRODY (CONT'D)
(barely a whisper)
Don't move.

From all fours, Slasher rises to his full, terrifying height. He is enormous -- half again the size of Grimsby. His lips curl back from yellowed teeth. A low, rumbling ROAR builds in his chest.

TRESSA
(trembling)
Brody...

Brody steps in front of Tressa. Puts himself directly between her and the bear. His hands are empty. No branch. No weapon. Nothing but himself.

His legs are shaking. His breath comes in short, shallow bursts. But he doesn't move.

BRODY
(to Tressa, steady as he
can manage)
Back away. Slowly. Don't run. Just
ease backward down the trail.

TRESSA
I'm not leaving you.

BRODY
Tressa. Please.

Tressa takes one step back. Then another.

Slasher ROARS. The sound is deafening -- it rattles the branches overhead and sends a flock of birds exploding from the canopy.

Brody flinches but holds his ground. He raises his arms above his head, making himself as large as he can. His voice cracks, but he forces the words out.

BRODY (CONT'D)
(shouting)
HEY! BACK OFF! GO ON!

Slasher drops to all fours. His massive head sways. He takes a step forward, then another. The raw meat scent is everywhere, and the bear is agitated, aggressive. Hungry.

Brody is out of ideas. He has nothing left. He squares his shoulders and braces for what's coming.

Then -- a SOUND from the ridge above. Not a ROAR. A BELLOW. Deep and furious and unmistakable.

GRIMSBY CHARGES down the slope on all fours. Not painted. Not pretending. No disguise, no scheme, no plan. Just a brown bear running full speed toward the most dangerous animal in the forest.

He is smaller than Slasher by a hundred pounds. He doesn't care.

Grimsby SLAMS into Slasher's flank at full speed. The impact sends both bears TUMBLING across the forest floor, crashing through underbrush, snapping saplings like matchsticks.

Brody grabs Tressa and pulls her behind a massive fallen log.

The two bears grapple in the dirt. Slasher, stunned by the ambush, recovers fast. He rises up and brings both paws down on Grimsby's back, driving him into the earth.

Grimsby twists free. He swipes at Slasher's face, catches him across the muzzle. Slasher recoils.

They circle each other. Grimsby is breathing hard, his fur matted with dirt and leaves. But his eyes are locked on Slasher with an intensity we have never seen from him before.

This is not the bear who couldn't touch his toes. This is not the bear who stole Chubba-Bubba Burgers. This is the bear Prince raised.

Slasher lunges. Grimsby meets him head-on.

They clash -- jaws snapping, paws striking. It is brutal and fast and terrifying.

Slasher rakes a devastating CLAW STRIKE across Grimsby's left shoulder. The blow tears through fur and flesh. Dark blood immediately soaks Grimsby's coat.

Grimsby STAGGERS. He drops to one knee.

BRODY (CONT'D)
 (from behind the log)
GRIMSBY!

But Grimsby isn't done. He rises. Blood streaming down his side, he draws himself up to his full height and lets out a ROAR that comes from somewhere deep and primal -- the ROAR of an animal that will not stop until the thing he loves is safe.

Slasher hesitates. For the first time, uncertainty flickers in his black eyes.

Grimsby takes one step forward. Then another.

Slasher backs up. The massive black bear drops to all fours, turns, and RETREATS into the darkness of the deep woods.

Gone.

Grimsby stands there for a moment, swaying. The blood from his shoulder wound flows freely, matting the fur of his left side dark and wet.

His legs buckle. He COLLAPSES to the forest floor with a tremendous THUD that shakes the ground.

BRODY (CONT'D)
GRIMSBY!

Brody vaults over the log and SPRINTS to the fallen bear. He drops to his knees beside him and presses his hands against the wound.

BRODY (CONT'D)
 (panicked)
 No, no, no. Grimsby! Stay with me!

GRIMSBY
 (weakly, managing a faint smile)
 Hey... Little Grim.

BRODY
 (tears streaming)
 You came.

GRIMSBY
 (labored)
 Told you I'd be there this time.

BRODY
 (voice breaking)
 You big, stupid bear.

GRIMSBY

(fading)
 Couldn't let anything happen to my
 'Little Grim'.

Grimsby WINCES. His eyes flutter. His massive paw finds Brody's hand and covers it.

GRIMSBY (CONT'D)

Or your girl.

Brody turns to Tressa, who stands frozen behind the log, tears cutting tracks through the dirt on her face.

BRODY

Tressa! Run to camp! Get Ranger
 Sumac! GET HELP! NOW!

Tressa nods. She wipes her eyes, turns, and SPRINTS through the trees toward the distant glow of the campfire.

Brody turns back to Grimsby. He takes the bear's enormous paw in both hands.

BRODY (CONT'D)

Help is coming. You're going to be
 okay.

GRIMSBY

(eyes closing)
 You know what, kid? You make a
 pretty good bear.

BRODY

(whispering)
 So do you, Grim. So do you.

Grimsby's breathing slows into a labored rhythm. Brody doesn't let go of his paw.

EXT. CAMP WANNARUNNAWAY - BONFIRE PIT - SAME TIME

The campfire crackles. Students sit on logs arranged in concentric half-circles. Marshmallows on sticks. A counselor strums a guitar.

Vance stands at the edge of the firelight, away from the group. He holds a folded piece of paper in his hands -- notes. Talking points Warren made him memorize.

A COUNSELOR calls out.

COUNSELOR

Hey Vance, you coming to join us?
S'mores are almost ready.

Vance looks at the paper. He looks at the fire. He looks at the faces of the campers -- kids laughing, talking, being kids. Some of them are talking about Brody. About how he fought off Slasher.

Vance crumples the paper in his fist.

He can't do it.

He tosses the paper into the fire and sits down on a log at the outer ring, staring at the flames.

Minutes pass.

Then -- TRESSA bursts from the tree line, gasping for breath, scratched from branches, tears streaming.

TRESSA

(screaming)

HELP! SOMEBODY HELP! PLEASE!

The campfire goes silent. Every head turns.

Ranger Sumac rises from his seat near the fire and strides toward her.

RANGER SUMAC

What happened? Where's the emergency?

TRESSA

(gasping)

Brody -- Grimsby -- in the north woods. Slasher attacked. Grimsby's hurt. He's hurt bad.

A ripple of shock moves through the crowd. Ranger Sumac's face goes hard.

RANGER SUMAC

Where exactly?

TRESSA

Deep in. Past the north ridge. I can show you --

Vance is on his feet. Something has broken open inside him. He pushes through the crowd toward Ranger Sumac.

VANCE

Ranger Sumac! Wait!

Sumac turns.

VANCE (CONT'D)

I know exactly where they are.
Warren -- Warren set the whole
thing up. He stole food from the
mess hall and left a scent trail
into Slasher's territory. He lured
Brody and Tressa out there on
purpose.

A stunned silence from the crowd. Vance's voice shakes but
doesn't stop.

VANCE (CONT'D)

He made me -- he wanted me to tell
everyone about the paint scheme.
About how the bear attack was
faked. But I couldn't -- I couldn't
do it. And now Brody and Grimsby
are out there because of us.
Because of me.

RANGER SUMAC

(grave)

Show me where.

VANCE

Follow the north trail past the big
boulder, then off-trail northwest.
There's a creek bed. Warren left
the food trail along the creek.
That's where they'll be.

Gladys pushes through the crowd, moving with military
efficiency.

GLADYS

I'm coming with you, Ranger.

RANGER SUMAC

But, Gladys --

GLADYS

I know these kids. I'm coming.

Ranger Sumac doesn't argue. He grabs his emergency kit from
beside the fire, keys already in hand.

RANGER SUMAC

(to the counselors)

Nobody leaves this campfire area. I want a head count. Now.

He turns to Vance.

RANGER SUMAC (CONT'D)

You ride with me.

Vance nods. For the first time all summer, he looks like he might be worth something.

EXT. DEEP FOREST - SLASHER'S TERRITORY - NIGHT

Brody kneels in the dirt beside Grimsby, both hands still wrapped around the bear's paw. Grimsby's breathing is shallow but steady. The wound on his shoulder has slowed its bleeding, but the fur on his entire left side is matted dark.

Moonlight filters through the canopy in pale shafts.

The distant RUMBLE of a Jeep engine. Headlights cutting through the trees.

The Jeep crashes through the underbrush and skids to a stop at the edge of the clearing. Ranger Sumac leaps out, flashlight blazing.

Gladys is right behind him, carrying a field kit, followed by Vance.

RANGER SUMAC

Brody!

BRODY

(not moving from Grimsby's side)

He's alive. The bleeding slowed down, but he took a bad hit. Claw strike to the shoulder.

Gladys drops to her knees beside Grimsby and opens her kit.

RANGER SUMAC

Gladys... do you know what you're doing?

GLADYS

I sure should. I was a canine unit medic in the Army - Special Forces. Two tours in the Middle East.

(MORE)

GLADYS (CONT'D)

To me, he's just like a really big dog.

She works fast -- examining the wound, applying pressure dressing, administering a sedative from a syringe.

GLADYS (CONT'D)

Deep laceration. Missed the artery. He's going to need stitches and antibiotics, but he's a tough fellow. He'll make it.

Brody exhales -- a breath he's been holding for what feels like an hour.

Ranger Sumac kneels beside Brody and puts a hand on his shoulder.

RANGER SUMAC

You did good, son. Your dad would have done the same thing. He'd be so proud of you.

BRODY

(quietly)
I know.

Ranger Sumac rises and pulls out a cell phone.

RANGER SUMAC

I'm calling the authorities. Those boys need to answer for this.

He steps away, phone to his ear, his voice low and precise. A man accustomed to making hard calls.

Ranger Sumac surveys the scene -- the scattered food, the scent trail, the claw marks gouged into the earth from the bear fight.

RANGER SUMAC (CONT'D)

(to Vance, quiet and serious)
You told me the truth tonight. That matters. But this could have gotten people killed.

VANCE

(head down)
I know, sir.

RANGER SUMAC

Where are Warren and Iggy now?

VANCE

They ran back toward the cabins
after they left Brody and Tressa
out here.

Ranger Sumac keys his walkie-talkie.

RANGER SUMAC

All counselors, this is Sumac. I
need Warren Tuckerman and Iggy
Dalton located and held at the main
office immediately.

EXT. CAMP WANNARUNNAWAY - MAIN PARKING AREA - LATER

Red and blue lights from a sheriff's vehicle wash across the
log cabins. Three sets of PARENTS stand in the gravel lot,
awakened by phone calls, looking stricken.

Warren stands apart, arms crossed, defiant but diminished.
His mother grips his arm, her face white with anger and
shame.

Iggy is crying. His father has his hand on the back of Iggy's
neck, guiding him toward a minivan.

A SHERIFF'S DEPUTY speaks quietly with Gladys and Ranger
Sumac, taking notes.

Brody stands near the Jeep, Tressa beside him. He reaches
into his jacket pocket and produces three cell phones.

BRODY

These belong to Warren, Vance, and
Iggy. There are photos and videos
of everything they've done. At
school and here at camp. All the
bullying. All of it.

The deputy takes the phones and nods.

SHERIFF'S DEPUTY

We'll take it from here, son.

Warren is led toward his parents' car. He passes within a few
feet of Brody. Their eyes meet. Warren opens his mouth to say
something -- then closes it. There is nothing left to say.

Vance stands by a separate car. His parents haven't arrived
yet. He looks small and alone.

Brody walks over to him.

A long beat. Then Brody extends his hand.

BRODY

You did the right thing tonight.

Vance stares at the offered hand. His eyes are red.

VANCE

I did a lot of wrong things for a long time before that.

BRODY

Yeah. You did.

A beat.

BRODY (CONT'D)

But tonight you did the right thing. You changed...and that's what counts.

Vance takes his hand. A firm shake. Brief but real.

Vance's parents' car pulls into the lot. He turns to go, then stops.

VANCE

Hey, Brody?

BRODY

Yeah?

VANCE

I hope your friend's gonna be okay.

BRODY

Me too.

Vance walks to his parents' car and gets in. The door closes. The car pulls away. Tressa takes Brody's hand.

TRESSA

That was a good thing you just did.

BRODY

Grimsby told me once -- the hardest thing in the world is standing up when everyone else is sitting down. Vance stood up tonight.

EXT. CAMP WANNARUNNAWAY - FLAGPOLE - THE NEXT MORNING

The entire camp -- students, faculty, staff, and animals -- has assembled around the central flagpole. The American flag snaps in the morning breeze. Dew still glistens on the grass.

Ranger Sumac stands on the elevated porch of his cabin, wearing his best pressed uniform and his signature oversized hat. Greta stands beside him, beaming.

Ranger Sumac holds a small, velvet-lined box.

RANGER SUMAC

(addressing the crowd)

In all my years running this camp, I have seen acts of kindness, moments of teamwork, and displays of sportsmanship that have made me proud. But what happened yesterday goes beyond all of that.

He opens the box, revealing a small, shining medal.

RANGER SUMAC (CONT'D)

The Camp Wannarunnaway Medal of Heroism has been awarded only three times in the history of this camp. Today, it will be awarded a fourth time.

He looks out over the crowd.

RANGER SUMAC (CONT'D)

Brody Bekas, would you step forward, please?

The crowd parts as Brody walks slowly to the front. He looks overwhelmed.

RANGER SUMAC (CONT'D)

Brody, through your extraordinary courage and selfless bravery, you placed yourself in harm's way to protect a fellow camper and a member of our wildlife family. You showed the kind of heroism that cannot be taught -- it can only come from within.

Ranger Sumac pins the medal on Brody's chest. The crowd ERUPTS in thunderous applause and cheers.

Tressa pushes to the front of the crowd. Without a word, she stands on her tiptoes and KISSES Brody on the cheek.

The crowd goes WILD. Students WHISTLE and CLAP. Even Gladys dabs at her eyes with her whistle lanyard.

GLADYS

(to herself)

Well, that's the sweetest thing
I've seen since my honeymoon.

Brody's cheeks flush. He looks down at the medal on his chest. Then he looks up and scans the crowd until his eyes find Grimsby.

There, at the back of the assembly, Grimsby sits on a large tree stump. His left arm is held in a sling fashioned from a camp bedsheet, the white fabric spotted with iodine stains. Orson sits loyally at his side. Grimsby looks tired, but his eyes are bright.

Brody walks through the crowd toward Grimsby. The onlookers step aside, sensing the weight of the moment.

Brody stops in front of the massive bear and looks up at him.

BRODY

This belongs to you.

Brody carefully unpins the medal from his own chest.

GRIMSBY

(shaking his head)

No way, kid. You earned that fair
and square.

BRODY

I already have a medal.

Brody reaches inside his shirt collar and pulls out a chain. On it hangs a small, worn military medal. His father's.

BRODY (CONT'D)

My dad earned his by protecting the
people he loved. Yesterday, you
earned yours the same way.

Brody reaches up and carefully pins the Camp Wannarunnaway Medal of Heroism onto Grimsby's sling. Grimsby WINCES.

GRIMSBY

(through a grimace)

Easy, easy. Be careful.

BRODY

Sorry.

GRIMSBY

(with a wry smile)

It's okay... I'm a bleeder.

The crowd LAUGHS, then erupts into another wave of applause -- but this time, it's all for Grimsby.

Grimsby looks down at the medal on his sling. He looks at Brody. His eyes glisten.

GRIMSBY (CONT'D)

(quietly, just for Brody)

Thank you, Little Grim.

BRODY

Thank you, Big Grim.

EXT. CAMP WANNARUNNAWAY - CENTRAL HUB - CONTINUOUS

Barry and the other bears who once mocked Grimsby approach. Barry extends his massive paw.

BARRY

(sincerely)

I owe you an apology, Grimsby. What you did took more guts than any of us have ever shown. You're a real bear. Always were.

The other bears nod in agreement. One by one, they step forward and place their paws on Grimsby's good shoulder -- a silent show of brotherhood and respect.

GRIMSBY

(moved, trying to hide it)

Well... don't let it go to your heads. I didn't do it for the fan club.

ORSON

(to the crowd)

That's Grimsby-talk for "thank you."

Laughter, warm and genuine, ripples through the group.

EXT. THE CAMP MESS HALL - MOMENTS LATER

Greta STRIDES from the mess hall carrying the largest platter of food ever assembled at Camp Wannarunnaway.

It is a mountain -- sausages, eggs, pancakes, bacon, more bacon, pastries, fruit, and what appears to be an entire roasted ham.

She places it before Grimsby with the care of someone presenting a tribute to a king.

GRETA

For our hero. A proper meal. Ranger Sumac's orders. You eat WHATEVER you want, WHENEVER you want, until you are completely recovered.

Grimsby stares at the platter. His eyes go wide. Then wider. Then impossibly wide.

GRIMSBY

(barely a whisper)
All of this... is for me?

GRETA

Every last morsel, mein lieber.

Grimsby reaches for a strip of bacon. He holds it up reverently, examines it, and takes a long, savoring bite.

GRIMSBY

(eyes closed in pure bliss)
Hickory smoked. My favorite.
Looks like my dumpster-diving days are done.

Ranger Sumac approaches. He pulls a folded piece of paper from his shirt pocket and unfolds it.

RANGER SUMAC

Oh, Grimsby. Before you get too comfortable.

Grimsby freezes, a sausage link dangling from his jaws.

RANGER SUMAC (CONT'D)

(reading)
Twelve Double Chubba-Bubba Bacon Cheese Burgers. Eight large fries. Four large orders of onion rings. Six Holy Guacamole Nacho Supremos. Seven meatball hoagies. Four large sausage platters. Eight grilled cheese. Ten fish sandwiches. Forty hot apple pies. Twelve large Cokes, half diet with light ice.

He looks up from the paper.

RANGER SUMAC (CONT'D)

Four hundred and twenty-one
dollars. And eighty-eight cents. On
my personal credit card.

A very long pause.

GRIMSBY

(swallowing hard)

In my defense... there was a BOGO
on the apple pies.

RANGER SUMAC

(fighting a smile)

Yes. I noticed.

Ranger Sumac looks at Grimsby -- at his sling, at the medal
pinned to it, at the bear who nearly died protecting a child.

Slowly, deliberately, Ranger Sumac TEARS the paper in half.
Then in quarters. He tosses the pieces into the air like
confetti.

RANGER SUMAC (CONT'D)

(warmly)

Consider it settled, Grimsby.
Heroes eat free at Camp
Wannarunnaway.

Grimsby's jaw drops. Then a huge, sloppy, emotional GRIN
spreads across his face.

GRIMSBY

Ranger... I don't know what to say.

RANGER SUMAC

Then don't say anything. Just eat
your breakfast. You've earned it.

Ranger Sumac pats Grimsby gently on his good shoulder and
walks back toward the crowd.

EXT. CAMP WANNARUNNAWAY - MAIN PARKING AREA - AFTERNOON

A familiar well-worn minivan pulls into the gravel lot. The
engine ticks and settles.

LORI steps out. She's wearing sunglasses, but it's clear
she's been anxious -- a mother who got a phone call no parent
wants to get, followed by a second call that said everything
was okay.

She scans the camp. And then she sees him.

Brody stands near the flagpole with a group of kids. Tressa is beside him. Two campers are re-enacting something -- probably the bear fight -- with wild, exaggerated gestures. Brody is LAUGHING. Really laughing. The kind of full, open, unguarded laugh she hasn't heard since before the funeral.

Lori takes off her sunglasses. Her eyes fill.

She doesn't call out. She doesn't rush over. She just stands there by the minivan and watches her son be happy.

Brody spots her. He says something to Tressa, then jogs across the lot.

BRODY

Mom!

He throws his arms around her. Not the stiff, obligatory hug of a kid being dropped off. A real hug. She holds him tight.

LORI

(voice thick)

Look at you.

She holds him at arm's length, studying his face. The bandage on his arm. The confidence in his posture. The light in his eyes.

LORI (CONT'D)

You look... different.

BRODY

Good different?

LORI

(smiling through tears)

The best different.

Brody takes her hand and pulls her toward the group.

BRODY

Come on. There's someone I want you to meet.

EXT. REFLECTION ROCK NEAR THE LAKE - LATE AFTERNOON

The late afternoon sun paints the lake in shades of gold and amber. A gentle breeze carries the sounds of the camp behind them -- laughter, a distant harmonica, the happy chaos of a final day.

Brody sits on Reflection Rock. Tressa sits beside him, their shoulders touching.

Behind them, Grimsby leans against a nearby tree, his left arm in the sling, the medal still pinned to it, catching the light. Orson sits at his feet, contentedly working through an apple.

A long, peaceful silence.

GRIMSBY

Hey, kid?

BRODY

Yeah?

GRIMSBY

Your dad would've been really proud of you.

Brody doesn't say anything. He doesn't need to. He reaches up and touches the military medal hanging around his neck.

Tressa takes his hand.

From the distant sky, a lone eagle SOARS over the lake, its wings catching the golden light. It climbs higher and higher, banking over the mountains.

The view widens -- revealing the full, magnificent expanse of Camp Wannarunnaway nestled in its valley of green. The mountains rise beyond. The lake glitters. Cabins dot the clearings. The flagpole stands tall at the center of it all.

GRIMSBY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

(contentedly)

Hey, Orson? You gonna finish that apple?

ORSON (O.S.)

(sighing)

There's a shock.

FADE TO BLACK.