

Segment 07 – “On Wal-Mart Time”

SCRIPT DRAFT #3

Word count: 644 words

When a long weekend rolls around, Yukoners have one thing on their minds...

[CLIP: “On Yukon Time”?]

That’s right, we answer the call of a government-commissioned tourism song.

In droves, we pack up our cars, make a beeline to Alaska, and enjoy life at the more relaxing pace known as “Yukon time.”

So, when Mark and I found ourselves spouse-less on the long weekend, we did what any two red-blooded heterosexual Yukon men would do:

We went camping. *Together.*

[CLIP: Jesse arrives at Mark’s house]

Maybe it was the high price of gas. Maybe it was our general laziness. Or maybe we’re just true Yukon patriots. Whatever the reason, we’d decided to swim against the tide of Yukoners headed to the coast and, instead, try a popular spot closer to home.

[CLIP: Doors closing, car starting, tunes come on]

With the stereo cranked, windows down, and the breeze blowing in Mark’s hair, we hit the road and time flew right by.

[CLIP: same song playing in car, Jesse and Mark talk about picking a campsite “Over by the river” etc]

[CLIP: setting up camp, unzipping etc]

Despite a few challenges getting the pegs in, we soon had our tent and canvas chairs set up.

Close to the river, with a view of the mountains, this was a picture-perfect campsite – but wouldn't you know it? The batteries in Mark's camera ran out of juice.

Well, that was no problem.

As countless RVers across North America already know, there are many of advantages to staying in a Wal-Mart parking lot.

[CLIP: Carts smashing, till noises etc...
"Where do you think they keep the batteries?" Jesse asks]

Not only is camping at Wal-Mart free, but in a pinch, you can pick up a jumbo pack of Duracells at everyday low prices. And for a couple of Yukoners with no fishing gear, the frozen food aisle was a Captain Highliner dream come true.

We were feeling pretty good about our choice of camp site when we left Wal-Mart and walked back to our tent. That's when we saw our first sign of trouble. No, it wasn't a bear mauling our cooler – it was a *real* sign explaining the rules for RV camping in the Wal-Mart parking lot. It made us wonder how welcome tent campers would be.

At first, this wasn't a huge concern. The truth is, we'd been wondering if camping at Wal-Mart would make a funner radio story than an actual experience.

But when we returned to our campsite, a strange thing happened. The sun came out, we cracked a couple of cold beverages, and met some of our fellow campers.

We actually started to enjoy ourselves.
Seriously.

The only potential problem was the lack of, uhm, facilities. With nary a bush in sight, and Wal-Mart closing at 10, we briefly considered a pit toilet.

[CLIP: digging]

We were still trying to figure that one out when, no big surprise, our long weekend plans came crashing down. Out of nowhere, a Wal-Mart "parking lot ranger" suddenly appeared and asked us, politely, to leave. Turns out, they definitely DON'T like tents – at least ones without self-contained plumbing systems.

As we tore our camp down, Mark and I pined for all the things we suddenly wouldn't get to do. No, we wouldn't be rising early the next morning to hike the Chilkoot-Centre—where the people at Starbucks promised they could serve us cowboy coffee. We wouldn't be shrimping in the ocean of packaged food at M&M Meats. And, sadly, we wouldn't be experiencing the Yukon's number 1 "larger than life" attraction—the new Canadian Tire store.

On the upside, unlike a lot of Yukoners who get kicked out of campgrounds, we weren't too far from home. And, at the exit of *this* campground, there was a video store where we not only found the perfect Robin Williams rental, but a sympathetic ear.

[CLIP: feces]

As we watched Wal-Mart fade in the rearview mirror, we realized that camping in a parking lot isn't too much different than the real thing. You've got your lawn chairs, cooler full of drinks, the sun and fresh air, and a surprisingly relaxing atmosphere.

So for your next camping weekend, don't make the same mistake as Mark and I. Get an RV and go the short distance. With the right gear, you'll be at Wal-Mart lounging on Yukon time, not borrowed time. But don't blame us when you come home smelling like hot asphalt and diesel exhaust.

That's the price you pay...

Segment 07 – “On Wal-Mart Time”

SCRIPT DRAFT #2

Word count: 667 words

When a long weekend rolls around, Yukoners usually have one thing on their minds....

[CLIP: “On Yukon Time”?]

That’s right, we answer the call of a government-commissioned tourism song.

In droves, we pack up our cars, make a beeline to the coast, and enjoy life at the slower, more relaxing pace known as “Yukon time.”

So, when Mark and I found ourselves spouse-less on the long weekend, we did what any two red-blooded heterosexual Yukon men would do:

We went camping. *Together.*

[CLIP: Jesse arrives at Mark’s house]

Maybe it was the high price of gas. Maybe it was our general laziness. Or maybe we’re just true Yukon patriots. Whatever the reason, we’d decided to swim against the tide of people headed to Skagway and Haines and, instead, try a popular spot closer to home.

After a mandatory stop at the Whitehorse Liquor Store, we hit the open road.

[CLIP: Doors closing, car starting, tunes come on]

With the stereo cranked, windows down, and breeze blowing in Mark’s hair, time flew by. Before we knew it, we were there.

[CLIP: same song playing in car, Jesse and Mark talk about picking a campsite "Over by the river" etc]

As luck would have it, this secluded little site also offered a great view of the mountains.

[CLIP: setting up camp, unzipping etc]

Despite a few challenges getting the pegs in, we soon had our tent set up.

Unfolding a couple of canvas chairs we were finally ready to relax.

It was a picture-perfect campsite – but wouldn't you know it? The batteries in Mark's camera ran out of juice.

Well, that was no problem.

There are A LOT of advantages to camping where we did, as batteries and just about everything else was just a short walk away.

[CLIP: Carts smashing, till noises etc... "Where do you think they keep the batteries?" Jesse asks]

Not only is camping at Wal-Mart free, but in a pinch, you can also pick up a jumbo pack of Duracells at everyday low prices. And for a couple of Yukoners with no fishing gear, the frozen food aisle was a Captain Highliner dream come true.

We were feeling pretty good about our choice of camp site when we left Wal-Mart and walked back to our tent. That's when we saw our first sign of trouble. No, it wasn't a bear mauling our cooler – it was a *real* sign and it made us wonder how welcome tent campers would be in the Wal-Mart parking lot.

OK, disclosure moment: honestly, we didn't really want to camp in a parking lot. Before we came, we tried to find a way that we could write this story without actually having to stay here. But you know what? Everything started to change.

[if not using disclosure]

Starting to feel doubts about actually going through with this,

We returned to our campsite and a strange thing happened. The sun came out, we cracked a couple of cold beverages and met some of our fellow campers from a nearby RV.

We started to enjoy ourselves. *Seriously.*

The only potential problem was the lack of, uhm, facilities. With nary a bush in sight, and Wal-Mart closing at 10, we briefly considered a pit toilet.

[CLIP: digging]

We were still trying to figure that problem out when our long weekend plans came crashing down. Out of nowhere, a Wal-Mart park ranger suddenly appeared and asked us, politely, to leave. Turns out, they don't like tents in their parking lots – at least ones without self-contained plumbing systems.

As we tore our camp down, Mark and I pined for all the things we wouldn't get to do. No, we wouldn't be getting up early the next morning to hike the Chilkoote-Centre where the people at Starbucks promised they could serve us cowboy coffee. We wouldn't be shrimping in the ocean of packaged food at M&M Meats. And, sadly, we wouldn't be experiencing the Yukon's

number 1 "larger than life" attraction—the new Canadian Tire store.

On the upside, unlike a lot of Yukoners who get kicked out of campgrounds, we weren't too far from home. And, at the exit of *this* campground, there was a video store where we not only found the perfect Robin Williams rental, but also a sympathetic ear to our lack of an RV with plumbing.

[CLIP: feces]

Camping in an urban parking lot didn't seem too much different than the real thing. You've still got your lawn chairs, cooler full of drinks, the sun and fresh air, and a relaxing atmosphere.

So for your next camping weekend, get an RV and go the short distance. Had we not been kicked out of our sweet spot, we'd still be lounging outside, smelling like exhaust fumes.

Segment 07 – “On Wal-Mart Time”

SCRIPT OUTLINE

Word count: 667 words

When a long weekend rolls around, Yukoners usually have one thing on their minds....

[CLIP: “On Yukon Time”?]

Yes, we answer the call of... a government-commissioned tourism theme song. In droves, we pack up our cars, make a beeline to southeast Alaska, and enjoy life at the slower, more relaxing pace known as “Yukon time.”

So, when Mark and I found ourselves spouse-less on the long weekend, we did what any two red-blooded heterosexual Yukon men would do:

We went camping. *Together.*

[CLIP: Jesse arrives at Mark’s house]

Maybe it was the high price of gas. Maybe it was our general laziness. Or maybe we’re just true Yukon patriots. Whatever the reason, we’d decided to swim against the tide of people headed to Skagway and Haines and, instead, try a popular spot closer to home.

After a mandatory stop at the Whitehorse Liquor Store, we hit the open road....

[CLIP: Doors closing, car starting, tunes come on]

With the stereo cranked, windows down, and breeze blowing in Mark’s hair, time flew by. Before we knew it, we were there....

[CLIP: same song playing in car, Jesse and Mark talk about picking a campsite “Over by the river” etc]

As luck would have it, this secluded little site also offered a great view of the mountains.

[CLIP: setting up camp, unzipping etc]

Despite a few challenges getting the pegs in, we soon had our tent set up. Add a couple of canvas chairs and this was a picture-perfect campsite—but wouldn’t you know it? The batteries in Mark’s camera ran out of juice.

No problem.

There are A LOT of advantages to camping in a Wal-Mart parking lot, as countless RVers across North America have already discovered.

[CLIP: Carts smashing, till noises etc... “Where do you think they keep the batteries?” Jesse asks]

Not only is it free, but in a pinch, you can pick up a jumbo pack of Duracells at everyday low prices. And for a couple of Yukoners with no fishing gear, the frozen food aisle was a Captain Highliner dream come true...

We were feeling pretty good about our choice of camping destination when we left Wal-Mart and walked back to our site. That's when we saw our first sign of trouble. No, it wasn't a bear mauling our cooler—it was a *real* sign and it made us wonder how welcome tent campers would be in the Wal-Mart parking lot.

Disclosure moment: Truth be told, we were kind of relieved... this could get us off the hook...

Returned to our campsite, took a few pictures, wait to see what happened.... Then a strange thing happened. The sun came out, we cracked a few ice cold beverages, met some of our fellow campers from a nearby RV and we started to enjoy ourselves. *Really*. We made a quick run home to get a frisbee and invite some friends for a night-cap, then we were ready to settle in for the night.

Admittedly, the lack of, uhm, facilities was a potential problem. With nary a bush in sight, and Wal-Mart closing at 10, we briefly considered a pit toilet.

[CLIP: digging]

We hadn't really figured that problem out when our long weekend plans came crashing down. Out of nowhere, a Wal-Mart park ranger suddenly appeared and asked us, politely, to leave before the police showed up. Turns out, they don't like tents in their parking lots—at least ones without self-contained plumbing systems.

As we tore our camp down, Mark and I pined for all the things we wouldn't get to do. No, we wouldn't be getting up early the next morning to hike the Chilkoot—*Centre*, not Trail—where the people at Starbucks promised they could serve us cowboy coffee. We wouldn't be shrimping in the ocean of packaged food at M&M Meats. And, sadly, we wouldn't be experiencing the Yukon's number 1 "larger than life" attraction—the new Canadian Tire store.

On the upside, unlike a lot of Yukoners who get kicked out of campgrounds, we weren't too far from home. And, at the exit of *this* campground, there was a video store where we not only found the perfect Robin Williams rental, but a sympathetic ear....

[CLIP: feces]

CONCLUSION....WHAT WE LEARNED ETC.