

DEAD OF SUMMER

"Like A Prayer"

Pilot

Written by

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Revised Network Draft - STARRED

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Kitsis/Horowitz

DEAD OF SUMMER
#101
"Like A Prayer"

ACT ONE

TITLE: "LAKE CLEARWATER, WISCONSIN."

EXT. LAKE CLEARWATER - NIGHT

We're CLOSE on WATER. Calm. Gently lapping up to the shore. Peaceful. A light SNOW falls from the sky. PULL BACK TO --

THE LAKEFRONT. Empty. Desolate. Just a half-dozen WOOD CABINS. Out of the treeline we hear RUSTLING. The branches sway, leaves tremble until a FIGURE breaks through. Sweat on his brow. Nervous. Clad in 19th century garb, and wearing a bronze BADGE, he carries a RIFLE. Another TITLE appears --

"Winter, 1871"

And now we see a DOZEN MORE MEN follow him. A rag tag group, this is a POSSE. All in American Gothic-esque clothing, hauling pistols and rifles. They're on a MISSION. Following the sheriff out of the trees and into the clearing.

SILENCE. Eerie QUIET. The SHERIFF waves at the cabins. It's a RAID. The men aim their weapons and burst through the camp and knock down the doors of the first cabin. QUICK CUTS -- inside each cabin as they break in. They're deserted. But inside are fucking creepy items. OUIJA BOARDS. SEANCE ROOMS. CANDLES BURNING.

All we hear throughout this is the WIND WHISTLING and the HEAVY BREATHING of the men. Something UNHOLY was going on here. And what's creepier is -- the place is DESERTED.

The POSSE REGROUPS and approach the last CABIN. As they stalk toward it -- we hear a haunting HYMN played on a PIANO coming from inside the cabin. As they get closer, one of the men sees something BEYOND the CABIN. He calls out --

POSSE LEADER/SHERIFF

The lake!

He signals to the group to break apart. Half head toward the lake, the other half toward the cabin where the music is coming from. NOW WE INTERCUT... As the first group reaches the lake... The others reach the cabin...

At the LAKE. We PUSH IN on the HORRIFIED FACES of the men. They're seeing something terrifying.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

At the CABIN, the Sheriff kicks in the DOOR...

Back at the lake, one of the men CROSSES HIMSELF as we ARM AROUND TO SEE...

The calm waters are littered with DOZENS of DEAD BODIES. It's a fucking 19th century Jonestown here. A massacre.

They're all DROWNED. FACEDOWN in the lake. Wearing WHITE GOWNS. It looks like some kind of fucked up religious cult. *

INT. CABIN - SAME

The men burst in. It's empty except for a PIANO. And sitting there, calmly playing the HYMN is a tall, thin, pale man in his fifties with BLINDING WHITE HAIR (let's call him THE TALL MAN). He doesn't react to their entrance and just keeps playing the haunting melody. The posse rushes him -- *

MEN OF THE POSSE
GET UP! MOVE! MOVE!

He doesn't flinch. The MUSIC RISES, drowning out the yelling and shouting of the men as --

ON THE LAKEFRONT. The water in the lake starts to BOIL -- small RED BUBBLES pop up. And then -- *

-- the bodies in the white gowns RISE from the dead. First one. Then another. Then another. The MEN in the Posse FIRE their rifles at the figures in the lake. But the bullets go right through them. *

BACK IN THE CABIN. THE TALL MAN just keeps playing, even as the men grab him. PUSH IN on his long gnarled fingers working the keys as the music CONTINUES. *

EXT. CABIN - SAME

We're wide on the lake where the white-gowned bodies walk slowly out of the water toward the posse on shore. WE SLOWLY PAN AROUND, the music DROWNING OUT EVERYTHING as -- suddenly we GO TO BLACK and the HYMN fades into a more modern song... *

... Madonna's "Like A Prayer" And we FADE BACK UP on the SAME LAKE. Only now it's DAY. *

EXT. CAMP CLEARWATER - LAKEFRONT - **PRESENT**

We're still in that 360 degree shot as MADONNA blares and we see... the wood cabins remain. But the place has been built up. Now there are canoes, row boats... a dock. We're at a SUMMER CAMP. PAN TO SEE -- CABINS. A MESS HALL. *

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TACK. TACK. TACK. CLOSE on a brand new WOODEN SIGN being hung above the GATES -- "CAMP CLEARWATER." Pull back to REVEAL -- DAVE, a wild-eyed handyman in his 50s, hammering up the sign. Off to the side, a beautiful WOMAN in her 40s looks on, admiring the new sign. She SMILES.

TITLE: "SUMMER, 1989"

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL PARKING LOT - DAY

An empty parking lot/drop-off spot. In the middle of the lot, we settle on a lone GIRL. Waiting. Pretty, but troubled-looking. This is AMY. 18. She looks like she stepped off Mt. Everest. Hiking boots. Bandana. Canteen on her belt. She holds a jangly BRACELET (80s-Madonna-ish). As she turns it over in her hand, nervously fidgeting with it --

We PULL BACK. Into a different POV. The grainy lens of an 80s VIDEO CAMERA. The figure holding the camera moves toward Amy, creeping up on her from behind. Amy turns to see --

JOEL (O.S.)

Gotcha!

-- JOEL, 18, African-American, recording her with his HANDYCAM. On his T-shirt: Alfred Hitchcock.

JOEL (CONT'D)

Sorry, couldn't resist. I'm Joel.

AMY

Amy.

JOEL

Don't remember you... Which years did you go to Clearwater, Amy?

AMY

Um... this'll be my first --

ALEX (O.S.)

Hey Spielberg!

ALEX FALK and JASON "BLOTTER" COHEN, both 19, approach. Alex is the classic John Hughes villain. Slicked back hair, polo shirt, perfectly pressed chinos. Blotter's the opposite. He's a Spicoli-esque stoner, dressed in TIE-DYE. Drinking Kool-Aid from a BABY BOTTLE.

ALEX (CONT'D)

(re: Blotter)

Look who I bumped into in 7/11.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BLOTTER *
 Cabin ten back together, bro! *
 Gonna be sick! *

JOEL *
 ...Jason? *

ALEX *
 Apparently, it's Blotter now. Our *
 Dungeonmaster discovered *ganja* in *
 high school -- *

BLOTTER *
 And clearly Alex discovered Paco *
 Rabanne. *

ALEX *
 What's with the camera, Joel-y? *

JOEL *
 New camp director called me. Asked *
 if I'd make a promo video to sell *
 the re-opening of camp. Figure if *
 it turns out well, I can use it for *
 my application to Tisch -- *

ALEX *
 (to Amy; flirty) *
 And who might you be? *

Before Amy can answer, we hear a VOICE singing Mungo Jerry -- *

BLAIR (O.S.) *
In the summertime... when the *
weather is high... *

BLAIR RAYMER and CAROLINA DIAZ get dropped off. People call *
 Carolina "Cricket" because she likes to chirp. She's snarky *
 as hell. Blair's artsy, openly gay, in a SMITHS t-shirt. *

ALEX *
 Six short years, Blair's gone from *
 gay to super gay. *

BLAIR *
 If you want to kiss me, just ask. *

CRICKET *
 Everyone, guard your picnic *
 baskets. This is not a drill. *

ALEX *
 Ah, Cricket. Chirpy as ever. *

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CRICKET *
 Yogi Bear. We're going to camp, *
 not Yellowstone. *

Amy realizes Cricket's making fun of her outfit. *

AMY *
 Right. Overdressed. *
 (removes her pack) *
 Also, Yogi was at Jellystone. Not *
 Yellowstone. That's a real place. *

CRICKET *
 New girl's got spunk. I like it. *

HONKHONK. The moment's broken as the Camp Clearwater BUS *
 pulls into the lot. The DRIVER throws open the doors -- *

BUS DRIVER *
 Who's going to Camp?!? *

Just then, a CORVETTE screeches into the parking lot. A *
 DOUCHEY GUY in Ray-Bans driving. In the passenger seat -- a *
 STUNNINGLY HOT GIRL, JESSIE TYLER, 21, African-American. *

JOEL *
 Is that... Jessie Tyler? *

ALEX *
 Some things do improve with age. *

The douchey guy tries to kiss Jessie, but she blows him off, *
 grabs her DUFFEL BAG, heads toward the bus. *

JESSIE *
 The gang's all here. How cute. *

JOEL *
 Is that your boyfriend? *

JESSIE *
 Not anymore. *
 (points at luggage) *
 This suitcase is not gonna put *
 itself on the bus. *

As the guys eagerly help her. Everyone is bursting with *
 excitement of a new summer and all that lies ahead -- *

INT. CAMP BUS - MOMENTS LATER *

The bus zooms down a back road. INSIDE: Cricket, and Jessie *
 sit together in one row; Blair, Alex and Blotter in another. *

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BLOTTER

Whoever thought we'd be counselors?
 (re: himself and Alex)
 Cabin ten, back again!
 (re: Cricket and Jessie)
 Cabin six, in the mix!

Up ahead, we glimpse the GATES to CAMP CLEARWATER. As the bus drives past the brand new sign -- they SING --

BLOTTER (CONT'D)

*Riise and shine, the water's
 feeling fine at...*

All the other counselors JOIN IN. Except Jessie, who's more interested in checking out her reflection in the mirror.

COUNSELORS

*... Caamp Clearwater. Take it
 from me, you can be who you want to
 be at Caaamp Clearwaaaterrrr...*

ON AMY, in a row by herself. Feeling awkward. Out of place.

EXT. CAMP CLEARWATER - LAKEFRONT - DAY

WHOOSH. The bus doors open and the counselors pile out. Amy takes in the camp, a bit overwhelmed by it all --

ALEX

Hey, New Girl, don't worry. I came here every summer when I was a kid. I know every nook and cranny of this place. I can give you the lay of the land, if you'd like...

As Amy processes, Cricket watches. Is that jealousy?

VOICE (O.S.)

Morning, counselors!

At the FLAGPOLE stands camp director DEBORAH "DEB" ROBINSON, 40s. Sexy. (And the woman we previously saw admiring the sign.) She exudes authority, but has a kindness about her.

DEB

So glad you all made it! Did you see the new sign when you drove in?

She stops short as a SURLY GUY walks up, SMOKING a cigarette. With stringy punk Kurt Cobain hair and an I don't give a fuck attitude. In flannel, jeans and Doc Martens. WALKMAN around his neck. This is DREW GODDARD.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DEB (CONT'D)

Ah. You must be Drew.

DREW

I missed the bus.

DEB

Oh, well, welcome. And, I'm sorry,
you can't smoke here.

Drew takes one last drag. Drops the butt and stamps it out.
Blair eyes Drew. Thinks he's hot. As Deb resumes --

DEB (CONT'D)

Okay. So, I'm Deborah Robinson.
The new camp director. But you
guys can call me Deb. Now, I know
most of you came to Clearwater as
campers before it closed down in
'84. So you all know how special
this place is. And for the rest of
you... you'll learn soon.

(becomes emotional)

You know, I was a camper here when
I was a little girl. Then a
counselor. And now? Now it's my
camp. I sunk everything I had into
reopening this place, and I want to
make sure it's as special for
everyone else as it was for me.
This place... you find who you are
here. You can be who you want to
be here. So get ready for what I
promise will be the best summer ev--

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SNAP! A LOUD CRACK cuts her off. And then a SQUEAL.
Everyone looks over to see -- a RAT TRAP has snapped close at
the edge of woods. A poor little mouse is squealing in pain.

AMY

Oh no... poor thing...

Amy walks over. She opens the trap. Frees the mouse.

VOICE (O.S.)

The hell you doing?!?

Ambling up is DAVE, the fifty-ish GARDENER who we saw hanging
the sign. Wild eyed, off-kilter, PISSED... And maybe drunk.

*
*

DAVE

That was my trap! These are my
grounds! Stay the hell outta --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BLOTTER

Whoa, you rehired Dave? Really is
just like old times!

*
*
*

Dave grumbles and heads off. Deb smiles at Amy.

DEB

He's serious about his job.

*

CRICKET

You mean drunk. He's like a
walking bottle of Chivas.

Deb forces a smile. Can't deny that. AMY watches the mouse
scurry off. When Jessie eyes her --

JESSIE

That thing better not wind up in my
clothes.

Amy is like a deer in headlights. Deb clears her throat --

DEB

Okay, in just a few short days, we
open the gates and the campers
arrive. So get settled in, we've
got a lot of work to do!

*
*
*
*
*

ON JOEL. His stare lingers on Deb receding. SMITTEN.

*

ALEX

Keep dreaming, man.

Joel plays it off and walks away. ON DEB. She passes Amy.
Sees her standing alone, rattled.

*

DEB

You know, you really don't have to
worry about a thing. You're going
to have a great time.

AMY

... yeah.

DEB

Hey, look, I know how it is...
first days are always hard.

Amy nods. And off that, we PUSH IN on her... and go to --

EXT. HUNTER HIGH SCHOOL - DAY - **FLASHBACK**

Kids file in to this suburban high school as we PULL BACK TO -

INT. VOLVO STATION WAGON - THAT MOMENT - **FLASHBACK**

Amy sits, dread on her face. In the driver's seat is an OLDER WOMAN whom we assume is her MOTHER. She looks STERN --

OLDER WOMAN

Here's the key to first days, Amy.
Fit in. Find a way. You'll be
happier.

AMY

You always say that. This isn't
exactly my first first.

OLDER WOMAN

I just want you to succeed this
time. *

AMY

I will.

As Amy exits the car and heads toward the school, we --

INT. HUNTER HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY - SAME - **FLASHBACK**

ON AMY. CLASS SCHEDULE in hand. Totally lost. And every
person seems oblivious to her. *

VOICE (O.S.)

Where you trying to go? *

Amy turns to see -- a CHUBBY GIRL with braces, "I find your
lack of faith disturbing" written on her shirt. This is MEL. *

AMY

Chem lab? *

MEL

You're in my class. Come on. *

She leads her down the hall and we UPCUT TO -- *

INT. HUNTER HIGH SCHOOL - SCIENCE CLASSROOM - DAY - **FLASHBACK** *

ON AMY. Sitting next to Mel. A TEACHER DRONES ON at the
front of the classroom. MR. LUPUS. *

MR. LUPUS

Half of you are getting a slip of
paper. On each slip is a name.
That will be your lab partner for
the rest of the semester -- *

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

As he hands out paper after paper, Mel whispers quietly --

MEL

Starting a new school in the middle
of Senior Year? That's some bad
luck.

AMY

My family... our situation
changed... I had to move.

MEL

Well, Hunter High's a lot like
Vietnam. You just have to get out
alive.

Mr. Lupus drops a slip of paper in front of Amy. She opens
it. It reads "MARGOT FORD." Shows it to Mel.

MEL (CONT'D)

Oh boy.

AMY

Is she... not nice? Maybe we can
be friends...

Mel gestures to a lab table across the room where Amy sees --
MARGOT FORD. Assured. Poised. Everything Amy isn't.

MEL

Aim lower.

MR. LUPUS

Now please go introduce yourselves.

MEL

Vietnam.

Amy shuffles nervously across the room to Margot.

AMY

So... uh... I got you...

Margot looks at the paper. She did indeed. An annoying
girl, KRISSEY, walks up.

KRISSEY (O.S.)

Um, let's switch. I got some girl
whose name I don't even want to
know. Kinda like you.

Krissy nods over at MEL sitting on the other side of the
room. Amy is once again a deer in headlights, when --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MR. LUPUS

No switching. I made these assignments random because, all due respect, I don't trust any of you kids to do your work with your friends.

Krissy sneers, walks back to Mel.

KRISSY

See ya later, new girl. Love those ill fitting Jordaches, by the way.

Alone, Amy laughs nervously as she sits with Margot.

AMY

Well I guess that means we're not friends.

(looks at their LAB SHEET)

So, uh, these experiments look pretty basic. We just need some good ol' H2O...

(off Margot's misery)

That's water.

MARGOT

I know what water is.

Amy starts filling beakers with water.

AMY

Of course you do. So at my last school, my teacher made us dissect frogs. But I couldn't do it. I actually opened the window and let mine go. Like Elliot in *E.T.*

(off Margot's blank look)

You know, *E.T.* -- "phone home..."

MARGOT

Actually that was a different scene. In the lab, Elliot said "run for your life! Back to the river, back to the forest!"

Margot smiles. Amy is stunned. An unexpected bonding moment. Holy fuck, she's making headway. She's so stunned, in fact, she doesn't notice that the beaker she's holding under the faucet is now RUNNING OVER. The water spills out.

Amy is startled and drops the beaker. It falls and SMASHES! Water flies everywhere. Spraying all over her shirt. Everyone in class laughs. OFF A HUMILIATED AMY, MATCH TO --

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT - PRESENT DAY

-- AMY. Looking unsure. HER POV. She's staring at a BONFIRE. All the counselors are laughing and partying. ON AMY. She looks at her bandana. She undoes it. Throws it down and walks over. Tries to settle into the group --

CRICKET

How's it going L.L. Bean? Find your way back from Jellystone? How was old faithful?

Amy takes the ribbing in stride. Smiles.

AMY

Jellystone was fake. Old faithful was at Yellowstone. Am I gonna have to keep doing this?

Cricket smiles -- this is good-natured ribbing. Blair offers the COOLER --

BLAIR

Strohs or Bartles and James?

AMY

Either way.

Blair tosses her B&J. Amy opens it, doesn't drink just yet.

BLOTTER

Wine coolers, really? Yo, check this out... I got a townie connection that is the real deal. (lights a JOINT; puffs)
This is sick.

*

*

CRICKET

Still can't wrap my head around you being a stoner.

*

BLAIR

Awww, Cricket, your little D&D partner's all grown up...

*

*

That's when DREW walks up. Everyone looks at him. Without a word, he reaches in the cooler, grabs a BUD. Cracks it open. Lifts it in a silent "cheers." Then turns and leaves.

*

*

*

ON BLAIR. Smitten. Watching Drew disappear into the night.

Jessie offers the joint to Cricket. Who is no longer paying attention. Head buried in an issue of ROLLING STONE.

*

*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JESSIE
Cricket? Cricket?

CRICKET
(looks up from magazine)
You guys ever hear of Alfonso
Constanzo?

*
*

ALEX
Doesn't he play first base for the
Mets?

CRICKET
He's a serial killer. He's killed
two dozen people. And he's on
trial right now. So no, he doesn't
play first base for the Mets.

ALEX
Too bad, sounds like they could use
someone with his dedication to
craft.

CRICKET
It says he's murdered all his
victims in a satanic ritualistic
fashion. He also conducted animal
sacrifices and raided graveyards
for human bones.
(closes the magazine)
My mom thinks there are Satanists
living on our block back home. She
says they're everywhere and we
don't even know it. Practicing
witchcraft. Summoning the dead --

*
*

BLAIR
You been watching too much Geraldo.

*

CRICKET
I didn't say I believed it,
dumbass.

JOEL
No, no, that Satanist stuff's real.
Did you guys see Rosemary's Baby?

*

BLOTTER
Yo! That movie was sick!

Through this, Cricket is edging her seat closer to Alex. He
is OBLIVIOUS. Grabs the joint from Blotter and takes a hit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALEX

Yeah, it was. It was also just a movie.

(leans in)

You guys want to hear something really scary?

JESSIE

Do tell.

ALEX

Okay. Well, look where we are?
We're in the middle of the woods.

(beat)

No phones. No cars. No weapons.
No locks on the cabin doors.

(lets that settle; takes a
hit; then --)

Anyone can come in. Through the
woods. On the lake. Or that one
little gate on the main road.
Someone could waltz in and kill
each and every one of us. And
there's nothing we could do to stop
them. No one would find the bodies
for days.

*
*
*
*

ON AMY. Taking this in. FREAKED. From behind her -- BOOOO!
ARMS wraps around Amy. She YELPS! Everyone laughs as we
REVEAL -- it's BLOTTER. Fucking around. High off his ass.

BLOTTER

Dude. I totally got her.

AMY

Yeah, you got me.

ALEX

Alright, alright. Leave the new
girl alone.

Alex puts his arm around Amy's shoulders. Protective. Amy
smiles. Alex notices the fire's died down --

ALEX (CONT'D)

Who wants to get more wood? Or are
we calling it a night?

CRICKET

No. We're just getting started.

Cricket says that pointed. Flirty. Alex doesn't react.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALEX

So you going?

She puts a finger up to her nose.

CRICKET

Not it.

And then the counselors quickly play a game of "not it." Amy doesn't know the rules. And loses.

JESSIE

Looks like it's new girl.

Amy is nervous. But puts on a brave face, trying to fit in.

AMY

Anyone got a flashlight -- ?

Alex hands her one. We PUSH IN on her FLASHLIGHT and GO TO --

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

BRIGHT LIGHT FILLS the FRAME. Wiping by, it's the GLARE of a FLASHLIGHT. FIND -- AMY. Moving through the dark. When -- THUMP. THUMP. She stops. Catches her breath.

AMY

Guys, that's not funny.

HOLD ON HER. Eerie and quiet. Then -- THUMP! PUSH IN ON AMY. Breathing heavy. The glare of the flashlight is the only light we see. She's alone. Far away from anyone else.

THUMP. THUMP. She runs. Terrified... Racing through, she hits a clearing... and sees an old SWING tied to a tree. The wind pushing it into the trunk. THUMP THUMP. THAT'S the sound. Behind the swing, a DEER drinks from a tiny stream. Amy exhales, relieved. And just as she relaxes, she turns and -- BAM. She's face to face with DAVE, the GARDENER. *

DAVE

You don't belong here. Leave now. *
The longer you stay... the worse it
will be. You have no idea what
this place is.

(of Amy's frozen look)

LEAVE NOW!

With that he disappears into the night. OFF AMY, freaked --

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

OVER BLACK. REM's "POP SONG 89" plays as -- we FADE UP ON --

INT. BOYS' CABIN - MORNING

Alex and Blotter are passed out after a night of partying. The cabin is a fucking mess. No one so much as twitches. Until -- STREAMS of WATER hit them in the face. The boys wake up with a start to find -- Cricket and Jessie, SUPER SOAKERS in hand. LAUGHING.

CRICKET

Wake up, boys!

BLOTTER

Awwwww, man!

Alex gets out of bed, unperturbed. Cracks a wry smile.

ALEX

We're not the first guys she's woken up in this cabin. Remember this, Cricket?

He pulls back his bunk bed and reveals something he found last night -- words CARVED into the wall behind the bed:

Cricket lets you stick it... in her hand.

The group laughs. Jessie looks at Cricket, mock appalled --

JESSIE

That was Mark Hordon's bunk.
(off Cricket's shrug)
You gave Hard-on a handy? You were like, thirteen.

CRICKET

I know. I was so innocent then.

ALEX

(nods at the carving)
Wonder how many more of these are around the camp?

CRICKET

Or how many yet to be written.

Cricket shoots a carnal look at Alex. Before he can react --

A LOUDSPEAKER CRACKLES. Deb's voice booms through the camp --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DEB (O.S.)

Good morning, Counselors! Three days 'til campers arrive and we have work to do! Let's get out there and make it a great day!

INT. DEB'S CABIN - SAME

Deb, in her PJs, is by the window. She puts down the microphone and starts to change into her camp UNIFORM as --

EXT. DEB'S CABIN - SAME

-- we FIND JOEL, with his camera, filming a BIRD FLYING. He turns and his lens hits Deb's cabin. She's in the window in just a bra. He's transfixed.

ON DEB. She senses something, looks out the window. Sees Joel. Fuck. He's busted. Beat. And then -- Deb SMILES at Joel. Flirting. She likes him watching. As she continues to strip down and Joel stands there, frozen, in heaven -- we begin a MONTAGE of the guys and girls getting ready for the day. "POP SONG 89" keeps blaring as we go to --

OUTSIDE THE BOYS SHOWER CABIN

The boys head in to their showers, wrapped in towels. Blair lags behind when he sees -- DREW, already dressed and ready.

BLAIR

Early bird, huh?

DREW

Gets the worm.

And with that, Drew walks off without another word. CUT TO:

EXT. LAKEFRONT - CAMP CLEARWATER - DAY

Later now. Alex and Blotter paint the dock together.

INT. ART STUDIO - CAMP CLEARWATER - DAY

Blair sets up the art studio.

EXT. ARCHERY RANGE - WOODS - DAY

Amy, Cricket and Jessie drag dusty old ARCHERY TARGETS out of a storage shed in the woods. As they set up the range --

CRICKET

So... Jess... how's college?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JESSIE *
 (shrugs) *
 It's alright. *

An awkward beat between them. Neither sure what to say. *

CRICKET *
 Guess we kinda dropped the ball on *
 keeping in touch, huh? *

JESSIE *
 It happens. *

Jessie brushes past them, walks further down the range. *

AMY *
 Were you guys... friends at camp? *

CRICKET *
 (almost sad) *
 Best friends. *

The moment's broken by the sound of a SCREAM. Jessie's *
 scream. Cricket and Amy run toward the SCREAMING and see -- *
 JESSIE. Shaking with fear. CRICKET runs over. *

CRICKET (CONT'D) *
 What's wrong?!? *

Jessie points, her hand trembling -- *

JESSIE *
 Look... *

And they follow her gaze to... a pool of fucking BLOOD. Now *
 a wave of fear washes over everyone. Cricket gets brave. *

CRICKET *
 Hang on... *

She moves into the woods... Checking it out. She *
 disappears. A beat. Amy and Jessie are nervous. Then they *
 hear her voice -- *

CRICKET (O.S.) (CONT'D) *
 Oh My God... *

They follow her voice and join her in -- *

A CLEARING. Cricket stands over a DEAD DEER. GUTTED. Blood *
 drips from its insides. OFF THIS grisly sight, we UPCUT TO -- *

EXT. WOODS - A LITTLE LATER

DEB strides up to the freaked out counselors. Alex, Blair, Drew, and Blotter are there now too, Deb tries to calm them -- *

DEB

It's probably just a hunter who wandered too far onto our property. I've already left a message for Dave to clean this up. Everyone can relax.

AMY

No. It was Dave. Something's wrong with that guy. Last night, he threatened me.

DEB

He threatened you?

AMY

He... he told me I had to leave. He was (fucking) scary.

Deb sighs. Tries to calm down this upset girl.

DEB

Look, I know he's a little... off kilter. But he's harmless. He wouldn't do something like this.

Amy shakes her head.

AMY

Uh uh. I know people. He has it out for me.

JESSIE

Yeah cause everything is about you.

DEB

Alright, everyone settle down. Dave will take care of this mess.
 (to Amy)
 And he won't hurt you, I promise.
 (to the group)
 Now, we've got a lot to do still. *
 I've posted your afternoon assignments on the activities board.

As the group disperses, Deb passes Jessie --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DEB (CONT'D)

Hey, Jessie, your mom called... if you want to call her back --

JESSIE

Um, slightly traumatized right now.

Deb nods, understanding. She moves on to Amy.

DEB

So, Amy, I gave you the rope course. I know the knots can be tricky. Need some help? Maybe I can partner you up with Jessie...

Amy looks at Jessie who is mortified by this suggestion.

AMY

I'll figure it out. It's okay.

OFF THAT, PUSH IN ON AMY, as we GO TO --

INT. HUNTER HIGH SCHOOL - CAFETERIA - DAY - **FLASHBACK**

-- Lunch. The worst possible time for a new kid at high school. FIND Amy. Sitting alone. Surprise, surprise.

As she eats, at the table across from her she sees -- MARGOT and Krissy. They're laughing and chatting. A STACK of FLYERS on the table between them.

BACK ON AMY. She gets up her courage. Picks up her tray and plops down next to them. They look up at her, shocked. Yeah, that took balls.

AMY

So Margot, I thought we could talk about our lab work. Maybe we should make a plan...

MARGOT

...sure.

AMY

Great.

Krissy looks at her, smiles back.

KRISSY

So --

AMY

-- Amy. Name's Amy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KRISSEY *

Amy. Sorry if I came off a little *
harsh before. *

AMY *

That's okay. Want a chip? *

She offers her a bag of chips from her lunch. *

KRISSEY *

Not unless it comes with a tongue *
depressor. Look, we're about to *
have a big end of the year kegger. *
Kind of a school tradition from the *
seniors. Wanna come? *

Amy is thrown by this unexpected friendliness. Nods. *

AMY *

...Yeah. Cool. *

KRISSEY *

Great. Just one thing first. *

Krissy reaches into her bag and pulls out an INVITE -- it's *
NOT one from the big pile on the table. *

KRISSEY (CONT'D) *

Go give this to your friend over *
there. *

She nods in the direction of MEL. Holding her tray in the *
lunch line. Amy takes the invitation, confused. *

KRISSEY (CONT'D) *

Go on. *

Amy looks down at the invite -- notices something wedged *
inside it. She opens it -- INSIDE there's no invitation -- *
just a hand-written note over a PHOTO of a PIG that says: *

SORRY, NO PIGS ALLOWED *

Amy is mortified. *

AMY *

Are you kidding? *

KRISSEY *

Come on, it'll be so funny. *

Amy looks at Krissy. Then Margot. Then Mel. Then back at *
the two girls sitting across from her. *

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BEAT. On Amy. Makes her decision. She slides the invite back over to Krissy. Picks up her tray. Stands. *

ON AMY. Walking away, head hung low. There goes any chance she had at being part of the popular clique. *

ON A LONELY TABLE *

Amy sets her tray down. Picks at her bag of chips. Despondent. Then feels a TAP on her arm. *

VOICE (O.S.) *

Hey. *

Amy looks up. Shocked to see -- MARGOT. She smiles at Amy. *

MARGOT *

So... yeah, maybe we should get together after school and figure out some of that lab stuff? What do you think? *

OFF AMY, surprised at this reaction and smiling back -- *

EXT. LAKE CLEARWATER - NIGHT

ON the LAKE'S CALM WATERS. Most of the counselors are hanging out on the lake front, laughing and joking around. *

REVEAL WE'RE IN AMY'S POV. She stares. The new girl, on the outside, looking in. She gathers herself. Takes a deep breath. And decides to join them. As she approaches --

ALEX

New girl. You're just in time.

JOEL *

We're going swimming.

BLOTTER *

Every counselor has to skinny dip in the lake before camp opens. Clearwater tradition!

WHOOPS and HOLLERS rise up.

AMY

"Everyone?" Where's Drew?

CRICKET

I don't think anyone wants to risk getting stabbed. You, however, look pretty harmless.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jessie moves onto the dock, unbuttoning her top as she goes.

JESSIE
There's a legend about Lake
Clearwater. Its waters are
cleansing...

Her top comes off, she's down to her bra. As she steps out
of her shorts --

JESSIE (CONT'D)
They clear away the grime. They
reveal who you really are.

ON THE BOYS. Eyes wide as -- we see a bra and panties fall
to the dock. And then hear a SPLASH.

ON THE LAKE -- as Jessie's head pops up.

JESSIE (CONT'D)
Now who's coming in?

The guys follow excitedly. Clothes are tossed asunder.
Everyone takes off their clothes and follows. Except for
Cricket. Who starts to lift her shirt -- then thinks better
of it. Something has made her suddenly modest. But we don't
dwell on this (that's a story for later) as she keeps her
shirt on over her underwear and dives in clothed.

ON AMY at the edge of the dock. Nervous. Joel pops up out
of the water, goes to grab his CAMERA on the dock --

JOEL
New girl's taking the plunge! I
gotta get this on camera --

As Amy stands nervously at the end of the dock, Joel SWITCHES
ON the camera. Points it at Amy. The second he puts his eye
up the viewfinder --

A SHAPE appears behind Amy. Only for a second. Like a
grotesque demonic BEAST. Hovering over her.

JOEL (CONT'D)
What the --

Joel takes his eye off the viewfinder. Looks at Amy. Then
puts his eye BACK on the viewfinder... nothing there.

Joel stands there, rattled. Shaking it off. Must have
imagined it. As he regains his composure, we FOCUS ON --

AMY. Pausing by the dock's edge. A long silent beat, when --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A HAND SHOOTS up from the lake and grabs her leg!

She yelps. Looks down. Sees it's -- Alex. Grinning.

ALEX

Come on! Get in here!

He playfully YANKS her into the LAKE. Amy, liking the attention she's getting from Alex, rolls with it. ON AMY crashing into the dark waters.

INT. LAKE - UNDERWATER - SAME

We see Amy descend to the bottom of the shallow lake. Get her bearings, and start swimming.

CLOSE ON AMY'S SUBMERGED FACE. Her eyes suddenly go wide.

REVERSE TO -- HER POV -- Underwater. Floating toward her --

A face. A lifeless face. DEAD.

It's fucking DAVE, the gardener. Illuminated by the moonlight up above.

BACK ON AMY

Her face submerged. Her eyes wide.

And then her mouth opens as she silently SCREAMS underwater.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

EXT. CAMP CLEARWATER - ROAD - NIGHT

ON THE WINDY ROAD leading up to the camp. A COP CAR pulls up. Its lights cut through the inky blackness of this secluded dirt road. REVERSE ON -- all the counselors and Deb by the lake. Shivering in the cool night air.

As the COP CAR pulls to a halt, the door opens and out steps a fifty something man. This is SHERIFF HEELAN. Out of the passenger door steps DEPUTY GARRETT SYKES. Blond, All American... a good looking country boy. *

Jessie tenses, straightens her hair like she wants to look her best. Cricket sidles up next to Amy. *

CRICKET
(quietly)
Helloooo Deputy. *

SHERIFF HEELAN
Y'all can relax. This is awful.
Awful. But it was most likely just
a terrible accident. *

DEPUTY SYKES
But we still need to investigate.
To be sure there wasn't foul play.
(off Heelan's look)
Animal control told me there was a
dead deer found here yesterday.
Gutted. Heart ripped out --

SHERIFF HEELAN
Excuse us, folks.

Heelan pulls Sykes aside, out of earshot of the group.

DEPUTY SYKES	SHERIFF HEELAN (CONT'D)	*
All I'm saying is, that thing		
gets its heart ripped out --	-- or another animal ripped	*
	it apart. Seeing as we're in	*
	<u>nature</u> --	*

DEPUTY SYKES
-- and then Dave washes up dead?
Doesn't that seem a little...
ritualistic?

SHERIFF HEELAN
(after a beat; delicately)
Dave was a drunk --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DEPUTY SYKES

-- who lived here for twenty years
and never once drowned before.

(off Heelan)

All due respect, sir, but shouldn't
we --

SHERIFF HEELAN

What we should do, is not scare
these kids.

As Deputy Sykes continues to argue his side --

ANGLE on the COUNSELORS. They're all freaked out. SOMEONE
DIED. Blair tries to cut the tension. Nudges cricket.

BLAIR

I'd let him handcuff me anytime.

ALEX

Really? That's your type now?
He's a townie. Probably listens to
Poison while he waits for his
mullet to grow.

JESSIE

Jealous?

ALEX

Please.

JOEL

Guys -- someone is dead.

DEB

Okay, I know you're all freaked
out, but Dave was an unhappy man.
Hopefully he's at peace now. The
police are certainly going to
confirm there was no "foul play."

BLOTTER

So you don't think it was an axe
murderer?

CRICKET

He drowned. Axe murderers use, you
know, axes.

DEB

There was no axe murdering.

The Sheriff and Deputy walk up -- take Deb aside.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHERIFF HEELAN

Ms. Robinson, we've got an M.E. team coming to get the body for an autopsy. That should wrap us up. I suggest you get your kids to bed.

DEB

I will. Thank you both.

As Deb moves off, something comes loose from her clipboard -- a faded, folded YELLOW PIECE OF PAPER. The Sheriff bends to pick it up, but Deb grabs it and pockets it FAST.

DEB (CONT'D)

Have a good night.

As if she didn't want the Sheriff to see what it was. As she walks away and we wonder what she's hiding --

The police head back to their car -- Sykes looks back toward the counselors. Locks eyes with Amy. Who seems RATTLED. BEAT. She blushes and turns away quickly. *

REVEAL -- this exchange is clocked by Jessie. And if she has an opinion about it? She's keeping it to herself. *

SHERIFF HEELAN

Hey. Junior.

Sykes shakes it off. Opens the car door -- Heelan stares at him sternly and a bit paternally --

SHERIFF HEELAN (CONT'D)

I know you wanna make your mark, but, Garret... this camp's important. Every year it's been closed, the town's lost a lot of money. The last thing we wanna do is cause unnecessary panic right as it's opening up again. Cause once a stigma hits this place, it ain't goin' away. True or false. So ask yourself, what's really best for these kids? For this town? *

OFF SYKES, considering, we UPCUT TO --

EXT. GIRLS COUNSELOR CABIN - LATER

The MOON hangs over the camp late that night. PAN DOWN TO -- AMY. In bed. She can't fucking sleep. Eyes open. BEAT. She gets up. Grabs her canteen, when she hears in the dark --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CRICKET (O.S.)
Where you going, newbie?

Amy looks over to -- Cricket. Watching her from her bunk. *

AMY
To get water.

CRICKET
Well, don't get axe murdered.

Amy just shakes her head. Moves to the door.

CRICKET (CONT'D)
Hey...

Amy stops, faces her. Cricket tosses her a FLASHLIGHT.

CRICKET (CONT'D)
Seriously. Don't trip over a rock.

AMY
Thanks.

Amy takes the flashlight and leaves.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

FIND Amy, walking with her canteen, the flashlight cutting the darkness. She reaches a WATER PUMP with a SPIGOT and fills the canteen. Then starts to head back. Her flashlight illuminates a narrow path. FIZZ -- it's starts to fizzle ON and OFF. Sonuvabitch. She shakes it. IT GOES OUT. *

BEAT. She's alone in darkness. She tries not to panic, then taps the flashlight against a TREE. BAM. It RELIGHTS and -- *

-- illuminates someone standing right in front of her. It's DEPUTY SYKES. She's startled. He smiles.

DEPUTY SYKES
Hey. Hey... It's okay. I'm just here to check out Dave's cabin.

AMY
You scared the hell out of me.

DEPUTY SYKES
Sorry about that. What're you doing out here?

AMY
Getting water.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DEPUTY SYKES

Come on, I'll walk ya back. It's
on the way.

*

She shrugs, starts walking with him.

DEPUTY SYKES (CONT'D)

So -- how many years were you a
camper here before the counselor
bug bit?

AMY

Zero.

(off Sykes)

I was supposed to come here with a
friend of mine. We had a plan --

(off his look; sad)

Didn't work out.

*

*

*

*

Sykes absorbs that. Looks her up and down. A light bulb --

*

DEPUTY SYKES

And now you're worried about
fitting in here.

AMY

I'm worried about quenching my
thirst with delicious well water.

DEPUTY SYKES

In your brand new L.L. Bean canteen
which you just bought cause you've
never been to camp before and are
trying desperately to fit in.

(off her look)

Tag's still on the canteen. The
rest's written on your face.

Amy rips it off, stuffs it in her pocket, embarrassed.

DEPUTY SYKES (CONT'D)

Hey, don't worry. By August, it'll
be different. You'll know all the
traditions. The scary stories.
The cheesy songs. It'll be as
though you've always been here.

AMY

What makes you so sure?

DEPUTY SYKES

That's how it was for me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMY

You went here, I thought you were --

DEPUTY SYKES

A townie...? It's alright. Yeah. I'm a townie. But my dad was the sheriff. A perk of the job was free summers at the camp for his kid. So I went.

*

AMY

You liked it?

DEPUTY SYKES

It was amazing. All my firsts were here. First girlfriend. First kiss. First everything.

AMY

Everything?

DEPUTY SYKES

Well not everything. We were kids. So... first friendship bracelet. And first nickname. I was "Townie."

*

*

AMY

How original.

DEPUTY SYKES

She was "Braces."

*

AMY

Let me guess --

DEPUTY SYKES

Yeah. But it was cute. I swear. She was smitten by my cleverness.

AMY

I'll bet.

DEPUTY SYKES

That one summer was... the best.

*

AMY

If you liked it so much, why only one summer?

DEPUTY SYKES

My dad was killed in the line of duty in '82.

*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMY

I'm sorry.

DEPUTY SYKES

He was a good man. People in town used to call him "Boots" 'cause he wore these cowboy boots with the loudest spurs you ever heard. You could hear them "cling cling" from a mile away.

(then; refocusing)

Anyway, they only gave free summers to the sheriff's kid, not the waitress at the diner. So I went back to being a townie. And then, they closed the camp down in '84 --

AMY

Why?

DEPUTY SYKES

Officially? The McMurphy family who owned the camp decided to move to Florida.

AMY

Officially? You don't believe it --

DEPUTY SYKES

There've been a lot of stories over the years...

(thinks better of it)

Y'know what, it doesn't matter what I believe. I'm not the Sheriff.

AMY

But you want to be.

DEPUTY SYKES

Yep, but I got a ways to go. Not sure everyone thinks I belong in the job.

AMY

I get that feeling.

Deputy Sykes looks at Amy.

DEPUTY SYKES

Hope you don't mind me saying so, but you seem... sad. Haunted, even.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMY
(deflects) *
Nah, I'm just one of those people *
who does better on their own.

DEPUTY SYKES
You're just saying that because you
haven't found your way in yet. But
you will. You will....

And OFF AMY, considering that -- we GO TO --

INT. MARGOT'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - **FLASHBACK** *

-- a man and a woman KISSING. *Stay closer for longer* pops up *
on the screen. It's a commercial for CLOSE-UP TOOTHPASTE. *
Reveal we're seeing it on Margot's TV. Margot's on her bed, *
remote in hand. Flipping channels. Amy's behind her, *
scoping out her room. She picks up a PHOTO from the mantel: *
Margot, her MOM, DAD, and older SISTER in a graduation GOWN. *

AMY *
Your family looks happy. *

Margot sees which picture Amy's looking at it. Shrugs. *

MARGOT *
It was my sister's graduation from *
Wharton. My mom went there. My *
dad went there. *

AMY *
Are you -- *

MARGOT *
(forced smile) *
Early admission, baby. *

As that lands on Amy, Margot suddenly leaps to her feet, *
cranks up the TV and starts dancing -- singing -- *

MARGOT (CONT'D) *
*... I'm down on my knees... I want *
to take you there...* *

-- and we see why: the music video for Like a Prayer is on. *

MARGOT (CONT'D) *
(re: Madonna) *
Oh my God, I'm obsessed with her! *
You know when she was a teenager, *
she didn't shave her pits? You *
know why? Because she didn't care! *

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARGOT (CONT'D)

Like when you shoved that
invitation in Krissy's face, that
was a total Madonna move --

AMY

I thought you and Krissy were
friends --

MARGOT

God no. I can't stand her.

AMY

Then why are you always together?

MARGOT

I don't even know anymore. It's
like I got cast in this... role.
Or miscast, more like --

AMY

At least you fit in.

MARGOT

Yeah. To a life I don't want.

AMY

Beats being "new girl" every year.

MARGOT

Then stop being the new girl.

AMY

But... I am new...

MARGOT

Why are you letting other people
put a label on what you are?

AMY

This is... *high school* we're
talking about, right?

MARGOT

(with a laugh)

I know. Not exactly the easiest
place to be who you want to be.

AMY

Where is?

EXT. DAVE'S CABIN - NIGHT - LATE

ON A CABIN. Creepy. Isolated. Sykes and Amy approach --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DEPUTY SYKES

I've got it from here, Amy. You should get back to your cabin.

AMY

No.

(off his head shake)

I want to know what happened to him.

*
*
*

BEAT. Sykes sees there is no arguing with her.

DEPUTY SYKES

Then wait out here. Okay?

AMY

Yeah, cause it's less scary out here.

Deputy Sykes smiles. Goes in. BEAT. She looks around in the darkness. ANOTHER BEAT. Her flashlight WINKS out.

INT. DAVE'S CABIN - NIGHT

A creepy, deserted cabin. Just a cot. And lots of bottles of liquor. Sykes runs the beam of his flashlight around the room. It lands on -- a FIGURE. He's is startled, until he realizes --

*
*
*

-- it's Amy. She steps out of the dark and into the light.

AMY

Sorry. I am not hanging out alone in the woods.

DEPUTY SYKES

Fine. Just stay close.

And now Amy and Deputy Sykes are searching the cabin together. His flashlight cuts across the room --

AMY

There's nothing here...

Sykes notices something behind the COT. Runs his hand along a crevice on the wall.

DEPUTY SYKES

No. Not out in the open.

He pushes. CLICK. The WALL MOVES. He finds a SECRET DOOR. There's a tiny STAIRWAY leading into a DARK BASEMENT. The kind you don't go down. Brave, Sykes descends. Amy follows.

*
*
*

INT. DAVE'S CABIN - BASEMENT - NIGHT

A small cramped basement. Deputy shines his flashlight. And reveals a cache of weird CULT LIKE drawings and books.

AMY
What the hell...?

As they look through, they find notebooks and drawings, and an old hand-drawn MAP of the Camp... from 1871. And then, most chillingly, a series of old tin-type photographs. Also from the 1870s. They are DEATH PORTRAITS. Men. Women. Children. Some died peacefully. Some violently.

We recognize one of the MEN in the photos -- the TALL MAN from the piano in our teaser.

*

DEPUTY SYKES
I think "hell" is exactly the right sentiment.

AMY
What was Dave into?

Just then -- SMOKE starts wafting in the room.

DEPUTY SYKES	AMY (CONT'D)	*
Amy --		*
	Deputy --	*

They both start COUGHING. Start to double over as -- the ROOM is quickly engulfed in flames. As the wood burns --

DEPUTY SYKES
Get (the fuck) out of here!

The deputy throws Amy up the stairs and through the secret door. Saving her life. As he starts up the stairs himself --

-- KER-ACK! The flames eat at the wood and it collapses. He falls in a HEAP as the door ABOVE FALLS SHUT. FUCK. He's trapped. As the FLAMES close in and the SMOKE FILLS FRAME --

EXT. CABIN - SAME

Amy stumbles out coughing. She looks at the cabin. Burning. ON AMY. Moment of decision. If she goes back in, she might save the Deputy but she could also DIE. They both could. Off Amy, clock ticking, her decision weighing on her as the flames lick the cool night air --

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. DAVE'S CABIN - BASEMENT - NIGHT

Sykes's POV, the SMOKY basement. He covers his mouth with his jacket, stifling coughs as he RAMS the door to no avail. *

WHOOOOSH. A cascade of FLAMES misses his face by inches, knocking him down. He's losing consciousness when -- KRACK! The STORM WINDOW above him SHATTERS! Glass rains down. And then a HAND pushes through the smoke. We can't see who it is, but the JANGLY BRACELET tells us it's Amy as -- *

AMY

Come on!

Sykes grabs the hand. Clutching the bracelet. Amy pulls. He climbs. And then -- he squirms through the window. *

As they narrowly escape -- ON AMY looking at his hand around her bracelet. She looks FREAKED OUT. And we UPCUT TO -- *

EXT. DAVE'S CABIN - LATER - NIGHT

TSSSSS. Plumes of smoke billow as FIRE FIGHTERS finish putting out the fire. All that's left of the cabin is a charred husk. The COPS confer with the FIRE CHIEF as -- Deputy Sykes drapes a blanket over a still-shaken Amy.

SHERIFF HEELAN (O.S.)

Blanket's on the wrong shoulders.

Sheriff Heelan saunters over to them. Sykes bristles. Knows this is a dig directed at him.

DEPUTY SYKES

I made sure she got out first.

SHERIFF HEELAN

I'm sure you did, bud.

DEPUTY SYKES

Any theories on what caused it?

SHERIFF HEELAN

(admonishing him)

It was electrical. These cabins have had the same wiring since the '40s --

DEPUTY SYKES

And yet the maintenance man didn't notice that in his own cabin?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A BEAT. Heelan clearly doesn't like being undermined. He pulls Sykes aside for a private conversation.

SHERIFF HEELAN

Something you want to say to me?

DEPUTY SYKES

I don't think this was an accident.

(reaches into his pocket)

Dave had these in his basement --

Sykes hands Heelan what he grabbed from the cabin. Heelan flips through, starting with an old, hand-drawn MAP of the camp. Strange SYMBOLS written all over it. Overlaying the map, forming a border -- a BEAST. Goat-like head. Body of a MAN. Black WINGS protruding. It's the SAME beast Joel glimpsed through his viewfinder down on the dock.

Heelan folds the map and flips through the next items: TIN-TYPE PHOTOS from the 1870s. Dead men. Women. Kids. And one tin-type of a man very much alive: THE TALL MAN.

DEPUTY SYKES (CONT'D)

Way I see it? Whoever set that fire didn't want me finding them.

SHERIFF HEELAN

It's strange. But so was Dave. In a way that a lot of people are strange who drink too much.

DEPUTY SYKES

Strange? A deer gets its heart ripped out? A man drowns? And now I find this?

SHERIFF HEELAN

(returns photos to Sykes)

The rest of the country's riled up enough about this devil-worship crap. We've got a nice, quiet community here --

DEPUTY SYKES

Every community's nice and quiet, until it isn't. Something's not right here and we can't let Deb open this camp til we find why.

EXT. DEEP WOODS - CAMP CLEARWATER - DAY

FWIFT. FWIFT. Tight on a SHOVEL as it heaps mounds of DIRT out of an exhumed area of ground. Pulling back, we reveal:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DEB. Shoveling. She reaches into her pocket and pulls out: the yellow piece of paper we saw her drop before. She unfurls it. It's a crudely drawn MAP.

Deb looks at the map, then at the hole in the ground. CONCERN growing in her eyes as --

CRUNCH. A twig snaps nearby in the forest. Sweat beads form on Deb's brow. But then, SILENCE. Nothing out there. Deb resumes shoveling. Filling the frame with BLACKNESS --

JESSIE (V.O.) (PRE-LAP)
Suicide. Definitely suicide.

INT. STAFF LOUNGE -- CAMP CLEARWATER - NIGHT

The counselors are scattered through the lounge: Jessie's on the couch, painting her toenails. Joel, Blair, Alex and Amy sit in front of the TV, where Joel's connected his HANDYCAM and is showing footage he's captured of camp thus far. *

Cricket and Blair paint a "WELCOME TO CLEARWATER" banner in one corner. *

In the other corner -- FIND Drew. Alone. Hair in his face. Listening to his Walkman. Blotter is pouring Kool-Aid in a baby bottle... this is what he uses instead of a canteen. *

JOEL
Why would Dave kill himself?

ALEX
He was a janitor at a summer camp. *

Alex notices Joel reviewing footage on his camera: the counselors swimming. The moment Amy took the plunge. *

ALEX (CONT'D)
What are you looking for anyway? *

Joel rewinds and pauses at the moment when he thought he saw the SHAPE standing behind Amy. But there's nothing there. *

JOEL
Nothing. Just... nevermind. *

Amy, meanwhile's still rattled by what happened in the cabin. *

AMY
Dave had these... pictures in his basement. Of dead people. *

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BLAIR

Oooh! Like crime scene style?

AMY

More like portraits. And old.
Really old.

DREW

(barely audible)
Tin types. *

CRICKET

What was that, hair? *

DREW

The pictures. They're called tin
types. Death portraits. From
Victorian times.

JESSIE

And you know this why?

Drew doesn't respond. Goes back to his Walkman. Stares out
the window. *We STAY with him as the others keep talking --* *

CRICKET

I can't believe we might not open
camp over this --

JOEL

You'd rather have the campers wind
up like Dave? Or that deer?*-- out the window, Drew glimpses something: a RED BALLOON.
Floating on a string down by the dock. Holding it is A
LITTLE GIRL. Staring directly at Drew --* *

ALEX

Not everything's a movie. This
isn't Rosemary's Baby.*-- but the little girl quickly recedes into the shadows.* *ON DREW. Finally we see a crack in his cool-guy facade. He
seems fucking RATTLED. He blinks -- did he imagine it? *

JOEL

More like The Wicker Man.
(off their confused looks)
British thriller. 1973. Cop goes
to an island to investigate a
missing girl. Except that's all
just a con.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOEL (CONT'D)

And the cop realizes the islanders
are actually occultists who want to
use him as a human sacrifice for
some ritual --

AMY

(dread mounting)

What happens in the end?

*
*

JOEL

They put him in this gigantic
wooden statue, a wicker man --
(spoiler)
-- and they burn him alive.

Amy's face goes ashen. Alex notices.

ALEX

What the hell's wrong with you?

JOEL

She asked..

ALEX

She also was just in a fire --

*

Amy smiles at him coming to her defense.

JESSIE

I want to know why she was alone in
that cabin with the Deputy --

AMY

What's that supposed to mean?

JESSIE

You tell me.

Before Amy can snap back, Blotter springs into action --

BLOTTER

Hey, hey! You guys are being total
buzz kills -- come on... come on...
if they don't let us open camp?
(pulls out a JOINT)

*

Then we gotta shove a summer's
worth of partying into one night.

Off THIS, we hear a LOUD BONG HIT, which we realize is from --

-- Beastie Boys' *Shake Your Rump* playing on a boom box. In
POPS around the room, we see -- Joel, tinkering with the
antenna on the TV, trying to get reception.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ACROSS THE ROOM, Blair eyes Drew. Listening to his Walkman. *
 Staying separate. Blair then looks -- at Cricket, playing *
 QUARTERS with Alex and Blotter. Blair mouths "He's so hot" *
 to Cricket. She smiles, takes a hit off the joint, passes it *
 to Blotter, who takes a quick puff before passing it to Alex. *

Alex stares at Blotter for a beat -- he didn't inhale. But
 Alex doesn't say anything. Because his attention quickly
 shifts to -- AMY. Sitting alone. Sober. Feeling out of
 place. Her eyes fall on the TV. Through the static we SEE --
 the music video for Madonna's *Like a Prayer*. And she lights
 up like a pinball machine. Moves toward the TV.

AMY

Sorry, can you turn it up a little?
 I... love this song. *

BLOTTER

Sing it! Sing it!

Blotter picks up his Kool-Aid bottle, puts it in Amy's hands *
 like a microphone. Amy's uncomfortable -- Alex clocks this -- *

ALEX

It's rude to put people on the
 spot.

(tosses the Kool Aid
 bottle back to Blotter) *

One day I'll teach you some
 manners. Right after I teach you
 how to inhale.

(as Blotter starts to
 protest) *

Oh, you thought I didn't see that?
 You know, you may dress like Jerry
 Garcia now, but you smoke weed like
 a ten year old girl. *

BLOTTER

For your information, Country Club,
 I've been blazing all day. Even I
 have my limits, man.

Alex absorbs this. Not buying it. He turns to Amy. In the
 background, the PHONE RINGS in the lounge.

ALEX

Riveting as this fireside chat with
 Tommy Chong may be...

(puts his hand on her hip)

... can I interest you in a game of
 quarters?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMY
I've never...

ALEX
I'm an excellent teacher.

As Amy and Alex lock eyes, Joel, holding the phone calls out...

JOEL
Jessie, it's your Mom --

Jessie's face falls. She shakes her head, stifling laughter.

JESSIE
Way too baked. Tell her you can't find me.

Blair nods, heads back to the phone. As he hangs up --

FIZZT! The lights FLICKER OFF. The lights go out and the BOOM BOX DIES. The room is plunged into darkness.

CRICKET
What the hell!?!?

BLAIR
Somebody's touching me --

*

JESSIE
You wish, Rammer!

BLAIR
Really? We're still going with "Rammer?"

JESSIE
If the shoe fits...

JOEL
Anybody have a flashlight?

FLICK. A beam of light, coming from -- AMY.

JOEL (CONT'D)
Somebody's gotta go flip the breaker in the basement --

JESSIE
Not it.

She puts her hand up to her nose. All the other counselors follow in turn. And once again -- Amy finds herself it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMY

Guess I am. Again.

Amy moves to the basement stairs. Jessie gets mischievous --

JESSIE

Why don't you go with her, Alex?
Make sure she doesn't get lost.

Alex gamely falls in line beside Amy. Cricket pipes up.

CRICKET

Why should new girl have to go?
Give me the flashlight.

Amy's about to hand it over, but Jessie stops her --

JESSIE

Has to be her. Camp tradition.

As Alex and Amy disappear down the stairs into the basement.
Cricket turns to Jessie -- *

CRICKET

What the hell? That wasn't cool. *

JESSIE *

Why do you care? *
(a beat; then) *
Oh my God. Still? You still like *
him? *

CRICKET *

What? It was six years ago, not *
sixty. Is it so crazy...? *

JESSIE *

(with a smile) *
Old habits die hard. Sorry. *

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER *

It's claustrophobic and dark, except for the soft beam of *
light coming from Amy's flashlight. As she pans the light *
side to side, we see the basement is FILLED with relics of *
the camp's past -- old FURNITURE covered with dusty sheets. *
Discarded BANNERS rolled up in the corner. Moth-eaten *
CLOTHING hanging from flimsy RODS. *

ALEX

Here --

Alex steps ahead of Amy, toward a dusty FUSE BOX on the wall.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALEX (CONT'D)

If you just hold the flashlight --

AMY

I can do it. I am it, right?

He stands aside. Amy approaches the fuse box. Pulls on the door. It's practically fused SHUT. She pulls harder as -- something SKITTERS across her hand. A massive COCKROACH. Amy SCREAMS, drops the flashlight and falls back. Alex catches her. They both burst out laughing.

ALEX

Lucky you have me here. To protect you from the beasts of the wild.

A BEAT. Alex leans in close, goes for the KISS. PUSH IN on Amy, slowly. Alex has been nice... kind... and it's that moment every woman goes through before a first kiss. Do I go for it or not? OFF THIS MOMENT OF DECISION --

EXT. MARGOT'S HOUSE - DECK - **FLASHBACK**

Amy and Margot sit out on the deck, attempting to tan. Early spring. Snow is starting to melt. They're cold. But still, summer is just around the corner...

MARGOT

Are you getting any browner?

AMY

I think I'm turning blue. It's freezing out here.

MARGOT

Tough it out. You might need a tan real soon.

AMY

What are you talking about?

MARGOT

(leaning in)

Can I show you something?

Margot reaches into her backpack and pulls out a big ENVELOPE. Inside: pamphlets, brochures, and a COUNSELOR APPLICATION to CAMP CLEARWATER.

AMY

Camp... Clearwater?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARGOT

It's reopening for the first time
in six years. And they're looking
for counselors. Read the motto.

Amy flips open the brochure. She READS --

AMY

Be who you... want to be... *

MARGOT

It's what we've been looking for. *

AMY

What do you even... do at camp? *

MARGOT

Build fires. Swim in the lake.
Kiss boys. We can do whatever we
want. Without anyone there to tell
us it's right or wrong or cool or
uncool or whatever.

MRS. FORD, Margot's blue-blooded Mom pops her head out -- *

MRS. FORD

Margot, Krissy's calling for you -- *

MARGOT

Tell her to move (the fuck) on. I
mean, how long does it take to get
the message? *

MRS. FORD

Tell her yourself. Also, you're
supposed to be studying. *

Margot rolls her eyes as her mother walks back in the house. *

AMY

Are your parents in favor of this
camp idea?

MARGOT

Of course not. Which is why I'm
not telling them. C'mon. It'll be
fun. *

A BEAT. Amy flips through the brochure. Looking at the
LAKE. The CABINS. The smiling faces of the CAMPERS.

AMY

I'll think about it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Margot nods. Starts off. Then turns back --

AMY (CONT'D) *
It's just all... a little scary. *

MARGOT *
That's exactly why we should do
this. This is the summer of YES.
Sometimes you gotta do things that
scare you, right?

Off AMY, we portal back to --

INT. BASEMENT - PRESENT - NIGHT

BACK ON Amy, about to kiss Alex. He senses her hesitation.

ALEX
If you don't want to --

But she leans in to kiss him. Then she SEES something, over Alex's shoulder -- A MIRROR. Barely illuminated in the darkness. But in the reflection, she can make out -- a SHAPE behind her. A figure. Its PALE HANDS reaching out, wrapping themselves around Amy's mouth. Amy SCREAMS.

AMY
Margot!

As she struggles, Amy sees the hands are connected to BODIES, hanging from a closet rod. Twined together, disfigured, mouths hanging open. Alex fumbles around, SWITCHES ON the fusebox. As LIGHT floods in, we SEE there are no bodies. It's just Amy tangled in a rack of clothes.

ALEX *
Amy, what is it? *
(she's scared; confused)
Who's... Margot?

Alex takes her wrist, clutching her jangly BRACELET.

ALEX (CONT'D)
Are you okay?

Amy pulls her hand away, out of the tangle of clothes. On edge. *

AMY
No.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

EXT. WOODS - CAMP CLEARWATER - PRESENT - NIGHT

A pair of flashlight BEAMS criss-cross the dark woods. It's the Deputy and the Sheriff. In his free hand, Sykes holds the crumpled old MAP he found in Dave's cabin.

DEPUTY SYKES

This camp's been open since 1941, right? But those pictures we found? This map? Way older. People have been coming here a long time. Longer than we thought.

Sykes shines his flashlight onto the MAP. Points out WRITING * and SYMBOLS along the edges. *

DEPUTY SYKES (CONT'D)

Look at this --

(points to the BEAST

overlaying the camp) *

Whoever drew this map, they saw the camp as a living, breathing thing. Like an animal. All the landmarks of the camp connect to different parts of it -- the lake? The eyes. The woods? The wings. And right here, in the center, the heart. *

SHERIFF HEELAN

And this connects to Dave's drowning how?

DEPUTY SYKES

The lake? That's where Dave's body was found. The forest? That's where we found the deer. With its heart cut out. I'd bet that deer heart is buried here, somewhere in the heart of the camp. I believe this is some kind of ritual. *

A long BEAT. Heelan stares at Sykes in stony silence.

SHERIFF HEELAN

You're grasping at straws. You really think this is worth starting a panic? *

DEPUTY SYKES

I do.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BEAT. Another beat. Then --

SHERIFF HEELAN

Afraid I don't.

(kindly; almost paternal) *

Look, I know this all brings up a *
lot of bad memories, especially *
considering how your Dad died -- *

Deputy Sykes's eyes darken at the memory. And yes, that is *
very much a story for another time. *

SHERIFF HEELAN (CONT'D) *

I miss Boots too. Miss him every *
day. He was a good man, people *
liked him. They trusted him. And *
if you want their trust too, this -- *
(gestures to the map and *
tin-type photos) *
-- ain't gonna do it. So my *
advice, kid, is take this map and *
these pictures and do what *
should've been done to them in that *
cabin. Burn them. *

Heelan turns and walks off, leaving Sykes alone in the woods.

A BEAT. Sykes looks at the map. Considers abandoning the *
search. But a look of resolve washes over him. He's staying *
the course. As he scans the woods with his flashlight --

INT. STAFF LOUNGE - NIGHT

Alex walks out of the basement. Sees the others waiting --

BLAIR

What (the fuck) happened, Amy just
ran off...

ALEX

I dunno, she got freaked out.

BLOTTER

Cause she was alone with you.
Burn, dude.

CRICKET

Did something happen? *

ALEX

No. *

BEAT. Silence. No one's really assured. And then --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RINGRING! Everyone jumps. Then realizes it was just the phone. Joel grabs it. Listens --

JOEL

Hey, Jessie -- it's your mom again.

Jessie smiles. Hops over to him --

ANGLE ON JESSIE. Taking the phone. Moving around the corner for privacy -- her smile drops.

JESSIE

Stop. Calling. I told you. I never want to speak to you again.

She slams it down. Puts her smile back on, turns back to the others who are oblivious. Cricket looks around --

CRICKET

Hey, so... should we be out looking for new girl? I mean, someone should, right?

*

EXT. CABIN ROW - CAMP CLEARWATER - NIGHT

-- Amy's flashlight, as she walks back toward her cabin. Spooked. Tense. Looking over her shoulder to make sure nothing's following her. She stumbles. Her bracelet rolls off. As she looks panicked at it rolling away --

INT. MARGOT'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - **FLASHBACK**

ON Amy, staring at herself in Margot's mirror. Margot's behind her, styling her hair. Amy looks completely different -- lace top, skirt over capri pants, very 80s, but cool...

MARGOT

Hmmm. Something's missing.

Margot opens her jewelry box and takes out a wood-beaded CRUCIFIX, drapes it around Amy's neck.

MARGOT (CONT'D)

Like a Virgin... touched for the very first time...

AMY

(laughing)

You think I look like her?

MARGOT

The question is: do you feel like her? When I put on this bracelet --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Margot slides off a JANGLY BRACELET (yep, that one).

MARGOT (CONT'D)

-- I feel like Wonder Woman.

AMY

Where'd you get that?

MARGOT

(with a smile)

Spencer's.

(then)

Hey, what'd you decide about camp?

We gotta get our applications in --

MRS. FORD (O.S.)

Margot?!?

Mrs. Ford walks into the room --

MARGOT

What happened to knocking, Mom?

MRS. FORD

What's going on in here?

MARGOT

We're... studying.

Mrs. Ford eyes them in their Madonna garb. Margot sighs. *

MARGOT (CONT'D) *

It's the last party of the year, *

okay? Amy and I -- *

MRS. FORD

Amy can do what she likes.

MARGOT

Why do you always do this? It's
just a party.

MRS. FORD

And if it were to get broken up?
If you were to get caught drinking?
(she SNAPS her fingers)

That's it. Wharton revokes your
admission. And for the next four
years, you'll be sleeping here
because I doubt anyone's going to
hire you without a degree. Is it
really worth jeopardizing your
future, sweetheart?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARGOT

How about I decide my future?

MRS. FORD

If you don't listen to me, you
won't have one.Mrs. Ford leaves the room. A BEAT. Margot looks like she
wants to scream. Or cry. Or both.

A BEAT. A look of resolve washes over Amy.

AMY

I'm going. *
(off Margot) *
I just decided. I'm going to camp *
with you. *

MARGOT

Really? Why?

AMY

For the same reason we're sneaking
out to that party... Sometimes you
have to do things that scare you,
right?

Off Margot's mischievous smile, we CUT TO --

EXT. DEEP WOODS - CAMP CLEARWATER - PRESENT

CLOSE on the OLD MAP as the Deputy's eyes narrow on the
"heart" of the camp. He lowers the map and walks forward a
few paces. Orienting himself in (literally) the belly of the
beast drawn on the map. In the distance, a faint sound -- *

cla-clink. cla-clink. *

Sykes stops cold in his tracks. Frozen with fear. *

CLA-CLINK. CLA-CLINK. *

Closer now. And louder. A look of recognition washes over
Sykes. It's the sound of SPURS, clinking against BOOTS. *Sykes shines his flashlight in the direction he heard the
noise. Nothing.

DEPUTY SYKES

Hello? *

Sykes moves closer to the tree where he heard the noise. As
he steps around the tree, shining his light on it --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

There's nothing there. Sykes exhales. Turns --

WINGS swoop past his face. CAAAAAAW.

Just a crow.

The Deputy catches his breath. As the bird flies off, he turns his back to the map, and WE SEE -- though Sykes does not --

*

ANOTHER PAIR OF EYES. Attached to a figure. Hiding behind a tree: DEB. In her hand, a BOOKBAG covered in dirt.

BACK ON SYKES. Looking down at the dirt. Unaware that Deb is nearby. He starts digging.

BACK ON DEB. Looking at her bookbag. And as we wonder if whatever Sykes is looking for is what she has in her bag --

END OF ACT FIVE

ACT SIX

INT. GIRLS' CABIN - CAMP CLEARWATER - NIGHT

TIGHT on Amy's EYES. Fast asleep. Then -- THUMP. THUMP. Amy's eyes SHOOT OPEN. She sits up in bed. The sound is coming from right outside her window. She looks around -- the cabin is EMPTY. Everyone's gone. THUMP. THUMP.

AMY

Hello?

Amy crawls out of bed, tiptoes to the window. She slowly OPENS it. Looks out into the night. THUMP. THUMP. Amy cranes her head up to find --

-- a Camp Clearwater FLAG blowing in the night breeze. THUMPING against the cabin roof. Phew. She closes the window. Turns back to her bed. And she sees something --

-- in the opposite corner of the cabin. It's PITCH BLACK. But there's MOVEMENT in the dark. A FIGURE slowly moving toward her. Slowly. Silently.

As it gets closer, we see its features more clearly. It's a GIRL, long hair concealing her face. Her hands REACHING OUT for Amy. Her movements are jagged, abnormal. Amy's frozen with fear. Paralyzed. As the figure steps into the moonlight, her arms reaching for Amy --

Amy SCREAMS and runs like hell out of the cabin.

EXT. CAMP CLEARWATER - NIGHT

Amy runs through camp. Quaking with fear. We SEE from her POV: she's disoriented. Frantic. As she passes a tree --

The tree's ROOTS coil, whipping around her legs. As she wriggles free from them -- she mutters to herself --

AMY

I'm sorry... I'm sorry...

She keeps running. Passing the ROPES COURSE -- ropes PULL her closer, like a fly in a spider's web. Amy takes out a pocket knife, CUTS through the ropes, tears in her eyes --

AMY (CONT'D)

... sorry, I'm sorry...

Just as she cuts herself free -- HANDS reach out for her.

DEPUTY SYKES, covered in dirt.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DEPUTY SYKES

Whoa, whoa. Take it easy. What's wrong?

AMY

(scared; frenetic)

I'm sorry...

DEPUTY SYKES

Sorry for what? Talk to me --

He gently grabs her by the jangly BRACELET and we MATCH TO -- *

EXT. KRISSY'S HOUSE - NIGHT - **FLASHBACK**

-- the JANGLY BRACELET as Margot's hand rings the doorbell. Krissy opens the door. Loud music BLARING behind her. *

Margot and Amy BREEZE right past Krissy into -- a raging HOUSE PARTY. "Get On The Dance Floor" by Rob Base and D.J. EZ ROCK plays. Now, a series of frenetic POPS -- *

Amy and Margot weave through the CROWD. Amy is getting checked out by guys. Looking sexier than ever in the pulsing multi-colored PARTY LIGHTS.

Margot lines up two shots of tequila. She shoots hers, licks salt off her hand, bites down on a lime. Amy does the same.

In rapid-fire TIME CUTS, Margot does shot after shot. After shot. Amy's drawn in by the party. Having a blast.

AMY

This is great!

(Margot can't hear her)

This is GREAT!

MARGOT

This is nothing! Wait 'til we get to Camp! Best summer of our lives!

As Amy FILLS her shot glass with more tequila --

EXT. LAKE - CAMP CLEARWATER - PRESENT - NIGHT

-- we cut to the LAKE. Amy has run onto the DOCK, the Deputy right behind her. Her eyes glide over the water.

DEPUTY SYKES

Amy! Amy!

As Amy tries to get her bearings, another VOICE comes through, the flashback and the present blending --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARGOT (V.O.)

Amy!

INT. KRISSY'S HOUSE - NIGHT - **FLASHBACK**

Margot, drunk off her ass, grabs Amy's hand --

MARGOT

Let's dance!

Amy follows Margot out to the dance floor. She's timid at first, but quickly loosens up. Lights PULSING, music BLASTING, a sea of ARMS flailing all around her. MATCH TO --

EXT. LAKE CLEARWATER - NIGHT - PRESENT

-- pale, blue, ARMS REACHING out from under the dock, trying to PULL Amy down into the water.

DEPUTY SYKES' POV -- he sees NOTHING. It looks like Amy is hallucinating. He pulls at her other arm.

ON AMY. Struggling against what seem to be very real arms. *
Sykes's flashlight SHINES in her face, off the BRIGHT LIGHT -- *

INT. PARTY HOUSE - NIGHT - **FLASHBACK**

-- a BRIGHT LIGHT fills the frame. It's COPS. Walking in the front door of the house. FUCK. The kids inside SCATTER like bowling pins. Amy's confused. Margot's terrified.

MARGOT

We have to go...

AMY

What is it? What's going on?

MARGOT

We have to GO. Now!

Margot grabs Amy's hand, heads for the door, but it's BLOCKED by cops. No escape. Margot scans the house her eyes landing on the STAIRWELL leading up, THREE STORIES to the top.

MARGOT (CONT'D)

Come on!

INT. BEDROOM -- KRISSY'S HOUSE -- MOMENTS LATER - **FLASHBACK**

Margot runs into a guest bedroom with Amy. Margot SLAMS the door, LOCKING it behind them.

MARGOT

This can't be happening...

AMY

Margot, calm down...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARGOT

(snaps)

Don't tell me to calm down!

Margot looks out the bedroom window -- they're three stories up. Down below, PARTYGOERS are running in every direction. Some escaping. Some being detained by the cops.

MARGOT (CONT'D)

They're arresting people...

AMY

How much did you have to drink?

MARGOT

My Mom... she was right... if they catch me... That's it...

POUND. POUND. The door SHAKES from outside.

POLICE (O.S.)

Open up! Open the door!

Margot freezes. Tears forming. Amy tries to calm her --

*

AMY

You're going to be fine. We're going to camp, remember? Best summer of our lives?

POUND. POUND.

POLICE (O.S.)

Open the door!

Margot runs to the window, frantically trying to push it open, but it's STUCK.

MARGOT

I have to get out...

AMY

Hey... we're in this together.

Margot PUSHES the window harder. Doesn't budge.

AMY (CONT'D)

Everything's going to be alright --

MARGOT

No. It won't.

Margot puts all her weight onto the window --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

It gives way and OPENS and Margot's body FALLS OUT.

AMY

Margot!

Amy scrambles, extending her hand, grabbing Margot's wrist -- she's dangling by a thread, five stories above the ground.

Amy tries to pull her back up, but her grip is slipping. Margot REACHES for her with both hands. Amy PULLS, but -- *

-- Margot's BRACELET slips off her wrist into Amy's hand as -- * she FALLS three stories, PLUMMETING to the ground below.

Behind Amy, the cops bust down the door and enter the room. But Amy doesn't even acknowledge them. She's staring down --

-- at Margot. A bloody heap of broken bones. Blood pools from her forehead. The life leaves her eyes. She's dead. Off Amy, clutching Margot's JANGLY BRACELET --

EXT. DOCK - CAMP CLEARWATER - PRESENT - NIGHT

Amy clutches the bracelet. Eyes closed. She's trembling. *

AMY

I couldn't save her... I tried but...

A HAND clasps hers. Amy bristles, until she hears (and we see) it belongs to Deputy Sykes. Kneeling by her side.

DEPUTY SYKES

Whatever happened... I'm sure it wasn't your fault.

AMY

I miss her.

DEPUTY SYKES

(looks out over the lake)
My Dad used to tell me the thing he looked forward to most was the day he could teach my kids how to swim in this lake. Which is funny because he was a terrible swimmer.

A BEAT. Sykes sits with a HARD MEMORY. Then --

DEPUTY SYKES (CONT'D)

He's been gone seven years now. But I still carry him with me, like it was yesterday.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMY

She was supposed to be here.

DEPUTY SYKES

Don't let what was supposed to be
stop you from seeing what really
is.

Sykes leans in. Puts his hand on Amy's back.

DEPUTY SYKES (CONT'D)

You can open your eyes. Nothing
here is going to hurt you.

A BEAT. Amy opens her eyes and sees -- Sykes is RIGHT.
There's nothing. Amy notices Sykes covered in dirt.

AMY

What happened to you?

DEPUTY SYKES

I was looking for something.

AMY

Did you find it?

DEPUTY SYKES

(shakes his head no)

You're not the only one who's been
seeing things that aren't there. I
think we're both trying so hard to
make it right with people who are
gone that we're forgetting who's
standing right here.

AMY

I don't know if I can do this
without her.

DEPUTY SYKES

You can be whoever you want here.
That's the magic of this place.
It's what she would want for you.

WHOOPS and HOLLERS break the moment as some of the other
counselors run by -- Joel, Jessie, Cricket, Alex, Blair and
Drew -- heading toward the water. Cricket notices Amy. *
Calls out to her --

CRICKET

Hey Jellystone, you coming in?

Amy looks at Cricket. Then at Sykes. Making a decision.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMY

Yeah. I am.

BLOTTER

Cannonbaaaallllll!

Blotter SPLASHES in. Amy moves to the dock's edge. Looking at the counselors in the water. Then back at Sykes.

AMY

How about you?

And fuck, does he want to... but... he just smiles...

DEPUTY SYKES

Got paperwork to do. Go on. Have fun.

She takes his hand. Squeezes it. Looks deep in his eyes.

AMY

Thank you. *

A fucking charged moment. He squeezes her hand back. Nods. *
And that's when we needle-drop *Patience* by Guns 'n Roses.

We DROP BACK -- from a distance, JESSIE is watching. Staring at Amy and Sykes. Her expression's hard to read, but we see a flicker of something unexpected in her eyes: longing. As Sykes lets go of Amy's hand and walks off -- *Patience* * continues to play over the images as we find ourselves in a final MONTAGE of moments, beginning with:

AMY. Jumping into the lake. Crashing through the water and joining the others having a blast. No longer seeming like a * new girl. All but Drew, of course, who sits on the dock, apart from everyone. Alex looks at Amy from across the water. Knowing he's got competition now. But as he swims toward her, playfully DUNKING her under the water, it's clear he's up for the challenge. *Patience* continues and we go to --

EXT. DOCK/LAKE - CAMP CLEARWATER - NIGHT

As the counselors swim. Blair gets out. Dries off. Sees Drew, sitting alone, smoking a joint. Listening to his Walkman. Blair sits by him --

BLAIR

So... Drew. What's your deal?

(Drew just shrugs)

Okay, if you're not going to talk to me, can you at least tell me what you're listening to?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Drew looks at him. BEAT, leans close. Takes off headphones.

DREW

Bleach.
 (off Blair)
 The album. It's music.

BLAIR

Can I... hear it?

Beat. Drew actually seems to consider it for a moment. Just a moment. Then -- he puts the headphones back on. Grabs his joint, leans back. Stares at the sky. CONVERSATION OVER. Blair sighs. Walks away.

INT. DEB'S CABIN - NIGHT

Deb stands by her window, staring down at the BOOKBAG she brought back from the woods. She slowly unzips it. Inside is -- A RUSTY OLD BOX. Deb wipes dirt off it. Her eyes GO WIDE. She's about to pop it open when she realizes --

She's being watched. By Joel. Filming her, like before. Deb stares at Joel. Joel smiles. Expecting to get another "show" from his crush. But Deb doesn't smile. Not this time. Instead, she SLAMS the window shut, CLOSES THE BLINDS.

INT. STAFF LOUNGE - NIGHT

Cricket's alone in the dark lounge. CARVING something into the wall behind an old BOOKSHELF. We don't see everything she's carved but we glimpse two words --

Cricket... Slut...

As we wonder why Cricket's writing these about herself --

INT. BOYS' CABIN - SAME

Alex. Alone in the cabin. Drying off. He takes a crisp polo shirt off a hangar. And we see -- it has a LAUNDRY TAG on it -- it reads "Rich Fogel." Huh? Weird. He CUTS it off. RIPS it UP and throws it in the trash.

EXT./INT. NURSE'S STATION - MOMENTS LATER

Drew, entering the nurse's station. He LOCKS the door behind him, walks to the back of the office, where he finds --

A SHOWER. Private. Apart from everyone. Drew turns on the water. Then -- he takes off his shirt. Looks at himself in the mirror. And that's when we notice -- his chest is WRAPPED in gauze tape. Tamping down BREASTS.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The enigma that is Drew Goddard is actually a GIRL. As he's *
about to step in the shower, he notices something in the *
corner of the room, KNOCKING against the vent in the ceiling: *

A RED BALLOON. *

The one he saw with that little girl. Drew walks over and -- *
BANG! -- POPS it. OFF Drew, once again looking rattled, and *
as we wonder what this means -- *

EXT. DOCK - CAMP CLEARWATER - NIGHT *

The counselors dry off and head back to the lounge. Sykes *
stays, doing paperwork as does another counselor -- JESSIE. *

DEPUTY SYKES

Have you seen Deb? Need to give
her the official okay to open camp.
Considering there's... y'know... no
killer on the loose.

JESSIE

I'll let her know.

But Jessie doesn't move. Just stares at Sykes.

DEPUTY SYKES

Is... everything alright?

JESSIE

You have no idea who I am, do you?

DEPUTY SYKES

Should I?

JESSIE

You tell me... *townie*.

Sykes blinks. And as he gets it, WE get it --

DEPUTY SYKES

... Braces?

Jessie smiles. Runs a hand across his arm, flirtatiously.

JESSIE

Yeah, but they're off now.

And with that she walks way. Holy fuck -- Jessie is
"Braces." The Deputy's first love. As this LANDS --

He looks down at the water. Smiles. Walks away. We HOLD on *
the WATER. BEAT -- *

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

-- and then a SMALL RED BUBBLE appears. Just like we saw before the dead rose back in 1817. It quickly subsides. As we wonder what this means, WE GO TO --

INT. STAFF LOUNGE - NIGHT

The counselors sit around the VCR, watching Joel's FOOTAGE: Shots of all of them, swimming in the lake, goofing off, having fun. Jessie enters the lounge, breaking the moment --

JESSIE

Hey, so... T.J. Hooker just said we're clear to open in the morning.

BLOTTER

Let's Dew it Kountry Kool --

AMY

What does that --

JOEL

It means somebody needs to grab a twelve pack of Dew, 'cause we're pulling an all-nighter.

Before anyone else gets a chance, Amy blurts out --

AMY

Not it!

The counselors laugh. Amy's finally fitting in. They scamper out of the lounge. Joel's the last -- he goes to hit the STOP button on the VCR but hits PAUSE instead. As he exits -- WE remain behind. Our attention focused on the TV -- the paused footage of the counselors at the lake.

PUSH IN CLOSER. The way the image is paused, we see the counselors, fuzzy shapes splashing around in the water. But because we're talking '80s video here, there are TRACKING BARS rolling up and down the screen, distorting the image.

But as we continue to PUSH IN, we SEE SOMETHING. A FIGURE standing on the shore, WATCHING the counselors. We can't see this figure's face, that long, gaunt frame is undeniable --

It's THE TALL MAN from 1871.

Sleep tight, campers.

END OF EPISODE