

CAMP CRYSTAL LAKE PILOT: MONDAY

Written by

Paul J. Marano

Based on, Friday the 13th

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. CAMPGROUNDS ENTRANCE - DAY (PRESENT)

We see a summer camp full of bodies. They're iconic kills from across the Friday the 13th films. We see them overlaid the camp in the present day where it looks like a normal summer camp with kids playing and laughing. A chaperone is seen calling kids over to her. They run through where a dead body used to be.

The kids are being sent home as their time at CAMPY CRYSTAL LAKE is over. The chaperones and kiddos are wrangled onto a couple of yellow school bus. We see the silhouettes of The FIVE Councilors wave goodbye as they leave.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

A new pair of school buses pass by the leaving ones. They're filled with teenagers rather than young kids. The young kids wave at them and some of the teens wave back. Others just glare as they look like they'd rather be anywhere else.

EXT. CAMPGROUNDS ENTRANCE - DAY

The COUNCILORS(late teens-early 20s) stand in line, faces not shown, as the first bus pulls up.

Out steps a youthful football coach named RANDY(30s) and after him comes a load of teachers and other adult guardians.

The second bus pulls up and unloads all of the teenagers. We have the full litany of High School stereotypes. Popular kids, Jocks, nerds, etc. They all look like they've sorted themselves into tight cliches, but all sides fall into one of the three groups. Rich kids, smart kids, and THIRD KIDS, poor kids who got in on a scholarship.

First we see GWEN (17, goth, pierced). She wears ripped fishnets, chunky boots, and a permanent sneer.

Next to her is EVAN (16, nerdy, glasses, already regretting this trip).

EVAN

Seriously? a church camp?

GWEN

You ready to pray the gay away
Evan.

TYLER (18, golden boy quarterback) and TYRESE (18, his power forward best friend) emerge next.

Tyler claps his hands, stretching like he's preparing for a big game.

TYLER

All right, what the fuck is this?

TYRESE

A summer camp.

TYLER

Damn, I knew I shoulda cheated on that math test.

JESSICA (17, blonde barbie doll) steps out, eyeing some of the guys.

JESSICA

Who knows, this could be fun.

Her friends roll their eyes.

MIGUEL, JOEY & OWEN (17-18, permanently high, wearing sunglasses even though it's cloudy) stumble out next.

Miguel stares at the sky like it just spoke to him.

MIGUEL

Yo... does anyone else feel like the trees are watching?

JOEY

Holy shit, don't say that.

OWEN

Chill man, chill. Don't blow our cover.

DANA (16, blazered-up, already hates everything) struts down, nose wrinkled in disgust.

DANA

Why are we here with the remedials?

LENNY (17, class clown, cocky grin) overhears.

LENNY

Because God loves all his children.
Even you, Dana.

Dana flips him off.

RYAN (17, sarcastic,) stops at the entrance, taking it all in.

RYAN

Oh, sick. This reminds me of the
camp I was molested at.

ALICE (16, skeptic, sharp-tongued) looks around.

ALICE

There better be air conditioning.

ARNOLD (18, dramatic theater kid) gasps.

ARNOLD

We'll be lucky if there's running
water.

TINA (16, gossip mill, all-seeing eyes) elbows Alice,
whispering.

TINA

Y'all see Jessica eye-fucking
Tyler? She really wants him.

ALICE

He can have that bimbo and see if I
care.

CLARK (18, naturally suspicious, arms crossed) steps down,
eyes scanning the camp.

CLARK

There's no way this place isn't
violating some safety code.

ELLEN (17, best friend, loves a good theory) nods.

ELLEN

A hundred percent.

DANTE (17, always pushing boundaries, somehow still in
school) looks around.

ELLEN (CONT'D)

What do you think bad boy?

DANTE

I'm already planning my great escape.

Ellen falls into his arms.

ELLEN

Take me with you.

Clark looks jealous.

Coach Randy Mr. And Mrs. GORDON(40s) approach the HEAD COUNSELOR/BJ(50s), who is the only camp counselor that looks like an adult.

BJ

Quite the mix you guys got here.

GORDON

We enroll a lot of underprivileged youths.

RANDY

It's great for our sports programs.

The chaperones do their best to get the teens sorted.

CROSBY

Everyone gather your things and line up single file across my ass cheeks- you fuckers ain't even listing.

LENNY

Yeah we are. I'm here for them cheeks Mr. Crosby.

CROSBY

Get your ass in line Lenny!

The last of the high schoolers step off the buses. The CHAPERONES, a mix of TEACHERS and SCHOOL STAFF, stretch and take in their surroundings. Some are already rubbing their temples, tired from the bus ride.

The five Counselors all look as young as the teens, but we still don't fully see their faces, only their smiles. There's MONDAY(18-20) a petite girl, TUESDAY(18-20) a tall man, WEDNESDAY(18-20) a tall woman, THURSDAY(18-20) a short man, and SATURDAY(18-20) a giant beast of a young man.

BJ claps his hands together, grinning ear to ear.

BJ

All right, folks, let's not pretend here. You're sick of them. They're sick of you. That's just the natural order of things. So how about we start this little retreat off right—with some quality time apart?

Some chaperones exchange looks. A few immediately nod in approval, while others—like MR. GORDON look suspicious.

GORDON

We're supposed to be supervising them.

BJ

Oh, of course, of course. And you will. In spirit. But think of it like this—absence makes the heart grow fonder. They'll appreciate you more when you're not breathing down their necks.

A few CHAPERONES smirk, nodding along. Randy lets out a relieved sigh.

RANDY

I mean, hell, they could use a break from us too.

BJ

See? The man gets it. And don't you worry, we'll reunite you with your little angels soon enough. But for now, why don't you all head to your modest accommodations and get some well-earned rest?

BJ gestures toward a winding path leading away. The CHAPERONES glance between the kids and the path.

CHAPERONE #1

Wait, our cabins are over there?

BJ

Yup! Five-star treatment, my friends. Only the best for those shaping young minds.

Gordon approaches BJ.

GORDON

This better not bite us in the ass.
We can't afford any more incidents
with this bunch.

BJ

Oh don't you worry, the only thing
biting asses around here are the
mosquitos.

GORDON

Can you be serious with me for a
second, mister...

BJ

BJ.

GORDON

(deep sigh)

BJ, I need to know you can keep
these kids safe.

BJ

Of course. I run a summer camp that
sees over a hundred campers a year.
My counselors and I can handle 26
teens.

Gordon gestures to the young counselors, we still don's see
their faces, just their smiles..

GORDON

Your counselors look like teens
themselves.

BJ

They'll set a good example for your
kids.

RANDY

Gordon, I'm tired. We're all tired.
This camp came recommended for a
reason. Let's trust his process.

BJ

Yes, trust the process.

Gordon sighs.

GORDON

I'll be back as soon as I'm
unpacked.

BJ
Of course. We'll be waiting.

With that, the last CHAPERONES make their way toward the luxury cabin, leaving BJ alone with the campers.

BJ (CONT'D)
Let's wave them goodbye everyone.

BJ awkwardly gets everyone to wave goodbye to the chaperones as they leave. Some flip them off.

BJ (CONT'D)
Wave like it'll be the last time
we'll ever see em...

They wave goodbye for an needlessly long and increasingly awkward period of time.

BJ (CONT'D)
All right, campers! Let me be the first, but not the last, to welcome you to Camp Crystal Lake! I'm BJ, your host for the next 5 days.

The teens laugh.

BJ (CONT'D)
What's so funny.

LENNY
Your name.

BJ
What's so funny about it? Come on, you can tell me. Be honest, because you're not the first group to laugh at me for it.

DANA
It's the acronym for blow job.

BJ
Oh...
(laughs uncontrollably)
...Very funny! Truly, now that we've had our laughs, let's get to it. I know you guys must be as excited as I am, so what's all this standing around for? Let's go!

BJ and his counselors eagerly takes off, running toward the camp's main area, expecting the teens to follow. Only SANJAY(18) an awkward Indian teen runs after.

Everyone else exchange skeptical glances and hesitate before begrudgingly following them at a slower pace.

EXT. OUTDOOR CHAPEL - DAY

BJ and his counselors lead the teens to an outdoor chapel, where wooden benches are set up. He stands at the front, ready to give his presentation, but first...

BJ
Are you ready guys?

LENNY
No.

They get laughs from the others.

BJ
I wasn't talking to you. Hit it!

A stereo clicks on, and suddenly, the unmistakable synth intro of Hungry Like the Wolf blasts through cheap portable speakers.

From behind the chapel, the camp counselors, now wearing different colored hockey masks, emerge. Each one wears a camp T-shirt with their names on it.

And they start dancing. It's cringey, but damn is it coordinated. Once done, The teens are left stunned, blinking at what they just witnessed.

SARA
...What the fuck was that?

RYAN
They think we're 10.

BJ claps his hands together, grinning like a proud dad at a school recital.

BJ
Wasn't that fun?

Silence.

BJ (CONT'D)
All right, well give em a hand.

They receive a smattering of applause.

BJ (CONT'D)

Now gather around, campers! It's time for our little orientation.

The teens settle in, some rolling their eyes. BJ takes out a prop hat and puts it on dramatically.

BJ (CONT'D)

Now, you're probably wondering, "Who is this guy, and why is he so weird?" Well, I'll have you know that I'm the weirdest camp counselor you'll ever meet. And I'm proud of it!

Some teens chuckle and tease BJ.

LENNY

We can tell, BJ.

BJ

And I can tell you're the attention whore who thinks they're funny.

Crowd awkwardly laughs, don't know how to react. Lenny is embarrassed.

LENNY

Fuck you.

BJ

Oh don't tell me you can serve it, but you can't take it Lenny?

MAX

Woah, how did you know his name?

BJ

Because I'm psychic Max. That's how I know you're thinking about fat cock right now.

Everyone doesn't know how to react. BJ laughs.

BJ (CONT'D)

No, I just got a roster with all your names and faces. I was also told you were all going to be some very unhappy campers. You guys performed so bad on your tests and behaved so poorly in classes, St. Francis Preparatory School had no choice but to send you all to me.

A girl raises her hand.

BJ (CONT'D)

Oh, we got a patient hand raiser.
What an angel you must be, that or
a total bitch.

MARY

I think it's unfair that some of us
are here based on others behavior.

She glares at some of the other students.

BJ

AND I think I know which of the two
you are now.

MARY

My point is that I do not belong
here.

BJ

But Mary you're a blessed angel and
this is the holiest place on earth.

SUNDAY

Amen!

SUNDAY(40s) appears.

BJ

Speaking of angels, this woman
right here.

SUNDAY

BJ, please don't give the campers
the wrong impression.

BJ

It's too late, they're already
looking at ya.

She comes up to introduce herself.

SUNDAY

My name is Sunday Andrews and I
will be in charge of all religious
activities during this retreat.

DANTE

Boo!

SUNDAY

It seems some of you do not realize
you attend a catholic institution
and need reminding. At the start
and end of every day, we will
assemble here for service.
Attendance is mandatory.

Groans from the campers.

DANTE

What if we disobey?

SUNDAY

Then there will be consequences.

DANTE

(aroused)
What kind?

SUNDAY

The kind you wouldn't want your
parents hearing about.

DANTE

You said these are consequences?

BJ

All right hon, enough teasing the
dicks in sneakers.

BJ steps up.

TYRESE

Damn BJ, that your girl.

BJ

No, I can only be so lucky. It's
more like a will they, won't they
type of thing, we'r like a real
like Ross and Rachel.

TINA

Who?

ALICE

He means like Jim and Pam.

TINA

Oh...ahh

TYRESE

If it's been this long and you haven't smashed, then bro I got bad news, I don't think she likes you.

BJ

Speaking from experience there Tyrese?

Crowd reacts to the burn.

TYRESE

Fuck you man, I'm just trying to put you down easier than she would.

BJ

Who said I want to be put down easy. Maybe I want to have her rip my heart out and smash it to pieces. At least I'd feel something that way. It might even give me the motivation to do all things I didn't think I could before, because you should never underestimate a man with no heart.

Everyone stares at BJ in confusion.

BJ (CONT'D)

All right, enough chit chat campers. Let me show you all around.

INT. LUXURY CABIN - DAY

The adult CHAPERONES, after a long hike, enter their luxurious cabin, their faces filled with awe and excitement.

BJ (V.O.)

I know it's not much, but this camp dares to offer you more than the simple luxuries.

MONTAGE:

- The chaperones marvel at the spacious living area, complete with plush sofas and a cozy fireplace.
- They explore the gourmet kitchen, stocked with top-of-the-line appliances and gleaming countertops.

- One chaperone gleefully discovers the state-of-the-art entertainment system, complete with a massive flat-screen TV and surround sound speakers.

INT. CAMP CRYSTAL LAKE - DAY

BJ leads the group through the winding trails of Camp Crystal Lake.

BJ

We have a saying here at Camp Crystal Lake. It's kinda like the saying that Disneyland has, you know, "this is where dreams come true," or whatever the fuck- Well, here at Camp Crystal Lake, we say this is the place where legends are made...

(pauses and turns back to the group)
and sometimes better forgotten.

The group exchange nervous glances.

INT. LUXURY CABIN - DAY

We return to the chaperones. They have excited expressions to contrast the campers.

- They excitedly opens the doors to the expansive balcony, offering breathtaking views of the surrounding forest.

- One chaperone happily discovers the luxurious en-suite bathroom, complete with a Jacuzzi tub and deluxe toiletries.

EXT. THE DOCK - DAY

BJ stands at the edge of the dock, overlooking the serene lake, shimmering under the midday sun. The campers gather around, their curiosity piqued.

BJ

This, folks, is the heart of Camp Crystal Lake. The lake might seem tranquil now, but legend has it, it holds secrets beneath its surface. Secrets that have taken many down to its darkest depths never to be heard from again.

(pauses)

(MORE)

BJ (CONT'D)

We offer kayaking, canoeing, and we even have a paddle boat. Only one though, so you guys will have to take turns.

BJ smiles and stares at his reflection in the lake.

INT. LUXURY CABIN - DAY

BJ (V.O.)

And here are your five star amenities.

- The chaperones relax in the luxurious bedrooms, sinking into the soft, inviting beds adorned with fluffy pillows and sheets.

INT. CABINS - DAY

BJ shows them inside the cabins. They suck.

BJ

The goal is you should all spend as little time here as possible.

Gwen notices a hockey mask carved into the wood of one of the bunk beds.

INT. LUXURY CABIN - DAY

The teacher falls off the bed and smashes a tv.

CROSBY

Oh fuck.

He notices a cord with a weird lens on the end jutting out from the broken glass of the tv frame.

INTERCUT - SPY-CAM footage

CROSBY (CONT'D)

They got god damn cameras in everything these days.

EXT. ABANDONED CABIN - DAY

We see a hidden camera by a tree zoom in as the group approaches an eerie, dilapidated cabin nestled deep in the woods. BJ gestures towards it, a mysterious smile playing on his lips.

BJ

And here we have the infamous abandoned cabin of Camp Crystal Lake. Some say its haunted by the ghosts of those who were murdered in it, but I think it's just the fucking raccoons.

MARY

People were murdered here?

BJ

Yup, that's just what I fucking said. Glad to know you're listening though.

MARY

Well I-

BJ

I wasn't done! Now you see, back in the 80s, a whole lot of camp councilors were found gutted like fish with their entrails all over the walls. They say you can still find blood stains in the wood to this very day, but my honest opinion, I think it's just mold.

EXT. MESS HALL - DAY

The campers stand before the MESS HALL, a hub of activity during the camp's heyday. BJ leans against the porch railing, his expression serious.

BJ

And here we are, last but not least. This hall has seen its great share of messes, thus the name, but it's still standing, foosball table and all.

Two teens start to play around.

BJ (CONT'D)

I want you all to remember though one very important thing, it's not the buildings that make Camp Crystal Lake what it is to those who camp these hallowed grounds.

(MORE)

BJ (CONT'D)

It's the memories, and the bonds
you will forge here that will last
you all forever...I may be speaking
from experience.

BJ gestures to a heart with a T+S.

BJ (CONT'D)

Don't tell her I showed you that.
She'll kill me and then all of you.

BJ walks over to a soda machine.

BJ (CONT'D)

We also got a soda machine if you
kids get thirsty.

BJ tries to use it but it seems to not be working.

BJ (CONT'D)

Oh, you've got to be shitting me.
Kirk!

KIRK(20s) walks in, he looks like he's was freshly working on
something. He immediately catches the eyes of most the female
campers and a few male.

BJ (CONT'D)

Speak the devil's name and he shall
come.

KIRK

You called me?

BJ

The damn soda machine isn't
working.

KIRK

I know, the younger kids broke it
by shaking it again.

BJ

Can you fix it?

KIRK

After I'm done fixing everything
else.

BJ

Well chop chop, you only got over
two dozen thirsty teens right in
front of ya.

Kirk sees all the fuck me eyes he's getting.

KIRK
That I can tell.

Kirk leaves and many eyes follow him as he does.

JESSICA
Who was that?

BJ
That's Kirk. He's our camp handy
man. You'll see him around.

JESSICA
Wonderful.

BJ claps his hands.

BJ
All right, I'll let you all get
settled in. You guys know where the
cabins are and can choose your bunk
buddies as you see fit.

CLARK
Anyone?

TYLER
So you mean boys and girls can
sleep together?

BJ
I said as you see fit. Now I'll see
you all at the cafeteria for lunch,
until then, try to enjoy
yourselves. Here at Camp Crystal
Lake, it won't be hard.

BJ walks away.

TYRESE
Oh, he's really just-

MAX
And he's gone.

DANA
I'm fine with him fucking off.

MARY
What is going on with that guy?

SABRINA(17, a bookish girl, speaks up.

SABRINA

I think countless generations of malcontent youths have ground him down, that or he realized he can get away with not doing his job as long as we don't care either. That's why he's letting boys and girls bunk together. He really wants us to like him.

One of the jocks fucks with the soda machine when suddenly beer cans come out.

TYLER

Beer?

TYRESE

He REALLY wants us to like him.

TINA

Shit, if that Sunday bitch won't fuck him, I will.

The teens start to look around.

INT. SNACK SHACK - DAY

The teens raid the candy stand and find that the candy tastes a little odd.

MIGUEL

These are edibles.

JOEY

What? They don't taste weird to me. How do you know?

MIGUEL

Because I was coming down from the one I popped on the way here and now I'm climbing right the fuck back up after eating these skittles bro!

He looks at his hands and sees as if he's on some sort of potent psychedelic.

EXT. CHAPEL - DAY

We see Kirk playing guitar as Jessica approaches him. His back is turned to them, but he stops when one of them snaps a twig.

KIRK

I see you.

JESSICA

I'm not trying to hide from you.

KIRK

You should.

He chuckles as he lights a cig.

JESSICA

Shouldn't you be working.

KIRK

Man was not evolved to work during
the heat of high noon.

Kirk gestures to the sun and his sweaty brow and body.

KIRK (CONT'D)

I'm taking my siesta until it
cools.

JESSICA

You look like you deserve it.

Kirk smiles and gets out a guitar. He starts strumming it.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

You take requests?

KIRK

Only the ones I like.

JESSICA

You're name's Kirk, so I gotta ask,
do you know any Nirvana songs?

KIRK

A few but I couldn't really do
Cobain justice unless you gave me a
shotgun.

She doesn't know how to react to that...joke?

KIRK (CONT'D)

All right, too raw for ya. That's
ok girls. I'll play you some
Lithium.

Kirk begins playing Lithium as...

BEGIN MONTAGE

We see the teens going about their tomfoolery as they are given free roam of the camp. Some decide to swim in their underwear, others recklessly partake in archery. We see visual blurs and effects as the drugs kick in for many of them who raided the candy stand.

We see the chaperones getting drunk off wine mirroring the kids getting fucked up on beer.

Gwen notices the intense stares from some of the masked councilors at the teens as they party.

CARL(18) Fat funny kid, JOE(18) an average joe, and GRACE, a hippy chick lounge on the lake beach.

CARL

So what do you guys think this really is?

JOE

Paradise on Earth.

CARL

No, really?

GRACE

Too good to be true.

CARL

Right! LIKE-
(holds up beer can)
This is a fucking trap.

INT. LUXURY CABIN - NIGHT

The fireplace crackles in the background, casting a warm glow over the lavish cabin. A long dining table is covered in half-empty bottles of expensive-looking wine, glasses already filled. A few Chaperones lounge on plush chairs, tipsy and relaxed.

Gordon stands near the window, his cell phone pressed against his ear, frowning.

GORDON

Come on... Pick up...

Silence. The call goes straight to voicemail.

BJ (VOICEMAIL)

Hey there, campers! You've reached
Camp Crystal Lake!

(MORE)

BJ (VOICEMAIL) (CONT'D)

If this is an emergency, well, that sucks for you. Otherwise, leave a message, and we'll get back to ya when we feel like it.

Beep.

Gordon clenches his jaw, shoving the phone into his pocket.

Across the room, his wife and teacher at the school, Martha Gordon, swirls a glass of deep red wine, watching him.

MARTHA

You're really gonna let this ruin a perfectly good evening?

Gordon pinches the bridge of his nose.

GORDON

Martha, we're supposed to be supervising these kids. How are we supposed to do that when our cabin is miles away from the camp?

Martha leans back in her chair, smirking.

MARTHA

Oh, come on. It's one night. When was the last time we got to sit back, relax... enjoy ourselves?

She holds up her glass of wine for emphasis.

MARTHA (SMIRKING) (CONT'D)

And when was the last time we had wine this good?

She takes another long sip.

GORDON (GRUMBLING)

I don't care how good the wine is. This whole setup here is wrong.

Martha rolls her eyes, but before she can argue, Gordon grabs his jacket off the back of a chair.

GORDON (CONT'D)

I'm hiking back down there.

Martha scoffs.

MARTHA

Gordon—

GORDON (CUTTING HER OFF)
I don't care how long of a walk it
is.

Gordon heads for the door, gripping the handle—
He swings it open and BJ is standing right there.

INT. LUXURY CABIN - DOORWAY - NIGHT

BJ grins, hands in his pockets, like he was expecting this.

BJ
I got your calls.

Gordon stares at him, startled.

BJ (CHUCKLING) (CONT'D)
Around here, it's faster for me to
just come up to talk to ya rather
than call you back. Dang reception,
am I right?

BJ grins wider, like it's all a joke.

Gordon isn't laughing.

GORDON
This isn't funny. You stuck us in a
cabin miles from camp without a
proper itinerary. We don't even
know what the kids are doing right
now.

BJ tilts his head, amused.

BJ
Oh, you'll get your itinerary first
thing in the morning. Cross my
heart.
(He makes a little "X"
over his chest.)

Gordon doesn't move.

BJ (CONT'D)
Come on, man. Enjoy the peace while
you have it... And your wife...
while you still have her.

Gordon's brow furrows. BJ nods toward the dining table.

Gordon turns his head and sees Martha laughing softly as Coach Randy stands beside her, pouring her another glass of wine.

Martha places a hand on Randy's arm, playfully squeezing it as she says something Gordon can't hear.

Randy laughs. Gordon's jaw tightens. BJ smirks.

BJ (CONT'D)

See ya tomorrow morning.

BJ gives Gordon one last friendly pat on the shoulder before casually walking away, whistling to himself.

Gordon doesn't follow.

He just stands there watching his wife as she drinks. He sees an unopened wine bottle near him and takes it as he walks over to his wife.

INT. CAMP CRYSTAL LAKE CAFETERIA - DAY

The double doors swing open, and the teens step inside—expecting the usual summer camp cafeteria nightmare of sloppy Joe's and lukewarm mystery meat.

Instead...

Their jaws drop.

The cafeteria is immaculate—long tables covered with pristine white tablecloths, elegantly folded napkins, and silverware that actually looks like silver. Candles flicker in dim lanterns, and a faint classical tune hums from a dusty old record player in the corner.

And then there's the food.

Gourmet dishes line the tables—steaming roast chicken, perfectly seared steak, freshly baked bread, bowls of colorful vegetables, and sides that belong in a five-star restaurant, not a summer camp in the middle of nowhere.

The teens look stunned.

And then, the masked camp counselors emerge.

Still wearing their camp T-shirts, shorts, and Jason-style hockey masks, they step forward in perfect unison. But now, they move with an eerie elegance, like trained five-star restaurant staff. Each one stands behind a chair, arms crossed behind their backs, motionless.

BJ

Welcome to Camp Crystal Lake's fine dining experience. Dinner jackets are optional.

Silence.

Then—one teen slowly takes a seat. The moment their butt touches the chair, a masked counselor immediately pulls it in for them, adjusting their posture like a maître d' at a high-end steakhouse.

deeply unsettling.

One by one, the rest of the students reluctantly sit, unsure of what to make of this.

Then, the service begins.

THE TEENS REACT

Some teens are loving it.

A jock reclines in his seat, holding out his empty glass, and a masked counselor immediately refills it with fresh lemonade, bowing slightly.

TYLER

Oh, this is tight.

Another teen raises a hand.

SARA

Uh, do you guys have a vegan menu?

A masked counselor wordlessly places one in front of them.

Meanwhile, other teens find it... unsettling.

A goth girl pokes at her food suspiciously.

GWEN

There is no way this is normal.

Her friend, EVAN, a skeptical nerd, leans in.

EVAN

This camp is supposed to be underfunded as hell. Where the fuck did they get this food?

A masked counselor suddenly turns their head towards them—as if they heard.

They both freeze.

The counselor says nothing.

Just stares.

After a few seconds, the counselor turns back to their rigid stance behind the chairs.

EVAN (CONT'D)
I'm losing my appetite.

GWEN
(joking)
You think we're eating the chaperones?

EVAN
Now I lost my appetite.

Max snaps their fingers, grinning as SATURDAY rushes over.

MAX
I'm used to this actually. This is just Tuesday for me. Hey, buddy, how about a shoulder massage while you're at it?

Saturday just stands there.

After a long pause, they slowly place their gloved hands on the teen's shoulders...

And start massaging.

The rich kid's grin falters.

MAX (CONT'D)
Wait, hold up—I was kidding.

Saturday keeps going.

The massage is weirdly good, but all the eyes on him make it weird. The teen shifts uncomfortably, waving their hands.

MAX (CONT'D)
OKAY, OKAY—we're done!

Saturday immediately stops.

MAX (CONT'D)
Yeah, that was way too much.

A group of teens clearly find this too weird to ignore.

MIGUEL
Guys, this isn't right.

OWEN
What do you mean? It's fucking
delicious.

MIGUEL
We got here less than an hour ago,
and they already had this waiting
for us? Where's the kitchen staff?

Joey already stuffing their face waves a dismissive hand.

JOEY
The weed's just making you
paranoid.

MIGUEL
I'm serious. This doesn't make
sense.
(holds up beer from mess
hall and glass of wine)
None of this makes sense

They motion toward the silent, masked counselors.

SARA
Who even are these guys and do they
have tongues.

DANA
They must if they cook this good.

ALICE
If we are eating this well... you
gotta wonder what the chaperones
are eating.

INT. LUXURY CABIN BEDROOM - NIGHT

Martha is being eaten out by Coach Randy. She loudly moans.

INT. LUXURY CABIN LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Gordon is passed out on the couch as a few of the chaperones
look at him in pity.

CHAPERONE
Should we wake him?

CROSBY

After that much wine, I don't think
we can.

INT. LUXURY CABIN BEDROOM - NIGHT

We return to Martha and Randy fucking. We pan toward a secret camera in the tv.

INT. CAFETERIA KITCHEN - NIGHT

We see one of the masked counselors watching them on his phone. He swipes along to view other security cams around the chaperone's cabin. He gets a text from SUNDAY, "It's Time..."

The other masked counselors get this text too and nod at each other. They begin throwing away their aprons and leaving the teen behind. SATURDAY grabs a cleaver.

INT. CAMP CRYSTAL LAKE CAFETERIA - NIGHT

The teens sit at their tables, some finishing their gourmet meals, others are just hanging out now.

Then, one by one, the counselors begin to leave.

A few teens exchange confused glances.

TYLER

Uh... where are they going in such a
hurry?

BJ enters, back from his hike to the cabin.

BJ

Oh, out to do the Lord's work
already?

TYRESE

What the hell does that mean?

BJ slaps his hands together, standing up straight.

BJ

It means, it's time for evening
mass!

A collective groan sweeps through the room.

DANTE

Are you serious?

BJ

Deathly.

His smile drops for just a second. A flash of something unsettling.

BJ picks up some of their unfinished meals and dumps them in the trash before waving them toward the doors.

BJ (CONT'D)

C'mon, kids. Service starts now.
Chop chop!

A few reluctant teens drag themselves up from their seats. Others stay put.

GWEN

I ain't going.

BJ leans down and stares her down.

BJ

Cool. Then you can starve.

As they stare each other down. The rest of the campers groan, realizing they don't have a choice. Reluctantly, they shuffle toward the exit.

BJ claps them on the back as they pass, ushering them toward the outdoor chapel.

EXT. OUTDOOR CHAPEL - NIGHT

The teens step into the clearing.

A massive fire burns at the center, casting long, flickering shadows against the wooden benches. A few campers hesitate, taking in the eerie setting.

At the edge of the fire, KIRK stands with his guitar, absentmindedly strumming a low, haunting melody. His sleeves are rolled up, hands smudged with soot.

A few campers take their seats. Others linger.

One of them, JOSH (17, lanky, skeptic, only here because he has to be), scans the area.

JOSH

Wait... where's Sunday? That fine ass
was the only reason I came to this.

BJ, now standing near the front, smiles wide.

BJ
Oh, don't you worry about her.

BJ (CONT'D)
She's worshipping with the other
counselors tonight.

The fire crackles loudly.

A few teens exchange uneasy glances.

BJ turns toward the fire, clasping his hands together.

BJ (CONT'D)
Let me ask you something, campers...

He surveys them, letting the firelight dance in his eyes.

EXT. LUXURY CABIN - NIGHT

The masked counselors move silently through the woods, their hockey-masked faces expressionless as they weave between the trees.

BJ (V.O.)
Why does evil exist?

EXT. OUTDOOR CHAPEL - NIGHT

BJ watches the campers, still waiting for an answer. None of them speak. The teens sit silent, some exchanging awkward glances, unsure if they're supposed to answer.

BJ
Some say it's a test. Others say
it's because of some guy in red
pajamas with a pitchfork.

He shrugs, then shakes his head.

BJ (CONT'D)
But I think... I think God is the
answer to that question.

EXT. WOODS - APPROACHING THE LUXURY CABIN

A pair of counselors break off from the group, moving ahead.

They reach the tree line, stopping just at the edge of the clearing, where the cabin sits bathed in warm light.

Inside, silhouettes of chaperones are visible through the large glass windows—drinking, laughing, completely unaware.

BJ (V.O.)
God gave us choice. And in doing
so, He gave us evil.

One of the masked counselors tilts their head, watching them.

EXT. OUTDOOR CHAPEL - NIGHT

BJ starts pacing slowly, hands clasped behind his back.

BJ
Evil isn't just hurting someone. It
isn't just lying or stealing or
cheating.

He lets his gaze settle on one of the richer kids, lets it linger just a second too long before moving on.

BJ (CONT'D)
Evil is knowing it's the wrong
choice... and doing it anyway.

A nervous rustling moves through the group. Some teens shift in their seats. Others sit perfectly still.

BJ tilts his head, watching them.

EXT. LUXURY CABIN - NIGHT

A masked counselor steps forward, toward the cabin, then another, and another. They enter the unlocked doors and even have a few secret entrances they use to get inside the cabin unseen.

EXT. OUTDOOR CHAPEL - NIGHT

BJ smiles.

BJ
And you know what's funny?

He pauses, waits, then continues in a low, amused tone.

BJ (CONT'D)
Some people think being able to do
whatever you want is the same thing
as having the right to do whatever
you want.

A few teens look uncomfortable. One, a troublemaker jock, scoffs.

TYLER

What is this, a TED Talk?

BJ snaps his head toward him.

BJ

No, it's a sermon, son. You should listen to it.

The jock shrugs, suddenly aware of how quiet the entire group has gotten.

TYLER

Just saying, man. This ain't the usual talk we get in church.

BJ smiles. A slow, knowing grin.

BJ

We're not your usual church.

EXT. LUXURY CABIN - NIGHT

Coach Randy continues to eat out Martha Gordon. Two masked counselors watch from the window that they delicately open to enter inside. One gets under the bed while the other stands over them and continues to watch.

BJ (V.O.)

Sin always has a price.

EXT. OUTDOOR CHAPEL - NIGHT

BJ looks back at the group, voice steady again.

He lets that settle over them.

BJ

And you know who pays it?

He leans in, gaze sweeping over them.

BJ (CONT'D)

Those who commit so much of it,
while pretending to be innocent.

INT. LUXURY CABIN BEDROOM - NIGHT

The masked counselor raises their axe to bring down on Randy's head as Martha climaxes.

BJ (V.O.)
When you live like that... when you
keep pushing and pushing, knowing
full well you're not doing the
right thing...

He brings the axe down as Martha gasps, right as an arrow goes through her throat.

EXT. CHAPEL - NIGHT

BJ tilts his head, smiling slightly.

BJ
Well. You're begging for His wrath.

The fire crackles loudly, spitting embers into the night sky.

Silence.

The teens don't know how to react. Some glance toward the forest, the same direction the masked counselors disappeared into.

BJ claps his hands together suddenly before looking back at them, making some teens jump.

BJ (CONT'D)
Now! Who's ready for a hymn? Kirk?

Kirk sighs and picks up his guitar. He begins to strum it for a moment before he finds the right melody. The flames cast a warm glow, dancing in the teens' mesmerized faces.

KIRK
This one's a favorite of mine.

He begins to play, the haunting melody resonating through the quiet night.

MUSIC CUE - Hell's Comin' with Me - Poor Man's Posion

INT. LUXURY CABIN - NIGHT

The CHAPERONES are relaxing in their luxurious surroundings, laughing and unwinding after a long day. Their carefree atmosphere is about to be abruptly shattered.

CUT TO:

EXT. FIRE PIT - NIGHT

Kirk's voice is deep and soulful as he sings, the teens hanging on every word.

CUT TO:

INT. LUXURY CABIN - NIGHT

The door to the cabin bursts open. the masked counselors enter, their presence menacing and swift. The chaperones barely have time to react before the first of them is killed.

CUT TO:

EXT. FIRE PIT - NIGHT

The teens are entranced, swaying gently to the music. The fire crackles, the song weaving a spell over the group.

CUT TO:

INT. LUXURY CABIN - NIGHT

Chaos erupts. The chaperones scramble, trying to defend themselves. A LAMP is smashed over one attacker's head, but more flood in, overwhelming the teachers and killing them one by one.

CUT TO:

EXT. FIRE PIT - NIGHT

Kirk's fingers move deftly over the guitar strings. His fingers are being watched by the girls who certainly notice how good he is with them.

INT. LUXURY CABIN - NIGHT

One of the chaperones, MS. LEE, grabs a FIRE POKER and swings it at a counselor, but she's quickly overpowered. The counselors chants grow louder, filling the room with an eerie intensity.

CUT TO:

EXT. FIRE PIT - NIGHT

The song reaches its climax, Kirk's voice powerful and haunting. The fire roars, mirroring the intensity of the music.

KIRK
□ Hell's coming with me... Hell's
coming with me... □

CUT TO:

INT. LUXURY CABIN - NIGHT

All the chaperones are dead, the masked counselors standing over them, chanting. Gordon however is still alive due to being passed out. He wakes up, seeing the carnage. He runs to his wife's room and finds her and Randy's bodies. He is struck with a machete from behind and falls over dead. The masked counselor who struck him lifts their mask, revealing a sinister smile. IT'S SUNDAY.

CUT TO:

EXT. FIRE PIT - NIGHT

Kirk strums the final chords, the song fading into the night. The teens erupt in applause, completely unaware of the terror that has just unfolded elsewhere.

END