

CAMP NOOSE LAKE

Written by

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**EXT. CAMP MOOSE LAKE - NIGHT**

A bright moon shines down on an idyllic lake-side camp. Crickets CHIRP. An owl HOOTS.

INSERT: CAMP MOOSE LAKE - 1967

**INT. BUNKHOUSE 13 - CONTINUOUS**

Two bunk beds occupied by four sleeping teen girls. One SNORES loudly. One sucks her thumb, grips a teddy bear.

MELANIE COTTS (14), top bunk, peers over the edge at her sleeping companion below, slips her covers back. Fully dressed, she slowly and as silently as possible climbs down.

CREAK! Her foot touches the floorboards.

Melanie freezes, waits for movement. There's none.

**EXT. BUNKHOUSE 13 - CONTINUOUS**

The door slowly opens, Melanie slips out, carefully closes the door behind, sneaks off.

**EXT. CAMP MOOSE LAKE - CONTINUOUS**

Melanie sneaks down the rows of bunkhouses, past the councilor's cabin, bug zapper dangling in front. ZAP!

Past the picnic tables to the canoe dock.

**EXT. CAMP MOOSE LAKE DOCKS - CONTINUOUS**

Melanie unties a canoe, gets in, paddles away.

**EXT. MOOSE LAKE - CONTINUOUS**

The canoe glides across the glassy water of the small lake towards a tree and brush covered island at it's center.

Melanie looks back one last time, paddles on.

**EXT. CAMP MOOSE LAKE - MORNING**

Loudspeakers atop a telephone pole in the middle of camp.

ELECTRIC STATIC. FEEDBACK.

"The Star-Spangled Banner" begins through the speakers.

**INT. BUNKHOUSE 13 - CONTINUOUS**

The three remaining girls begin to stir.

LISA MCGILL (14), top bunk, freckles, red frizz, self-consciously stops sucking her thumb, hides her teddy-bear.

SALLY LARUE (14), bottom bunk, blonde in curlers, YAWNS, stretches.

PATTY SMITH (14), bottom bunk, chubby face, sleeps with open mouth.

Patty SNORES.

Sally throws her pillow at Patty, she SNORTS, wakes, bolts up, BANGS her head on the underside of the top bunk.

PATTY

Ow! Geez!

LISA

I gotta pee.

Lisa starts to climb down. Sally rises, goes to a mirror, primps her curlers, spots in reflection Melanie's empty bunk.

SALLY

Where's Mel?

LISA

Maybe she had to pee and got up before we did. I'll check.

Lisa puts on her shoes, heads out. Patty rubs her forehead.

PATTY

Am I bleeding? There a mark?

SALLY

Yeah, maybe on the bunk bed.

ELECTRIC SPEAKER STATIC.

WOMAN'S VOICE (V.O.)

Ten minutes to breakfast and roll call. Ten minutes.

Patty rises, puts her shoes on.

PATTY

I'm starving! Remember, get your eggs, I'll eat 'em.

SALLY

Doesn't the fact that they're supposed to be baby chicks bother you at all?

PATTY

Hell no. They'd just grow into chickens and I'd end up eating them anyways. So remember, got it?

SALLY

Ok, I will.

PATTY

I gotta go make some room first.

SALLY

Ew! Gross!

Patty lumbers out the door, pokes her butt back in. FARTS.

Sally rolls her eyes. Her last curler out, she puts on lip gloss, smacks her lips, pinches her cheeks.

Lisa comes back in, worried experssion on her face.

LISA

Ok, Mel's not at the bathrooms.

Sally changes her clothes into camp shorts, t-shirt.

SALLY

I'm sure she's fine.

LISA

But what if she's not?

Lisa changes clothes as well. Sally smiles wryly.

SALLY

I bet she snuck out early to go meet Greg. She's probably in the mess hall holding hands under the table as we speak.

Patty comes back in.

PATTY

Who's what?

LISA

Sally thinks Mel snuck out early to go meet Greg.

Patty, self-conscious, turns from the other girls, changes.

PATTY

They're probably swapping gum and playing tonsil hockey. What's she see in Greg anyways?

SALLY

He's almost 16 and his parents let him drive already. He's kinda cute in a dorky way.

**INT. CAMP MESS HALL - LATER**

Sally, Lisa and Patty in their camp shorts, "Moose is Loose" t-shirts, pass down the chow line, add food to their trays. At the fruit, Patty puts one apple on her tray, sticks another in her mouth, holds it with her teeth.

Other teen boys and girls get food, take their seats.

Along the wall, slightly older 'just adult' councilors talk.

A pretty 20 something girl with clipboard blows a WHISTLE.

CLIPBOARD GIRL

Roll call! Take your seats!

The bunkhouse 13 girls take their seats, scan for Mel.

LISA

I don't see her. Do you?

Sally, Patty with a mouthful, shake their heads.

CLIPBOARD GIRL

Bunkhouse 1. John Rami?

Clipboard girl looks up. A boy in glasses raises his hand.

JOHN RAMI

Present.

CLIPBOARD GIRL

Michael Sullivan?

Next to John, another boy raises his hand.

MICHAEL SULLIVAN

Here.

CLIPBOARD GIRL

Rick Piedmont.

A boy across from John Rami raises his hand.

RICK PIEDMONT  
 (burps)  
 Here!

Kids laugh and giggle. Clipboard girl ignores it, continues.

**INT. CAMP MESS HALL - MOMENTS LATER**

CLIPBOARD GIRL  
 Bunkhouse 13. Sally Larue.

SALLY  
 Present.

CLIPBOARD GIRL  
 Lisa McGill.

LISA  
 Present.

CLIPBOARD GIRL  
 Patty Smith.

Patty has a mouthful of roll, she swallows it hard.

PATTY  
 Here.

CLIPBOARD GIRL  
 Melanie Cott.

No answer.

CLIPBOARD GIRL (CONT'D)  
 Melanie Cott.  
 (beat)  
 Bunkhouse 13. Melanie Cott.

All attention turns to the bunkhouse 13 girls.

CLIPBOARD GIRL (CONT'D)  
 Girls? Where is she?

Sally shrugs her shoulders. Patty makes a "\\_(;)\_/".

LISA  
 We don't know ma'am...miss.

**INT. CAMP MESS HALL - LATER**

The other teens are herded out. The Camp Director, MARLENA LAMPELLI (30's), raven hair in a bun, takes a seat at the table with the intimidated girls. Clipboard Girl stands.

MARLENA

Sally, Lisa and Patty, right?

They nod. Marlena smiles reassuringly but it comes off tight.

MARLENA (CONT'D)

When did you last see Melanie? Did you see her this morning?

Lisa starts to cry. Under the table, Sally foot taps her.

PATTY

No ma'am. She was in bed when we got in and when we got up this morning, her bed was empty.

Marlena nods.

MARLENA

Did any of you hear anything during the night? Did she get up?

They shake their heads.

MARLENA (CONT'D)

Did she say anything to any of you about wanting to leave or...

(she winks)

A secret? Maybe meeting up with a boy? You won't be snitching if you tell me. You won't get in trouble.

Lisa snuffles, looks up, meets Marlena's warm gaze. Sally's sideways look shoot daggers.

LISA

Greg. His name is Greg.

Patty facepalms. Marlena nods. A boy councilor rushes in.

BOY COUNCILOR

Ms. Lampelli? One of the canoes is missing.

**EXT. CAMP MOOSE LAKE DOCKS - MOMENTS LATER**

Marlena, other councilors watch from shore. Clipboard Girl and a boy councilor take a canoe, row out towards the island. Marlena shields her eyes.

MARLENA

There's something orange at the island. Let's hope it's our canoe.

She turns to a teenage girl councilor.

MARLENA (CONT'D)  
 Mary Ann, take the girls from  
 Bunkhouse 13 to my office. Tell  
 them to wait for me. Also bring me  
 my pair of binoculars. They're on a  
 coat rack under a jacket.

Mary Ann nods, heads off.

Marlena looks again, the canoe of councilors is almost there.

MARLENA (CONT'D)  
 'Make-out island'...

Councilors around her stifle giggles.

MARLENA (CONT'D)  
 That's what they call it, right?

Marlena turns to the councilors who try to hide their smiles.

MARLENA (CONT'D)  
 Wasn't that long ago I'd be hoping  
 some boy would invite me out there.

The canoe of councilors makes the island. The boy councilor helps Clipboard Girl out. They enter the brush, disappear.

BOY COUNCILOR  
 (distant)  
 Melanie! Melanie Cotts!

A DISTANT SCREAM.

Marlena frowns. Councilors look at each other nervously.

Marlena turns. Mary Ann, binoculars in hand, stands frozen a few feet away. Marlena snaps her fingers.

MARLENA  
 Mary Ann!

Snapped back to reality, Mary Ann hurries to Marlena, hands her the binoculars. Marlena rushes to the end of the dock, councilors in tow, puts the binoculars to her eyes, focuses.

THROUGH BINOCULARS: Clipboard Girl, sobbing, is being led to the canoe, helped in by the boy councilor. He looks behind him, launches the canoe, paddles furiously towards camp.

Marlene lowers the binoculars.

Beat.

MARLENA (CONT'D)

Mary Ann. Get all the campers into the mess hall now. Don't let any of them out for any reason. If they gotta pee, they'll need to hold it or piss their pants. Go! David?!

Mary Ann rushes off. A worried boy councilor steps up.

MARLENA (CONT'D)

David, I need you to find a boy camper; Greg and his bunkmates. Take them to the councilor's cabin, keep them there. Take a few other councilors with you. Go. Now!

Marlena points to a terrified looking girl councilor.

MARLENA (CONT'D)

You! You stay here. The rest go.

Marlena turns back, puts the binoculars to her eyes.

THROUGH BINOCULARS: The canoe is halfway to the dock. Clipboard girl's face is buried in her hands. Boy councilor paddles as if his life depends on it. The image refocuses on the island, the orange canoe on the shore. It pans the brush, the silhouette of trees behind. It stops on something unnatural. The image refocuses. A dark straight line down. A rope attached to a branch. The image follows it down to: a silhouetted figure hanging from it's end.

Marlena lowers the binoculars, grabs a dock rail to steady herself. She clears her throat, speaks quietly, methodically.

MARLENA (CONT'D)

Help them off the canoe when they get here. Do NOT ask them what they saw. Escort them to a cabin. Stay there with them.

Marlena starts to leave. The terrified girl councilor balks.

TERRIFIED GIRL

Which cabin? Where are you going?!

MARLENA

It doesn't matter which one. Just pick one and stay with them.

(beat)

I need to go make a phone call. The kind I've dreaded my whole life.