

CAMP EVERWELL

written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

A meticulously composed, symmetrical shot. DAVID GRAY (mid-30s), visibly tired, steps slowly onto the sidewalk. His eyes are softer, almost resigned, but with a look of lightness and hope. He takes a slow, heavy breath, closing his eyes, taking note of the sensations of his surroundings.

The street is eerily quiet.

Suddenly, from both sides of the street, TWENTY MASKED NICE AGENTS in full tactical gear move in perfect, silent formation.

DAVID neither resists nor panics. His face shows a mix of fear, surprise, and resigned acceptance.

They grab him roughly, shoving him to the ground. A quick, cold, brutal beatdown - not enough to seriously harm, but enough to make resistance pointless.

They march him to a waiting unmarked van. As the doors SLAM shut, DAVID's PILL BOTTLE slips from his grasp, falling to the concrete.

CLOSE-UP: SSRIs scatter across the sidewalk like scattered hopes.

CUT TO:

TITLE SEQUENCE

A glossy Camp EverWell(TM) brochure OPENS on screen. Camera PANS across various activities, each photo showing typical scout camp fun - but with something subtly wrong:

- Kayaking on a pristine lake - someone in the background appears to be drowning, no one helping
- Rock climbing wall with smiling campers - masked guards with weapons visible in the distance
- Archery range - targets labeled with psychological terms
- Campfire sing-along - counselors have corporate sponsor logos on their shirts

- Nature hike - one hiker clutching poison ivy, others oblivious

- Mess hall - fast food boxes stacked in the corner

The final page shows a pristine, polished image of the camp sign and lodge - shiny, perfect, inviting. The image of "CAMP EVERWELL(TM)" gleams.

The camera HOLDS on this shiny brochure image.

The image slowly FADES, revealing in the exact same position:

EXT. CAMP EVERWELL(TM) ENTRANCE - DAY

Reality: The actual weather-worn wooden sign reading "CAMP PARSONS," overlaid by a new, hastily designed, hastily fastened, vinyl banner: "CAMP EVERWELL(TM)".

Behind it, the rustic, slightly run-down lodge through some trees. Real. Undressed. Stripped of polish.

Heavy, oppressive silence.

DISTANT SOUND: An old bus engine grinding, approaching the sign slowly from offscreen.

The bus pulls up and stops directly in front of the sign, blocking it from view. Tires SQUEAK as it brakes. A beat.

CAMERA HOLDS ON THE SIGN. The bus slowly turns, revealing the sign once more as it heads down the driveway toward the lodge. The bus is seen getting smaller as it progresses.

FADE OUT.

END TEASER

ACT I

EXT. CAMP EVERWELL MAIN LODGE - DAY

The old bus engine GRINDS to a halt in the dusty parking lot in front of the rustic, slightly run-down lodge. The mechanical HISS of the air brakes echoes through the heavy, oppressive silence.

INT. LODGE OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

A cramped, wood-paneled office. A ring light sits unlit on a desk next to a stack of Camp EverWell(TM) brochures.

Through the window, the BUS is visible in the background, a hulking silhouette in the midday sun.

COUNSELOR JANET (40s) sits at the desk, watching it. Her smile is already gone - not devastated, just off. Neutral. Resting.

She opens a drawer. Inside, a small row of amber bottles, each labeled by hand: CALM. FOCUS. JOY.

She uncaps CALM first, taps a drop behind each ear.

Then FOCUS - one drop, rubbed into her temples in slow circles.

Then JOY, dabbed along her collarbone, like perfume.

Each motion is practiced. Automatic. A routine she could do with her eyes closed, because she has.

She closes the drawer. Sits with it a beat.

Then she uses both hands to physically push the corners of her mouth up into a grin, holding it there a second longer than a real smile would need.

She grabs her clipboard, stands, and "clicks" into a high-energy bounce as she heads for the door.

EXT. CAMP EVERWELL MAIN LODGE - DAY

The bus door opens with a mechanical HISS.

DAVID and several other CAMPERS are led off the bus in black hoods, hands zip-tied behind their backs. GUARDS in tactical gear shoulder them up against the side of the bus in a line. The GUARDS move down the line, ripping off hoods one by one.

CAMPER reactions vary wildly - some blink in confusion, others immediately start crying, one tries to run but is restrained.

DAVID's hood comes off last. He SQUINTS against the sudden light, then his expression shifts to something between annoyance and resignation. His eyes scan the camp sign, the lodge, taking it all in.

COUNSELOR JANET bounces toward them from the lodge porch with a clipboard and forced smile.

COUNSELOR JANET

Welcome, everyone, to Camp EverWell(TM)!
Thank you so much for serving your country
in this vital mission!

Around the camp, OTHER CAMPERS and COUNSELORS move about
their daily activities - some doing jumping jacks, others
carrying corporate-sponsored equipment.

COUNSELOR JANET (CONT'D)

Let's head inside for orientation! You're
going to love what we have planned for
you!

The guards cut their zip ties and shepherd the new arrivals
toward an entrance in the side of the lodge.

**INT. CAMP EVERWELL(TM) - MAIN LODGE - ORIENTATION ROOM -
CONTINUOUS**

The campers are pushed into a rustic meeting room with
mismatched folding chairs. Corporate logos plastered
everywhere - McDonald's, Taco Bell, NRA, TPUSA.

COUNSELOR JANET

Please, take a seat! We have a special
message for you!

She clicks a remote. The room lights dim. A large screen on
the wall lights up with an official-looking government seal
for the department of MAKING AMERICA HEALTHY AGAIN, or
MAHA.

ON SCREEN: A polished video with patriotic music. Text
appears: "YOUR COUNTRY NEEDS YOU - THANK YOU!"

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Thank you for your participation in
America's most important wellness
initiative...

DAVID watches with an annoyed expression.

NARRATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Your work here will serve your country and
prove that natural healing is America's
path forward. Your medical journey to
better your mind has just begun.

The video shows stock footage of happy, healthy people doing outdoor activities.

In the back row, JANET stands near the light switch, half-lit by the screen's glow. She's not watching. She's already thumbing through a stack of intake folders on her clipboard, flipping past pages she's clearly reviewed a hundred times before.

The government seal dissolves to reveal DR. BOZ and BFK JR. in what looks like a professional studio with camp imagery behind them.

DR. BOZ

(on screen)

I'm Dr. Boz, and I'm here to tell you that your journey to true wellness starts now.

BFK JR.

(on screen)

I am Bobby F. Kennedy Jr. For too long, Big Pharma has poisoned our minds and bodies. But you brave individuals will prove that nature provides everything we need.

A CAMPER a few rows back mutters, half to himself.

CAMPER

(low)

I've been on Zoloft eleven years...

Nobody responds. Nobody even looks over.

DR. BOZ

Through daily blood analysis, we'll track your body's natural healing progress as you detox from harmful chemicals.

Another CAMPER shifts in her seat, arms wrapped tight around herself, eyes fixed on the floor rather than the screen.

BFK JR.

This will provide crucial data for our research - research that will save millions of Americans from taxpayer-funded pharmaceutical dependency.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Daily blood collection ensures we monitor your wellness journey and contribute to groundbreaking American health science.

The patriotic music swells as images of syringes and test tubes appear alongside nature footage.

DAVID's jaw tightens almost imperceptibly. He glances sideways - a couple of campers are visibly rattled now, one bouncing a knee fast, another gripping the arms of her folding chair.

DR. BOZ
(on screen)
Remember - you're not just healing yourself. You're healing America.

The video ends, cutting back to the MAHA seal. The lights come back up to show a beaming COUNSELOR JANET, clipboard already tucked under her arm, looking unnaturally straight into the camera with the campers unaware of her presence.

COUNSELOR JANET
Great! Now follow me!

The campers jump, startled - several of them clearly still somewhere else entirely, dragged back into the room all at once.

INT. WELLNESS MONITORING CENTER - DAY

A high-ceilinged room that was once a craft lodge, now stripped and retrofitted with flickering fluorescent lights. The air smells like pine-scented industrial bleach.

A vinyl banner hangs over the fireplace: "KNOW YOUR CODE. HEAL YOUR CODE." Below it, a 23andMe logo.

The new arrivals stand in a line, still rattled from the video, some rubbing at raw wrists where the zip-ties were. At the front of the room, MASKED NICE AGENTS in tactical vests wear blue latex gloves over their gear. They don't look like medics. They look like technicians servicing a machine.

One by one, campers sit. Arm out. Vial fills. Next.

DAVID watches an Agent "click" a filled vial into a plastic carrier, then toss it into a temperature-controlled crate

labeled BIO-LOGISTICS. No word of comfort offered to anyone.

David's turn comes. He sits, arm out, doesn't flinch. The needle goes in, comes out. He stands, moves aside.

TOMMY is further back in line - near the end. He watches every camper ahead of him go through it. His breathing gets shallower with each one. His hands ball into fists at his sides.

David, already finished, drifts over and stands near him. Faces him directly. Doesn't touch him. Doesn't look away.

Long beat.

DAVID

I used to count ceiling tiles. When I
couldn't sleep. Never made it past forty
before I lost count and had to start over.

Tommy doesn't answer. But his breathing catches, holds a second longer than it did before.

The line moves. It's Tommy's turn.

NICE AGENT

Sit. Arm out.

Tommy sits. His jaw is tight, his whole body rigid, but he sits. He extends his arm.

His lips start moving - barely audible, almost involuntary.

TOMMY

(whispering)

One... two... three...

He's counting the ceiling tiles. Eyes locked upward, tracking each one.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

(whispering)

Four... five... six...

The Agent grabs Tommy's wrist to steady it. The needle breaks the skin.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

(shouted)

SEVEN!

His free arm swings - a short, brutal punch that connects square with the Agent's masked jaw. The Agent goes down hard, the vial shattering on the floor.

The other Agents move instantly - sidearms drawn, leveled at Tommy.

Frozen silence. Every camper in the room stops breathing.

COUNSELOR JANET, clipboard still in hand, steps between the guns and Tommy without hesitation, hands raised, voice suddenly stripped of all peppiness.

JANET

Stand down. He's a new arrival -- that's a processing error, not a threat assessment.

The Agents don't lower their weapons. Janet holds her ground.

JANET (CONT'D)

(to the room, all forced
brightness again, too fast)

Okay! Great first day, everyone! Let's get
you all to your cabins!

She starts herding the campers toward the door, physically inserting herself between Tommy and the guns as she does. The Agents lower their weapons only once the campers are moving.

Tommy is pulled along with the group, chest heaving, staring at his own hands like he doesn't recognize them.

David watches him the whole way out.

EXT. CAMP EVERWELL PARADE GROUND - MOMENTS LATER

The new arrivals are led across the heart of camp - a wide dirt clearing ringed by cabins, tents, and hand-painted activity signs. It's bigger than it looked from the bus. Dust kicks up under a dozen pairs of feet.

DAVID walks near the back of the group, scanning everything. He's not scared. He's cataloguing.

They pass a low cinderblock latrine building. A CAMPER kneels inside the open doorway, scrubbing the floor with an oversized sponge shaped like a grinning smiley face. He gags, keeps scrubbing. A laminated sign zip-tied above the

door reads: "A CLEAN CABIN IS A CLEAN MIND." -- SCRUB
DADDY(TM)

COUNSELOR JANET
(gesturing without breaking
stride)
Housekeeping badge! So important for the
spirit!

David slows just slightly, watching the camper gag again,
then keeps walking.

Ahead, one of the cabins is entirely swallowed in a heavy
plastic TARP, sealed at the base, a thin haze of smoke
curling out from under it.

Without warning, the tarp FLAPS open violently and three
CAMPERS come stumbling out coughing, waving smoke away from
their faces, one of them dropping to his knees in the dirt.
Smoke pours out after them like they're being evacuated
from a fire.

COUNSELOR JANET (CONT'D)
(cheerful, barely glancing over)
Insect Study! Proudly sponsored by Orkin!

The group keeps walking. Nobody stops to help the coughing
campers. One of the new arrivals twists around to keep
staring as they pass, disturbed. DAVID doesn't turn his
head, but his eyes track it the whole way, right up until
the cabin is out of view.

Further on, they pass a long folding table where several
CAMPERS sit weaving wicker baskets, heads down, hands
moving fast and mechanical. As each basket is finished, a
COUNSELOR snatches it up and drops it straight into a
wooden pallet crate stamped TEMU -- BULK SHIPMENT. The
crate is already half full.

None of the campers at the table look up. None of them
speak.

COUNSELOR JANET (CONT'D)
Basket Weaving! Great for the hands, great
for the mind!

David watches the crate a beat too long - long enough to
see another basket get thrown in, another dull thud against
wood.

EXT. CABIN 7 - CONTINUOUS

The group stops at a rustic cabin with a hand-painted sign: "CABIN 7 - SPONSORED BY SLEEP NUMBER." They all venture inside.

INT. CABIN 7 - CONTINUOUS

A long cabin, unfinished wood walls gone gray with age. Dirty windows let in weak, dust-filtered light. Two rows of bunk beds run the length of the room, frames rusted at the joints.

On each bunk: a folded set of sheets, a single pillow, and a neatly stacked Boy Scout uniform - green pants, a brown web belt, a tan button-up shirt, a bolo tie coiled on top like a noose.

The campers file in and just... stand there, looking at the uniforms waiting for them like place settings at a meal none of them agreed to eat.

COUNSELOR JANET

(as she bounces around the group
and out the door)

Welcome to your new home! Dinner is at six
-- don't be late!

Long beat. No one moves. No one speaks.

Then, sheepishly, the group starts finding bunks. A couple of campers lie down, staring at the ceiling. Others just sit on the edge of their mattress, hands in their laps. One picks up the folded uniform, turns it over once, sets it back down exactly where it was.

DAVID chooses a bottom bunk near the window. He sits down slowly, picks up the folded uniform in his lap without really looking at it, and reads the rest of the room instead.

For a moment, it's almost quiet. Almost normal. Like any of them might just go to sleep.

Then it breaks.

MARCUS

(quiet at first)

My mom thinks I'm at a bible camp. That's
what the letter said. Bible camp.

(louder)
She doesn't even know what state we're in.

CAMPER 1
I got pulled over. For a busted taillight.
That's it. That's all that happened. Next
thing I know there's a hood over my head.

CAMPER 2
(hands shaking)
I haven't had my Lexapro in two days. Two
days. Do you know what happens after four?
After a week?

MARCUS's breathing quickens, hands trembling.

MARCUS
What if nobody's looking for us? What if
they already told our families some story
and everybody just... believed it?

CAMPER 1
My kids think I went to rehab. My own
sister signed something. She signed
something.

The panic spreads, voices overlapping now.

CAMPER 2
(to no one)
I need my Xanax. I need my Xanax, I need
my Xanax--

TOMMY sits heavily on his bunk, arms wrapped around
himself, still rattled from the wellness center. He doesn't
say anything. Just rocks slightly, eyes fixed on a spot on
the floor.

TREVOR stands near the door, arms crossed, watching the
panic with a stillness that doesn't match the room. He
doesn't try to calm anyone down. He just watches, taking it
in.

MARCUS
(full panic now)
I can't breathe. I can't breathe without
my meds. What if I have a panic attack?
What if I die out here and nobody even
knows to look?

CAMPER 1

Die? We could actually die here?

Some campers start crying. Others pace. TOMMY stands abruptly, walks to the corner of the cabin, and faces the wall -- trying to remove himself from the overwhelming chaos.

DAVID sits on his bunk, watching it all unfold, his expression growing heavier with each new outburst. He notices Tommy in the corner. Notices Trevor watching instead of panicking. He says nothing, wondering how he got here, and how "we" got here.

The chaos comes to a head as MARCUS lets out a loud yell/scream.

EXT. CABIN 7 - DAY - CONTINUOUS

MARCUS's scream is dulled from outside. His screams replaced with soft sobs as it fades to night.

EXT. CABIN 7 - NIGHT**INT. CABIN 7 - NIGHT**

DAVID lies on his bunk, staring at the ceiling. Around him, quiet sniffles and whispers. He looks in the direction of these sounds for a time -- still processing as his eyes slowly drift shut.

FADES TO BLACK AS HIS EYES CLOSE.

INT. CABIN 7 - DAWN

HARSH WHISTLE.

LIGHTS SLAM ON - CUT FROM BLACK.

CAMERA STILL ON DAVID'S FACE AS HE OPENS EYES QUICKLY.

CUT TO DOORWAY

COUNSELOR DEREK (30s, wellness bro, backwards cap) and two GUARDS burst through the door.

COUNSELOR DEREK

(blowing whistle)

Rise and shine, campers! Time for your first Mental Realignment Dunk(TM)!

Campers are yanked from their beds -- most in underwear, one completely naked, scrambling to find something to cover himself.

COUNSELOR DEREK (CONT'D)
Move it! Clarity waits for no man!

EXT. LAKE CLARITY - DAWN

The campers are shoved and trotted down to a wooden dock extending into dark, cold water. Mist rises off the surface.

COUNSELOR DEREK stands before them, energetic and grinning. Two GUARDS with beanbag guns flank him.

COUNSELOR DEREK
The cold awakens your primal healing
response! Resets your vagal nerve!

(paces like he is giving a
lecture then stops)
By the way, this is mandatory -- every
single morning!

(laughing with a smile)
Some campers immediately jump in, gasping. Others hesitate but eventually enter the water. Few complain about their balls.

DAVID stands at the edge of the dock, unmoving. He stares down at the dark water in front of him, eyes wide.

COUNSELOR DEREK (CONT'D)
Gray! In the water! NOW!

DAVID
I can't swim.

COUNSELOR DEREK
I don't care! Get in!

DAVID shakes his head, takes a step back from the edge.

DAVID
Nope sorry. But if you have a bucket of
ice water or someth--

DAVID turns around on the dock with his back to the lake -- a final, futile attempt at a boundary.

THWACK!

A beanbag from a gun hits him square in the stomach. He doubles over and stumbles backward into the water.

CUT TO BLACK AS SOON AS HIS HEAD GOES UNDER.

A LONG BEAT OF SILENCE.

CUT FROM BLACK.

David's head CRESTS the surface. He is GASPING, FLAILING, taking on water. This isn't a primal reset. It's frantic, primal terror. His vision blurs -- gray sky, Counselor Derek's laughing silhouette.

As he begins to slip back under, the sound of splashing water morphs into a PIERCING HIGH-PITCHED TINNITUS.

FLASHBACK - INT. HIGH SCHOOL AUDITORIUM - DAY

A high-definition, overly saturated memory. A banner reads: EAGLE SCOUT COURT OF HONOR.

A young DAVID (17) stands on stage in a crisp uniform. He is the only scout whose father is standing directly over his shoulder.

DAVID'S FATHER grins at the crowd, his smile wider and more triumphant than his son's. He isn't looking at David; he's looking at the audience. He leans in, his voice cutting through the tinnitus.

DAVID'S FATHER
(softly)
We did it, David.

David gets the award pinned to his chest. He stands at the edge of the stage for a picture, a hollow look in his eyes -- he isn't a person; he's a counseling tool for his father's ego.

FLASHBACK - INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Sunlight streams through a window. VIVIAN -- David's wife -- methodically folds a sweater into an open suitcase on the bed.

She is talking, her lips moving, but the TINNITUS blares, drowning out her words. David stands by the door, hands trembling -- a silent panic attack. He is failing as a

husband, trapped in the same emotional patterns laid down by his parents.

His wife zips the suitcase, looks at him with a mixture of pity and finality, and walks out. David's knees buckle. He sinks to the floor, back against the wall, as the tinnitus reaches a deafening peak.

EXT. LAKE CLARITY - DAWN (PRESENT)

The tinnitus breaks as David sinks below the surface again, a few bubbles trailing from his mouth.

The other campers climb back onto the dock, watching in horror as DAVID struggles. They make remarks about whether he needs help.

COUNSELOR DEREK
(laughing)
Gray doesn't need help! His body naturally wants to survive!

MARCUS
He's drowning! He needs help!

COUNSELOR DEREK
He'll figure it out!

TOMMY has seen enough. He doesn't look at Derek. He doesn't ask for permission. He simply JUMPS IN, grabs DAVID, and hauls him onto the dock.

CLOSE-UP: LOOKING DOWN AT DOCK AT A CLOSEUP

DAVID's head appears as he is flopped onto the dock, face up. He gasps, coughs, and spits as he slowly regains breath.

COUNSELOR DEREK
(crouching down, patting David's shoulder like a coach)
You're a hero. You saved us from a lot of paperwork.

He stands back up, already moving on.

COUNSELOR DEREK (CONT'D)
Alright, campers! On to the next adventure!

The group walks off. Leaving DAVID behind.

BACK TO DAVID'S FACE --

-- as his gasping slows, his eyes staring up at the sky with a resigned and weary look in his eyes.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT II

EXT. ARCHERY RANGE - MORNING

Over a light, chipper acoustic guitar strum -- almost a campfire singalong -- we cut to a row of straw targets. Campers loose arrows, mostly missing badly.

A hand-painted banner reads: "EMOTIONAL PRECISION ARCHERY -- ODDS BY KALSHI."

A COUNSELOR (ARCHERY) stands beside a small chalkboard propped on an easel, updating odds in real time like a bookie: "WILL HE HIT THE BULLSEYE? 12%." "WILL HE CRY FIRST? 61%."

A cluster of GUARDS lean against a nearby fence post, phones out, actually placing bets -- quiet murmurs of "put me down for the crier."

One camper's arrow sails wildly off-target into the woods. The Counselor erases a number and chalks in a new one without missing a beat.

COUNSELOR (ARCHERY)
(to no one, cheerfully)
Market's moving!

The acoustic strum continues, unbothered, as we--

CUT TO:

INT. DINING HALL - MOMENTS LATER

DAVID enters, hair still wet, visible exhaustion. The room is loud with the low churn of forty other campers eating -- trays scraping, wrappers crinkling, someone laughing too hard three tables over at nothing in particular.

He approaches the serving area -- folding tables along the wall covered with stacks of Taco Bell boxes.

DAVID takes a box, turns, walks down the center aisle between long tables. A banner above the meals reads: "LUNCH

PRESENTED BY TACO BELL." Below it, in italics: "Live Mas, Live EverWell."

DAVID finds an empty spot at a table, sits heavily. He opens his box -- a standard Taco Bell value meal -- and unwraps a taco.

He's about to take his first bite.

JAMIE, late 30s, has been at the camp longer than David, slides into the seat next to him with almost no personal space.

JAMIE
(sitting down, matter-of-fact)
Dude, you almost died. I saw you almost die.

DAVID pauses, his teeth an inch from the taco.

DAVID
(mouth still open around the bite)
Yes, I'm aware. Thank you.

JAMIE
That was the craziest thing I've ever seen.

DAVID nods, goes back to his food. Just as he's about to take another bite, TOMMY sits down across from him, looking irritated.

TOMMY
Why don't you know how to swim?

DAVID pauses again, straightening up.

DAVID
I never had to until now. If I had any idea I'd ever be here, I probably would have gotten lessons.

TOMMY
(concerned)
You'll have to learn. I might not be there to save you next time.

DAVID considers this, then takes his bite. The weight of it settles in with the "100% ground beef" and "real cheese."

A beat. The three of them just eat for a moment -- no conversation, just the sound of the room around them.

JAMIE

(out of nowhere, still chewing)
I've been here four months. You get used to the tacos.

DAVID

(flat)
That's not exactly reassuring.

JAMIE

(shrugs)
Wasn't trying to be.

Tommy almost smiles at that -- the closest thing to it we've seen from him.

Across the room, a COUNSELOR claps twice, calling out a name for the afternoon activity roster. Nobody at the table reacts. Just three men, eating fast food in a room that used to be a mess hall for children, quietly becoming something like company.

EXT. CAMP STORE - DAY

Little foot traffic in front of the camp store. It is small, building off the parade grounds a little way down a hall of trees. A loon can be heard from the lake that shows through a short patch of forest.

INT. CAMP STORE - MOMENTS LATER

The store is small, cluttered, and silent. The MAIN DOOR is at the back of the STORE CLERK -- CORPORAL CHESTER CHASE (50s, grizzled, in a wheelchair). The counter runs perpendicular to both the main door and a BACK DOOR in the far corner.

A NICE AGENT in matte-black tactical gear stands in that back corner, looming behind the small, static-heavy TV the Clerk is watching.

The Clerk is rhythmically munching on TRAIL MIX from a bulk bag. He does not turn around as DAVID and JAMIE enter.

DAVID picks up a basic toiletry item, checks the price tag, shakes his head, and puts it back down.

DAVID turns and starts to walk forward when suddenly JAMIE appears right in front of him.

JAMIE

You deserve to know... what's going on here, what this place is...

DAVID flinches slightly.

DAVID

(to Jamie, looking at the Clerk's back)

It's pretty obvious what it is. It's a camp run by ideological imbeciles...

(pulling his head back to look at the counter)

...no offense.

CHESTER

(muffled by trail mix, eyes on TV)

None taken.

DAVID

...that have thrown together a program that's a copy and paste of the scout handbook that I had to go through to get all those stupid merit badges and become an Eagle Scout, a pillar of society.

(hands on shoulders, tilts toward Jamie with his head cocked)

Look where that got me.

JAMIE

Okay, so you're part of the way there...

(shows some hesitation before continuing)

...but look, it's much worse than tha--

DAVID

(cutting him off)

I'm going to stop you. I can't handle much more from this place. I already had nothing when they fucking kidnapped me. Therapy, meds -- they hadn't helped in the past, so it took a long time for me to get up the courage to try again.

DAVID takes a step toward JAMIE.

DAVID (CONT'D)
(elevated)
And now I'm here, past my literal rock
bottom and there's really not much
stopping me from drowning myself in that
lake.

JAMIE takes a step back. He remains quiet, head tilted down
and to the side, eyes looking slightly sheepish over his
glasses back at DAVID.

Long beat of silence.

JAMIE turns, reaching out to grab a random candy bar from
the shelf without looking at it. He walks to the counter.

The Clerk reaches back blindly, takes the \$8, and slides
the bar over without turning his head.

CHESTER
That'll be eight dollars.

DAVID follows with some guilt on his face but holds back an
apology.

Jamie and David exit. The door shuts.

CUT TO:

THE STORE CLERK

He continues munching, watching the flickering sports
broadcast. The room is heavy with silence -- no gun range
sounds pierce the walls here.

The Clerk holds the bag of trail mix back over the top of
the TV, extending it toward the NICE AGENT in the corner.

CHESTER
Want some? Raisins are actually soft for
once.

The Agent doesn't move. Doesn't blink. He stares through
the Clerk as if he's part of the wall.

The Clerk waits a beat, then pulls the bag back.

CHESTER
(sighing)

Guess not.

CAMERA ANGLE: SIDE PROFILE. The camera looks from the side, across the counter. As the Clerk settles back into his wheelchair, his body shifts, exposing two framed photos sitting on the dusty windowsill.

PHOTO 1: The Clerk as a teenager, a Camp Parsons Counselor. He is grinning, giving a crisp, sharp scout salute. Behind him, the lodge looks pristine.

PHOTO 2: The Clerk in Vietnam ("Nam"). He is in tattered fatigues, standing in the mud. He is giving a salute to the camera, but his arm is heavy, his face is hollow, and he looks decades older.

The two salutes -- one fresh and hopeful, the other noticeably more tired and worn -- stare out at the empty room, only years apart in age but a lifetime apart in spirit.

The Clerk takes another handful of trail mix and stares back at the static.

EXT. NRA PATRIOTIC WELLNESS PROGRAM - DAY

A rustic shooting range with targets set up. A large banner reads: "NRA PATRIOTIC WELLNESS PROGRAM - SHOOT FOR THE CURE."

The range has stations with various firearms -- small .22s and pistols at some stations, but also RIDICULOUSLY LARGE rifles like AR-15s, and tactical weapons at others. An overwhelming display of firepower.

TOMMY and TREVOR are already at stations as DAVID's group approaches. Trevor shoots in short, restless bursts, adjusting his stance, showing off for no one. Tommy is completely still by comparison -- locked forward, rifle steady, firing in a slow, even rhythm. Every shot lands dead center. He doesn't flinch at the recoil. He doesn't seem to register the noise, the range, or anyone around him at all.

RICK "COACH" BRENNER (50s, military bearing, NRA cap, dog tags that have never seen combat) greets the new arrivals with enthusiasm.

COACH BRENNER

Welcome to real therapy, gentlemen!
Shooting is scientifically proven to
relieve stress and anxiety!

He gestures broadly at the range, proudly showing off the arsenal.

COACH BRENNER (CONT'D)

A man needs to defend his right to choose
his healthcare! Without guns, we'd all
have socialized medicine -- and then where
do you think we'd be?

COACH BRENNER (CONT'D)

Everyone grab a station and sit down!

The campers comply. All except MARCUS, who stands back,
visibly anxious. With every GUNSHOT from the other shooters
-- especially the LOUD blasts from the larger weapons -- he
FLINCHES hard, covering his ears.

Tommy keeps firing, rhythmic, untouched by any of it. Round
after round. Dead center every time.

COACH BRENNER ignores Marcus entirely.

DAVID sits at a station with a modest pistol, picks it up,
and fires off a clip. Nearly every shot clusters around the
border of the bullseye.

COACH BRENNER

Wow! Gray's got game!

He glances over at Tommy's target, riddled clean through
the center, and does a small double-take -- genuinely
impressed, maybe a little unsettled -- before moving on
without comment.

MARCUS, still standing back, finally speaks up.

MARCUS

Do I... do I have to be here? Guns really
aren't my thing.

TREVOR stands up from a station with one of the larger
tactical rifles, casually pointing it at MARCUS from his
hip level.

TREVOR

Are you afraid of guns, Marcus? Only the
weak are afraid of their power.

TREVOR raises the gun, aims down the sight directly at MARCUS.

TREVOR (CONT'D)
(softly)

Bang.

He mimics the recoil as if the gun fired.

MARCUS FREEZES completely, wide-eyed, breaking a sweat.

Tommy fires his next round exactly on rhythm, unbothered, unaware -- or unwilling to be pulled out of it.

COACH BRENNER's head snaps toward Trevor and Marcus. For a half-second his whole performance drops -- this is the one thing he actually knows how to do.

He crosses the distance fast, grabs TREVOR by the shoulders, and physically rotates him back toward his station, forcing him down into the seat. No words. Just a nervous laugh, a grunt of effort as he manhandles him into place.

TREVOR sits, jaw tight, visibly irritated at being handled like a child in front of everyone. He says nothing.

Coach Brenner straightens up, resets his cap, and turns to Marcus, still frozen in place.

COACH BRENNER
(too bright, papering over it)
Guns are nothing to be afraid of, Marcus!
Nothing at all!

MARCUS doesn't move. Still wide-eyed. Still frozen, turning white.

Coach Brenner stares at him a beat too long -- the cheer starting to curdle into something more like irritation at having a broken camper on his range.

COACH BRENNER (CONT'D)
(flat, done with it)
Go on. Go.

MARCUS turns and runs off the range, back toward camp.

DAVID watches him go, his expression darkening. He glances once more at Trevor -- still seated, still smiling faintly -- then back toward where Marcus disappeared.

TREVOR sits back down, maintaining eye contact with the space Marcus occupied a beat longer, then commences shooting a fake deer target in the neck until its head falls off.

Tommy, still firing his slow, steady rhythm, doesn't react to any of it -- not Trevor, not Marcus, not Brenner. Just the next round. And the next.

DAVID resumes shooting but keeps glancing at TREVOR after a few shots, one eye always on him.

EXT. CABIN ROW - DAY

WIDE SHOT: The Cabin 7 group -- DAVID, TOMMY, JAMIE, and MARCUS -- trudge in a weary line behind the sleeping quarters. MARCUS has rejoined them, quieter than before, eyes down, arms crossed tight over his chest. Nobody mentions the range. CHET DOUGAN leads the pack, his mouth moving in an inaudible, rhythmic stream of "alphabrain" posturing as he gestures aggressively toward the sky.

DAVID glances at Marcus once, a beat too long, like he wants to say something. He doesn't.

TRACKING SHOT: The camera moves closer, tracking the group as they pass a narrow, three-foot opening between two cabins.

As the line crosses the gap, DAVID stops.

The rest of the group -- Tommy, Jamie, Marcus, and the still-rambling Chet -- continue forward, oblivious, their silhouettes disappearing behind the next cabin.

David stands alone in the center of the opening. He looks past the manicured camp grounds and deep into the unkempt, old-growth timber.

DAVID'S POV: Past the tree line sits the ABANDONED CABIN. It is a derelict, gray-wood structure that doesn't appear on any camp map.

In the second-story window, a SILHOUETTE of a man stands perfectly still, watching the camp. He looks clinical, out of place -- a fracture in the brochure.

David blinks. The figure disappears into the darkness of the room.

David stands frozen for a beat, his insatiable curiosity warring with his fear. He looks ahead; the group is nearly gone. He breaks into a silent run to catch up.

EXT. FOREST TRAIL - DAY

A group of campers trudge along a narrow forest trail. CHET DOUGAN leads with aggressive confidence.

CHET

Hiking isn't just exercise, gentlemen -- it's patriotic duty! Conquering nature...

(tempering aggressiveness with a forced smile, stomping at spots on the ground)
...respectfully...

(back to normal aggression)
...builds what we call "alphabrain." Makes you self-reliant, like our founding fathers!

He gestures wildly at the surrounding forest.

CHET (CONT'D)

Out here, you learn that America provides everything you need naturally. No pills, no doctors -- just pure American soil!

He stops at a cluster of plants, pointing enthusiastically.

CHET (CONT'D)

Now this right here -- this is beautiful americanus. Completely edible and good for your metabolism. Green and tart means good to eat!

DAVID squints at the plant, shying his head away.

DAVID

(quietly)
I... don't think that's right.

Chet ignores him, moving to another plant.

CHET

And this beauty? *Urtica freedomensis*. Great for tea. If you forget what it looks like, you can tap anything to your tongue to check if it is poisonous.

MARCUS, also knowing this is bullshit, grows mildly anxious.

CHET (CONT'D)

Remember -- if it's growing in American soil, your body knows what to do with it. That's just science.

Chet suddenly stops, shifts uncomfortably, stomach makes an audible grumble.

CHET (CONT'D)

(nervously laughs)

Alright, gentlemen, the taco's bell tolls and nature answers. Keep moving up the trail, I'll catch up.

He runs off trail into the dense trees and ducks behind a large bush. The campers -- DAVID, TOMMY, JAMIE, and MARCUS -- stop on the trail, waiting.

CHET (O.S.)

(from behind bushes)

When nature calls, nature delivers! HUGE LEAVES, GENTLEMEN! THE EARTH PROVIDES!

BEAT.

Suddenly, a BLOOD-CURDLING SCREAM rips through the woods. Chet runs out from behind the bush, pants around his ankles, clutching his backside. His face is purple, contorted in pure, unadulterated agony.

CHET (CONT'D)

(screaming)

OH GOD! OH GOD! IT BURNS! IT'S INSIDE ME!

His legs buckle. He drops -- knees hitting the dirt first, then his whole body folding, collapsing face-first onto the trail.

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. DOCK - DAY (FLASHBACK - 20 YEARS AGO)

The exact motion completes -- but it's now YOUNG CHET (9), in an oversized Cub Scout uniform and neckerchief, dropping onto a wooden bench at a picnic table, knees bending, body folding down into the seat in the same collapsing rhythm.

A LIFEGUARD (20s), tanned, wearing a faded "CAMP THUNDERBIRD" t-shirt, stands at the head of the table. A dozen other CUB SCOUTS sit around him, leaning in.

On the table sits a large glass jar containing a murky, pulsing JELLYFISH.

LIFEGUARD

...and if you're out there on the sand,
and the ocean decides to tag you, you
don't run for a doctor. Doctors are for
people who don't know how to live. Do any
of you men know what to do for a sting?

The kids look at each other, silent and wide-eyed. Young Chet shakes his head, captivated.

LIFEGUARD (CONT'D)

(shouting)

YOU PEE ON IT!

The boys erupt in fits of 9-year-old laughter, pointing at each other. The Lifeguard doesn't smile. He slams his hand on the table.

LIFEGUARD (CONT'D)

It's science! The urea neutralizes the
toxins! It's the ultimate act of self-
reliance! When nature bites, you bite back
with your own chemistry!

He points at the kids, starting a rhythm.

LIFEGUARD (CONT'D)

Jellyfish!

CUB SCOUTS

PEE ON IT!

LIFEGUARD

JELLYFISH!

CUB SCOUTS

PEE ON IT!

Young Chet screams it the loudest, his face full of the same "alphabrain" zeal he will carry into adulthood.

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST TRAIL - PRESENT DAY

DAVID and TOMMY are leaning over the present-day Chet, who is twitching on the ground. They grab his arms, struggling to haul him back to his feet. Chet's eyes snap open, glazed and desperate.

CHET
(gasping)
Quick! Uhhh... someone... someone pee on me!

DAVID and TOMMY immediately drop him. He hits the dirt with a wet THUD.

MARCUS
(backing away)
What?! No!

CHET
(writhing)
Fine! You babies! If you were confident in your masculinity, you wouldn't think twice about... we'll work on that.

(still on ground, unable to stand)
Just... someone help me up.

Hesitating, DAVID and TOMMY help CHET back to his feet. He groans, squinting in pain, sweating.

CHET (CONT'D)
This... none of this looks familiar... I don't know where we are...

MARCUS
(hyperventilating)
Lost?! We're LOST?!

The group stands frozen on the trail, panic rising. DAVID stays relatively patient as some of the group start to lose it. He places a firm but gentle hand on MARCUS's back to try to soothe him. It works slightly.

JAMIE walks over to the thick bush behind them and casually pulls it back, revealing the camp buildings just beyond.

JAMIE
(matter-of-fact)
Dude, we're like 100 feet from camp.

DAVID's eyebrows raise -- another piece of the puzzle clicking into place about just how incompetent this place really is.

The group walks through the opening toward the lodge while DAVID and TOMMY drag Chet by his heels, pants still down around his ankles.

END ACT II

ACT III

EXT. CAMPFIRE CIRCLE - LATE AFTERNOON

Over the same chipper acoustic strum. No dialogue.

A tall bonfire roars at the center of a ring of stumps, oddly bright against the still-lit sky. A PROJECTOR SCREEN is staked crookedly into the dirt beside it, washed out and barely visible in the daylight, half-lit by its own dim bulb.

A COUNSELOR (BONFIRE) in a blazer clicks through slides -- charts, logos, bullet points -- gesturing enthusiastically at the screen. Behind him, the fire pops and flares, nearly swallowing the bottom edge of the projection.

Rows of CAMPERS sit slumped on stumps and folding chairs, marshmallow sticks forgotten in their hands. Blank stares. Nobody's watching the screen. Nobody's watching the fire either.

The strum plays on, indifferent, as we--

CUT TO:

EXT. LAKE CLARITY - DUSK

The lake is quiet now, stripped of the morning's chaos. No guards, no beanbag guns. Just still water catching the last orange light of the day.

DAVID walks out alone onto the dock -- the same one from the dunk. He looks worse than he did that morning. Heavier. Dark circles under his eyes, shoulders pulled in like something is pressing down on him.

He stops at the very end, where the water drops off deep. Looks down at it for a long moment.

He sits, takes off his shoes, sets them neatly side by side at the edge of the dock -- the one careful, deliberate thing he's done all day.

He steps off the end into the deep water. No hesitation, no flailing -- just straight down, chest-deep, then over his head.

Underwater, his eyes are open. Calm. Not afraid. His hair drifts upward. Bubbles trail from his mouth as the last of his breath leaves him.

Just as his eyes start to drift closed --

Something FLOATS INTO HIM. Face-down. A CAMPER, drifting.

Both of them THRASH upright, breaking the surface at the same time, gasping, startled.

DAVID's hand shoots out on instinct and catches the dock post right beside him -- he's just close enough to grab it, purely by luck.

The CAMPER (30s, out of breath, panicked) doesn't grab the dock. He grabs DAVID instead, climbing halfway up him like a ladder, hauling himself out of the water using David's shoulders, David's head, whatever's available.

CAMPER

(sputtering, still climbing on him)

What is WRONG with you?!

DAVID, one hand locked white-knuckled on the post, half-submerged under the Camper's weight, chokes out a response.

DAVID

(strained)

I didn't -- grab you. You floated into me.

CAMPER

(not listening, still climbing)

I don't need saving! Everybody's always got to save everybody around here, it's exhausting!

DAVID

(barely keeping his head above water)

I wasn't trying to -- save anyone --

CAMPER
Sure you weren't.

COUNSELOR DEREK comes sprinting down from the parade ground, skidding onto the dock, waving his arms, out of breath.

COUNSELOR DEREK
Hey! HEY! Lake's closed after five, what is going on out here?!

The Camper is still climbing on David, still ranting, by the time Derek reaches the edge.

CAMPER
(pointing at David, still using him as a raft)
I was trying to drown myself. And he ruined it.

DAVID
(trying to get a word in, still holding the post)
No -- that's not -- I was the one who --

CAMPER
(talking over him)
I didn't ask for a hero, I asked to be left alone--

DAVID
I wasn't -- I wasn't trying to --

COUNSELOR DEREK
(already hauling the Camper out by both arms, not looking at David at all)
Okay, okay, let's get you up, let's get you warm--

DAVID
(still in the water, still holding the post)
Will somebody just -- let me finish a sentence--

Derek wraps a towel around the Camper's shoulders that seems to appear from nowhere and starts walking him up toward the lodge, murmuring reassurance, already three steps away.

Neither of them looks back.

DAVID pulls himself up onto the dock alone, dripping, breathing hard. He watches them disappear up the hill.

He stands there a beat. Then throws both hands up -- a big, irritated, are-you-kidding-me shrug at absolutely no one.

He grabs his shoes off the dock and starts putting them on, wet feet and all.

EXT. CAMP EVERWELL(TM) - SUPPLY ROAD - EVENING

A narrow service road behind the cabins, rutted with tire tracks, mostly used by trucks and staff. Campers aren't technically told to stay away from it -- it's just understood.

JAMIE walks along it slowly, hands in his pockets, looking completely unbothered -- like a man taking a stroll, not like someone doing anything in particular.

He passes a chained gate marked STAFF ONLY, glances at the padlock, keeps walking. He passes a row of propane tanks, pauses just long enough to count them under his breath.

JAMIE
(muttering to himself)
...six, seven, eight.

He reaches a bend where the road splits -- one path toward the Main Lodge, the other disappearing toward the loading dock, currently empty.

He stands at the fork for a long moment, looking down each path like he's deciding something. He isn't lost. He's memorizing.

COUNSELOR JANET rounds the corner from the lodge side, clipboard in hand, and nearly walks right into him.

JANET
Jamie! Sweetie, this road isn't really for campers.

Jamie's whole posture changes instantly -- shoulders drop, head tilts, a loose, easy smile spreads across his face. Softer. Slower.

JAMIE
(a little too innocent)

Oh! Sorry. I was just walking. I like walking.

JANET

(already softening, checking her clipboard)

That's okay, hun. Just head back toward the cabins, alright? This part of camp's for deliveries and stuff.

JAMIE

Okay! Sorry!

He turns and starts walking back the way he came, small and harmless, throwing her one more sheepish look over his shoulder.

Janet is already distracted, checking something off her clipboard, not really watching him go.

The second she's out of sight, Jamie's posture straightens back out completely. The softness drops off his face like a mask coming off.

He glances back once at the fork in the road -- lodge one way, loading dock the other -- and nods slightly to himself, filing it away.

He keeps walking, calm, unhurried, already three cabins closer to Cabin 7 than anyone would have guessed.

INT. NICE BREAK ROOM - EVENING

Over the same chipper acoustic strum. No dialogue.

A cramped room behind the lodge, worn but comfortable -- the one space at Camp EverWell(TM) that wasn't built for anyone else to see.

Two NICE AGENTS slouch deep into beanbag chairs, full tactical gear and masks still on, half-watching a small TV mounted in the corner. On screen: a grainy wilderness survival movie, someone shouting about building a fire.

A ratty couch sits against the far wall, cushions sunken from years of use. A THIRD AGENT is stretched across it, mask off, just mirrored sunglasses on, one arm draped over his eyes, dead asleep.

At a ping pong table shoved against the window, two more AGENTS play a slow, tired rally -- sunglasses on, masks

off, tactical vests still buckled tight. Neither is really trying.

In the corner: a coffee station with a half-empty pot gone bitter and dark, a water cooler with a stack of paper cones, a microwave with a peeling "PLEASE CLEAN UP AFTER YOURSELF" sign taped above it.

The ping pong ball skips off the table and rolls under a beanbag chair. Nobody gets up to retrieve it.

The strum continues, unbothered, as we--

CUT TO:

EXT. DINING HALL - EVENING

A McDonald's semi-truck is parked alongside the building, workers unloading the last boxes.

INT. DINING HALL - CONTINUOUS

A smaller room inside the main cabin -- a handful of long tables, maybe thirty campers total, general chatter and the crinkle of fast food wrappers filling the space.

At the front of the room, CRYSTAL STONE (30s, athleisure, glowing skin, mason jar homebrewed kombucha in hand whose color, though organic, seems unnatural) stands before a RING LIGHT and PHONE on a TRIPOD. She's livestreaming, completely focused on her screen.

Nobody is watching her. Campers eat Big Macs and fries a few feet away, deep in their own conversations, utterly indifferent to the fact that she's there at all.

CRYSTAL

(to her phone)

Hi loves! Crystal here, coming to you live from an amazing wellness retreat!

(reads comments)

Yes, Jen, I'll drop the link to my gut health protocol in bio!

She takes a sip from her mason jar filled with murky green liquid.

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)

What you put in your body is literally a vibration. Clean eating means clean

thoughts, and clean thoughts mean
authentic healing. Your gut is your second
brain, babes!

She gestures enthusiastically. Behind her, a camper reaches
past her tripod to grab more ketchup packets without so
much as a glance at the camera.

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)

Processed foods create processed emotions.
When you nourish your temple with whole,
organic, plant-based nutrition, you're
literally rewiring your neural pathways!

At a table near the middle, DAVID sits with TOMMY, JAMIE,
and MARCUS -- Marcus a chair away from the rest, half-
turned out of the conversation. DAVID is noticeably more
engaged than earlier -- leaning in slightly, present.

TOMMY

At least now I know I can swim.

JAMIE

(matter-of-fact)

Did you ever learn how to ride a bike?

DAVID lets out a genuine LAUGH -- the first real one we've
heard from him.

DAVID

Yes, I can ride a bike.

MARCUS picks at his food, not part of the conversation,
eyes darting around the room.

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)

(still to her phone)

Processed foods create processed
emotions...

MARCUS's gaze lands across the dining hall on TREVOR, who's
already staring at him.

TOMMY (O.S.)

(continuing conversation)

What about skating? Ice skating?

CUT TO: TREVOR

Staring directly at MARCUS.

JAMIE (O.S.)
That's basically the same as roller
skating.

BACK TO: MARCUS

They lock eyes. MARCUS's breathing quickens.

DAVID (O.S.)
(laughing slightly)
I can do both, actually.

TREVOR slowly raises his hand, forms it into a gun, and
points it directly at MARCUS.

TREVOR
(mouthing silently)
Bang.

MARCUS shoots up from the table so fast his chair SCRAPES
back and nearly tips. He walks out fast, head down, not
looking at anyone.

TOMMY (O.S.)
You're full of surprises, Gray.

Nobody at the table reacts. Jamie keeps talking. Tommy
doesn't look over. David, mid-laugh, barely registers the
empty chair -- Marcus was already half a conversation away
from them to begin with.

CRYSTAL
(still to her phone, oblivious)
Remember, healing is a journey, not a
destination! Drop a heart if you're
committed to your wellness path!

She blows a kiss to the camera.

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)
Okay loves, that's it for today -- like,
subscribe, you know the drill!

She taps the screen off, unclips the phone from the tripod,
and starts folding the tripod legs, already halfway checked
out of the room.

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)
(not really looking up, to the
room in general)
Any questions?

Nobody answers. Forks scrape trays. Someone laughs at something at another table. Crystal doesn't wait for a response -- doesn't even seem to expect one. She goes back to packing her bag.

At David's table, the conversation has moved on without Marcus. David is still smiling faintly from his last laugh when something catches -- a beat late, he glances over.

The chair beside them sits empty.

DAVID looks around the room, scanning -- the door, the serving line, the other tables. No sign of Marcus.

His smile fades. Something settles behind his eyes -- concern, but quiet, not yet alarm.

TOMMY
(oblivious, still mid-
conversation)
Wait, what about skiing?

David doesn't answer right away. He's still looking at the door.

CUT TO:

EXT. CABIN ROW - NIGHT

Over the same chipper acoustic strum from earlier, now slower, almost lullaby-paced.

The Orkin fumigation cabin sits in darkness, the plastic tarp still sealed over it from days ago. A thin curl of smoke still drifts up from beneath the tarp's edge, catching the moonlight.

No campers. No counselors. Nobody has come back for it.

The strum fades out.

CUT TO:

EXT. LOADING DOCK - NIGHT

Behind the Main Lodge, out of sight from the rest of camp. A single flood light buzzes over a cracked concrete dock. A refrigerated semi-truck idles, its side panel stenciled: SACKLER-REYES BIOMEDICAL -- COLD CHAIN LOGISTICS.

MASKED NICE AGENTS move in a silent line, passing crates labeled BIO-LOGISTICS hand to hand from the lodge's back door into the truck's open cargo hold. Their movements are practiced, bored, entirely without ceremony -- this is not the first night they've done this.

COUNSELOR JANET stands off to the side with a clipboard, checking crates against a manifest as they pass. Gone is every trace of the bounce, the brightness, the ring-light voice. She is flat. Efficient. Somebody doing inventory.

A DRIVER (40s, company polo, clearly not curious about any of this) climbs down from the cab, holding a thick envelope.

DRIVER

Same count as last week?

JANET

(not looking up from the
clipboard)

Sixty-two. Two more than Tuesday.

DRIVER

Sixty-two.

He hands her the envelope. She doesn't open it. Just weighs it once in her hand, then slides it into her bag like it's nothing -- a gesture so practiced it barely registers as a transaction at all.

JANET

Tell them to stop shorting the temperature logs. Corporate flagged two coolers last month.

DRIVER

(already climbing back into the
cab)

I just drive the truck.

The last crate goes in. An Agent pulls the cargo door down with a heavy CLANG.

As the doors seal shut, we finally see the full graphic printed across them -- glossy, corporate, practically cheerful:

SACKLER-REYES BIOMEDICAL

"A Specialized Medication for Every Occasion."

The truck's brake lights flare, and it pulls away down the dark camp road, engine fading into the trees.

Janet stands alone on the dock a moment, clipboard at her side. She checks her phone. No message, no reaction. She tucks it away and walks back toward the lodge, already reaching for her bag -- for the bottles inside it.

CUT TO:

INT. CABIN 7 - NIGHT

Dark. Quiet breathing from sleeping campers.

Rustling -- MARCUS shifting on the top bunk. The whole bed frame creaks. He climbs down carefully, trying to stay quiet.

DAVID's eyes open, groggy, woken by the movement.

More rustling. MARCUS moves carefully in the darkness, quietly packing a small bag. He glances around at the sleeping campers, then slips toward the door.

The door opens with a soft CREAK. MARCUS exits.

DAVID sits up, more awake now. He swings his legs out and stands, then moves toward the door -- the only one awake, the only one who saw.

EXT. CABIN 7 - PORCH - CONTINUOUS

DAVID steps out onto the porch alone, stopping at the railing.

In the distance, MARCUS moves quickly across the open field toward the tree line, his bag over his shoulder.

DAVID watches, his expression shifting from confusion to concern.

MARCUS - RUNNING. Camera faces MARCUS as he runs toward it, pumping his arms. Behind him in the distance, the cabin and DAVID's silhouette on the porch are visible.

Suddenly -- PRISON LIGHTS SLAM ON. Bright white floods the field. A SIREN WAILS.

Behind David, the cabin door bursts open. The rest of Cabin 7 stumbles out onto the porch in various states of undress,

jolted awake by the siren, blinking against the floodlights. TOMMY is among them, hands clapped over his ears, face already twisting in pain from the noise.

MARCUS stops, frozen for a split second, eyes wide with terror.

Then he runs FASTER, desperate now.

THWACK. THWACK. THWACK.

Beanbag rounds fly past him, one connecting with his leg. He stumbles but keeps running.

On the porch, TOMMY flinches hard with each shot, ears still covered, a low groan building in his throat.

MARCUS keeps running, gasping, pushing harder toward the tree line.

THWACK. THWACK. THWACK.

More beanbag rounds hit him -- shoulder, back, other leg. He stumbles, tries to keep going.

TOMMY's knees buckle. He drops hard onto the porch boards, hands still clamped over his ears, and lets out a raw, wordless YELL -- not words, just sound, like it's the only way to push back against everything hitting him at once: the siren, the floodlight, the gunfire, the screaming.

THWACK.

A final shot to Marcus's back sends him sprawling face-first into the grass.

Four MASKED GUARDS rush in from the sides, surrounding him. They start BEATING him -- batons, fists, boots. Brutal and methodical.

EXT. CABIN 7 - PORCH - CONTINUOUS

The other campers stand frozen, watching. They wince with each blow, shifting uncomfortably. Concerned, but detached -- like watching something unfortunate happen to someone else.

CAMPER
(uneasy)
Jesus...

ANOTHER CAMPER

(wincing)

Is he okay?

But no one moves to help. No one calls out. They just watch.

TOMMY remains on his knees, rocking, hands still over his ears, his yell tapering into ragged breathing.

DAVID stands apart from the group, separate. His face shows something different -- not just concern or discomfort. His expression grows grimmer with each blow. He's understanding something the others aren't.

THE FIELD. The guards stop. They grab MARCUS -- bruised, face swollen, unconscious -- and start DRAGGING him across the field toward a distant building.

BACK TO DAVID. His face fully absorbing the horror of what he's witnessing. The realization crystallizing: this isn't a camp. This is an internment facility. They may never leave.

CLOSE-UP: DAVID'S FACE. Eyes wide with horror. The full weight of their situation written across his face as a searchlight passes over his head and sirens continue to blare.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF PILOT