

CAMPFIRE

Written by

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EXT. FOREST CAMPSITE - NIGHT

A fire CRACKLES. The surrounding trees echo WILDLIFE. The fire casts light on two people sitting on logs and a tent tucked into the tree line.

JERRY, 24, pudgy with five o'clock shadow, sits on a log and stokes the fire. TIM, 27, full-bearded and well built, sits opposite from Jerry.

JERRY

When do the others get here?

Tim sighs.

TIM

I told you, Jer. Not 'til tomorrow.

A faint CRACK comes from the bushes.

JERRY

Did you hear that? It came from over there.

Jerry points behind Tim. Tim glances over his shoulder and shrugs. He looks at Jerry and SIGHS.

TIM

For the hundredth time, Jer. Ain't nothing out there.

Tim grasps a nearby twig and breaks it off.

TIM (CONT'D)

Pass me the marshmallows.

Tim extends his hand.

JERRY

But there's something out there. I'm telling you, Tim. I heard it.

TIM

Whatever, little bro. Ain't nothing out there gunna get you.

Jerry stands up and looks around, ignoring Tim's still extended hand.

JERRY

You think it's one of the guys?

TIM

I think it's nothing. And for the last time, they get here tomorrow.

Tim shakes his stick at Jerry.

TIM (CONT'D)

Give me the marshmallows.

JERRY

Fine. Take the damn marshmallows.

Jerry sits back down and throws the marshmallows at Tim.

JERRY (CONT'D)

I think I might take a look.

Tim catches the bag of marshmallows and glares at Jerry.

TIM

A look? At what? Bushes and trees?

Tim rips open the bag and marshmallows go everywhere. Jerry leans in toward the fire.

JERRY

(whispering)

I'm just making sure. You coming?

Tim picks up a marshmallow and brushes off dirt. He places it on his stick and holds the stick over the fire.

TIM

Hell no, I ain't coming. And why in the hell are you whispering?

JERRY

Just in case whatever's out there is listening.

Tim points his stick at Jerry, marshmallow burning.

TIM

How many times do I gotta tell you? There's nothing out there and I ain't leaving.

JERRY

Why, Tim? You scared? I thought you were the big brother. Big brothers ain't supposed to be scared.

TIM
I ain't scared, Jerry. I just wanna
sit here. Enjoy this nice fire and
eat my damn s'mores.

JERRY
You coming or what?

Defeated, Tim stands up and stretches.

TIM
Fine. I'll come.

JERRY
Knew you would.

Jerry walks around the fire to Tim.

JERRY (CONT'D)
When we get to the big tree on the
trail, you know, the one with the
vines—

TIM
I know the one.

JERRY
You go right, I'll go left.

TIM
Wait. What? We're gunna be
splitting up?

The marshmallow, still burning on Tim's stick, falls off and
lands on the ground.

JERRY
Yeah, dumbass. We'll be able to
cover more ground that way.

TIM
Whatever.

Tim kicks the still-burning marshmallow into the fire.

TIM (CONT'D)
I'm only going as far as the creek.
After that, I'm turning around.

JERRY
All right. I'll do the same.

TIM
I can't believe you've dragged me
into this.

JERRY
C'mon. What harm could it do?

Tim shrugs and walks off into the woods. Jerry follows.

EXT. FOREST CAMPSITE - NIGHT

Tim arrives back at the campsite. A large shadowy FIGURE
standing between him and the fire.

TIM
Who the hell are you? Where's Jer?

Tim takes a step back.

FIGURE
Jer.

Tim steps forward.

TIM
Your name is Jer, too? Small world.

The figure LAUGHS.

FIGURE
You know, Tim. You're a fuckin'
idiot.

TIM
Sam?

SAM, 25, a large fellow that skips leg day, walks up to Tim.

SAM
Who the hell else would it be?

Tim walks up to the fire and sits down on log.

TIM
Well, Jer seems confident that
there's something else out here.

Sam sits across from Tim.

SAM
Maybe it's the mountain monster.

TIM
Shut the fuck up, Sam. There's no
mountain monster.

SAM
Well, according to legend—

Jerry runs out of the trees and trips into the firelight.

TIM
What the fuck, Jer?

Jerry stands up and BREATHES heavily.

JERRY
Something... in the woods...

SAM
Mountain monster.

BRAD, 24, a skinny man with clothes twice his size, jumps out
from behind a tree.

BRAD
Booga booga booga.

Jerry jumps and dives behind Tim's log.

TIM
Get up, you baby.

Brad and Sam LAUGH. Jerry peeks over the log.

JERRY
Fuck you, Brad.

Jerry sits next to Tim. Brad sits next to Sam.

BRAD
What? I'm just having a little fun.

Brad pulls out a bottle from his jacket.

BRAD (CONT'D)
Drink?

Brad tosses the bottle to Jerry. He takes a swig.

JERRY
Thanks. I thought you guys were
getting here tomorrow?

TIM
Yeah, where's Brock?

Sam motions for the bottle and Jerry tosses it to him.

SAM
He couldn't make it. Something
about Julie.

BRAD
So we decided to come up early.

Tim gets up and walks over to the tent. He pulls out another bag of marshmallows.

SAM
Hell yeah, marshmallows.

Tim passes the marshmallows around and the four men roast them over the fire.

Brad pulls his marshmallow out of the fire and eats it.

BRAD
So what's the plan?

TIM
You weren't supposed to be here
yet. There is no plan.

Brad pulls out a second bottle.

BRAD
Looks like we're drinking then.

EXT. CAMPSITE TREELINE - NIGHT

A hand parts two branches. The four friends sit around the fire. They drink, roast marshmallows, and talk inaudibly.

There is heavy BREATHING and the RUSTLING of leaves as the hand releases the branches.

EXT. CAMPSITE - CONTINUOUS

Jerry hesitates before taking another drink.

JERRY
What was that?

TIM
Not this again. Jerry, stop being
so paranoid.

Tim snatches the bottle from Jerry's hand.

TIM (CONT'D)
No more drinking for you.

Jerry stands up and wobbles, visibly drunk.

JERRY
I'm tellin' you, Tim. There is
something out there. Watching us.

Brad and Sam look at each other and LAUGH.

BRAD
Like Sam said. Mountain monster.

Sam leans toward the fire.

SAM
Legend has it that there is a
monster that lives up in these
mountains.

Jerry sits down and readies another marshmallow. Tim rolls his eyes and Brad takes another drink.

SAM (CONT'D)
Ten years ago, a group of hikers
was found dead up here. Torn to
pieces, almost unrecognizable.

Tim leans back pokes Jerry on his opposite side.

Jerry jumps up from his seat and YELPS.

The three others LAUGH.

SAM (CONT'D)
As I was saying, this monster can't
talk right. It supposedly repeats
the last word it heard.

TIM
So that's why you were doing that.

SAM
Yup. It also has huge claws and
sharp teeth so it can eat you.

JERRY
I thought you said the hikers were
found. So it doesn't eat people.
Does it?

TIM
It's a story, Jer. Just talk to
spook you.

SAM
Oh, but it's true. All of it.

Tim stands up and walks over to the tent.

TIM
Whatever. I'm going to sleep.

Jerry gets up and follows Tim.

JERRY
Yeah, me too.

EXT. CAMPSITE TREELINE - CONTINUOUS

The hand parts another branch. Heavy BREATHING is heard.

Sam and Brad set up their tent. Jerry puts out the fire. Tim enters his tent.

Jerry helps Brad and Sam with their tent and the three retire for the night.

The hand lets go of the branch.

EXT. CAMPSITE - DAY

Tim and Jerry exit their tent. Brad and Sam's tent is in tatters.

TIM
What the hell?

Jerry dives back into his tent.

JERRY (O.S.)
It's the mountain monster.

Tim drags Jerry out of the tent.

TIM
They're just tryin' to spook us.

Tim and Jerry walk over to the torn tent.

JERRY
But look. Claw marks.

TIM
That could easily have been done
with a knife.

Jerry examines the tent closely. He picks up a torn piece of
red stained cloth.

JERRY
Blood.

TIM
Or food coloring.

Jerry shakes the cloth in Tim's face.

JERRY
Smell it. It's blood.

Tim snatches the cloth from Jerry's hand and sniffs it.

TIM
Shit. It is blood. They are really
tryin' to spook us.

JERRY
That or there's a monster out
there.

Tim tosses the cloth to the ground.

TIM
Jerry, there's no such thing as—

A SCREAM echoes through the forest.

TIM (CONT'D)
...monsters.

Tim runs behind his tent and pulls out a shotgun.

JERRY
What the fuck, Tim? Why'd you bring
that.

TIM
Huntin'.

JERRY
Hunting what?

Tim loads the shotgun.

TIM
Birds.

JERRY

What the hell is bird shot going to do to a monster.

TIM

It's all we got, Jerry.

Tim heads off towards the scream.

JERRY

Where you going?

TIM

To find our friends. You can stay here if you want to.

Tim vanishes into the tree line. Jerry hesitates for a second, then follows behind Tim.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

The two brothers make their way through the trees.

JERRY

Are we even going the right way?

TIM

Look.

Tim points at a nearby tree with a blood stain on it.

TIM (CONT'D)

Blood.

Tim follows the blood marks further into the forest. Jerry follows closely.

EXT. CLIFFSIDE - DAY

Tim and Jerry come out of the trees into a small clearing. A thirty-foot-high cliff with a small cave entrance stands before them. There is a blood trail leading to its entrance.

Tim walks up to it and looks back at Jerry.

JERRY

Y-you first.

TIM

Who's scared now?

JERRY

Just go.

Tim enters the cave.

TIM (O.S.)

You comin' or what?

Jerry, shaking, follows suit.

INT. CAVE - DAY

Water drips from the top of the cave. Jerry bumps into Tim.

TIM

Shit, Jer. Watch it.

JERRY

Sorry, Tim. I can't see a thing.

Jerry lets Tim get a couple of steps ahead before continuing.

TIM

Hey look, a light.

INT. CAVE LAIR - DAY

Ahead of Tim, light shines through an opening.

Tim rubs his eyes.

TIM

Jer, I think we found it.

Tim turns around to face Jer, but he isn't there.

TIM (CONT'D)

Jer? Jerry where are you?

VOICE

You.

Tim readies his shotgun.

TIM

Who's there.

VOICE

There.

Tim backs his way into the light in the cave. He trips over something and falls. The shotgun slides away from him.

TIM

Wha—

Two barely recognizable bodies lay next to Tim.

TIM (CONT'D)

B-Brad? S-Sam?

Tim turns the head of one of the bodies. Half of Sam's face is missing.

TIM (CONT'D)

Oh my god.

VOICE

God.

Jerry staggers toward Tim.

JERRY

T-Tim. Tim I... I...

Jerry collapses face down a few feet away from Tim.

Tim crawls over to Jerry and flips him on his back.

Jerry is covered in blood and GASPS.

JERRY (CONT'D)

I'm scared.

Jerry EXHALES deeply.

TIM

Jerry. Jerry! Get up.

VOICE

Up.

Tim looks up. A large human shaped FIGURE stand over him.

TIM

Stay back.

Tim pushes himself away and grabs the shotgun.

FIGURE

Back.

The figure steps toward Tim.

Tim crawls away from the figure and aims the shotgun.

TIM
I said stay back.

Tim FIRES the shotgun into the figure's chest.
The figure staggers back.

FIGURE
Back.

The figure steps toward Tim again.
Tim FIRES the shotgun into the figure's leg.

TIM
Fuck you.

The figure drops to his knees.

FIGURE
You.

The figure grabs Tim's leg.

TIM
Get off of me.

FIGURE
Me.

Tim FIRES his gun into the figure's face.
The figure slumps to the ground.
Tim scrambles away from the figure, PANTING.

TIM
The fuck..the fuck...the fuck...

Tim stands up, drops the shot gun, and walks to his brother.

TIM (CONT'D)
Jer? Jerry? No, no, no.

Tim clings to Jerry's body.

TIM (CONT'D)
Jerry, no.

FIGURE
No.

Tim looks up and SCREAMS.

THE END