

GOD'S PLAN

Written by

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EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

SUPER: Camp of Christ, 1999

Waves crash along the shore. The full moon gleams down. A fire crackles, spitting sparks into the damp summer air. Amongst the flames, a large entity lay. Draped over it, a Britney Spears T-shirt disintegrates. Clown-Masked FIGURES circle the pit, chanting-

CLOWNS

Yea, though I walk through the
valley of the shadow of death, I
will fear no evil: for thou art
with me; thy rod and thy staff they
comfort me. Thou preparest a table
before me in the presence of mine
enemies: thou anointest my head
with oil; my cup runneth over.
Surely goodness and mercy shall
follow me all the days of my life:
and I will dwell in the house of
the Lord forever.

INT. EDGE OF THE JUNGLE - NIGHT

CHIRPING loops over and under vines. The atmosphere is stuffy and stagnant. Then, a loud CRUNCHING footstep echoes, awakening the vegetation.

SPLAT

A pair of worn Reeboks plunge into a puddle. The Substance: Unknown

ABIGAIL

Uck. Gross.

ABIGAIL, 17 years old, wears cut off jean shorts and a crop top, disclosing a belly button ring. Just then, a sudden breeze brushes past Abigail, sending shivers down her spine. She instantly straightens up. Her eyes dart side to side.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

Who's there?

SILENCE

Abigail relaxes. She bends down to examine her goop covered shoe. Sticking her neck out and squinting her eyes, Abigail reaches out a finger.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

What the—

BOOM

Abigail SCREAMS. She tumbles backward, barely missing the puddle of goop. Out of nowhere, DAVID, 17 years old, a scrawny kid with freckles and a pooka necklace, towers over Abigail. He LAUGHS and claps his hands with satisfaction.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

Fuck me, Davie! Jesus. I almost shit myself.

DAVID

You scared the Devil's gonna getcha?

ABIGAIL

Worse. The all mighty one himself. God.

They share a laugh.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

You got the goods?

David swings his fanny pack around and swiftly unzips it, presenting small bottles of alcohol.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

Tell me again how you managed to get past the church counselors?

DAVID

More like prison guards.

They spot their usual mossy rock and climb up to a seat.

DAVID (CONT'D)

One night a few weeks ago, I couldn't sleep, so I snuck out of my bunk. Honestly, I was just looking for a snack, but then I noticed all of the elders were gone. I figured they were out praying together or some shit. That first night I was too scared to go into Pastor Bryan's chamber.

With a sly smile—

I ended up just taking some cash from the offering table.

Abigail drops her jaw playfully.

When the next week came, I thought
it might be another coincidence.
The following Thursday around
9:45pm, the camp went silent **again**.

David hands Abigail a bottle.

ABIGAIL
Cheers to that, Dude.

Abigail and David clink and chug the alcohol.

DAVID
On an even better note, guess who
was also sneaking out of their bunk
tonight?

Abigail leans in, excited for more gossip.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Shannon Lebawitz.

Abigail scoffs, rolling her eyes.

ABIGAIL
Fuck Shannon Lebawitz. She's such a
bitch. We should be careful. She'll
rat us out for sure if she hasn't
already. What was Miss Goody two
shoes doing out anyway?

DAVID
Hopefully getting that stick
removed from her ass.

The two bust out laughing then quickly try to shush each
other. A long moment passes.

ABIGAIL
My mom is gonna kill me if I get
kicked out. Church camp was her
last chance to put me on the
straight and narrow. *"Why can't you
be more like your brother? You're
only letting yourself down, Abigail
Johnson. This is **not** the Godly
woman I raised."*

DAVID
Man! Fuck 'em. You got me now.

They share a long hug. Suddenly, Abigail pulls away and scrunches her nose.

ABIGAIL
Do you smell that?

David nods, equally disgusted. They move to the edge of the trees. Pulling back branches and brush, they step out.

EXT. EDGE OF THE JUNGLE - CONTINUOUS

Fire illuminates the teenagers faces. They immediately duck behind a tree log, hearts pounding.

DAVID
Shit. You think they saw us?

Abigail shakes her head, unsure.

DAVID (CONT'D)
We gotta get outta here.

ABIGAIL
Wait.

She pulls David back by his fanny pack and passes him a convincing nod. She slowly creeps her gaze over the log. The masked clowns stand entranced by the fire. Abigail studies them.

DAVID
What are they doing?

ABIGAIL
I don't know. A ritual or huh...
there's something in the fire. It
kinda looks like-

Abigail freezes. Her eyes go wide.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)
That's the cross necklace my mom
gave to me. I lost it last week. I
swear that bitch-

DAVID
What? What?

Abigail gulps.

ABIGAIL
Shannon. She's the...offering.

Just then, a clown looks straight at Abigail. Then another.
Then another.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

Run.

She looks down. David is already gone.

INT. JUNGLE - MOMENTS LATER

Abigail dodges vines, moving deeper and deeper into darkness.

VOICE

Don't let them get away!

Just then-

DAVID

Abi!

Abigail slides to a stop. She searches her surroundings, but she can't see two inches in front of her. All of a sudden, moonlight breaks through the trees, revealing-

ABIGAIL

David.

David turns to Abigail. Hopeful seconds pass as a flying spear collides with David's jugular. Blood paints his pooka necklace. Abigail cups her mouth as to stop herself from vomiting. Suddenly, CLOWN 1, a large hunch back, replaces David. Abigail claws her way behind a tree.

CLOWN 1

Come out! Come out! Where ever you
are.

CLOWN 2 appears. They are half the size of their counterpart.

CLOWN 2

Let's save the little brat for our
next sacrifice. Lord knows, she'll
be a fun hunt.

Abigail's heart drops. She knew that voice. She peaks around the tree. Abigail GASPS.

ABIGAIL

Mom?

BLACK OUT.