

# FRIDAY THE 13TH: 3-D

by

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Paramount  
Platinum Dunes

**CAST OF CHARACTERS****Camp Counselors (all 18 years old)**

**KEVIN BEAMER:** The AWKWARD SMART KID. Sensitive and sarcastic, but a bit of a romantic. Sometimes too smart for his own good. No luck with girls.

**BRAD BEAMER:** The GOLDEN RETRIEVER. Kevin's fraternal twin brother. Handsome, athletic, cool. Super likable.

**AMBER JENSON:** The STRAIGHT-A STUDENT. Ambitious, vivacious, goal-oriented. She's been dating Brad all summer.

**SLOANE HIGGINS:** The CYNIC. Smart and droll. Her cynicism hides self-consciousness.

**VANESSA FONTANELLO:** The GODDESS. Gorgeous cheerleader / dream-girl type. Smarter than you expect.

**GREG WIEDERHORN:** The SMART IMMATURE JOCK. An athlete who's always been class clown. Loves attention, girls, and weed.

**KIRBY BUTTERS:** The RELIGIOUS GIRL. Cute, blonde, innocent. But not judge-y. Super curious about sex.

**WES "WEEZER" SAMDAHL:** The STONER. A genial dude who just wants everybody to have a good time. He's high right now.

*Also there's...*

**IAN DUCKWORTH (26)** The HEAD COUNSELOR. Wishes he could be part of the fun, but doesn't quite know how.

**"NURSE NICOLE" NEWTON (32)** The CAMP NURSE. Comically indifferent to the health of the kids.

**FRANK BOOTH (40s)** The GROUNDSKEEPER. Big, burly, hard-to-read. He's been around and knows the history of Camp Crystal Lake.

*and...*

**DYLAN FABER (19)** The LOCAL GUY. Good-looking, rugged, smart. He's been hanging out with the counselors and hitting on Vanessa.

*Oh, and...*

**JASON VOORHEES (?)** Nice guy. You'll meet him soon.

**OPEN ON... CRYSTAL LAKE**

A perfect afternoon. The end of summer. The whole world seems captured in amber. We are GLIDING SLOWLY over the lake's serene surface...

A humid, dreamy, NOSTALGIC SONG plays somewhere... George Michael's "One More Try"... the song of a young, aching heart.

Rusty leaves float in the lake. A sunken tree branch juts out like a prehistoric limb. And then we come upon...

**A FOOT.**

Attached to a BODY floating in the water (though we don't see the rest of it just yet). Pruned. Limp, lifeless.

We move up a young woman's PALE, BARE LEG. Over her SWIMSUIT: a blue one-piece with a white cross. She was a lifeguard...

Now we come to... her FACE. Eyes closed. Lips slightly parted. Brunette hair spread in a watery halo.

**FROM ABOVE** - Looking down at the floating body. But... we hear SPLASHING. LABORED BREATHING. RIPPLES appear. Then -

A BOY (11) swims into frame! Swimming urgently to the body.

**CLOSE ON THE BOY** - Almost there. Kicking hard. A few more strokes. He lunges, grabs at the dead girl -

And SHE TURNS TO LOOK AT HIM! Not dead.

NOT-DEAD GIRL

Oh, nice of you to show up.

This is **SLOANE HIGGINS** (18). The CYNIC. A camp counselor teaching junior lifeguard training. Cute, normal-looking.

BOY

Sloane! You're s'posed to be unconscious!

SLOANE

Sorry.

(playing dead again)

Here I go. Rescue me.

The boy gets her in a clumsy hold and starts towing her back.

**MOMENTS LATER**

The boy drags Sloane through the water... to the edge of the FLOATING DECK, an anchored platform in the middle of the lake.

Sloane comes back to "life" and grabs the deck's edge.

SLOANE (CONT'D)

How'd he do?

NOW REVEAL: CAMPERS on the floating deck, 11 or 12, mostly boys. In love with the other counselor training them...

**VANESSA FONTANELLO** (18). The GODDESS. A girl most teen guys would cut off a toe to fuck. She checks a stopwatch:

VANESSA

Oh shit, I forgot to hit start.  
(nods to lovestruck kids)  
These jerks keep distracting me.

Sloane finds Vanessa's very existence a little annoying.

SLOANE

Why don't you be dead for a while?

Vanessa tilts her head. In her lifeguard swimsuit, she could be on a *Baywatch* poster.

VANESSA

(noble suffering)  
Fine, I'll go float in the dirty lake.

A chorus of protest erupts from the boys.

THE BOYS

*No! / Stay! / Hang out with us!*

Sloane grimaces. Vanessa turns to the boys.

VANESSA

Some junior lifeguards you are.  
What if I need mouth to mouth?

THE BOYS

*Go! / Get out there! / We'll save you!*

Vanessa shrugs and stands up. We hear HOLLERS OF APPROVAL. REVEAL: THREE MALE COUNSELORS life-guarding from the top of a rickety (but surprisingly high) WATER SLIDE on a DOCK near shore, ogling Vanessa. Sloane sighs, like: *Really?*

SLOANE

Look, they mature as they get older.

VANESSA

Boys.

She dives in. Off Sloane, flinching from her backplash -

**EXT. THE DOCK / WATER SLIDE - DAY**

Now we're with those three guys, sitting atop the RICKETY WATER SLIDE, with an aerial view of the lake. They are...

**KEVIN BEAMER** (18). The AWKWARD SMART GUY. Young John Cusack. Sensitive, sarcastic, and self-aware. Our everynerd.

**BRAD BEAMER** (18). The GOLDEN RETRIEVER. Kevin's fraternal twin brother. Handsome, athletic, at ease. Super likable.

... and **WES "WEEZER" SAMDAHL** (18). The STONER. Genial dude. Smoking a joint *right now* with the guys as they watch Vanessa.

WEEZER

I'm in agony. She's killin' me.

KEVIN

You know what the beautiful thing is?  
In some parallel universe, another me  
is actually dating her right now.

BRAD

I love your optimism.

Weezer glances down at the KIDS swimming in a roped-off area. We note one, ANDY (9) apart from the others. Awkward loner.

WEEZER

Hey, splash so I know you're alive!  
(looks at Brad)  
Yo, Beamer, how many years off your  
life would you give to bone Vanessa?

Brad just smiles - silent, amused cool.

KEVIN

How come you call *him* Beamer?  
That's my last name too.

WEEZER

He's Beamer, you're Kevin. That's  
just the way it is.

Kevin laughs good-naturedly, taking it in stride. Then -

KEVIN

I had this dream last night. I get to  
college... and Marilyn Monroe is  
waiting for me naked in my dorm room.  
I mean, she's beautiful - but like, I  
know Marilyn Monroe's dead. And it's  
like this awkward social pressure  
situation: I'm *expected* to bone her...

(MORE)

KEVIN (CONT'D)  
 But like, *do I?* On the one hand,  
 it's Marilyn Monroe. On the other  
 hand, she's a zombie.

Brad and Weezer don't even look over.

BRAD / WEEZER  
 You boned her.

**EXT. LAKE SHORE - SAME TIME**

Meet one last TRIO OF COUNSELORS, ~50 feet away. At water's edge, watching the YOUNGEST CAMPERS (age 8-9). They are...

**AMBER JENSON** (18). The STRAIGHT-A STUDENT. Ambitious, vivacious, goal-oriented. Very sexy, but plays it down.

**GREG WIEDERHORN** (18). The SMART JOCK. Can't resist taking a joke too far. Loves attention.

**KIRBY BUTTERS** (18). The RELIGIOUS GIRL. But not a prude. She's cute, witty, and very curious.

Greg kicks water playfully at the girls. He points at Kirby.

GREG  
 You have one day to live. Tomorrow night, lightning strikes you dead.

KIRBY  
 Nope. Still wouldn't.

GREG  
 You have one day to live. And Johnny Depp and Patrick Swayze *begging*.

KIRBY  
 I would still die a virgin.  
 (considers it further)  
 But I'd make out with Swayze first.

From shore, **IAN DUCKWORTH** (26) shouts. He's HEAD COUNSELOR. Kind of an awkward stick in the mud.

DUCKWORTH  
 Yo! The rope ladder isn't gonna take itself down!

Greg makes a jerkoff motion. Amber shakes her head, laughs.

AMBER  
 I'll do it.

Amber walks to the shore. Greg turns back to Kirby.

GREG

One day to live. Swayze's on deck.  
Jesus himself walks out of *this*  
lake and says, "Free pass, do it,  
go wild." And he *personally*  
guarantees it will be amazing.

KIRBY

(without missing a beat)  
He wouldn't walk out of the lake.  
He would walk across it.

**EXT. THE DOCK - SAME TIME**

Back to Kevin/Brad/Weezer. Brad watches Amber on shore  
tugging cut-off shorts on over her swimsuit. Admiring...

BRAD

This really was the perfect summer.

Kevin raises an eyebrow: *Maybe yours was.*

BRAD (CONT'D)

No stress. Good times. And just  
some super, super cool girls.

Kevin thinks, gazing at the lake. **HIS POV:** Vanessa, in SLO-MO.  
Water glistens on her body. Inspired by Brad, he says -

KEVIN

I'm gonna do it.  
(off Brad's look)  
We got two days left. I'm gonna  
tell her... how I feel about her.

BRAD

Uh. She knows, dude. Because  
that's how all guys feel about her.

KEVIN

You guys just want to bang her.  
I actually like her. Like, as a  
person. A girlfriend.

BRAD

If you tell a girl like that you  
like her, forget it. I mean...  
this is *Vanessa Fontanello*.

KEVIN

I think there's the possibility of a  
real connection.

WEEZER

I dunno... she seems kinda into that guy Dylan from town...

KEVIN

No way. She's too smart for him.

Brad's distracted again - watching Amber. She walks into the woods. Brad gets up and tosses Kevin his lifeguard whistle.

BRAD

I'll be back.

Kevin knows exactly where Brad's going - and gets annoyed.

KEVIN

Really? I'm supposed to watch all the kids by myself?

BRAD

You've got him.

Brad points at Weezer - who's stoned. Kevin gestures like: *Seriously?* But Brad's already climbing down off the slide. Exasperated, Kevin looks back out at the lake... at Vanessa.

**EXT. WOODS - DAY**

Amber comes to a big tree with a ROPE LADDER. As she looks up, shielding her eyes from sun, we see MOVEMENT in the b.g. A FIGURE emerges - Brad. Amber hears him, looks back.

AMBER

Hey you.

Brad walks up - and they kiss. These two are dating. Still in the heat of a summer romance. Off this:

**EXT. THE DOCK - DAY**

Kevin's watching too many kids at once. A little girl, MOLLY, (10) frog-swims up, smiling a little shyly.

MOLLY

Hey Kevvvvin... Sadie wants know... Do you have a girlfriend??

She giggles. Kevin sighs, distracted... and looks out at Vanessa again.

**MEANWHILE 30 FEET AWAY...** Andy, the odd loner kid, walks up to the ROPE BOUNDARY of the swimming area. Beyond it, he sees a FEATHER floating. Pretty! He wants it.



He ducks under the rope and goes toward it.

**EXT. FLOATING DECK - SAME TIME**

A FRECKLED BOY is talking Sloane's ear off...

FRECKLED BOY

- On the Action Park water slide, this kid Tony broke his arm *and* his leg.

SLOANE

Well, Chris, we call that Darwinism...

Neither of them notice Andy, way in the b.g...

**CLOSE ON - ANDY IN THE LAKE**

Spitting water as he gets closer to the feather. We go...

**UNDERWATER** - to see he's on tiptoe in the lake-bed muck. He takes another step... and there's nothing there! Andy **slips under the surface**. Unnoticed... DROWNING.

**EXT. WOODS - DAY**

Brad & Amber are making out. He kisses her neck, teasing.

BRAD

We're gonna have so much fun when I visit you at Princeton this fall...

He puts his hand up her shirt. She's about to say something - when a faint SCREAM comes from the lake. They look over...

**EXT. THE DOCK - SAME TIME**

Kevin looks away from the giggling girls. Kids point, yell.

KIDS IN THE LAKE

*Over there! / He's drowning!*

He looks where they're pointing. Empty lake. Ripples.

KEVIN

Who?? Where!?

KIDS IN THE LAKE

*He came up! / We saw him!*

Kevin jumps up but freezes. Off his panicked indecision...

**EXT. FLOATING DOCK - SAME TIME**

Sloane & Vanessa get to their feet, hearing the shouts.

SLOANE  
Oh shit...

VANESSA  
(to the boys)  
Stay here!

Sloane & Vanessa DIVE IN and swim like hell. But they're way too far...

**HARD CUT TO: CRYSTAL LAKE - UNDERWATER**

Andy struggles just under the surface. Bubbles rising around him in a glimmering shroud as he thrashes... And we see that the lake is *not that deep* here. This kid is gonna drown in seven feet of water. A small figure, kicking futilely...

**EXT. EDGE OF THE WOODS / CRYSTAL LAKE - DAY**

Brad & Amber burst from the woods. Panicked kids are pointing at the lake. Brad looks. What are they pointing at??

**A kid's hand breaks the surface.** Briefly. Brad sees what's going on. He's closer than anybody. He runs for the lake -

DIVES IN - SWIMS LIKE HELL... Lung-bursting effort...

He reaches the spot. ...And dives under. Painful seconds pass. SPLOSH! Brad resurfaces... alone.

**ON KEVIN...** Kevin's freaking out, horrified. *Oh god no -*

**ON THE LAKE...** Brad looks around. Murky water. He dives again. More time. Then he pops up - **with Andy's limp body!**

**EXT. SHORE - MOMENTS LATER**

Kevin, Greg, Kirby, and Amber rush up... campers trailing them... panicked voices: *"Ohmygod is he alive is he ok - "*

- as Brad lays the kid on the shore. *Is he dead?? ...and then Andy COUGHS, HACKING UP WATER. Alive. Jesus Christ. Everybody erupts. "Thankgod holyshit - "*

KEVIN... more relieved than he's ever been in his life.

**EXT. DOCK - A FEW MINUTES LATER**

Sloane & Vanessa swim up to the dock, leading their group of junior lifeguard trainees. They climb out breathlessly and we follow them as they run up to shore toward -

**EXT. CAMP CRYSTAL LAKE - CONTINUOUS**

- THE PICNIC TABLE AREA, where people cluster around Andy. The bedraggled kid is sitting on a table, a towel around him. He looks maybe in shock.

**NURSE NICOLE (32)** listens to his WET, RATTLING COUGH. Nicole is deadpan, secretly stoned, and very over this job.

NURSE NICOLE  
 Sounds good. Did you know lake  
 water is basically just vitamin C?

Kevin watches from a few feet back, with Weezer. Duckworth's nearby. He eyes them with scorn.

DUCKWORTH  
 I can't believe you guys. You were  
 supposed to be watching them.

Kevin swallows hard as Duckworth walks away. Then he glances over and sees that Vanessa & Sloane overheard this exchange. He looks away, ashamed. Brad steps up beside him.

KEVIN  
 He was drowning. And I froze.

BRAD  
 I bailed, I'm the asshole.

KEVIN  
 I'm pretty sure you saved his life  
 and I'm the asshole.

BRAD  
 Guess what, it doesn't matter.  
 He's fine! No harm done.

Brad claps him on the shoulder and walks off. Off Kevin, pale and a little shaken by what could've happened...

**GO WIDE...** to see everybody. VOICES mingling. The lake lapping at the shore. Over this tableau, a CHYRON:

Camp Crystal Lake  
 New Jersey  
 August, 1988

**EXT. CAMP CRYSTAL LAKE - DUSK**

**MONTAGE...** Dusk falls over the Camp. Establish geography: the SIX CABINS and MESS HALL, centered around a grassy commons; a CAMPFIRE SITE a little ways off.

Cicadas call. Frogs croak. Fireflies glimmer in the soft darkness (in 3-D!). A burly groundskeeper, **FRANK (40s)**, hacks a gnarled tree branch with a MACHETE. (We may just see that machete again.)

A KID catches a firefly. She runs to show Sloane. And now we see ALL THE KIDS are being herded toward their cabins by counselors. An exhausted, end-of-the-day feeling. Shouts of "Okay, time for bed..." Duckworth pulls Brad aside:

DUCKWORTH

The parents get here early tomorrow. So make sure everybody takes it easy tonight and crashes early. Ok? I'm relying on you.

BRAD

Of course, man. Got it.

DUCKWORTH

Thanks, buddy.

Brad maintains an expression of complete sincerity. CUT TO:

**SOMEONE'S POV: THE CAMPGROUNDS**

**Someone's lurking in the woods, watching the camp.** Watching one counselor walking in the darkness. Vanessa.

We emerge from the woods. FOLLOWING VANESSA toward a cabin. She enters. Through the window, she can be seen taking off her t-shirt. A casual, unobserved moment: she gets a stick of deodorant from her dresser and rubs it under her arms.

Now she grabs an ASTHMA INHALER, shakes it, and inhales. She pulls on a long-sleeved t-shirt... and we leave the window, moving toward the open door, as...

**INT. GIRL COUNSELORS' CABIN - NIGHT / SAME TIME**

Vanessa senses something and spins with a JOLT to see:

A HANDSOME GUY leaning in the doorway. **DYLAN FABER (19)**. A LOCAL, born & raised. Smart but rough around the edges. It was his POV we were in.

DYLAN

Sorry if I scared you.

Vanessa eyes him. She's attracted... but also wary.

VANESSA

Fuck you. You're just like my brothers.

DYLAN

Oh, you got brothers? Do they protect your virtue and stuff?

VANESSA

They're ten, and nobody has to protect  
my anything. I just jumped 'cuz -  
(vague gesture around)  
- nature's weird at night.

DYLAN

So you're scared of the dark.

VANESSA

I'm not scared of the dark, jerk.

DYLAN

You sure? Because when I was coming  
through the woods just now...  
I think someone was following me.

VANESSA

Shut up, Dylan. Why do you keep  
coming back here, anyway?

With a flourish, Dylan produces a plump BAGGIE OF WEED.

DYLAN

Because they keep inviting me.

**SHOT: A JOINT BEING LIT**

The smoker INHALES... the joint glows. Wide to reveal we're -

**EXT. CAMPFIRE SITE - NIGHT**

... as Weezer takes a puff. They're sitting around the  
BLAZING CAMPFIRE - all the counselors, plus Dylan. Drinking  
beers, smoking joints. MOVE AROUND the campfire sampling  
conversations, seeing the counselors like a buffet...

- \* **Kevin watches Dylan pass Vanessa a joint** and Vanessa sit back  
skeptically... but then bring it to her lips and inhale.
- \* **Brad holds a joint** in one hand and toasts a marshmallow with  
the other... til **Amber plucks it off the stick** and eats it.
- \* **Kirby politely refuses a joint from Greg.**
- \* **Sloane watches.** Observant, sipping a beer.

Greg stands, chugs most of a beer, then raises it grandly.

GREG

Here's to a surprisingly decent  
summer. Even if Kirby's still  
considering my generous offer to  
handle her virginity situation -

KIRBY

Ha - there was never any considering!

GREG

- I'm gonna go ahead and say we had fun. And we even managed to keep all those miniature people alive. Barely. Mostly thanks to Brad.

Greg sits drunkenly, drinks more. And suddenly gets grave.

GREG (CONT'D)

Brad, you know, if you hadn't saved him? You coulda ended up dead too.  
(at Kevin and Weezer)  
And you guys. And all of us.

KIRBY

What do you mean? Dead how?

GREG

You know the story about the murders that happened around here, right? I mean, the details?

SLOANE

I read about this...

VANESSA

What murders?

GREG

You guys don't know this? How it happened?

VANESSA

How what happened?

Greg grins, relishing this. Dylan listens quietly.

GREG

At the original Camp Crystal Lake - right across the lake - there was this lady who cleaned the cabins. This was in, like, '66. Her husband had run off a few years back, so she'd bring her little boy along and have the counselors watch him. The counselors didn't know much about her. Just her name... **Pamela Vorley**.

He pauses, letting the name hang in the air. Until, quietly:

DYLAN

Voorhees. Her name was **Pamela Voorhees**. And she was a cook.

VANESSA

Wait, he's not making this up? There were murders?



VANESSA  
 (unnerved but fascinated)  
 How'd she kill *six people*?

DYLAN  
 She was quiet.

GREG  
 They say her ghost still haunts  
 these woods.

VANESSA  
 No they don't.

DYLAN  
 Actually they do. But don't worry,  
 as long as you're not scared of the  
 dark, she can't get you.

Dylan reaches around her back to squeeze her other shoulder.  
 Vanessa JOLTS. Kevin and Brad both notice the flirtation.

VANESSA  
 Stop! So immature.

AMBER  
 Vee, they're making it up. There  
 were murders, but not at the lake.

SLOANE  
 No, I read about this...

GREG  
 We're not making it up!

DYLAN  
 Six people our age got killed,  
 right across the lake. The old  
 camp is still over there.

AMBER  
 No it's not. That was more than  
 twenty years ago...

BRAD  
 Why don't we go over there and see?

Everybody stops. He makes it sound so reasonable.

VANESSA  
 Go across the lake? Now?

KIRBY  
 No way. I believe in ghosts.

WEEZER  
 I believe in bad vibes.



SLOANE I think it sounds fun. GREG I think Brad's a genius.

Brad nudges Kevin and gets to his feet.

BRAD  
Yeah? A'right? Let's fucking do  
it! Let's get the canoes.

Kevin gets up, too. Unsure why Brad's so into this.

KEVIN  
Let's go. Let's do it.

AMBER  
(standing up anyway)  
This is so dumb.

Dylan stands too, and looks at Vanessa gravely.

DYLAN  
You should probably stay here.

VANESSA  
(standing; she's going)  
Oh, give it a rest.

**EXT. THE CAMPGROUNDS - MOMENTS LATER**

The group (minus Weezer & Kirby) sneak toward the lake, holding beers, joints, or flashlights. Laughing, *Shhh*-ing each other. Kevin & Brad walk ahead.

KEVIN  
Why are you pushing this so hard?  
Duckworth'll kill us if he -

BRAD  
*Why?* When you take a girl to a  
scary movie, what happens? She  
grabs your arm when she gets  
scared, you tease her a little, and  
later that night, you get laid.

KEVIN  
That hasn't been my experience...  
but what's your point?

BRAD  
Are you dense? Vanessa! *Make sure  
you're the guy whose arm she grabs.*

He punches Kevin: *Go get her.* Then he puffs a joint and quietly beckons the group as they come around a cabin and -

BRAD (CONT'D)

Guys, quiet! Sound carries on the l-

A HULKING MAN stands in their way. Everybody jumps.

It's Frank. The burly, bearded groundskeeper. Those who have joints (including Brad) hide them behind their backs.

FRANK

What are y'all doing?

KEVIN

(nervous but acting casual)

Uh... Hey Frank. We thought we'd maybe go across the lake and just, uh, check out the old camp site. ... If there's anything still there.

A beat. Frank looks slowly to Brad... and holds out his hand like a cop confiscating something. Uh-oh. He wants the joint.

FRANK

Gimme that fuckin' thing.

Brad glances at Kevin. Kevin's like: *Do it!* Brad guiltily hands Frank the joint. Frank holds it, looking at them... .. and then takes a long drag. Exhales blissfully.

FRANK (CONT'D)

(casual)

C'mon. I'll show ya where it's at.

Frank walks toward the dock, beckoning them to follow. The counselors share *Holy shit* looks, highly entertained.

Then they follow him, stifling laughter. "*What the fuck?...*" "*Frank's, like, redneck buddha...*"

**EXT. CABINS - NIGHT**

Weezer & Kirby walk back to the cabins.

KIRBY

Night.

Weezer goes in for a kiss. Kirby leans way back to avoid it.

KIRBY (CONT'D)

Oh! Um. Oh.

WEEZER

I figured. Just checking.  
(looks up at the sky)  
Stars are so weird.

**EXT. LAKE - NIGHT**

Two canoes glide through the still water. Mist hangs over the lake. Frogs CROAK. It is eerie, atmospheric.

**BLUE CANOE**

Kevin, Vanessa, Dylan, and Greg. They paddle quietly. Excited, jittery. Kevin turns to Vanessa. Smiles.

KEVIN

So... are you... pretty scared?

VANESSA

Why, are you?

Burned, Kevin shuts up. Vanessa turns to Dylan...

VANESSA (CONT'D)

So... how did she kill them?

DYLAN

Various ways. They weren't even the ones who let her son drown. They were just at the wrong camp at the wrong time.

GREG

*Just... like... us.*

VANESSA

What if it did happen to us? You think we'd get away?

GREG

I'd put that old lady in a headlock and walk her around like my dog.

DYLAN

She'da cut your throat before you knew she was there.

A Townie vs. Counselor vibe under the back & forth.

GREG

Me and Kevin would defenestrate her. No hesitation. Right, Kev?  
(off Kevin's noncommittal shrug)  
Defenestrate and decapitate... I'm from Ocean City, bitch.

**GREEN CANOE**

Brad, Amber, Sloane, Frank. Brad turns to Amber, whispers.

BRAD

I ever tell you I saw a ghost once?

AMBER

I saw it too... the ghost of your mom.

SLOANE

Frank... did you live in Crystal Lake when the murders happened?

FRANK

(casual, cheerful)

I knew the kids who got killed.

SLOANE

Really? Did you know Mrs. Voorhees?

FRANK

Nah, she kept to herself. Her and that kid. I'll say this - kid was a reeeeeal mama's boy. Didn't talk to anybody but her. And real shy. Most of the time you saw him, he'd be wearing some old Halloween mask.

Beat. Eerie lake sounds. A loon calls. Casually Frank says:

FRANK (CONT'D)

They never found his body, you know.

Amber turns around, freaked. Off Sloane's fascination...

**EXT. LAKE SHORE / ROTTED DOCK - NIGHT**

Kevin stares at an old HALF-ROTTED DOCK as the canoes glide up. It looks sinister, like the bones of a dead animal.

The counselors get out. Dylan holds out a hand to Vanessa and helps her. Kevin stumbles as he steps out, soaking his own foot. Dylan grabs his arm.

DYLAN

You all right there, bud?

Kevin mutters thanks, hating him. They drag the canoes on shore. Greg takes out a flask, drinks. Frank goes to the trees and beckons.

FRANK

This way.

He walks into the woods. They trade looks - and follow him...

EXT. THE WOODS - NIGHT

Darkness. FOREST SOUNDS. Their FLASHLIGHTS illuminate dense trees, a thin path. Apprehensive excitement in the air.

GREG

This is where it happened. Right here. Where they alllll died...

DYLAN

No it's not.

FRANK

No it ain't.

GREG

Time to bonnnne some ghosts.

BRAD

Settle down, dude.

They pass a filthy, scrawled sign: *NO TRESPASSING*. Just beyond it, another one: *KEEP OUT!* And then a still a third:

*GO HOME. HAVE A BEER. DONT COME BACK HERE.*

KEVIN

Very poetic.

FRANK

Thank you.

Kevin lets out a surprised laugh, realizing Frank wrote it. Then - he hears a BRANCH BREAK in the woods. He stops.

KEVIN

Did you guys hear that?

The others stop. Listening. Then a sound... "*HYUP!*"

GREG

I heard that.

VANESSA

Sorry - *HYUP!!*

Vanessa has HICCUPS. Amber GIGGLES strangely, all nerves. They start walking again. Every few steps: "*HYUP! ... HYUP!*"

Then Kevin sees Sloane's silhouette, ahead of him, start moving faster. As if going toward something. Kevin hurries after. And they leave the woods to see Frank standing on a rotting WOOD SIGN on the ground that reads...

**CAMP CRYSTAL LAKE**

FRANK  
Welcome to Camp Crystal Lake.

We are in...

**EXT. THE OLD CAMP - NIGHT / CONTINUOUS**

The others emerge. Taking in THE CAMPGROUND. Sagging, decrepit cabins. Overgrown, withered. They look at it with fearful fascination.

SLOANE  
It's just like our camp.

Dylan notices Greg lighting a joint. Shakes his head.

GREG  
We blaze here today in honor of our fallen Camp Crystal Lake brothers...  
(long drag; exhaling)  
Lady didn't like smoking weed and getting laid? Well I hereby propose we stage a fuckin category 4 orgy on her grave. Where's she buried at?

VANESSA  
Probably the local cemetery.

The other counselors are stifling laughter at how fucked up Greg is. Frank, surprisingly, seems the most amused.

KEVIN  
Greg, relax, man. You're wasted.

But this is Greg at his worst, the guy who takes it too far.

GREG  
FUCK YOU, MRS. VORZLESCHLE!!

They all flinch, laughing uneasily. The shout seems to echo.

GREG (CONT'D)  
I'm Greg Wiederhorn, and I'ma polish your grave with my ballsack, bitch!

BRAD  
Oh my god, dude, shut up!

GREG  
Yo, we should... do it right on the spot where she got killed. Right where her head landed. I'ma consecrate the spot with my jizz.

VANESSA  
Barf me out- *HYUP!*

AMBER  
Gross, Greg.

GREG  
"Pamela Vorhees: She Never Gave Head  
- 'Til The Day She Died." Good  
epitaph. YO, THAT'S WHY YOUR  
HUSBAND WALKED OUT ON YOU, HONEY!  
Learn to slurp!

KEVIN  
Dude! Excessive.

Frank, bizarrely, is CRACKING UP. He finds it hilarious.

GREG  
Fucking lunchlady, smell like  
Salisbury steak... COME GET ME, BITCH!  
(imitating *Full Metal Jacket*)  
I will gouge out your eyes and skull-  
fuck you! ...Killing kids for smoking  
weed... FUCK YOU! FUCK YOUR DUMB KID  
THAT COULDN'T SWIM! Fuck your  
fuckin... old... *What* was her name?  
Vorzazzle?

DYLAN  
Voorhees. Pamela Voorhees.

GREG  
**FUCK YOU, PAMELA VOORHEEES!!!**

As his shout ECHOES through the night...

**SHOTS OF: THE DENSE WOODS AND THE SILENT LAKE**

Dark, holding secrets. A SLIGHT BREEZE starts up. The trees  
RUSTLE. The lake RIPPLES. Like a storm is coming.

**INT. GIRL COUNSELORS' CABIN - NIGHT**

Back at camp, Kirby's in bed in PJs, reading *Delta of Venus*  
by Anaïs Nin - when she hears the BREEZE. She sits up, looks  
out the window. And something makes her shiver.

**EXT. THE OLD CAMP - NIGHT**

Back to Greg, the ECHO of his shout fading. Then - **CRASH!** in  
the woods behind him! Everybody flinches like a  
motherfucker. Freezing. Silence. Then nervous laughter.

Everybody talking at once - "Hoooooly shit" - "What WAS that?" - "Literally a fucking tree just fell down" - as they all relax, realizing it was just the breeze knocking down branch.

THUNDER RUMBLES faintly.

KEVIN

Let's check this place out before  
it starts pouring.

The group starts toward the cabins. Vanessa HICCUPS LOUD.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Try pulling hard on your tongue.  
(off her WTF? look)  
It stimulates the vagus nerve and  
relaxes the diaphragm.

VANESSA

Uh, thanks. I'll-HYUP!-wait it out.

Meanwhile, Sloane glances up at the clear night sky, listening.

SLOANE

I love storms...

She glances at Kevin, but he's not paying attention to her. She heads toward the cabins with the others...

...except Frank, who lingers behind, glancing around at the woods. At the darkness where that branch crashed. He takes out a CIGARETTE, sticks it in his mouth. About to light it -

When he stops. And stares into the darkness like he sees something. Frank leans forward, looking closer...

**INT. ABANDONED EQUIPMENT SHED - NIGHT**

A door SCREAMS opens. Greg steps in, peering around. Brad & Amber follow. The place is full of old sports equipment from the '60s and '50s. Greg wanders ahead, going behind a bunch of stacked boxes, out of sight.

AMBER

What's back there?  
(beat; no reply)  
Greg?

Amber and Brad venture further in -

And Greg lunges out, almost giving them a heart attack -

- because he's wearing an old HOCKEY MASK.



AMBER (CONT'D)  
 (recovering, cool)  
 Congrats. You just got a staph  
 infection on your face.

This isn't a modern goalie mask. IT'S FROM THE '60S, THE  
 EARLY DAYS OF GOALIE MASKS, SIMPLE AND MINIMALIST. Stark  
 white. Just black eye holes and few small ones at the mouth.

GREG  
 It does smell kinda weird.

**INT. ABANDONED CABIN - NIGHT**

The door hangs on its hinges. Sloane peers in. Old bed-  
 frames stand lined against the walls, mattresses rotted away.  
 The floorboards look splintery. Sour air. Cobwebs.

Sloane enters. Vanessa behind her, with Dylan. Kevin's last.  
 They look around. Afraid to speak.

Vanessa keeps HICCUPING... until Dylan whispers in her ear.  
 Kevin watches from the corner of his eye. Her hiccups stop.

Sloane walks on slowly, looking at the rotting beds. Quietly:

SLOANE  
 I read some of them were stabbed,  
 like... eighty times. Some of them  
 died right here, in the main cabin.

Vanessa looks at the floorboards. She sees OLD INDENTATIONS  
 AND DEEP CUTS in the wood underfoot. She says nothing.

They walk among the beds. Noticing knickknacks and pictures  
 beside them, under a skin of grime. Artifacts of lives.

SLOANE (CONT'D)  
 It's crazy... I mean, they had  
 their whole lives ahead of them...

Kevin sees a YELLOWED PHOTO pinned to the wall. Looks closer...

SLOANE (CONT'D)  
 What is that?

Sloane comes over. She takes the photo down. It's old, B&W  
 from the '60s: **A LITTLE BOY** wearing an OLD MICKEY MOUSE MASK.

SLOANE (CONT'D)  
 (putting it together)  
 I think this is the boy who drowned.  
 Her son.

She turns it over. Scrawled on the back, in faded pen:

## JASON - AUG. '65

She sees something on the floor and bends to pick it up: AN OLD CHARM BRACELET. Dirty. She dusts it off. Vintage - the kind of thing a young woman in the '60s might wear.

SLOANE (CONT'D)

Look. It must've belonged to one of the girls.

KEVIN

Maybe it came off when she died.

Sloane considers it a moment... then puts the bracelet on her own wrist. Fastens it. Looks at her wrist, thinking.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Hey - where'd they go?

Sloane looks around: Dylan and Vanessa are gone.

### EXT. BACK OF THE ABANDONED CABIN - NIGHT

Kevin and Sloane emerge from the back of the cabin. It faces WOODS. Sloane shivers. The air's chilly. They start around the cabin when... BRANCHES CRACK IN THE WOODS. They stop.

SLOANE

HELLO? GUYS?

No answer. They start walking again - and more BRANCHES CRUNCH in the woods. FOOTSTEPS. As if someone is mirroring their movements. Kevin and Sloane stop again, unnerved.

KEVIN

(calling into the woods)  
Yo, GREG!!

GREG (O.S.)

(from the other direction)  
Yo what's up?

Kevin and Sloane look at each other. *The fuck?* Kevin takes a few steps - and in the woods they hear MIMICKING FOOTSTEPS. Kevin walks cautiously toward the trees.

KEVIN

Hello? Brad??

He takes another uneasy step. Now he's close to the woods.

**KEVIN'S POV** - He stares into darkness. Trying to decipher shapes. Impossible to tell what he's seeing. And then - **SOMETHING MOVES**. A shape. Bigger than any of the counselors. It moved like a person... but quietly. Lurking.

Kevin jumps back, jolted. Really freaked out.

KEVIN  
There's somebody there!

SLOANE  
You saw somebody??

KEVIN  
Right there watching us. C'mon -

They walk hurriedly around the abandoned cabin - and with every step they hear **HEAVY FOOTSTEPS** in the woods...

**EXT. THE OLD CAMP - NIGHT**

Kevin and Sloane come around the cabin - to see the others all accounted for. All a little cold and uneasy. (*Note: We don't point this out, but Greg is carrying the hockey mask.*)

KEVIN  
There's somebody else here.

SLOANE  
We heard somebody in the woods.

DYLAN  
Probably a black bear.

KEVIN  
I saw a *person*.

DYLAN  
What'd they look like?

KEVIN  
I - I don't know - Let's go, ok?  
(beat; realizing)  
Where's Frank?

Everybody looks around, realizing Frank is nowhere to be seen. Kevin looks back toward the woods. *Was that Frank?*

DYLAN  
I haven't seen him since we got here. Hey, **FRANK!! FRANK!!**

Greg & Brad **SHOUT TOO**. **THUNDER** rumbles. Kevin looks at the ground, noticing something near his foot. **A SINGLE CIGARETTE**. UNLIT. (*He doesn't know it was Frank's. But we do.*)

**EXT. LAKE SHORE / ROTTED DOCK - NIGHT**

They walk out of the woods - without Frank. The BREEZE has picked up. Kevin & Sloane are spooked. Greg's drinking.

GREG

It was Frank, trying to scare you -

KEVIN

And he's just gonna let us leave without him? -

Abruptly they stop, staring at the shore. Then Dylan LAUGHS.

DYLAN

Guess that explains that.

REVEAL - only the BLUE CANOE remains. The green one's gone.

GREG

He took the canoe! See, Kevin?

KEVIN

He would've had to circle around...

AMBER

We can't all fit in one canoe.

BRAD

She's right. Two of us gotta walk.  
(looks around)  
I'll go. Anybody else?

They look at each other uneasily. Nobody else volunteers.

DYLAN

Fuck it. I like walking.

Brad nods - Cool. The others start getting in the canoe. Vanessa hesitates. Glancing at Dylan.

VANESSA

Wait... Brad, you go with Amber.  
I'll walk.

She wants to go with Dylan. Brad glances apologetically at Kevin, who sees any hope he had slipping away. Dylan smiles. Vanessa smiles back. They start walking away together, along the shore. Off Kevin's unhappiness, watching them go...

**EXT. LAKE - NIGHT**

The lone blue canoe glides across the lake. On Kevin, sitting miserably. Brad whispers to him -

BRAD  
I'm sorry, man.

KEVIN  
(depressed but saving face)  
Eh, she liked him. It's fine.

Kevin watches Dylan and Vanessa - their FLASHLIGHT BEAMS - walking along the shore. Her faint LAUGHTER reaches him.

GREG  
Frank's such an asshole, man...

KEVIN  
It wasn't Frank.

GREG  
Riiight, it was Pamela Vorkey. Or maybe her kid. Probably mad I jizzed on his grave. Predictable.

SLOANE  
He doesn't have a grave. They never found his body.

Kevin watches Dylan & Vanessa reach a place where trees come right up to the lake. He loses sight of them as they go into the woods... and Greg starts SINGING, to the off-key tune of "Four & Twenty Blackbirds":

GREG  
Little dead lake-boy, swimmin' in  
the lake... mama's dead lake-boy  
drownin' in the lake...

KEVIN  
Greg, SHUT UP.

It starts RAINING lightly. The lake surface becomes a BLUR.

KEVIN (CONT'D)  
And now I'm wet.

SLOANE  
Hey - what's that?

She's pointing at something floating up ahead. A shape on the lake, shrouded by rain. They draw closer. And see

... the other CANOE. Floating. Empty.

BRAD  
...What the fuck?

They glide past, their flashlights beams illuminating it.  
Eerie: the canoe, just drifting.

SLOANE

Well, *that's* not creepy at all.

Then... A BRIEF SHRIEK comes from shore. From the woods where Vanessa & Dylan disappeared... They turn to look. It was half-muffled by rain. Could have been playful. Or not.

KEVIN

VANESSA!? VANESSA!!

His voice is lost to rain. Off their lonely canoe, HARD CUT:

**EXT. LAKE SHORE - NIGHT**

A FULL-BLOWN STORM now. They drag the canoe ashore, drenched.

KEVIN

We should go look for them!

GREG

Dude! He just grabbed her ass.

AMBER

You just wanna watch them doing it in the rain.

She grabs Brad's arm and they head for the cabins. Greg follows. Sloane glances back at Kevin. Still by the canoes in the rain, looking toward the woods...

**KEVIN'S POV - THE WOODS...** Linger on the rainy darkness out there... impenetrable. A sense of uncertainty.

As Kevin turns and runs toward camp after Sloane, WE GO -

**MUCH CLOSER ON THE WOODS...** PANNING across the dark trees... listening to RAIN DRUM THE LEAVES... We still see nothing... but there's an implication of something in the darkness...

**INT. GIRL COUNSELORS' CABIN - NIGHT**

Kirby's still in bed reading. She looks up startled when Amber & Brad burst in, soaking wet and eager to hook up.

AMBER

Heyyy so... think we could have the cabin for a little while?

KIRBY

Oh! Yeah... ok, I... Yes.

Kirby books it out the door. Brad & Amber start making out, pulling off wet clothes as they head for the bed...

**EXT. GIRL COUNSELORS' CABIN - NIGHT**

Kirby leaves as Sloane hurries up through the rain.

KIRBY  
Sorry! Sexiled again.

SLOANE  
I'm starting to feel left out.

They dash off across the campgrounds, THUNDER RUMBLING....

**INT. GUY COUNSELORS' CABIN - NIGHT**

Kevin sits on his bed, kind of depressed. Weezer reads a *Punisher* comic. Greg offers Kevin a beer.

GREG  
Yo... sorry for being a jackass before. I get carried away.

Kevin takes the beer and waves his hand -

KEVIN  
It happens.

A KNOCK at the door - then Sloane and Kirby come in, soaked.

SLOANE  
Hey guys. We're gonna steal Brad's bed, for obvious reasons.

KEVIN  
Seriously, is nobody worried that Vanessa's still out there?

SLOANE  
I'm... pretty sure she went with Dylan so they could hook up in the woods.

KEVIN  
There was somebody out there -

GREG  
It was fucking Frank! She's *fine*. I'm sure they have a raincoat.

KIRBY  
I just hope he knows what he's doing...

GREG

He doesn't have to do *anything*,  
man. She's a nympho, you can *tell*.  
Purebred succubus. Guaranteed.  
Right now she's riding him like...

FADE DOWN Greg's deranged horny rambling as the girls jump in Brad's bed, and Kevin looks uneasily at the stormy window...

**EXT. SOMEWHERE IN THE WOODS - NIGHT**

Deep in the woods, tracking past dripping leaves. DWINDLING RAIN. We hear HUSKY, INTENSE BREATHING... FASTER AND FASTER, almost orgasmic... until the trees part, revealing - **A LONG-FORGOTTEN GAZEBO**... Overgrown with weeds & vines. In it, two people have taken shelter...

VANESSA & DYLAN. They're lying together half-undressed, their wet shirts draped on the railing. It's an oddly romantic and tender image, like something out of a fairy tale.

Vanessa's jeans are unbuttoned and Dylan's hand is between her legs. Her BREATHING QUICKENS, getting more intense until she's *about to come* - and then Dylan slows down. Teasing her.

VANESSA

Why are you slowing down??

DYLAN

I have a condom. Should we...?

VANESSA

Um, so... I'm... not as experienced  
as you probably think I am.

She is surprisingly shy and vulnerable now. Dylan nods and gently takes his hand away.

VANESSA (CONT'D)

Wait, you don't have to stop!

DYLAN

But I want you to be thinking about it  
all day tomorrow. Before our date.

VANESSA

We're going on a date?

DYLAN

Pick you up around 9.

VANESSA

(laughs, touched)  
You're sweeter than I expected.



DYLAN  
Don't tell anyone.

She sits up. Looks around. The rain has nearly stopped.

VANESSA  
I should get back.

They get to their feet and pick up their wet shirts to WRING WATER out of them, laughing. RACK FOCUS to reveal:

**A FIGURE IN THE WOODS behind them.** A silhouette, watching. Now RACK FOCUS back to Vanessa & Dylan, getting dressed.

Vanessa touches Dylan's face and tenderly kisses him.

VANESSA (CONT'D)  
I think I like you.

DYLAN  
I'll walk you back.

VANESSA  
It's ok. It's like two minutes that way. And your car's the other way.  
(she smiles)  
See you tomorrow night.

As she turns to leave the gazebo, RACK FOCUS again to reveal: **THE FIGURE IS GONE.** And we watch Vanessa walk into the woods *where we just saw the Figure.* Uh-oh. She's fucked...

**EXT. THE WOODS - A FEW MINUTES LATER**

Vanessa moves through the trees. She stops. Did she hear something? She look backs, shines her flashlight. Just woods and darkness... until -

SOMETHING CRASHES out there - Vanessa FLINCHES - and hears BIRDS SCATTER in the woods. Just a branch falling. Right?

She starts walking again. Faster now.

**INTERCUT WITH...**

**EXT. ANOTHER PART OF THE WOODS - SAME TIME**

Dylan walks quickly in the other direction. He moves quickly - he knows the woods. He hears a BRANCH CRACK. He looks back. Nothing. He keeps going.

He starts up a ridge. It's uneven, rocky terrain. He shines the flashlight at the ground ahead to keep his footing.

We're CUTTING BACK AND FORTH between Dylan & Vanessa here, creating a sense of uneasiness. One of them is in fucking serious danger right now. Who is it going to be?

**Vanessa...** hurries recklessly toward camp, paranoid. The rustling forest unsettles her. She keeps glancing around. She quickens her pace. BRANCHES clawing at her. Then -

*SHE STAGGERS AND CRIES OUT AS SOMEONE GRABS HER LEG -*

**Dylan...** continues steadily up the ridge. The flashlight beam illuminates brambles & rocks ahead - and we go BACK TO -

**Vanessa...** as she fearfully yanks her leg free! ...from the thorns of a wild blackberry bush. She exhales with relief - picks a berry, pops it in her mouth, and hurries on as -

**Dylan...** lets his flashlight guide him, the rocky ground ahead bleached in its beam... and then...

**Dylan JOLTS as the flashlight beam comes upon on a PAIR OF BOOTS - there's SOMEONE STANDING RIGHT IN FRONT OF HIM!**

He lets out an involuntary CRY - raises the flashlight (and we see this from *behind* the **HUGE FIGURE** who's facing him - a figure completely silhouetted by the light) -

And Dylan staggers back and GOES TUMBLING DOWN THE RIDGE -

We fall with him - A LONG, BRUTAL, DISORIENTING SPILL, SLAMMING ROCKS - til he tumbles to a stop in -

**A GURGLING STREAM.** He's badly hurt. BROKEN RIBS. BUSTED KNEE. Face OOZING BLOOD. And the FLASHLIGHT'S GONE DARK.

He MOANS. Mud in his eyes. Then he hears FOOTSTEPS in the woods. Someone COMING DOWN THE RIDGE.

Dylan glimpses **A HUGE, STRANGELY PROPORTIONED FIGURE** coming down the ridge. The figure's movements are stiff, uncoordinated, as if it's unused to its own body. *Fuck.*

Dylan grabs the flashlight, turns to turn it back on. It won't work. He struggles with it frantically - and finally the light flickers back on -

JUST IN TIME TO SHINE IN THE HUGE FIGURE'S FACE - and we see this only from behind the Figure - his huge dark silhouetted head - and Dylan's reaction of horrified surprise as -

- HUGE PALE HANDS LUNGE DOWN TO GRAB HIM, YANKING HIM OUT OF FRAME AS HE STARTS TO SCREAM -

**EXT. CAMP CRYSTAL LAKE - NIGHT**

Vanessa emerges from the woods - and looks back into the drizzly darkness. Did she hear his scream? No... it was nothing. She heads toward her cabin...

**SUNRISE OVER CRYSTAL LAKE**

Pale golden light gleaming on the still lake. BIRDS CHIRPING. The forest coming back to life, wet and renewed.

**EXT. THE DOCK / WATER SLIDE - DAWN**

Weezer perches atop the rickety waterslide, smoking a bowl as he watches the sunrise. Zen. This is his dawn ritual.

**INT. GUY COUNSELORS' CABIN - DAWN**

Weezer returns, pleasantly high. The others are getting up, painfully hungover: Kevin & Greg in their beds, Sloane & Kirby on the floor. Kirby is bleary.

KIRBY

Ugh, why are you up so early?

KEVIN

He does this every day, it's a crime against nature.

Weezer sits on his bed, tosses aside the *Punisher* comic he was reading last night.

WEEZER

Kev, can I raid your stash?

He reaches under Kevin's bed to grab a DUFFEL BAG of comics - - but the comics all SPILL OUT, revealing... A ton of '80s PLAYBOY, PENTHOUSE, and HUSTLERS among the comic books. Awkward beat as everybody looks at his porn. Kevin sighs.

KEVIN

I wish I had some quip to make this less embarrassing. But it's very early, all right? I'm ill-equipped.

**INT. GIRL COUNSELORS' CABIN - DAWN**

Vanessa sleeps hugging her pillow. Smiling in her sleep. Then... she wakes, feeling sunlight. Remembering last night - happy. And noticing...

Brad & Amber in Amber's bed, nuzzling, semi-nude and half-covered. Quietly Vanessa gets up, puts her flip-flops on.

VANESSA  
Don't mind me...

Amber covers up, laughing, as Vanessa sneaks out. Once she's gone, Brad playfully tugs the covers down and we CUT TO:

**A NUDE CENTERFOLD**

Very 80s, fake tits, feathered hair. We're in...

**INT. GUY COUNSELORS' CABIN - DAWN**

To Kevin's embarrassment, they're all reading his porn mags. Kirby turns a centerfold sideways, mesmerized/fascinated. Sloane holds up a centerfold of a blonde with fake tits.

SLOANE  
Seriously. This does it for you?

GREG	WEEZER
I'd make that lady my wife and honor and respect her.	Such an earth goddess.

SLOANE  
FYI? Guys who think girls look like  
this? Generally suck in bed.

GREG  
You done a lot of comparative  
research there, Sloane?

SLOANE  
Enough.

KIRBY  
I bet none of you guys have ever  
even seen a naked girl in real life.

WEEZER  
I had a threesome with my French and  
Spanish teachers. I'm tri-lingual.

GREG  
Please, at home they call me The Horn.  
Ugh, my head hurts.

KIRBY  
Your mom calls you The Horn?

GREG  
Only virgin here is you, Kirby.  
...Well, you and Kevin.

Kevin looks embarrassed. The girls look at him.

SLOANE  
Are you a virgin?

KEVIN  
I've... done stuff.

GREG  
Just not the stuff that makes you  
not a virgin.

KEVIN  
(losing patience)  
All you guys EVER talk about is sex!

KIRBY  
I'm surprised, though. You could  
get laid.

Kevin sighs, both frustrated and secretly flattered.

KIRBY (CONT'D)  
It's cool, Kev. Virgins unite.

Kevin cringes. Meanwhile, Sloane has been sifting through  
the porn mags and comic books. She's found a SPIRAL NOTEBOOK  
- full of handwriting. She's reading, intrigued...

SLOANE  
Kevin, are these short stories?

KEVIN  
Hey - gimme that -

SLOANE (CONT'D)  
Wait, I want to read this -

\*

KEVIN  
No - it's private -

He grabs for the notebook. Sloane reluctantly gives it up.

SLOANE  
Can I read a page?

KEVIN  
No!

SLOANE  
Ok, ok, it's cool. No worries.

Greg studies a *Hustler* spread...

GREG  
I'm very disappointed in you guys  
for not making last night's old camp  
orgy happen. Woulda been a really  
nice memorial.

SLOANE

You wish. And so does whoever was there watching us.

KIRBY

Ugh. So creepy.

Greg rolls his eyes, makes a dismissive noise. Kevin gets up, heads for the door.

KEVIN

You laugh now...

GREG

Where you going?

(fake-earnest)

You going to see if Vanessa got home safe? *Hurry*, she's just waiting for you to make sure she's ok...

Kevin flips him off without looking back... and we GO TO -

**EXT. OUTDOOR SHOWERS - DAWN**

VANESSA SHOWERING, EYES CLOSED. Washing her hair. The shower area is private and shadowed, flanked by big trees.

Squinting, she grabs a nubby bar of SOAP and scrubs herself - but the soap slips to the floor. She kneels - and JOLTS -

- seeing **MUDDY WORK BOOTS** through the gap under the shower stall. **Someone's standing right there, in the shadows.**

Vanessa GASPS and stands up to look over the top - but the Figure is already stepping out of sight around the building.

VANESSA

Frank?? What the f- Frank!??

She hurriedly turns the shower off, grabs a towel.

**EXT. CAMP CRYSTAL LAKE - DAWN**

Vanessa emerges from the shower, dressed. Hair wet. Angry, rattled. She walks around the building: no one there. She looks around. Lake. Woods. Cabins. All quiet.

Vanessa's weirded out. She begins to walk among the cabins. Looking around. We see the STORM'S EFFECT. Branches strewn. Huge puddles. Mud everywhere. A POWER LINE down.

Every time Vanessa rounds a corner, we expect The Figure...But then, behind her in the b.g....

**SOMEONE OUT-OF-FOCUS steps into view... watching her.**  
Vanessa keeps walking, unaware. The tension rises...

Until Vanessa glances back - she GASPS - but we RACK FOCUS to reveal it's only Kevin. She looks at his feet: Flip-flops.

KEVIN  
What are you d-

VANESSA  
Shh!

**CUT TO:**

**SHOT: LARGE BOOT PRINTS IN THE MUD**

Kevin & Vanessa stand by the showers, looking at the BOOT PRINTS the Figure left behind.

KEVIN  
Somebody was watching us last night  
at the old camp, too.

VANESSA  
You're *sure* it wasn't Frank?

KEVIN  
This guy... was bigger than Frank.

**MOMENTS LATER**

Kevin and Vanessa walk slowly through the camp, looking around. Kevin's spooked... but also thrilled at the out-of-nowhere chance to hang out with (and be brave for) Vanessa.

VANESSA  
You think it's the same guy?

KEVIN  
I think if he saw us out there last  
night and came here to watch you  
shower this morning, that's... very  
disconcerting.

VANESSA  
Maybe he figured since we trespassed  
on his spot, he was gonna -

KEVIN  
*Look.*

The girls' cabin: **BOOT PRINTS in the mud** under the window.

VANESSA  
 (utterly creeped out)  
 Oh god. He was looking in our  
 window. Oh *fuck* that's creepy...

Kevin follows the tracks backward through the mud toward...

KEVIN  
 He came from the woods. It's the  
 same guy.

Vanessa follows. Both of them looking at the woods, spooked.

VANESSA  
 I'm fucking freaked out. Should we  
 call the cops? I - OWCH, FUCK!!

Standing on one leg, Vanessa slips her right foot from her  
 flip-flop and lifts it up to look at the sole...

**CLOSE ON HER FOOT...** a **HORNET**, STILL BUZZING, its stinger  
 embedded in the soft pink flesh between her toes. Off that -

**INT. NURSE'S CABIN - DAY**

Vanessa sits on the table as Kevin holds a PIECE OF ICE to it  
 to her swollen bare foot. An oddly intimate moment.

VANESSA  
 Ow. Thanks.

KEVIN  
 Hornets are diurnal. They shouldn't  
 be active at dawn. They also don't  
 usually sting if you're not  
 threatening their colony.  
 (off her LAUGH)  
 What?

VANESSA  
 You're just very smart.

Kevin tries to suppress a smile, but he's almost glowing.

KEVIN  
 Hold still for calamine lotion.

**CUT TO:**

**MONTAGE: STATION WAGONS DRIVING UP**



'80s WOOD-PANELED STATION WAGONS coming up the gravel road into camp, kicking up dust. Over this, Ian Duckworth's V.O. -

DUCKWORTH (V.O.)

What a summer! We swam in the lake! We shot bows and arrows! We had a talent show!

**INT. MESS HALL - DAY**

Duckworth is addressing parents & kids at a final assembly.

DUCKWORTH

But most of all, we made new friends.  
Not just friends for the summer.  
Friends for years to come.

PAN ACROSS the faces of Kevin, Brad, Sloane, Vanessa, Amber, Greg, Kirby, and Weezer, all standing in the back...

**CUT TO:**

**THE LAST STATION WAGON DRIVING AWAY - LATE AFTERNOON**

A cloud of dust lingers in the air as THE LAST STATION WAGON rumbles away from the camp. We are -

**EXT. CAMP CRYSTAL LAKE - LATE AFTERNOON**

- as all the Counselors, Duckworth, and Nurse Nicole watch the last car disappear down the gravel road into the woods. That's it. The kids are gone. Camp is over.

GREG

Let the games begin.  
(sticks unlit joint in mouth)  
Weez, do the honors.

Weezer reaches to light the joint for him - but Duckworth snatches it out of Greg's mouth.

DUCKWORTH

When we leave tomorrow, the camp needs to be Like. A. Whistle. Which means you guys are gonna take my truck to town and get every single thing on this list so we can break the place down.

Duckworth hands Brad CAR KEYS and a LIST. Starts walking away, then turns back.

DUCKWORTH (CONT'D)  
 And see if you can find out when  
 they're gonna get the phones back up!

**INT. / EXT. PICKUP TRUCK (MOVING) - MINUTES LATER**

The counselors are crowded into Duckworth's truck as it pulls out of camp and heads toward town, kicking up gravel.

**INT. NURSE'S CABIN - MINUTES LATER**

Nurse Nicole reads a *Bright Lights Big City* paperback, eating Junior Mints. Duckworth enters. She looks up boredly.

DUCKWORTH  
 Wanna get high and play strip fish?

NURSE NICOLE  
 (thinks; closing her book)  
 Eh, why not?

**EXT. TOWN - MAIN STREET - DUSK**

The PICKUP parks on Crystal Lake's main street and the counselors hop out. Brad tears the list into strips and gives each person one.

BRAD  
 Back here in an hour.

Brad and Amber walk off together. Kirby, Weezer, and Greg all head off, too.

On Kevin, with Vanessa and Sloane in the b.g., as he looks around and notices a RED BRICK BUILDING down the street: CRYSTAL LAKE SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT...

**INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DUSK**

Meet Crystal Lake **SHERIFF JOHN MARCO** (40s), a redneck, uniform bulging at the gut. Seated behind a cluttered desk, thinking.

His right hand man, **DEPUTY WYATT** (30s), a doofus, stands nearby, clipping his fingernails.

Sheriff John takes a slow sip of coffee and shakes his head.

SHERIFF JOHN  
 Well, you can't shoot pool with a rope, and you can't cook eggs in a shoe, so I'm afraid I can't do anything with this one. Don't you all clear out tomorrow anyway?

REVEAL: He's talking to Kevin, Vanessa, and Sloane.

VANESSA

I don't feel safe. Can you please take this seriously?

KEVIN

It's trespassing at least, right?

SLOANE

And whoever it was, he was out at the old camp in the middle of the night. Don't you think that's weird?

DEPUTY WYATT

So were you all.

SHERIFF JOHN

Good point, Wyatt. Now, I ain't gonna stand for any weirdness out there. So stay away from that camp. There's stories about that place. Right, Wyatt?

The Deputy stares at him blankly for a beat. Then -

DEPUTY WYATT

Oh, yeah! Yes there is.

SHERIFF JOHN

People say it's haunted by this, that 'n the other thing. Old Miz Voorhees or her boy that died, or the kids she killed. But the *weirdest* one is how... well, that boy that died... didn't actually die. That he ran off to live in the woods up there. And he's been there ever since... but every now and then...

(leans in ominously)

... he comes down to find himself a pretty girl or two.

Sloane, Vanessa, and Kevin stare at the Sheriff with arms folded and matching expressions of *Go fuck yourself*.

SHERIFF JOHN (CONT'D)

Wyatt, didn't you say you was hiking once and saw his shack?

DEPUTY WYATT

Oh yeah, absolutely.

SLOANE

Now you're just fucking with us.

SHERIFF JOHN

Miss, if I was your mama I'd stick  
a bar of soap in that mouth and  
make you say the Lord's Prayer.  
Now get outta here, all ya.

**INT. NURSE'S CABIN - DUSK**

Duckworth & Nurse Nicole are half-undressed, playing Strip-Go-Fish. The Talking Heads' trippy "Sax & Violins" BLASTS. They're smoking a bowl. He takes off his remaining sock.

DUCKWORTH

Ugh, why are you so good at this?  
Go fish.

NURSE NICOLE

(smoking)  
Huh. This is cashed.

DUCKWORTH

(getting up)  
Don't panic. We're gonna be ok.

He heads out of the cabin, leaving her alone. Now REVEAL - Behind her, unseen, **SOMEONE's at the window, looking in.** The glass is dirty. We can't see the guy's face. But he's huge.

**INT. GUY COUNSELORS' CABIN - DUSK**

Duckworth enters and starts going through Weezer's stuff - and finds a baggie of weed. He steals a little. Meanwhile "Sax & Violins" is faintly audible from outside. We can only imagine what sounds it may be covering up...

**EXT. CAMP CRYSTAL LAKE - DUSK**

Duckworth walks out into the twilight, holding a little confiscated weed. He walks back toward the Nurse's cabin...

And stops. Startled to see **THE HUGE MAN** standing at her window, still just looking in. Duckworth blinks. (Note: *Although the Man is not Frank, watchful viewers may notice he's wearing Frank's clothes.*)

DUCKWORTH

Uh, hello?

The Man doesn't turn. Duckworth picks up a SHOVEL and starts toward him...

**INT. NURSE'S CABIN - DUSK**

Nurse Nicole is in exactly the same place. MUSIC BLASTING. Unaware of the Huge Man partially visible behind her through the dirty window.

The Huge Man turns abruptly - presumably hearing Duckworth. We don't quite see the Huge Man grab Duckworth - we just glimpse the beginning of a struggle, more implied than seen. All while Nurse Nicole sits nodding off a few feet from the window...

**EXT. CAMP CRYSTAL LAKE - DUSK**

We watch from a distance as, to "Sax & Violins"... **the Huge Man calmly drags Duckworth across the camp, toward the woods.**

Duckworth is alive, struggling weakly, but he's been bludgeoned and can't do much. The Huge Man also drags the shovel that Duckworth picked up earlier.

In the gathering night, we still don't get a look at the Huge Man's face.

**EXT. WOODS - DUSK**

Duckworth struggles harder as the Huge Man hauls him into the dark woods. But this guy is a *beast*. Duckworth and the Huge Man are small figures in the distance. Obscured by trees. Dwarfed by the indifferent woods.

*We see most of this from a distance. Or from behind, or close on Duckworth - still hiding the Huge Man's face.*

DUCKWORTH

Get off - help... Help!

The Huge Man lets go of Duckworth, who grabs a rock and starts weakly clubbing his attacker's leg with it. This is almost comically ineffectual. Duckworth tries to drag himself to his feet, but -

The Huge Man HURLS HIM BACK TO THE GROUND, then PLANTS HIS BOOT ON DUCKWORTH'S CHEST, pinning him down. And...

**WE GO INTO A VERY WIDE SHOT** - to WATCH THIS KILL FROM FAR AWAY, all the more terrible because it's hard to see.

The Huge Man places the shovel blade on Duckworth's chest as if about to start digging a hole (which he is, in a way). Then he sets his workboot on the back of the shovel blade. Duckworth's eyes widen as he realizes...

DUCKWORTH (CONT'D)

No... no, don't...

And the Huge Man **STOMPS** on the back of the shovel blade, driving it down into Duckworth's chest with a horrific **CHUNK**.

**EXT. TOWN - MAIN STREET - NIGHT**

Kevin walks with Vanessa & Sloane when a voice calls -

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Excuse me!

They turn. An **ECCENTRIC WOMAN** (50-ish) in big '80s glasses charges up. She has a charming, dotty hyper-energy.

**ECCENTRIC WOMAN**

You're from the camp, right? I'm Linda King! I live up the road. And I am so *happy* you all are there. When they opened the new camp, I thought, "Good. Good. Get ridda that bad energy." I used to race my bike up there when I had my arm -

They now notice she has an **ARTIFICIAL ARM**. She pats it fondly.

**LINDA KING (CONT'D)**

- and every time I went up there, I thought, "No, Pam, you don't get to turn this place ugly."

(shudders, getting spooked)

That old camp sitting out there, abandoned? You could just feel the bad energy. Don't ever go around that side of the lake. You all just stay where you belong.

**KEVIN**

Did you know Pamela Voorhees?

**LINDA KING**

We called her Lunch-lady Pam at the school, and after her son died, she'd talk to him all day long like he was still there. Poor Pam turned out to be one crazy fuckin' bitch, didn't she?

**SLOANE**

Did you know her son, too?

LINDA KING  
 (brightening)  
 Oh sure. Nice kid!

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. CAMP CRYSTAL LAKE - NIGHT**

The Counselors are back and unloading the truck as night begins to fall.

**FADE TO...**

**MONTAGE: EVENING AT CAMP CRYSTAL LAKE**

Guns N' Roses awesome, nostalgic cover of "Knockin On Heaven's Door" plays over this as...

... the last FIREFLIES glow and disappear in the darkness.

... On the end of the dock, Greg stands hitting golf balls into the lake. He's wearing the HOCKEY MASK he took from the old camp as he "golfs". A surreal image...

... At a picnic table by the lake, the girls eat a throw-together dinner when to their surprise, Kevin sits down with them. They make room and include him in the conversation...

... Greg hits the last golf ball in the lake. He takes the hockey mask off and tosses it into the lake, too. It splashes and floats in a patch of dark water.

The SONG FADES DOWN. **CLOSE ON THE HOCKEY MASK FLOATING IN THE LAKE** as Greg walks off the dock...

**EXT. CAMP CRYSTAL LAKE - NIGHT**

Greg walks up on shore. He calls to the picnic table, where Kevin and the girls are all talking intently.

GREG  
 Yo! Let's get a fire going.

The girls and Kevin trade looks.

KEVIN  
 We might not do a fire tonight.

GREG  
 It's our last night! Are you guys really gonna let some perv in the woods ruin it??

VANESSA  
 (rips into him)  
 Don't laugh it off, asshole! It  
 was fucking scary. My heart's  
 like, *pounding*, thinking about it.

Greg holds up his hands: *Ok ok, I believe you.*

GREG  
 Ok! No campfire. What, we lock  
 ourselves in our cabins? Sleep in  
 town? I mean if y'all are that  
 scared. We can take Ducky's truck...

SLOANE  
 Where is Duckworth?

KIRBY  
 Maybe we *should* go into town.

AMBER  
 And sleep outside the post office?

VANESSA  
 Who knows *who* this guy could be?

Kevin sees a chance to step up. He touches Vanessa's arm.

KEVIN  
 I know what we're gonna do. We'll  
 have a fire, just do it a little  
 differently. And if he shows up  
 again - this time, we'll be ready...

**INT. EQUIPMENT SHED - NIGHT**

Kevin, Brad, Greg, and Weezer get BASEBALL BATS from a  
 selection of camp sports equipment. Weighing their options.  
 Wooden sluggers... aluminum ones... getting into the spirit.

The girls watch from the doorway, their attitudes ranging  
 from skeptical to serious to amused.

AMBER  
 This is ridiculous.

**SHOT: A BUNCH OF CANDLES BURNING**

Lots of CANDLES are clustered together on a wood floor, sort  
 of simulating an indoor campfire. We are in -



**INT. MAIN CABIN - NIGHT**

The counselors sit around the candle "campfire." Hanging out here instead of outdoors. This is where kids bunked, so it's lined with EMPTY BEDS. The candlelight is warm but spooky.

They're drinking and smoking. A boombox PLAYS A MIXTAPE. Right now it's Ben E. King's 1961 "Stand By Me" (a surprise re-release hit single in 1986 due to the Stephen King movie).

KEVIN

Okay - tonight, this is the  
fortress. We're safe in here.

Greg props a BASEBALL BAT by the door. He's now pretty into the idea that they must defend themselves...

GREG

If this motherfucker comes back, we  
will Kick His Ass. Right Kev??  
Right Beamer?

Brad gives a thumbs up, playing along. Kevin glances at Vanessa, feeling good. Pals with Greg now.

KEVIN

Right. We got this.

GREG

I *hope* he comes back. Kirbs, take off  
your shirt and stand by the window.

Kirby flips him off: *As IF*.

SLOANE

She may be your masturbation aid,  
Greg, but she's not your bait.

Everybody goes, "Ooooh" at this burn. Kirby cracks up.

GREG

She's not a virgin in my dreams, baby.  
(to Kirby)  
At least if Lunchlady Vorkis comes to  
kill us, you're safe. She only goes  
after kids who get laid. ...So you got  
nothin' to worry about either, Kev...

KEVIN

(rolling eyes good-naturedly)  
The sheriff is all, "Her son never  
really drowned, he lives in the woods  
and he's coming for your women."

GREG

What if it was true, though?? If that little boy was still living out there? He'd be like, insane.

WEEZER

Or he might be totally chill...

SLOANE

Pretty sure people actually saw the boy drown.

GREG

So how come they never found him?

SLOANE

It's a deep lake, I don't know.

GREG

(spooky)

Or he's been just out there in the woods all this time... all alone... getting weird... making love to small woodland animals...

SLOANE

Dude. The kid drowned. No one ever doubted it, including his mother. It makes literally no sense that he didn't drown and he's been "living out in the woods." That's ridiculous.

Across the room, Amber's leading Brad to the door.

KEVIN

Where are you guys going? We're in siege mode!

BRAD

(shrugging)

I do what I'm told.

He flashes a grin, looking forward to getting laid, as Amber leads him out. Kevin's like, *What the fuck!*

VANESSA

What time is it?

Kevin checks his Casio watch.

KEVIN

It is nine-oh-nine PM.

AMBER  
What time's he coming, Vee?

VANESSA  
Like nine...ish?

KEVIN  
What time is who coming?

AMBER  
She's got a date.

Kevin's having trouble processing this.

KEVIN  
With that guy from town? Tonight?

VANESSA  
Whenever he actually gets here.

She looks at the door a little anxiously. Kevin slumps, his hopes for the night all crumbling. Sloane notices his mood change - she understands what just happened.

**INT. GIRL COUNSELORS' CABIN - NIGHT**

Amber & Brad enter, drunk. She turns to him. Serious.

AMBER  
So... what you said about visiting me this fall... I don't think it makes sense. I think this is really... a camp thing.

Brad stops. This is not where he thought this was going.

BRAD  
You're... breaking up with me?

AMBER  
Well. Not right this *second*...

Brad stares at her, stunned.

**EXT. CAMP CRYSTAL LAKE - NIGHT**

**SOMEONE'S POV:** Brad bursts out of the girls' cabin, pissed.

AMBER  
Brad - hang on. Wait -

But he stalks off toward the guys' cabin... and Amber slumps in the doorway, then goes back inside, frustrated. She didn't mean for it to go down like that.

**INT. MAIN CABIN - NIGHT**

Crowded House's bittersweet song "Don't Dream It's Over" PLAYS on the boombox. Sloane smokes a joint. Then, to Sloane's surprise, Kirby takes it out of her hand. Sloane raises an eyebrow: *Trying new things?* Kirby shrugs, smiles.

Kevin's watching Vanessa. She looks both crushed and pissed off. Drinking a beer. Kevin checks his watch: 10:07.

KEVIN

Maybe some family stuff came up.

VANESSA

Or he had something better to do.

KEVIN

I'm sorry.

Vanessa tries to brush it off, hide her disappointment.

VANESSA

I'm a big girl. We're leaving tomorrow anyway.

(beat; softens)

But thanks.

She smiles at Kevin. He smiles back. He hesitates...

...and then goes over and sits next to her. He's encouraged when she acts as though this is totally normal.

KEVIN

So, is this the first time you've ever been stood up?

VANESSA

Um. No. Why?

KEVIN

I don't know. I just... can't imagine ever standing you up.

She smiles, grimacing at the cheesiness... but also touched.

**ON SLOANE & KIRBY...** the two girls now in intense conversation, lubricated by booze. Sloane's sardonic reserve has given way to introspective honesty...

SLOANE

... like, at some point I became the girl who sits back and has a clever remark on everything.

(MORE)

SLOANE (CONT'D)

And I guess I thought I'd, I dunno, just have fun while I was here. But nope: I'm still me. I can't even remember the last time I did something impulsive -

Kirby kisses Sloane. Sloane's too surprised to move - then she gently pulls away. Shocked but flattered. Kirby just did exactly the kind of thing Sloane is always scared to do.

KIRBY

Sorry, I um... that just happened.

SLOANE

I... wow, don't apologize. I don't... like girls, but. Um. I'm impressed.

**REVEAL: GREG & WEEZER...** Sitting a distance away. Watching the girls silently, high as fuck - eyes as big as saucers.

**ON KEVIN & VANESSA...** deep in conversation now. To Kevin's surprise, they're getting along. She's genuinely having fun -

VANESSA

...and my parents *crazy* overreacted and actually made me see a therapist, who I only ever saw one time, and we spent the whole hour talking about my ugly, mutant toe. And how what makes me feel most loved is when someone expresses affection for my toe.

KEVIN

You have a mutant toe?

VANESSA

It's hideous. Here, I'll show you.

She reaches to take off her shoe... and Kevin leans in slightly as if about to kiss her. It's not even an attempt, just a clumsy instinctive lean - but Vanessa jolts back. Kevin gestures quickly, disavowing all romantic intention -

KEVIN

Sorry, that wasn't, I mean I wasn't -

But the curtain comes down - what was genuine friendly camaraderie instantly becomes awkward politeness.

VANESSA

Right - sorry. Dude. Chalk that one up to too many beers.  
(getting up drunkenly)  
I'm... gonna go talk to the girls.

She goes to join Sloane and Kirby, leaving Kevin alone. His face is plain: *Fucking hell... I screwed that up.*

Meanwhile, everyone's fading. Greg gets to his feet.

GREG  
He's not coming. I'm gonna crash  
in my actual bed.

As Kevin starts to protest, alarmed -

KEVIN  
Dude, no - what about the fortress -

But Greg ignores him, and Weezer gets up too...

**EXT. MAIN CABIN - NIGHT**

We are in **SOMEONE'S POV**, watching the cabin as Greg staggers out. Weezer follows. Both wasted.

GREG  
Ugh... what time is it?

WEEZER  
(checking his watch)  
Well... it's officially Friday now.

Weezer stops, thinking.

WEEZER (CONT'D)  
I'm not even tired. I'm gonna go  
smoke a bowl on the slide.

GREG  
You're insane.

Greg heads for the cabin. Weezer walks off toward the lake - and **THE POV FOLLOWS HIM**. Then it hesitates, looking down to:

A TREE STUMP. Near where, on day one, we saw Frank working with a machete. **That very MACHETE now sits embedded in the tree stump.** AS WE MOVE TOWARD THE MACHETE...

**INT. MAIN CABIN - NIGHT**

Sloane sits with Vanessa & Kirby... who are out, Kirby's head on Vanessa's shoulder. The Cars' ethereal love song "Drive" plays, like the slow number at the end of a high school dance.

Sloane looks at Kevin sitting by himself, fatalistic. She gets up and walks over, sits next to him. Both tired.

SLOANE

Hey.

KEVIN

Hey.

SLOANE

How's it going?

KEVIN

Eh... y'know...

SLOANE

Every year... there's the summer  
you wanted to have, and the summer  
you did have...

Kevin manages a weary laugh, a *c'est la vie* shrug.

KEVIN

Hey, I'll write a story about it.

Sloane kisses him.

For a long moment they just kiss. Then Kevin puts his hand on her waist. She doesn't stop him. He moves it higher, cautious... then lightly cups her breast.

She touches his hand - to presses it down harder. Whoa... this is happening. Kevin kisses more confidently. Now they're both really into it, groping hungrily -

But then Sloane glances over at Vanessa & Kirby. Asleep a few feet away. Kevin looks at Sloane. *Is that a problem?*

Sloane holds her finger to her lips: *Shhh*. She gets up and takes off her shoes. Kevin follows her example.

She leads him over to one of the beds, when - the MIXTAPE ENDS. Silence. Sloane gets on the bed. SPRINGS CREAK.

Kevin gets on the bed carefully. They start making out again. So eager - but they have to be quiet.

ALL IN SILENCE: *Funny and real and very sexy all at once...* Sloane pulls off her shirt and gets stuck in it, laughing.

Kevin pulls off his shirt too, and they get clumsily out of their jeans. Goosebumps in the night air. They get under the sheets, shivering and laughing.

SLOANE

Shhhhh!

Vanessa stirs, MURMURING. Kevin & Sloane freeze. Then Vanessa settles again, nuzzling Kirby in her sleep.

Kevin & Sloane keep going. Sloane reaches under the sheets and... She makes a little gasp as they start having sex.

It's really intense and intimate. Silent. Just the sounds of their breathing, and the crickets and rustling outside.

And the EYE CONTACT. Everything else melts away as they focus on each other. And off this connection...

**FADE TO...**

**LATER**

Sloane & Kevin sleep soundly in the bed, side by side.

Vanessa stirs, waking. She stretches... then notices Sloane & Kevin in bed, clearly naked. She jostles Kirby, who wakes. Vanessa nods to the bed. Kirby's eyes go wide. Vanessa holds a finger to her lips.

Quietly, she & Kirby walk across the room. Before they leave, Vanessa picks up the BASEBALL BAT and takes it with her...

**EXT. CAMP CRYSTAL LAKE - NIGHT**

Vanessa & Kirby cross the camp and go into the girls' cabin.

PAN OVER to the dark lake. SILENT LIGHTNING flickers in the distance... PAN FURTHER, back to camp... to the TREE STUMP where the machete was. **The machete isn't there anymore.**

**SOMEONE'S POV...**

We're moving toward the lake... toward the dock, and the WATER SLIDE. A flicker of SILENT LIGHTNING illuminates a SILHOUETTED FIGURE sitting up top on the water slide.

It's Weezer, pensively smoking a bowl and looking out over the lake. Unaware of the danger he's in... as we stalk closer and closer... And then we -

**HARD CUT TO:**

**A GLORIOUS SUNRISE... UPSIDE-DOWN**

BEAUTIFUL VIEW. Brilliant sunrise, still lake, silent woods. All UPSIDE-DOWN. Then REVEAL we are -



**EXT. DOCK / WATER SLIDE - DAWN**

- and that was **WEEZER'S POV**. Waking up atop the water slide, head hanging over the edge. He spent the rest of the night up here. Very much alive. And still very high.

He sits up and takes a last hit from his pipe, cashing it.

He looks around at Crystal Lake and its surroundings. An absolutely beautiful morning. The world is peaceful, still.

He looks at the shimmering lake. Inviting. Why not?

He peels off his shirt. Peers down the TUNNEL SLIDE...

**HIS STONED POV...** The weirdly illuminated, inside of the cheap plastic water slide tunnel, leading down to the lake.

He puts his legs in and shoves off, entering the tunnel... HURLING down the slide toward the lake - when -

**THUMP!!** Something **SLICES UP THROUGH** the underside of the slide, just ahead at the mouth of it -

*Oh fuck, IT'S THE MACHETE BLADE!!* Weezer can't stop! - the blade is angled at him and *he's hurtling right at it!* -

WEEZER

Whoa no no no NO! -

**SHOT: THE MOUTH OF THE SLIDE**

A HORRIFIC, FLESHY *SCHLUNK!!* O.S. as he hits the blade -

HIS FEET pop out of the tube but joltingly STOP... sticking out, TWITCHING.

We hear his AWFUL, AGONIZED MOAN. The tendons in his feet and ankles stand out, toes curling. **BLOOD begins streaming out of the slide** in arterial pulses... And now we go...

**INT. INSIDE THE WATER SLIDE - SAME TIME**

- where Weezer is STUCK to the slide by the machete, which has **sliced through his pelvis and lodged against his hipbone**. Blood SPURTS - his femoral artery pumping hard.

WEEZER

(echoing weirdly)

*Oh my god oh fuck oh god!!*

He's gotta get himself off that fucking machete! He grabs the sides of the slide, tries to frantically pull himself UP THE SLIDE, off the blade. But there's nothing to grip!

Weezer moans... *slowly* dragging himself upward... the blade sliding roughly out of his pelvis as he tries not to pass out... until he's finally free. The bloody blade still sticks up out of the slide, which is now *painted* with blood.

Weezer is shaking, trying to hold himself in place and slowly work his way back up the slide... afraid of what's down there... but he's losing consciousness... Then he sees -

- **the blade gets yanked downward, disappearing.** *Someone's down there.* And his bloody hands slip - he loses his hold and slides down, SPLASHING in the lake and SCREAMING...

**INT. MAIN CABIN - DAWN**

- and Sloane snaps awake in Kevin's arms. Heart thudding. She looks at the window. A bright, beautiful morning. Birds are chirping. She blinks, shakes her head.

Beside her, Kevin stirs. Looks at her. So that was real. Neither is used to this, waking up beside someone.

SLOANE

Whoa. I had a nightmare.

KEVIN

Was it... about me?

SLOANE

I woke up and you were asleep. I went outside. The sky was blue, the sun was bright, and I could hear kids laughing in the lake...

She pauses. Remembering.

SLOANE (CONT'D)

Then this wind started up. And I heard rain coming over the trees. A storm, all of a sudden. I yelled for you, but then...

(beat; uneasy)

The rain turned to blood. The whole camp was bathed in it. It formed little rivers that ran down toward the lake. And that's when I saw him.

KEVIN

Who?

SLOANE

The boy. The boy who drowned.

She turns to look Kevin in the eye. This is important.

SLOANE (CONT'D)  
The boy was still in the lake. But  
 he wasn't a boy anymore.

Sloane starts to get uneasy. Kevin takes her hand.

SLOANE (CONT'D)  
 He'd been down there all those  
 years, this little boy who never  
 got to have a life... and he was  
 lonely and scared and he wanted his  
 mom... but the whole time, he was  
growing. The boy in the lake was  
 growing. And now... he was a man.

KEVIN  
 Then what happened?

SLOANE  
 (simply)  
 Then I woke up. With this feeling  
 in the pit of my stomach, like...

She doesn't finish. Lost in thought. And then, sensing that  
 she's made everything weird and dark and fucked up the vibe -

SLOANE (CONT'D)  
 Boo!

She lunges at him and laughs, breaking the mood. He laughs  
 too, and she nuzzles him, then kisses him.

SLOANE (CONT'D)  
 That was fun last night.

KEVIN  
 Yeah.

SLOANE  
 See you at breakfast.

She kisses him again and hops out of bed to leave.

**EXT. MAIN CABIN - DAWN**

Sloane steps outside. The sky is blue. The sun is just  
 rising over the lake, blazing. She pauses, smiling.

**INT. GIRL COUNSELORS' CABIN - DAWN**

Sloane slips in. Amber's bed is empty. Kirby's asleep. But Vanessa's just woken up, with crazy bed-head and sleepy eyes. As Sloane starts changing into a hoodie and comfy pants -

SLOANE

Morning.

Vanessa gives her a sly smile, remembering last night. An unusual girl-bonding moment between the two of them.

VANESSA

So how was it?

Sloane grins back, a little embarrassed but not really.

SLOANE

Ummm... kind of... awesome?

They both laugh...

**EXT. CAMP CRYSTAL LAKE - DAWN**

Kevin emerges from the main cabin, bleary. Looks around. He's kind of blissed-out, still feeling great.

He walks out on the grass. Looks at the sunrise over the lake. Stretches, groaning: *Ahhh*. To himself:

KEVIN

Best sunrise of my life...

Then he notices a WISP OF SMOKE coming from nearby... he walks further and sees it's coming from the campfire site.

And Brad's sitting there, slouched on the grass. Depressed. He's started a full campfire and he's listlessly roasting marshmallows for breakfast.

Kevin ambles over and sits next to him. Brad looks over.

BRAD

Amber broke up with me.

KEVIN

Ah. Sorry, man.

Probably the wrong moment to share his own news. So Kevin just gets a marshmallow of his own and starts roasting it, side by side with his brother. MATCH CUT to...

**INT. GIRL COUNSELORS' CABIN - DAY**

Vanessa & Sloane, sitting side by side on the bed, talking - quietly, so they don't wake Kirby. And smoking the remains of an unfinished joint they found, giggling...

SLOANE

I think I blew his mind.  
 (laughing)  
 I'm stealthy like that. People don't see me. Then - BAM. Blow their mind.

VANESSA

They don't see me either.

Sloane gives her a friendly shove.

SLOANE

People can't look at anything *but* you.

VANESSA

Look at. They see a hot chick. It's kind of a problem.

Vanessa's not bitching or griping... just saying it matter-of-factly, with a shrug. Sloane reflects on this. Then -

SLOANE

You're cool. Let's be friends.

They descend into another fit of giggles again. Nearby, Kirby lifts her head sleepily - and throws a pillow at them.

KIRBY

Would you guys shut up??

Sloane and Vanessa can't stop laughing as Kirby gets up, grabs her shower caddy, and heads out...

**EXT. CAMPFIRE SITE - DAY**

Kevin slides the CRISP COATING OF A TOASTED MARSHMALLOW off and eats it. *Mmmm*. Beside him Brad does the same. Now the RADIO'S PLAYING on a boombox by the campfire. (And will play in the b.g. through the next few scenes...)

From the showers, Amber walks up. Her hair's wet. She approaches tentatively. Brad looks at her, wary.

AMBER

Hey guys. Last day, huh?  
 (beat; Brad ignores this)  
 You guys see Duckworth?

BRAD

Nope.

AMBER

I was gonna go take down the archery range. Brad, will you help?

A pretty transparent peace offering. But Brad doesn't even really want to look at her. Kevin nudges Brad: Go!

KEVIN

Yeah - you guys go, and we'll get started packing up here.

Brad gives him an irritated glare. But slowly gets to his feet and goes to Amber. She offers a conciliatory smile.

AMBER

Thanks.

Kevin watches them walk off together (Brad a bit reluctantly) toward the woods... He smiles. Pulling for Brad.

He stirs the fire. Tosses more kindling on it, and a couple logs. The flames lick higher. He sits back and sighs.

Then he notices... something. Down by the lake. It's floating in the water, just by the shore, as if it washed up. Can't quite tell what it is... it's sort of purplish.

**EXT. LAKE SHORE - DAY**

He walks toward the... floating thing. It's... RAW MEAT of some kind. Heavy dark chunks. *The fuck?*

Kevin notices something at the water's edge, by his foot: WEEZER'S PIPE. Off Kevin, very disturbed...

**INT. GIRL COUNSELORS' CABIN - DAY**

Sloane & Vanessa are still laughing together as Sloane's tells a story - when Kevin bursts in, breathless.

VANESSA

Um, dude, we could be naked?

KEVIN

(freaked out)

Can you guys come down to the lake??

**EXT. LAKE SHORE - DAY**

Sloane and Vanessa stare at what Kevin found.

VANESSA

Those are *lungs*. Definitely lungs.

KEVIN

Lungs??

SLOANE

Why is Weezer's pipe there??

GREG (O.S.)

*What are you all looking at??*

They see Greg ambling down from the cabins, barefoot, in jeans and a Members Only jacket.

GREG (CONT'D)

Yo, I'm hungover *and* still drunk.

(noticing the lungs)

Is that *meat*?

KEVIN

Is Weezer in the cabin?

GREG

Is that *more* meat?

He points further up the shore. *More* washed-up MEAT further down the shore... Kevin walks toward it and they follow -

SLOANE

Oh shit... is that...

Kevin toes it, revealing it's attached to... **a human HAND**. Fingers bent backwards. Broken.

Vanessa SHRIEKS. Sloane covers her mouth.

GREG

Is that *real*?

And now Kevin sees... something else. Hidden in some marshy grass up ahead. It appears to be... A LOT MORE MEAT. He walks toward it. Feeling ill. Kind of knowing already...

SLOANE

Kevin?

Then she sees too, and follows him. The others come after them. Coming up on the marshy grass to see...

... **WEEZER'S CORPSE**. Barely recognizable as *human*. Hacked literally to soggy pieces. His face resembles a rubber mask someone filled with chunky tomato sauce and stomped on. They stare in horror. Greg can't even comprehend it.

GREG

What is that? What is that?

KEVIN  
It's Weezer, man.

Vanessa is starting to hyperventilate a little.

GREG  
*What the fuck what the fuck -* KEVIN (CONT'D)  
*Something did that to him -*

VANESSA  
(dead certain; shaking)  
No, it's not something - it's *him*,  
it's the guy, the fucking guy who  
came into camp and watched us -

Now it's really sinking in. Kevin's holding it together, but he knows every minute they stand here, they're in danger.

KEVIN  
Yeah. Okay. We gotta get out of  
here. Right now.

**EXT. CAMP CRYSTAL LAKE / PICKUP TRUCK - DAY**

They move as a group toward Duckworth's truck, jittery. The RADIO playing gives a feeling of unnerving ordinariness.

Kirby is coming over from the showers, hair wet... she sees the group, senses something off. Kevin yells at her -

KEVIN  
Hey, is the phone working now??

KIRBY  
No, I tried to call my mom. Why?

KEVIN  
Greg, you drove back - you still  
got Duckworth's keys?

Greg fumbles in his pockets. Kirby reaches them.

KIRBY  
What's going on?

GREG  
I got 'em - ok so we just go to the  
cops and tell em there's a fucking  
maniac out here, right??

KIRBY  
What?



KEVIN  
 (realizing)  
 Fuck... Brad and Amber went to the  
 archery range.

Everybody stops. Shit.

**EXT. ARCHERY RANGE - DAY**

A quiet little clearing with ARCHERY TARGETS pinned to trees.  
 Brad is taking them down, ignoring Amber.

AMBER  
 I'm really sorry about last night.

Brad turns, wary. But listening.

AMBER (CONT'D)  
 I've had an amazing six weeks.

Brad smiles. A glimmer of hope and confidence returning.

BRAD  
 Me too.

Brad walks over to her, sensing she's giving him a chance -

BRAD (CONT'D)  
 Let's just forget about last night.  
 We were drunk, you got nervous -

AMBER  
 (gently)  
 No, that's - not what I'm saying. I  
 just - I really care about you. But  
 let's, like, be realistic. We're  
 going to different schools. You  
 think you want to hold onto this,  
 but when you get there...  
 (she shrugs: *be real*)  
 I'm not saying we'll never see each  
 other again. I'm just saying let's  
 remember this as what it was... one  
 last, golden summer before the rest  
 of our lives.

On Brad as he absorbs this. He's not used to rejection and  
 part of him wants to lash out, reject her back. ...But the  
 more mature part wins, and he nods, manages a smile.

BRAD  
 It was a good summer, wasn't it?

**CUT BACK TO:**

EXT. CAMP CRYSTAL LAKE / PICKUP TRUCK - DAY

KIRBY

Are you guys fucking with me??

Nobody even responds. Their terror is unmistakable.

KEVIN

We can't leave them - I'll go -

SLOANE

No, we all go.

GREG

The baseball bats - we need  
to get weapons -

SLOANE

The bats are in the big cabin -

VANESSA

Duckworth has a gun.

They shut up and look at her.

VANESSA (CONT'D)

Nurse told me. In his desk. But  
he keeps the desk locked.

GREG

I got his keys.

Greg holds up DUCKWORTH'S KEYS. Sloane snatches them, starts  
looking for a desk key. Greg's like, *Wtf?*

KEVIN

Ok LISTEN. Sloane's right, we gotta  
stay together. Here's the plan. We  
ALL go get the gun -

KIRBY

Guys.

KEVIN

- then we ALL go get Brad and Amber -

KIRBY

Guys.

KEVIN

- and then we go for the cops. If  
we stay together, we're gonna be ok.

KIRBY

Guys.

(getting their attention)

Why is there a goalie over there?

Everybody looks where she's pointing. And they see...

**A MAN standing at the edge of the woods.**

A man wearing a HOCKEY MASK. Holding a MACHETE.

It's the same minimalist 1960s hockey mask Greg took from the old camp and threw in the lake. The man is a good fifty yards away. SMOKE from the campfire is blowing across the view, partially obscuring him. Making him look almost... mythic.

This is our first real, daylight look at **THE KILLER**. Nobody speaks. Then Greg starts to babble quietly, panicked -

GREG

What the fuck, who the fuck is that?

KEVIN

STAY BACK, MAN! WE HAVE A GUN!

The Killer doesn't move.

GREG

Ok, let's get in the truck.

KEVIN

We can't leave Brad and Amber.

GREG

(to Sloane)

C'mon, gimme the keys back.

KEVIN

No - *don't*.

The Killer begins to walk. Circling... stalking with a stiff, strange gait until he moves out of sight behind a cabin.

SLOANE

What the fuck is he doing??

KEVIN

BRAD!!!! AMBER!!!

(to Sloane)

Gimme the keys - we're gonna get the gun.

GREG

No! We're leaving -

VANESSA

Where is he??

The Killer reappears - CLOSER. He has used the cabins as cover. Now he disappears again, behind a different one. Working his way toward the counselors.

KEVIN

STAY BACK! WE WILL SHOOT YOU!

(lower, to Sloane & the others)

C'mon we gotta get the gun right now -

GREG

Give me the keys!

He grabs the keys back! Kevin & Sloane lunge to get them. A brief, clumsy struggle - he stuffs them in his jacket pocket -

And The Killer emerges from behind a cabin, CLOSER NOW and **striding faster - RIGHT TOWARD THEM.** THE HOCKEY MASK TERRIFYINGLY BLANK, THE BLACK EYEHOLE DEAD.

GREG (CONT'D)

WE GOTTA GO -

VANESSA

OH SHIT GUYS GUYS GUYS

\*

SLOANE

OH FUCK THERE HE IS

KEVIN

STOP RIGHT THERE MAN!!

\*

\*

They start to back up and scatter... and **The Killer starts to RUN - full fucking SPRINT -**

Kevin and the others panic, fleeing in different directions - but The Killer just goes straight after GREG.

GREG

NO NO NO DON'T HURT ME

Greg runs for the truck, opens the cab, but - **The Killer strides up behind him and PLUNGES THE MACHETE INTO HIS BACK.** The blade enters his side, near the kidneys. Greg looks down in horror to see it emerging from the front of his body.

The others turn back, SCREAMING at The Killer to stop (Note: They're not running now; they don't want to abandon Greg) -

(Also note: Even now, no lingering close-ups of The Killer or his iconic mask. We use wide shots, obscured shots or quick close-ups - keeping him mysterious and hellishly weird.)

KIRBY/SLOANE/VANESSA/KEVIN

No Stop Leave him alone!! etc

GREG (CONT'D)

OH SHIT NO -

\*

\*

Greg grips the blade protruding from his gut - and **The Killer YANKS IT OUT, SLICING INTO GREG'S HANDS.** Greg turns. Raises his arms defensively. The Killer SLASHES at them, SLICING HIS HANDS AND WRISTS. Greg SCREAMS. Everybody else SCREAMS.

**ON KEVIN:** Watching in shock. Like when the kid was drowning. The Killer looks around at the SCREAMS. And start toward KIRBY... *Shit...* Kirby flees and The Killer RUNS AT HER...

**SLOANE & VANESSA:** Selflessly rush to Greg, who's weakly moving, as his mangled hands and wrists GUSH BLOOD -

SLOANE

We gotta stop the bleeding!

Sloane yanks the drawstring out of her hoodie and starts tying around one of Greg's forearms as a TOURNIQUET.

Vanessa thinks, looks around - then squirms out of her CHEAP COTTON BRA under her t-shirt, pulls it out through her sleeve, and uses that to tie a tourniquet on his other forearm...

**THE KILLER: SLASHES KIRBY ACROSS THE BACK**, bringing her down... but instead of killing her, he glances back and sees Sloane and Vanessa messing with his last victim -

As Kevin watches, frozen, THE KILLER TURNS BACK - BEARING DOWN ON SLOANE, VANESSA, & GREG. As he approaches -

**CUT TO:**

**SHOT: A HIGH-END CASSETTE DECK PLAYING A TAPE**

The tape's label reads "*soothing ocean vibe!*" And we can hear AMBIENT SEASHORE NOISE. Gentle waves. FAINT SCREAMS are incongruously audible in the distance. We are in -

**INT. NURSE'S CABIN - BEDROOM - SAME TIME**

- where **Nurse Nicole sleeps peacefully** with her tape deck playing ocean sounds on auto-repeat. Utterly unaware of the mayhem going on across the camp. BACK TO:

**EXT. CAMP CRYSTAL LAKE / PICKUP TRUCK - DAY**

Sloane & Vanessa look up and see The Killer coming! Too late: Their backs are against the truck - nowhere to go...

The Killer is on them - he SLASHES - the machete **SLICING DEEPLY INTO VANESSA'S PALM** -

And Kevin forces himself into action. He grabs a ROCK and hurls it at The Killer - it lands. *Fucking heroic* -

KEVIN

HEY!!!!

The Killer stops. Turns. It's a moment. Kevin stands his ground. In fact, he picks up another ROCK and hurls it - it CLONKS off the hockey mask. Keeping The Killer's attention.

Behind him, Greg's crawling away on knees and useless hands.

But now The Killer starts coming for Kevin. *Oh fuck.* Kevin turns and runs. The Killer chases him, full sprint. Slowly gaining... until...

The Killer COLLARS him, yanking him back HARD, off his feet. Kevin lands on his back. He looks up, dazed -

**KEVIN'S POV:** The Killer looming. Those DEAD BLACK EYHOLES staring down. A beat. The Killer just stares at him.

Kevin rolls onto his belly, tries to scramble/crawl away... but The Killer grabs Kevin's foot, drags him toward a tree, and **SWINGS HIS BODY AGAINST IT LIKE A SACK OF MEAT. BONES CRUNCH.** THE HIT SENDS HIS BODY INTO A HELICOPTER SPIN TO THE GROUND. HE LANDS BROKEN. SPINE. RIBS. LEGS.

**CLOSE ON KEVIN:** Face-up. Linger on his shell-shocked look as he stares at the sky. Blood bubbles from his nose and mouth.

**KEVIN'S POV:** Like before. Those DEAD BLACK EYHOLES staring down. But now sounds are muffled by a DULL DRONE. And is THROBBING, FADING. The Killer stares a moment longer, then -

- with a fearsome overhand swing, The Killer brings the machete down and **EMBEDS IT IN KEVIN'S FACE. Killing him.**

Just like that, **KEVIN IS DEAD.** Holy fuck.

The Killer looks around: Vanessa and Sloane are NOWHERE TO BE SEEN. Greg is some distance away, staggering to his feet. He sees The Killer looking at him and starts to run away...

The Killer doesn't move. Just watches. Then he hears SOBBING... looks over to see Kirby staggering away. Her back's covered in blood. The Killer starts after her.

**ON GREG, SOME DISTANCE AWAY:** Woozy from blood loss. Bleeding forearms tied off with Sloane's drawstring and Vanessa's bra. Almost to the woods. Panting. Euphoria - he made it! But...

He falls to a knee. Looks down. His wrists and belly Ooze BLOOD. He tries to get up... and staggers again. Falling... lying there, dizzy... **his blood and his life leaking away.**

#### **EXT. LAKE SHORE / THE DOCK - CONTINUOUS**

The Killer has Kirby cornered against the lake. Kirby desperately heads for the BLUE CANOE, on the shore.

She gets in the canoe and pushes off. The Canoe slowly glides out onto the lake as The Killer gets to the water's edge. The Killer picks up ONE HUGE ROCK.

The Canoe glides further out. Kirby paddles weakly. The Killer walks out on the dock, following. Then HURLS THE ROCK -

It SLAMS Kirby's shoulder, hurting her worse - and landing with a CRUNCH in the bottom of the fiberglass canoe. **Water begins burbling up around the rock, slowly starting to fill the canoe.** *Oh fuck, it's sinking.* The Killer turns and walks away. Off that, CUT TO...

**EXT. ARCHERY RANGE - DAY**

Brad & Amber, finishing up. Brad is sad but thoughtful as he picks up the last of the tattered archery targets.

BRAD

All done. Ready?

Amber kisses him, to his surprise. A long, affectionate kiss.

BRAD (CONT'D)

What's that for?

AMBER

Old times' sake.

BRAD

(smiles)

Everybody's probably up by now.

They head for the trail. Joking around, comfortable again.

BRAD (CONT'D)

So, if we're single at thirty, wanna get married?

AMBER

Thirty-five?

BRAD

Deal.

**EXT. CAMP CRYSTAL LAKE - DAY**

The aftermath. Stillness. SHOTS OF THE CAMP, placid and calm. The sky has become just a bit OVERCAST. The radio is STILL PLAYING. An eerie, sickening normalcy.

RADIO DJ (O.S.)  
*Happy Friday, everybody! That was  
 the Pet Shop Boys with "What Have I  
 Done to Deserve This?" Now here's  
 Cyndi Lauper with "True Colors..."*

Visible in some of those shots - as if by happenstance - are BODIES. GREG, far off: Dead. KEVIN, broken: Super dead.

Meanwhile, the slow, romantic ballad "True Colors" plays, building until... CRUNCH. CRUNCH. CRUNCH. Reveal: The Killer STOMPING ON THE BOOMBOX.

**EXT. THE LAKE / FLOATING DECK - DAY**

The floating deck out in the lake sits empty except for some flotation equipment. Until -

**Kirby lurches out of the lake.** Gasping, she drags herself onto the deck. Shivering, bleeding. She flattens herself on the boards, trying to stay out of sight...

**INT/EXT. PICKUP TRUCK - DAY**

Reveal: Sloane & Vanessa hiding in the back of the truck. Watching as The Killer walks off and goes out of sight among the cabins... They speak in frantic, rapid whispers -

SLOANE  
 We gotta get that GUN

VANESSA  
 We gotta get those KEYS

A beat. Then -

SLOANE  
 We need the gun to get the keys!

VANESSA  
 We need the keys to get the gun!

SLOANE  
 We can break into the desk!  
 Greg has the keys and he's  
 far away, but the gun's close  
 - if we go for the keys  
 without the gun and he sees  
 us we're fucked -

VANESSA (CONT'D)  
 If we get the keys we can  
 just drive out of here and we  
 won't need the gun, are you  
 crazy, let's just fucking GO -

VANESSA (CONT'D)  
 ... ok. Ok right. We gotta get  
 the gun, then the keys. Fuck.

She looks at the empty, ominous campsite.



**EXT. CAMP CRYSTAL LAKE - DAY**

Sloane & Vanessa *very* cautiously climb out. They move quickly across the camp, vulnerable in the open. Looking around. *Where is he??* Vanessa tries and fails to stifle a COUGH. Sloane looks at her: *Be quiet!!* Duckworth's cabin isn't far. Sloane & Vanessa enter...

**INT. DUCKWORTH'S CABIN - CONTINUOUS**

Small, cluttered. Nicer than the counselor's cabins. There's an incongruously HEAVY DESK. Sloane rushes to it, tries the drawers - finds a LOCKED DRAWER. That's the one.

Behind her, Vanessa makes a sharp, wheeze-y, involuntary GASP.

SLOANE  
Hiccups now??

She turns to see Vanessa helplessly, frustratedly WHEEZING.

SLOANE (CONT'D)  
No, you're having an asthma attack -

Vanessa tries to wave her off: *Ignore me.* She sinks to the floor. Sloane kneels, grabs her, whispers.

SLOANE (CONT'D)  
Ok, just, just relax, we'll be ok.  
Just go to uh, uh, a calm place...

Vanessa closes her eyes. Holds her sliced, bleeding hand to a pressure point on her shoulder (*this helps relieve asthma attacks, fyi*) as Sloane talks to her soothingly.

SLOANE (CONT'D)  
Everything's under control... uh,  
we're, we're gonna be ok.

Vanessa tries to breathe. Massaging her pressure point.

SLOANE (CONT'D)  
(pulling it together)  
Vee. Focus on my voice. We're gonna  
get the gun, we're gonna get the  
keys. You and me. We're gonna get  
out of here. Ok? *We can do this.*

Vanessa opens her eyes. Shallow breaths. Quiet, shaky -

VANESSA  
Who is he? What does he want?

Sloane hesitates.

VANESSA (CONT'D)

What?

SLOANE

Frank said... he always wore a mask.  
The boy. The one who drowned.

Vanessa tries to process this; can't quite do it.

VANESSA

The gun.

Sloane nods. They go to the desk. Vanessa grabs a SCREWDRIVER and starts trying to pry the lock drawer open -  
- when they hear CAREFREE LAUGHTER from outside. They look out the window and see... Brad & Amber returning to camp.

SLOANE

...Oh shit.

**EXT. CAMP CRYSTAL LAKE - DAY**

Brad & Amber, walking into the empty camp. Brad's carrying all the TORN-DOWN ARCHERY TARGETS under his arm. Glowing. The sky is more overcast. Very faintly, THUNDER RUMBLES. (*Greg's body is too far to notice. Kevin's is out of sight.*)

AMBER

You hungry?

BRAD

Yeah, lemme just trash these.

Amber smiles, heads toward the mess hall. Calls back -

AMBER

How do you want your eggs, dear?

BRAD

Uh... Deviled!

She laughs. As they go in different directions...

**INT. DUCKWORTH'S CABIN - DAY**

Sloane & Vanessa urgently debate -

SLOANE

You get the gun out - I'll go out  
and there and get them -

VANESSA

I'll go, I can go -

SLOANE

You're having a fucking asthma  
attack! Get the gun!

Vanessa concedes this makes sense. Sloane goes to the door,  
peers out. Takes a deep breath. **Goes outside...**

**EXT. CAMPFIRE SITE - DAY**

Brad notices the BOOMBOX SMASHED TO BITS. He comes over,  
baffled. *Wtf?* He idly stirs the fire and flames rise.

**EXT. CAMP CRYSTAL LAKE - DAY**

Sloane sneaks among the cabins, staying low. Looking around,  
terrified. Somewhere a BRANCH CRACKS - she FLINCHES. Sees  
nothing. Every empty space is ominous. She keeps moving...

**EXT. CAMPFIRE SITE - DAY**

Brad kneels, toasting a marshmallow... when he notices  
something. Way out on the lake. On the floating deck...

Kirby is out there. Lying flat on her stomach. Covered in  
life-vests, as if trying to hide.

Well, *that* is very bizarre. Brad's about to yell - when  
**Sloane claps her hand over his mouth from behind** with an  
urgent "*SHHHH!!*" He turns, baffled.

SLOANE

Somebody's trying to kill us - we  
gotta get inside -

BRAD

What??

**INT. MESS HALL - DAY**

Amber's alone in the empty mess hall, getting some cereal.  
Then... She hears SOMETHING MOVE past the window. She looks  
over, puzzled... nothing visible out there anymore.

**INT. DUCKWORTH'S CABIN - DAY**

Vanessa chips desperately at the locked desk. Her hand  
bleeds all over the screwdriver, making it slippery. Then  
finally - THE DRAWER SPLINTERS OPEN!

Vanessa yanks it out... revealing a BLACK PLASTIC BOX - a gun  
case. She snaps it open and takes out a .38 REVOLVER...

... with a **TRIGGER LOCK** on it. Unusable.

VANESSA

Fuck!!

**EXT. CAMPFIRE SITE - DAY**

Sloane tries to get Brad out of the open, freaking -

SLOANE

He killed Kevin He killed Greg He  
killed Nicole we gotta GO -

BRAD

What - stop, slow down -

Sloane drags him over to a place where he can see: **Kevin's  
broken body**, far off.

Brad stares in horror... the grisly image sinking in. His  
brother's dead. He can't believe what he's seeing.

He takes a slow, shaky step toward the body - but Sloane  
grabs his arm, yanks him back.

SLOANE

He's still here!

BRAD

(dazed; realizing)  
Amber...

**INT. CAMP CRYSTAL LAKE - MOMENTS LATER**

Sloane & Brad hurry toward the mess hall... as **Amber walks  
out**, calmly eating a bowl of cereal.

AMBER

Hey, where is everybody?

As she says this, THE KILLER walks around the corner of the  
mess hall right behind her, coming for her - *she has NO IDEA* -

BRAD / SLOANE

RUN!! / HE'S RIGHT THERE!!

AMBER

What?

**The KILLER BRINGS HIS MACHETE DOWN ON AMBER'S SHOULDER,  
EMBEDDING IT.** Amber looks down at the blade with an  
expression of mildly irritated confusion. Almost calmly:

AMBER (CONT'D)

What the fuck?

He yanks his blade out. Amber just stands there, puzzled.

**INT. DUCKWORTH'S CABIN - DAY**

Vanessa watches from a window. Horrified.

**EXT. CAMP CRYSTAL LAKE - DAY**

BRAD SCREAMS HER NAME. The Killer looks up, fixes on him & Sloane. The Killer abandons Amber and strides toward them.

SLOANE

Come on!

Sloane grabs Brad's arm - they flee between two cabins -

FOLLOW THEM... As they circle the back of the cabins...

Trying to keep a cabin between them and The Killer. Cat & mouse among the cabins. A jittery, hunted experience.

**INT. DUCKWORTH'S CABIN - DAY**

On Vanessa, helpless as she watches the Killer stalk them...

**EXT. CABINS / MESS HALL - DAY**

Sloane & Brad, scrambling among the cabins, trying to stay ahead of The Killer and out of his sight... They move along the side of a cabin. Listening for The Killer's footsteps. They circle behind the mess hall and see -

Amber standing there, clutching her BLOOD-DRENCHED SHOULDER. She looks horribly pale. But bizarrely calm. Brad rushes to her - wants to help her but doesn't know how.

AMBER

It's numb. I'm in shock,  
right? Yeah, I'm in shock.

BRAD

Just hang on, you're gonna be  
ok -

Meanwhile Sloane looks around, terrified -

SLOANE

In here.

She grabs Brad's arm, pulls them to a back entrance of -

**INT. MESS HALL - KITCHEN - DAY**

A messy camp kitchen. Sloane & Brad pull Amber in, ducking down under a window, shaking, just as FOOTSTEPS approach... and a FIGURE passes the dirty window, just a hockey mask and hulking shoulders... then the FOOTSTEPS continue, moving on.

Brad looks at Sloane, reeling.

BRAD

Who is that?? - Why - why is he -

SLOANE

(quiet, jittery)

SHH we think he, he - that stuff the  
cops told us? The little Voorhees  
boy living in the woods? I think -

*Shit* - the FOOTSTEPS are coming back! Toward the door...  
Brad pulls Amber over to an old mini-pantry on the floor,  
helps her inside to hide - but it won't fit anyone else.

Sloane hisses at Brad from across the room, seeing: AN OPEN  
CUPBOARD under the sink. They go for it - scrambling -

#### **INSIDE THE CUPBOARD**

Sloane & Brad crawl in. They barely fit. Brad tries to shut  
the door - but there's a gap! He can see out...

He sees the back door handle turn... *Oh FUCK...* the door  
opens... and **The Killer's heavy boots step into the doorway.**  
DRIP. DRIP. Lake water. As if he's leaking. Surreal.

Brad & Sloane are paralyzed. Not breathing. The Killer  
steps in. Floorboards CREAKING. Toward Amber's hiding spot.

Brad tenses. *He's not going to let The Killer get Amber.*  
*He'll show himself if the The Killer gets any closer to her -*  
But then, a voice...

NURSE NICOLE (O.S.)

Hel-lo?? Where is everybody??

The Killer stops. He turns and walks toward the mess hall...  
KNOCKING OVER SOME COPPER PANS as he goes...

#### **EXT. CAMP CRYSTAL LAKE - SAME TIME**

Nurse Nicole is shambling through camp in bunny slippers and  
pajamas, smoking a Parliament. She seems a little out of it.  
She hears the CLANGING from the kitchen and walks toward it.

NURSE NICOLE

Yo! I'm ready get the fuck out of  
here!

(to herself)

What is this, fucking clown school?

**INT. MESS HALL - KITCHEN - DAY**

**INSIDE THE CUPBOARD...** Sloane & Brad hold their breath.  
Sloane mouths: "Where is he??" Points. "Right outside??"

Brad: "I don't know!!" Brad peers through the gap... tries to see The Killer. Nothing. Then he hears FOOTSTEPS. Out in the mess hall. Coming toward the kitchen.

NURSE NICOLE (O.S.)  
Hel-lo? Do I smell... pancakes?

The door to the mess hall SCREEKS open. Nurse Nicole comes into Brad's field of vision from the waist down.

Sloane starts to move, to get out, but Brad waves NO.

She mouths: "We have to warn her!" Brad shakes his head frantically, gesturing NO!

Then - **Nurse Nicole's legs go rigid.** She emits a WEIRD CRY, like a cat in pain, as **blood starts pouring down her legs...**

**CLOSE ON BRAD...** as he watches. Brad's eyes are wide with numb, traumatized horror.

We don't see what he's seeing, but it's fucking grisly. And we hear it: Wet, ragged sounds. Flesh rending. Blood drizzling. The crunch of bone.

**BRAD'S POV:** Whatever horrific murder just took place is over. The floor is slick with blood. As The Killer drags Nurse Nicole off, we just glimpse her MANGLED BODY...

Brad gestures at Sloane and they scramble out of the cupboard to get Amber -

**EXT. CAMP CRYSTAL LAKE - MOMENTS LATER**

Brad & Sloane help Amber along as they sneak among the cabins, looking around in terror. *Where is he?*

**INT. DUCKWORTH'S CABIN - DAY**

Vanessa's still hiding here. FRANTIC TAPPING at the door. She opens it. Sloane & Brad duck in with Amber, all three of them blood-smearing. Amber seems weirdly thoughtful.

AMBER  
I completely forgot about Mother's Day. I forgot to get her anything.

Sloane grabs sheets. They all help bandage Amber's shoulder.

BRAD

Shh, baby, you're gonna be ok - I'm gonna get us outta this -

VANESSA

Where is he?

SLOANE

Right out there somewhere. Did you get the gun??

Vanessa holds up the gun - with its trigger-lock.

VANESSA

We need the keys to use the gun.

Sloane closes her eyes. As if this is just too much. *Jesus Christ - what next?* But Vanessa grabs her arms.

VANESSA (CONT'D)

No, we can do this! One of us goes for the keys. The others... keep watch and distract him if we have to.

Sloane opens her eyes. Looks at Brad, considering this...

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. GRASS NEAR THE WOODS - A FEW MINUTES LATER**

Vanessa hurries across the open grassy area, heading for Greg's body, very exposed. Carrying the gun. Scared - looking over her shoulder at...

**EXT. CAMP CRYSTAL LAKE - SAME TIME**

Sloane & Brad, with a pale, weak Amber, among the cabins. Keeping watch, holding shitty weapons: a KNIFE, a BASEBALL BAT. Looking around, edgy and paranoid. The open spaces all around are loaded with dread. *He could come from anywhere.*

Sixty yards away or so, they see Vanessa reach Greg's corpse.

**EXT. GRASS NEAR THE WOODS - SAME TIME**

Vanessa kneels by Greg's body. Then she HEARS A SOUND from the woods - Vanessa flinches, expecting *him* to come charging out... but there's nothing.

She digs THE KEYS out of Greg's jacket pocket. Yes. She finds a stubby key on the ring... and it works in the trigger lock!! Now she's got a fucking gun.



**EXT. CAMP CRYSTAL LAKE / PICKUP TRUCK - DAY**

She meets Brad, Sloane & Amber at the truck.

VANESSA  
Either of you know how to use a gun?

BRAD  
I've shot.

VANESSA  
(giving him the gun)  
If you see him, shoot him.

Brad turns the gun in his hands as if imagining this.

Vanessa waves her arms at Kirby, who's still out there on the floating deck. Vanessa beckons. Sloane beckons, too. But Kirby doesn't move.

SLOANE  
She's not coming, is she?

VANESSA  
My hand's fucked. You drive.

Vanessa gives her the keys. The girls get Amber in the truck. Sloane starts it... but Brad's looking around, gun in hand, almost as if *disappointed* the killer is a no-show.

SLOANE  
Brad, come on! Let's go!  
(hushed, freaking)  
*Get in the fucking truck!*

Brad snaps out of it, climbs in the cab with them. All four crammed in, tight. Sloane starts driving up the gravel drive toward the woods...

**INT. PICKUP TRUCK (MOVING / STOPPED) - CONTINUOUS**

Vanessa notices Brad shaking.

VANESSA  
We're ok. We're getting out of here.

BRAD  
That fucker killed Kevin.

She realizes he's shaking with rage, not fear.

Sloane drives. A CONTINUOUS SHOT: Down the gravel road... INTO THE WOODS... shadows crowding in...

The road curving, trees hiding what's ahead... the LONG TAKE building dread... until they round a bend and see -

**The Killer standing in the road.**

VANESSA  
Oh shit -

BRAD (CONT'D)  
GO! HIT HIM!!

Sloane floors it. The truck LURCHING forward, zooming at him -  
- but The Killer moves - Sloane SWERVES to hit him and -

THE TRUCK SKIDS ON THE MUDDY ROAD, **STRIKING THE KILLER GLANCINGLY**, sending him flying out into the road as -

The truck FLIPS ON ITS SIDE, SKIDDING TO A STOP.

**EXT. GRAVEL ROAD / INT. FLIPPED TRUCK - DAY**

The Killer lies in the road, motionless. Is he dead?

The truck is smoking, its front smashed. Sloane, Brad, Amber & Vanessa are all smushed together, dazed. GROANING.

And then... **The Killer sits up**. Not dead. The Killer gets up, starts haltingly toward them.

AMBER  
(bored, casual)  
Oh, I hate this guy.

SLOANE  
Shit. Go! Come on!

They scramble to get out... but The Killer is already on them - PUNCHING THROUGH THE SMASHED GLASS. REACHING IN. Horrifying moment - his huge arm groping in the claustrophobic cab - and he GRABS AMBER. STARTS DRAGGING HER OUT -

- THROUGH THE BROKEN GLASS. Tearing her up. As he does -

BRAD  
NO!!! AMBER! NO LET HER GO YOU  
MOTHERFUCKER DON'T HURT HER -

Once she's out, The Killer simply picks Amber up by the head... AND CRUSHES HER SKULL WITH HIS HANDS. Instant death.

Sloane kicks out the rest of the glass. She and Brad and Vanessa scramble out. The Killer drops Amber's body.

SLOANE  
Run!

Sloane & Vanessa take off. But Brad stands there, shaking with fury. Takes aim. And **EMPTIES THE GUN AT THE KILLER**. Some shots miss - but **A FEW HIT**. Shoulder! Leg! The Killer staggers with every bullet... **but keeps coming**.

At the last moment, Brad turns and runs... fleeing back to camp with the girls. The Killer is slow, damaged, and they leave him behind...

**EXT. CAMP CRYSTAL LAKE - DAY**

A little later. It begins to **RAIN LIGHTLY**. **SHOTS OF THE CAMP, OVERCAST IN THE DRIZZLE**. The campfire still weakly burning. It feels like twilight.

The Killer appears, staggering up the road. He looks around. He walks toward the camp - limping. Wounded. He comes to the **CAMPFIRE SITE**... looks at the smoking fire.

In the b.g., **Brad ventures out from behind a woodpile**. He starts creeping up on The Killer. Gripping a **WOOD AXE**.

**BEHIND THE WOODPILE**... Sloane & Vanessa watch, not breathing.

**AT THE CAMPFIRE SITE**... Brad comes up behind The Killer... Quietly raises the axe... **AND SWINGS** -

But The Killer moves and the **AXE STRIKES HIS SHOULDER**. The Killer staggers and falls... **ONTO THE CAMPFIRE**. Smoke and flames rise around him.

When he gets up, **his arm is ON FIRE**. Brad waits, axe ready. But then...

The Killer staggers off into the rain, moving erratically. Burning. Sloane & Vanessa come out and join Brad.

**BRAD**

He's... he's on PCP or something...  
he doesn't even *feel* it.

The Killer enters the dark woods. Soon only the **FLAMES** remain visible, moving eerily through the trees.

**VANESSA**

What's he doing?

**SLOANE**

Circling.

The **FLAMES DWINDLE**, rain putting out the fire on The Killer's body. Finally they flicker out... leaving only darkness.

**INT. DUCKWORTH'S CABIN - DAY**

They search the smashed desk - but...

VANESSA  
(defeated)  
There's no more bullets.

Brad has the axe. Otherwise they're unarmed. Sloane sits on the floor, exhausted. A sense of defeat and fatalism.

VANESSA (CONT'D)  
Don't they get people to come in and clean after? Like a cleaning service? Maybe someone will come.

SLOANE  
(sarcastic)  
Yes. Maybe the cleaners will save us.

BRAD  
(in his own world)  
I should've shot him in the *head*.

VANESSA  
Maybe... he's not coming back?

Brad & Sloane look at her bleakly. Off their despair...

**FADE TO:**

**EXT. THE WOODS / THE LAKE - DAY**

**A little time passing.** Gentle rain falls in the dark trees. On the lake. We see no signs of carnage and no trace of The Killer. In the steel grey clouds, there is a PALE SPOT where the sun now hangs low in the sky. Afternoon is ending.

**INT. DUCKWORTH'S CABIN - DAY**

Sloane, Brad, & Vanessa still hiding. Growing restless.

SLOANE  
No one's coming.

BRAD  
Except him. Eventually.

VANESSA  
Maybe he's dead.

SLOANE  
We have to go on foot.

VANESSA  
It's miles to town.

SLOANE  
It's getting dark early! We can't  
spend the night here.

BRAD  
(nodding)  
Plus he's weaker now. We hurt him.

On Vanessa, knowing Sloane's right - but very uneasy...

**EXT. CAMP CRYSTAL LAKE - DAY**

Sloane, Brad & Vanessa move among the cabins. The rain has stopped. Brad has the axe. Looking around. No sign of him.

BRAD  
We go around the lake and shortcut  
through the woods. It'll be faster  
than the road.

**EXT. GRASS NEAR THE LAKE / LAKE SHORE - DAY**

They wave at Kirby, beckoning: *Swim for shore!* Kirby shakes her head. She won't come.

BRAD  
We'll bring help.

But Sloane ignores him, walks toward the lake.

VANESSA  
*Sloane.*

Sloane makes her way down to a marshy spot on shore - where Weezer's body still lies. Sloane shudders and looks away.

She beckons Kirby vehemently.

**FLOATING DECK - SAME TIME**

With Kirby. Flat on her stomach, pale, shivering, weak. She's been out here for hours. Her back is caked in blood. She's too scared and too injured to swim.

**GRASS NEAR THE LAKE / LAKE SHORE - SAME TIME**

Sloane beckons again: *We're not leaving without you!*

**ON BRAD & VANESSA...** A distance away, watching - when Vanessa sees The Killer come out of the woods by the cabins.

She grabs Brad - panicking. There's a dilapidated, windowless BOAT SHED nearby. They head for it.

**ON SLOANE...** seeing The Killer. Seeing Brad & Vanessa at the boat shed. They beckon. But she's too far. A split second -

And Sloane drops to the ground, hiding herself in the marshy grass with Weezer's remains.

**ON BRAD & VANESSA...** Helpless, they duck into the shed.

**ON SLOANE...** Playing dead beside Weezer's body. Her face pressed into the mud. Staring into Weezer's glazed eyes. She can hear The Killer coming. Sloane can't turn her head, only flick her eyes, but now she can see him.

He's dragging something. DUCKWORTH'S CORPSE. The head swollen up like a giant, rotten purple squash.

As The Killer passes the smoldering campfire, he pauses.

He picks up a chunk of glowing firewood and CALMLY POUNDS DUCKWORTH'S HEAD WITH IT repeatedly. Just to be thorough.

A bizarre image... STORMS OF GLOWING EMBERS rising and swirling around him like fireflies in the dusk.

**SLOANE'S POV:** In the corner of her eye she sees The Killer coming toward her. Sloane wills herself not to move.

The Killer lumbers down to the marshy grass... and STOPS. Staring right at her and Weezer.

Sloane holds absolutely still. Playing dead. From her limited POV, she can see him just standing there, that blank mask just staring at her. *What the fuck is he thinking??*

The Killer comes closer. Sloane keeps her eye open, very still, "dead." Her eye watering.

The Killer slowly leans over her, looking closer...

**OUT ON THE FLOATING DECK...** Kirby's watching The Killer examine Sloane. Kirby looks around frantically, desperate to help somehow...

**BACK ON SHORE...** The Killer slides his machete under Sloane's face, lifting it. She plays limp, not breathing. Then -

Something SPLASHES in the lake. The Killer looks up, distracted - letting Sloane's head drop.

The floating deck is now empty. *Where's Kirby?*

The Killer scans the lake. Nothing.

**OUT ON THE FLOATING DECK...** REVEAL: Kirby's in the water on the other side of the deck, submerged except for her face - just enough to breathe. *She jumped in the water to distract The Killer from Sloane.* She's hiding there. BACK TO -

**ON SHORE...** Sloane still playing dead... As **The Killer grabs what remains of Weezer's torso and starts WADING INTO THE LAKE.** Dragging both Weezer & Duckworth's corpses with him.

Sloane dares to raise her head. Sees The Killer wading in up to his waist. She watches, scared to breathe. The Killer wades deeper. Up to his chest... now his neck... and now...

*Wait a second...* **The Killer just walked completely underwater.** Sloane stares, waiting for him to resurface. He has to, right? Any second...

... But he doesn't. Sloane rises to a crouch. Eyes wide. Having trouble accepting what she just saw.

She stands. Scanning the lake. Incredulous. Softly -

SLOANE  
... *what the fuck?* ...

**OUT ON THE FLOATING DECK...** Kirby pulls herself cautiously back onto the deck. Looking around, scared. *Where is he?*

**ON SHORE...** Sloane sees her. They lock eyes. Sloane points at the lake: *He's down there!* Not sure if Kirby understands.

And then... Sloane notices SMALL BUBBLES rising in the lake. They could be The Killer breathing... or air escaping the bodies... but **the trail of bubbles is moving right toward Kirby.** Sloane points frantically. Kirby looks.

SLOANE  
(daring to yell)  
He's right there - *He's coming right toward you!*

**OUT ON THE LAKE...** Now Kirby sees the bubbles. *Oh shit.* Headed straight for her. She steels herself. Closer... closer... right there... and then -

The bubbles go under the floating deck. **He's right below her.**

A deadly silence. From shore, Sloane watches. Kirby starts MURMURING to herself. Too quiet to hear, but she's praying. Summoning her courage. Deep breath. And then -

She dives into the lake and starts swimming for shore with everything she's got.

Sloane shouts desperately -

SLOANE (CONT'D)  
Come on - swim! You can make it!

Kirby swims exhaustedly... closer... closer...

SLOANE (CONT'D)  
A little further! Come on, Kirbs!

And then - Kirby gets yanked under the surface.

SLOANE (CONT'D)  
No!

But there's nothing Sloane can do. She stares at the lake, hoping Kirby will resurface... but there's only air bubbles and ripples and silence. And we go -

#### UNDERWATER

- into the murky darkness of the lake. **CLOSE ON KIRBY** as she gets dragged down. **The Killer's hand gripping her ankle...**

It seems to happen in slow motion. Kirby struggling. Getting dragged deeper. She looks down...

...and sees the huge dark shape of The Killer, pulling her closer... his hands grasping higher and higher up her body...

And all around him, **the bodies of her dead friends**. Kevin, Amber, Dylan, Greg, Weezer, Duckworth, Nurse Nicole... all gathered lifeless in the weeds at the bottom of the lake, suspended there... an eerie, surreal image...

And Kirby SCREAMS underwater, bubbles rushing from her mouth - as The Killer drags her down far enough to clutch her face -

#### EXT. LAKE SHORE - DAY

Sloane stares in horror - as **blood begins to bubble up, reddening the water...** Sloane begins to RUN toward -

#### EXT. BOAT SHED - DAY

SLOANE  
Guys - come on! We gotta go -

Brad & Vanessa emerge as Sloane runs up, dazed -



VANESSA  
Where's Kirby?

SLOANE  
(with dread, almost calm)  
He pulled her under.

BRAD  
(looking toward the lake)  
What do you mean?

SLOANE  
He's - did you see him go in?

They're confused. Sloane speaks slowly, shaking but calm.

SLOANE (CONT'D)  
It's the boy who drowned. He's  
dead. He's been in the lake. And  
we woke him up.

Brad and Vanessa share a look: They think she's lost it.

SLOANE (CONT'D)  
He's um, he's not - he's not a  
person and you can't kill him, cuz  
he's already dead, he's -

BRAD  
Sloane! Stop -

VANESSA  
Hey! Let's go before he comes back!

**EXT. LAKE SHORE / ROTTED DOCK - NIGHT**

They've circled the lake and come to the far side - we'll  
recognize this spot.

BRAD  
If we go straight through, we'll hit  
the road a half mile from town.

As they enter the woods, Sloane looks back at the lake...

**EXT. THE WOODS - DUSK**

Premature dusk has fallen. Overcast sky and shadows make it  
feel like night.

Looking up, they see a familiar sign on the ground:

**CAMP CRYSTAL LAKE**

**EXT. THE OLD CAMP - DUSK / CONTINUOUS**

The three bloody, beleaguered counselors stagger into the camp.

SLOANE

We never should have come here.

Behind them, BRANCHES CRACK. Heavy footsteps. It's him.

BRAD

Shit. Go!

They head for the woods on the far side of camp. If they can make it there, at least they won't be in plain sight...

Too late. **The Killer emerges.** He doesn't seem injured anymore. If anything he moves with more confidence, as if he has grown stronger.

SLOANE

Come on!

They head for the woods. He follows - relentless.

**HARSH CUT TO:**

**EXT. WOODS - NIGHT**

Brad, Sloane & Vanessa flee in the dark woods. It's STARTING TO RAIN again. THUNDER. A FLASH OF LIGHTNING. They're *exhausted*. They stagger down an embankment...

Into a GURGLING STREAM. (Where Dylan died.) Vanessa stops, exhausted. Sloane grabs her: *Gotta keep going*.

Brad looks over his shoulder with hatred: Behind them they can hear The Killer CRASHING THROUGH THE WOODS...

**A LITTLE LATER**

Still staggering through the woods. Bone-tired. It's RAINING MUCH HARDER now. STORMING. When they emerge into...

**EXT. OVERGROWN BACK YARD - NIGHT / CONTINUOUS**

LIGHTNING illuminates a wreck of a back yard. High, wild grass. A chained-up MASTIFF, BARKING. And a BIG OLD HOUSE.

**INT. OLD HOUSE - MUD ROOM - NIGHT**

Desperate BANGING on the back door.

VANESSA (O.S.)

HELLO?? WE NEED HELP!

We hear FOOTSTEPS. Someone coming. Reveal: **Linda King**, the lady from town with the artificial arm. She opens the door to see Brad, Sloane, & Vanessa. Filthy, bloody, soaked.

LINDA KING

Oh my goodness, what happened *here*?

**INT. OLD HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Eccentric, messy living room: GLASS ANIMAL FIGURINES all over. The floor's a mess - boards, nails, hammers etc. lying about. Linda King was in the middle of building a table.

The counselors rush in for the phone, Linda King following -

LINDA KING

- usually the lines go down the second it starts to rain -

Vanessa grabs the phone, praying to hear a dial tone... AND SHE DOES. *The phone fucking works!* She dials 911.

911 OPERATOR (V.O.)

911, *what is your* -

VANESSA

Someone killed my friends - he's outside - I'm in a house, I'm at -

LINDA KING

3638 Stephens Road -

VANESSA (CONT'D)

3638 Stephens Road, outside Crystal Lake - please he's gonna kill us -

911 OPERATOR (V.O.)

*3638 Stephens Road, by Crystal Lake. I know exactly where that is. I'm dispatching law enforcement right now. Are you currently in danger?*

VANESSA

YES!!

As Vanessa answers 911 questions, Sloane turns to Linda King.

SLOANE

Do you have a car?

LINDA KING

My son borrowed the truck. Hold on.

She goes into another room. Meanwhile Brad's looking out the window, scanning the yard with a mix of terror and fury.

**BRAD'S POV...** Empty yard. Rainy darkness. A FLASH OF LIGHTNING reveals nothing.

Linda King returns with an OLD DOUBLE BARREL SHOTGUN.

LINDA KING (CONT'D)  
It's just birdshot - I use it for  
the crows. But it'll scare him.

SLOANE  
That's... not gonna scare him.

But Linda King is not listening. She has noticed **Sloane's CHARM BRACELET**. The one she found in the old camp. Sloane's been wearing it this whole time. Linda stares at it with a strange look.

SLOANE (CONT'D)  
What?

LINDA KING  
Where did you get that??

Before Sloane can answer - FEROCIOUS BARKING from the back yard. And then - the barking STOPS SHARPLY. Cut off. Brad, who had turned away from the window, looks back. And stares.

SLOANE  
What?

Brad doesn't answer. She joins him at the window.

**THROUGH THE WINDOW...** THE KILLER STANDING IN THE RAIN. Way back by the trees. The huge mastiff lying dead. The Killer starts walking toward the house.

SLOANE (CONT'D)  
(turning to flee)  
Shit - we gotta get out of here -

BRAD  
No.

SLOANE  
...What?

**ON VANESSA...** Talking breathlessly to 911.

VANESSA	911 OPERATOR
He's here, he's outside -	Law enforcement is a few
Fucking GET HERE, NOW -	minutes out -

**ON BRAD...** Gripping the axe, resolute. He has made a choice:

BRAD

I'm done running from this guy.

Sloane grabs Brad's arm, hisses urgently. This is it.

SLOANE

*Brad.* We have to go. Now -

BRAD

He killed Kevin... and Amber... and Kirby. And he's gonna kill us too unless we stop him.

The back porch stairs CREAK as The Killer climbs them.

SLOANE

Brad - *It's him.* It's the little boy. He's already dead -

BRAD

He's just a man. And he can be killed.

HEAVY BOOTS crossing the back porch... and then... BANG!!

**INT. OLD HOUSE - MUD ROOM - NIGHT**

The BACK DOOR just got kicked open as if blown by a hurricane - literally off its hinges. And standing there...

THE KILLER. Framed menacingly in the doorway.

**INT. OLD HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Sloane backs away from Brad. Her instinct is to *run*. She glances at Vanessa - holding the phone... starting to WHEEZE.

VANESSA

(on phone; fighting for air)  
*He's here he's in the house now -*

Brad readies the axe. Steeling himself.

Vanessa starts WHEEZING harder. An asthma attack starting.

LINDA KING

Hey asshole, turn around now and walk back outta my house or -

**THE KILLER walks into the room like a force of nature.**

Linda King FIRES THE SHOTGUN. The birdshot hits The Killer but he just knocks the shotgun away -

Brad SCREAMS and HACKS AT HIM WITH THE AXE - Brad is a force of nature too, rage and anguish surging out - it's primal -

Vanessa sinks to the floor, helpless - her asthma attack (*much* worse than the earlier one) seizing her.

Linda King hits at The Killer - but **HE RIPS OFF HER ARTIFICIAL ARM AND STARTS BLUDGEONING HER WITH IT** -

Sloane glances at the front door. A choice: Flee and escape with her life. Or stay and help. A panic beat. Then -

Sloane dashes into the *kitchen* -

Brad SWINGS THE AXE at The Killer - it LODGES IN HIS BACK...

**INT. OLD HOUSE - KITCHEN - SAME TIME**

- Sloane grabs A BUTCHER KNIFE -

**INT. OLD HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME**

The Killer turns to Brad, advances on him...

Vanessa's on her knees, struggling to breathe as the tiny 911 VOICE talks insistently somewhere and...

Sloane reappears with the BUTCHER KNIFE - lets out a SCREAM -

And PLUNGES IT INTO THE KILLER'S BACK. *Starting now, this an EPIC, CLOSE-QUARTERS, GRAB-ANYTHING, LIFE-OR-DEATH BRAWL:*

Sloane STABS THE KILLER OVER AND OVER, in a frenzy - he knocks her away - she drops the knife - HE GRIPS HER THROAT - LIFTS HER UP AND SLAMS HER AGAINST THE WALL, CHOKING HER -

Linda King - bloody, we thought she was dead - grabs the dropped butcher knife and STABS BEHIND THE KILLER'S KNEE -

He falters, then **STOMPS LINDA KING'S SKULL**, finishing her, while still holding Sloane up by the neck -

BRAD

*Put her down, motherfucker-*

Brad grabs the shotgun and FIRES THE OTHER BARREL OF BIRDSHOT into the base of The Killer's neck, making him flinch and release Sloane, who slumps to the floor gasping -

The Killer staggers. These hits are taking a gradual toll...

Brad grabs the fallen axe and HACKS AT THE BACK OF THE KILLER'S OTHER KNEE. Like trying to chop down an oak.

The Killer loses his footing and crashes to the floor. He reaches for his machete -

but Vanessa grabs it away. She's too weak to fight, but at least she can do that. Her lips are turning blue.

Brad CHOPS at the downed Killer with the axe. Unbridled, cathartic savagery. Sloane grabs the knife, STABS -

The Killer KICKS BRAD AWAY and GRABS SLOANE'S THROAT again...

Brad sees something on the floor near Linda King's half-completed table: A **NAIL GUN**. He grabs it, presses the nail gun to The Killer's spine, and FIRES! BAM. BAM. BAM. BAM.

The Killer's body JOLTS with each nail. He's getting weaker... but still choking Sloane - she's turning purple -

Brad puts the nail gun to the back of The Killer's head -

BRAD (CONT'D)

*LET HER GO!!*

Brad FIRES THE LAST NAIL INTO THE KILLER'S HEAD. The Killer jerks forward. His grip weakens and Sloane slips free. Faintly now, SIRENS can be heard in the distance.

Somehow the Killer is not dead. He's moving weakly. He looks at Sloane. Those black eyeholes aimed at her.

**CLOSE ON THE EYEHOLE:** Glimpse the EYES behind them... in shadow, covered with a milky film, eyes that have been under water, but blue and childlike. They MOVE, fixing on...

**The CHARM BRACELET** on Sloane's wrist. The Killer notices it. *Knows it.* Begins to reach for it. It's just a very brief moment but Sloane clocks it before -

Brad grabs a FIREPLACE POKER and stands over The Killer. Speaks quietly, almost calmly -

BRAD (CONT'D)

Hey. Hey, hey, shh. It's over.

Brad **stabs the poker into the eyehole and PUSHES IT DOWN... DEEPER... DEEPER... with all his weight... calmly talking -**

BRAD (CONT'D)

Shh, there you go... this is for Kevin, you fuckin hick... *there you go... now you're dead...*

... we hear the WET MEATY CRUNCHING AS THE POKER IS DRIVEN THROUGH THE KILLER'S HEAD... down to the back of his skull.

The Killer finally goes still. DEAD. Brad slumps against the wall, drained but triumphant. He looks at Sloane.

BRAD

See?

But Sloane just looks at The Killer with dread and disbelief.

She doesn't say it, but she does *not* believe he's dead.

Sloane looks from The Killer to her own wrist: the charm bracelet. *He recognized it...* Shuddering, Sloane takes the bracelet off and shoves it in her pocket, watching The Killer as if he might wake at any moment.

Across the room, Vanessa's on the floor, half-conscious, GASPING. The SIRENS are close now... arriving outside.

Off Sloane fearfully watching The Killer... and Vanessa's bluish lips and waxy skin...

**FADE TO...**

**SHOT: VANESSA WEARING AN OXYGEN MASK**

JUST A HINT OF DAWN SUNLIGHT on Vanessa's face. Bruised and battered, hair in ragged tangles - but alive. She is -

**EXT. TOWN - MAIN STREET - JUST BEFORE DAWN**

- in town, on Main Street, sitting in the open back of an AMBULANCE. Being treated by a couple PARAMEDICS.

Sloane and Brad sit with her, wrapped in blankets. Haunted and brutalized, but united by what they've been through.

With the sun about to rise over the horizon, there's a sense of finality. A new morning. The horror is finally over.

COP CARS are parked nearby. COPS stand around, RADIOS CRACKLING. The area is buzzing.

The SHERIFF'S CAR arrives. Sheriff John Marco gets out and walks up to the slow-witted Deputy Wyatt. The Sheriff is shaken up, though he tries to maintain his cool.

**WITH THE SHERIFF & DEPUTY** - Out of the counselors' hearing. Sheriff John Marco nods toward Sloane, Brad, and Vanessa.

SHERIFF JOHN

What're they still doing here??



DEPUTY WYATT

They wouldn't let us take 'em to  
the hospital til you got back.  
Wanted to know if anybody was still  
alive up there.

SHERIFF JOHN

(queasy laugh)

Alive? You kiddin' me? This  
motherfucker went up there and  
killed everything with nipples.

DEPUTY WYATT

He only killed girls?

The Sheriff stares at him like he's an idiot. Then he rather  
harshly pinches Deputy Wyatt's nipple.

SHERIFF JOHN

What's that?

**WITH BRAD, SLOANE & VANESSA** - Sitting on the back of the  
ambulance. Sloane is scared, uneasy, dazed. Brad is spent.  
Vanessa pulls her oxygen mask aside.

VANESSA

You guys did it. You stopped him.

Sloane says nothing, skepticism in her eyes. *Did we?* Brad  
looks over numbly. The experience has changed him.

BRAD

And now what.

Vanessa doesn't have an answer. Sheriff John and Deputy  
Wyatt approach respectfully.

SHERIFF JOHN

We're gonna get you kids over to  
St. Barney's. I'm real sorry to  
tell you, but there wasn't anybody  
left alive up at that camp.

The Sheriff hovers uneasily. Then -

SHERIFF JOHN (CONT'D)

You all have any idea why he came  
after you?

Sloane speaks with quiet certainty:

SLOANE

Maybe because we trespassed. Or  
because we were disrespectful.

(MORE)

SLOANE (CONT'D)  
Or maybe we just remind him of some  
kids he knew a long time ago.

SHERIFF JOHN  
You can use the past tense, honey.  
That guy's deader than disco.

Sloane gives him a strange look. A "You have no idea" look.

SHERIFF JOHN (CONT'D)  
What, you don't think so? Go look  
in that van over there.

He nods to a nondescript MORGUE VAN parked across the street.

SHERIFF JOHN (CONT'D)  
He ain't nothing now but a big hunk  
of pork with boots on. Ed's about  
to drive him over to county morgue.  
(beat; leans to Sloane)  
Whaddaya mean, you trespassed? You  
know who that guy is?

In the b.g., the morgue van starts backing up, turning.

SLOANE  
It's Mrs. Voorhees' little boy.

BRAD  
It was some... tweaker redneck on God  
knows what, and now he's dead. Ok?

SHERIFF JOHN  
(puzzled; to Sloane)  
Pamela Voorhees? No, she only had  
one little boy, and he drowned in  
that lake twenty-two years ago.

In the b.g., the morgue van is driving away. Quietly -

SLOANE  
It's him. ...And he is dead. But I  
don't know if he's done.

She watches the morgue van drive slowly off down the street.  
SUNRISE bathing the town in warm renewing light.

The Sheriff looks at Sloane sympathetically. *She's delusional.*

SHERIFF JOHN  
You've had a real hard night, honey.  
(beat; offhand)  
Shit, I can't even recall the little  
boy's name. What was it now? 'Johnny'?

SLOANE

(soft)

I know his name. His name was J...

She trails off. Noticing something strange down the street:

The morgue van has slowed down...

And begun drifting off course... Just sort of rolling along as if no one's at the wheel. And now everyone is watching as...

The van gently CLANKS to a stop against a street-light pole.

A beat. Silence. Nothing moves. The van just sits there.

Sloane absently finishes her sentence...

SLOANE (CONT'D)

... Jason Voorhees.

**BAM!** The back of the van fucking FLIES OPEN -

And The Killer steps out. AKA...

**JASON.**

PUSH IN SLOWLY ON THIS NIGHTMARE HERO SHOT.

JASON LOOMING. ICONIC... BADASS... TERRIFYING.

He's holding a fucking BONE SAW. Behind him, the inside of the van is COVERED IN BLOOD. And maybe it's just the angle, but he almost looks *bigger* than before. As if "dying" made him even stronger.

Sloane, Vanessa, Brad and the cops stare in incredulous horror. Those dead black eyeholes are looking right at them.

SHERIFF JOHN

What the fuck...

Jason starts RUNNING toward them. No hesitation. *What follows is PURE MAYHEM. If Jason was relentless before, he's fucking unstoppable now. Shocking speed and force -*

A COP steps in Jason's way, pulling his gun - and Jason SLASHES HIS THROAT with the bone saw.

The Sheriff GETS OFF A FEW SHOTS but Jason knocks him aside, going straight for Brad -

BRAD

NO NO NO -

**JASON SLAMS THE BONE SAW INTO BRAD'S SKULL. HE GRABS BRAD'S HAIR, HOLDING HIS HEAD IN PLACE, AND YANKS THE SAW BACK AND FORTH, SAWING HIS SKULL IN TWO -**

A CRACK as Jason SPLITS THE SIDES OF BRAD'S SKULL APART.

Brad's body falls. Vanessa and Sloane stare in shock. Jason turns to kill them when -

**BAM!BAM!BAM!** - The Sheriff shoots him in the back -

Jason pivots and KNOCKS THE GUN AWAY. Advances on the Sheriff - HACKS HIM with the bone saw, killing him.

Bystanders SCREAM. Deputy Wyatt gawks. Other COPS FIRE at Jason. Shots miss, nearly hitting Sloane & Vanessa. Snapping them out of their shock -

SLOANE

Come on!

Deputy Wyatt, in a surprisingly show of bravery, tries to hustle Sloane and Vanessa to safety -

DEPUTY WYATT

Over here! -

They go for the SHERIFF'S CAR. Deputy Wyatt grabs a 12 GAUGE SHOTGUN. Turns to shoot. But Jason rushes up behind them -

And SLASHES DEPUTY WYATT'S THROAT WITH THE BONE SAW. Wyatt falls, dropping the shotgun, bleeding out.

Vanessa SCREAMS and scrambles away across the asphalt.

Sloane is backed up against the car. Jason looks at her. *She's next.* With nowhere to go she opens the cop car and -

**INT. SHERIFF'S CAR (STOPPED) - SAME TIME**

- she scrambles into the BACK SEAT, closing the door. Intending to exit the other side - but of course it's LOCKED. You can't open it from the inside. Because it's the back of a fucking police car.

SLOANE

*Fuck.*

Jason stares in the window at her. *She's trapped. Like an animal caged for slaughter.* Oh shit. But...

**EXT. TOWN - MAIN STREET - DAWN**

Jason turns to deal with the COPS who are now closing in, SHOOTING HIM. Sloane's not going anywhere.

**VANESSA...** backs away across the asphalt - in the middle of this - just trying to stay down as HANDGUNS FIRE all over.

**JASON...** walks right for the Cops, who SHOOT HIM. He staggers and jerks, but doesn't go down. Doesn't even slow down. Gets to the cops and -

Jesus, this is brutal. All-out carnage. A broad daylight RAMPAGE in public as....

Jason LAYS WASTE TO THE COPS like a fucking *beast*. SLASHING and HACKING with the bone saw. BLUDGEONING. BREAKING THEIR NECKS. SMASHING THEIR SKULLS.

**SLOANE...** Trapped in the cop car. She sees Vanessa cowering on the asphalt, trying to crawl away from the mayhem...

**VANESSA...** Sees Sloane, trapped in the car. Desperation on Sloane's face. Vanessa can't leave her behind.

But Jason is between them. He's occupied now, killing cops - but to free Sloane, Vanessa will have to get past him.

**INT. SHERIFF'S CAR (STOPPED) - SAME TIME**

Sloane frantically tries to kick out the car's window. No luck. She tries to kick out the mesh cage trapping her in the back seat. Even less luck.

**EXT. TOWN - MAIN STREET - DAWN**

Vanessa edges toward the cop car - but Jason's too close. She scrambles back, afraid of drawing his attention. She can't get past him. But then -

**JASON...** Sees the Local Teenager watching all this from about thirty feet away. Jason heads right for the kid -

The Teenager tries to run but it's too late -

**VANESSA...** Sees Jason killing the Teenager. This is her chance. She has a clear path to the cop car.

She goes for it. Sloane sees her coming. Vanessa steps over Deputy Wyatt's corpse. Opens the car door - FREEING SLOANE. Relief on Sloane's face - abruptly turning to horror...

REVEAL JASON rushing up behind Vanessa. Bone saw in hand.

Vanessa turns and sees him but it's too late - he SLAMS HER HEAD against the car, brutally. She goes limp and falls to the asphalt. She's an afterthought. He wants Sloane.

Sloane yanks the car door closed again - and Jason looks in at her. He wants something from her.

**INT. SHERIFF'S CAR (STOPPED) - SAME TIME**

Sloane cowers, helpless, in the back of the car.

JASON PUNCHES THROUGH THE WINDOW, showering her with glass. He reaches in. She has nowhere to go. Terrifying - Jason's enormous arms GROPING AT HER, grabbing her legs -

He SEIZES HER, starts dragging her -

**EXT. TOWN - MAIN STREET - CONTINUOUS**

- from the car. Sloane's SCREAMING, fighting.

SLOANE

No NO NO PLEASE - I'M SORRY -

It's no use. Jason picks her up with one hand and SLAMS her back against the sheriff's car, pinning her there. With his other hand he raises the bone saw for the kill.

In **SLOANE'S POV** for this terrifying sight... looking up at Jason, silhouetted against the crisp blue sky, jagged weapon raised. A searing, mythic image. This is it. She is going to die. Instinctively she begs -

SLOANE (CONT'D)

Please - Jason...

... and Jason hesitates. A beat. He heard his name. He's still poised to kill her, though.

SLOANE (CONT'D)

Jason, wait. I know - I know it's you. I know - hold on -

She fumbles in her pocket - and pulls out **the CHARM BRACELET**. She holds it out to him, voice shaking.

SLOANE (CONT'D)

Look. Here. It's for you. Was this your mother's? It's yours now, Jason. Take it.

Jason stares at the bracelet. Then, slowly... he sets the bone saw on the cop car's roof. He takes the bracelet.

Holds it in his huge hand, staring at it. The angle of his head suggests childlike sadness.

Sloane doesn't breathe. Holy fucking shit, is this happening? Is he actually going to let her live?

SLOANE (CONT'D)  
(gently, still shaking)  
It's okay, Jason. You can stop.

As she speaks, Sloane *slowly* reaches out toward Jason's face. Reaching for his mask.

SLOANE (CONT'D)  
We did a bad thing. We didn't know. And we're sorry. We're really, really, *really* sorry...

With something almost like tenderness, she reaches behind the mask... and undoes the buckle. Jason doesn't stop her. He is still looking at the bracelet in that sad little boy way.

SLOANE (CONT'D)  
...So now you can rest. Just like your mom. Okay?

*Slowly*, Sloane takes his mask off. REVEALING...

**JASON'S FACE:** Swollen, grey, and grotesquely baby-like. Dumb cow eyes. But most disturbing is Jason's expression. It is not a look of sadness. It is a look of CRAZED ENERGY. Almost GLEE. He LOVES this. Nope... not gonna let her live.

Jason PICKS UP THE BONE SAW AGAIN AND RAISES IT TO DELIVER THE KILLING BLOW -

**BOOM!** HALF OF JASON'S FACE GETS BLOWN OFF.

REVEAL... Vanessa, holding the 12 GAUGE SHOTGUN.

VANESSA  
LET HER GO, MOTHERFUCKER!

Vanessa looks like a complete badass. This is her hero moment. She FIRES AGAIN - **BOOM!... BOOM!... BOOM!** Each close-range 12 gauge blast knocking Jason back.

Making him drop Sloane and stagger backward.

VANESSA (CONT'D)  
Come on, Sloane!

Sloane grabs a dead cop's HANDGUN and starts FIRING, too. Both girls SHOOTING, forcing Jason backward -

And now GUNFIRE comes from other places - COPS who got knocked down but not killed - making Jason twitch and shudder...

**BOOM! BOOM!** *Click.* The shotgun's empty. Jason starts toward them again, still taking fire...

VANESSA (CONT'D)

Come on!

Vanessa grabs Sloane, pulls her toward another cop car -

VANESSA (CONT'D)

I'll drive.

Vanessa opens the door and they jump in -

**INT. COP CAR (STOPPED/MOVING) - CONTINUOUS**

Vanessa has keys from a dead cop. Jason strides toward them - *maskless, awful face exposed* - as she starts the engine -

SLOANE

Come on! -

Vanessa fucking floors it, RIGHT INTO JASON - You FEEL THE IMPACT IN YOUR SKULL as they SMASH HIM, his huge body SLAMMING THE WINDSHIELD; he hits the hood and clings there -

Vanessa SLAMS THE BRAKES to send him flying into the road.

SLOANE (CONT'D)

GO!

And Vanessa floors it again, RUNNING OVER JASON -

**EXT. THE STREET / UNDER THE COP CAR - SAME TIME**

CLOSE ON Jason's half-destroyed face being CRUSHED MORE under the tires of the police car. We hear WET CRUNCHING -

**INT. COP CAR (STOPPED/MOVING) - SAME TIME**

SLOANE

Fuck you, Jason.

Vanessa hits the gas and they zoom up main street... navigating through the carnage... the bodies and blood...

As they drive out of town, Sloane looks back and Vanessa glances in the rearview and they see... **Jason just getting back up. And putting his mask back on.**

Vanessa hits the gas, speeding away...



Stay with Sloane & Vanessa as they drive out of the little town of Crystal Lake...

A lingering shot of our TWO Final Girls. Exhausted but keyed up with so much adrenaline. Bruised. Bloody. Hair wild.

Glancing at each other with amazement and disbelief. Now bonded by their unspeakable ordeal. Two ordinary but extraordinary young women who have been through hell -

And survived.

**EXT. TOWN - MAIN STREET - DAY**

The carnage they left behind. Blood pooled in the street. Broken bodies. Cops, paramedics, bystanders.

And Jason Voorhees.

Just standing amid the bloodshed. Mask in place, bone saw in hand. He looks around. All is well. Nothing more to do.

He turns to go, walking right up Main Street like he owns it.

And off this last shot of Jason walking off into the sunrise...

**HARD CUT TO BLACK**

## **FRIDAY THE 13TH**

***And then... POST-CREDITS:***

***OVER BLACK: SNOW FLAKES BEGIN TO FALL...***

**EXT. TOWN - MAIN STREET - NIGHT**

*The snowy town of Crystal Lake. Dead of winter. It's dark. Eerily quiet. A ghost town, utterly abandoned. Except for:*

*A SINGLE SET OF BOOT PRINTS in the snow. Off that...*

**FADE TO BLACK.**