

"FRIDAY THE 13TH"

Screenplay by

Victor Miller

and

Ron Kurz (uncredited)

SHOOTING DRAFT

1980

FADE IN:

EXT. ROAD - DAY

The TRACK is SILENT.

The CAMERA looks at a sign. It reads:

CAMP CRYSTAL LAKE
Established 1935

Gradually we can begin to hear, in the BG, the SOUNDS of CHILDREN playing.

CUT TO:

EXT. SOFTBALL FIELD - DAY

In the BG a few dozen CHILDREN, in camp uniforms, are enjoying a game of softball.

In the FG CLAUDETTE is looking for someone. CLAUDETTE is 17 years old. She is pretty. She wears a t-shirt with "Assistant Counsellor" written on it. She fills out the shirt very well.

Failing to find whomever she is looking for, CLAUDETTE walks quickly in the opposite direction.

The CAMERA holds on the game for a few seconds and we

SUPERIMPOSE:

JULY 4, 1958

The CHILDREN,S VOICES FADE slowly.

CUT TO:

EXT. RIFLE RANGE - DAY

ECU as a COUNSELLOR squeezes off a shot.

The paper target is ripped in the black.

The COUNSELLOR hands the weapon to a CAMPER who snaps in at the line.

CLAUDETTE shouts up to the COUNSELLOR from the BG.

CLAUDETTE

Have you seen Barry?

The COUNSELLOR smiles. Shrugs.

COUNSELLOR

He and Chloe were at the Lodge last time I saw him.

CLAUDETTE leaves. The COUNSELLOR smiles.

CUT TO:

EXT. MAIN LODGE - DAY

Two CHILDREN run by carrying Indian headdresses. CLAUDETTE passes them impatiently as she sees BARRY and CHLOE.

BARRY is leaning against the front rail of the porch, his arms behind his head – the better to show off his physique to CHLOE, and Assistant Counsellor, who is currently looking at him with cow eyes. In the BG we can hear a portable radio blaring out an Everly Brothers hit.

BARRY is 17, handsome and out for all he can get. He is not ashamed for being caught with this other good-looking girl.

CLAUDETTE
We've got to talk.

BARRY looks at CHLOE, then eases off the rail. Nods.

BARRY
Okay.

BARRY puts an arm around CLAUDETTE, looks over his shoulder at CHLOE, and saunters off with the former.

The Everly Brothers continue as we:

CUT TO:

EXT. LAKE - DAY

From over the tops of a rack of canoes we see BARRY and CLAUDETTE walking along the shore.

CLAUDETTE
You said we were special.

BARRY
I meant everything.

In the BG, CHILDREN leap into the water.

BARRY
(continuing)
You know what I said, though.

CLAUDETTE
I can't, Barry...

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST - DAY

The TRACK goes SILENT.

BARRY & CLAUDETTE walk along a path. This is not an aimless walk, for BARRY knows exactly where he wants to go. He leaves the path and goes to sit on a log in a small clearing.

CLAUDETTE hesitates, then goes to sit next to him.

BARRY

I care very much.

He puts an arm around her and draws her close. They kiss.
They separate.

CLAUDETTE

Does Chloe kiss as good as I do?

BARRY decides to be politic.

BARRY

I wouldn't know.

CLAUDETTE

Oh, you...

She kisses him and they are locked.

A bird calls, wheels across the patch of sky above.

The CAMERA shifts to ANOTHER ANGLE: Just beyond the thicket of lacy vines. It is a slow tracking shot which gives the impression that we are watching the action from the POV of another person, an unseen visitor... watching the two teen-aged Assistant Counselors making their first sexual encounters.

This unseen observer will be called the PROWLER.

BARRY reaches up outside CLAUDETTE'S t-shirt to hold her breast. She reaches up to take his hand away.

BARRY

Claudette...

CLAUDETTE

Somebody'll see.

BARRY

No, they won't...

He ends the argument by snaking his hand inside her t-shirt

so that part of her bra is exposed. He seals her protesting lips by kissing her.

From the PROWLER's POV, the CAMERA MOVES to get a better angle. A hand moves into FRAME and pulls back some branches to clear the field of vision. A branch pops.

CLAUDETTE
(in a thick whisper)
Somebody's there, Barry.

BARRY
Come on, Claudette. A man's not made of stone.

CLAUDETTE
Let's go back, Barry...

BARRY
I need you so much, Claudette.

BARRY leans in and unhooks her bra. They kiss again, passionately.

The PROWLER pauses, then moves, never seen – except for a bit of foot or hand – from the POV of the CAMERA, closer and closer as the two TEENAGERS become more and more oblivious.

Closer. The THEME has snuck in. It becomes discordant. It swells. Closer.

QUICK CUT to BARRY & CLAUDETTE'S faces, their eyes closed, the perspiration streaking their flushed skin.

Suddenly CLAUDETTE looks up into the CAMERA with terror.

A hatchet flashes into FRAME and CLAUDETTE goes down under the blow.

The CAMERA TURNS TO BARRY. The PROWLER's powerful hand has him by the throat. He backpeddles, trying to get away.

ANOTHER ANGLE: as BARRY is stopped against a tree.

A hunting knife soars against the leafy sky. BARRY grabs the knife-hand at the wrist. The knife falls to the mossy floor of the clearing.

Two hands go for the free blade. BARRY's hand has it.

There is a confused jumble of struggle.

Onto the bed of moss falls the little finger of the PROWLER.

REACTION SHOT: BARRY, horrified by the sight.

The PROWLER's hand has the knife. It moves quickly forward. We can hear the blade strike.

BARRY stares up at the sky in a soundless shriek.

MCU the moss where the finger fell. The PROWLER reaches into FRAME, picks up the finger, and exits FRAME.

QUICK CUT TO: CHLOE, out searching for the missing Counselors. She stands at the edge of the clearing, her hands pressed on her temples, her throat filled with a scream of terror. The MUSIC has stopped abruptly.

THE SCREEN BLEEDS TO WHITE.

It is completely SILENT.

CUT TO:

TITLE SEQUENCE

The screen is completely black. A small white shape starts to ZOOMS towards the FG. The shape becomes a three-dimensional rendering of FRIDAY THE 13TH. Just as it gets to its final position, the FRIDAY 13 logo shatters a previously unseen pane of glass. There is a loud crash. The logo shifts to the upper left corner of the FRAME as we ROLLS TITLES, white on black.

The THEME MUSIC is a reprise of the THEME we heard during the Forest sequence, now done in a childlike arrangement.

TITLES END and the MUSIC fades out.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. RURAL TOWN - EARLY MORNING

The TRACK is SILENT.

In a LONG SHOT we see the one main street. A newspaper delivery truck drives away from the CAMERA. A GIRL walks down the street. Superimposed title:

THE PRESENT

A MEDIUM SHOT in front of the bank reveals a day/date/time/temp sign which blinks:

FRIDAY, 13
7:01
60 DEGREES

FRIDAY, 13
7:01
60 DEGREES

We can begin to hear a small-town DJ OVER as a pick-up truck moves down the street past the GIRL in her late teens. She has a knapsack, a freshly scrubbed face, jeans, and a plaid shirt. She wears her hair in a long braid. She wears Nike jogging shoes. This is ANNIE.

DJ (V.O.)

It's 7:01 on Friday the 13th of June.
This is Big Dave and it's time for
you lazy bones to GET OUT OF BED!
It's black cat day in Crystal Lake.
Don't forget the big drawing today
to see who gets our FRIDAY THE 13TH
Monster Surprise: either a man's
digital continuous readout watch or
a Panasonic color television set!

CUT TO:

INT. DINER - MORNING

In CU a hand moves to turn down an old brown plastic radio from which Big Dave is doing his morning-man routine.

DJ (V.O.)

Don't walk under a ladder! Don't spill any salt, don't...

The radio is turned way down. We see that the hand belongs to TRUDY, a hefty waitress who wears her golden hair in a bun with a pencil stuck in it. BUDDY, the boss, is seen in the BG working the grill.

The regulars are there: five MEN and two WOMEN who always come in for breakfast. They are the retailers, the oil delivery man, the switchboard operators, and the cop.

ANNIE walks in the front door, crosses the past the cash register and walks down the counter.

SALESMAN

I'm sick of them repeats.

TRUDY

I musta seen that Kojak 82 times.

ANNIE

Excuse me. How far is Camp Crystal Lake?

SALESMAN

They gonna open that place again?

OPERATOR

Camp Blood?

COP

I heard they were gonna try it.

TRUDY

What is it, Eddie? Forty miles?

OIL MAN

Lotsa luck.

EDDIE

'Bout that.

SALESMAN

(with a wink)

Be an interesting summer.

ANNIE

Can I get a bus or something?

TRUDY

Not likely. Sam? You goin' out to the crossroads?

The OIL MAN nods.

TRUDY

(continuing)

Give her a lift? That's hallway.

OIL MAN

(paying up)

No sweat, Trudy. Let's do it to it, kid.

ANNIE

Name's Annie.

OIL MAN

Okay, Annie. Let's go.

ANNIE steps aside as the OIL MAN heads for the front door. He is smirking. He's fifty, strong, and balding. He makes no attempts to hide his appreciation for ANNIE's figure.

They exits.

TRUDY

I wouldn't send my kids to that camp for all the tea in China.

SALESMAN

(kidding)

I thought you hated your kids.

TRUDY looks around, does a take, then laughs.

CUT TO:

EXT. TOWN STREET - MORNING

ANNIE walks a half step behind the OIL MAN, heading for his truck which is parked there on the street.

OIL MAN

All the girls up there gonna look as good as you?

ANNIE

I don't know.

ANNIE wonders if she should accept the ride with this guy. Suddenly, from between two parked cars pops RALPH, a crazy hobo who has two dead rats in his mouth, their tails in his teeth; they swing from him like a strange beard.

OIL MAN

Goddamnit, Ralph! Get outta here.

(to ANNIE)

Don't worry about him. He's harmless.

(back to Ralph)

G'won. Git!

RALPH

It's Friday the 13th.

He giggles and skulks away.

OIL MAN

Climb on up, Miss.

The OIL MAN gives her a boost up and then climbs aboard the rig.

CUT TO:

INT. OIL TRUCK - DAY

As the truck pulls away, we see RALPH through the windshield, standing at the edge of the road. He is angry and upset now. He pats his rats.

The OIL MAN shifts, looks over and smiles. His two front teeth are missing on top.

OIL MAN
Must be the fourth time somebody's
tried to reopen that place.

ANNIE
Camp Crystal Lake?

He nods.

OIL MAN
Something always happens up there.

He turns on the radio in the cab and we hear the DJ again.

DJ (V.O.)
...of bed. I'm gonna count to three
and then you better get up. It's
7:24. A beautiful day. Weatherman
Dr. Jim says it's gonna be a nine
point five day. Here's Meatloaf from
the Bat Out of Hell album.

CUT TO:

EXT. RURAL ROADS - DAY

The oil truck thunders along the road.

CUT TO:

EXT. RURAL CROSSROADS - DAY

The oil truck has stopped. ANNIE stands alongside the driver's side.

OIL MAN
Don't let the spooks getcha, Annie.

ANNIE smiles.

ANNIE

No sweat. Thanks a lot for the lift.

He nods and shakes his head with the sense of what might have been if he were thirty years younger. He puts it in gear and roars off.

ANNIE looks around and sees an old gas station. It is closed. There's a sign which reads: "No Gas 'Til Sat." A mangey dog sits on the stoop watching ANNIE.

ANNIE kneels down and calls the dog. The dog comes. ANNIE pets him and then heads off up the road.

The dog watches her go.

CUT TO:

EXT. RURAL HIGHWAY - DAY

ANNIE is beginning to get worried about the time. It's hot and she's late.

She looks up.

From her POV a Jeep barrels along the road towards us.

ANNIE puts out her thumb.

CUT TO:

INT. JEEP - DAY

From the DRIVER'S POV, we see ANNIE waiting for a lift. The DRIVER, unseen, shifts down until ANNIE is alongside. The Jeep, an uncovered model, stops. ANNIE smiles a big delicious smile at us as we sit in the DRIVER's seat.

ANNIE

Hiya! I'm headed for Camp Crystal Lake. Can you help me out?

Apparently the DRIVER nods, because ANNIE beams at us. She tosses her pack in the back and hops aboard. The DRIVER accelerates.

CUT TO:

EXT. RURAL ROADS - DAY

The Jeep roars along the road. The sun and shadows keep us from seeing the DRIVER.

CUT TO:

INT. JEEP - DAY

Still in the DRIVER's POV, the CAMERA watches as ANNIE looks around, admires the woods, the Jeep, the day. Things are going her way.

ANNIE

I can't remember being this excited about anything. I want to be a teacher when I finish at Southern State. I guess I've always wanted to work with children. I hate it when people call 'em kids. Sounds like little goats.

The forest outside the speeding Jeep is deeper and signs of civilization have all but disappeared. ANNIE still turns and looks at the CAMERA when she speaks to the DRIVER.

ANNIE

(continuing)

The job market for teachers is supposed to be the pits these days, but I don't care. When you have a dream as long as I have, you'll do anything...

A look of surprise passes ANNIE's young face.

ANNIE

(continuing)

Wasn't that Camp Crystal Lake? Just back there?

CUT TO:

EXT. RURAL ROADS - DAY

In the FG the sign for Camp Crystal Lake. In the BG, the Jeep roars off into the distance.

CUT TO:

INT. JEEP/DRIVER'S POV - DAY

ANNIE
(frightened, confused)
I think we better stop... Please
stop... Please! Stop!

The Jeep's speed increases.

ANNIE
(continuing)
Please!

ANNIE grabs for the ignition key, but the DRIVER's hand darts out and slaps ANNIE away. We see that this hand is missing its little finger!

Panicked, without any other recourse, ANNIE looks about her and then leaps from the moving Jeep, aiming for the relatively soft underbrush alongside the narrow road.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROADSIDE - DAY

ANNIE lands, rolls, is upended, scratched by brambles, and flips. She scrambles to her feet and starts running towards the camp.

CUT TO:

EXT. RURAL ROAD - DAY

The Jeep stops, turns quickly, heads back for her.

CUT TO:

INT. JEEP - DAY

From the DRIVER's POV we see ANNIE run, looking back in fear.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROADSIDE - DAY

ANNIE's feet pound the hard-packed dirt. She looks over her shoulder to see the Jeep. The sun flares on the Jeep's windshield, keeping us from being able to see any details of the DRIVER.

In a final desperate move, ANNIE drives into the underbrush to escape.

The Jeep skids to a stop.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROADSIDE/WOODS - DAY

The CAMERA becomes the DRIVER and chases into the thicket. Branches and briars snap back at us. Just ahead, the terror-stuck ANNIE stumbles and falls. She screams as a knife flashes past her in a blur.

When the knife has passed, all we can see is a look of surprise on ANNIE's face.

The CAMERA PULLS BACK. Her throat has been cut. She collapses out of FRAME.

A bird soars across the sky above.

The TRACK is SILENT.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

A gaily decorated camper-van travels along the highway. We hear rock 'n roll OVER coming from a car radio as this much-in-need-of-repair vehicle passes a slower car.

CUT TO:

INT. CAMPER VAN - DAY

In the camper van are three young people. They are full of fun, fresh and expectant as they head towards Crystal Lake. They are instantly likeable.

At the wheel is NED, a short 22-year-old whose well-developed upper body is a tribute to his weight-lifting. He is nice-looking, a joker who is always trying to get some attraction. He is funny and alert.

Next to him is JACK, an athlete whose clean-cut look is as American as popcorn. He is quieter, two years younger and not as smart as NED. He has to think things through.

MARCIE is JACK's girlfriend. She is leaning over the front passenger seat so she can massage JACK's shoulders.

She is a funny girl, pretty, and always looking for fun. She enjoys every minute of every day. She hasn't been touched by tragedy.

MARCIE

Sex is all you ever think of, Neddy.

NED

There you are dead wrong.

JACK

Ha!

NED

Sometimes I only think about kissing women.

MARCIE finds a sore spot on JACK's back.

JACK

Ow!

NED

I was just wondering if you thought there'd be any other gorgeous women at Camp Crystal Lake. Besides

yourself.

MARCIE

You are a true piece of work, Ned.

MARCIE hits NED on the arms, playfully.

MARCIE

(continuing)

How about our last jay?

JACK

Good call.

JACK reaches into the glove compartment and comes out with a joint.

NED

What about the dope paragraph in Mr. Christy's letter?

JACK

Quote: Controlled substances are expressly forbidden. Possession or use of marijuana or alcohol on campgrounds will mean instant dismissal. Unquote.

MARCIE

We got two weeks before the kids even arrive. Then I'll act responsibly. Until then, hit me.

She takes the lighted joint and tokes.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAMP CRYSTAL LAKE ENTRANCE - DAY

The van turns past the sign that reads:

CAMP CRYSTAL LAKE—Established 1935

CUT TO:

INT. VAN - DAY

MARCIE is wide-eyed, looking at the lush surroundings.

MARCIE
It's beautiful...

NED
Yeah, and it also look like it hasn't
seen a coat of paint in six years.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAMP DRIVE - DAY

The CAMERA SEES what NED saw. The buildings are run down at the heels. It is the same camp we saw in the early scenes, but time has torn the place badly.

The van passes the CAMERA and we see the three new ARRIVALS looking out the window.

CUT TO:

EXT. MAIN CAMP AREA - DAY

This is the main building. It is the building where Barry and Claudette met. Outside is a flagpole, a small parking area, a large overhanging tree.

In the BG we can see part of the lake.

In the FG there is a Jeep.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAMP MAIN AREA - DAY

An axe flashes through the FRAME and hacks apart the halves of a huge tree stump.

The CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal a middle-aged man in cut-offs, a bare chest, hiking boots and beat-up cowboy hat. This is STEVE CHRISTY. He is strong, charming, and engaging. He is animated, always in motion, impatient with how long it

takes to do things.

In the BG the van comes to a stop. No sooner has JACK hopped down, than STEVE is beckoning him over.

STEVE

Wanta give me a hand here?

JACK smiles and comes quickly.

STEVE

(continuing)

Alice?

NED steps down from the van and now we can see that he has had polio when he was a kid. His upper body is strong, but his legs are slightly deformed. He and MARCIE hustle over to the big stump.

STEVE

(continuing)

Wanta roll this sucker out of the way. Alice?

ALICE comes into the MS. She is carrying a shovel and a bucket and has obviously been working for a couple of hours.

ALICE

Cabin B is ready.

STEVE

Push on this side. Alice, this is Jack, Marcie and Ned. Push.

They exchange "hellos" as they bend to the work.

STEVE

(continuing)

That's got her. Thanks. I'm Steve Christy. Welcome to Camp Crystal Lake. You got some grubby clothes? Climb into 'em. Alice, see if Bill has cleaned out the boathouse. I want him to start with the canoes. What happened to Brenda?

ALICE
You told her to sweep the courts.

STEVE sets off.

STEVE
I'd rather she painted. Let's go,
folks.

As soon as he's gone, NED turns to ALICE.

NED
I thought we had two weeks...

ALICE shrugs.

ALICE
You can change in three.

CUT TO:

EXT. EDGE OF LAKE - DAY

The CAMERA looks down a long line of canoes, each with its hull up. A brush slaps into view. BILL is sweating while finishing a coat of paint on the last canoe.

BILL is a thin, ascetic-looking college sophomore. He rubs his long thin nose with the back of his wrist as he hears someone call his name OS. He turns to see ALICE at the bottom of the trail.

ALICE
Steve said for you to start on the
boats.

BILL
I finished the boats.

ALICE nods slowly.

ALICE
I'll tell him.

She turns away.

BILL

Alice? The others show up?

ALICE

Everybody except the girl who's supposed to handle the kitchen. Annie.

BILL puts his brush in a coffee can of turps.

ALICE look at him, then turns again.

BILL

You think you're gonna last all summer?

ALICE

I'm not sure I'll last all week.

(pauses)

I'll tell Steve.

CUT TO:

EXT. GIRL'S CABIN - DAY

STEVE and NED are rehanging a door. Next to them is BRENDA, a dark Eurasian girl who is trying to do a good job of painting the wall. On the other side MARCIE is scraping some flaking paint.

STEVE

Shim it up just a scooch.

NED levers the door higher at the top.

STEVE

(continuing)

Perfection. Hold it.

STEVE uses a long ratchet screwdriver.

STEVE

(continuing)

To answer your question, my parents

once owned this camp. There were some tragic accidents and they went bankrupt. I promised them I'd reopen if I could. See if it closes right now.

NED swings the door on its hinges.

NED
Looks good.

STEVE
Perfection. Did you meet Brenda?

BRENDA turns and nods.

STEVE
(continuing)
She's archery. He's rifle range. And I'm behind schedule. Let's go, Ned.

They exit with the tool box. MARCIE stops and turns to BRENDA, who looks upward and blows the hair from her forehead.

CUT TO:

EXT. EDGE OF THE LAKE - DAY

STEVE, ALICE, BRENDA, MARCIE, NED, JACK and BILL are lugging a swimming float down to the water's edge. STEVE supervises as he carries the thing, which is quite heavy. They ad-lib as appropriate. ("There goes my hernia." "Are you sure you're lifting?" "Not so fast." "I'm walking backward.")

They drop the things carefully.

STEVE
Come on back here and let's shove the float in.

They get behind it and shove it into the water. NED hops aboard for the ride, flipping into a handstand.

CUT TO:

INT. EQUIPMENT SHED - DAY

The screen has gone completely black. The door to the shed is whipped open quickly, letting in the full brightness of the sun. There is a shape.

The CAMERA IRISES DOWN so that we can see that JACK has come in on an errand.

As JACK looks around, we can take the time to see that there are a half-dozen lantern, a few cans of lantern fuel, a couple of hibachis, some entrenching tools packs, portable ice chests, etc. Up on the long side wall are a half-dozen hunting knives in sheathes, also hanging neatly.

Suddenly a hand comes into FRAME and touches JACK on the shoulder as he is preoccupied with his task. JACK turns with a start. He looks into the CAMERA.

REVERSE POV to see MARCIE standing in the doorway.

MARCIE

What are those for? An Indian raid?

She points to the row of hatchets and knives.

JACK

Steve's got a woodlore program. You see any life rings?

MARCIE looks behind some piled up equipment. She pulls out two rings.

MARCIE

Here. Meet me in my cabin after taps.
Okay, Camper?

She kisses him on the cheek and gives him a playful goose.

JACK

For sure.

They exit together.

CUT TO:

EXT. ARTS & CRAFTS CABIN - DAY

STEVE CHRISTY comes upon ALICE, who is re-nailing floorboards on the porch of the Arts & Crafts cabin. On the railing is a sketch pad which Steve thumbs through.

INSERT: ALICE'S SKETCH. It is a moody pierce, a sense of foreboding dominates it. Otherwise, it is the camp's central compound, featuring the tree that forms the central focus.

STEVE

You draw very well.

ALICE

Oh, thanks. I wish I could spend more time at it.

ALICE misses a nail and hits her thumb. She reacts good-naturedly and keeps on working.

STEVE bends down next to ALICE.

STEVE

This isn't your cup of tea, hunh?

She shakes her head.

STEVE

(continuing)

Any particular reason?

ALICE

Just a feeling.

(pause)

Nothing personal.

STEVE

(nodding)

You want to leave?

ALICE

I don't know. Probably be best for everybody.

STEVE

You may not care a lot about this place, Alice, but I mean to make it my whole life. It's been my whole life. Gimme a chance. Stay a week. Help get it ready. Next Friday, if you're not happy, I'll put you on the bus myself. I'll be grateful.

He puts out a hand and runs the back of it across her cheek.

She looks up. She nods.

ALICE

Next Friday.

STEVE

Thanks, Alice.

He stands up.

STEVE

(continuing)

I've got to go to town and pick up the trailer and all that other stuff, but I'll be back around ten. If you're still up, we can talk, okay?

ALICE

Sure.

She watches him cross out of FRAME.

CUT TO:

EXT. MAIN CABIN AREA - DAY (LATER)

STEVE is at the wheel of his Jeep. The COUNSELORS are standing within earshot, huddled around the Jeep.

JACK

You want it listed separately?

STEVE

Yeah. Brenda, after lunch hit the

archery range. If Annie gets here, have her start in on the kitchen. Do your best. Tomorrow we have a preliminary inspection by the state safety people. I'd like to look good.

He wheels the car around and out the driveway. The others stand looking before NED breaks the silence.

NED

He neglected to mention this place is called "Camp Blood" downtown.

They are all getting back to work.

ALICE

How come?

NED

Some campers drowned. Then some counselors got killed.

BILL

No shit. When?

NED

Late fifties sometime. They never caught the guy who did it either.

MARCIE

Neddy collects weird facts. Next he is going to tell us that there are poisonous snakes in the outhouse and green lizards in the lake.

As they laugh, the CAMERA HOLDS on ALICE.

CUT TO:

EXT. ARCHERY RANGE - DAY

BRENDA has her sleeves rolled up and is doing her job. She enjoys having the responsibility for the whole safe operation of this area. She likes to think of herself as more sophisticated than she is – or have others think her more

sophisticated.

BRENDA rolls a straw target out from under the lean-to shelter and heads for a tripod in the middle distance. There are already two such targets out, a product of her efforts so far. The targets are heavy. This isn't an easy one-person job.

The CAMERA CLOSES IN tighter and tighter on her as she gets closer to setting up the target.

In MCU, she lifts a target up. Her head is very close to the face of the target. She gets it up, lets the tripod take the weight, and then, just as she lifts her weight back, an arrow streaks into the center of the gold, missing her head by eighteen inches.

BRENDA whips around.

WE SEE WHAT SHE SEES: a very cocky NED, standing by the lean-to with a bow in his hands and three more arrows knocked simultaneously. He has a feather stuck in his hair.

She grabs the arrow and storms at him.

BRENDA
You're crazy!

She snaps the arrow in half.

NED
Did anyone ever tell you you're beautiful when you're angry?

BRENDA
(plussed)
I don't believe you...

NED
Want to see my trick shot? It's even better.

BRENDA still thinks he's a jerk, but he's so outrageous there's little she can do. She laughs.

BRENDA

(still laughing)

You ever fire one of those bows again,
and I'll tack you up on the wall to
dry.

NED

God, but I love that sexy talk.

BRENDA snatches the bow from him, shakes her head and puts the bow down next to a collection of wicked-looking arrows.

CUT TO:

INT. ARTS & CRAFTS CABIN - DAY

This is a fairly large single room. The walls are bare and uninsulated. There are a few easels, but for the most part, the room is dominated by long tables and rough-hewn benches.

The light seeps through the streaked windows, making the grey wood interior appear silver-colored. ALICE, her hair in a bandana, has just finished sweeping up.

The CAMERA picks up on ALICE's sketch of the central camp area on one easel. On a second easel she has done the preliminary sketch of the lake itself. It is also a moody picture.

ALICE cocks her head to look at the sketches, shivers just a little, then goes on to her next task. There is a row of newly-arrived cardboard boxes. She opens the first in CU with a matte knife. She take out the invoice and checks it against the first items: gimp, the plastic string from which all the campers will make lanyards.

CUT TO:

EXT. ARTS & CRAFTS CABIN - DAY

We watch through one of the dusty panes, seeing the charcoal sketch in the FG, ALICE in the BG checking her materials against her invoice.

CUT TO:

INT. ARTS & CRAFTS CABIN - DAY (INTERCUT)

ALICE snaps around, sensing that she is being watched. In CU her frightened face looks at the sun-drenched dusty pane. Her face relaxes until BANG! The sound of a door slamming echoes through the room.

The CAMERA ZOOMS BACK from her face to see someone standing in the doorway.

It is BILL.

BILL

Sorry. How you doing?

ALICE smiles, then turns back to her job of taking inventory. BILL watches her.

ALICE

Did you want something?

She starts to take a box down from a high shelf. She doesn't realize that there is something on top of the box.

BILL

Steve said you were thinking of leaving. True?

ALICE

Un-hunh.

ALICE lugs down the box and suddenly a bunch of leather-working tools clatters down, shattering the silence. ALICE fends off the flying implements and BILL rushes to her side.

ALICE

(continuing)

Oh, my God...

BILL

You okay?

She nods.

BILL
(continuing)
You're lucky.

They stoop down to pick up the fallen tools from the floor.
BILL looks at her while they work.

BILL
(continuing)
How come you're leaving?

ALICE
It's long and personal. It has nothing
to do with you or the other kids.

BILL
Maybe I can help?

ALICE looks at BILL and smiles. This really is a very nice,
if naive, young man.

ALICE
And it's this place. It makes no
sense, but it spooks me.

BILL
(smiling)
You're right. It makes no sense.

As ALICE nods, she is interrupted by a shrill scream outside.

CUT TO:

EXT. ARTS & CRAFTS CABIN - DAY

MARCIE is the source of the scream. She runs towards the
CAMERA, dressed in cut-offs and a floral halter. Her feet
are bare. When she get closer, we see that she is being chased
by JACK and NED who have found two giant green bullfrogs.
The screams were not serious and MARCIE is doing some of it
for effect. BRENDA brings up the rear. They are all dressed
more or less for a frolic in the lake.

BILL and ALICE stand in front of the Arts & Crafts cabin.
BILL is smiling, ALICE is a little bit amused.

MARCIE

Help me! Save me! The frog people are after me! It's swim time at Camp Crystal Lake. Come on, Alice, I need protection!

CUT TO:

EXT. CRYSTAL LAKE - DAY

A LONG WIDE SHOT reveals the cool, clear lake during the lull of a hot afternoon.

At the edge of the lake, in the shallows, are the members of the group: MARCIE, JACK, NED, BRENDA, BILL and ALICE. They are sitting or paddling or diving off the float. There is no real attempt to exert too much energy.

Gradually we become aware that this LONG WIDE SHOT is someone's POV. The CAMERA moves from its stable position, now hand-held, on a trajectory around the side of the lake, out of sight.

Branches, brush, and twigs are butted through. Occasionally, we can see part of the PROWLER's arm fending off the underbrush.

CUT TO:

EXT. WATER - DAY

The group sits or lies in the cool water, more or less focused on NED, who is acting as moderator.

NED

What do you want to be when you grow up?

BRENDA

Dancer.

MARCIE

Cowboy.

NED
Girls can't be cowboys.

MARCIE
Okay, Fireman.

NED goes to JACK.

NED
Jack?

JACK
Coach, athletic director somewhere.

BILL
Filmmaker.

ALICE
Artist.

NED
Doctor. Now, if you were a flavor of
ice cream, what would you be?

MARCIE
Rocky Road.

They laugh.

CUT TO:

EXT. MAIN CAMP AREA - DAY

The PROWLER looks in LONG SHOT down at the lake and we can just make out the COUNSELORS.

The CAMERA PANS and we move toward cabins.

CUT TO:

EXT. LAKE - DAY

ALICE is treading water, talking with BRENDA, as NED comes up out of nowhere.

BRENDA

Vitamin C's supposed to neutralize
the nitrites or something.

NED surfaces between them. He looks with googly eyes at ALICE.

NED

There are sand sharks in this lake
and they can eat the bathing suit
right off you.

ALICE laughs.

NED

(continuing)

See? I'm getting to you. Very slowly.

NED does a porpoise drive and disappears.

BRENDA is not laughing. She is looking off towards the cabin
area.

ALICE sees her and look where she looks.

ALICE

What'd you see?

BRENDA

I don't know. Marcie's got me
paranoid.

She smiles.

CUT TO:

EXT. BEHIND ALICE'S CABIN - DAY

The CAMERA, shooting from the PROWLER's POV, moves to a place
alongside Alice's cabin. There is underbrush about two feet
tall and all around that area. The PROWLER stops, leans down
and reaches into FRAME with a gloved hand.

The gloved hand reaches into the underbrush for the tip of a
burlap bag which has been secreted there. The hand lifts the
bag, which has something in it that moves.

The CAMERA MOVES around to the side of the cabin right below the window. The window is open, making entry quite simple.

The PROWLER's gloved hands untie the neck of the bag, reach in and haul out quickly a medium-sized snake. One hand has the animal firmly behind the jaws. The hand takes the snake and puts it through the open window, leaving it on the clean white coverlet. It slithers across the bed.

The PROWLER's hand closes the window.

The CAMERA MOVES towards one of the sheds.

CUT TO:

EXT. EDGE OF LAKE - DAY

BILL and ALICE are lying on the shore on their towels, watching the OTHERS in the water and grabbing some afternoon sun. ALICE is on her stomach, tracing angular designs in the sand. BILL is on his back, listening.

BILL
It still hurts?

ALICE
I walked into it knowing I'd get hurt, but I thought I could stand anything.
(pause)
I just wasn't ready for that kind of pain. We were supposed to meet in L.A. When I got back there, he sent a telegram saying he was going back to his wife.

BILL turns over so he can look at her better.

BILL
What'll you do when you leave here?

ALICE
I don't know.

Various feet enter the FRAME. BILL and ALICE look up to see JACK with his arm around MARCIE, NED toweling his head, and BRENDA putting on her blue workshirt.

MARCIE

Pistachio, fudge ripple, creme de menthe and I are going back to work.

BILL gets up.

BILL

Speaking as black raspberry, I guess I'm ready. Frozen yogurt?

ALICE smiles at the reference.

ALICE

I'll be along.

NED

(in a nelly voice)

Don't burn that gorgeous body, or I'll scratch your eyes out...

They head off. ALICE turns over to tan her front.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST - DAY

A machete rips through some vines. Again it hacks at the brush.

PULLS BACK to reveal BILL clearing away the years of vine growth which have choked off a path. He wipes the perspiration from his eyes and continues along.

CUT TO:

EXT. BEHIND THE MAIN CABIN - DAY

Set up behind the cabin is a make-shift exercise area. There are chinning bars – pipes lashed between two trees – and there's an aging set of parallel bars. There is even a set of weights made from tin cans, pipes and assorted amount of

cement.

ECU of NEDS's face in a distorted, twisted expression. He explodes his breath.

We PULL BACK to see BRENDA watching NED work out on the uneven parallel bars. He is really very good and there is no doubt about his strength.

BRENDA

Not bad.

As NED moves off the apparatus, BRENDA comes in and does a neat little turn which is dazzling. NED does a take.

NED

Holy shit...

BRENDA

We wouldn't want you thinking you're the only show-off in camp, would we?

CUT TO:

EXT. LAKE - DAY

The sun has dropped lower on the horizon.

The CAMERA looks down on ALICE as she sleeps peacefully in the late sun. A shadow passes across her face, and she awakes with a start.

CUT BACK to see BILL standing over her with a machete.

ALICE

I didn't know I was asleep... What time is it?

BILL

Almost five.

ALICE gets up.

ALICE

Now I'm only eleven hours behind

schedule. Steve is going to have a small cow.

They walk away from the shore.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALICE'S CABIN - DAY

ALICE is walking quicker than BILL. We realize we have seen this cabin before – when the snake was placed in it.

BILL

You can only do what you can do.

ALICE

And then Steve looks at you with those hurt eyes – like you don't care about children...

BILL laughs at her imitation.

ALICE

(continuing)

I'll see you later.

She turns to go up the steps to her front door.

BILL

Alice?

She stops and look down at him. He is serious and he cares.

ALICE appreciates what's she's just heard. She knows that it wasn't easy for BILL to say.

ALICE

You're very nice.

They share a short silent moment.

BILL

Hope you will.

BILL smiles and turns and jogs off, still carrying his long

blade.

ALICE watches him go. She shrugs. This might be a good place to stay. She turns and goes into her cabin.

CUT TO:

INT. ALICE'S CABIN - DAY

In the FG is the camp bed with its white coverlet. The snake is nowhere in sight – which means it could be anywhere.

ALICE is humming to herself and is happier now than she has been since we met her.

The room is small. There is the metal-frame cot, an old wooden dresser with a cloudy mirror on top. The walls are a light blue, freshly painted. The wall on the inside does not go all the way to the ceiling so that she can monitor what's going on in the campers' section of the cabin on the other side.

ALICE looks at herself in the old cloudy mirror and likes what she sees. She pushes her hair so that she looks a little sexier. She smiles at herself.

She reaches out in CU. Open a drawer. Takes out a towel.

ALICE turns and goes to her footlocker. Bends down and opens it up. Takes out a terrycloth robe.

She closes the footlocker, stands up and heads out the door.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALICE'S CABIN - DAY

ALICE heads from her cabin to the showers.

CUT TO:

INT. SHOWER ROOM - DAY

ALICE walks into her room wearing her bathrobe, her hair in a towel-turban. She flicks off her shower clogs, and looks

for her hairbrush. She takes her towel off and lets her tangled hair fall down.

She hums. Opens her top drawer. Nothing there.

Opens the next drawer. Nothing there.

Opens the next drawer. Nothing there.

ALICE opens the fourth drawer and the snake strikes! It flails at her right wrist, a wrist which we have established earlier as having a Navajo bracelet on it. The snake strikes the bracelet, hangs on as ALICE tries to shake it free. The snake falls to the floor and recoils for another attack.

There is no way that ALICE can get past the snake to run away. Her scream is loud.

CUT TO:

EXT. MAIN CABIN - DAY

BILL, returning from his last half hour of trail-blazing, hears ALICE.

ALICE (O.S.)
Help!

BILL doesn't hesitate. Carrying his machete, he runs to ALICE's cabin.

MARCIE and JACK follow in the BG.

CUT TO:

INT. ALICE'S CABIN - DAY

ALICE is backed against the wall. The snake could strike and get her.

BILL runs into the room, still carrying his machete. He looks at ALICE.

ALICE
(a tight whisper)

There's a fucking snake in here.

BILL sees it. He freezes, then takes a step forward. Carefully, he winds up and smashes down with the edge of the machete, cutting the snake into two pieces. Blood spurts onto the floor.

MARCIE and JACK enter. JACK carries a shovel as a weapon. MARCIE stops when she sees the embrace, but then looks further to see the blood and guts.

MARCIE

Steve never mentioned serpents. Jack, would you get some paper towels?

JACK nods and exits.

ALICE

How the... did he get in there?

BILL

Slipped in. Probably liked the scent of your perfume.

JACK return and tosses a roll to MARCIE.

MARCIE

Thanks.

BILL

You okay now?

ALICE nods.

BILL gives her an extra hug. Then steps back awkwardly, stepping on MARCIE's big toe.

MARCIE

Go ahead. I walk on 'em all the time.
(to JACK)
Would you shovel Mr. Snake outta here?

JACK nods. He picks up his shovel and we see in CU as he gets underneath the wide-fanged snake.

MARCIE begins to clean the blood off the floor with the paper toweling.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAMP - LATE AFTERNOON

Looking across the lake, we can see the camp, nestled in among the late afternoon rays of the sun. We can hear the sounds of the nocturnal animals beginning to rise and hunt.

CUT TO:

INT. CAMP KITCHEN - LATE AFTERNOON

The kitchen and the main meeting room are really one in the same room, cut off by a partition. The kitchen has a couple of sinks, a heavy old stove, long shelves, a pantry/larder, and some windows which look out on the rear.

BRENDA is making a salad for herself. She is a vegetarian. MARCIE is making a guacamole dip.

In the big room there is a fireplace and a ping pong table. JACK and BILL are playing.

BRENDA

She all right?

JACK

Get ready for the schneider.

MARCIE

Yeah. Scared the hell out of her.

BILL

No chance.

BRENDA

How'd it get in the drawer?

JACK

Four zip.

ALICE walks into the kitchen. She has washed her face after getting her act together. She stands in the doorway to the kitchen.

MARCIE
How you doin'?

ALICE
Okay. Can I help?

BRENDA
It's catch as catch can. I'm making a salad. The guys are planning to cook greaseburgers for themselves.

MARCIE
There's a lot of dishes if you just want something to do.

ALICE smiles. Nods.

ALICE
The way I feel, that's perfect.

ALICE goes to the sink and begins to work her way through the dirty dish pan.

NED comes flying through the door dressed in various bits and pieces of old Indian costumery. He does a bad dance.

JACK and BILL quit their game and come to the doorway.

JACK
What the hell?

BILL
Where'd you get that stuff?

MARCIE
Oh, Lord!

BRENDA
Neddy!

JACK

It's gonna be a long summer.

NED

Wait, wait! When I was finding these goodies in the shed. I also found this letter which a camper never sent home. Listen.

He takes a letter out of his breechclout. He pretends to read, when really we can see that the paper is blank.

NED

(improvising)

Dear Mom and Dad, Camp Blood is real fine except for the strange man who flies at night and sucks our counsellor's body...

ALICE leans against the sink and laughs. She is a very pretty girl, younger than she first appeared.

NED

(continuing)

And, Mommy, we really love our counsellor. He says that whenever I'm scared, I can sleep in his bunk with him.

JACK and BILL laugh.

NED takes off his headdress.

NED

(continuing)

No wonder they lost America. How could you sneak around in the bushes wearing that? What's to eat?

BRENDA

Whatever you make yourself.

ALICE looks up from her dishes and cocks her head to the side. Does she see something?

The CAMERA PANS SLOWLY to look over her shoulder.

The window pane is dirty and it's a bit difficult to see, but there is something standing there out by a cabin. But it stands, doesn't move... Is it a building?

CUT AWAY to see ALICE using her dishcloth to clear the glass. When we CUT BACK, the shape is gone.

REACTION SHOT: ALICE. Curious. A cold chill...

ALICE looks around at the others who are still adlibbing about food.

BRENDA

How can you eat that stuff? Looks like dead animals.

JACK

You like them rare?

NED

Cannibals. It's old counsellor.

BILL

Too bad that Annie never showed. She was supposed to be a good cook.

BRENDA

You can get all the protein you need if you mix them right.

MARCIE

No way I am gonna play chef to all of you guys. It's women's lib from here on out.

NED

The squaws are revolting!

ALICE looks up. Pulls the light cord in the middle of the room.

The bulb does not light.

ALICE pulls it again.

BILL
Trouble?

ALICE
Bad bulb or no power. It's getting a little gloomy in here.

JACK
Steve taught me how to use the emergency generator. The town power lines are supposed to be real shitty.

NED
God, but I love that macho talk! Emergency generators! The Indian used campfires.

JACK turns to BILL.

JACK
Give me a hand?

BILL
For sure.

CUT TO:

INT. GENERATOR SHED - LATE AFTERNOON

JACK steps in and, in CU, we see there is a puddle where he is standing. The puddle is somehow significant.

BILL leans over JACK's shoulder to see what he's doing.

BILL
This is almost like the one at my uncle's cabin in Maine.

JACK
Here we go.

The CAMERA watches JACK's actions tightly. In a REVERSE POV we see JACK's tongue come out the side of his mouth as he concentrates. He bites down on it.

ANOTHER ANGLE: as JACK pulls the starter cord. The engine roars into action.

JACK
(yelling)
Now ya' close the switch.

CU as JACK's hand reaches in and touches a heavy-duty metal switch. A spark arcs and we PULL BACK to see JACK with a perfect connection running through his body. There is a sparking sound, the little light in the shed blinks, JACK screams, the generator chugs roughly. Hundreds of volts are streaking through JACK's body and grounded through his wet shoes.

BILL reacts quickly: knowing better than to touch him and continue the connection, he takes a half-step backwards, aims at an oblique angle and executes a perfect Bruce Lee-type drop-kick on his friend, severing the contact.

JACK stumbles out of the shack and the light goes dead. The machine stops.

CUT TO:

EXT. GENERATOR SHED - LATE AFTERNOON

JACK lands, almost unconscious. BILL kneels into FRAME and checks JACK's vital signs: his eyes, his carotid pulse, his breathing.

JACK shakes his head.

JACK
I'll be okay. Holy shit...

BILL
Don't get up. Take a second...

JACK lies back down. Covers his eyes with his arm.

JACK
You saved my life.

BILL

I had to.

JACK

Thanks.

BILL

I figured if I didn't save you. I'd have to give you mouth-to-mouth and that would have ruined my appetite.

JACKS looks up and smiles. BILL give him a hand and the groggy athlete gets to his feet.

JACK

Whew.

Satisfied that JACK won't fall down, BILL goes to the shed and looks in.

We can look in over BILL's shoulder and see a smoke-scarred switch and a now-silent generator.

BILL

This puddle was enough to ground you all the way to China.

JACK looks in, too.

JACK

Floor probably leaks. This area is full of springs.

BILL

A short somewhere.

BILL leans down and sees a smokey-colored wire that touches another wire.

BILL

(continuing)

There's the problem, Jack. Wire worked itself loose.

He starts to wind it round a set-screw in CU.

JACK

Just in cause this bugger goes bad.
I'm gonna pick up some lanterns from
the equipment shack.

JACKS walks away.

CUT TO:

INT. EQUIPMENT SHED - DUSK

The door opens at us, letting in the limited light. JACK comes in and goes to pick up a fluorescent lamp. He flicks it on. As he bends down to pick up two Coleman lanterns, the CAMERA slowly moves toward the wall where once we saw all the hatchets and knives. They are all missing.

JACK takes his booty and exits.

The light is gone and we are alone in the dark.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - DUSK

ECU of the lightbulb over the kitchen area. It flickers on as we hear in the BG the sound of the generator start up. The bulb glows, goes down, glows cheerily.

NED

What hath God wrought?

BRENDA

That was the telephone.

NED

Ha! You wily oriental! The phone was "Mr. Watson, come in here, I need you." "What hath God wrought" was the telegraph.

JACK comes in with his lanterns followed by BILL.

MARCIE

Last line of Gone With the Wind?

NED

Frankly, Scarlet, I don't give a damn!

ALICE listens as she washes the dishes. It looks as if things will be okay.

BRENDA

Shows how much you know. It's something about tomorrow.

ALICE

Tomorrow is another day.

BRENDA

Right! Right!

MARCIE is finishing up making her green California dip.

Suddenly ALICE cries out. Everybody whips around to see. ALICE holds up a piece of broken glass – the bottom half of a bottle. She has cut her finger. It is not a serious cut, but the blood is visible.

ALICE

This just plain ain't my day.

BILL reaches into a cupboard and pulls out a BandAid.

MARCIE

You okay?

NED

Those things can be nasty.

BRENDA

Wash it out real good.

BILL comes up to ALICE.

BILL

Lemme see. Doesn't look too bad.

That said, the OTHERS go back to what they were doing.

BILL and ALICE are featured even though we can hear the others. BILL takes great care and puts the BandAid on ALICE's finger.

They share this moment with soft smiles as the trivia contest continues.

NED

Who played the role of Gorgon in Star Trek?

BILL

I don't want you getting hurt.

BRENDA

Melvin Belli.

ALICE

I was careless.

NED

Aaaargh! That my guaranteed winner!

BILL

How'd it get in there?

MARCIE

Melvin Belli?

ALICE

Somebody probably dropped something too hard.

NED

Alice, you're just lucky there are no snakes in the dishwasher here.

NEDDY is hovering over a bowl of California dip which MARCIE has just made. He dips a chip as soon as she steps back.

MARCIE

Soooooeeeeey, piggy, piggy.

Suddenly NED's face goes red. His eyes bulge out. He grabs his throat and gags. Coughs, can't clear it.

JACK
What is it?

BILL
Is it stuck?

NED points to the dip and slumps down on the floor where he writhes about.

MARCIE
Help him!

ALICE
Oh, my God!

BILL
Roll him over!

JACK
Get behind him more.

As BILL and JACK flip him over to try to give him the Heimlich, NED stops his act and grins from ear to ear. It's a big finish:

NED
Ta-da!

REACTION SHOTS: as it sinks in that NED has been putting them on.

JACK
Not funny, Ned...

BILL stands up, angry, but willing to keep his mouth shut.

MARCIE
Wait'll you're really in trouble and see what happens...

NED
But it's in the brochure! "Camp

Crystal Lake has a full drama program." You just saw it.

NED tries to laugh it off. They shake their heads. MARCIE walks away. JACK looks at BILL.

BILL
Chance to get even?

JACK
I'll spot you five points.

NED
Hey, look, I'm sorry. I'll never do it again.

NED turns and heads for the door. ALICE comes up next to him. The OTHERS are out of earshot now. BILL and JACK play a little ping-pong. NED is a little embarrassed by his play-acting stunt.

NED
(continuing)
I'm sorry.

ALICE
Ned? We're gonna be working together for a while. You're a nice guy without all the entertainment, okay?

NED relaxes. Nods. He knows what she means. He turns to look at the others.

NED
Tell 'em I'm sorry?

ALICE nods.

ALICE
Sure.

NED
I'm gonna go lie down and catch some z's. Today wiped me out.
(pause)

Thanks, Alice.

ALICE
You're welcome.

The CAMERA stays on ALICE's face as NED exits. In the BG, MARCIE speaks.

MARCIE
I hope that's the last time we see
the Camp Crystal Lake Drama Program.

CUT TO:

EXT. MAIN CAMP AREA - EVENING

We watch NED come away from the main cabin and walk moodily toward his cabin.

The CAMERA stays with the troubled child as he stops, leans down, picks up a pebble and skips it off into the brush. It cuts through. He flips a few stones in his hand.

NED looks off. Sees something.

WE SEE WHAT HE SEES: a shape – a human shape – standing by a cabin.

NED walks towards it.

NED
Hello? Can I help you?

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN AREA - EVENING

ALICE is just drying her hands. She stands next to a giant stack of clean dishes and pots.

BRENDA is reading a magazine while picking at some cauliflower and cucumber slices.

BILL and JACK saunter in.

JACK

You just had some lucky shots.

BILL

Where's Ned?

ALICE

He went to bed early.

MARCIE

I don't blame him.

BRENDA

He's probably setting up another one of his practical jokes.

MARCIE

Yeah, like draining the lake!

They laugh.

JACK

(to MARCIE)

Hey, how about a walk by the lake?

The OTHERS all go "Ooooooooooh."

JACK

(continuing)

Just a walk, for Chrissakes.

MARCIE

(kidding)

Boy, we sure do have a lot of filthy small-minded people around here.

(to JACK)

Wait a minute, I'll get my diaphragm and be right with you.

MARCIE puts an arm through JACK's arm and they exit.

The OTHERS laugh.

CUT TO:

EXT. EDGE OF LAKE - NIGHT

JACK and MARCIE walk across the pine needles towards the lake. There is the low rumble of thunder preceded by a faint glow on the horizon.

JACK and MARCIE walk along the shore to the lake. They have turned on the flashlights which they carry with them.

JACK

Wind's up. It's shifted a good hundred and eighty degrees.

MARCIE

Makes me want to hold on and never let go.

JACK

I love you.

MARCIE

I love you.

They kiss. MARCIE pulls back.

MARCIE

(continuing)

What about Neddy?

JACK

I don't love Neddy.

MARCIE

He keeps on acting like such an asshole!

JACK

(yelling)

Ned!

MARCIE

Don't call him.

JACK

I thought you wanted to give him one

of your motherly lectures. Ned is gonna do whatever he wants to do, you know.

MARCIE

I guess...

The moon is victim of a blank cloud which cuts off the light.

JACK

Looks like a storm.

MARCIE

I'm a little scared of storms. Always have been. Since I was a kid.

JACK

You? The brick?

JACK shines the flashlight so that we can see her face in eerie shadows. She flashes hers at him.

MARCIE

I've dreamed this dream. Maybe half a dozen times. There is a thunderstorm. The rain comes down like pebbles. I can hear the sound. I try to close my ears off. It doesn't work. The sounds gets louder. The rain turns to blood and the blood washes down in little rivers. And the sound stops.

A loud crack of heat lightning slices the sky apart. MARCIE is startled and reaches out for her lover.

JACK

It's just a dream.

MARCIE

I call it my shower dream.

They look at one another in the two lights. They grin. Rain drops begin to fall on their faces and on the lake behind them.

JACK

This is no dream. Want to escape for a while?

MARCIE

Lead the way!

JACK turns and jogs toward the nearest cabin. MARCIE is only a half step behind, laughing.

FROM A DISTANT ANGLE we watch them run. There is no theme, just the rumble of thunder...

CUT TO:

INT. BOY'S CABIN - NIGHT

The door bursts open, a flashlight pierces the shadows, and JACK and MARCIE rush in and plop on the bottom bunk of the nearest bed.

MARCIE

Are you wet?

JACK

Just a little. Wait a minute, woman.

He reaches down and put his flashlight on its end so it points straight up and gives them some light to see by.

They go into a long passionate kiss which is broken by MARCIE's hand coming up from behind JACK and tugging his t-shirt up towards his head. He leans back and takes it off, and tosses it at the CAMERA.

CUT TO:

EXT. FRONT OF MAIN CABIN - NIGHT

The rain has gathered in intensity. ALICE comes up to the front door and looks out. BILL comes up behind her.

ALICE

Jack and Marcie are gonna be drenched.

BILL
Not if they're where I think they
are.

ALICE laughs.

ALICE
I'm not always this stupid.

She turned back into the cabin.

CUT TO:

INT. BOY'S CABIN - NIGHT

TIGHT on JACK and MARCIE as they make love under a camp blanket. Their breathing and noises are heard just above the sounds of the rain outside.

The CAMERA becomes interested in a droplet which appear to have leaked from the ceiling, hit the vertical member of the bed and dribbled down. As the bed shakes with its love-making, the CAMERA PANS up the bunk's strut to trace the droplet's course.

As the CAMERA PANS UPWARD, it pulls back slightly and we see NED lying in the upper bunk. In a flash of lightning we realize he is dead: his throat has been slashed.

ANOTHER ANGLE: JACK and MARCIE lie completely still beneath their blanket. The CAMERA PANS along their quiet bodies. MARCIE's face is contented. JACK is ready to doze off.

MARCIE
Mmmmmmmph?

JACK
Mmmmmmmph.

MARCIE
Best over...

JACK
Umhummmmph.

MARCIE

Like waves. It's never been likes waves before.

JACK

Whassamatta?

MARCIE

Gotta pee. You're lying on my bladder.

She rolls over and grabs her underpants and t-shirt. While still on the bottom bunk, she puts herself into her limited clothing. JACK gives her room.

MARCIE

(dressing)

I know this ain't very romantic, but what can I say? I don't want to explode.

She grabs a flashlight, scoots to the door and is gone.

JACK lies back and puts his hands under his hand.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAMP GROUNDS - NIGHT

MARCIE runs across the now-wet central area towards the bathroom facility. She tries to skip between the raindrops, but she knows she'll get a drenching.

CUT TO:

INT. BOY'S CABIN - NIGHT

JACK rolls to his side, picks up a small hand-rolled cigarette and lights it. He inhales deeply, rolls on his back. Something overhead catches his eye.

Across the way from the row of toilet stalls is a row of shower stalls, and further down is a row of several sinks and mirrors. We hear the toilet flush.

We CUT INSIDE the toilet booth as MARCIE stands reading the graffiti to herself. We can only see her from the chest up.

MARCIE

(reading)

"Forty yards to the outhouse by Willie Makit." "The Yellow Stream by I.P. Daley." Not the most original stuff, kids.

There is a noise outside the stall.

MARCIE

(continuing)

Jack?

She hears no response and assumes that her imagination is playing tricks with her. MARCIE picks up the flashlight and exits the stall.

MARCIE crosses to the row of sinks, stops, puts the flashlight down and turns on the water faucet. There is no water.

CUT TO:

PROWLER'S POV: of MARCIE.

From the end of the row of showers, we watch MARCIE bend under the sink and turn on one of the spigots. Water rushes into the sink.

MCU MARCIE: She rinses her hands, shakes them dry and turns off the water. Again she hears a noise. She looks to the row of showers and smiles.

MARCIE

Jack?

The screen door to the shower room is swinging open and shut.

MARCIE looks over, smiles. She thinks someone is trying to scare her.

MARCIE

(continuing)

Jack? Neddy? Don't put me on.

There is a dripping sound. MARCIE stops at the first shower, hesitates.

Throws back the first curtain. There is no one there. She reaches in and makes sure the spigot is really off.

She goes to the second shower, looks over her shoulder to the empty toilet. Then reaches in to the shower curtain.

MARCIE
(continuing)
Allee allee infree!

She throws back the curtain. Again no one is there.

She breathes a sigh of disappointment.

MARCIE
(continuing)
Must be my imagination.

In CU she turns back toward the sink area when suddenly the TRACK explodes with a MUSICAL STINGER. It happens in a flash. A shape lunges from the toilet booth across from the first shower. A hatchet glints. MARCIE screams. The hatchet strikes. The flashlight clatters to the floor.

CUT TO:

EXT. DINER - NIGHT

The sound of a cash register ringing up a sale hangs over an establishing shot of the diner. Through the window, which are being pelted with rain, we can see a WAITRESS and some CUSTOMERS seated on stools at the counter.

CUT TO:

INT. DINER - NIGHT

The WAITRESS is different from the morning woman, slightly older, but still attractive. She says good night to her CUSTOMER, who finishes paying his bill and crosses down the

counter. Seated there is STEVE CHRISTY, finishing his cup of coffee. The waitress, SANDY, picks up his empty pie plate and tosses it in a pan of other dirty dishes.

SANDY

Anything else you want?

STEVE

No, thanks. I'm fine. Sandy.

SANDY

You can't go back there tonight. Not in that stuff. 'Less you wanta get drowned.

STEVE

(drinking quickly)

I got to.

SANDY

Aw.

SANDY likes STEVE and enjoys flirting with him.

STEVE

I have six new counsellor up there. They're all babes in the woods in every sense of the word.

SANDY

They'll be okay if they know enough to stay in outta the rain.

STEVE

How much do I owe you?

SANDY

One night on the town.

STEVE

I mean...

SANDY

...I know what you mean. Two and a quarter. Plus fifteen percent tip to

make up for me spending the night
alone.

STEVE pays up and walks to the cash register.

SANDY
(continuing)
You got a roof for that Jeep?

She rings up the money. Gives him his change. He hands her a
tip.

STEVE
Yeah. I got it on before this –
(indicates the storm
outside)
– all started.

SANDY
That's thirty percent.

STEVE
For two lonely nights.

She smiles and is really kind of pretty underneath all that
extra makeup.

SANDY
Drive careful and don't drown your
dumb self.

STEVE smiles and leaves. She watches, then counts her changes
and sticks it her pocket with the rest of her tips for the
day.

CUT TO:

EXT. DINER - NIGHT

The rain continues as STEVE exits the diner, gets in his
Jeep and starts it up. He roars off through a big puddle,
splashing water towards the CAMERA. The Jeep pulls a small
equipment trailer.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The Jeep plows through the rain, leaving the town lights behind. A sign off to the side reads:

CRYSTAL LAKE
45 Mi.

CUT TO:

EXT. MAIN CABIN - NIGHT

PROWLER'S POV: From outside the cabin, we can see some activity in the big meeting room. The CAMERA moves slightly from left to right as the shot is established. Then an unseen hand releases a branch which partially blocks the shot.

CUT TO:

INT. BIG MEETING ROOM - NIGHT

ALICE enters from the kitchen, carrying two cups of coffee. She hands one to BRENDA, who is curled up on the couch in front of the fire. BILL stands to the left of the hearth, picks up a couple of pieces of dry woods and puts them on to burn.

BRENDA

You think they fell asleep?

BILL

Anything's possible. My parents taught me to leave sleeping lovers alone.

ALICE

It wouldn't matter except Steve should be getting back pretty soon. It wouldn't look so great if he fell over them.

BILL

Good point.

ALICE

Well, it hasn't been that long.

BRENDA smiles.

BRENDA
Long enough for me.

They laugh.

ALICE
I think we should go wake them up.
Just in case.

BRENDA
Give them a little while longer.
It's still early, anyway.

ALICE
I guess...

CUT TO:

EXT. RURAL ROAD - NIGHT

The rain is very heavy. Steve's Jeep drives past the CAMERA.
The tires squish in the muddy roadway.

CUT TO:

INT. STEVE'S JEEP - NIGHT

Lighted by dash panel, STEVE tries to concentrate on seeing the road. He leans forward, rubs a cloth on the windshield to get rid of the condensation.

From his POV we watch the windshield wipers struggle to stay ahead of the rain. Beyond them the headlights make a slight dent in the night.

In the BG we hear a country station on the radio, but it is bringing in more static than music, owing to the electrical storm.

STEVE's hand reaches in and shuts off the radio.

CUT TO:

INT. BIG MEETING ROOM - NIGHT

ALICE has finished her coffee. BILL enters, shakes the rain off his poncho and stamps his feet.

BILL

Got to it just in time. The generator was running on fumes. I filled it up. That should keep it humming until Steve gets back.

BRENDA gets up.

BRENDA

Good night, Alice.

ALICE

Good night, Brenda.

BRENDA takes her lantern, and, throwing the slicker over her head like a portable tent, she races off into the night.

ALICE watches her go. A glimmer of lightning outlines her as she heads off.

BILL walks back into the big room, followed by ALICE.

BILL

Help you clean up?

ALICE

Absolutely.

She walks with him as he carries the tray of empty coffee cups into the kitchen.

CUT TO:

INT. CAMP BATHROOM - NIGHT

The door opens and BRENDA comes in with her lantern and slicker. Her actions are direct and business-like.

BRENDA goes first to the row of sinks and looked at herself in the mirror, holding up a propane Coleman lantern like an examination lamp. She takes out a toothbrush and some other toilet articles.

She flips on both faucets and nothing comes out. She put her lantern down on the floor and turns on the water valves. She stands up, and washes her hands and face.

She turns off the faucets and now we hear the dripping sound that Marcie had heard. BRENDA looks off at the shower stalls, shrugs, picks up her lantern and makes her exit.

CUT TO:

EXT. RURAL ROAD - NIGHT

STEVE's Jeep coughs, sputters, stalls. OVER we can hear him trying to re-start his dead engine. R-r-r-r...

CUT TO:

INT. STEVE'S JEEP - NIGHT

STEVE angrily steps on the gas again and hits the starter. R-r-r-rrr... nothing...

He looks up to see headlights coming at him in his rear view mirror.

STEVE, wearing a yellow slicker, gets out of the Jeep to try to flag down the oncoming car.

CUT TO:

EXT. RURAL ROAD - NIGHT

STEVE smiles to see that the oncoming car is the local police car, driven by a middle-aged cop named TIERNEY. TIERNEY has the window down already.

TIERNEY

I told you not to buy that hunk of junk!

STEVE

I think water got into the electrical system. You ride me back to camp? I'll get one of my counselors to drive me back tomorrow morning.

TIERNEY

Why not?

STEVE is around the car and hopping in almost before TIERNEY can answer.

TIERNEY

(continuing)

"To serve and protect" don't mean to chauffeur.

He puts the car in gear and roars into the night.

CUT TO:

INT. GIRL'S CABIN/COUNSELLOR'S SECTION - NIGHT

Under a single hanging lightbulb, BRENDA finishes writing at a small table.

The weather howls outside. There's a tapping sound. BRENDA looks up. Listens, yawns, then gets up and starts to take off her clothes.

CUT TO:

EXT. GIRL'S CABIN - NIGHT

Through her window we can see BRENDA changing into her soft yellow pajamas.

CUT TO:

INT. GIRL'S CABIN - NIGHT

The tapping returns.

BRENDA

That could drive a person bug-city.

The SOUND is apparently coming from the front of the cabin; perhaps she can fix it without getting too wet.

BRENDA grabs her slicker and heads out.

The CAMERA FOLLOWS BRENDA through the darkened cabin to the front door.

CUT TO:

EXT. GIRL'S CABIN - NIGHT

There is a small roof overhang like a porch, affording some protection from the wind and wet.

ANOTHER ANGLE, CLOSER: as BRENDA hears the tapping sound closer by. She looks and sees.

WE SEE WHAT SHE SEES: somebody has tied a kitchen knife to a string and left it dangling from the eaves. The wind blows, making the knife tap against the building.

BRENDA

Neddy? Cut the screwing around, Neddy!

She grabs the knife, breaking the string.

BRENDA

(continuing)

This isn't even half funny.

Angry, BRENDA turns and goes back inside the cabin.

CUT TO:

INT. GIRL'S CABIN - NIGHT

BRENDA comes in shaking off her slicker, carrying the knife.

BRENDA

Christ, what a jerk.

The single bulb goes out.

BRENDA
(continuing)
Great. Now what?

BRENDA crosses to the table, puts down her knife and strikes a match. She fires up the propane lantern.

BRENDA
(continuing)
Looks like I turn in early.

She moves the lamp and gets ready to climb into her bed. She reaches down and takes the coverlet and tugs it clear, revealing something that has been left there.

REACTION SHOT: Fear spreads across her face.

REVERSE POV: WE SEE WHAT SHE SEES: A camp hatchet lies across her pillow. The shiny blade is marked with blood.

BRENDA turns and runs from her room.

CUT TO:

EXT. PATHWAY/CAMP - NIGHT

BRENDA runs through the rain, her flimsy pajamas drenched. Her bare feet slip in the mud. She heads for a small rise that leads to the softball field.

CUT TO:

EXT. SOFTBALL FIELD - NIGHT

WIDE SHOT of BRENDA running across the softball diamond.

CUT TO:

EXT. ELECTRICAL JUNCTION BOX - NIGHT

CLOSE UP: a hand reaches in and slams on a circuit breaker.

CUT TO:

EXT. SOFTBALL FIELD - NIGHT

CLOSE UP: Two large spot lights on a telephone pole light up.

CUT TO:

EXT. SOFTBALL FIELD - NIGHT

The softball field is now lit. BRENDA is confused. She looks off behind the backstop. Then to center field. Confused, she runs out of the light into the darkness and underbrush behind third base. The CAMERA slowly zooms in on the darkness where BRENDA exited. We hold on that spot for several seconds. Finally the silence is broken by a terrified scream. Then another.

CUT TO:

INT. BIG MEETING ROOM - NIGHT

ALICE is at one of the windows.

ALICE

I don't hear it anymore.

BILL

Can't hear anything through that wind and rain.

ALICE

It sounded like Brenda.

BILL

I'll go take a look.

ALICE

Did somebody leave the lights on at the softball field?

We are looking over at her shoulder. The distant glimmer suddenly goes dark. BILL joins her and looks.

BILL

Where?

ALICE
They're off now.

BILL heads for the door.

BILL
I'll go check on Brenda.

ALICE
Okay.

ALICE turns. BILL is halfway out the door.

ALICE
(continuing)
I'll go with you.

BILL shrugs.

BILL
If it'll make you feel better.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE CAR - NIGHT

The rain continues as they drive along.

TIERNEY
Bad enough we got a full moon; it's
Friday the 13th. They keep statistics.
We get more accidents, more robberies,
more rapes, more homicides, more of
everything when there's a full moon.
It affects people. Makes 'em nuts.

STEVE
You've made a science out of
coincidence.

The police radio, which has been on "squelch," comes on.

DISPATCHER #1 (V.O.)
(filtered)
Sgt. Tierney, Report.

DISPATCHER #2 (V.O.)
(filtered)
Need a clear frequency...

DISPATCHER #1 (V.O.)
(filtered)
Sgt. Tierney, car niner.

TIERNEY takes the mike.

TIERNEY
This is Tierney.

DISPATCHER #2 (V.O.)
(filtered)
Rescue squad with jaws of life...
near mile marker 17... possible
fatals... three, maybe more... head
on... at least one trapped...

DISPATCHER #1 (V.O.)
(filtered)
Sgt. Tierney, there's a bad accident.
One fatality known, several possibles
near mile marker 17 on the Interstate.
Bus, tractor trailer. Over.

TIERNEY
Roger. Acknowledge receipt. Estimate
arrival time fifteen minutes. How
copy?

TIERNEY has jammed on his brakes and swung the car around.

DISPATCHER #1 (V.O.)
(filtered)
100%. I'll tell 'em you'll be there
in fifteen minutes. Out.

TIERNEY bangs the mike down on the holder. He stops the car.

TIERNEY
Have to drop you here, Steve.

STEVE

Sure.

STEVE gets out quickly.

STEVE

(continuing)

Good luck.

TIERNEY

Another coincidence.

STEVE

Yeah.

CUT TO:

EXT. RURAL ROAD - NIGHT

STEVE turns as the cop's car door slams. TIERNEY peels out on the wet road.

CU as STEVE watches the lights grow dim in the distance.

ANOTHER ANGLE: as STEVE turns and jogs the other way. Low thunder rolls in the distance.

CUT TO:

EXT. GIRL'S CABIN - NIGHT

BILL and ALICE have made their way to BRENDA's cabin. From the outside they can see the Coleman lantern burning on the table within.

ALICE

Brenda? Brenda? You there?

There is no response. The CAMERA stays in a MCU of ALICE as she and BILL cross up the stairs and into the cabin.

CUT TO:

INT. GIRL'S CABIN - NIGHT

The SHOT continues on ALICE as she looks about the empty cabin. Finally she stops, looking down. The CAMERA continues to hold on her face.

ALICE

Bill.

BILL crosses over to ALICE. They are both looking down, past the CAMERA LENS.

ANOTHER ANGLE: WE SEE WHAT THEY SEE: the bloody hatchet left on Brenda's pillow.

ANGLE on BILL and ALICE: (as before). Their faces are serious.

ALICE

(continuing)

What the fuck is going on here?

CUT TO:

EXT. JACK'S CABIN - NIGHT

The rain slants down as BILL and ALICE make their way towards Jack's cabin. They go to the door. BILL knocks.

BILL

Jack?

ALICE

Marcie?

BILL

Hey, guys!

BILL opens the door to the cabin.

CUT TO:

INT. JACK'S CABIN - NIGHT

The door opens at us. We see the silhouetted figures of BILL and ALICE. BILL flips on the light switch.

The cabin is empty. Jack's backpack lies on the bed, the

contents neatly laid out.

CUT TO:

INT. CAMP BATHROOM - NIGHT

It is dark inside. The door slams open at us as BILL and ALICE make their way inside.

ALICE

Marcie? Brenda? Jack?

BILL walks slowly towards the row of toilets and showers.

ALICE

(continuing)

I think we should call the police,
Bill.

BILL, who was just about to open one of the toilet stalls, nods and turns back to ALICE.

BILL

Okay.

They exit. There is a beat... and then a slickered shape passes between us and the night sky light which comes through the windows. The shape is dragging something.

CUT TO:

EXT. OFFICE CABIN - NIGHT

ALICE and BILL are on the porch of one of the cabins. To the left of the door is a small sign that reads: "Office." BILL tries the door, but cannot open it.

BILL

Sucker's locked. Who's got the key?

ALICE ignores the question, bends down beside the cabin and comes up with a short 2x4. She crosses to the door and smashes through one of the window panes. She puts her arm through the broken glass, unlocks the door and enters. BILL follows.

The CAMERA continues to watch them from outside the cabin. They turn on a light and cross to a phone on Steve Christy's desk. BILL picks up the receiver, listens, clicks the switch on the desk set several times.

BILL
(continuing)
It's dead. Try the pay phone.

ALICE
Do you have a dime? A quarter?

BILL
No. There must be some in the desk
somewhere.

They fumble through the desk to find some change. BILL finds some in the postage drawer. He then crosses over to a pay phone mounted on the wall. The CAMERA moves to the cornice of the building where the phone line exits. It follows the link up the side of the cabin to the junction where the power and phone lines come in from the pole. Here we see a dangling phone cable which has been recently cut.

OVER, we hear the sound of a quarter dropping in the dead telephone.

ALICE (V.O.)
Hello? Hello? This damn thing's dead,
too.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

BILL and ALICE comes out into the rain, heading for the camper van. They hop in.

CUT TO:

EXT. VAN/PARKING LOT - NIGHT

BILL slides behind the wheel. The keys are in the ignition.
ALICE hops in on the passenger side.

BILL turns over the engine. It grinds away but does not catch.

From an ANGLE behind the outside mirror, we hear the engine fail to catch. We look in the mirror and see someone standing in the distance, watching.

BILL gets out of the driver's side. Slams the door. The CAMERA TRUCKS with him as he opens the door to the engine. ALICE joins him as he shines his light on the engine.

ALICE

What's the matter with it?

BILL

Wet. I don't know.

He tries a few more times.

ALICE

Why don't we run? Just run now?

BILL

It's over twenty miles to the crossroads. Steve'll be back in an hour. Things will straighten out then. We'll take his Jeep and get help.

He goes to her and cradles her face in his hands.

BILL

(continuing)

Don't worry. There is probably some really stupid explanation for all this. When the sun comes up tomorrow, you'll smile.

(pause)

Promise.

ALICE nods.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAMP ENTRANCE - NIGHT

In the FG we see a camp sign. In the BG we see a figure running towards us.

The figure reaches our vantage point and is revealed as STEVE CHRISTY. Just as he's about to make the turn into the driveway, he looks up and smiles. He stops and catches his breath as the other person catches him in the light of a flashlight.

STEVE

Hi. What are you doing out in this mess?

He shields his eyes from the light.

CUT TO:

EXT. LAKE - NIGHT

From across the lake, the lights from the camp twinkle through the rain drops.

CUT TO:

EXT. GENERATOR SHED - NIGHT

The CAMERA as PROWLER moves to the shed. The noise of the generator grows louder as the door is opened.

CUT TO:

INT. BIG MEETING ROOM - NIGHT

BILL sits on the chair, a rifle across his lap. In the BG, ALICE sits on the couch, dozing. On the coffee table in front of her is a large machete.

BILL's eyes are closing. He jerks himself awake, then starts to doze again.

The bulb overhead grows yellow, orange, and then goes out.

BILL snaps awake. He grabs a flashlight by his feet and flicks it on.

BILL

Oh, shit...

He goes to the ping-pong table where he has placed some lanterns. He fires up a Coleman and places it on the pong table.

BILL checks on ALICE, makes sure she's asleep, then exits, carrying his rifle and a battery-operated fluorescent lamp.

HOLD on ALICE's peaceful face as she slumbers.

CUT TO:

EXT. GENERATOR SHED - NIGHT

The rain has lessened a bit. BILL approaches the shed with his fluorescent lamp and rifle. He has the rifle at the ready.

CU on his hand on the door handle. He pulls it open.

CUT TO:

INT. GENERATOR SHED - NIGHT

The generator stands there quietly. BILL comes into view, spraying the interior with lamplight.

In the FG a broken sparkplug which BILL does not see immediately. It has been smashed by the blow of a hammer.

BILL goes to the gas tank and unscrews the top. He looks in – there is enough gas. He puts the cap back on.

Then his eye catches something. He looks at the broken plug. He shakes his head and looks around for a wrench to fix it. He puts the rifle down on the floor of the shed.

CUT TO:

INT. BIG MEETING ROOM - NIGHT

ALICE sits up into the CAMERA, startled and afraid.

ALICE

Bill?!

She gets her bearings and looks around. Stands up. She looks at the bulb overhead. Pulls its string. No light.

She sees the lanterns which have been placed around.

ALICE
(continuing)
The generator...

Now that she has figured out where Bill must be, she relaxes a little. Smiles. She goes to the mantelpiece, takes the lantern, and walks into the kitchen.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

ALICE puts down the lamp and goes about filling a big old tea kettle with water. She puts it on the stove and pops on a burner and prepares two cups of instant coffee.

Impatient and curious, she walks to the front door of the cabin and looks out.

ALICE
Bill? Bill?

The calm which she had grasped a few moments before is beginning to desert her.

CUT TO:

INSERT: Whistling tea kettle on the kitchen stove.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

ALICE takes the kettle off the flame.

The whistling stops abruptly. ALICE pours water into the two cups. She stirs the coffee.

Unable to contain her impatience any longer, ALICE picks up her lantern, grabs a slicker, and heads out the door.

CUT TO:

EXT. MAIN CABIN AREA - NIGHT

ALICE walks very quickly around the side of the cabin, headed for the generator shed.

ALICE
Bill!

CUT TO:

EXT. GENERATOR SHED - NIGHT

The door to the shed is closed. ALICE looks around and then puts a hand on the handle. In CU we see the hand pull. The door doesn't budge.

REACTION SHOT: ALICE decides to pull harder.

She puts down her lamp and uses both hands and tugs. She pulls until she finally wrenches the door open. The lamp casts long shadows upwards.

The generator sits silent.

ALICE leans into the shed to look.

The CAMERA TRACKS very slowly around behind her so that we can see behind the right-hand corner of the building. As we clear the edge, we see something hanging from a rope which runs down from a branch above.

The something turns slowly in the wind. It is BILL – dead – in a travesty of the martyrdom of St. Sebastian, shot with arrows.

ALICE comes out of the shed, distraught.

ALICE
Bill?

She closes the door, and turns in the direction of the body.

REACTION SHOT: ALICE. She is riveted with horror, unable to move or turn or run. The SOUNDTRACK screams with the THEME, the insistent STINGER, a shriek and a thunderclap.

ALICE finally gives voice to her terror – again and again. She turns, leaving the lantern, and runs back towards the main cabin.

ALICE
(continuing)
Help! Help!

CUT TO:

INT. MAIN CABIN - NIGHT

ALICE bursts through the front door into CAMERA.

ALICE
Jack! Marcie! Help me!

CUT TO:

INT. BIG MEETING ROOM - NIGHT

ALICE races to the coffee table, looking for BILL's machete. It is not there.

ALICE
The knife!

She gets down on her hands and knees to look for it.

LOW ANGLE: as she scrabbles on all fours. Nothing under the couch.

ALICE gets back up and rushes to the ping-pong table to get the lamp.

Just as she reaches the table – which is more or less against a window – a figure swings, pendulum-like, into the glass, shattering the pane in the window opposite ALICE.

It is BRENDA, long-since dead, dripping wet, white-faced.

ALICE sees her, turns and runs as fast as she can for the front door.

ALICE flings open the wooden door and runs into a rain-suited figure.

ALICE screams. The figure holds ALICE in a strong grasp.

When ALICE focuses, she sees a kindly woman in her early forties. She is strong, fairly tall, and very nice-looking. This is MRS. VOORHEES. She wants ALICE to stop shrieking long enough to tell her what the matter is. ALICE sobs incoherently, pointing back to the rear window.

MRS. VOORHEES

There now, my dear. Please. I can't help you if you can't talk to me. There, there now...

ALICE allows the woman to lead her back into the room.

MRS. VOORHEES leads ALICE to the couch. In the BG we can see the broken window, but BRENDA is not visible.

ALICE

He's dead... She's dead... all dead... Please save me... oh... poor Bill... Oh my God, oh my God... oh God...

MRS. VOORHEES

It will be all right. I'll take care of you.

ALICE

Jack? Marcie? Ned?

MRS. VOORHEES comforts her with a strong arm.

MRS. VOORHEES

It's just this place. The storm. That's why you're all upset.

ALICE

No, no, they're all dead...

ALICE points over her shoulder towards the ping-pong table without looking.

MRS. VOORHEES looks, shrugs.

MRS. VOORHEES
I'll go look.

ALICE's face registers the new terror.

ALICE
They'll kill you! Don't leave me!

MRS. VOORHEES smiles warmly.

MRS. VOORHEES
I'm not afraid.

ALICE waits by the couch as MRS. VOORHEES crosses the room to the back window.

ALICE
All dead? Neddy? Oh, Marcie...

ALICE stands close to the fireplace.

MRS. VOORHEES reaches the window and looks out. BRENDA's body sways just out of reach. MRS. VOORHEES is shocked.

MRS. VOORHEES
Oh, my lord...

MRS. VOORHEES turns back and, as she passes the ping-pong table, she picks up the lantern.

ALICE waits at the fireplace.

MRS. VOORHEES
(continuing)
So young, so pretty. What monster could have done such a thing?

ALICE

Bill – Bill – Bill is out there...

She lets MRS. VOORHEES take her in her arms.

MRS. VOORHEES
We shall go straight to the police.

ALICE backs up.

ALICE
The killer is still out there.

MRS. VOORHEES
I will protect you.

MRS. VOORHEES looks around the room.

MRS. VOORHEES
(continuing)
Oh, this place... It should never
have been a camp. Not for children.
They had so much trouble here.

The fire glimmers slightly in the fireplace. A log burns
through and rolls off, throwing up a small shower of sparks.

MRS. VOORHEES
(continuing)
Camp Blood.

MRS. VOORHEES has almost completely calmed the girl down.
Strokes her soft hair.

MRS. VOORHEES
(continuing)
You know a boy drowned the year before
those two others were killed? An
accident? It was inadequate
supervision. The counselors were not
paying enough attention... They were
making love when that boy drowned.

ALICE looks up as the WOMAN strokes her hair.

ANOTHER ANGLE: MCU as the OLDER WOMAN's hand strokes the

YOUNGER WOMAN's hair. The hand is missing its little finger!

The THEME enters upon the TRACK in a lyrical, child-like version, echoing back to another era, pretty and light.

MRS. VOORHEES

(continuing)

We should go now.

ALICE

Maybe we should wait for Mr. Christy.

MRS. VOORHEES shakes her head gently.

MRS. VOORHEES

No. That won't be necessary.

As she speaks, MRS. VOORHEES reaches into her slicker in a surreptitious manner and very slowly slips out a long hunting knife.

ALICE

I don't understand.

MIXED on the TRACK, filtered, echoed and distant, is the SOUND of a ten year old boy, JASON, crying for help in a fantasy version of what might have happened when he drowned in 1957.

JASON (V.O.)

(filtered)

Help me, mommy... save me... please,
mommy... please, mommy... help me,
mommy... save me....

MRS. VOORHEES

(cocking her hand to
listen)

I am, Jason. I am.

ALICE

(a little confused)

Why shouldn't we wait for Mr. Christy?

MRS. VOORHEES has gone through some subtle changes. While

her voice remains warm and comforting, her face has started to slip into her other manifestation. All of this is in concert with the visibility of her weapon.

MRS. VOORHEES

It was my son they killed. They said he drowned, but I know it was inadequate supervision...

ALICE starts to become increasingly anxious. She can't see the knife rise behind her.

ALICE

Mr. Christy will be back soon.

MRS. VOORHEES shakes her head from side to side.

MRS. VOORHEES

No, he won't. I killed him as well....

The shock of recognition hits ALICE. In CU her eyes look up and see the knife which MRS. VOORHEES now has poised and ready to strike.

ALICE bolts off the couch and stumbles backwards into the fireplace, scattering ashes and sparks.

MRS. VOORHEES stands and steps forward.

MRS. VOORHEES

(continuing)

I couldn't let them start this camp again, could I?

ALICE, in panic, looks for an escape. She grabs the fireplace poker.

ALICE

I won't let you!

ALICE swings the poker back and forth.

ALICE

(continuing)

No! No! No!

MRS. VOORHEES raises her arm to slash downward with the knife. ALICE swings the poker hard to MRS. VOORHEES' other arm and rib cage.

MRS. VOORHEES is in pain, her face a mask of rage.

ALICE drops the poker to run for the door. MRS. VOORHEES hesitates for a moment, then follows ALICE deliberately.

Lightning goes off followed quickly by thunder.

CUT TO:

EXT. MAIN CABIN/TREE - NIGHT

ALICE gets to the door and stops. She fiddles with the side of the screen... somebody has latched it.

CLOSER on ALICE, taking one look over her shoulder, kicks at the door, snapping the latch.

ANOTHER ANGLE: as ALICE runs out into the rain, the mud, the thunder and the lightning. The THEME is going full-tilt as ALICE makes a quick turn to run towards the road.

TWO-SHOT: as ALICE bumps into an object which swings from above. A slice of lightning reveals it to be the dead body of STEVE CHRISTY hanging from the tree. A rope is looped under his arms, his head is down on his chest, and a long blade protrudes from his heart.

REACTION SHOT: ALICE in terror.

ANOTHER ANGLE: ALICE runs and suddenly bumps into another pair of legs which swing from the same big tree.

STROBE SHOT: of JACK, dead.

ANOTHER ANGLE: ALICE runs for the Arts & Crafts. In the BG we see can the yellow-slickered MRS. VOORHEES closing the distance between herself and ALICE.

CUT TO:

EXT. ARTS & CRAFTS CABIN - NIGHT

ALICE runs for the door, slams through it.

The CAMERA waits for MRS. VOORHEES, but she does not appear.

CUT TO:

EXT. GENERATOR SHACK - NIGHT

MRS. VOORHEES runs to the door and opens it quickly.

CUT TO:

INT. ARTS & CRAFTS CABIN - NIGHT

ALICE is hiding in the shadows behind a table. We hear the SOUNDS of the generator starting outside and suddenly three bright overhead lights come on.

ALICE looks across the room to the light switch, afraid to reveal her hiding place.

She looks for an escape. There's a window. She starts for it, then stops and turns and dives under an arts & crafts table.

ANOTHER ANGLE: MRS. VOORHEES opens the door and walks in a few feet.

She carries a machete in her hand. We see this instrument in CU as we hear OVER the sound of her son, JASON, calling to her.

JASON (V.O.)

Help, mommy, I'm drowning! Oh, mommy,
please....

The CAMERA PANS UP to her face and we see that the voice of JASON is coming from within her in LIP SYNC. She is both characters – though the child's voice is authentically dubbed.

ALICE can just make out what is happening and can hear the VOICE OF JASON.

ALICE is very still. Her eyes widen as she listens to MRS. VOORHEES rave.

JASON (LIPSYNC)

Don't let me die, mommy... I can't breathe... Help me, breathe...

MRS. VOORHEES is having trouble catching her own breath. She strokes her throat with her free hand and the voice of the child stops.

MRS. VOORHEES

(in her own voice)

I can't let them kill any more children. Come out now.

She wades through table after table, pushing them out of her way with the strength she has demonstrated throughout as the PROWLER.

When MRS. VOORHEES is too quick for her, shoving a table across her path like a barred door. Before ALICE can think twice, MRS. VOORHEES has shoved a second table in behind her so that now ALICE is sandwiched between them. She can duck down or climb over or come out the only open end – the end where MRS. VOORHEES is standing.

ALICE looks behind her and sees a shelf. On the shelf is a box.

MRS. VOORHEES is coming down the aisle between the two tables. Her machete is coming up in an attack.

ALICE reaches into the box in CU and pulls out a handful of leather-working tools. She hurls them at MRS. VOORHEES as hard as she can.

MRS. VOORHEES has to put her arms up to ward off the spinning knives. One cuts her under the eye and she lets out a low animal bellow.

ALICE leaps up, climbs over the table and runs for the door.

MRS. VOORHEES shoves the tables over and hurries after her.

ALICE gets to the door, shuts off the light switch and runs out.

We can hear JASON'S VOICE.

JASON (V.O.)
Kill her, mommy! Kill her!

CUT TO:

EXT. CAMP GROUNDS/EQUIP. SHED - NIGHT

The central area is bathed in light. The rain has stopped. MRS. VOORHEES has turned on all the flood-lights.

ALICE runs to the corner of one of the cabins. She stops to look back. MRS. VOORHEES is gaining on her.

ALICE runs to the equipment shed.

ANOTHER ANGLE: The door is thrown back. ALICE goes in. Looks for a weapon. Nothing is available. ALICE sobs with fear. She runs.

MRS. VOORHEES passes the equipment shed.

CUT TO:

EXT. RIFLE RANGE SHACK - NIGHT

A single bulb outside the building shows ALICE as she bursts through the door.

CUT TO:

INT. RIFLE RANGE SHACK - NIGHT

It is a small cabin. On the walls are five .22 calibre rifles.

ALICE runs into the dimly lit cabin and takes one of the rifles from the wall.

She rummages in a drawer. It's empty. She tries another. Empty.

ALICE
Where are the goddamned bullets?

The next drawer has a lock and hasp on it.

ALICE looks around.

CUT TO:

EXT. RIFLE RANGE SHACK - NIGHT

MRS. VOORHEES is on her way, charging through the night.

CUT TO:

INT. RIFLE RANGE SHACK - NIGHT

ANGLE ON ALICE: She whacks the hasp with the butt of the rifle. The hasp doesn't give. She gives it another butt stroke. It won't give. A shadow covers ALICE's back. She turns.

ANOTHER ANGLE: MRS. VOORHEES is standing in the doorway, blocking the light. Still carrying the machete, MRS. VOORHEES steps slowly toward ALICE.

ALICE, with an almost useless .22 in her hands, does the only thing she can. She takes the weapon by the barrel and, swinging it like a baseball bat, whacks MRS. VOORHEES on the arm/shoulder, knocking the killer off balance and into the wall.

MRS. VOORHEES slams through a flimsy table, crushing it, and drops to the floor.

ALICE runs out the door.

CUT TO:

EXT. MAIN CABIN FRONT - NIGHT

ALICE huffs past the dead camper van, through the mud to the front door of the main cabin. She runs in quickly. There is no sign of MRS. VOORHEES. She turns off the lights and runs

into the kitchen.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN AREA - NIGHT

ALICE looks from side to side, hoping to find a place to hide. She spots the half-open door to the larder, looks inside and then hides there, closing the door behind her.

CUT TO:

INT. LARDER - NIGHT

There is some light that comes through the cracks and crevices. ALICE's hands fasten onto the inside lock – the dead bolt type which requires a key to unlock it from the other side.

ALICE relaxes a little bit now that she is locked inside.

As soon as she relaxes, we hear the front screen door slam. Then we hear some shuffling around outside. The lights are turned on.

JASON (V.O.)

Please kill her, mommy... Help me,
please. Kill her, mommy.

There is the sound of pots being rustled through. Then the sound of another door being slammed.

ALICE relaxes again.

Then there is a silence. ALICE thinks about unlocking the door now. She reaches out for the lock. Then thinks better of the idea.

She cases down the door frame to the floor. On all sides are the cans of food and cooking implements. There is a large skillet, some bags of flour, etc.

ALICE covers her head with her arms. The doorknob above her head (a few inches away) turns very slowly. We see it, but she does not. MRS. VOORHEES' hand finishes turning and now

starts to push gently. There is almost no give, but we see that the door is being tested.

The voice on the other side is very young, very sing-song.

JASON (O.S.)

Come out, come out, wherever you
are...

ALICE jerks back and stands up on the far side of the small room.

Fists bang in a rage on the floor.

ALICE

Please...

ALICE folds her hands at the side of her face.

The fist-banging gives way to a short silence.

The silence is interrupted by a new sound: MRS. VOORHEES has begun to use her machete to chop away at the outside of the door to the larder.

REACTION SHOT: ALICE... oh, my God...

At first we see nothing on our side. Then, gradually, we see little slivers of lights admitted by the blade's chops. ALICE's eyes race around the larder to try to find a weapon, a defense, anything...

Larger holes are now made. MRS. VOORHEES stops just long enough to take a peck inside. We can see her eye at the largest hole. She goes back to whacking away at the door. The hole is near the lock. It is soon big enough for MRS. VOORHEES to reach inside with her hand and turn the ratchet.

ALICE realizes she must defend herself. She reaches down and picks up a heavy skillet and, as the door opens, ALICE raises her weapon and, screaming, charges the woman who is trying to come through the entrance.

MRS. VOORHEES chops down with the machete. ALICE fends off the blow with the skillet that she holds with both hands

above her head. As the machete blade bounces off the skillet, ALICE is able to swing the skillet downward and hit MRS. VOORHEES with a solid blow on top of her head. MRS. VOORHEES sprawls sideways across the table and then collapses in a heap on the floor.

ALICE raises the skillet again to strike. She crosses carefully to MRS. VOORHEES and pushes her gently with her foot, the way she might poke a dead animal in the roadway.

ANOTHER ANGLE: MRS. VOORHEES lies totally inert. There is a small puddle of blood under her head.

ANGLE ON ALICE: She relaxes, puts down her weapon and crosses slowly out of the room.

CUT TO:

EXT. LAKE - NIGHT

The moon comes out from behind a cloud. ALICE pushes a canoe into the water and paddles, as rapidly as her tired body will permit, out in the lake to safety.

CUT TO:

EXT. LAKE - NIGHT

Exhausted, ALICE puts her paddle across her lap and falls forward, slumped across a thwart.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAMP - DAWN

The first rays of sunlight streak the sky from beyond the horizon, promising a hot and sunny summer's day. The birds are up, foraging for food.

As the CAMERA scans the peaceful scene, we see the sky reflected in the calm waters of Crystal Lake. The canoe holding ALICE is drifting in big slow circles across the surface of the lake.

CUT TO:

EXT. LAKE - DAWN

ALICE lies, in MCU, in the canoe, sleeping. She has not changed her position since collapsing a few hours before. The water laps gently against the side of the canoe. Very slowly, she wakes. She opens her eyes.

The canoe has drifted into the shade of some enormous tree boughs that overhang the edge of the lake.

They shade ALICE from the bright rays of the sun. The canoe rocks gently. ALICE is still, listening to the sound of the lapping water.

Suddenly there is a blood-curdling scream, a MUSICAL STINGER, and the screen is filled with the flying, whirling form of MRS. VOORHEES, who leaps from the overhanging boughs into the canoe, barely missing ALICE's slumped form!

The canoe immediately overturns and both MRS. VOORHEES and ALICE try to find their footing in the shallow water. MRS. VOORHEES is covered in mud and blood. She sees ALICE struggling to get up and move toward her, brandishing her blood-spattered machete. ALICE turns, sees MRS. VOORHEES coming. ALICE grabs a paddle floating near her. MRS. VOORHEES pushes the canoe to one side, wading through the waist-high water as fast as she can. She screams with rage. Her face goes through a horrifying transformation. From her mouth comes the VOICE OF JASON.

JASON

Mommy! Mommy! Mommy!

ALICE can't move fast enough to get away from MRS. VOORHEES, who is slashing the air with her big knife trying to hit ALICE. ALICE slips, falls in the water, gets her footing back and has to turn and block the blow of the machete with the paddle, using it like a staff to ward off the blow. The machete cuts the paddle nearly in half. MRS. VOORHEES raises the knife for another blow and ALICE lunges for her knees and succeeds in throwing MRS. VOORHEES into the water. The machete flies out of her hand and lands in the water. The two women roll in the water. MRS. VOORHEES is trying to strangle ALICE, her hands stretching to reach around her

throat. They roll over and under the water. We cannot see who is winning.

Suddenly MRS. VOORHEES finds her footing and stands up, looking for ALICE. She is screeching madly.

JASON

(continuing)

Kill her, mommy! Kill her, mommy!

ALICE shoots up out of the water holding the machete, and in one, wild swing, decapitates MRS. VOORHEES, whose head flies off into the water.

The body stands for a minute, then falls heavily into the lake.

ALICE drops the machete into the water and starts to wade to shore.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAMP ROAD/SIGN - MORNING

ALICE walks slowly down the road away from the camp. We hear the sound of a car approaching. Now it comes into view. It is a state vehicle, black and white, with an emblem on the door that says "State Department of Health and Safety". There are two middle-aged bureaucrats inside.

ALICE waves down the car, which pulls up beside her.

1ST INSPECTOR

Good morning, miss.

2ND INSPECTOR

(Leaning across the front seat)

Are you all right, ma'am?

ALICE

Help me.

The CAMERA PANS BACK while the two men get out of their vehicle and come around to help ALICE.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAMP - MORNING

LONG SHOT of the camp with the sun sparkling on the waters of Crystal Lake. The canoe lies half sunken in the shallows. One paddle drifts in the current. The lake has swallowed its secret.

ROLL CREDITS.

THE END