

FRIDAY THE 13th

Written by

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Based on characters created by
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1 EXT. CRYSTAL LAKE - DAY 1 *

Dense trees surround an idyllic lake. Beautiful, silent, and still.

2 EXT. WOODS - DAY 2 *

Five backpackers make their way through the trees. Three guys, two girls. Mid-twenties. Tops.

WADE and AMANDA are out in front.

WADE

I'm serious, you gotta watch out for mountain lions. They're all over the place. But we'll be fine at night... they're afraid of fire.

RICHIE

You're fulla shit.

SLAP! Amanda slaps her perfect tan thigh. The guy trailing her (RICHIE) stares at her backside --

AMANDA

I'm more afraid to be eaten alive by mosquitos...

RICHIE

Slap it again. Daddy like.

Bringing up the rear are MIKE and WHITNEY. Whitney is fidgeting absently with her bracelet. (Note: personalized cancer bracelet. Has words FAITH / HOPE / COURAGE -- and a name: ANNE)

MIKE

Whitney. Where are you right now?

Whitney snaps out of her fugue, smiles at Mike --

WHITNEY

I'm here.

Mike pulls her close, gives her a kiss on the forehead. Wade stops, staring at a handheld GPS RECEIVER. He spins, confused. A fallen tree blocks their path.

RICHIE

Hey. You readin' that thing right?

Wade ignores him, picks a new direction, keeps walking.

Wade steps on something -- hears a dull crack. He moves some brush with his foot, sees an old WOODEN SIGN, broken and moss-covered: Camp Crystal Lake.

WADE

Check it out. Camp Crystal Lake. You ever heard about that?

MIKE

Nope.

AMANDA

I just wanna stop walking.

Richie pulls the GPS from Wade. Stares at it.

RICHIE

We're way the fuck off, dude.

WADE

No we're not. I think we're close.

RICHIE

Think? It's gonna be dark soon.

Wade yanks the GPS back from him, frustrated.

WADE

I can find it. We should be close enough to smell it...

The others look at them like - *'what the hell are they talking about?'* Richie pulls Wade aside, whispers --

*

RICHIE

Lower your fucking voice.

*

Wade nods - *'you're right.'*

RICHIE (CONT'D)

We'll stop for now. Then you and me... we get up at dawn. Find the crop, cut as much as we can, take it back to the truck. Be back in time for breakfast, no one knows a thing.

Whitney tries to overhear, concerned. Mike calls out --

*

MIKE

Guys! We don't need that thing! We got the perfect spot right over there. Already been cleared...

RICHIE

Cool. Yeah, let's camp here.

(whispers to Wade)

You know how much money we're gonna make off this weed, man? Just relax.

WADE

I am relaxed. You need to relax.

3

EXT. WOODS - SUNSET

3

*

The sun is going down. They've got their tents set up. Mike puts the finishing touches on the fire. Whitney is cold, getting close to the flames. Richie is already half-way through a six pack. Wade walks up, excited.

WADE

I was right. There's a few broken-down cabins over there. Must be the old camp. Wanna check it out?

Richie just stares at him, uninterested. BURPS. Mike opens the cooler next to Richie --

MIKE

This is the only kinda beer we brought? No like, Heineken or anything?

RICHIE

Heineken? Fuck that shit! Pabst Blue Ribbon!

Richie laughs. Mike takes one anyway. Wade warms his hands on the fire, ignoring them --

*

WADE

I'm pretty sure they closed it down like twenty years ago. Some woman went nuts, killed a bunch of camp counselors. She blamed them for her son drowning.

*

*

WHITNEY

Really? That's awful.

WADE

Yeah, well... she got hers. There was one survivor, and she cut psycho mom's head off with a machete...

*

Whitney stares at him, the only one interested.

WHITNEY

Are you serious?

Wade nods gravely. Looks around at the dense woods that surround them, painted in a creepy pale blue...

WADE

Her kid was... special. Deformed, or something. They weren't watching him and he drowned. And here's where it gets weird. Jason... Jason Voorhees, that's her son... supposedly, he came back. Actually saw his mother killed.

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Whitney's eyes going wider... Wade's face glowing from the fire flames. Others listening closer now too...

WADE (CONT'D)

They say... he kept her severed head. Jason lives alone in these woods now. Something not quite human. And he punishes anyone who dares come back to the lake... fueled by vengeance for his mother.

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*

They all stare at Wade... and Amanda bursts out LAUGHING.

AMANDA

You are such a child. Lemme guess, we're on an Indian burial ground too, right?

WADE

Hey, can you just play along, Amanda? I'm trying to have a little fun here.

MIKE

So you made that up?

WADE

I heard that in camp when I was a kid. But believe it or not... I'm pretty sure the story goes that it was called Camp Crystal Lake.

(beat)

And Jason. Definitely Jason.

Richie crushes his empty beer can, opens another --

RICHIE

You know how many lakes are probably called "Crystal Lake"? That's why they named it that. So the story could have happened anywhere. That's how they get little kids to shit themselves.

(MORE)

RICHIE (CONT'D)

(to Mike)

How's that treatin' ya, beer snob?

*

MIKE

I prefer it to drinking my own piss.

RICHIE

You can, by the way. That shit's sterile. Those Japanese dudes who were trapped in that mine survived for two weeks drinkin' their own piss...

WHITNEY

That's fascinating, Richie.

(to Mike)

I talk to you for a second?

She motions for Mike to go take a walk with her. Mike gets up, walks off with her. Richie calls after them --

RICHIE

Hey, you do what you gotta do to survive! I say hats off to those Japanese bastards. Kanpai.

*

Richie toasts them, then drinks.

EXT. WOODS - SAME

Whitney and Mike are walking over an old creek bridge. She plays with the BRACELET she wears around her wrist.

*

*

WHITNEY

Listen -- I don't think I'm gonna stay the whole time.

*

MIKE

What, did Wade's story scare you?

WHITNEY

Please. I just feel guilty about leaving my Mom. We're so far away...

*

*

Mike nods, puts an arm around her as they walk. They pass old moss covered totem poles long forgotten --

*

*

MIKE

I totally understand how you feel. But I think we should stay.

WHITNEY

You just don't wanna tell Wade and Richie that we gotta go back early.

MIKE

It's not that at all. I don't give a
shit about those guys, I care about you.

Mike looks deeply in her eyes. He really cares for her.

MIKE (CONT'D)

You deserve some time off. Your Mom's
the one who told me to get you outta
town for a few days...

*

WHITNEY

Really?

MIKE

She's in good hands. There's a nurse
right there. Just take it easy for a
few days, don't think about it,
recharge. Have sex with your boyfriend
in a cramped tent, you know?

*

*

*

Whitney starting to smile. She loves that Mike can
always make her feel better --

MIKE (CONT'D)

Then you go back Monday, and you can
deal with whatever.

(beat)

You're gonna thank me.

She nods. He's right. She looks into his caring eyes --

*

WHITNEY

OK. Sold.

(devilish)

But when we get in that tent... you're
gonna be thankin' me.

*

*

*

*

*

-- but he's looking at something over her shoulder.

*

MIKE

Look. There it is.

*

*

Whitney turns. In the distance, there is an old SHACK,
half-hidden in the woods. Other dilapidated cabins
behind it. AN OLD CAMP. A rusty chain link fence
surrounds the area, but it's broken. Pulled apart from
kids over the years...

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*

POV -- THROUGH THE LEAVES -- SOMEONE WATCHES THEM WALK
TOWARD THE CAMP. We hear affected breathing, as if
masked behind fabric.

*

*

*

5

EXT. CAMPSITE - NIGHT

5 *

Amanda and Richie are on opposite sides of the fire.
Wade staring again at the GPS. Richie stokes the flames.

*
*

WADE

Aw... I'm an idiot! The ephemeris data
didn't synchronize.

*

Out of Wade's line of sight, Amanda quickly slips her
shirt off and she shimmies down in her sleeping bag.
Richie eyes light up.

*
*
*

RICHIE

Yeah. That sucks.
(silently mouths to Amanda)
I wanna fuck you.

*

She presses her large, perfect breasts together with an
innocent smile. Points to herself, mouths --

AMANDA

Me?

Richie nods as Wade drones on, staring at the receiver --

WADE

We're probably about... I don't know,
half a mile maybe. Less.

Amanda playfully rubs them together, teasing him.

RICHIE

(silently mouths)
Those are mine.

She shakes her head.

AMANDA

Uh-uh. They're mine.

She kisses the top of one breast, driving Richie crazy...

WADE

Pretty amazing technology, if you think
about it. This data's coming all the
way from a satellite in space...

Richie is practically licking his lips at Amanda --

RICHIE

That's it. Wade? You gotta go, dude.

WADE

What? Why?

Wade notices Amanda shifting in her sleeping bag. She tosses out her panties and they land on Wade's head.

*
*

WADE (CONT'D)

Oh. I'm just gonna -- uh, go find, you know. Mike and Whitney.

*

Wade grabs a florescent glow stick and takes a walk...

*

6

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

6

*

POV FROM THE WOODS - The same strange breathing, someone watching as Mike ducks through the chain link fence, waving at Whitney to follow him. She's protesting.

*
*

7

INT. SHACK - SAME

7

*

Mike sticks his head inside the shack...

MIKE

Maybe there's a bed in here.

WHITNEY (OS)

Don't go in there -- maybe someone lives here. Homeless guy, or something...

Mike flicks a switch on the wall and a lone bare light bulb on the ceiling flickers on.

MIKE

Holy shit, this place still has power.

Mike walks in, Whitney not moving.

MIKE (CONT'D)

C'mon, there's no one here.

*

Whitney reluctantly steps inside...

The walls and floor uneven, put together. A broken antique couch. The TV looks like one from the 1950s. The glass is broken, a bird's nest inside...

MIKE (CONT'D)

Look how old this stuff is. Like it was dragged from some old lady's place...

Mike clicks on an old record player. Spooky big band music plays from a scratched record...

MIKE (CONT'D)

Still works!

WHITNEY

C'mon, let's get back. I'm ready to try
out that cramped tent...

*
*

But Mike isn't listening... fascinated by this stuff...

8

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

8

*

Wade walks alone in a green halo from the glow stick.
Listening to an Ipod, he sings "Sister Christian" badly.

*
*

WADE

Motorin'! What's your price for flight.

*
*

As Wade walks, something moves behind him... like it was
hiding against a tree.

*
*

Wade stops to piss. Looks up, realizes he's at the edge
of the marijuana crop. His face lights up. Found it!

*
*

WHOOSH! A rush of motion beside his head. And now, for
some reason, we can HEAR the song playing.

*
*

Wade looks down. One of his iPod wires now dangling. He
slowly lifts it up. Music growing louder. His severed
EAR is attached. His face goes hollow, turns --

*
*
*

SOMEONE RIGHT ON HIM -- A MACHETE DESCENDS AGAIN --

*

9

EXT. CAMPSITE - INSIDE TENT - NIGHT

9

*

Now inside the tent together, Richie is all over Amanda --

*

A SHADOW MOVES ACROSS THE TENT -- A DARK SILHOUETTE CAST
FROM THE FIRE'S FLAMES --

*
*

AMANDA

What was that? I heard something.
Wait, Richie, I'm serious! I think
Wade's watching us...

RICHIE

So?

Amanda gives him a look -- *do something about it, idiot.*

RICHIE (CONT'D)

Wade! If you're whacking off behind
that tree, that is not cool!

They both peer into the darkness. There's a rustling sound. Definitely someone there.

Amanda give him another look, like -- *SEE?*

RICHIE (CONT'D)

Shit.

Richie pulls on Uggs and a coat over his bare chest, and walks into the darkness, still in his underwear...

10 INT. SHACK - NIGHT

10 *

Whitney has her arms folded tight. She's spooked. Mike hands her an old framed photograph of a YOUNG LADY...

MIKE

Hey, who does this look like?

It's black and white, and from a different era, but there's something familiar about it.

WHITNEY

I don't know.

MIKE

It's you.

She looks back at the picture. It's only a coincidence... but there is a resemblance. She shivers.

Whitney's eyes now catching other details around the dilapidated shack. Another broken photograph, this time of perhaps the same woman, older now, holding the hand of a YOUNG BOY. (Jason and his Mother Pamela Voorhees). Jason's face has been scratched out...

11 EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

11 *

As Richie walks, he sees something glowing off in the woods. Something green...

RICHEL

Wade...?

As he gets closer, Richie sees it's Wade's glowstick, lying on the ground. Richie picks it up. It's wet.

RICHIE (CONT'D)

The hell?

Then he hears something. Sound. MUSIC. With the glowstick leading the way, Richie walks forward --

There's someone sitting against a tree --

*

RICHIE (CONT'D)

*

Oh my god...

AT THE CAMPSITE

*

Amanda leaning out of her tent -- looking into the dark
for Richie -- hears him --

*

RICHIE (OS) (CONT'D)

*

AMANDA! It's Wade!!

Amanda hunches deeper in her sleeping bag, nervous...

AMANDA

What! What is it?!

A DARK FIGURE SUDDENLY POPS UP BEHIND HER --

And in an instant, a dirty HAND shoves her head down into
the sleeping bag and zips the top up tight --

ON RICHIE

*

in the woods, backing away from what we now see is WADE,
bleeding out from slash across his face and neck. His
EAR is missing.

*

Wade's eyes are open as his life slips away. His look is
of surprise. Richie's is one of horror.

RICHIE

Oh god. Oh god. Amanda!

Richie turns, hurries back toward the campsite -- and
stops in his tracks at what he sees in the distance.

Amanda's sleeping bag, with her struggling inside it, is
suspended over the campfire by rope slung over an
overhanging tree branch.

RICHIE (CONT'D)

What the fuck?

Richie runs to save Amanda who is SCREAMING INSIDE --

RICHIE (CONT'D)

Amanda!

-- and steps in a bear-trap. It snaps shut on his leg,
crushing his bone.

*

*

RICHEL (CONT'D)

ALIGH!

12

INT. SHACK - NIGHT

12

Mike is staring at a pile of rotting toys in the corner.
An old cracked cookie jar, a dirty teddy bear...

MIKE

It's like... a kid used to live here or
something.

She sees an old broken wooden headboard to a child's bed.
Carved in it lovingly is the name "JASON." There's a
collection of WHISTLES... stolen camp trophies...

WHITNEY

I wanna go. Like, right now.

MIKE

OK. Let's go...

Mike finds a jewelry box in a broken dresser drawer...

WHITNEY

Fine. Bye.

MIKE

Wait - I found you a present.

Mike gets behind Whitney and clasps a LOCKET around her
neck. It's old, ornate, beautiful.

WHITNEY

It's beautiful.

(twisting it in her hand)

I can't keep this.

Mike moves toward the open door at the end of the room.
There's something in there. Glowing from candlelight?
He goes in -- calls back to her --

MIKE

You gotta see this.

WHITNEY

No!

MIKE

You have got to see this.

Almost against her own will, Whitney steps closer --

13 EXT. CAMPSITE - SAME 13 *

Richie screams as he tries to pull his leg free from the trap -- reaching his arm out toward the sleeping bag -- trying to reach her -- save her -- but the trap is chained to the tree -- he can't reach -- *

The underside of Amanda's sleeping bag is starting to catch fire... embers flying up... *

INSIDE THE BAG *

Amanda screams, clawing at the inside of the bag, trying like hell to escape -- her face is red -- really starting to cook inside this thing -- hair smoking, eyes tearing -- *

OUTSIDE THE BAG *

The bottom of the sleeping bag is starting to melt -- dripping into the fire below. Richie screams for her -- *

14 INT. SHACK - BATHROOM - SAME 14 *

They're standing in a small bathroom. Mike pulls back a tattered curtain over a shower full of rusty water. There's a SHELF under a HOLE in the wall. There's melted candles all around it. Like a shrine. *

Mike reaches his hand in the hole -- *

WHITNEY *

Are you crazy? *

MIKE *

There's something in here... *

He pulls out what looks like -- a SEVERED HEAD! *

MIKE (CONT'D) *

Shit! *

He drops it in the water -- Whitney about to about to completely freak as Mike starts to laugh nervously -- *

MIKE (CONT'D) *

Wait wait! It's OK, it's OK! It's a fake. It's gotta be fake... *

It looks almost mummified. A woman. Long grey hair trailing from it. Mike reaches out, as if to poke it. Whitney wincing -- *

-- and that's when Mike sees the MAGGOTS crawling in and out of the head's ears -- it's real --

MIKE (CONT'D)

...Oh god...

THUD. A dull SOUND from the other room. Whitney and Mike share a horrified look. Whitney silently pushes the door closed, hiding them in the small room --

WHITNEY

(mouths to him)

There's someone in here!

Mike listens -- hears SOUNDS. Movement. Is that a shadow moving under the door?

Mike quietly crouches -- peering under the door frame --

SHHISH! A machete slips up through the cracks in the floor beneath them, right in front of Mike's face! And in a split second -- through a notch in the wood floor -- he sees an EYE looking up at him --

MIKE

CHRIST!

Whitney YANKS at the door to escape -- but the knife is blocking the door. They're trapped!

SHHISH! The knife comes up again -- the blade erupts through his hand -- his feet --

MIKE (CONT'D)

Get off the floor!

Whitney jumps into the shower -- screams as the head floats against her legs in the rusty water --

SHHISH! SHHISH! SHHISH! The blade coming faster now, taking CHUNKS out of the floor -- Mike getting stabbed -- other strikes miss --

WHITNEY

MIKE!!

Whitney reaches, trying to pull him to safety. He grabs her hands and the curtain -- pulling it off its rings --

ROOM! A fist breaks up through the floor, opening a hole with it --

The hand grabs Mike's leg -- his grasp breaking free of Whitney's -- Mike kicks and screams -- but whoever is below is too strong -- AND PULLS HIM INTO THE FLOOR!

Mike is gone. Whitney shakes, can't believe it. SCREAMS come from beneath the floor. Then Mike starts to crawl out of the hole, HANDS gripping the edge --

MIKE LOCKS EYES WITH WHITNEY -- MOUTH FULL OF BLOOD --

MIKE

RUN.

A powerful hand grabs Mike by the top of the head, pulling him down -- Whitney reaches for Mike's hand --

-- and the limb comes free -- severed! Whitney's red face trembles -- tears streaming -- she cannot move -- cannot believe what just happened --

But survival takes over -- she drops the arm --

AND SHE RUNS --

15

EXT. SHACK - NIGHT

15

RUNNING AS FAST AS HER FEET WILL CARRY HER -- SHE LOOKS BACK -- NO ONE IS CHASING HER -- BUT STILL SHE RUNS -- THE LOCKET DANGLING FROM HER NECK --

16

EXT. CAMPSITE - NIGHT

16

As Whitney runs back toward the campsite, she hears Richie moaning -- sees a TREE catching fire --

And Whitney comes upon a nightmarish scene --

PSSHISH! Amanda breaks through the bottom of the melted sleeping back in a cloud of steam and falls onto the fire. She rolls off of the flames, but doesn't cry out in pain --

WHITNEY

Amanda?!

Amanda's skin looks red, even in the moonlight, steam rising from it. She's alive, her expression blank -- gets to her knees -- smoke escapes her mouth --

WHITNEY (CONT'D)

AMANDA!

Whitney grabs her arm -- but Amanda's muscle slides right off the bone. She's rotisserie. She rolls over, dead. A stiff carcass, on her back -- cheek in glowing coals.

*
*

Whitney screams.

RICHIE
Help me -- please!!

Whitney runs to Richie, trying to get him free. Whitney pulls on the trap and --

*

RICHIE (CONT'D)
AAAGHGH!

Richie cannot take the pain --

WHITNEY
Shit!

She takes quick glances over her shoulder -- still no one chasing her --

She focuses on the trap -- trying with all her might --

*

BEHIND HER, SHE DOESN'T SEE: A TRAP DOOR IN THE WOODS ITSELF OPENS -- LID COVERED IN MOSS AND LEAVES -- TWENTY YARDS BEHIND HER -- (REVEAL: Jason uses tunnels!)

*

Whitney has her back to it -- but RICHIE sees -- his eyes go wide -- face frozen in fear as the HOODED FIGURE comes at them quickly -- through the fire --

*
*

RICHIE
...behind you...

*

THWOCK! A machete is imbedded in Richie's skull long ways, like a book mark. He's stunned, doesn't scream -- only a trickle of blood escapes his nose -- he falls.

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*
*

Whitney screams -- turns -- sees a tall figure right on top of her! She stumbles back, trying to run away --

*
*

Behind her, out of focus, the man puts his foot against Richie's head, YANKS out his machete --

*
*

She's running -- in shock -- falls --

*

THE LAST THING SHE SEES IS A MAN WITH A BURLAP SACK OVER HIS HEAD RUNNING STRAIGHT FOR HER, FULL SPEED -- ONE EYE GLEAMING THROUGH A HOLE IN IT --

SHE SCREAMS AT THE TOP OF HER LUNGS AS HE ARCHES BACK
WITH HIS MACHETE -- OTHER HAND LUNGING AT HER MOUTH --

*
*

CUT TO BLACK:

SOUND: TSCHUNK! TSCHUNK! (Presumably Jason chopping
Whitney)

*
*

WE HEAR JASON'S FAMOUS STALKING MANTRA --

*

...KI KI KI MA MA MA...

TITLES: FRIDAY THE 13TH

CUT TO:

*

17 EXT. TOWN OF CRYSTAL LAKE - DAY

17

*

The last image we saw before the titles was Whitney's
face as she screamed...

We see her face again now, but she's smiling... from her
picture on a MISSING PERSON flyer.

*

SOUND REPEAT: TSCHUNK! TSCHUNK!

*

The sound was actually a flyer being stapled to a
telephone pole by a guy in his late-20s. This is Clay,
who we will soon learn, is Whitney's brother.

*

SUPER TITLE: ONE MONTH LATER

*

Clay gets back on his beat up motorcycle, a backpack on
his shoulder. Struggles to start it as --

*
*

A 2008 RED SUBURBAN blasts past him, music blaring...

18 INT. SUBURBAN - SAME

18

*

Seven kids are crammed inside. Four guys and three girls
on a classic American right-of-passage: The College
Roadtrip. They pass a CRYSTAL LAKE City Limits sign.

*

CHUMBLER

Hey... um, I thought we were gonna take
turns back here. I've been back here
for like... the whole time.

Chumbler is crammed in the back, competing for space with
a spare tire and a cooler. And the fact that he's a
little chubby isn't helping. But he wears his size well,
along with his cool chin beard. The others just sit
there laughing to themselves.

*
*

TRENT

Don't worry. We're about to make a stop. I need gas.

*

That's Trent driving. Alpha-male. This is his ride, and his show. He's got money, and wants to be your friend... especially if you can do something for him.

JENNA

You got almost a quarter tank.

*

Jenna in the passenger seat. He let her sit up front for a reason. She's great looking, athletic, and the adventurous type. We wonder why she's with him.

TRENT

For the boat. Chumbler! Are there empty gas cans back there?

CHUMBLER

Uh... yeah, I think that's what's shoved halfway up my ass.

BA-BUMP. The SUV nails a POTHOLE and Chumbler's head hits the ceiling.

*

*

CHUMBLER (CONT'D)

Dude -- my head!

*

*

TRENT

Shit -- my rims. Stupid hicks can't fill a pothole?

*

*

*

19

EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

19

*

Everyone spills from the Suburban at the pumps. Trent pulls the empty red plastic cannisters from the back, uncomfortable with them in his hands. Clay passes on his motorcycle...

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*

*

Trent eyes LAWRENCE as Clay parks by the station.

*

TRENT

Lawrence...

Trent holds the cans out, but he doesn't take them.

LAWRENCE

That's not gonna look good for you, man. You get the one black guy in the car to fill up the gas? Uh-uh.

Lawrence is black, good-looking and funny as hell. He walks off. Trent eyes Nolan --

*

TRENT

Nolan. You mind? I'll pay...

NOLAN

Whatever.

*

Nolan takes the cans, starts pumping. Jenna shakes her head at Trent's technique, heads inside with him.

*

*

Nolan wears a shirt that says F**K CHRISTMAS (Note: the asterisks are SNOWFLAKES.) But when an older woman walks by, he crosses his arms, covering it. Nolan poses as a rebel, but he's just as square as the rest of us.

*

*

The other two girls are CHELSEA and BREE, both attractive but Bree is the sexier of the two. Chelsea dresses more conservative, perhaps even a bit shy. Bree doesn't have that problem. They head to the bathroom --

*

*

*

20

INT. GAS STATION - BATHROOM - DAY

20

*

Bree goes in the stall. Chelsea washes her hands in the sink. They talk as Bree crouches --

CHELSEA

Jenna seems nice.

Bree rolls her eyes.

*

BREE

What's with her and Trent?

*

CHELSEA

I think they hooked up right after that first dorm meet and greet thing.

BREE

Doesn't leave us much.

*

CHELSEA

Lawrence's cute. And Nolan seems... interesting.

Bree flushes, comes out, and Chelsea makes room for her in the mirror --

BREE

You can have him. And I swear, that Chumbler guy has been staring at my chest since orientation. Why did Trent invite him?

CHELSEA

Because he lives on our floor. I think he's funny.

BREE

You can have him, too.

CHELSEA

I don't know. Anyone you hook up with this weekend, you gotta see all year...

BREE

Do what I do. Get really drunk, hook up with whoever you want, then act like you don't remember a thing.

Chelsea laughs.

BREE (CONT'D)

OK, Chels -- doubt if you want, but it goes beyond theory. My hypothesis has been tested many times...

CHELSEA

Did you just use the word 'hypothesis'?

BREE

What? I listen in class. You think you're the only smart one?

21 INT. GAS STATION - DAY

21 *

Trent is in line to pay. Jenna with him. Chumbler hurries up next to them with snacks and a six pack.

TRENT

My parents' cabin is stocked, dude. Put that stuff back.

CHUMBLER

They got pizza flavored combos? Slim Jims? Definitely don't got Funyons.

Trent shakes his head, then nods to him like -- *'then get in line behind me, I ain't paying for that shit.'*

CLAY

is ahead of them in line, talking to the guy working behind the counter --

CLAY

Well... would you mind if I just put a flyer in the window then?

GAS STATION ATTENDANT

Probably have to talk to the owner about that...

Trent rolls his eyes, irritated that this guy in front of him is taking so long.

CLAY

Could you take another look at the picture at least? She came up here with some--

TRENT

Uh, you gonna buy somethin'... or can I get in there real quick?

*
*

Clay turns around, looks at Trent who waves his credit card at him. Clay moves, motions for him to pass --

*

CLAY

All your's.

*
*

Jenna puts a hand to her face, embarrassed. As Trent pays, Clay keeps his eyes locked on him with a hard stare. Can't let this go.

*

CLAY (CONT'D)

Guess I'm the asshole.

*

Trent signs the receipt, finally turns --

TRENT

You OK, bro?

*

CLAY

No. I'm not.

*

Trent can't really get a read on this guy. Something in Clay's eyes. A quiet inner confidence.

Trent takes a step toward Clay, looking to find out if Clay wants to throw down -- but Jenna pulls him back.

*
*

JENNA

Let it go, Trent.

*
*

TRENT

It's not me. It's this guy.

*

CLAY

No... somethin' tells me its always all
about you.

*

*

Clay gives him a knowing grin. Trent brushes past him.

*

TRENT

Whatever.

Trent leaves, and Jenna follows, almost reluctantly. She
turns back to Clay as she goes --

JENNA

I'm sorry. I really hope you find her.

They leave. Clay stares after them for a moment,
watching as they get into to the Suburban, other kids
cramming in with them, laughing with each other.

Clay turns, tapes the flyer in the window.

22 EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

22 *

The Suburban is ready to go, everyone inside. Chumbler
hurries out -- snacks in hand. But he's the last one in,
and is, once again, stuck in the back.

CHUMBLER

Shit.

23 EXT. ROAD - DAY - BIRD'S EYE POV

23 *

The Suburban turns off the road, onto a dirt path leading
into the woods...

24 INT. SUBURBAN - SAME

24 *

The dirt path getting less clear, less worn. The woods
seem to go on forever.

JENNA

Wow, we're way out here.

TRENT

In the winter, the only way to get to
the cabin is on our snowmobiles.

*

Finally, they see a cabin nestled in the woods...

25 EXT. CABIN - DAY 25 *

The Suburban parks and they all spill out.

26 INT. CABIN - SAME 26 *

Trent shows his six guests around his cabin --

TRENT

Two bedrooms upstairs, one down here,
someone can take the couch...

It's rustic, but cool. A DEER HEAD on the wall. *

LAWRENCE

I didn't think a nine-hour car ride was
gonna be worth it... but this is gonna
be worth it.

Lawrence flops on the couch.

TRENT

Mi cabin es su cabin. Kick back, relax.
Whatever. Just show the place a little
respect, you know? My Dad got a special
architect from New York to give it that
handcrafted rustic vibe. *

Chelsea looks around. Looks like a regular cabin in the
woods. She shrugs.

CHELSEA

Uh... OK.

Chumbler and Nolan walk, eyeing the place. Jenna looks
at a ridiculous photo of Trent and his family. She
laughs, and Chumbler catches her. They exchange a look. *

NOLAN

(whispers to Chumbler)
That's rich people for you. You spend a
ton of money to make sure something
looks like you built it yourself. *

CHUMBLER

I hit the ATM this morning? I got
eighteen bucks. I gotta deposit two to
take out the twenty. *

Bree is messing with her cell phone...

BREE

Shit. Is anyone getting a signal?

Lawrence suddenly looks worried, checks his cell.

LAWRENCE

Oh... now we got a problem. I got some business I gotta do this weekend.

CHELSEA

I thought you were a student. *

LAWRENCE

I am, I just got some stuff on the side. Trying to get my own company going.

TRENT

What business?

LAWRENCE

Trucking?

TRENT

What the fuck are you talking about?

LAWRENCE

Well see, right now, I'm getting my drivers together. Only problem is, these trucker types are all good-old boys... and they ain't gonna like to take orders from no cat who looks like me. So... I gotta do all my business by phone. *

JENNA

And they can't tell you're black? *

LAWRENCE

Well, I ain't gonna lie to ya, I gotta work on my white voice. That's why I came up here with ya'll... *

Jenna laughs.

TRENT

We got a phone, but that's about it. That's my Dad's whole idea. He just likes to come up here and unplug. This area doesn't even get any tourists...

NOLAN

He come here a lot?

TRENT

Once a year maybe. Just dropped off the boat last week. It's at the lake.

(MORE)

TRENT (CONT'D)

We gotta tow it back, by the way. You guys don't mind helping me, right?

Chumbler and Lawrence exchange a look.

LAWRENCE

That's cool that he's off the grid and all, but... why don't I see a TV?

TRENT

There's nothing to do here but relax.

LAWRENCE

Now you're just fucking with me.

Trent walks over to the fridge, opens it --

TRENT

We got plenty of stuff to keep us busy.

It's stuffed with beer and food.

CHUMBLER

I'm not worried. I brought Sweet Lucille in case anybody wants to ask her to dance.

They turn and see Chumbler holding a huge bong. Lawrence claps. Nolan looks like he couldn't care less. Jenna doesn't look too thrilled either.

JENNA

Great. So we're just gonna sit here and get fried?

BREE

You just described every college freshman's dream weekend.

Chelsea is already in the fridge, passing out beers. Jenna heads out on the porch. Bree watches her go, exchanges a look with Chelsea -- whatever.

CUT TO:

27

EXT. CRYSTAL LAKE - DAY

27 *

Clay wanders through the small town. There's really not much here apart from a Gas Station, Bait & Tackle Shop, and a few red lights.

As Clay walks, a POLICE CAR pulls up along side of him with the window down. Clay keeps walking...

OFFICER BRACKE

Welcome back, Clay.

CLAY

You mean that, Officer Bracke?

Clay just keeps walking, the car keeping pace.

OFFICER BRACKE

Well, honestly? When I see you walking around with a ten inch hunting knife on your belt, I like to get involved.

CLAY

Pretty sure it's not illegal...

*

OFFICER BRACKE

Just stop for a second, son. Please.

Clay stops, and the Policeman exits his car. The cop makes a point of taking off his glasses, leaning against his patrol car, trying to make Clay at ease...

OFFICER BRACKE (CONT'D)

I know you think we're not on your side, that we're all just a bunch of dumb hicks out here in the sticks, but I put two ten year veterans on your case. We did three dozen interviews, and ran a county wide search. I haven't closed it yet... but there's just no evidence that anything happened to Whitney Miller in Crystal Lake. You say she had a boyfriend, right? Probably ran off together.

*
*
*
*
*

CLAY

Our mother died of cancer, I tell you that?

Officer Bracke shakes his head no.

CLAY (CONT'D)

She was sick for a long time. And my sister took care of her, every day. Whitney didn't show up for the funeral. You don't know my sister. That's just not possible.

(beat)

This is the last place she came. She was only gonna stay a few days...

OFFICER BRACKE

One thing this job's taught me, people
do things you don't expect 'em to.

(beat)

She's not here, son. Maybe you should
try lookin' someplace else.

Clay nods... walks away from the policeman... and tacks
up another MISSING PERSON flyer. Clay notices a local
street urchin watching him. He shakes his head, almost
sad, pulls a finger across his throat -- "she's dead."

*
*
*

CUT TO:

28

INT. CABIN - DAY

28

*

Debauchery, like only blessed youth can muster. Bree,
Lawrence, Chumbler playing a drinking game. Lawrence
SHAKES a beer can like crazy --

*
*

LAWRENCE

This is the most dangerous drinking game
in the world...

*
*

-- Lawrence shuffles the can in with others on the table
so no one can see which is the shaken one. Each one
picks a beer, and holds it up to their EAR --

*
*
*

LAWRENCE (CONT'D)

They call it... 'The Beerhunter.'

*
*

One by one, they each open their can. No one is sprayed.
The shook one still out there. It's Chumbler's turn.
He's wincing. Doesn't wanna pull the top...

*
*
*

LAWRENCE (CONT'D)

DO IT! MAU! MAU, motherfucka!

*
*

PSSHT! Chumbler picked the wrong one, and sprayed
himself in the ear. Everyone laughs and drinks.

*
*

TRENT (OS)

Watch the floor, guys. That's stained
oak.

Trent is out on the deck with Jenna.

ON THE DECK

*

Trent and Jenna take in the view. They're definitely in
the middle of nowhere, not another cabin to be seen.
Trees surround them, and in the distance, the still lake.

*

JENNA

This is a great spot. You wanna take a hike? Get some exercise?

*

TRENT

That'd be nice, but I can't exactly leave them alone here...

*

JENNA

What are you talking about?

TRENT

I don't know them that well, you know? My Dad's place.

JENNA

What do you think they're gonna do? Steal the deer head? How they gonna pull off the getaway? We're all going back in the same car...

*

*

*

*

TRENT

C'mon, we don't need to go anywhere. You can get exercise here...

*

*

His arms go to her waist, pulling her close...

*

JENNA

Charming.

*

*

Jenna pushes off him, a little pissed off. Trent mocks her behind her back, doesn't bother to follow.

KITCHEN

*

Jenna grabs a beer from the fridge. Chelsea and Nolan are hanging out in the kitchen.

NOLAN

I might not declare. I'm on Scholarship, but they have no idea if I actually take classes. I think I can wire it so the check goes to PayPal. Then I can do whatever I want.

CHELSEA

And what do you want to do?

NOLAN

Not sure yet, but I got a list of things I DON'T wanna do: I'm not gonna form a band, I'm not gonna start a clever web site, I'm not gonna wait tables by day while I direct funny little videos at night. Oh, and I'm definitely not gonna be involved in some sort of movement to make the world a better place.

*

CHELSEA

So what's left?

NOLAN

Pro bono gynecologist?

*

He pops open another beer as Chelsea studies him.

CHELSEA

I think I got you figured out.

NOLAN

Yeah? I seriously doubt that.

CHELSEA

Take your shirt. Even though it says 'FUCK CHRISTMAS' you don't actually believe that. I think you love Christmas. You probably got some mistletoe in your pocket right now.

Nolan laughs.

NOLAN

Really?

CHELSEA

Really. You want everyone to think you're one way, but inside you know you're something else.

*

NOLAN

Lemme guess: Psych major. Only had one class so far, but you're getting an A. What's your point?

CHELSEA

I don't know. Maybe I wanna see who's really inside...?

She smiles at him, and he can't help but grin.

NOLAN

I show you mine, you show me yours?
Psychologically speaking.

She laughs, takes a long gulp of beer. He does the same.

29

EXT. TOWN OF CRYSTAL LAKE - VARIOUS

29 *

Clay has made his way to the outskirts of town, where the few locals live. He's going door-to-door... only these houses ain't exactly one on top of the other. Each one way out of the way, each one unkempt and overgrown...

His motorcycle shoots past car wrecks, water fountain windmills, broken fences...

*
*

30

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

30 *

Weeds grow around a rusted mailbox. Clay knocks at the front door. A curtain draws back. Two suspicious eyes stare at him...

CLAY

Excuse me. Could I ask you about --

The curtain closes. Clay leaves a flyer under the mat.

31

EXT. OLD HOUSE ON DIRT PATH - DAY

31 *

Clay slowly walks up a gravel path toward a faded one bedroom house. There's a rotted boat in the front lawn. Hasn't moved for decades.

*
*

Clay walks up broken steps. The front door is open, only covered by a screen door. Clay knocks. Looks inside. Can't really see anything through the screen...

CLAY

Hello? Anybody --

WHAM! A MANGY DOG slams two paws against the screen door, barking its head off, startling Clay.

CLAY (CONT'D)

Shit.

The dog continues to bark menacingly without pause, right in Clay's face as he picks up the fliers he dropped...

*

CLAY (CONT'D)

Alright, I get it. You're big and mean and you wanna eat me. Calm down.

Suddenly, the dog goes completely quiet and still.

CLAY (CONT'D)

Whoa.

But the dog looks back, leaves to make room for an OLD LADY with thick cataracts, who comes to the screen like a ghost emerging from the darkness.

CLAY (CONT'D)

Uh... hi. I was wondering, uh...

He looks at the flyer, then back at the old lady, her milky white eyes just visible through the screen. She pushes her dentures in with a wet click.

*
*

CLAY (CONT'D)

I guess you can't see this. But... I'm looking for a girl who's gone missing.

*

OLD LADY

Ain't missin'. She's dead.

*

Her voice is flat, plaintive. Something about her. Almost spectral behind that screen...

CLAY

What?

OLD LADY

Somebody go missin' round here, they gone for good. Outsiders come here, they don't know where to walk. When they come, they bring trouble. People who live here, they mind where they walk. We just wanna be left alone...

*
*
*
*
*

(beat)

And so does he.

CLAY

Who?

The old lady doesn't answer. Just stares blankly with those milky eyes. Clay feels a chill. And so do we.

32

EXT. WOODS - DAY

32 *

Clay has left behind the houses near town, and is taking his search to the few cabins near the lake...

As Clay's bike rattles down the road, we see a faded yellow broken down SCHOOL BUS in the distance, at the bottom of what looks like a steep rock formation...

*
*
*

33

EXT. CABIN BY THE LAKE - DAY

33

*

Clay comes off a dirt path in the woods, sees a small cabin nestled right on the shore. There's an incredibly loud BUZZING SOUND coming from a nearby barn...

*

Clay parks his motorcycle, heads toward it...

*

IN THE BARN

*

Chains hang from the ceiling. Sharp farm equipment everywhere. Someone has his back to Clay, feeding small trees into a medium sized WOOD CHIPPER.

*

*

Clay calls --

CLAY

EXCUSE ME.

The guy doesn't hear. Keeps feeding in branches. He wears overalls. Something covering his face -- we can see STRAPS on the back of his head. Clay walks toward him, as if to tap him --

*

*

*

CLAY (CONT'D)

HEY.

POV -- SOMEONE BEHIND CLAY AND THE GUY AT THE CHIPPER -- COMING UP ON BOTH OF THEM -- CLAY CAN'T HEAR HIM --

Clay touches the guy's shoulder --

The guy turns fast, a clear welding type mask over his face -- but he's looking BEHIND Clay, scared. Turns off the chipper --

*

*

-- AND POINTS BEHIND CLAY. As Clay turns --

A familiar SOUND stops him in his tracks.

The sound of a SHOTGUN being cocked.

Clay turns to find -- AN OLD MAN POINTING A SHOTGUN AT HIM. Clay staggers back, trips -- lands on his ass -- hands raised. (We are about to find out they are the caretakers of this property.)

*

*

*

*

THE OLD CARETAKER

The hell you doin' here?! This is Mr. Garikes property! You're trespassin'!

The Old Caretaker takes a hit of OXYGEN from the tank he wheels behind him.

*

*

CLAY

Easy, easy.

THE OLD CARETAKER

You the one been stealin' all my
kerosene?!

CLAY

What? No... I'm just lookin' for
someone. I don't want any trouble.

THE OLD CARETAKER

Well you're gonna find it walkin' 'round
these woods. Don't you know what day it
is?

CLAY

Uh... Friday?

The Old Caretaker stares at Clay, shakes his head in sad
disgust. He spits tobacco, takes another whiff of
oxygen. He calls to the guy at the chipper. He's
probably eighteen.

THE OLD CARETAKER

Finish up, Donnie! We gotta go! Still
got one more house to do! And don't you
steal nothin' outta Mr. Garikes garage --
I know what you do! I seen your place!

DONNIE

Mind your own business, you old buzzard!

The old caretaker shakes his head in disgust at Donnie
too, takes off toward his old tow truck. Clay holds the
flyer up for Donnie --

CLAY

You seen this girl?

Donnie stares at the photo. He actually looks a little
turned on. This is a sick dude. Finally, he shakes his
head no. Clay nods, starts to leave when --

DONNIE

Hey hey hey... you wanna buy some weed?
Found a shit ton just growin' in the
woods. Sell you some. You got money?

CLAY

I'm good, man. Thanks.

Clay walks off, and Donnie watches him go.

DONNIE

YOU SURE?!

*

34

INT. CABIN - DAY

34

*

Bree, Lawrence and Chumbler are outside on the deck, taking turns on a bong. Bree takes a big hit as Chumbler stares. She blows the smoke in his face...

BREE

Is there a reason you're staring at my tits, Chumbler?

CHUMBLER

Uh... 'cuz they're beautiful and I wanna take a nap in them?

(beat, realizing)

Holy shit, did I just say that out loud?

Lawrence takes a hit, laughs his ass off --

LAWRENCE

A nap? You wanna take a nap in that shit?!

Chumbler smiles, stoned off his ass.

CHUMBLER

Yeah. Nothing sexual, man. I just wanna build a life in there, you know? Do everyday things.

BREE

Like jackin' your junk?

CHUMBLER

That's not an everyday thing. That's like... three, four times a week. Max.

Bree stares at him, a little disgusted... but amused nonetheless.

LAWRENCE

Hey man, can I get in there with you? Be your roommate?

Chumbler seems to really think about this.

CHUMBLER

OK, but if you're serious... we gotta find some kinda shrink ray or something to really make it work. What do you think, Bree?

Chelsea and Nolan stick their heads out from inside,
holding their stuff, ready to go --

*
*

CHELSEA

Hey, we're gonna go check out the lake.
Wanna come?

Bree, Lawrence and Chumbler barely register they're
there.

BREE

Fuck it. If you guys find a shrink ray,
then yeah. I'm in. You can both come
live in my tits...

Nolan and Chelsea look to each other confused, and leave.
Lawrence and Chumbler pound fists, stoked at the plan.

35

INT. CABIN - DAY

35 *

Trent and Jenna talking quietly in the corner.

JENNA

It just seems like you don't want
friends, you want admirers. Everything
you do for people comes with strings
attached...

*
*

TRENT

That's not true!

Chelsea and Nolan call to them --

CHELSEA

Anyone else? Lake?

Trent thinks about this, reaches in his pocket --

TRENT

Nah, you go. Take my truck. I trust
you.

Trent tosses them the keys. He looks at Jenna like --
'see what a nice guy I am?' Jenna still not convinced.

TRENT (CONT'D)

Oh, and do me one favor? Take the gas
cans down to the boat, OK? It's at the
South end.

*

CHELSEA

No problem.

They're at the door, and Trent grabs Nolan's sleeve --

TRENT

(quieter)

Oh, and bro. Don't take the boat out,
OK? I'm the only one who drives it.
Cool?

NOLAN

Aye Aye, Cap'n.

Nolan gives him a lame salute. They leave. Jenna gives Trent a knowing look.

TRENT

What? I gave 'em the truck!

36

EXT. TRAILER BY THE LAKE - DAY

36

A silverfish trailer on stilts, right at the lake's edge.
It's cheap, dirty and old. Red Hot Chili lights are
strewn across it...

Donnie heads toward the door, carrying a BOX and a sack
over his shoulder. He looks around quickly, as if to
make sure no one's watching him...

IN THE TRAILER

Donnie drops the sack on the ground. Inside are thick
stalks of fresh cut marijuana.

He rolls a fat joint, lights up. It's cluttered in here,
full of packed shelves, boxes full of junk. Stuff Donnie
has stolen from the houses that he is a CARETAKER for.
Fishing poles, ice skates, it's packed in here.

Donnie turns on a crappy radio, head bopping to the beat.
Inhales, blowing smoke. Smiles as he sits.

Donnie opens the box he brought in labeled "GARIKES."

Donnie starts digging through the junk like a scavenger.
Flips through old RECORDS. Nothing good.

Finds an old WATCH. Shakes it, holds it to his ear. He
puts it on his wrist.

He finds more personal items. Puts a goofy FISHING HAT
on his head as he smokes. Finds a dusty old PHOTO of
TOMMY JARVIS (NOTE: Cameo photo of COREY FELDMAN).

He pushes the box aside. Opens another box. It's full
of Playboys from the 1980s. Nods happily, grabs one. He
flips open a still sticky photo.

He takes a big hit. There are open shelves behind him.
He takes down another box revealing -- A HOCKEY MASK!
JASON STANDING BEHIND THE SHELVES?!

No, it's just a mask on a shelf. Donnie grabs it, throws
the fishing hat away, and slips it on.

It's dark in here, but Donnie loves it. As he flips
through the magazine, he keeps smoking, right through the
mask. A shaft of light comes through the small windows,
painting a trail through the gathering smoke...

And that's when he notices someone rising in the corner.
Someone with a burlap sack on his head.

Donnie leans forward...

DONNIE

Ohhhh no no... I found this stuff...

THE DARK HOODED FIGURE COMES OUT OF THE SHADOWS AND MOVES
THROUGH THE CLOUD OF SMOKE, UNSHEATHES A MACHETE...

Jason cocks his head. Perhaps admiring Donnie's mask?

Donnie's joint falls out of his mouth and -- THERE'S A
RUSH OF MOVEMENT -- THWOCK!

CUT TO:

The man in the burlap sack is holding Donnie by his
masked head with two hands --

AND AS WE PAN DOWN --

We see Donnie's head is not attached to his body. But
smoke still escapes through his mask and severed neck --
life not totally gone yet -- the man in the hood admiring
the mask --

WE CONTINUE TO MOVE DOWN TO THE FLOOR --

WE STOP ON THE HOODED MAN'S BLACK BOOTS --

THE HOOD FALLS TO THE GROUND, DISCARDED --

DONNIE'S HEAD WITHOUT THE MASK FALLS -- RIGHT INTO THE
BAG OF WEED --

AND WE WATCH AS JASON STRAPS ON THE HOCKEY MASK FROM
BEHIND --

Jason turns slightly, and we get to see just a hint of
him in the mask through the swirling smoke and shafts of
light...

CUT TO:

37 INT./EXT. SUBURBAN - DAY

37 *

The Suburban plows down a dirt road, Nolan driving,
Chelsea riding shotgun --

NOLAN

Now what does it say about me that the
second that dude told me not to take his
boat out... it was guaranteed that I
would?

CHELSEA

Means you're a classic sociopath. Now
what does it say about me that I find
your anti-social behavior sexually
arousing?

Nolan laughs, shoots her a look. Chelsea sips her beer.

CHELSEA (CONT'D)

To some small degree.

38 EXT. WOODS - DAY

38 *

Clay continuing his search. Approaches Trent's cabin.

39 INT. CABIN - DAY

39 *

A knock at the door. Jenna answers, sees Clay.

CLAY

Uh... hi. Sorry to bother you, but...

Clay stops, recognizing her from the gas station.

*

JENNA

Oh hey.

CLAY

Hey.

JENNA

Still no luck, huh?

CLAY

Not yet.

*

Jenna focuses on Clay's face, and his dreamy eyes. Beat.

JENNA

Uh... so who is she again?

CLAY

My sister. She came camping up here
with some friends and never came home.

JENNA

God, that's awful.

(stares at the picture)

She's pretty.

*

*

*

Clay nods.

*

JENNA (CONT'D)

*

You, uh... wanna come in for a sec?

CLAY

*

I don't think your boyfriend would like
that too much.

*

*

*

JENNA

*

Weird how that doesn't seem to bother
me, huh? C'mon --

*

*

*

She smiles, motions him in. Clay nods, steps inside.
They exchange a look, an attraction between these two?

*

KITCHEN

*

Lawrence and Chumbler scrounging for food. Lawrence has
his head buried in the fridge, pulling ingredients --

LAWRENCE

This is gonna be the greatest sandwich
your stoned ass ever had, Chumbler.

*

He turns, sees Chumbler dumping a can of ready made chili
into a cut open bag of Fritos. He then SHAKES THE BAG --

*

*

LAWRENCE (CONT'D)

*

The hell are you doing?

*

Chumbler digs deep in the bag with a spoon, loving every
morsel.

*

*

CHUMBLER

What? You never had Frito Chilli? Old trailer-trash recipe. Dig in.

*
*

LAWRENCE

Nah man -- that's nasty.

*
*

But as Lawrence watches Chumbler continue to enjoy, he changes his mind. Grabs a spoon, dips in, takes a bite.

*
*

LAWRENCE (CONT'D)

Damn. That is pretty good, isn't it?

*

CHUMBLER

Best part is, no dishes to clean up.

*
*

Bree walks by the Kitchen, sees them huddled over the same bag like raccoons, shooting them with a CAMCORDER --

*

BREE

(like shooting Wild Kingdom)

"The North American stoned pigs seek nourishment."

*
*
*

She looks by the door, sees Jenna talking with Clay. They're smiling, seem to be really hitting it off...

BREE (CONT'D)

(re: Clay)

Who's the hottie?

She zooms in on Clay. Chumbler and Lawrence aren't listening. Lawrence loving this, eating faster --

*
*

LAWRENCE

Them rednecks know a little sumthin' about eatin'.

*
*

She looks back to them eating, disgusted --

*

BREE

Nice. Real sanitary.

*

She pushes past them, grabs two beers from the fridge.

*

LIVING ROOM

*

And that's when Trent comes down from upstairs. He recognizes Clay right off the bat.

And Jenna looks suddenly very uncomfortable.

JENNA

Hey, Trent... you remember...

CLAY

Clay.

Trent ambles up, doesn't want this guy in here.

TRENT

Yeah. I remember.

Bree comes over, trying to make smoldering eye contact with Clay.

BREE

Hey new guy. Beer?

TRENT

Nah, he's gotta get going. Flyers to pass out, right?

Clay and Trent lock eyes. Clay smiles --

CLAY

Sure. Never turn down a free beer.

Bree gives him one, and Clay pops it open.

JENNA

We got food too, if you wanna get a quick bite before you have to --

Trent puts a hand on her shoulder, like -- *'lemme handle this.'*

TRENT

Look, bro. She's trying to be nice, but... you can't stay here. No offense, I don't know you...

CLAY

No, you don't know me.

TRENT

Yeah, we covered that, dickhead. Now get movin' before I really get pissed.

Jenna looks off, embarrassed for herself... and Trent.

CLAY

Yeah? Then what happens? I'll bet something really impressive.

Trent steps closer, staring Clay down. But there is a resolve in Clay's face that Trent has never seen before. Clay is not afraid, and he will not back down.

JENNA

Jesus, Trent.

(to Clay)

C'mon, I'll walk you out...

Jenna and Clay walk outside. Together.

*

TRENT

Jenna, hang on. Jenna!

She closes the door behind them. Trent shakes his head.

TRENT (CONT'D)

Fuck her.

Bree shrugs, offers Trent the other beer...

40

EXT. CABIN - DAY

40

*

Jenna walks with Clay down the drive --

JENNA

I'm Jenna, by the way. Where's your car?

They keep walking, and she sees Clay's beat up motorcycle off to the side...

*

*

CLAY

That's her.

*

JENNA

That thing runs?

*

CLAY

Most of the time. She's temperamental.

*

*

Clay straddles the bike, Jenna standing next to him --

*

JENNA

So what's next? Where you headed now?

*

*

CLAY

I haven't been to the other side of the lake yet. Gonna go over, walk around...

*

*

Jenna looks back at the cabin. Beat.

*

JENNA

I'm up for a hike. You want some company?

*
*

CLAY

Sure. But I don't have a helmet for you...

*
*

JENNA

That's OK. I'll live dangerously.

*
*

Clay smiles, the first we've seen from him. He kick starts the bike, and she gets on.

*
*

CLAY

One kick. She must like you...

*
*

JENNA

Guess I passed the first test.

*
*

He shoots her an easy look as they take off...

*

ON THE BIKE

*

Jenna is on Clay's motorcycle with him, arms around his waist. A carefree moment of bliss... and escape.

*
*

41

EXT. LAKE - DAY

41

*

Nolan and Chelsea walk toward the shore, carrying gas cans. In the f.g., we see a corroded canoe and a rescue ring with 'Camp Crystal Lake' written on it.

*
*
*

AT THE LAKE -- MOMENTS LATER

*

Nolan pours gasoline into Trent's boat tied at the South side of the lake. Chelsea suddenly looks unsure...

CHELSEA

I don't know. Should we really take his boat out? He's gonna find out...

NOLAN

I knew it.

CHELSEA

What?

NOLAN

You're inhibited. You talk a big game, but inside you're scared.

She gives him an 'OH REALLY' look. Reaches inside the boat -- finds a pair of WATERSKIS.

CHELSEA

Oh look. You wanna find out which of us is scared?

Nolan smiles -- and jumps in the boat.

42

EXT. WOODS - OTHER SIDE OF THE LAKE - DAY

42

*

Clay and Jenna enter the woods, leaving Clay's parked motorcycle behind...

*

*

IN THE WOODS -- MOMENTS LATER

*

Clay and Jenna walk together in the woods, Clay's backpack slung over his shoulder...

*

*

JENNA

You and your sister must be close, huh?

CLAY

We were when we were kids. As we got older... we just drifted.

(beat)

I bailed when I was seventeen. She stayed with my Mom. She sort of... had to, I guess. She was always the responsible one.

Jenna doesn't know exactly what he's talking about, but she can relate. She nods knowingly.

*

JENNA

When's the last time you talked to her?

Clay doesn't answer this at first, as if the memory is painful. Finally, he does --

CLAY

Six months ago. We got in a fight, actually. She wanted me to come back home, see everybody.

(beat)

She said she was counting on me, but I never showed.

Clay takes out his hunting knife, and hacks a notch in a tree. He looks at the compass on the bottom...

JENNA

What are you doing?

CLAY

Just marking it. It's actually pretty easy to get lost in the woods...

Clay walks on, Jenna staring at the notch. Clay sees something on the ground. Picks it up. It's Wade's handheld GPS. Clay studies it, face of device broken.

JENNA

What is it?

*

CLAY

I don't know.

Clay drops it, near the base of a tree. And as they walk off, we push in on the spot where Wade died...

*

...and focus on Wade's dried out severed ear, ants crawling on it... an iPod wire trailing off it...

*

*

43

EXT. LAKE - DAY

43

*

Nolan is at the wheel of the boat, Chelsea is in the water with her skis on, holding onto the rope...

ON THE BOAT

*

Nolan yells back to her --

NOLAN

Ready?!

We see her head bobbing in the water. She gives him a thumbs up.

Nolan starts the engine -- takes off his shirt, and throws it in the water.

*

CHELSEA

*

laughs in the water, head bobbing as she shimmies beneath the water's surface --

CHELSEA

WHOOO!

Nolan guns the engine --

And that's when she comes up out of the water -- topless, leaving her shirt and life vest behind. Wearing nothing but her bikini bottoms --

This girl ain't inhibited! Nolan's eyes bug out,
watching her perfect naked body skiing behind him --

NOLAN

Holy shit! You were right! I love
Christmas!

*
*

44 EXT. WOODS - DAY

44 *

Nolan takes a pass around the lake -- Chelsea skiing
naked behind him -- maybe twenty yards from shore --

She's taking small hops off the wake -- really
impressive. They take a wide turn for another pass...

45 EXT. CAMP CRYSTAL LAKE - DAY

45 *

Clay and Jenna cross the old creek bridge...

*

They pass moss covered totem poles. In the distance are
a few dilapidated CABINS grouped together.

*

AN OLD CAMPGROUND.

JENNA

Look. What are those?

CLAY

I don't know. Some kinda old camp,
maybe.

Jenna takes a few steps out in front --

JENNA

My Mom made me go to cheerleading camp.
I hated it. It was in the Poconos.
Coach Talbott tried to feel me up...
(sees something)
OH MY GOD.

*
*
*
*
*

Clay looks to where Jenna is looking. There's a hunter's
trap, a small furry leg caught in it.

*
*

Clay crouches, takes a closer look.

*

CLAY

Fox, maybe. Chewed its own leg off.

*
*

JENNA

Asshole hunter.

*
*

Clay nods, looks to the camp in front of them. Wary.

*

46

EXT. LAKE - DAY

46 *

Chelsea takes a good hop off the wake, but then can't hold onto the rope --

-- and eats it -- sinking down into the water.

NOLAN

AHH! Almost! Hang on...

Nolan turns the boat, driving back toward her --

*

NOLAN (CONT'D)

I'm coming to --

*

*

THWOCK!

An ARROW pierces Nolan's neck -- sticking all the way through -- his face shocked --

-- and he's knocked over the side --

CHELSEA

Nolan!!

-- and the boat keeps going -- HEADING STRAIGHT FOR HER --

*

She tries to swim away but --

*

KOOM! The boat just knocks her in the head as it passes, leaving a bloody mark on her head --

*

*

-- and the boat just keeps going -- leaving her there --

*

POV FROM THE WOODS -- SOMEONE WITH A COMPOUND BOW IN HIS HAND -- NO CLEAN SHOT AT CHELSEA WHO BOBS IN THE WATER --

47

EXT. LAKE - SAME

47 *

Chelsea's heart races -- the boat long gone. Her eyes search the shoreline -- just dense trees.

CHELSEA

Shit. Shit!!

She starts swimming -- blood running down her face --

*

-- and that's when a FIGURE steps out of the woods, a HOCKEY MASK covering his face. JASON.

He stands there, in broad daylight, staring at Chelsea.

CHELSEA (CONT'D)

Oh fuck. OH FUCK.

He's got a machete in one hand. And he's waiting for her. Her breathing getting faster --

She spins in the water -- looks to the other side of the lake. It's way too far to swim --

CHELSEA (CONT'D)

Jesus. Oh god oh god...

She starts swimming again --

Chelsea's eyes flicker to the shore -- and the man in the mask walks with her -- mirroring her movement --

CHELSEA (CONT'D)

SHIT!

She stops swimming. Treading water again. *

UNDERWATER *

We see Chelsea's legs kicking frantically -- blood traces in the water around her -- *

ON THE SHORE *

The man in the mask just standing there, perfectly still. Waiting for her. *

CHELSEA (CONT'D) *

WHAT DO YOU WANT FROM ME?!?! *

He sticks his machete into the sand, raises a hand up...

And motions for her to come to him.

Chelsea shuts her eyes tight as tears run down her cheeks...

CHELSEA (CONT'D)

SOMEBODY HELP ME!!! HEEEEELLP!

48

EXT. LAKE - SAME

48

*

Wide shot of the lake as Chelsea screams her lungs out, but barely making an echo. There's no one around here, and even if there were... would they come?

CUT TO:

Music blaring. Chumbler and Lawrence are LAUGHING at one end of a mini ping-pong table. They high five...

*

At the other end of the table are Trent and Bree. Trent looks down at his beer cup, the little white ball floating in it.

LAWRENCE

That's ten, Hoss.

CHUMBLER

One of you gotta shoot the boot, baby!

Beat. Trent looks off, pissed.

Chumbler takes off his grimy sneaker -- pours a beer into it -- and holds it out under the noses of Trent and Bree.

CHUMBLER & LAWRENCE

Shoot-the-boot! Shoot-the-boot! SHOOT!
SHOOT! SHOOT!

Trent looks to Bree like -- *'how 'bout you take it?'*

BREE

Are you serious? You missed the shot.
I been carrying you the whole game. You
drink it.

Chumbler sticks it right under Trent's nose with a giggle. Trent pushes it away --

TRENT

Fuck that. I'm not drinkin' outta your
cheap-ass sweaty sneaker. No way.

CHUMBLER

That was the bet!

LAWRENCE

You welchin', man? Ain't nothin' worse
than a welcher. Is there, Chumbler?

CHUMBLER

Maybe a felcher.

LAWRENCE

Ooh, that's nasty too. But this is
worse.

TRENT

Call me whatever, I'm not doin' it.

CHUMBLER

Fine.

Chumbler looks Trent right in the eye -- and holds the shoe up high for a toast --

CHUMBLER (CONT'D)

To all the felching welching pussies in the world!

-- and drinks the whole thing. Lawrence claps.

LAWRENCE

(doing an announcer voice)

And in a stunning upset, Chumbler, a young rookie with a ten dollar haircut and a pair of giant clanging man-balls scores big...

*

Chumbler spikes the shoe on the ground like he just won the Super Bowl, and does an insane DANCE -- right in Trent's face --

LAWRENCE (CONT'D)

(normal voice again)

Oh no... here it comes... WHITEBOY SPECIAL ED VICTORY DANCE! Look out!!

Trent drops the paddle and walks away as Chumbler continues to gyrate in strange and hilarious ways.

Bree pulls Trent aside --

BREE

You wanna get outta here? Check out the town?

*

TRENT

Yeah? How we gonna get there? Those idiots never came back with my truck.

This seems to surprise Bree, the fog of weed and booze clearing if just for a moment...

BREE

Shit... that's right. Jenna's been gone with that guy a long time too.

*

*

Trent shakes his head, jealous, angry -- takes a long sip of booze -- and Bree sees her opportunity --

*

BREE (CONT'D)

He was pretty hot. *

TRENT

What are you trying to do right now?

BREE

What?

50 EXT. CAMP - AFTERNOON

50 *

Clay and Jenna walk among the broken down cabins that have been abandoned for so long. They step inside one --

51 INT. CABIN - SAME

51 *

As they walk through the cabin, we LOOK DOWN on them through the rotted out ceiling. Scrawled in blood red paint on the floor are two giant words: CAMP BLOOD.

CLAY

You see this?

Jenna does and she doesn't like it. As they move, they see all the walls are covered by graffiti warnings, probably done by local kids. We catch a few faded words:

JASON VOORHEES. CAN'T KILL EVIL. BORN FRIDAY THE 13th.

The afternoon sun streams in broken windows, highlighting rotting floorboards as Clay walks carefully past bunk beds long vacant. Jenna is frozen, freaked out.

JENNA

You know what? This has been fun.
But...

Clay isn't listening, looking at scorch marks on the wall from a fire that burned long ago...

JENNA (CONT'D)

Clay. You should go to the police. *

CLAY

Already done that. No one's looking for her anymore. Except me.

KRASH! Her foot drops into the floor -- *grabbed by Jason??* No... just a rotting floorboard. Clay helps her up -- then looks in the hole. Something down there. A dirty jar. He picks it up. The top won't open. *

He throws it on the floor. It smashes open. There among the broken fragments is... a folded piece of paper.

Jenna picks it up. There's a message scrawled on it.

CLAY (CONT'D)

What's it say?

JENNA

(reading)

"There is a killer in the woods. If someone finds this, tell my parents I love them. Tommy."

Jenna looks out the window --

52

EXT. LAKE - SUNSET

52

The sun is going down. And we see that Chelsea is still treading water! She's almost completely spent, all her tears long since spent.

Her eyes are locked on her tormenter --

-- the man in the hockey mask who still waits for her patiently.

Her head goes completely under the water -- then pops back up as her body rejects death -- taking quick gulps of precious air -- spitting out the water that seeps in --

CHELSEA

...please... please god...

The man on the shore just waits, perfectly still in the orange glow of the setting sun --

She slowly goes under again -- her body giving up -- all the strength leaving her --

The figure waits as air bubbles break on the surface of the water. Then one LARGE BUBBLE erupts on the surface. And then, there are no more.

As the sun slips completely under the horizon, the man on the shore finally turns, sheathes his machete, and heads back into the woods.

AT THE SHORE -- MOMENTS LATER

CLOSE ON - TIRES PICKING UP SPEED

The Suburban, engine cut, slowly rolls into the lake.
Jason watches -- we only see him from behind --

*
*

Finally, the back bumper of the Suburban disappears into
the lake -- completely disappearing as night comes.

*
*

53

EXT. CAMP - EARLY EVENING

53

*

Clay steps out of the last cabin, having searched the
entire camp, disappointment on his face. He looks
around, unsure of his next move. Looks to Jason's SHACK
set off a bit from the other cabins --

*
*
*

CLAY

That's the last one...

*

Jenna is done with this.

*

JENNA

Clay... it's getting dark...

*
*

CLAY

Sorry, I know. I gotta get you back.
Lemme just look real quick. Don't
worry, I got us covered.

*
*
*

Clay puts his backpack on the ground, digs out a
FLASHLIGHT. Clay suddenly stands. Noises in the
distance... branches snapping...

*
*
*

JENNA

What?

*
*

CLAY

Someone's coming...

*

They share a scared look, and move quickly to the side of
a cabin --

Clay looks through its dirty broken window -- can see all
the way through the back window too --

There is a figure -- deep in the woods -- fifty yards
away -- just visible -- moving -- something slumped on
his shoulder -- and he's headed their way --

CLAY (CONT'D)

We gotta move... now.

54

EXT. CAMP - MOMENTS LATER

54

*

Black boots moving quickly through the old camp --

CLOSE ON -- CLAY AND JENNA -- pressed close together --
THEIR POV AS JASON WALKS TOWARD THEM --

A BODY SLUMPED OVER HIS SHOULDER (It's Donnie, but from
this angle, they can only see his feet).

Suddenly, Jason stops. CLAY'S BACKPACK at his feet.

Clay shuts his eyes -- FUCK. He left it there...

Clay and Jenna recoil as Jason walks toward them --

-- and DROPS THE BODY RIGHT IN FRONT OF THEM. REVEAL:
The body is HEADLESS. Dark blood still oozes from the
neck. Jenna trying not to scream --

JASON'S POV --

A LINE OF OVERTURNED CANOES. (Clearly, Jenna and Clay
must be hiding under one of them.) One by one, Jason
flips over each canoe, menacing.

JENNA'S POV -- as Jason gets closer, she winces --

JASON FLIPS THE FINAL CANOE -- but they aren't there.
Beat. Jason once again picks up the body, and leaves.

REVEAL: Jenna and Clay were actually hiding behind an
old nearby ARCHERY TARGET, the crosshairs visible from
Jason's side...

Clay peers around it as Jason walks into the woods. He
walks past a tree, and then seems to just disappear...

55

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

55

Clay and Jenna emerge from behind the target. Clay's
eyes focused on the nearby woods --

CLAY
(terrified whisper)
Did you see that?? Where did he --

JENNA
We gotta get the fuck outta here!!

CLAY
He had a body!

JENNA
I know -- that's why we gotta go!!

Clay's eyes are still focused on the woods -- and she pulls him close --

CLAY

OK. OK --

And they hurry off the other direction, as Clay looks back to the spot in the woods where he just seemed to disappear --

They run under the creek bridge, through the dense weeds. *

INSERT: A spider eats a fly caught in a web... *

56

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

56

*

Clay and Jenna run quickly through the woods -- and Jenna trips on something --

Jenna finds what she tripped on -- a dirty string hidden among the leaves. She pulls at it --

CLAY

You OK?!

JENNA

Yeah...

And as she hurries to catch Clay, WE FOLLOW THE STRING INTO THE GROUND --

57

INT. UNDERGROUND CHAMBER - SAME

57

*

The string goes all the way down to a hidden underground chamber -- and attaches to a tiny rusted bell on the ceiling whose final ring echoes --

We track through the chamber, illuminated by a few bare bulbs that dangle from exposed wires that trail across the wall -- roots growing through ceiling -- water drips. *

We see an eye, staring blankly. A fly lands on it. The eye doesn't blink. As we move, we see it belongs to --

A DEAD DEER, halfway cleaned of its meat --

We track further, find a crude wooden table -- a CLEAVER stuck into the blood stained wood --

And now we hear something, muffled sobs --

And that's when we see her. There, in the corner.

WHITNEY

She's still alive. Chained to a large stone. As we move closer, we see words carved into it, faded. *

"PAMELA VOORHEES - Beloved Mother" It's her tombstone. *

Whitney is looking up at the bell -- scared -- she screams through tears -- but no one hears her. She's desperately trying to pick the lock with the long clasp from the BRACELET she wears. No use. *

She pulls her chains as far as they will go, reaching toward the bottom of the old workbench. *

It's difficult for her to move. She obviously hasn't had much to eat over the last month, and god only knows what it was. The locket Mike found at the shack still dangles around her neck... *

With bloodied fingers, she tries to pull out a RUSTY NAIL pounded deep into the wood of the workbench -- fighting for every millimeter -- she's tried this before -- *

Suddenly a NOISE familiar only to her forces her quickly back. Someone coming down the long tunnel. Rats scurry quickly past, announcing the arrival of -- *

JASON. *

We only see a long shadow and then his BOOTS as he goes by her -- Whitney cringing with his every heavy step -- *

But he doesn't touch her.

He never has.

Whitney can hear him working at something in the adjacent chamber -- he's obscured by a tarp, can't really see him. *

The sound of metal grinding against stone --

Whitney scoots along the earth floor -- trying to lean around the corner to see --

She can only see the back of his malformed head, but it's clear the MASK IS OFF --

JASON

is sharpening his machete. As he does, we see what he sees:

A REFLECTION OF HIS OWN FACE caught in the dirty blade of his machete. Not too clear -- except for one thing:

JASON'S FACE IS DEFORMED.

Jason runs his fingers across the blade...

CUT TO:

58

EXT. CAMP CRYSTAL LAKE - FLASHBACK - NIGHT

58

*

A young girl is trembling, terrified, hurt. She wears a whistle around her neck. Her collared shirt says COUNSELOR (Camp Crystal Lake) and it's stained with blood. She's near the lake.

*
*
*
*

She's scared of someone unseen. Eyes focus on a bush. Beat. Beat. She slowly backs away from it --

*
*

-- and an OLDER WOMAN pops out, clutching a kitchen knife, startling her! (This is PAMELA VOORHEES. She's in her 50s, wearing a light blue cable knit sweater. We recognize her from the pictures we saw in Jason's shack.)

*
*
*
*

The young girl evades, hobbling -- tries to hide. Pamela smiles, has the upper hand, is in no rush to get her...

*
*

PAMELA VOORHEES

*

Come on now. It'll be easier for you than it was for Jason.

*
*
*

The counselor, probably no older than eighteen, sees a MACHETE on the ground a short distance away from her...

*
*

PAMELA VOORHEES (CONT'D)

*

You see, Jason was my son...

*

PAMELA VOORHEES is getting closer --

*

PAMELA VOORHEES (CONT'D)

*

They should have been watching him... every minute.

*
*
*

The girl makes her move, running for the machete --

*

POV FROM THE WOODS -- SOMEONE WATCHING -- A YOUNG BOY (JASON). But we don't see his face... not clearly...

*
*

JUST AN EYE THROUGH THE LEAVES. Through his POV we see:

*

THE YOUNG COUNSELOR GRABS THE MACHETE --

*

PAMELA TURNS -- PUTS HER HANDS UP, DEFENSIVE --

*

THE COUNSELOR SWINGS -- CUTTING PAMELA'S FINGERS OFF -- *

AND AS THE MACHETE'S BLADE HITS HER NECK -- A LOCKET SHE WEARS ON HER NECK FLIES OFF -- WE RECOGNIZE IT -- *

The young boy watching reacts as if he himself absorbed the fatal blow -- his gleaming eye still watching --

The counselor drops the machete... hobbles off crying... *

59 EXT. CRYSTAL LAKE - MOMENTS LATER - RAINING 59 *

An incredible image... just a flash in the distance really...

A skinny young boy in the rain with a slightly misshapen head in silhouette, crouched over the lifeless body of his mother... *

Lightning flashes as he cradles his mother's severed head close to his body... *

He picks up the locket from a pool of blood... he opens it. Haunting music plays from it (Eric Satie's Gymnopedie). There are two pictures inside it: HIS MOTHER, and HIS OWN. *

He looks to the machete on the ground. CAMERA PANS from the normal side of his face to the other horrific deformed side with his white lifeless eye. Lightning flashes. His young hand grips the handle tight... *

SLAM CUT BACK TO:

60 INT. UNDERGROUND CHAMBER - SAME 60 *

Jason erupts in rage at the memory -- she sees his silhouette through a yellowed plastic curtain -- *

Jason upends the table -- everything crashes -- *

Whitney cannot stifle her SCREAMS as Jason destroys everything in the adjacent chamber so close to her --

He kicks Clay's backpack -- his MISSING FLYERS scatter -- *

JASON COMES AROUND THE CORNER -- MOVING QUICKLY -- THE HOCKEY MASK BACK ON --

This is it -- he's gonna kill her --

JASON GRABS WHITNEY AS SHE SCREAMS HER LUNGS OUT --

Jason puts a dirty hand over her mouth -- looking at her eye to eye --

His other arm is wrapped around her in a death grip -- his breathing coming in fast gulping breaths --

She goes quiet --

Whitney's tear stained eyes flick left and right, confused, terrified --

He's not hurting her --

In his eye there is pain --

It is almost as if he has her in a terrifying embrace --

His breathing becomes a bit slower -- his fingers backing off her mouth --

WHITNEY

Please... please don't hurt me.

Her eyes search his -- something in there --

WHITNEY (CONT'D)

It's OK...

(beat, taking a stab)

Jason. It's OK...

He stiffens at the sound of his NAME. Dirty fingers open THE LOCKET around her neck. The haunting music again plays. Through the hole in Jason's mask, he peers at the two tiny pictures inside: His mother PAMELA... but now, the face in his picture has been SCRATCHED OUT. *

Jason's breathing calms as the locket song plays... *

Then the bell over their heads chimes -- Jason breaks out of his fugue, snaps the locket shut, ending the melody. *

Jason grabs his machete and disappears again down the long dark tunnel. *

And then, after he's gone, Whitney crumbles, alone in the underground chamber, and quietly sobs to herself --

Her eyes look over the destruction in the chamber. She sees Clay's BACKPACK among it. Scattered fliers are everywhere. Whitney sees her own picture as a MISSING PERSON. She knows someone is looking for her... *

Resolve washes over her.

She's going to get out of here.

Between stifled sobs, her bloodied fingers once again pull at the rusty nail on the wood near her --

SHE GIVES IT EVERYTHING SHE'S GOT --

-- AND PULLS THE NAIL FREE.

She sucks the blood from her fingers, and with fast cold efficiency, Whitney starts working the nail into the old rusty padlock locking her chains...

...trying desperately to pick it open.

61

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

61

*

Clay and Jenna hurry through the woods, the beam from their flashlight bouncing --

Clay stops -- flashlight finds the notch he made in the tree. He shines his light to where he parked his bike --

-- and it's gone.

CLAY

Shit.

JENNA

We gotta walk? Can you find the cabin??

Clay turns to her, sees how frightened she is.

CLAY

Yeah. We just follow the lake...

POV -- JASON WATCHING THEIR BOUNCING FLASHLIGHT BEAM IN THE FAR DISTANCE. ...KI KI KI MA MA MA...

CUT TO:

62

INT. UNDERGROUND CHAMBER - SAME

62

*

Whitney uses all her might to BEND the nail against the rock wall, just a bit more -- tries picking the lock again --

WHITNEY

C'mon-C'mon!

Takes the nail out -- bends it a little more --

WHITNEY (CONT'D)
OPEN you piece of--

CLICK! Whitney can hardly believe she's holding the open lock. She's absolutely stunned, unable to move.

But it only lasts a moment. With shaking hands, and as quietly as possible, she pulls the chains off --

She's free of them. She stands, tries to hurry away --

-- but moved too quickly. This is painful. *

She tries to move again, hobbling --

Her eyes dart -- trembling hands pick up a RUSTY KNIFE and an unlit KEROSENE LAMP off the table -- finds some:

MATCHES

She opens the book. Only three left.

IN THE DARK TUNNEL *

Whitney follows the exposed wire -- going the opposite way from where Jason went -- going bulb to bulb -- trying to find her way out -- sloshing through mud puddles -- *

THESE TUNNELS GO FARTHER THAN WE THOUGHT --

AND FURTHER DOWN, THERE IS NO MORE LIGHT --

PSSSH! Whitney lights a match, shaking hand lighting the wick. She hobbles further through the dirty tunnel --

The earth floor has given way to SOLID ROCK. This tunnel is natural, the walls uneven and rough, the ground starting to slope UPWARD --

WHITNEY (CONT'D) *

AGGHH!

She bumped her head into the top of the tunnel -- *

And the lamp drops from her hand -- makes a CLANGING SOUND on the ground -- like it's rolling -- but it doesn't sound like the glass broke.

The light, however, is out.

WHITNEY (CONT'D)

SHIT.

She lights another match -- one left now --

She looks around in the darkness -- where is the lamp?!

WHITNEY (CONT'D)

Ow!

The flame burnt her fingers -- and it went out.

Whitney gets on her hands and knees, we can just make her out in the blackness --

Her eyes are wide -- hands feeling everything like a blind person in an unfamiliar room -- pushing through a maze of tarps, trying to control her panicked breathing. *

Her hands move along the wall -- down to the floor -- looking for the lamp -- *

WHITNEY (CONT'D)

C'MON!

There's something blocking her path.

SACKS OF SOMETHING.

Her hands blindly push them aside -- hands feeling -- but then -- her breathing stops.

She touched something. Something she recognized.

AND SUDDENLY WHITNEY STARTS TO PANIC -- heart racing --

SHE LIGHTS THE LAST MATCH --

AND ILLUMINATES A DEAD FACE RIGHT IN FRONT OF HER --

IT'S MIKE. HER BOYFRIEND. Staring grotesquely at her through a clear plastic tarp. A rat is chewing his lip. *

WHITNEY (CONT'D)

Ooohhhh...

She can't scream, can't shake -- gotta keep that match lit -- gotta find that lamp -- tries to stay steady -- sees the kerosene lamp -- over by the rest of them --

THE REST OF HER FRIENDS' DEAD BODIES. AND MORE.

She has to crawl over them -- some are wrapped in sheets, one of them is naked -- she's trying to control her terror as dead eyes stare at her -- she grabs the lamp -- lights it with trembling fingers --

-- and gets the fuck out of there. Hurrying past stolen kerosene cannisters, a small generator --

*
*

63

EXT. CAVE - NIGHT

63

*

Whitney finds an exit to the tunnel, leading out into a cave that has a steep drop. She looks out into the night, can see calm Crystal Lake before her. A couple lights from a cabin or two...

She can see by the full moon light -- blows the kerosene lamp out -- not wanting to be seen. She holds the KNIFE in a shaking hand and carefully begins her climb down as fast as her emaciated body will let her...

*

CUT TO:

64

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

64

*

Chumbler and Lawrence are lounging on the couch while sexy music plays. Chumbler looks fucked up, eyes locked on --

BREE

dancing by herself. She looks incredible, pulling at her tight shirt, showcasing her perfect body --

She's drunk, but she knows what she's doing. Trent looks out the window, checks his watch. *Thinking of Jenna?*

*
*

Chumbler's bleary eyes narrow. He leans over to Lawrence, says a little too loud --

CHUMBLER

I would hit that shit so hard whoever pulled me out would be declared the King of England.

LAWRENCE

So go over there.

CHUMBLER

Are you kidding me?? We all know who she's gonna end up with!

Bree looks over -- he's talking too loud --

LAWRENCE

Easy man, we're still in this...

Chumbler pours BACARDI 151 into a shot glass --

CHUMBLER

OH YEAH, like she's really gonna hook up
with the chubby kid whose breath smells
like his own feet...

LAWRENCE

Well whose fault is that, motherfucker?
You want some gum?

Chumbler lights the shot on fire. Trent calls to him
from the kitchen --

TRENT

Dude -- don't burn the cabin down.

Chumbler stands up with his flaming shot glass, swaying,
looks right at Bree -- who now stops dancing to listen --

CHUMBLER

No, no booty for me. And she's
definitely not gonna get with the funny
non-threatening black dude --

Lawrence sits up, mock pissed --

LAWRENCE

Non threatening?! Bitch -- this pimp
hand is strong! I will slap your balls
out your asshole!

CHUMBLER

We all know she's already zeroed in on
the prick who's got everything except a
personality. AM I WRONG?!

*

Trent and Bree share a look. Chumbler stands there a
little unbalanced with his still flaming shot glass...

BREE

You forget how to drink that?

Bree saunters over to him, giving him a hard sexy stare --

BREE (CONT'D)

You just bring it to your lips...

Bree raises Chumbler's arm -- he's hypnotized by her --

BREE (CONT'D)

...blow...

She blows out the flame, breathing her sweet breath right
into Chumbler's face --

BREE (CONT'D)

...and suck...

Chumbler smiles ear to ear, shuts his eyes, and brings the shot glass to his lips --

TSSSSS!! AND SINGES THE SHIT OUT OF THEM!

CHUMBLER

AAHHH SHIT!

Chumbler staggers, trips --

-- and falls into a longhorn armchair, BREAKING IT. *

CHUMBLER (CONT'D)

My lip, man -- I burned my fucking lip!

TRENT

YOU BROKE MY FUCKING CHAIR! *

Chumbler gets off the ground, drunkenly surveying the damage. As he touches the scorched mark on his lip --

CHUMBLER

I can fix this. Don't worry, I can fix this. I just need, uh...

TRENT

FUCK!

CHUMBLER

Uh... some tools. I can do it. I built this kickass birdhouse for my Mom.

(beat)

I'm serious, man. Please.

Trent stares at him, half wanting to believe, and half wanting to strangle the life out of this guy --

TRENT

My Dad's got a workshop. Down the hill.

Chumbler nods, stumbles to the front door, and leaves --

That leaves Lawrence, Bree and Trent. Bree pulls at Trent's shirt, turning his face toward hers --

BREE

Hey. Let it go. He'll fix it.

(beat)

You wanna go pop this?

She holds up a bottle of champagne.

Trent gets the not-so-subtle hint. He finally gives in.
Fuck Jenna. They head toward the downstairs BEDROOM
 together, leaving Lawrence alone in the living room.

*
 *
 *

LAWRENCE

Damn. And this motherfucker ain't even
 got Skin-a-max.

CUT TO:

65 EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

65 *

Clay and Jenna coming through the woods, see the familiar
 light of Trent's cabin in the far distance...

JENNA

Oh thank god.

Clay looks to her, relieved, sharing the sentiment.

66 EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

66 *

Chumbler stumbles away from the cabin, drunk and unsteady
 on his feet. He drops his beer can. When he bends over,
 we see the crack of his ass. He follows the path away
 from the cabin --

*
 *

-- past a large wood pile -- we just make out an AXE
 stuck in a stump -- down to the WORKSHOP. Mosquitos
 spark in the purple glow of a bug zapper.

*
 *

67 EXT. WORKSHOP - NIGHT

67 *

Chumbler pulls open the wide metal shed doors. It's dark
 in here. He finds a switch on the wall, flicks it. A
 long florescent bulb on the ceiling flickers on,
 revealing --

CHUMBLER

Whoa. You people are RICH.

Sports equipment of every kind. Bikes. Large table saw,
 and lots of half-finished wood projects...

But most importantly -- EVERY KIND OF TOOL IMAGINABLE.
 They all look brand new. Stuff's never been used.

Chumbler passes two large CABINETS -- pulls one open.
 It's refrigerated. RACKS OF WINE inside.

He pulls open the other. RACKS OF LIQUOR. Old scotch, whiskey. Everything. Chumbler pulls a bottle, unscrews a cap from a bottle of scotch. Chumbler shuts his eyes and takes a deep swig --

68 EXT. WOODS OUTSIDE CABIN - JASON'S POV - NIGHT 68 *

JASON'S POV - We see his breath in the chilly night. Down a long path, he sees the light on in the workshop (CHUMBLER). But wait. Jason also sees two kids in the cabin through the window (BREE and TRENT). They kiss. Jason's breathing becoming more rapid... *

WHICH WILL JASON CHOOSE? ...KI KI KI MA MA MA... *

69 INT. CABIN - DOWNSTAIRS BEDROOM - SAME 69 *

Bree and Trent move closer. He's trying to move her onto to the bed. She laughs, pushes him off -- filming him with her CAMCORDER -- *

He takes off her shirt. Trent stares, admiring -- *

TRENT

Christ. Those can't be real.

BREE

You must be seeing things. *

Trent lays back on the bed, and she straddles him. She looks over at the TV in the corner. She smiles, getting an idea... *

70 INT. CABIN - SAME 70 *

Lawrence is on the couch, puts the bong down with a big exhale of smoke. He leans over an L.L.Bean catalogue. He's flipping pages fast, frustrated --

LAWRENCE

C'mon, man. C'mon... gimme somethin'!

He stops on a picture of an attractive woman in a fleece sweater, blowing on a nice cup of hot tea.

LAWRENCE (CONT'D)

Gonna have to do.

Lawrence looks around. He's alone. Unzips his pants.

LAWRENCE (CONT'D)

Lady. I'm about to ruin your perfect day.

Lawrence looks around, confirming he's alone. He looks
to the DEER HEAD on the wall. Looks like it's staring at
him. Lawrence shifts, like he's turning his back to it --

*
*
*

And just as Lawrence is about to get down to business --

KOOM! The front door flies open, and HE jumps!

*

But it's only Clay and Jenna. They hurry inside --

LAWRENCE (CONT'D)

*

OH SHIT!

Clay ignores him, runs into the

KITCHEN

and grabs the phone. He dials 911 --

LAWRENCE is holding his chest, terrified as Jenna paces.

LAWRENCE (CONT'D)

Man, you scared the piss outta, me!

JENNA

Listen! There's someone out there... in
the woods. We saw him. He was carrying
a body, he had all these traps...

LAWRENCE

Are you fuckin' with me right now 'cuz
I'm stoned? Please, I can't take it.

71

INT. POLICE STATION - SAME

71

*

A SHRILL PHONE RINGS inside a small town police station,
no bigger than a barbershop if the town had one. Officer
Bracke does paperwork. A young cop (OFFICER STUBBS)
makes POPCORN in the microwave.

*
*
*
*

The phone rings a few more times --

*

OFFICER BRACKE

You gonna answer that?

*

Officer Stubbs seems put out, answers --

*

OFFICER STUBBS

Sheriff's Office, this is Stubbs.

(takes notes on pad)

Thank you, we are responding.

*
*
*
*

Stubbs hangs up. Grabs his popcorn, sits at his desk,
and starts eating while he reads the newspaper.

OFFICER BRACKE

Well?

OFFICER STUBBS

911 operator. Report of a possible
homicide. 461 Pine Road.

OFFICER BRACKE

Then why aren't you movin' for the door
like your ass was on fire?

Bracke stands, grabs his sidearm --

OFFICER STUBBS

Clay Miller is the eye-witness. The kid
with the missing sister?

Officer Bracke is already heading for the door -- Officer
Stubbs shakes his head --

OFFICER STUBBS (CONT'D)

How many times we gotta jump when this
kid calls?

OFFICER BRACKE

"Protect and Serve." I want those
reports done by the time I get back...

Bracke leaves. Stubbs ignores him, goes back to his
paper and popcorn.

BOOM-BOOM-BOOM! A loud sound makes Stubbs JUMP.

He turns -- Bracke is slamming on the window -- pointing
at the desk -- *get it done!* Stubbs nods, gets to work.

CUT TO:

72

INT. WORKSHOP - SAME

72

Chumbler is digging through the stuff in the cluttered
workshop. He finds a BASKETBALL, dribbles it a few
times, then tosses it. It crashes into HOCKEY STICKS.

Chumbler picks one up and cracks it around the concrete
floor. He passes by a long rectangular freezer...

CHUMBLER

Chumbler! Get on the ice! We need ya!

Chumbler pulls back with the stick and --

KRISSH! The tip of his stick breaks one of the florescent lights on the workshop ceiling --

Glass rains down --

CHUMBLER (CONT'D)

Great.

The remaining light above him flickers, strobing the darkness. Creepy.

He tries to sweep up the glass with the hockey stick, moving the pile of glass toward the back.

Jason steps out of the shadows behind Chumbler as he tries to pick up pieces with his hands, backing up.

Chumbler cuts himself --

CHUMBLER (CONT'D)

Shit!

-- turns and BUMPS INTO Jason behind him. Chumbler staggers back, completely surprised. The hulking figure in a hockey mask just stands there.

Chumbler is stunned, has no idea who this is, hasn't been warned about him.

CHUMBLER (CONT'D)

You scared me, dude.

Beat. The guy in the mask doesn't respond. Chumbler realizing he's in some serious trouble.

Jason takes a step forward, eyeing Chumbler still holding the hockey stick. Chumbler really scared now...

CHUMBLER (CONT'D)

(holding out the stick)

This yours? Take it.

Chumbler continues to back up, BUMPS into a wall of power tools. Some fall. Jason turns, sees the various TOOLS that line the wall: screwdrivers... sharp gardening tools... a shovel... pitch fork...

Chumbler takes another step back, shaking his head like --
'you don't wanna grab any of those, please.'

Jason keeps coming. Looks to the opposite wall: sledge hammer... hacksaw... chainsaw... and of course, the long table saw. Jason's a kid in a candy store. We see his reflection in clean sharp metal blades...

*
*

Jason steps forward --

CHUMBLER (CONT'D)

Please. No. I --

Chumbler falls into the glass, drops the hockey stick, scooting back along the ground --

*
*

He's at the back wall. No where else to go. He closes his eyes tight -- wincing --

*
*

CHUMBLER'S POV -- OPENS ONE EYE TO TAKE A PEEK -- JASON STANDING OVER HIM -- ARCHING BACK WITH THE HOCKEY STICK -- CRUNCH. Chumbler's vision goes blood red.

*
*

73

INT. CABIN - SAME

73

*

Clay comes in from the kitchen --

CLAY

Police are on the way.

LAWRENCE

Police?

*
*

Lawrence looks at the BONG in his hand -- YIKES -- quickly puts it under the couch. Jenna is freaking out --

*
*

JENNA

Where is everybody else??

LAWRENCE

Uh, I don't know. We been here all day. Chelsea and Nolan left, like, hours ago. They went to the lake or some shit.

JENNA

Where's Trent and Bree?

Lawrence points to the bedroom, like -- 'in there.'

74

INT. CABIN - DOWNSTAIRS BEDROOM - SAME

74

*

An empty champagne bottle rolls under the bed. Lights on, Bree and Trent in the throes of drunken passionate sex. Trent is lying on his back, Bree on top -- her breasts bouncing. She's filming the whole thing --

*
*
*

-- looks back, watching the scene playing LIVE on Trent's TV. She zooms in on Trent's face as he moans --

*
*

JENNA (OS)

BREE!!

Bree ignores her. Suddenly the lights cut out -- the room going dark --

*

BREE

What's with the lights??

TRENT

They're just fucking with me -- don't stop!

*

BUT NOW WE CAN SEE OUT THE WINDOW CLEARLY INTO THE MOONLIT NIGHT --

AND THERE'S WHITNEY IN THE DISTANCE COMING STRAIGHT FOR THE WINDOW!

Bree moves faster -- moaning louder. She points the camera at herself -- looks back at the TV --

*
*

TRENT (CONT'D)

Oh God... oh God!

*
*

OUTSIDE

*

An exhausted Whitney moving as fast as she can -- coming closer to the window -- bracelet bouncing against her wrist --

*
*
*

INSIDE

*

Bree and Trent getting closer too... moaning together... Whitney's almost to the window. 10 feet... 8 feet...

*
*

BREE

Don't stop!

*

Whitney's POV almost to the window --

*

JASON emerges from the darkness behind her... marching a deliberate beeline straight for...

Whitney reaches a hand for the window --

*

Bree throws her head back, as their moans crescendo --

Jason grabs her wrist -- her bracelet rips free, falls
into the mud -- Jason wraps his other powerful hand
around her mouth -- her muffled scream is lost under
Bree's climax.

*
*
*
*

As Jason drags Whitney back into the darkness --

*

TRENT

Oohhhh. That... was delicious.

-- the condensation mark from Whitney's hand fades from
the glass... and disappears.

*
*

CUT TO:

75

INT. CABIN - SAME

75

*

It's dark in here. Only the glow from the fireplace
lighting the room. Clay yanking open drawers --

*
*

CLAY

You got any candles, flashlights?!

JENNA

I don't know where. TRENT!!

Clay shines his flashlight on the phone, grabs it.

CLAY

Phone's dead.

TRENT

emerges from the bedroom, putting a shirt on.

TRENT

The hell you guys screamin' about?!

He tries the wall switch -- Click, Click, Click.

JENNA

Trent!

Trent zeros in on Clay --

TRENT

What the fuck are you doing here?!

JENNA

Trent... listen to me! He's trying to
help!

TRENT

Get the fuck outta my cabin!

(to Jenna)

And you... You leave with this guy for eight hours... fuckin' all over the woods, who knows. You know what? Both of you leave. Just get out.

Bree comes out from the bedroom, looking post-coital, tying a robe around her naked body.

*
*

Bree and Jenna share a look. Jenna's like -- *nice*. Bree shrugs, couldn't care less what she thinks...

CLAY

Listen, dumbshit. There's a guy out there. He's a killer. Probably the one who cut the power.

*

Clay turns to Lawrence --

CLAY (CONT'D)

We gotta --

WHAP! Trent sucker punches Clay, right in the jaw. Clay rocks back, instantly goes red-line. He rushes back at Trent who's already backing up --

JENNA

STOP IT!!

Lawrence grabs Clay, holding him back --

LAWRENCE

GODDAMMIT, TRENT! Don't you get it?! Chelsea and Nolan never came back -- there's somebody out there who --
(beat, realizing)
OH SHIT! Chumbler is outside!

They all look to each other. Scared.

*

TRENT

This is ridiculous. The power goes out around here all the time.

(to Jenna)

And what did you see? Some guy? C'mon. What bullshit is this guy feeding you? Some shit about his sister?

Clay shoots daggers at him. Lawrence grabs a POKER from the fireplace -- heads toward the cabin door.

Bree looks scared -- Trent looks to her, rolls his eyes --

CLAY

Wait, man. Don't go.

LAWRENCE

That's my boy out there. He'd do the same for me.

Lawrence and Clay share a look.

LAWRENCE (CONT'D)

I got this.

*

Clay nods to him, and Lawrence hurries outside --

76

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

76

*

Lawrence moves slowly outside, fireplace poker at the ready like a baseball bat. He moves slowly down the path. He passes the woodpile, an axe in the stump, whispering as loud as he can --

*

*

LAWRENCE

...Chumbler...

He sees the Workshop at the end of the path. Through the window, he can see the remaining FLUORESCENT LIGHT flickering. Mosquitos spark in the bug zapper. As Lawrence heads that way...

*

*

...we might notice the axe in the stump is now gone.

*

77

EXT. WORKSHOP - NIGHT

77

*

Lawrence scoots along the side of the Workshop -- wipes the grimy WINDOW -- can't see Chumbler --

*

*

78

INT. WORKSHOP - NIGHT

78

*

Lawrence hurries inside --

*

LAWRENCE

Chumbler?

*

Lawrence sees some BLOOD on top of the freezer. Uh-oh. He takes a few quick breaths, psyching himself up. He forces himself to OPEN the freezer top slowly --

*

*

*

It's empty. He exhales. Then --

*

WHOOMP. Chumbler's arm flops down from above, hits Lawrence's shoulder!

*

*

LAWRENCE (CONT'D)

OH FUCK!

Lawrence looks up -- Chumbler stuffed into the rafters --
blood from his crushed in skull drips into Lawrence's
eyes -- Lawrence staggers back --

AND HE DOESN'T SEE JASON ARCHING BACK WITH THE AXE --
Lawrence moves awkwardly, trying to wipe the blood --

Lucky break.

WHOOSH -- Jason just misses -- CHUNK! The axe sticks
into the wall. Lawrence's eyes now free of blood stare
at the axe next to his head -- he turns, sees --

JASON YANK OUT THE AXE. Arches back for another blow --

Lawrence evades -- CHOP! CHOP! Jason chases Lawrence
through the workshop, between snowmobiles --

CHINK! Lawrence blocks a blow with his fireplace poker --

Lawrence hustles to the table saw -- CHOMP! Jason's axe
buries deep in the wood -- it's stuck --

WHIIZZZZ! Lawrence flips on the table saw -- the
spinning blade nicks Jason's arm --

LAWRENCE STABS JASON IN THE LEG WITH THE POKER. Jason
feels it -- staggers back --

Lawrence runs out --

79

EXT. WORKSHOP - NIGHT

79

-- and runs toward the cabin. Fast.

In the b.g., Jason comes out --

RAISES THE AXE BACK OVER HIS HEAD WITH TWO HANDS, THROWS
IT WITH ALL HIS MIGHT --

SLOW MOTION -- THE AXE FLIES END OVER END --

LAWRENCE RUNNING -- AND HE TRIPS!

Lawrence on the ground, tripped over some wood in the
path? He dodged the blow? As he gets up --

-- he stops, blood trickling from his mouth. He looks
surprised. The axe is sticking in his back.

Lawrence is alive as Jason drags him by one leg into the woods -- the fireplace poker still in Lawrence's hand in a death grip -- the axe still stuck in his back --

ZZZP! Another mosquito is fried in the zapper.

80/82

INT. CABIN - SAME

80/82

They all turn at the SOUND -- Jenna tries to see anything out the window -- nothing but darkness --

But then -- Lawrence's voice echoes faintly in the black woods --

LAWRENCE (OS)

Help... Help me...

BREE

Oh my god...

They look to each other in horror. Jenna runs toward the door, and Clay gets in her way.

JENNA

What are you doing?!

Lawrence's painful pleas continue --

LAWRENCE (OS)

I can't... I can't move!

BREE

Somebody do something!

Clay shakes his head slowly -- and he pushes a large chair in front of the door to barricade it --

CLAY

No one else is going out there.

TRENT

I'm not takin' orders from you.

They all stare at each other as Lawrence's screams grow more desperate, more painful...

LAWRENCE (OS)

Help me... please, GOD... help...

Bree is starting to lose it...

BREE

I don't understand. We have to help him!

CLAY

That guy out there... he's a hunter. He's using your friend as bait. He's trying to draw us out...

*

JENNA

Jesus. WHERE'S THE POLICE?!

*

CLAY

He wants us to go out there. He's waiting.

*

Trent shakes his head, but knows that Clay is right. A tear runs down Bree's cheek --

*

LAWRENCE (OS)

PLEASSSE!!

*

81 EXT. CABIN - SAME - OMITTED

81

*

81A INT. CABIN - SERIES OF SHOTS

81A

*

They rip open drawers -- looking for weapons -- anything they can find -- everyone has a weapon. Bree can't find anything -- finds an ice-cream scooper -- discards it --

*

*

*

They move the furniture -- crudely attempt to block the windows and doors -- the couch -- mini-ping pong table -- close and lock wooden window shutters --

*

*

*

83 INT. CABIN - LATER

83

*

Clay, Jenna, Trent and Bree all sit silently in the barricaded cabin with their weapons as Lawrence's distant screams, now more tired, almost drained of life, echo...

*

LAWRENCE (OS)

...please... I don't wanna die...

*

Huddled on the ground, Bree pulls her knees in tighter, rocking back and forth, mascara lines streaked down her face from tears long dried out...

LAWRENCE (CONT'D)

He's gone. Please! I'm alone...

*

Jenna puts her hands over her ears, can't take this. She slides against the wall down to the floor. Clay stares off into space, a hard look on his face...

*

*

LAWRENCE (CONT'D)
 Motherfuckers... I came out here.
 (beat, last bit of strength)
 I WOULD'VE HELPED YOU! Oh God, please...
 I would've helped you...

Bree starts silently sobbing again...

Trent tries the phone again -- still dead, just like he knew it would be. He rips it from the wall -- THROWS THE PHONE across the room -- and it slams into the wall.

BREE
 SOMEBODY HAS TO GO OUT THERE!

CLAY
 He's already dead.
 (beat)
 I'm sorry about him. Really. But he's gone.

TRENT
 Yeah, you're a real fuckin' hero.

Clay stands at the boarded up window, looking through a crack into the black with a vacant stare --

*
 *

Trent moves toward the back bedroom --

CLAY
 Where you goin'?

TRENT
Bathroom.
 (beat)
 Asshole...

LAWRENCE (OS)
 ...I can't die like this... please...

*
 *

Bree covers her ears -- can't take this. She turns on the stereo -- blasts music -- trying to drown out Lawrence's cries -- wiping her fresh tears --

*
 *
 *

84

INT. CABIN - BEDROOM - SAME

84

*

But after Trent rounds the corner, he rushes into the bedroom -- opens the closet --

High on a shelf is a BOX -- opens it --

A HAND GUN. He quickly tucks it in his back belt line.

He ducks into the bathroom -- flushes the toilet --

*

CUT TO:

85 INT. POLICE CAR - NIGHT

85

*

Officer Bracke is behind the wheel, turns up the path that leads to Trent's cabin in the woods...

86 EXT. WOODS - SAME

86

*

Lawrence is almost unconscious, lying on his stomach in the woods by the cabin. His eyes flutter open as he sees a police car coming. His face sweaty, spitting blood...

*

He claws at the ground, trying to will himself forward...

LAWRENCE

...Hey... Hey, man! Over here --

THOWCK! From somewhere unseen -- a MACHETE flies into frame -- into his neck -- and silences Lawrence for good.

*

*

87 EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

87

*

The police car stops, and Officer Bracke gets out. He heads for the cabin, hears LOUD MUSIC. Shakes his head, assuming kids are partying inside.

*

*

*

88 INT. CABIN - SAME

88

*

BOOM-BOOM-BOOM! Someone at the door! They look to each other, terrified --

*

*

The door handle shakes -- someone trying to come in!

*

89 EXT. CABIN - SAME - OMITTED

89

*

90 EXT. CABIN - SAME

90

*

The cop at the door, banging --

*

OFFICER BRACKE

*

POLICE. Open up --

*

AND THAT'S WHEN WE SEE JASON -- ABOVE HIM --

*

CROUCHED ON THE ROOF OF THE CABIN, SPOTLIT FOR AN INSTANT BY LIGHTNING -- JASON'S SILHOUETTE SLOWLY RISING --

90A INT. CABIN - SAME

90A

*

Jenna looking through barricade window --

*

JENNA

It's a cop! Open the door!

Trent kills the music. Bree hurries to the door --

91 EXT./INT. CABIN - SAME

91

Officer Bracke pulls the radio from his belt --

OFFICER BRACKE

This is Bracke, you there, Stubbs --

(calling to them inside)

POLICE. OPEN THE DOOR.

92 INT. CABIN - SAME

92

Bree looking out the SMALL WINDOW in the door as Clay moves the couch, opens the door chain. About to flip open the LOCK for him --

93/94 EXT./INT. CABIN - SAME

93/94

Bracke about to come in when behind him -- JASON SILENTLY DROPS FROM THE ROOF --

Bracke turns -- too late --

JASON STABS AT HIS HEAD WITH LAWRENCE'S FIREPLACE POKER --

KARISHH! POKER'S PERSPECTIVE as we travel through the eye socket, through the peep hole, exit other side of the door, and go right over Clay's shoulder past his ear, just stopping right in front of Bree's eyes.

Clay pulls her back -- Jenna yells from the window -- brain matter and debris on the floor --

JENNA

OH MY GOD!!

Blood comes in from outside, seeping under the door. Clay runs to the stairs -- yells to Trent --

CLAY

He was on the roof! Is there anyway he can get in up there?! Is everything locked?!

Trent can't take this -- about to break --

TRENT

YES! I think so...

Clay sees he's unsure. He looks to Jenna and Bree --

CLAY

Stay away from the windows!

Clay and Trent run upstairs. Bree alone with Jenna. It's dark in here. Jenna puts a log on the fire. When she turns again, Bree has left here, following the guys. Jenna calling after her --

JENNA

Bree!

Jenna looks around the empty downstairs. Kitchen. Living room. All quiet and empty. Creepy. The knife in her hand shakes...

95

INT. CABIN - UPSTAIRS - SERIES OF SHOTS - SAME

95

Clay checks the lock on the sliding glass door to the upstairs balcony --

Trent checks the upstairs bedroom -- eyes the window -- then looks to the FIREPLACE. Something drizzles -- water dripping from above. Trent leans over -- listening -- looks UP into the flume -- nothing there. He pulls it closed. He exhales.

BREE

looks in the bathroom -- sees the WINDOW IS OPEN. The curtains blow, ghostly.

BREE

Shit.

She closes it. She turns slowly. Eyes going to the

SHOWER CURTAIN

right next to her. Her heart is beating out of her chest. Almost against her own will, she slowly reaches out -- grabs the shower curtain --

AND OPENS IT! STUFF CRASHES -- she jumps --

But it's only bath salts, shampoo bottles, etc. She exhales. Moves toward the door, back into the bedroom --

-- and that's when JASON STEPS OUT FROM BEHIND THE DOOR AND GRABS HER --

96

INT. CABIN - UPSTAIRS BEDROOM - SAME

96 *

Trent steps inside the bedroom -- just outside the bathroom where Bree is --

TRENT

Bree?

The door suddenly opens -- Trent spins, gun pointed -- it's only Clay. Clay reacts, Trent lowers the gun --

*
*

CLAY

The fuck?! You've got a gun? Why didn't you say anything?!

*

BATHROOM - SAME

*

Bree's eyes are wide -- JASON'S HAND OVER HER MOUTH -- he's holding her from behind -- THE HOCKEY MASK RIGHT NEXT TO HER FACE -- his breath muffled behind it --

HER FEET are a few inches off the floor -- he's holding her so tight -- keeping her quiet --

CLAY (OS) (CONT'D)

*

We could've made a run for your friend!

TRENT (OS)

He was dead, you said it yourself!

URINE comes down Bree's leg, splattering onto the floor.

*

Trent and Clay leave the bedroom --

*

With his hand still over her mouth, Jason moves his thumb and first finger -- and pinches Bree's nose too -- cutting off her air.

Jason holds her tight as she struggles -- can't breathe -- her eyes dart, terrified -- tears roll -- convulsing --

*

BUT WE PUSH IN ON JASON --

ONE WILD EYE visible in the hole of the hockey mask -- it is the eye of an animal who has been backed into a corner -- it is feral, full of rage and fear --

-- but unmistakably human. The body slumps in his hands.

*

97

INT. CABIN - UPSTAIRS - HALLWAY

97 *

Clay and Trent meet Jenna in the upstairs hallway.

*

JENNA

Where's Bree?

CLAY

BREE.

They look to each other, scared. Jenna points to the end of the hall -- there's BROKEN GLASS under a window.

CLAY (CONT'D)

(mouths quietly)

He's inside.

(quietly to Trent)

Gimme the gun.

TRENT

(quietly back)

Fuck you.

Jenna nods toward the hallway closet door, just ajar. Clay nods. She slowly reaches for the handle --

JENNA YANKS OPEN THE DOOR --

TRENT SEES A FIGURE IN A COAT -- BOOTS --

BLAM! BLAM! Trent fires two shots -- Clay and Jenna duck. The figure doesn't move. Jenna pulls back the long coat -- no one there -- just boots in the closet.

CLAY

Jesus, Trent!

Then a SOUND stops them cold -- a DOOR CREAKING --

Still in a panic, Trent spins toward the bathroom door as it creaks open, his eyes like plates --

BLAM! BLAM-BLAM!

Trent surprises everyone -- firing another three quick shots into the moving door. Clay looks at him -- *WHAT THE FUCK?!*

We hear a THUD on the other side of the door, and it shuts tight. Beat.

TRENT

Go check it out...

CLAY

You've got the gun, asshole.

Trent slowly approaches the door -- peers inside --

*

INSIDE BATHROOM

*

Bree's dead body is slumped against the door. Bullet holes in her. A rubber duck floats in a pool of her blood. (The window open. Jason is already gone.)

*

*

*

OUTSIDE BATHROOM

*

Trent's face is white. He thinks he killed her. He turns to Clay -- lies --

*

*

TRENT

*

Nothin' in there. Some shit fell.

*

JENNA

*

Let's get out of here... please...

*

98 INT. CABIN - DOWNSTAIRS - SAME

98

*

Trent has the gun trained up as he backs down the stairs, Clay and Jenna following quickly -- trying to stay out of the way of Trent's shaky aim --

Clay moves to the front door -- moves the rest of the barricade --

*

*

CLAY

Quick... the cop car...

*

Clay manages to force open the front door --

99 EXT. CABIN - FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

99

*

Clay and Jenna hurry onto the front porch, having to slip by Bracke's corpse. Jenna cringes as Clay quickly frisks the cop impaled to the door --

*

*

Trent comes out wild-eyed, gun still at the ready.

TRENT

What are you doing?! Let's go!

CLAY

No gun. No keys.

JENNA

He took 'em.

Clay hurries over to the police car. He shuts his eyes when he sees the hood just open, wires exposed --

*

*

Clay pulls the car open -- sees the RADIO PULLED OUT too. *

CLAY

Shit. Radio's dead too.

JENNA

backs up, eyes on the second story windows of the cabin.
Is he still in there?! She steps on something: A
BRACELET. *

ON CLAY AND TRENT

TRENT

Fuck the radio, let's make a run for the
road, flag someone down.

Clay sees Jenna with the BRACELET. Something comes over
Clay: RECOGNITION. *

TRENT (CONT'D)

What?!

Clay moves to her, takes it from her. He looks at the
bracelet, and the inscription. FAITH / HOPE / COURAGE --
and a name: ANNE. *

TRENT (CONT'D)

The fuck are you doing?! LET'S GO!

CLAY

This is Whitney's. She was here. *

(beat)

She's alive. She could be close.

TRENT

You don't know that.

Jenna shares an emotional look with Clay. Clay turns to
Trent, new determination on his face --

CLAY

We gotta look for her.

TRENT

Are you insane?

CLAY

I'm going after her.

TRENT

Then you're going after her alone.

Beat. They stand off, neither giving an inch.

CLAY

I need that gun. Please.

TRENT

No chance. She's dead. C'mon, Jenna...

Trent takes a step, but Jenna isn't moving.

TRENT (CONT'D)

Jenna?

Jenna looks at both of them, makes her decision --

JENNA

Right now... I feel a lot safer with him than you.

KA-KRASH!! A HALF-NAKED BREE CRASHES THROUGH THE COP CAR'S WINDSHIELD! She was thrown from above --

Clay's eyes flash to the bullet holes in her chest -- his eyes flash to Trent -- looking guilty --

TRENT RUNS --

Clay looks to the roof -- nothing but a creaky weather vane up there -- Jenna pulling Clay's arm to run --

JENNA (CONT'D)

Clay -- C'mon!

100

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

100

Trent runs down the path and through the woods alone -- jumping over rocks, fallen trees -- breathing heavy, eyes darting for the man in the mask --

TRENT TRIPS, falls hard to the ground. The gun slides from his hand. Fuck.

His eyes scan the woods. No one in sight. He keeps his eyes locked on the trees as he reaches for the gun --

A SOUND stops him cold. Something out there. Something moving.

POV -- SOMEONE RUSHING STRAIGHT FOR HIM!

Trent cringes as a DEER breaks free of the woods, almost jumps right over him.

TRENT
...oh god... oh shit...

Trent grabs the gun, heart pounding out of his chest as he stands, and hurries toward the end of the path.

He sees a break in the trees...

101 INT. SEMI-TRUCK - SAME - OMITTED

101

102/103 EXT. ROAD - CONTINUOUS

102/103

Trent runs out in the road. The lights from an old TOW TRUCK light the scene. Trent holds up his hands --

The truck stops. An arm comes out. Waves Trent over... (Trent's a little hesitant -- who's in there??) Trent walks toward the truck cautiously -- when suddenly he's GRABBED FROM BEHIND --

INSIDE THE TRUCK

The driver is the OLD CARETAKER -- trying to see what's happening in his rearview mirror --

OUTSIDE THE TRUCK

Jason lifts Trent by the hair and shirt -- and IMPALES the back of his head on the hook of the tow truck. The HOOK comes through Trent's mouth like a fish!

INSIDE

The Old Caretaker sees a man in a HOCKEY MASK in his rearview mirror, illuminated by red brake lights. He takes a fast whiff of oxygen --

TRUCKER
Jesus Mary and Joseph...

The man in the mask now looks quickly at the TRUCKER'S FACE in the mirror.

TRUCKER (CONT'D)
Uh, uh... ain't gonna happen, son.

The trucker slams it in gear --

OUTSIDE

Trent's arms flailing -- trying to raise the gun to shoot at Jason -- BLAM! He misses as the truck lurches forward down the road --

BLAM! BLAM! Jason stands perfectly still as the bullets spark off the asphalt near him, the glow on his mask from the truck's lights quickly fading. *

TRENT *

raises the shaky gun to his own head -- wanting to end the pain -- *

BA-BUMP. The tow truck hits a pothole, and the gun drops from Trent's hand. Panic in Trent's eyes. His remaining moments will be full of agony. Fuckin' potholes. *

CUT TO:

104 EXT. CABIN - NIGHT 104 *

Clay shines his flashlight on a trail of blood leading from the cabin, into the woods --

105 EXT. WOODS - NIGHT 105 *

Clay trying to follow the trail, so tough at night. He's looking for tracks, anything, hunting knife at the ready. *

CLAY

I can't see shit. I think maybe this way...

Clay and Jenna take off in a new direction, flashlight bouncing...

CLAY (CONT'D)

Wait... I see something... *

106 EXT. WOODS - NIGHT 106 *

Whitney is lying on the ground, hands and feet bound, a rag in her mouth. Someone is coming toward her --

-- but it's not Clay and Jenna. It's JASON. He's stalking toward her slowly, machete once again in hand. He looks wounded. (Trent did hit him through the bathroom door!) *

She shuts her eyes tight. *

106A EXT. LAKE'S EDGE - SAME 106A *

Clay's flashlight finds someone, but it's not Whitney. *

It's the washed up bloated body of CHELSEA twisted in the driftwood. Jenna puts a hand to her mouth, stifling sobs.

CLAY

You know her?

Jenna nods. Clay puts his arm around her -- walks her away from the gruesome scene. Clay's eyes darting all directions -- looking for Jason --

107 EXT. WOODS - NIGHT - OMITTED

107

108 EXT. CAMP - NIGHT

108

Jason carries her on his shoulder through the old camp -- Jenna sees the bullet wound in his side, oozing blood --

109 EXT. WOODS - ADJACENT TO CAMP - SAME

109

Jason carefully leans down, back to the spot where he "disappeared" in the woods when Clay and Jenna were hiding by the canoes --

AND OPENS A TRAP DOOR in the ground --

As he does, Whitney quickly wriggles her tied ankles together, and manages to get off one of her shoes as Jason hauls her into the hidden tunnel --

-- and drops it on the ground just as the trap door closes on both of them.

CUT TO:

110 EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

110

Clay and Jenna have completely lost the trail. Jenna sits, exhausted. Clay spins, trying to figure this out.

CLAY

We're going in circles.

JENNA

I need to rest.

CLAY

OK. Go ahead. It's OK.

(beat)

If she's alive, she's alive for a reason. He's keeping her somewhere.

(beat)

(MORE)

CLAY (CONT'D)

I think we should go back to the old camp. He was bringing a body there. Maybe he's keeping her there too.

*

Jenna nods, exhausted, but willing to go on.

*

110A EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

110A

*

Clay and Jenna cross the small creek bridge --

*

111 EXT. CAMP - LATER

111

*

The sky is a dark blue. Thunderclouds roll. It will be sunrise soon as they walk through the old broken down cabins. They look eerie in the pale glow...

*

*

And something catches Clay's eyes... there, near the edge of the woods.

A SHOE.

Clay picks it up...

JENNA

Is it hers?

CLAY

It's gotta be.

*

*

Clay walks the area --

CLAY (CONT'D)

This is where he came last time. Seemed like he just... disappeared.

*

Beat. Something hits Clay. His eyes fall to the ground, and he slowly drops to his knees.

And then, he starts clearing brush. Slowly at first, but then getting more frantic --

JENNA

What are you doing?

-- and finally, he finds it. A TRAP DOOR, built right into the ground. Clay shares a look with Jenna --

JENNA (CONT'D)

I can't go down in there. Please. Let's get help.

*

CLAY

I have to go in. You wait here.

Clay opens the trap door, as quietly as he can, and starts to climb down.

Jenna stands there alone. Arms folded, cold -- she looks at the crumbling camp that surrounds her, rotting boards jutting out like broken bones. She shivers.

*

112

INT. HIDDEN TUNNEL - SAME

112

*

Clay shines his flashlight down the dusty tunnel. He's putting on a brave face, but he's scared shitless, just like we are. He whispers to himself --

CLAY

Jesus.

He turns -- finds JENNA in his flashlight -- she scared him. She smiles sheepishly. They push forward together, his flashlight beam only illuminating a few feet down the tunnel -- it's dank and dirty in here.

*

*

*

The flashlight illuminates things the eyes can't:

A large spider web, insects, a rats running down the pipes over them, footprints in the mud...

*

*

JENNA

It just keeps going...

*

*

CLAY

Must be part of an old mine or something.

*

*

Yellow plastic tarps obscure their view. Water drips on them. Now they pass things stuffed into the tunnel:

*

NEAT LITTLE PILES OF MISMATCHED SHOES. CLOTHES. BACKPACKS. A bloody deer skeleton. Next to them on the wall, a HAND PRINT, smeared in blood. Scratch marks.

*

*

But as they continue, there appears to be a dull light at the end of the tunnel...

113

INT. UNDERGROUND CHAMBER - SAME

113

*

Clay follows exposed wire linking a few flickering dull bulbs... and comes into a larger open chamber. Tarps obscure view. They see a SILHOUETTE in one. Moving. JASON?! He removes the tarp and --

*

*

*

CLAY

Whitney.

It's her. She turns to him, eyes not quite registering what she's seeing. But it only takes her a second. Clay removes the tape from her mouth, locket on her neck --

*
*
*

WHITNEY

Clay. My God. Clay.

Clay runs to her and they embrace, Whitney unable to reciprocate. She is once again chained to the tombstone. Whitney and Jenna exchange a look -- Whitney doesn't know her, but she's grateful.

*
*
*

CLAY

Where is he?

WHITNEY

I don't know... he... I don't know.

CLAY

Is there a key??

WHITNEY

No... I need, uh... a nail. Something to pick the lock.

*

Suddenly, Whitney's eyes go dark, haunted. Dust from above fills the room. Rats quickly scurry past --

*
*

WHITNEY (CONT'D)

He's coming.

Clay sheathes his knife, grabs a PICK AXE --

*

CLAY

MOVE BACK.

-- and starts HACKING at Whitney's chains. Jenna shines her flashlight down the dark tunnel --

*
*

JENNA

Wait!

Clay stops working -- they LISTEN. They hear a dull thud echo further down the tunnel. Beat. They all look to each other. Terrified.

*

AND THEN -- THE BEAM OF HER FLASHLIGHT FINDS SOMETHING -- JUST EMERGING FROM THE DISTANT DARKNESS --

JENNA (CONT'D)

(frantic whisper)

My god. I see him.

*

She can just make out a HOCKEY MASK...

JASON

unsheathes his machete... coming coming coming... moving slowly, deliberately... wounded from the bullet...

(This is the classic Jason Voorhees slow stalking, but there is a reason for it. He's hurt.)

ON JENNA

JENNA (CONT'D)

Clay... he's here. He's inside.

Whitney drapes her wrist shackles on the tombstone --

KRAK-KRAK-KRAK! Clay working double time now, giving it everything he's got -- her wrists getting bloodied from his blows -- she whimpers with each strike --

Jason getting closer -- halfway to them -- going in and out of visibility under the lights -- he drags the tip of his machete against the rock wall -- sparks fly --

CHINK! Clay breaks the chains free --

WHITNEY

There's another way out -- this way!

Clay has the pick axe, tosses Jenna a KEROSENE LAMP. Whitney picks up the only weapon left: a small ANIMAL TRAP on a chain...

114/116 INT. TUNNEL - SAME 114/116

Jenna and Clay follow Whitney through the tunnel -- Whitney moving with the desperate speed of a trapped and injured animal just released, hobbling quickly.

Clay following Whitney's lead, watches her scramble over something stacked in the tunnel -- BODIES. Clay recoils.

115 INT. UNDERGROUND CHAMBER - SAME - OMITTED 115

117 EXT. CAVE - SUNRISE - OMITTED 117

118 EXT. CLIFFSIDE - SAME - OMITTED 118

119 EXT. CAVE - SAME - OMITTED 119

120 EXT. CLIFFSIDE - SAME - OMITTED 120

121	EXT. WOODS - SAME - OMITTED	121	*
115A	INT. TUNNEL - ANTECHAMBER - SAME	115A	*
	Near the end of the tunnel, there is a great deal of clutter -- stuff Jason has stolen from the area, including a small generator.		*
			*
			*
	There is a dull light at the end of the tunnel. The sun is already coming out...		*
			*
	WHITNEY		*
	We're almost out! We have to climb...		*
	CLAY		*
	Go -- I'll try and slow him down!		*
	Clay upends a table, pushing crap together.		*
	JENNA		*
	Move back...		*
	Clay turns, sees Jenna's arm cocked back with the KEROSENE LAMP. He gets the idea, she throws it --		*
			*
	KRISH! It breaks against the table, and the makeshift barricade goes up in flames. Jenna hurries after Whitney, Clay starts to follow -- then --		*
			*
	-- his eyes fall on several KEROSENE CANNISTERS. He grabs them -- and tosses them NEAR the flames --		*
			*
	NEAR EXIT - MOMENTS LATER		*
	Whitney is outside the tunnel, waiting for them --		*
	Clay and Jenna almost to where she is --		*
116A	INT. TUNNEL - ANTECHAMBER - SAME	116A	*
	KA-KRASH! JASON EXPLODES THROUGH THE BURNING BARRICADE WITH A SLASH OF HIS MACHETE -- KEEPS STALKING TOWARD THEM -- UNFAZED -- even as the flames near the cannisters --		*
			*
	ON CLAY RUNNING AS --		*
	KA-BOOM! The entire tunnel shakes -- smoke and debris everywhere -- rocks falling --		*
			*
117A	EXT. CAVE - SUNRISE	117A	*
	Whitney backs up -- a WALL OF SMOKE in front of her --		*

The smoke swirls -- someone coming through it -- but it's not Clay and Jenna, it's --

JASON -- SOMETHING OUT OF A NIGHTMARE -- CHARRED AND SMOKING --

She backs up -- alone with the monster -- nowhere to go -- a forty foot drop at the edge where broken mine cart tracks break off --

118A INT. TUNNEL - SAME

118A

CLAY and WHITNEY scramble through rocks, smoke, debris --

119A EXT. CAVE - SAME

119A

JASON comes at Whitney -- he HACKS at her -- but she's agile, determined -- evades the onslaught --

Whitney swings the TRAP over her head by the chain -- WHIPS IT AT JASON --

The chain wraps around Jason's shoulder and underarm -- wrapping around him until --

SNAP! The jaws of the trap snap shut and dig deep into Jason's back and neck -- going all the way to the bone --

Jason spins -- trying to grab at the trap -- can't reach it -- drops his machete --

He throws himself at Whitney -- tackling her -- they're right at the edge -- he grabs her head in his powerful hands -- about to shove her head on a rusty spike coming off the broken mine tracks --

WHEN CLAY COMES OUT OF THE SMOKE --

-- and yanks the trap chain dangling off Jason's back -- ripping his skin --

Jason rears back in pain -- Whitney rolls to safety --

Jason reaches for his machete -- but Jenna KICKS IT over the side --

Jason turns -- sees Clay in mid-swing with the pick axe!

Jason raises a powerful arm -- partially blocks the blow, but he's knocked back -- to the edge --

His weight is too much -- the support under him starts to give way --

Jason falls -- but his CHAIN gets caught on the broken
mine cart tracks! He's dangling there over a forty foot
drop -- looming below him is the overturned YELLOW SCHOOL
BUS with 'Camp Crystal Lake' written on its side --

Jason tries to pull himself up -- Clay goes to the edge --
trying to STOMP on the caught chain -- trying to make
Jason fall -- Jenna coming to help --

And the supports break a bit -- the chain gives way --

AND JASON FALLS -- landing somewhere in the dense weeds
forty feet below!

Clay and Jenna share a look of victory. And that's when
the rest of the support gives way, and they fall too --

-- sliding down the rocks with the rest of the broken
cart tracks -- heading toward the School Bus --

120A

EXT. SCHOOL BUS - SAME

120A

They skid to a stop on top of the bus. The bus is
surrounded by tall dense weeds. It's almost as if Clay
and Jenna are on an Island, and Jason is a shark
somewhere in the waters that surround them...

Clay stands, understands his predicament. There's
nowhere he can go. He yells to Whitney --

CLAY

I'm OK! Just... stay there!

Clay helps up Jenna. Their eyes scan the perimeter.
Looking for him. They walk down the bus. Toward the
back end. Jenna sees some grass move --

Clay pulls out his knife --

BUT JASON COMES OUT FROM THE GRASS BEHIND THEM --

-- grabs Clay's ankle, dropping him -- Jason pulling
himself up onto the top of the bus --

Jenna tries to stop him -- and gets BACKHANDED -- and she
falls off the bus --

JENNA

on the ground -- at the ass end of the bus -- the door
open -- she can see through -- up through the glass
windows -- watching as Jason punishes Clay -- smashing
his face against the glass windows --

121A INT. SCHOOL BUS - SAME 121A *

Jenna rushes into the bus -- it's cluttered, seats ripped up -- tarps hanging -- *

Through the ceiling (the bus windows) she watches Jason drag Clay -- she's following underneath -- *

She gets to the front of the bus -- *

Jason is standing on the glass above her -- Jenna looks for something to try and help Clay -- she bangs on the window -- Jason raises Clay up and -- *

SMASH! Clay comes crashing through the glass, body slumped against the bus horn. Jenna SCREAMS -- *

OUTSIDE THE BUS *

Standing on top of the bus, Jason looks to the side -- sees his gleaming machete stuck in the dirt. He hops down to retrieve it -- in no rush -- *

INSIDE THE BUS *

Jason enters the back of the bus. He smoothly tosses his machete from his left hand to his right. Jason moves slowly through the bus -- clearing obstacles from his view, heading to the front, where the HORN still blares -- *

But when Jason gets there, Clay is gone. An old lunch box is wedged against the horn! Jason turns -- *

PSSSSSH!! Jenna springs up with a FIRE EXTINGUISHER and SPRAYS HIM IN THE FACE -- *

White foam everywhere -- Jason cannot see -- *

Clay grabs the extinguisher and CRACKS JASON IN THE HEAD - over and over -- in a blood rage -- red spreading from Jason's head into the pool of white foam -- *

OVER AND OVER AND OVER -- CRACK! CRACK! CRACK! *

JENNA *

Clay... Clay! Enough. *

Jenna pulls Clay off. Clay drops the extinguisher. *

He tries to catch his breath, get himself under control. *

They stand over Jason. Just a mask visible in a sea of white. Blood streaming through the white. Motionless. *

Beat. They look down at him, a mixture of hate and 'who-the-fuck-was-this-guy?!'

JENNA (CONT'D)

I wanna see his face.

Jenna reaches for his mask --

CLAY

No you don't.

-- but Clay grabs her hand, pulls it back. Beat.

They did it. They stare into each other's eyes. Clay wipes grime from her face.

CLAY (CONT'D)

I'm sorry... for all this.

JENNA

I was the one who said I wanted to live dangerously...

Jenna almost manages a smile. She's exhausted, spent.

CLAY

Thank you.

Clay and Jenna and embrace. Clay starts to climb up out of the bus --

OUTSIDE THE BUS

Clay pulls himself onto the top of the bus. He looks up to Whitney above. She's watching, worried.

WHITNEY

Is he -- ??

CLAY

Yeah. Hang on -- we'll come up to you.

Clay reaches down to bring Jenna up. He gets her arms, pulling her up --

JENNA

How about for our second date, we do something a little less--

THWOCK! The tip of a machete bursts out of her chest! Clay's hands let go of hers -- yet she continues to RISE.

Clay backs up -- in shock -- SCREAMING IN AGONY --

Jason comes up out of the bus, dumps Jenna's lifeless
body over the side --

ABOVE THEM -- WHITNEY SCREAMS --

WHITNEY

NO!!

Jason turns -- eyes lock on Whitney --

Clay full of rage -- sees Jason looking at his sister --
and instinct takes over -- he has to protect her --

CLAY

Hey! HEY -- OVER HERE!

Clay picks up a ROCK and throws it at Jason --

Jason turns back -- sees Clay backing up -- motioning for
Jason to follow --

CLAY (CONT'D)

C'MON! C'MON YOU SICK FUCK!!

Jason steps toward him, and Clay starts running -- away
from the bus -- away from Whitney --

Jason starts his pursuit as thunderclouds roll -- the
storm almost on them --

122

EXT. WOODS - NEAR THE LAKE

122

Clay runs past the trees, sees another small cabin tucked
away in the woods in the distance near the lake's edge.
It's the place he met DONNIE and the OLD CARETAKER.

Clay looks back --

Jason stalks after him slowly, in bad shape from the
gunshot and the fall.

This is not an unstoppable zombie, this is an injured
human being that will not quit.

As Clay runs closer, he heads for THE BARN --

IN THE BARN

Clay runs in -- looks to the farm tools -- WEAPONS. In
the middle of the barn is the medium sized WOOD CHIPPER
Donnie was using earlier...

Clay grabs a PITCH FORK --

JASON in the doorway of the barn --

CLAY

Let's go you crazy sonofabitch!

Jason comes right for him -- Clay thrusts with the pitchfork -- they fight through the chains dangling from the roof of the barn --

Finally Clay gets Jason in the arm -- and he DROPS his machete. Clay thinks he has the upper hand --

-- but Jason is quicker than Clay expected, stronger than Clay thought. Jason wraps his arm around the end of the pitchfork -- Clay holding the other end -- can't pull it away from him -- Jason pushes Clay back -- and LIFTS HIM UP -- and SLAMS him into the ground.

Thunder and lightning crash outside as it rains --

Jason GRABS Clay, picks him up, and SLAMS him on the top of the wood chipper, hitting a LEVER, starting it.

Before Clay even knows what's happening, Jason has Clay by his neck, and starts feeding his head into the humming wood chipper -- excess wood in front of him -- we see the chips fly out the other side -- that is what's about to happen to Clay! He's inches from death, when --

WHITNEY (OS)

JASON!

Jason turns, surprised at the sound of his own name.

Standing there is Whitney. Soaked from the rain.

Jason doesn't move, Clay inches from death...

Whitney opens the LOCKET she wears around her neck. The familiar haunting melody plays --

Every other sound drowns out for Jason -- he only sees the locket -- and Whitney's angelic face --

Jason lets Clay go, turns toward her.

Clay quickly backs off.

Jason just stands there, staring at Whitney.

Needing to believe.

Whitney takes a step forward. Toward him. She tries to stay brave, even though her lip trembles, eyes tear --

WHITNEY (CONT'D)

You can stop now. It's OK...

Behind Jason, Clay slowly and quietly bends to pick up the machete as Whitney moves closer to Jason...

Whitney holds her hands up, as if she wants to take him in an embrace, like the one Jason desperately gave her when she was chained...

Clay has the machete...

Jason's eye is fixed on her as she moves closer, so much pain in that look...

She is almost upon him when Clay rears back with the machete... about to cut him down...

BUT JASON SPINS -- GRABS CLAY'S ARM -- DOMINATING HIM --

AND THAT'S WHEN WHITNEY GRABS THE LONG CHAIN STILL DANGLING FROM THE TRAP AROUND JASON'S NECK --

-- AND THROWS IT INTO THE WOOD CHIPPER!

CHKCHKCHK! The chain is immediately pulled into the chipper, Jason struggling against it, trying to pull the chain out -- gears protesting, designed for wood not metal, but pulling in just the same -- Jason pulling --

But the machine is too strong. Jason is slowly being pulled in.

He desperately reaches for Whitney as the gears continue to grind. Pulling him back. Away from her.

She shuts her eyes, cannot watch.

The length of chain has almost run out -- Jason's head right outside the gears -- being pulled in. But Jason's head is too big to enter the opening -- but the chain keeps pulling on his neck and --

CRACK.

Jason's leg shakes, his neck at an awkward angle...

Then after a moment, he is motionless.

Clay pulls the lever, kills the engine.

They stare at the white mask, eye inside now closed.

Clay turns to Whitney. She has no more tears left.

WHITNEY (CONT'D)

What do we do now?

CLAY

We don't take any chances.

They look to the wood chipper. Wheels on the bottom. *

They pull away the wooden stops that anchor it... *

123

EXT. CRYSTAL LAKE - SAME

123

The barn doors burst open -- *

Hands on the trailer hitch, Clay and Whitney slowly push the heavy wood chipper into the lake. They're gonna sink this thing to the bottom, with Jason still in it.

The wheels pick up some speed, and the large machine hits the water... and starts to sink.

Clay and Whitney stand at the lake's edge, watching the water bubble as air escapes... trapping Jason in a watery grave.

After a few moments, it's gone. And soon, even the bubbles stop, leaving only a calm lake.

CLAY AND WHITNEY

turn to each other, the last survivors. They take each other into an embrace...

CLAY

You're OK, now. You're OK.

She buries her face in his shoulder...

UNDERWATER *

The wood chipper sinking... Jason attached to it like Ahab to Moby Dick... *

ON THE SHORE *

Clay and Whitney watch as the lake bubbles. *

There is sadness on Whitney's face as she removes the locket from her neck, and throws it into the lake. *

Giving it back to Jason. *

Clay and Jenna back away from the lake.

They're safe.

CUT TO:

124 EXT. CRYSTAL LAKE - WIDE SHOT - NIGHT 124 *

Crystal Lake at night. On one side of the lake, we see familiar tiny red and blue lights of police cars. Lots of them.

BUT WE PUSH DOWN TOWARD THE DARK LAKE...

125 INT. CRYSTAL LAKE - NIGHT 125 *

We focus on the HOCKEY MASK...

PAMELA VOORHEES (VO)
Jason. My special, special boy.

...sinking slowly in the water...

PAMELA VOORHEES (CONT'D)
They must be punished, Jason. For what they did to you. For what they did to me...

Floating in the murky blackness is JASON, the chain around him like an upsidedown noose.

He is completely still as the voice of his mother echoes in his rotting head.

PAMELA VOORHEES (CONT'D)
Kill for mother. *

The mask sinks to the bottom of the lake. Fish swim through the eye holes... *

...KI KI KI MA MA MA... *

CUT TO: *

126 TAG: INT. TRENT'S SUV - DAY 126 *

Clay is driving. Whitney is passenger seat. They drive in silence. They've been through so much. *

WHITNEY
Have you talked to Mom? *

*Clay takes a deep breath. Doesn't know how to tell her.
Windshield wipers rhythmically fight against the rain.*

*
*

He turns to her -- pain in his eyes --

*

AND THAT'S WHEN JASON COMES OUT OF THE WOODS -- INTO THE
ROAD -- RIGHT IN FRONT OF THEM --

*
*

HE JUMPS AS THE SUV IS ABOUT TO HIT HIM -- HE CRASHES
THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD -- HANDS GOING AT THEM -- MASK
COMING OFF -- HIS FACE IS DEFORMED -- EVERYTHING SHAKES --
RAIN -- SCREAMS -- CHAOS --

*
*
*
*

SMASH CUT TO BLACK

*