

FADE IN:

A NIGHT SKY

Ominous black clouds roll across the heavens. THUNDER begins to RUMBLE within the clouds. An unsettling feeling of approaching danger.

VARIOUS FOREST SHOTS

Deep shadowed woods. A quiet breeze rustles some dry leaves. NOISY CRICKETS. Some unseen creature runs through the bush. THE CRICKETS STOP.

EXT. FOREST ROAD - NIGHT

A very mangy wild dog feeds on what was once a rabbit run over in the road. ROARING AROUND THE BEND COMES AN OLD FORD PICKUP. The terrified canine runs for its life into the woods.

INT. PICKUP

TIGHT ON HOCKEY MASK

We stare down on Jason's infamous mask held in a young man's (HAWES) hands.

HAWES

(Southern accent)

I don't know how the hell you talked me into this, Jarvis.

ANGLE ON HAWES

Sitting in the passenger seat examining the mask is ALLEN HAWES. He is a rather unusual-looking guy in his mid-twenties, nervously smoking a cigar.

HAWES

Hell, I must be crazy. If the old institution ever found out about this...boy, they'd throw our butts back in an' strait-jacket 'em permanent.

TOMMY (o.s.)

You didn't have to come, Hawes...

PRESS IN - ON DRIVER

TOMMY JARVIS is a good-looking young man in his late teens. He drives like a bat out of hell, wearing a very intense expression of determination.

TOMMY

This is between me and Jason.

TWO SHOT ON THEM

HAWES

(becoming more nervous)  
Yeah, I know. But I still don't  
get the therapy here. Jason's  
dead, right? How will seeing his  
corpse stop your hallucinations?

TOMMY

Seeing it won't. But destroying  
him once and for all will. Jason  
belongs in hell.

TIGHT ON TOMMY

TOMMY

(coldly)  
I'm gonna see he gets there.

HAWES

stares wide-eyed at Tommy. He then turns to look out the  
back window.

EXT. PICKUP

TIGHT ON HAWES' FACE IN REAR WINDOW - TILT DOWN

A huge can of gasoline, a crowbar and two shovels are seen in  
the back of the truck. THUNDER BEGINS TO RUMBLE LOUDER.

EXT. FOREST ROAD - NIGHT

Dust kicks up as the old pickup races down the road.  
LIGHTNING FLASHES, illuminating the dark woods. THUNDER  
CRASHES HELLISHLY.

CUT TO:

EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT

TRACKING along a row of tombstones, we follow Tommy and his  
flashlight as he searches. Hawes follows, carrying the gas  
can, tools and mask. THUNDER continues as a fierce, whistling  
WIND attacks.

Tommy's eyes squint to read each tombstone, looking for the  
one. LIGHTNING FLASHES.

WIDER - ON TOMMY

Getting frustrated, but far from giving up, Tommy moves to  
the new row of markers. Suddenly he freezes and we PRESS IN  
on him.

ANGLE ON JASON'S GRAVE

LIGHTNING illuminates the tombstone that reads "Jason Voorhees - At Rest".

TIGHT ON TOMMY

As he stares, a deep terror chills his bones. Something else then catches his eye.

ANGLE ON ANOTHER GRAVE

Close to Jason's marker we see another. It reads "Pamela Voorhees - Beloved Mother."

FULL SHOT ON TOMMY AND HAWES

Returning his attention to Jason's grave, Tommy points "this is the one" to Hawes, who gulps and nods. Putting down the other items, the boys take hold of the shovels. Tommy raises his up first.

THE SHOVEL

plunges into the ground. A LIGHTNING BLAST punctuates it as it removes a large chunk of grass and dirt.

CLOSE ON OUR GRAVEDIGGERS

They begin to exhume the legendary killer's body. Tommy works feverishly. Hawes works nervously.

Again and again their shovels strike, digging into the earth.

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

THE SHOVEL (LATER)

is scraping the dirt off of a rotted coffin lid.

ANGLE UP - ON TOMMY

The sweating boy tosses the shovel out of the shallow grave. Hawes silently hands him the crowbar from above.

TIGHT ON COFFIN

The crowbar is driven into the side. Tommy's hands take a firm grip and yank. A HORRIFIC CREAK resounds as the lid cracks open.

LOW ANGLE - ON TOMMY

He hands the crowbar back to Hawes. They exchange a look and a deep breath. Tommy then goes for it. His hands extend slowly toward the coffin. More THUNDER GROWLS.

TOMMY'S FINGERS

slip into the narrow space beneath the coffin lid.

PRESS IN TIGHT ON HAWES' FACE

He winces and bites his lip.

PRESS IN TIGHT ON TOMMY'S FACE

With all the courage he can muster, Tommy strains to do the deed. He yanks the casket open!

ANGLE ON JASON IN COFFIN

With a BRILLIANT FLASH OF LIGHTNING, the lid swings open to reveal the huge decomposing body of JASON. His HEAD IS COMPLETELY COVERED BY AN ARMY OF DISGUSTING MAGGOTS.

HAWES GASPS

He fights with his stomach to keep his dinner down..

TOMMY CLIMBS OUT OF GRAVE

He turns and stares down at his nemesis. A slow hatred begins to build. We PRESS IN on Tommy, HEARING his horrid memories: His sister screams, NO, TOMMY, NO while 10-year-old Tommy kills Jason, repeating, "DIE, DIE!"

TIGHT ON TOMMY

As he listens, his eyes well up with a violent rage.

WIDER

Tommy looks around vengefully. Seeing an old fence a few yards away, he heads for it. Hawes is confused by his actions.

HAWES

Hey, where are you going?

TRACK WITH TOMMY

Without a word, he storms over to the rusty fence. He grabs one of the spearlike posts and pulls it out.

LOW ANGLE - DOLLY BACK

With fire in his eyes, Tommy stalks Jason with the weapon. THUNDER ROARS ABOVE.

HAWES

rushes up to Tommy, greatly alarmed.

HAWES

What's that for? Tommy, what are  
you doin', boy?!

The boy storms right past him.

REACHING THE GRAVE

Tommy glares down hatefully at this monster who has destroyed  
his loved ones and his life. Raising the spear, he explodes  
and jumps down.

TOMMY  
You bastard!

LOW ANGLE - ON TOMMY

As he lands in the grave, Tommy plunges the spear down with  
a mighty force. THUNDER AND LIGHTNING BLAST HELLISHLY.

THE SPEAR

penetrates deep into Jason's chest.

ANGLE ON HAWES, DUMBFOUNDED

HAWES  
Oh, shit.

TOMMY

withdraws it, then angrily rams it down again and again.

CLOSE ON JASON'S FACE

The force of the blows causes many of the numerous maggots to  
start dropping off his face. Grossly decayed flesh is  
illuminated the LIGHTNING.

CLOSE ON TOMMY'S FACE

Exhausted, his rage finally vented, he drives the spear into  
Jason for the last time.

ANGLE DOWN - ON TOMMY AND JASON

Over the boy's shoulder we see the long spear extending out  
of Jason's cold heart.

WIDER

Recovering from his tantrum, Tommy climbs out of the grave.  
Hawes stares open-mouthed at his friend.

HAWES  
Boy, he must've really messed you  
over.

TOMMY

reaches down, picks up Jason's hockey mask, and stares at it.

INSERT - HOCKEY MASK

It seems to stare back evilly at him.

TOMMY (O.S.)

Yeah. Fuck you, Jason.

RESUME TOMMY

Tommy, knowing the nightmare is finally over, tosses the mask into the grave. He then bends down and starts to uncap the gas can.

WIDER ON SCENE

Without warning, the sky EXPLODES with a mass of LIGHTNING. One of the BOLTS OF ELECTRICITY is drawn to the spear as to a lightning rod. SPARKS fly as the spear is struck and electrified. Tommy and Hawes dive for cover.

TIGHT ON JASON'S FACE

JASON'S DECOMPOSED EYELIDS FLASH OPEN!

ANGLE ON TOMMY AND HAWES

Uncovering their heads, they look skyward in fear. Quickly, Tommy gets to his feet and goes for the troublesome spear.

ANOTHER ANGLE

The unintended lightning rod is still smoking a little from the blast. He touches it. It's hot. He pulls out a pair of gloves from his jacket. Putting them on, he then attempts to remove the spear. He can't get proper leverage. So Tommy jumps down into Jason's grave.

LOW ANGLE - ON TOMMY

He struggles to pull the spear out. It's apparently driven into the bottom of the coffin as well. Hawes leans down into the grave.

HAWES

Let's just get the hell out of here. My heart can't take any more of this.

CLOSE ON JASON'S FACE

Jason's wicked eyes glare at Tommy.

RESUME TOMMY

The boy, of course, does not see what's about to occur. He finally yanks the spear out, and throws it up onto the grass. Slowly he removes his gloves and tosses them to Hawes. He starts to climb out. JASON SPRINGS UP FROM BEHIND AND GRABS HIM.

CLOSE ON HAWES SCREAMING

He goes crazy with hysteria. He starts to run.

ANGLE DOWN - ON GRAVE

Tommy fights for his life as Jason tries to pull him down into the grave. He manages to kick Jason back down long enough to climb out.

TOMMY

scrambles for the gas can as the STORM CLOUDS DETONATE ABOVE. He gets it open, turns around, and starts throwing it on the rising corpse of Jason.

ANGLE ON JASON

The gas splashes all over him as he keeps coming!

REVERSE ON TOMMY

He backs up as Jason stalks him. Knowing there's enough gas now on his predator, he drops the can.

TIGHTER - ON JASON

He's coming closer.

TIGHTER - ON TOMMY

Panicking, he searches his pockets for the matches. He finds them. As he pulls them out, the STORM CLOUDS ERUPT WITH AN INCREDIBLE DOWNPOUR.

JASON

stops as the rain drenches him. Maggots start to wash off him as he stares at his helpless victim.

RESUME TOMMY

He tries desperately to light a match in this pounding rain.

TOMMY'S HANDS

struggling with the soaked matchbook.

JASON

starts to close in. Suddenly HAWES EMERGES FROM BEHIND, HOLDING UP A SHOVEL. He HOLLERS as he swings it.

ANGLE ON HAWES

He WHACKS the back of Jason's head as hard as he can. It doesn't even faze his undead superkiller.

JASON WHIPS AROUND ON HAWES

His arm lunges forcefully at Hawes' chest.

ANGLE HAWES' BACK

JASON'S HAND, CLUTCHING HAWES' HEART, BURST OUT HAWES' BACK.

ANGLE ON GRAVE

Hawes' body falls back into Jason's grave.

TIGHT ON COFFIN

As Hawes lands in the coffin, the lid shuts over him.

ANGLE ON TOMMY

Horrified and weaponless, he runs like hell.

LOW ANGLE - ON JASON

Seeing his victim escaping, Jason whips around and looks for a weapon. He goes for the nefarious spear. Something in the grave then catches his attention.

EXT. FOREST ROAD - NIGHT

Tommy races out of the cemetery to his pickup. He jumps into the truck and takes off in the rain.

EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT

With his back to us, Jason dons his beloved hockey mask and picks up the spear. We PRESS IN TIGHT ON HIM as he turns around to face us. FREEZE FRAME. Meaner, stronger, and more unstoppable than ever before...

TITLE PROCLAIMS: "JASON HAS RISEN"

OPENING CREDITS

FADE IN:

EXT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Tommy's old pickup SCREECHES UP before us. He leaps from the truck and races for the office door. The sign by it reads "Forest Green County Sheriff's Dept."

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Tommy BURSTS into the room.

ANGLE ON SHERIFF BEHIND DESK

SHERIFF MICHAEL GARRIS is a hard-ass Vietnam vet who, at forty-three, has "seen enough trouble and don't want no more." That's why he took this job a few years back. Having just nodded off, Tommy's entrance startles him. He leaps to his feet, gun drawn with lightning speed.

REVERSE ON TOMMY

Shocked by the sheriff's sudden aggression, Tommy instantly throws up his hands.

TOMMY

Don't shoot. Please.

ANGLE ON SHERIFF

He relaxes, seeing it's just a teenager. But he's still pissed off as he holsters his gun.

SHERIFF

You in show business, kid? You sure know how to make an entrance.

MOVING SHOT

The hyper boy rushes toward the sheriff.

TOMMY

You gotta do something! Jason's alive! He killed my friend, now he's coming for me!!

EXT. FOREST ROAD - NIGHT

Jason is coming. Gripping the spear before him, he heads toward us.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - NIGHT

SHERIFF

(sitting back)

Now you better cool out a minute, boy. You already almost got your head blown to pieces.

TOMMY

(demanding)

Will you listen, dammit!

SHERIFF

(stands up)  
Don't piss me off, junior. Or I  
will repaint this office with your  
brains.

Tommy tries to control his emotions and sound rational.

TOMMY  
Jason is alive. We dug up his  
body. I was gonna cremate it  
and...

SHERIFF  
(smirks and interrupts)  
Hold it. Whoa... What's your  
name, son?

TOMMY  
(quickly)  
Tommy Jarvis. We gotta do  
something. He's even more  
powerful now that...

The sheriff circles the desk and approaches Tommy.

SHERIFF  
Aren't you the kid whose mother  
and friends were....

TOMMY  
(nods)  
Yeah. Jason murdered them and...

SHERIFF  
(cutting him off again)  
And you've been at some  
psychiatric clinic ever since,  
haven't you?

TOMMY  
(catching his drift)  
Yes, but they released me  
because...

The door behind him BURSTS OPEN.

DEPUTY  
Rains stopped. Ya owe me that  
five-spot, partner.

ANGLE ON DOORWAY

DEPUTY RICK COLONE hurries in with an armload of fast food.  
Dark, mid-thirties, and a little on the short side. He is  
surprised to see someone here this late.

DEPUTY

Sorry. I didn't...

BACK TO SCENE

Sheriff Garris waves his deputy in.

SHERIFF

(sarcastic)

No problem, Rick. Come over and meet a former resident here, Tommy Jarvis. He's got some kinda prank going about...

TOMMY

(explodes)

There's no time for this bullshit...

MOVING SHOT - ON TOMMY

He bolts across the office and grabs one of the rifles from the rack.

TOMMY

Jason's got to be stopped.

ANGLE ON GROUP

Both lawmen drive for the crazy kid. Their food flies as they struggle to get the rifle away from the strong youth.

Finally the deputy pins Tommy's arms from behind. The sheriff yanks the rifle away.

SHERIFF

(pointing at Tommy)

Now that's what know in the books as screwin' the pooch.

(to deputy)

Iron this punk.

Tommy fights to get away from the deputy, who throws him into the cell. The iron bars are slammed shut.

TOMMY

(struggling)

No... Ya gotta listen. Jason's coming back here. He's after me. I tried to destroy him but I fucked up....

TIGHT ON SHERIFF

He leans in toward Tommy's cell.

SHERIFF

You got that right. Now you

listen up. I'm sorry for what happened to you and your folks years ago. But no one in Forest Green wants to be reminded of what that maniac did here. That's why they changed the name to Forest Green. People want to forget this was once Crystal Lake. And they don't need some kid stirring up Jason shit again.

RESUME ON TOMMY

He paces the cell in wild frustration.

TOMMY

Why didn't you cremate him?!

SHERIFF

(impatiently)

They were gonna! But some asshole sent a lot of money to give Jason and his mother a decent burial. Now look, you just lie down and get some rest. In the morning I'll call that clinic and see if they...

Tommy grabs the bars and pleads with him.

TOMMY

If you'd just go to the cemetery, you'll see I'm not lying.

CLOSER ON SHERIFF AND TOMMY

SHERIFF

Either you go to sleep or I'll come in there and put you out.

TOMMY

(defiantly)

You're gonna be sorry you didn't listen to me.

SHERIFF

(more defiantly)

You're gonna be sorry if you don't shut the fuck up.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST BACK ROAD - NIGHT

A funky VW Bug bounces along a narrow muddy road. LAUGHTER is HEARD from within.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

A likable couple in their mid-twenties are obviously lost. LIZBETH drives and giggles, slap-happy from the long trip and late hour. Her boyfriend, DARREN, struggles to read the map in the dim car light. A huge pothole causes him to bang his head on the roof.

DARREN

Will you slow down? It's hard enough to read this thing.

LIZBETH

(trying not to laugh)

Well, who told me to take this cow path?

DARREN

You admit the sign did say "Camp Forest Green," with an arrow pointing this way.

LIZBETH

I admit nothing without talking to my lawyer.

DARREN

throws down the map with a growl.

DARREN

So much for the head counselors ever finding the camp on their own. I say we stop the car, get out, and start screaming for help.

The car comes to a grinding halt.

DARREN

(sighs)

I was just kidding, Lizbeth.

He looks at his girlfriend, who is staring fearfully out the windshield. Darren turns to look.

DARREN'S P.O.V. - OUT WINDSHIELD

Standing in the middle of the road, illuminated by the headlights... JASON. He holds the deadly spear before him.

RESUME COUPLE

Needless to say, Lizbeth is becoming more afraid.

LIZBETH

Darren, we better turn around.

DARREN

Why?

LIZBETH

Why? Because I've seen enough  
horror movies to know masked  
weirdos are never friendly.

She starts to back up. Darren looks behind him, then grabs  
the wheel.

DARREN

Wait!

THE CAR TIRE

almost rolls off the narrow road into a water-filled gully.

ANGLE ON DARREN

He stares intensely at Lizbeth.

DARREN

There's no way we can do this...  
(he looks at Jason)  
...If the car drops into that  
gully, we'll never get it out.

JASON

just stands his ground. He ain't backin' down.

LIZBETH

keeps her eye on the evil-looking stranger.

LIZBETH

Do you have any alternate  
suggestions?

ANGLE ON DARREN AND LIZBETH

He bites his lip nervously.

DARREN

Yeah... We're gonna scare him.

LIZBETH

(taken aback)  
We're gonna scare him?!

Darren attempts to pump up a macho attitude.

DARREN

That's right. Just drive toward  
him. He'll move. Nobody wants to  
die.

LIZBETH  
(staring at Darren)  
That's a freakin' fact. Least of  
all us.

DARREN  
Just drive. He'll get out of our  
way.

ANGLE ON LIZBETH

She shakes her head, not believing she's actually going to do  
this.

INSERT - ACCELERATOR

Her foot stomps it down.

THROUGH WINDSHIELD

We race toward Jason, who doesn't budge.

INSERT - BRAKE

Her foot slams on the brakes.

LOW ANGLE - ON HEADLIGHT

The car skids to a stop, inches from the stock-still killer.

LIZBETH

turns to her now-less-than-confident boyfriend.

LIZBETH  
(sarcastically)  
Yeah, that really scared the shit  
out of him.

ANGLE ON DARREN

He gets pissed. He leans over and BLASTS the HORN.

LOW ANGLE - ON JASON

Jason gets pissed too. He swings the spear and SMASHES OUT  
a headlight.

BACK TO COUPLE

DARREN  
(shocked)  
Oh, jeez.

LIZBETH  
(starting to shift)

That's it. We're driving this  
baby back to town... in reverse.

Darren, now angered, grabs her hand as she starts to shift.

DARREN  
The hell we are.

ANGLE ON GLOVE COMPARTMENT

Darren opens it and pulls out a .22 revolver.

LIZBETH

stares at the gun, then at Darren, in shock.

LIZBETH  
Where'd you get that?

Darren gets out of the car. He's scared shitless, but tries  
not to show it.

DARREN  
Don't worry about it. Just stay  
cool.

LIZBETH  
(trying to maintain)  
Stay cool? You ain't Dirty Harry.  
Now stop it.

JASON

watches Darren's every move.

DOLLY BACK ON DARREN TO JASON

With great apprehension he heads toward Jason, holding the  
gun out with both hands. He clears his nervous throat.

DARREN  
All right, scumbag. Get out of  
the road.

From over Jason's shoulder we see Darren cock the trigger and  
aim.

DARREN  
Now!

Instantly Jason rams the spear into the other headlight! He  
is now a very dark figure in front of the car.

LIZBETH

screams, and shouts at her boyfriend.

LIZBETH  
Darren, get in here right now!  
He'll kill you!

ANGLE ON DARREN

He gets a bit cocky, knowing he's the one with the gun. He glances back at his girl.

DARREN  
(loudly)  
Not if I get him first.

JASON

suddenly CHARGES him!

ANGLE ON DARREN AND JASON

Darren fires. But the bullet either misses or it just doesn't affect Jason. He thrusts the spear forward.

THE SPEAR

drives right through Darren's stomach and out his back!

PRESS IN ON LIZBETH

She goes hysterical.

LOW ANGLE - ON JASON

Effortlessly, he lifts up the impaled boy and tosses his limp body aside. Jason then turns his murderous gaze on Lizbeth.

THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD

Lizbeth gasps. Quickly, she tries to drive away. Seeing something coming, she dives across the other seat. JASON'S SPEAR SMASHES THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD AND IMPALES ITSELF INTO THE DRIVER'S SEAT.

ANGLE ON LIZBETH

The terrified girl crawls out of the open passenger door. She falls into the muddy and water-filled gully alongside the road.

MOVING SHOT - ON JASON

He withdraws his weapon from the car and heads for his victim.

LIZBETH

struggles to stand. She slips, badly twisting or breaking her ankle. Looking back quickly, she is horrified.

HER P.O.V. - ON JASON

with spear poised, he's coming!

TIGHT ON LIZBETH

Knowing it's hopeless to run, she tries a last-ditch effort to barter for her life. Lying in the muddy water, Lizbeth digs into her jacket. She pulls out her wallet and removes her money and credit cards.

LIZBETH

(crying)

Don't kill me, please. You can have these.

She looks up and offers her valuables.

LIZBETH'S P.O.V.

Jason is gone.

BACK TO LIZBETH

She is amazed. Where did he go? What's the difference -- she's safe. WRONG. As she looks behind her, JASON'S FEET SLAM DOWN IN THE WATER NEXT TO HER HEAD. She opens her mouth to scream.

LOW ANGLE - UP ON JASON

He raises the spear and RAMS IT DOWN TOWARD HER FACE! A spine-chilling CRUNCH is HEARD.

WIDER

Jason stands over his victim... Her body floats on the filthy water, but her head is drive down underneath. BLOOD begins to bubble up around the extended spear.

CLOSE ON HER HAND

A lifeless hand releases the money and credit cards it was clutching.

We follow the floating American Express card along the now-bloody stream... Remember, don't leave home without it.

CUT TO:

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

Tommy is asleep on the cot in his cell. Suddenly the LOUD SOUNDS of the DOOR OPENING and YOUNG VOICES startle him awake.

MOVING SHOT - ON GROUP

Entering from the bright sunshine are the sheriff and four kids in their late teens. Teasing, holding on to the arm of her sheriff father, is MEGAN. She is a cute and feisty 18-year-old. Her three friends, PAULA, a warm and personable girl with a short new-wave haircut; Sissy is black, sexy and very boy-crazy; and CORT, with his long hair and heavy metal T-shirt, is always ready to rock.

MEGAN

(to sheriff)

Come on, Dad. You could have Rick drive down Cunningham Road and look for them.

SHERIFF

Megan, my deputies have more important things to do than look for camp counselors with car trouble.

CORT

Sheriff, couldn't you like put our an all-points bulletin for them? That would be really wicked decent.

The sheriff shoots him a look.

PAULA

It's just that Darren and Lizbeth are in charge of organizing and setting up the new campgrounds.

SISSY

All the little kids arrive today. We're not ready to deal with that alone.

ANGLE ON SHERIFF

He sits down behind his desk and picks up the phone.

SHERIFF

I sympathize with you kids. The best I can do is call the station in Carpenter and have them keep a lookout for them.

TOMMY (O.S.)

I got a bad feeling of what might've happened to them.

Everyone turns to look.

TOMMY

is gripping the cell's bars. His eyes connect with Megan.

TOMMY

You've got to convince the sheriff  
to look for your friends.  
Hopefully, they're fine. But  
there's a very good chance that  
Jason...

THE SHERIFF

jumps up angrily.

SHERIFF

Shut up.

Megan, attracted to the good-looking prisoner, walks toward  
his cell.

MEGAN

Jason who?

SHERIFF

(ordering her)

Megan, get away from him. He's  
dangerous.

ANGLE ON MEGAN AND TOMMY

She stops a few feet from the cell.

TOMMY

(sincerely)

I'm not dangerous, believe me.  
Jason is out there. He's looking  
for me. But there's every  
possibility he'll return to the  
camp where it all started.

WIDER ON SCENE

The sheriff stomps over toward Tommy.

SHERIFF

(clenching his teeth)

I told you to shut...

SISSY

(nervously)

You mean the Jason of Camp Blood?

TOMMY

Yes!

SHERIFF

No!...

(to kids)

... You kids better leave. This  
boy here is not well and I need to

talk to him in private.

MEGAN

But, Dad, we...

SHERIFF

(very firmly)

Megan, take your friends back to the camp. I'll let you know if I hear anything about your counselors.

ANGLE ON MEGAN

She wants to argue, but the look in her father's eye tells her she'd better cool it. She takes one more look at Tommy as she approaches her father.

MEGAN

(wisecracking)

Don't beat him up too bad, he's kinda cute.

This really steams the sheriff.

SHERIFF

Megan, leave!

BACK TO KIDS

They stumble out awkwardly as Megan struts away with a cool Lauren Bacall swagger.

ANGLE ON TOMMY AND THE SHERIFF

On the door is closed, the steely-eyed sheriff leans in close to Tommy's face.

SHERIFF

I was going to call the clinic and have them collect your ass. But I don't want you around here any longer poisoning my daughter, or anyone else, with your warped mind.

TOMMY

(extremely concerned)

But they have to be warned, Sheriff. Jason will return to the area that's familiar. No matter what you call it, it's still Camp Crystal Lake to him.

SHERIFF GARRIS

walks away, not listening to Tommy. He straps on his holster and puts on his coat.

SHERIFF

(deadly serious)

We're gonna escort you and that  
shit-pile pickup of yours to the  
edge of my jurisdiction....

(he picks up his rifle)

....Then we'll say goodbye and  
we'll never see your deranged butt  
around here again...

(he cocks rifle)

...Right?

TOMMY

pushes off the bars in frustration and paces the cell like a  
caged animal.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST - DAY

A large clump of thick bushes. Someone's moving behind them.  
We TRACK along, following the rustles. It stops. We HOLD and  
WAIT. SUDDENLY THE BUSHES PART ABRUPTLY. A bespectacled  
little man in Army fatigues and camouflage makeup pokes his  
head out at us. ROY, wearing protective goggles, looks right-  
left, then hides back in the brush.

ANOTHER AREA OF THE FOREST

We follow TWO OTHER BUSINESSMEN decked out in green jungle  
fatigues, looking like out-of-shape Rambos. STAN and LARRY  
are both carrying handguns, watching for any movement around  
them. They, too, wear goggles.

STAN

(quietly)

Once we nail Roy, that's it.  
Victory is ours.

LARRY

This is taking forever. I'm  
starving.

STAN

That's your problem, Larry.  
That's why your sales are always  
below quota. Your instinct to eat  
is stronger than your instinct to  
win.

LARRY

(insulted)

My ass.

STAN

Yeah, that's fat too.

ANGLE OVER JASON'S SHOULDER

He watches motionlessly as the two arguing men pass. They, of course, don't see him.

BACK TO GUYS

LARRY

(outraged)

You become a whole other person when you're out here, Stan. And I don't like it.

STAN

(arrogant)

This is a man's game. Requiring a man's cunning and intelligence...

SUDDENLY, A FIGURE EXPLODES OUT OF THE BRUSH.

ANGLE ON STAN AND LARRY

They react in terror.

LOW ANGLE

A goggle-wearing woman, also in Army fatigues, has her revolver pointed at them. KATIE fires at them.

BOTH GUYS

are splattered by red-paint pellets. Boy, are they pissed.

KATIE

grins triumphantly.

KATIE

....with a woman's touch.

WIDE ON GROUP

STAN

Now wait a second! I thought Burt shot you.

KATIE

(turns all around)

See any paint?...

(cocky)

...Sorry, guys, I did in Mr. Commando. Survival is the name of the game, and that flag is mine.

As they walk away, Larry looks at his paint-smearred chest.

LARRY  
(to Stan)  
Never should've let her play.

STAN  
It's a damn company executive  
game, and she's a damn company  
exec.

KATIE  
(motherly)  
Now, now, boys. Don't be  
spoilsports.

JASON

silently watches. He then heads for them!

CUT TO:

EXT. CAMP FOREST GREEN - DAY

The freshly painted and beautifully renovated cabin retreat  
gleams in the bright sunlight. Even the lake itself shimmers  
tranquilly, free of any memories of its horrid past.

Megan, Cort, Paula, and Sissy carry food supplies from their  
car to the cabin.

PAULA  
I'm getting worried.

CORT  
About Jason.

PAULA  
No...about Darren and Lizbeth.  
They should have at least called.  
Don't you think, Megan?...Megan.

Megan's mind is definitely on something--or someone--else.

MEGAN  
(breaking out of it)  
Huh? Yeah, what?

SISSY  
(giggles)  
This girl's back in the cell with  
her prisoner of love.

Megan hits her playfully.

MEGAN  
What's it to ya?

SISSY

Don't be playin' with no crazy jailbird. Those dudes are bad news.

MEGAN

Yeah? How would you know?

SISSY

I've been around long enough...to see plenty on TV.

Everyone laughs or groans at Sissy.

PAULA

I don't know, Megan. He seemed pretty weird with all that Jason stuff.

CORT

Yeah, he was really into it.

MEGAN

(playing with them)

Maybe he was telling the truth.

Everyone stops and stares at her in disbelief.

MEGAN

(keeping the ruse going)

Just because our parents keep telling us that Jason was only a legend, doesn't mean it wasn't true. What if Jason did come back here...

(dramatically)

...And you know what today's date is, don't you?

ANGLE ON HER THREE FRIENDS

Each of their faces registers a different expression, wondering if Megan is serious or not.

MEGAN

looks past them at something, then smiles.

MEGAN

(slyly)

I can think of only one thing even more terrifying.

CORT

(nervously)

What?

She points behind them. They turn to look.

A BIG YELLOW BUS

pulls up into the camp. The doors fly open. A group of screaming youngsters pile out.

THE COUNSELOR

stare in dread. How are they gonna handle this?

SISSY

I think I'd rather deal with ol'  
Jason.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST - DAY

A MACHETE IS SEEN. We follow the deadly weapon as it's carried through the woods. Reaching some heavy brush, it hacks away at it.

WIDER ANGLE REVEALS

BURT, a real Rambo/Commando clone in paint-splattered fatigues, whacks angrily at the brushes. Of all the would-be hunters, he looks like he takes the game almost too seriously. He wears a commando belt loaded with a survival knife, devil darts and his machete sheath. Like his partners, he too is a sore loser. As he hacks away, he mumbles curses about this "stupid game."

He raises the machete higher as he attacks the defenseless bushes. SUDDENLY, A HORRIBLY DISFIGURED HAND GRABS HIS HAND, STOPPING THE MACHETE IN MID-SWING.

Shocked, Burt whips around, and gasps at the masked Jason.

ANGLE ON MACHETE

Jason's iron grip turns the hunter's hand with the machete toward his bug-eyed face. Jason forces the helpless man to stare at the weapon in his own hand that's about to take his life. He then PLUNGES the razor-sharp blade through his neck!

GROUND LEVEL

Burt's corpse drops before us. The gaping wound through his throat bubbles out bloody air bubbles. His eyes stare lifelessly at us.

CUT TO:

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

LOW ANGLE - UP ON MARTIN

The crusty old CARETAKER stares down in utter horror. His bloodshot, alcoholic eyes widen at what they see.

MARTIN

Oh, shit. Shit-SHIT!

WIDER

He stands over Jason's dug-up grave, cursing at what has happened.

ANGLE ON MARTIN

Taking out a pint of Whiskey from his coat, he takes a strong slug and winces. With hangover equilibrium, he paces, nervous and afraid.

MARTIN

Oh-hh. Why me?...I know he's gonna blame me for this.

Martin looks around quickly. He decides to cover up the open grave. He starts throwing all the evidence into the hole, then, grabbing the shovel, begins filling it in.

MARTIN

(become more frightened)

Damn. Why Jason? Mothers could have their pick...

(he gestures)

...of any of these other graves.

ANGLE DOWN ON OPEN GRAVE

Shovel-loads of dirt and mud slam down on the coffin. Hawes' foot is seen sticking out of the casket.

MARTIN (O.S.)

Shitheads couldn't even stick him back in right. Well, I ain't gonna touch the slimy sucker.

CLOSE ON MARTIN

He's beginning to sweat as he works faster.

MARTIN

He can't find out. He'll think I ain't doin' my job. I need that money...He won't find out...

(looking around fearfully)

...No one's gonna know...I need my money.

CUT TO:

INT. PICKUP - DAY

Tommy drives with incredible anxiety down the forest road. He glances up into the rear-view mirror.

REAR-VIEW MIRROR

Sheriff Garris and his deputy, Rick, are following close behind in their police car.

INT. SHERIFF'S CAR

Keeping a stern eye on Tommy, the sheriff shakes his head.

SHERIFF

(to deputy)

It's kinda frightening to think that a kid like that can go so far over the edge. Jason really screwed up the poor sonofabitch's mind.

DEPUTY

(amazed)

He really believes Jason's still alive, doesn't he?

SHERIFF

(nods and sighs)

But that's no what worries me the most...It's how far he'll go to try and prove it.

EXT. FOREST ROAD - DAY

Tommy's pickup, with the sheriff's car right on his tail, roars down the road.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Roy has still not been found. Hiding behind a tree, the little man with funny-shaped glasses watches for any unseen assassins.

WIDE ON SCENE

In his ill-fighting fatigues, he dashes comically from behind one tree to another. His foot catches in some vines and he takes a terrific pratfall. The paint-pellet gun flies from his hand and vanishes into the fallen leaves.

ANGLE ON ROY

He scrambles on his hands and knees to find his weapon. Panicking he'll be seen and shot, Roy starts to whimper as he

searches.

WIDER

Slowly we MOVE toward the vulnerable little man with his back to us.

CUT TO:

BURNED-OUT AREA OF THE FOREST

A fire some time ago has blackened the trees and ground in this area. Katie, Stan and Larry walk along, looking for their missing players. Holding up the other team's flag victoriously, Katie hollers out:

KATIE

Come on, you guys! The game's over!!

STAN

(disgruntled)

You don't know for sure. What about Roy? Nobody's seen him.

KATIE

(cocky)

Of course not. If he hasn't already accidentally pelleted himself, I'm sure he's lost.

STAN

Yeah, but the game's not over until it's over.

LARRY

(going along)

That's right.

Katie starts to counter, when she thinks she hears something. She stops them abruptly.

KATIE

Shh-hh. Wait a second. What was that?

Everyone freezes, listening very intently. A LONG WAIT.

HIGH ANGLE - LOOKING DOWN ON THEM

All three stand stock-still, looking around and listening.

TIGHT THREE SHOT

Not hearing a thing, Stan relaxes.

STAN

Ahh, nothing.

KATIE

(loud whisper)

I could swear I heard...

JASON SLAMS DOWN BEFORE THEM.

REVERSE OVER THEIR SHOULDER

Jason wants to play army, too. He quickly withdraws the machete from his newly acquired commando belt. With one violent slice, the blade slashes their throats.

CLOSE ON ALL THREE FACES AND NECKS

The razor-sharp machete opens up all three throats almost simultaneously. It happens so fast, they barely have time to even gasp.

REVERSE ANGLE

THREE HANDS DROP OFF, FOLLOWED BY COLLAPSING BODIES. Jason watches them fall, then looks up at something.

JASON P.O.V.

Terrified beyond belief is Roy! He stands a few yards away in a small clearing.

MOVING SHOT - ON JASON

He wastes no time as he stalks the final hunter.

PRESSING IN ON ROY

So incredibly frightened, he doesn't think as he raises his gun at Jason and fires.

ANGLE ON JASON

The blood/red-paint pellet makes a direct hit on Jason's chest. He stops and glances down at this annoying mess.

CLOSE ON HIS MASKED FACE

As he looks up at Roy, he is even more pissed off. He LUNGES for him.

ROY

screams, drops the gun, and runs for his life.

TRACKING SHOT - ON JASON

He is hell-bent on catching this nerd.

DOLLYING BACK - ON ROY

Tears of terror are welling up as the poor guy races. Jason is seen a short distance behind, machete poised and ready. Roy glances back quickly, then screams as he heads through the ugly charred forest.

ROY  
Oh, God, help me! Somebody,  
help!! He's trying to kill me!!

CUT TO:

SIGN: "ETERNAL REST CEMETERY"

EXT. FOREST ROAD - DAY

We are TRAVELING toward the large sign and arrow pointing left.

INT. PICKUP

Tommy stares at the sign and the approaching turnoff. He glances up in his rear-view mirror again. Biting his lip, he decides to go for it.

EXT. FOREST ROAD

Tommy's pickup makes a sudden left turn and heads up the road toward the cemetery.

INT. SHERIFF'S CAR

SHERIFF  
(exploding)  
Fuckin' A, what'd I tell ya!...  
(to deputy)  
...Hit the noise and cherries.

Rick turns on the siren and the red lights.

EXT. FOREST ROAD

The police car SCREECHES left and roars after Tommy.

INT. PICKUP

Tommy gets nervous hearing the siren BLARING, but instead of pulling over, he speeds up.

INT. SHERIFF'S CAR

CLOSE ON SHERIFF

SHERIFF  
(vengeful)  
I'm getting real tired of this

maniac.

DEPUTY

Maybe we better call that  
psychiatric clinic.

SHERIFF

(coldly)

Better call an ambulance first.

EXT. FOREST ROAD (TOWARD CEMETERY)

The sheriff's car accelerates and gains on the pickup. The high-speed chase continues down the narrow dirt road.

EXT. CEMETERY - MAIN GATE

Tommy's old pickup SKIDS to a stop in front of the open gates. He leaps out of the truck as the sheriff SCREECHES UP next to him. We CRANE UP past the "Eternal Rest" sign as Tommy races into the old cemetery. The sheriff and his deputy are running close behind.

EXT. CEMETERY

TOMMY

sprints across the bone yard in the direction of Jason's grave. In his eyes there is now the hope that they'll see he's telling the truth.

HIS P.O.V.

We HEAD toward where Jason's open grave was.

DOLLY BACK - CLOSE ON TOMMY RUNNING

He squints his eyes. Maybe he's in the wrong area. He slows down to look around. TOMMY IS VIOLENTLY TACKLED BY THE SHERIFF.

WIDER

Angry and out of breath, the sheriff pins him down to cuff him. Tommy struggles to get up.

TOMMY

I gotta show you Jason's grave.

SHERIFF

(clenching his teeth)

I've seen it.

TOMMY

(desperate)

Please, Sheriff. You'll see we dug it up.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Finally handcuffing him, the sheriff yanks him to his feet. Gripping Tommy's arm with one hand, he points at something.

SHERIFF

(sarcastically)

Well, he must've got chilly in the night and pulled the dirt back over.

Tommy looks around to where the sheriff is pointing. The boy is astounded by what he sees.

TOMMY'S P.O.V.

About twelve yards away are Jason's and his mother's tombstones. From this distance, it is impossible to tell that the chunks of lawn over Jason's grave have been replaced.

ANGLE ON TOMMY AND LAWMEN

Tommy shakes his head in utter disbelief.

TOMMY

That's not right. Somebody covered it up...

(going toward it)

...I gotta see it...

The sheriff yanks him back. The deputy pulls his .357 revolver with a laser scope attached. He aims at Tommy's head.

SHERIFF

(very icy)

Now see what you've done. You've made my deputy draw his revolver. That could be a serious headache for you. He's been dyin' to try out his new mail-order laser scope.

The deputy presses his gun's grip. Instantly a tiny, bright red beam appears on Tommy's temple.

SHERIFF

It's a damn impressive piece of high-tech weaponry... Wherever the red dot goes... a bullet is sure to follow.

CLOSE ON TOMMY AND LASER BEAM

He stares, fearing for his life, at the stolid deputy.

MARTIN

What's the problem, Sheriff?

WIDER ON SCENE

The old caretaker rushes awkwardly toward them. Immediately, the sheriff whips Tommy around. He drags him back toward the car as Rick quickly holsters his gun.

SHERIFF

Nothing, Martin. Just a vagrant kid. We got it under control.

TIGHTER ON GROUP

As they leave, Tommy looks back at the old man.

TOMMY

(demanding)

Who covered up Jason's grave?!

Martin stops abruptly and tries to hide his nervousness.

MARTIN

What!? What are you talking about?

The sheriff pulls Tommy along even faster.

SHERIFF

Don't concern yourself, Martin. This boy needs treatment. We're taking care of it. Sorry for the disturbance.

TOMMY

(screaming)

Jason's not in his coffin! Hawes is! Dig it up! You gotta dig it up!!

ANGLE ON MARTIN

He watches with extreme uneasiness as Tommy is thrown into the back of the squad car. The deputy gets into Tommy's pickup and follows the sheriff's car.

PRESS IN ON MARTIN

Pulling out his near-empty bottle of Jack Daniel's, he downs it all. With a noisy exhale, Martin glances back at Jason's grave.

MARTIN

(mumbles to self)

Dig it up?...

(he snickers)

...Hell, what kinda butt-hole does he think I am!

PRESS IN ON JASON'S GRAVE

As we TIGHTEN in, the large chunks of rearranged lawn are now visible. We HOLD on Jason's tombstone.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAMP FOREST GREEN - DAY

A large group of cheering female youngsters.

ANGLE ON MEGAN AND CHILDREN

The little girls sit on two large picnic tables. Megan stands before them.

MEGAN

...And then after that we'll swim,  
hike, and have lots of fun  
together. Okay?

The youngsters squeal even louder.

ANGLE ON SISSY AND PAULA SITTING ON CABIN STEPS

Sissy mimes sticking her finger down her throat in disgust. Paula stifles a laugh and slaps Sissy's knee. She looks around.

PAULA

So where's Cort gone off to?

SISSY

Are you ready? He's taken our  
young men off to teach them my  
favorites sport.

PAULA

(smirking)

Which is?

SISSY

(sexily)

Boy scouting.

PAULA

(laughing)

You gotta be kidding!

EXT. FOREST PATH - DAY

CLOSE ON TWELVE-YEAR-OLD BOY, TYEN

TYEN

(sarcastically)

You gotta be kidding!

WIDEN ON SCENE

Cort is kneeling on the path, positioning two rocks. He's surrounded by a group of bored, arms-folded, pre-teen boys.

CORT

(trying hard)

No, seriously... the Indian scout would arrange the rocks in such a way that like only his fellow Indians would know. You know, which way he went...

(no response)

...You know?

TYEN

leans into another equally bored youngster, BILLY.

TYEN

If this is as exciting as it gets, we're in big trouble, dude.

CUT TO:

EXT. BURNED-OUT FOREST AREA - DAY

JASON STALKS THROUGH THE BLACKENED WOODS. He heads toward us, wearing a commando belt displaying a knife and devil darts, a bloody machete in his hand. This undead killing machine keeps coming. There's a slight fog moving in as night approaches.

CUT TO:

EXT. INTERSTATE HIGHWAY - LATE AFTERNOON

Off on the side of the road, Sheriff Garris opens his backseat door. He pulls Tommy out of the vehicle. Gruffly, he turns him around and uncuffs him.

TIGHT ON TOMMY AND SHERIFF

Whipping him back around, the Sheriff grabs him by his shirt and pulls him uncomfortably close.

SHERIFF

I don't find it amusing that the nut house you belong in thinks you're responsible enough to leave here unescorted. In fact, it gripes my ass.

Tommy just stares coldly into his eyes.

SHERIFF

(letting him go)  
You've been damn lucky, pisshead.  
With all the grief you've caused  
me and my partner, you should be  
leaving wearing your balls as  
earrings.

THE DEPUTY

walks up and slaps Tommy's car keys into his hand. Tommy looks up, down at his keys, then back at the wicked, smiling deputy.

DEPUTY

I think we should do it to him  
anyway.

The sheriff leans in and taps Tommy's earlobes with his index fingers.

SHERIFF

Naw. But if we see ol' Tommy ever  
again... you can guarantee it.

WIDER

Both lawmen turn and climb back into their car. Tommy waits there as they pull out and drive away.

REVERSE ON TOMMY

He watches as they disappear down the highway. Slowly the boy's stubborn determination returns. He rushes toward his old pickup. Behind it, the SUN IS SETTING.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAMP FOREST GREEN - NIGHT

The campgrounds are peaceful and quiet. A foggy haze covers everything. As tranquil as it seems, we feel uneasy. Is somebody watching from the woods.

INT. BOY'S DORMITORY CABIN

Two rows of sleeping youngsters in their cots are seen.

INT. GIRL'S DORMITORY CABIN

The same. The little girls' faces reflect pleasant dreams.

INT. COUNSELOR'S CABIN

Paula and Sissy are seated at a card table, playing the board game CLUE. Paula keeps looking toward the window, troubled by something. Sissy rolls the die and moves her token along the board.

SISSY

(excited)

Okay, okay. I suggest that the crime was committed in the bedroom, by Colonel Mustard, with the knife.

PAULA

(preoccupied)

Huh? Oh, come on, Sis. I'm tellin' ya, we can't play Clue with just two people.

SLOWLY WE TIGHTEN IN ON THEM

SISSY

Why not? I used to play it alone. I love murder games. Have you ever played The Consulting Detective?

PAULA

(fidgety)

No...Did Megan say when she's coming back from her...visit?

SISSY

Of course not. She probably took him a loaf of bread with a saw hidden in it. I still don't get it. Why him? I mean, he's cute alright, but...

Paula smirks.

PAULA

(quickly)

Isn't that enough?

Sissy laughs and nods.

SISSY

You're right. And for the area, that even makes him overqualified.

Paula then reaches for the phone. TIGHTEN IN ON HER.

PAULA

I'm gonna call her at the ol' jail house. Maybe her dad has found out what happened to Darren and Lizbeth by now...

(she starts dialing)

...I can't believe they haven't called. I say if they're not here by morning, we send all the kids

home. We're not prepared to run  
this place by ourselves.

SUDDENLY, A CHILD'S HORRIFIED SCREAMS ECHO THROUGH THE CAMP.

ANGLE ON PAULA AND SISSY

Hanging up the phone, Paula races out the door, followed by  
Sissy.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAMP FOREST GREEN - NIGHT

WE FOLLOW BEHIND Sissy and Paula as they run in the direction  
of the scream. We follow them up the steps of the girls'  
dormitory cabin.

INT. GIRL'S DORMITORY CABIN

As Paula and Sissy burst in, a LITTLE GIRL in pajamas rushes  
toward them. She points at a cot across the way.

LITTLE GIRL  
(terrified)  
She saw a monster.

PAULA  
Who did?

ANGLE ON PAULA

She looks to where the little girl is pointing.

PAULA'S P.O.V.

Huddled up on her cot and pressed against the wall is NANCY.  
The sweet-faced nine-year-old is frightened out of her wits.  
Her big blue eyes are filled with tears.

WIDER

Behind Paula and Sissy, the other children stare wide-eyed at  
Nancy. Paula approaches her gently.

PAULA  
(reassuringly)  
Hi. Everything's all right now.  
We're here.

SISSY  
(awkwardly going along)  
Yeah, we're here.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Paula crouches down next to Nancy's cot. Sissy stands next

to her friend. Nancy has still not stopped trembling.

PAULA  
(softly)  
So what happened?

NANCY  
(holding back tears)  
There was this monster. He was  
after me. He wanted to kill me.

SISSY  
Where...?

NANCY  
Everywhere.

PAULA  
(smiling)  
You mean you had a bad dream.

NANCY  
(shakes her head)  
No, he was real. Like on TV.

CLOSE ON PAULA AND SISSY

In motherly fashion, Paula wipes Nancy's tears and tucks her  
back under the blanket.

PAULA  
Okay, listen...what's your name,  
sweetie?

NANCY  
(sniffling)  
Nancy.

PAULA  
(warmly)  
Well, Nancy, I'm Paula...  
remember? This is Sissy, and  
we're gonna be right out there all  
night so nothing can hurt you.  
Okay?...

The child nods tentatively.

PAULA  
...Good. So no more bad dreams  
can come around here, huh?

NANCY  
(faintly)  
No more.

Paula smiles lovingly at her, then stands.



She moans and bites her lip with erotic pleasure, never missing a beat with the music. Jill even bumps and grinds perfectly to the song's drum breaks.

JILL  
(very hot)  
They're the best. The best...  
(panting)  
...You gotta keep it up till the  
end of the song.

CORT

nearing his climactic moment, strains to avoid it.

CORT  
(breathing heavy)  
I'm tryin'...how much longer?

Jill bends forward, laying her soft breasts on his chest. She whispers seductively in his ear:

JILL  
Only ten more minutes.

Poor Cort's eyes widen. He'll never make it to the final chord.

EXT. MOBILE-HOME CAMPGROUND

From a short distance back, we watch the rockin', rollin' RV. SUDDENLY, JASON STEPS SHOCKINGLY INTO FRAME.

ANGLE ON JASON

He stands in the foggy woods and watches too. He doesn't like it. And he moves to do something about it.

INT. MOBILE-HOME

CLOSE ON THE CASSETTE PLAYER

The rock tune now BLARES out a WILD GUITAR SOLO.

CLOSE ON JILL

She gyrates wildly along with every screeching note.

CLOSE ON CORT

His face contorts wildly as he tries to control his near-exploding passion. He's just about to...

EXT. POWER OUTLET

Jason's hand grabs the cord and tears it out, leaving the

plug SPARKING in the outlet.

EXT. MOBILE-HOME

The RV's bright lights, music and bouncing instantly retard and CEASE.

JILL'S VOICE

Oh, fuck.

CORT'S VOICE

(passion relieved)

Oh ye-aaah.

INT. MOBILE-HOME

Dim moonlight spills in through the windows. Jill jumps off Cort and starts to investigate the problem.

JILL

Wait a second, I'll...

(realizing, angrily)

...Cort, you didn't already...

CORT

sits quickly.

CORT

(defensively)

I thought that was the end of the song.

ANGLE ON JILL

JILL

(frustrated)

Great. Just great.

She stumbles through the RV. Shivering, she puts on her coat and heads to the AC power switch.

JILL

If this thing is burned out, friggin' Horace will ground my butt.

CORT

Who's Horace?

JILL

(disgusted)

My friggin' stepfather and asshole-in-residence.

Jill flips the switch a couple times. Nothing. She presses her face against the window and looks out.

JILL'S P.O.V.

The power cord is seen laying on the ground below.

JILL  
How did that happen?

CORT

has pulled the blankets around himself to fight the cold.

CORT  
What?

JILL  
(almost demanding)  
Go out and plug the cord back in.

CORT  
What? Who pulled it out?!

Jill stomps toward him.

JILL  
(sarcastically)  
Smokey the friggin' bear. I don't  
know, just do it.

ANGLE ON CORT

Nervously, he starts to get dressed.

EXT. MOBILE-HOME

The door opens tentatively. Cort sticks his head out and slowly looks around.

JILL (O.S.)  
Will you hurry up! I gotta get  
this fuckmobile back before Horace  
finds out I took it.

CORT  
(jumping out)  
Alright, alright.

We TRACK with Cort as he walks around the RV, watching everything around him. It's getting tense.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Apprehensively, Cort approaches the cord and picks it up. He keeps staring out at the surrounding drifting fog.

PRESSING IN ON CORT

Without looking at it, the jittery boy starts to plug in the cord. He then notices the torn-out plug and frayed cord. Cort gasps. He turns to call to Jill. HE BANGS INTO SOMEONE RIGHT BEHIND HIM...it's Jill.

JILL  
(irritated)  
What are you doing?...  
(seeing the cord)  
...What happened to it?

ANGLE ON BOTH

Cort hands her the damaged cord.

CORT  
(very scared)  
I don't know...  
(he heads for the door)  
...But unless you wanna look  
exactly like it, I say we make  
this place a memory.

Jill looks down at it.

INSERT - CORD

Close up, the horribly ripped and torn cord end does look quite grotesque.

BACK TO JILL

She cans the foggy night and a deadly fear now grips her. Slowly, then picking up speed, she follows after Cort.

CORT

has stopped in the RV's doorway. Jill rushes up, and turns to look at what he's staring at.

CORT  
(straining to see)  
I think someone's out there.

CORT'S P.O.V.

The woods are still, with the exception of the drifting fog. Is that a tree in the shadows, or...?

JILL

pushes him into the mobile home.

JILL  
(scared)  
I don't wanna know.

She climbs in, slams the door, and LOCKS it.

INT. MOBILE-HOME

Cort jumps into the driver's seat. He tries to start the car. IT'S DEAD. He looks at Jill in terror.

CORT  
This can't be.

Jill shakes her head at him.

JILL  
It isn't.

She calmly turns the power switch over to "BATTERY".

CORT

tries the ignition again. It starts up. He grins at her.

JILL  
(impatiently)  
Are you gonna drive or not?

Quickly he shifts and ROARS backward. Jill is thrown to the floor. Items fall off the counters.

EXT. MOBILE-HOME CAMPGROUND

In a cloud of dust, the huge RV races backwards.

MOVING SHOT - FROM BEHIND THE TREES

We FOLLOW AFTER the vehicle as it peels out of the campgrounds.

INT. MOBILE-HOME

Jill is now sent flying back toward the camper. She lands on the bed. She sends a burning stars at the back of Cort's head.

HER P.O.V.

Cort LAUGHS LOUDLY as he races down the bumpy dirt road.

JILL

tries to control her temper. Enough things have gone wrong tonight without having this idiot destroy her old man's RV.

JILL  
(standing up)  
That's it. Pull over. I'm  
drivin'.

CORT  
(cocky)  
No way...  
(turns on radio)  
...I wanna rock!

DOLLY BACK - ON JILL

as she heads toward him. WITHOUT WARNING, JASON EXPLODES OUT OF THE BATHROOM. He yanks her to him. The door slams shut on them.

ANGLE ON CORT DRIVING

His head bobs enthusiastically to the LOUD ROCK MUSIC. He whoops, then looks up at the rear-view mirror. Not seeing Jill, he turns around and looks.

CORT'S P.O.V.

Jill is not there. But a RUCKUS can be HEARD coming from the tiny bathroom.

ANOTHER ANGLE ON CORT

CORT  
(feeling his oats)  
Sounds like you're havin' fun in there! Need any company?!

INT. MOBILE-HOME - BATHROOM

CLOSE UP - ON JILL

Jason's viselike grip squeezes her throat. She gasps and gags as his fingers begin to meet. Her nose bleeds.

CLOSE ANGLE UP - ON JASON

His soulless eyes stare down at her from behind the mask.

PROFILE CLOSE UP - ON JILL

Jason's fingers connect. Her throat collapses. BLOOD BURST OUT OF HER MOUTH!

INT. MOBILE-HOME

Cort is still rockin' out behind the wheel. He checks his rear-view mirror again.

CORT  
Hey, what are you doing? Taking a dump?... How about if I come back and snatch a peek. Or vice versa.

As he cackles with amusement, JASON THROWS OPEN THE DOOR.  
Cort doesn't hear it. Menacingly, JASON STALKS HIM.

CLOSE ON JASON'S COMMANDO BELT

His hand pulls out the long, jagged survival knife. He holds  
it poised and ready.

MOVING SHOT - OVER JASON'S SHOULDER

Slowly, the infamous slasher closes in on Cort.

REVERSE - THROUGH WINDSHIELD

Cort drives, oblivious to the grim reaper standing right  
behind him.

ANGLE ON CORT

A new SONG plays on the radio. Cort beams, recognizing it as  
a favorite of his. He turns it UP.

CORT

Alright! Yo, Jill! Listen to  
this!

He looks up into the rear-view mirror.

TIGHT ON MIRROR

JASON'S HOCKEY-MASKED FACE GLARES AT HIM.

CORT RECOILS IN HORROR.

JASON'S HAND GRABS HIM BY THE HAIR.

THE GLEAMING BLADE RAISES UP.

CLOSE ON BACK OF CORT'S HEAD AS THE JAGGED KNIFE PLUNGES INTO  
HIS EAR. Suddenly, all SOUND CUTS OUT.

THROUGH WINDSHIELD

We watch in EERIE SILENCE as Jason lets go of Cort's knifed  
head. The lifeless body flops over the wheel. Immediately,  
the RV veers off to the left.

EXT. FOREST ROAD

SOUND RESUMES as the runaway mobile home drives off the road  
with a horrible CRASH, it falls over on its left side.

ANOTHER ANGLE ON FALLEN R.V.

Slowly the fog swirls around the motionless vehicle. We  
wait, SUDDENLY, THE DOOR BURSTS UP AND OUT. Jason climbs out  
of the wreckage.

WIDER ON SCENE

Surrounded by an evil fog, Jason stands atop the fallen metal beast like a conquering warrior.

CUT TO:

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - NIGHT

ANGLE ON SHERIFF

SHERIFF  
(very perturbed)  
What makes you so high and  
mighty?... You keep forgetting,  
little Megan, I'm the parent...

WIDEN ON SCENE

Megan is slouched in a chair and pouting.

MEGAN  
(interrupting mockingly)  
...And you're the child...

She sits up in hot-blooded frustration.

MEGAN  
When are you going to stop  
treating me like one!

SHERIFF  
When you stop acting like one...  
Tommy Jarvis is a very sick boy.  
And you...

MEGAN  
How do you know? Did you take his  
temperature?

SHERIFF  
(pointing at her)  
You watch that smart-mouthing,  
young lady.

CLOSE ON MEGAN

She crosses her eyes in a comic attempt to watch her mouth.

MEGAN  
Kinda hard to see it from this  
angle? Got a mirror?

ANGLE ON BOTH

Megan enjoys pushing her temperamental father to the limit.

He stomps around like Ralph Kramden.

MEGAN  
(coolly)  
Now tell me, "If your mother was  
alive, you wouldn't..."

The poor sheriff finally blows sky-high. He throws open the door.

SHERIFF  
That's it! Out! I don't need  
this tonight. Out, Megan!

The sheriff gets a CALL over the SHORT-WAVE. Unintimidated by his bellowing, Megan calmly answers it.

MEGAN  
Sheriff's office...  
(listens)  
...Can you hold on? He's in the  
can draining his lizard.

SHERIFF GARRIS

slams the door and roars toward his precocious daughter.

MEGAN  
(sweetly into phone)  
...Oh, here he comes now...  
(to sheriff)  
...Daddy, it's Rick.

The growling sheriff practically rips the receiver out of snickering Megan's hand.

SHERIFF  
(barking)  
What?!...What kinda problem?!

EXT. FOREST ROAD

Deputy Colone stands outside his squad car. Talking into the mike, he stares fearfully at the VW Bug and Lizbeth's floating corpse in the background.

SHERIFF  
You better get down here. I found  
what's left of the counselors.  
Looks like someone did them in  
using Jason's old M.O.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE

SHERIFF  
(rubbing his face)  
I knew I should've done something

about that sonofa... Where are  
you?...  
(listens)  
...Right. I'm on my way.

Megan grows concerned as her father gathers his things with  
a deadly urgency.

MEGAN  
What it is?

SHERIFF  
(trying to control his  
emotions)  
Not what...who. Seems your  
boyfriend wants people to believe  
Jason has returned.

MEGAN  
(catching him)  
I thought Jason was only a legend?

SHERIFF  
He is. Only Tommy wants to prove  
the legend is true...  
(ordering her)  
...You stay put. And I'm not  
kidding.

Grabbing his rifle, the sheriff rushes out.

ANGLE ON MEGAN

She stares, wondering what the hell is going on.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

WE TRACK with Jason's filthy boots. He's walking at a faster  
clip toward his destination.

TRACK with Jason's hand holding the razor-sharp machete.

DOLLY BACK as Jason's maleficent eyes stare with pure hatred.  
He keeps coming right at us.

CUT TO:

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Megan sits alone at the desk...waiting. A large window is  
right behind her. Bored, she puts her feet on the edge of  
the desk. She then leans back toward the window, seeing how  
far back the chair will go and still stay balanced.

CIRCLE AND PRESS IN SLOWLY ON MEGAN

Tension builds as we move closer to the balancing girl and the window behind her. We stop and wait. SUDDENLY THE PHONE RINGS LOUDLY. It startles Megan, who screams as she pratfalls backwards.

ANGLE ON MEGAN

Laughing at herself, she gets up and answers the phone.

MEGAN  
Sheriff's office...  
(listens)  
...No, I'm sorry, he's not in at  
the moment. Can I take a message?

As she listens, Megan immediately straightens up.

MEGAN  
...Oh, hi. I'm Megan, his  
daughter. Remember, I met you  
this morning...

EXT. PHONE BOOTH - NIGHT

Tommy is in a badly sabotaged old phone booth next to a closed gas station. He is illuminated by the LIGHTS of his pickup.

TOMMY  
(preoccupied)  
Yeah, hi. Listen, I've got to  
talk to your dad. About Jason.  
I've got a plan. I need to buy  
some things first but mainly need  
help to...

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE

MEGAN  
Tommy, my father is out looking  
for you right now. Something  
happened tonight and he's sure  
you're responsible. If he finds  
you, he'll...

INT. PHONE BOOTH

TOMMY  
(interrupting)  
I already have a very good idea  
what could've happened...  
(frustrated)  
...Megan, Jason is out there. He  
has to be stopped. I'm positive  
he's heading back to the lake  
area. He'll keep killing until...

MEGAN'S VOICE  
I'll pick you up. Where are you?

TOMMY  
(shocked)  
What?

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE

MEGAN  
(determined)  
It's the only way. My father will  
nail you in your car in a second...  
(demanding)  
...Where are you?

EXT. PHONE BOOTH

Tommy looks around for something identifiable.

TOMMY  
Uh...Howie's Service Station and  
Feed Bag Stop. I think it's...

MEGAN'S VOICE  
(on phone)  
I know where it is. See you  
within a half-hour.

Hearing her HANG-UP, Tommy does the same and exits the booth.

ANGLE ON TOMMY

He looks around, shivers and zips up his jacket. He's  
worried about involving Megan in this. He's worried for  
himself.

CUT TO:

EXT. DARK WOODS - NIGHT

Out of the foggy shadows, an evil spectre emerges into the  
moonlight...JASON. He stares.

JASON'S P.O.V.

EXT. CAMP FOREST GREEN

The renovated campsite looks quite peaceful and calm before  
the...

ANGLE ON JASON

He cocks his head, not quite sure why it looks so different.  
But it feels like home. With machete in hand, he proceeds  
into the camp ground.

EXT. FOREST ROAD - NIGHT

A grossly bloody sheet. It covers a corpse that is lifted into an ambulance.

As we PULL BACK, Sheriff Garris and TWO OTHER OFFICERS when in disgust. The sheriff suddenly turns and heads for the patrol cars. Officers PAPPAS and THORNTON follow behind.

SHERIFF

(controlling his rage)

I want all officers, all units and stations within a fifty-mile radius alerted about this wacko kid.

OFFICER PAPPAS

Yes, sir.

SHERIFF

You have his vehicle description. I want roadblocks on...

DEPUTY'S VOICE

(yelling from distance)

Sheriff! Get over here!!

EXT. WOODS

ANGLE ON SHERIFF

He takes off into the woods toward his deputy's voice.

SHERIFF'S P.O.V.

We MOVE rapidly through the maze of trees and brush.

MOVING SHOT - CLOSE ON SHERIFF

He heads towards us, searching for the deputy.

DEPUTY'S VOICE

Sheriff, over here!

SHERIFF'S P.O.V.

We TURN and HEAD FOR Deputy Colone waving a flashlight at us.

ANGLE ON SHERIFF AND DEPUTY

Running up to his ashen-faced deputy, Sheriff Garris looks down at what Rick holds out.

INSERT - DEPUTY'S HAND

A pair of blood-splattered glasses. We recognize them as

once belonging to Roy, the last remaining survival hunter.

BACK TO SHERIFF AND DEPUTY

The sheriff looks at him.

SHERIFF  
Is that all you found?

DEPUTY  
I wish it was.

He shines his flashlight at the ground.

A SEVERED MAN

is illuminated before us. It wears an Army fatigue sleeve. We FOLLOW the light over a couple of yards to a HACKED-OFF LEG, also in fatigues.

CLOSER ON LAWMEN

Both keep staring stoically down at the body parts.

SHERIFF  
Better get out the Hefty Bags...  
Looks like our boy desperately  
wants us to believe his story.

DEPUTY  
He sure chose the right day to  
pull this shit.

SHERIFF  
Whaddya mean?

DEPUTY  
(cryptically)  
Happy Friday the 13th.

The sheriff slowly looks over at him in utter disbelief.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAMP FOREST GREEN - NIGHT

CLOSE ON TELEPHONE CORD ON CABIN

WHACK! The machete blade cuts the phone cord in half.

ANGLE BEHIND JASON

He stares at his handiwork, then heads towards the lit and open window.

CUT TO:

INT. COUNSELOR'S CABIN

Paula has fallen asleep on her bed. The phone is right next to her.

SISSY

is wearing headphones, listening to her Walkman. She sits on her bed, ogling through the pages of a "PLAYGIRL" magazine.

OVER SISSY'S SHOULDER

The magazine is filled with beefcake-posing guys. She is practically drooling on the pages. In the background, a figure quickly passes by the open window.

CLOSE ON SISSY

The movement catches her eye. She cranes her head to look.

WIDER

Taking off the ROCK 'N' ROLL BLARING headphones, Sissy shuts off her Walkman. She walks over to the window and looks out.

EXT. WINDOW

Sissy, framed by the open window, surveys the area.

HER P.O.V.

All is still and motionless in the campgrounds.

CLOSE ON SISSY

A bit perplexed. She knows she saw something. She starts to turn away, when the SOUND of LEAVES CRUNCHING underfoot is HEARD. She sticks her head out the window. She tries to sound authoritative.

SISSY

All right, who's out there?

PAULA

stirs and awakens halfway.

PAULA

(sleepily)

What's goin' on?

ANGLE ON SISSY

SISSY

(a bit nervous)

I think somebody's messin' around out there.

Paula smirks, rolls over, and closes her eyes.

PAULA

It's gotta be Cort. He loves to  
scare people...

(falling asleep)

...Teach him a lesson.

BACK TO SISSY

She HEARS FOOTSTEPS right below the window. She thinks, then breaks into an impish grin, seeing something. Sissy quietly tiptoes over to the table and picks up her half-consumed can of "Cherry Coke."

MOVING SHOT

Sissy, trying not to laugh, sneaks back to the window. She crouches down, then extends the can outside.

CLOSE ON CAN

Her hands turn it over and sticky "Cherry Coke" pours down on her victim. We HEAR IT HITTING SOMEONE.

ANGLE ON SISSY

Quickly she withdraws the can and jumps back from the window. Expecting a response, she is surprised not to get one. Stifling a laugh, she creeps back toward the window.

DOLLY IN - SLOWLY FOLLOWING SISSY

Tension mounts as she reaches the frame and tentatively peers over it. SHOCKINGLY, JASON SPRINGS UP AND GRABS HER.

PROFILE ANGLE - ON WINDOW

Bottom half of Sissy's body is WHIPPED VIOLENTLY OUT THROUGH THE WINDOW.

PAULA AWAKENS

just as Sissy's legs fly out through the window.

PAULA

(groggy)

Hey, you guys. Try got to wake  
the kids.

Paula listens. She HEARS a STRUGGLE, a WHOOSH, a THUMP, then SILENCE. She snickers once again, then falls back into dreamland.

CUT TO:

EXT. PHONE BOOTH - NIGHT

Megan's orange Camaro SCREECHES UP. We FOLLOW as she jumps out and is met by Tommy.

TOMMY

(adamantly)

I'm gonna borrow your car. You can't do this with me. It's much too dangerous.

She looks past him at his pickup.

MEGAN

And you can't leave that truck out in plain sight. Talk about dangerous.

Tommy turns around to look.

TOMMY

What?

MEGAN

Hide it behind the gas station. Then we can get the hell out of here.

He turns back to her.

TOMMY

(irritated)

Look, this isn't a game. You're not going with me. I'm already responsible for causing the death of...

Megan cuts him off.

MEGAN

(quickly)

Didn't you say you needed some supplies to do this?

TOMMY

Uh...yes. But...

MEGAN

(firmly)

Then let's get goin'. We can argue on the way. You tell me what you need...

(with a sly smile)

...I'll make sure you get in.

She heads toward her LOUDLY PURRING Camaro.

MEGAN

...And nobody drives this baby but  
me...

(pointing)

...Now get that pickup hid and  
let's boog.

ANGLE ON TOMMY

There isn't much he can say. With an exasperated sigh, he  
runs to move his truck.

CUT TO:

INT. GIRL'S DORMITORY CABIN - NIGHT

SLOWLY we TRACK along a row of sleeping children. Each has  
her own unique position of slumber. We PULL BACK to reveal  
her large windows just above them beaming in moonlight.  
JASON'S SILHOUETTE CARRYING SISSY'S HEADLESS CORPSE PASSES.

ON THE OPPOSITE WALL

We FOLLOW Jason's evil shadow as it crosses more sleeping  
kids. When it falls across little Nancy, her half-open eyes  
flash open! She sits up in wide-eyed fear as we rapidly  
PRESS IN on her.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST ROAD - NIGHT

Megan's hot Camaro jets down the road, kickin' up dust.

INT. MEGAN'S CAR

Tommy shoots Megan a look.

TOMMY

(dryly)

Can this tub go any faster?

She returns a flirtatious grin.

MEGAN

(self-assured)

You got it. Just keep an eye out  
for roadblocks.

TOMMY

(looking ahead; deadpan)

Okay. There's one.

THEIR P.O.V. - THROUGH WINDSHIELD

As they round the bend, two police cars with lights a-  
flashin' are blocking the road.

EXT. FOREST ROAD

Megan's car SKIDS to a stop.

INT. MEGAN'S CAR

Tommy looks at the temperature Megan for a plan. She delivers. Grabbing his head, she pulls it down onto her lap.

MEGAN  
(forcefully)  
Get down.

CLOSE ON TOMMY'S FACE

He stares bug-eyed as he confronts her tight-jeaned crotch.

INSERT - GEARSHIFT

She slams it into reverse.

EXT. FOREST ROAD

The orange bomber ROARS backwards down the road.

THE TWO POLICE CARS

spring into action and give chase.

INT. POLICE CAR

Pappas, the very good-looking one of the two officers seen earlier, calls it in!

OFFICER PAPPAS  
(into mike)  
Unit 45, Officer Pappas to Sheriff  
Garris. Do you copy?

INT. SHERIFF'S CAR

The distressed sheriff answers the call.

SHERIFF  
(into mike)  
Yeah, I'm here. What?

OFFICER PAPPAS' VOICE  
(over radio)  
Got a different vehicle that just  
turned tail seeing us. Saw  
somebody duck down.

SHERIFF  
Got a description or plates?

OFFICER PAPPAS' VOICE  
The whole enchilada. It's an '82  
orange Camaro, license...

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST ROAD

Megan's car back quickly into a turnoff, then PEELS OUT full  
steam ahead!

INT. POLICE CAR

Officer Pappas is just finishing the vehicle's description  
when the sheriff explodes:

SHERIFF'S VOICE  
(over radio)  
Son of a shittin' bitch! That's  
my daughter's car!!

OFFICER PAPPAS  
(nervous)  
How should we proceed, sir?

INT. SHERIFF'S CAR

SHERIFF  
(beside himself emotionally)  
With extreme car, for God's sake.  
If that kid is with her, there's  
every good chance he'll do  
something crazy.

INT. MEGAN'S CAR

CLOSE ON TOMMY'S FACE STILL ON HER LAP

TOMMY  
(to Megan)  
Please don't do anything crazy.

ANGLE ON MEGAN

She drives like a hellcat trying to lose the pursuing cops.

MEGAN  
I know what I'm doing. I got your  
supplies for ya, didn't I?... Now  
if I can get to Cunningham Road,  
I can lose them...  
(Tommy starts to sit up)  
...Just stay where you are.

BACK TO TOMMY

He puts his head back down and stares at the view.

TOMMY  
(deadpan)  
Whatever you say.

EXT. FOREST ROAD

OVERHEAD SHOT - ON ROAD

Megan's car ROARS by, immediately followed by the two police cars.

CAMARO'S P.O.V.

Headlights illuminate the windy path we TRAVEL. Enormous trees stand dangerously close to the curved road.

INT. MEGAN'S CAR

TIGHT ON MEGAN

Our strong-willed heroine is determined to reach her destination.

EXT. FOREST ROAD

The Camaro fires past us. One cop car, then the other, follow suit. All three vehicles' tires SQUEAL on the hazardous curves.

INT. MEGAN'S CAR

ANGLE ON TOMMY

Megan's wild driving causes his head to roll around in her lap. He tries to be discreet about where it keeps landing.

MEGAN (O.S.)  
That's what I want.

Tommy registers surprise.

CLOSE ON MEGAN

What she sees ahead has her beaming with confidence.

MEGAN'S P.O.V. - OUT WINDSHIELD

Two signposts are seen. One reads "Cunningham Road," the other "Camp Forest Green" with an arrow pointing right.

BACK TO MEGAN

MEGAN  
This is gonna be a hairy turn.  
Grab ahold of something.

ANGLE ON TOMMY

He looks up at her with a look of "you gotta be kidding."

MEGAN'S P.O.V. - OUT WINDSHIELD

Her car SCREAMS around the turn onto Cunningham Road. SHOCKINGLY, HER FATHER AND HIS CAR ARE WAITING IN THE DARK FOR THEM. The deputy and his car are right behind the sheriff. Both have their rifles aimed and ready.

EXT. FOREST ROAD

Megan's car barely has enough room to brake. The Camaro fishtails to a stop. The sheriff remains stock-still, not flinching at all.

PRESS IN - ON SHERIFF

With a deadly cool, he orders his daughter:

SHERIFF

Megan, step out of the car!

ANGLE ON MEGAN - THROUGH WINDSHIELD

She stares in horror at her father. She's never seen him point a gun at her. But then again she's never pulled a stunt like this. Megan then looks down at her feet.

INT. MEGAN'S CAR

ANGLE DOWN - ON TOMMY

He is sprawled across the floorboard, his face between Megan's feet. He stares at her in utter dread.

MEGAN

It's all over.

TOMMY

(shaking his head)

It's just beginning.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAMP FOREST GREEN - NIGHT

SUBJECTIVE MOVING CAMERA

We HEAD across the campgrounds toward the counselors' cabin. Climbing the steps, we slowly open the door.

INT. COUNSELOR'S CABIN

Paula is sound asleep. The SOUND of the DOOR OPENING causes her to stir.

SUBJECTIVE MOVING CAMERA

We CONTINUE through the door into the cabin. Looking around, we spot the sleeping counselor. We HEAD for her.

PRESS IN - ON PAULA

Tension builds as we stare at the restless girl. Sensing someone over her, Paula opens her eyes. She gasps!

PAULA'S P.O.V.

A bloody machete is held out before us.

WIDER

Little Nancy stands over Paula, holding the machete.

NANCY

I can't sleep, Paula. I'm scared.  
I saw someone at the window and...

Paula sits up quickly and grabs the disgusting machete.

PAULA

(interrupting)  
Where'd you get this?

NANCY

(pointing)  
I found it outside.

Paula doesn't know what to think. Looking around the cabin and not seeing anyone, she draws some rapid conclusions.

PAULA

(trying to sound comforting)  
You know what? Sissy and Cort are playing jokes. You know, trying to scare each other.

NANCY

(innocently)  
Why?

PAULA

Well, grown-ups think it's funny to be scared.

NANCY

(confused)  
Are they grown-ups?

PAULA

That's debatable.

NANCY  
(more confused)

Huh?

Paula shakes her head, puts the machete down on the floor,  
and stands up.

PAULA  
Never mind...  
(looks at watch)  
...Is it that late already?

She grabs the phone and starts to dial.

PAULA  
I can't believe no one called  
back. I better...

NANCY  
Who ya calling?

PAULA

realizes the child doesn't need to hear this conversation.  
She hangs up.

PAULA  
Why don't we first try and find  
Sissy and Cort, then you can go to  
sleep.

She takes Nancy's hand and they head for the door.

NANCY  
(worried)  
But what if they try and scare us?

PAULA  
(playfully)  
We'll scare 'em right back.

Nancy giggles with delight. They exit the cabin door.

EXT. CAMP FOREST GREEN

Paula leads Nancy down the steps. She makes a game out of  
quietly sneaking around, looking for the missing counselors.  
For the child, this is fun.

WITHOUT WARNING, JASON'S MASKED FACE IS BEFORE US. A STING  
accompanies this SHOCK CUT.

OVER JASON'S SHOULDER

In the dark shadows, Jason watches the two giggling girls.  
He waits for his moment. For Jason, this is fun.

CUT TO:

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - NIGHT

COMPOSITE MASTER - BEGIN CLOSE ON SHERIFF

SHERIFF  
(adamantly)  
...And I said, shut up!

PULL BACK AND PAN TO INCLUDE MEGAN

MEGAN  
(just as adamant)  
All he's asking is for you to  
check it out.

WIDEN TO SEE TOMMY IN CELL BEHIND TOMMY

TOMMY  
(pleading)  
You got me where you want me.  
There's no reason not...

TIGHTEN AS SHERIFF STOMPS TOWARD HIM

SHERIFF  
(restraining his rage)  
If I had you where I really wanted  
you, they'd be pumping your ass  
full of formaldehyde.

MEGAN STEPS BETWEEN THEM

MEGAN  
Can't you at least call the camp  
and make sure everything's all  
right?

SHERIFF  
(snapping at her)  
We have! Trying to track you  
down. The phone there is  
disconnected.

TOMMY  
Doesn't that tell you something?!

SHERIFF  
Yeah...They should've paid their  
bill.

In the background we HEAR a CALL coming in on the radio.  
Deputy Colone is HEARD answering it. The sheriff points at  
Tommy.

SHERIFF

(icy hatred)  
You just sit tight, Jason. Once  
the authorities from Carpenter get  
here, you'll...

DEPUTY (O.S.)  
(interrupting; urgent)  
Sheriff, you better take this.

We TRACK with the sheriff over to the deputy on the radio  
headset.

SHERIFF  
(taking the call)  
Sheriff Garris...  
(as he listens, he reacts  
to the horrible news)  
...Approximately what time?  
(he glares in Tommy's  
direction)  
...I'll be right there.

We FOLLOW the sheriff as he grabs his coat and hat to leave.  
Megan runs up to him.

MEGAN  
What?...What happened?!

Her father looks past her to his deputy.

SHERIFF  
(coldly)  
Rick. Keep an eye on our wacko  
kid. I'll be back as soon as I  
can.

MEGAN  
(insistent)  
Daddy, what is going on?

SHERIFF  
(to Rick)  
And make sure my daughter stays  
put...  
(looking at Megan)  
...She's grounded.

Megan steps in his path as he turns to go. She pushes  
against his chest as hard as she can.

MEGAN  
(exploding)  
Tell me!!

The sheriff immediately raises his hand to strike her. Then,  
quickly controlling himself, he grabs her by the shoulders.

SHERIFF  
(clenching teeth)  
They just found your friend Cort  
and some girl. She was brutally  
strangled, and Cort...he had a  
knife rammed through his skull.

Megan shakes her head in disbelief.

MEGAN  
No. No, it's not...

SHERIFF  
Yes, Megan. Tommy Jarvis is a  
killer. A very deranged boy who  
wants you to believe that...

ANGLE ON TOMMY

TOMMY  
Jason did do it. I swear!  
Sheriff, when were they murdered?

BACK TO MEGAN AND SHERIFF

He disregards Tommy's question and stares at his daughter  
with sincere concern.

SHERIFF  
For God's sake, stay away from  
him. Please, Meggie.

As he starts again to leave, Megan, still in shock from the  
news, grabs her father's arm.

MEGAN  
(intensely)  
Dad...What time were they murdered?

The sheriff hesitates, not wanting to answer. Somehow it  
blurts out:

SHERIFF  
They think somewhere around 8:30  
or 9:00.

MEGAN  
steps right up to her father.

MEGAN  
I was with Tommy all that time.

CLOSE ON SHERIFF

This obviously hits him on more than one level. He masks his  
reaction, turns, and heads for the door.

SHERIFF

Rick, I'll call you when I get there.

He exits and slams the door.

MEGAN

with sorrowful eyes, looks back at Tommy.

TOMMY

slams both fists against the bars.

TOMMY

Damn.

CUT TO:

INT. GIRL'S DORMITORY CABIN - NIGHT

Paula and Nancy are tiptoeing, trying not to awaken the other children. Reaching little Nancy's bed, Paula tucks her in snugly. She crouches next to the child.

PAULA

(whispering)

I'm sure Cort and Sissy are back in their cabins. So you just go back to sleep and don't worry.

NANCY

But what I get scared again?

PAULA

(whispering)

Shhh...You know what I used to do when I was a little girl when I got scared?

Nancy shakes her head timidly.

PAULA

(whispering)

I would close my eyes and say a little prayer. And pretty soon, you know what? Everything scary went away...

(reassuringly)

...It worked for me. I'll bet it'll work for you too.

She kisses the child's forehead.

PAULA

(lovingly)

Good night. See ya in the morning.

REVERSE ON PAULA

As she stands up, we see JASON GLARING AT THEM THROUGH THE WINDOW. Paula smiles tenderly at Nancy.

PAULA'S P.O.V.

Nancy smiles back at her, rolls over, and closes her eyes.

TRACKING SHOT - ON PAULA

She begins to quietly head for the door. JASON FOLLOWS RIGHT ALONG OUTSIDE FROM WINDOW TO WINDOW.

EXT. CAMP FOREST GREEN

Paula exits the dormitory door as silently as possible. She looks around the area, still very concerned about her companions.

PAULA'S P.O.V.

A gently breeze is blowing away the evening fog. The trees and bushes seem to shiver nervously.

PRESS IN - ON PAULA

as she slowly descends the steps. Somehow she can sense her deadly face. Paula looks around again, then hurries toward her cabin.

WIDE ON SCENE

Paula races across the camp to the counselor's cabin.

MOVING SHOT - OVER HER SHOULDER

She rushes up the cabin steps and finds the door closed. She seems relieved.

PAULA

Sissy?

INT. COUNSELOR'S CABIN

As Paula enters, she is disappointed to find it empty.

TIGHTEN ON PAULA

She hurries to the phone and starts dialing. For the first time, she realizes the phone is dead. Her frustration turns to alarm when she notices something at her feet.

PAULA'S P.O.V.

THE MACHETE SHE LEFT ON THE FLOOR IS GONE. BLOODY STAINS ON THE FLOOR MARK WHERE IT HAD LAIN.

PAULA

hears a NOISE and turns to look.

ANGLE ON OPEN DOOR

It moves a bit. Was it the wind or is someone behind it?

MOVING SHOT - ON PAULA

Not sure if it's a joke or her imagination, Paula slowly heads towards it. Tension mounts. Just as she reaches it, she slowly extends her hand to grab the knob. SUDDENLY, THE WIND BLOWS IT TOWARD HER. She backs up. It slams shut. No one, of course, is there. She giggles at herself and reopens the door. JASON IS RIGHT THERE IN THE DOORWAY.

TIGHT ON PAULA'S GASPING FACE

TIGHT ON JASON'S MACHETE AS IT ADVANCES

EXT. CAMP FOREST GREEN

A few yards from the cabin, we watch as Jason quickly lunges at Paula and SLAMS the door, MUFFLING her SCREAM.

CUT TO:

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Deputy Colone is hunched over his desk, doing what he hates most...filling out reports. He glances up at Tommy, then over at Megan. Satisfied, he returns to his shitwork.

ANGLE ON MEGAN

Seated across the room, she appears to be idly sketching something on a large pad.

TOMMY

sits on his jail cot, head in hands, hopeless.

MEGAN

looks up at the deputy, then over at Tommy.

CLOSE ON TOMMY

He glances up at her.

OVER MEGAN'S SHOULDER - ON TOMMY

She holds up the sketch pad for him to read. As she does,

his eyes widen, amazed at what she's written. He mouths "Are you sure?" as she lowers the pad.

TIGHT ON MEGAN

She nods a strong affirmative.

WIDE ON SCENE

Tommy gets up off his cot and stretches nonchalantly. He eyes the deputy, then Megan. She flips a page over, and starts to really sketch.

TOMMY

So what are ya drawin'?

MEGAN

What's it to ya?

THE DEPUTY

looks up, irritated by the noise.

DEPUTY

Hey, pipe down, Jarvis.

TOMMY

grabs the cell bars.

TOMMY

I was just curious about what she was drawin'.

MEGAN

holds it up for Tommy to see.

MEGAN

(sarcastic)

There...Ya happy?

TOMMY

No.

MEGAN

Why?

TOMMY

'Cause it stinks.

Megan throws the sketch pad at him. It bounces off the bars.

ANGLE ON TOMMY

He reaches down, grabs it, and pulls it into his cell.

MEGAN

stands up defiantly.

MEGAN

Okay, give it back.

TOMMY

(slyly)

Come and get it.

ANGLE ON DEPUTY

This is really getting him pissed. He gets up.

DEPUTY

Bastard...Megan, I'll get in.

MEGAN

is already in front of the wall. She reaches through the bars for the pad.

MEGAN

Give it to me, punk.

TIGHT ON TOMMY AND MEGAN

Suddenly he grabs her arm, pulls her to the bars, and starts kissing her passionately. The more she struggles, the tighter he envelopes her.

MOVING SHOT - ON DEPUTY

He races across the room. Awkwardly, he grapples to separate them.

INSERT - DEPUTY'S REVOLVER

As they battle, Megan's hand secretly reaches down and pulls the gun from the deputy's holster.

ANGLE ON GROUP

Megan allows herself to be torn from Tommy's embrace. The angry deputy reaches at Tommy, who backs away into the cell.

DEPUTY

You stinkin' maggot, I oughta...!

MEGAN (O.S.)

(demanding)

Let him out of there.

PRESS IN - ON DEPUTY

As he turns to face Megan, a red laser dot appears on the tip

of his nose.

DEPUTY P.O.V.

Megan points the laser-scoped revolver right at us. She definitely means business.

TIGHT ON DEPUTY

He chuckles in disbelief.

DEPUTY  
Come on, Megan, don't clown around.

MEGAN

holds the gun dead-steady.

MEGAN  
I ain't the one with the funny red  
nose...Open the cell and exchange  
places...with him...  
(she cocks the trigger)  
...Now.

ANGLE ON DEPUTY AND TOMMY

The boy moves up behind him and reinforces the seriousness of the situation.

TOMMY  
(enjoying this)  
Better do as she says, 'cause  
...wherever the red dot goes, a  
bullet is sure to follow.

The deputy reluctantly removes his keys and turns toward Tommy.

DEPUTY  
(furiously)  
You brainwashed her, you  
sonofabitch?

MEGAN

breaks into a cocky smile, and answers for him.

MEGAN  
Yeah, something like that.

CUT TO:

EXT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Tommy and Megan fly out the door and race toward the Camaro.

TOMMY  
Got the keys?

MEGAN

reaches under the car and quickly withdraws a tiny box.

MEGAN  
No, he took 'em...But I got my  
Hide-a-Key.

TOMMY

rushes up and grabs it from her.

TOMMY  
Sorry, Megan. Not this time.

MEGAN  
(pissed)  
Wait a minute. I just...

TOMMY  
(determined)  
I thank you for getting me out.  
But I gotta finish what I started.

MEGAN

stares defiantly at him as she opens the driver's door and gets in. She suddenly slides over to the passenger's seat.

MEGAN  
Well, come on, hot lips, let's go.  
You drive, I'll navigate.

ANGLE ON THEM IN CAR

Tommy throws up his hands, then climbs in. The car starts up and ROARS down the street.

CUT TO:

INT. GIRL'S DORMITORY CABIN

JASON PATROLS THE CHILDREN'S CABIN. Slowly and menacingly, he walks by the sleeping youngsters.

TRACKING ALONG BED - ON LITTLE GIRLS

Slumbering soundly, they have no awareness of the monster at the edge of their beds.

JASON

reaches the end of the dormitory. With his back to us, he stops, senses something, and whips around.

TIGHT ON JASON'S MASKED FACE

He glares at someone with evil intent.

PRESS IN WHILE ZOOMING OUT - ON NANCY

The terrified child's eyes peek from under the sheet. She ain't dreaming. This monster is real.

WIDER

Jason stands and stares at Nancy at the other end of the cabin. He then stalks her.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAMP FOREST GREEN - NIGHT

SHERIFF GARRIS' CAR PULLS ONTO THE CAMPSITE

Another patrol car, with Officer Pappas and Thornton, pulls up behind it. The wind is getting stronger as it whips through the trees.

CUT TO:

INT. GIRL'S DORMITORY CABIN

JASON STANDS OVER NANCY'S BED!

The child is frozen in pure terror. She can't even cry out.

NANCY'S P.O.V.

Slowly, Jason's masked face descends toward us.

MOVING SHOT - DOWN TOWARD NANCY

The child squeezes her eyes shut and begins to pray, very quickly:

NANCY

(whimpering)

Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray  
the Lord my soul to keep...

JASON'S FACE COMES CLOSER AND CLOSER

NANCY

(voice quavering)

...If I should die before I wake,  
I pray the Lord my soul to take.  
Now I lay me... etc.

ANGLE ON JASON AND NANCY

Jason HEARS the CAR DOOR SLAM outside. His face turns toward the noise. He immediately heads for it.

DOLLY IN - ON NANCY AS JASON LEAVES

With her eyes still tightly shut, she continues to pray, unaware that her monster has gone.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAMP FOREST GREEN

Sheriff Garris surveys the campgrounds suspiciously. The two officers approach him.

OFFICER THORNTON

So what's the story here?

SHERIFF

Why don't you boys nose around. I gotta go break the news to Megan's friends about what's happened. Holler if you see anything.

OFFICER PAPPAS

Like what?

SHERIFF

heads for the lit counselor's cabin.

SHERIFF

Anything that don't belong. And don't wake the kids.

WIDE ON SCENE

The two officers take out their flashlights. They spread out and scan the area. The RAGING wind causes everything to WHISTLE and move.

CUT TO:

INT. COUNSELOR'S CABIN

ANGLE ON CLOSED DOOR

KNOCKING is HEARD on it.

SHERIFF

Girls? It's Sheriff Garris.

Slowly he opens the door and sticks his head in.

PRESS IN SHOCKINGLY - ON HIS FACE

He is horrified!

The entire room is SPLATTERED WITH BLOOD. It drips from the ceiling and streaks down the walls.

BACK TO SHERIFF

Quickly, he bolts out of the room.

EXT. CAMP FOREST GREEN

The sheriff races down the steps and heads for the children's dormitories.

CUT TO:

EXT. LAKE FOREST GREEN - BOAT LANDING - NIGHT

Officer Thornton's flashlight scans the two boats along the small dock. Nothing unusual here.

ANGLE ON SHADOWED WOODS

Although we can't see anyone in the WIND-RUSTLED bushes, we sense Jason is watching the lone cop.

TIGHT ON JASON'S COMMANDO BELT

His hand withdraws a long, razor-sharp devil dart.

ANGLE ON OFFICER

With his back to us, the unsuspecting cop concludes his search of the landing and turns around. His flashlight now focuses on the woods before him.

PAN ACROSS SHADOWED WOODS

We FOLLOW the flashlight beam as it surveys the windswept area. JASON IS ILLUMINATED! He raises up the sinister dart.

TIGHT ON OFFICER

Recognizing a weapon in this prowler's hand, he goes for his revolver.

CLOSE ON JASON'S ARM

With supernatural strength, he throws the deadly projectile at us.

ANGLE ON OFFICER

Before he can pull his gun, THE DEVIL IMPALES ITSELF DEEP INTO HIS FOREHEAD. The force of it sends him reeling back.

THE TARP-COVERED BOAT

Officer Thornton's body falls into it. His lifeless eyes stare up at the sky. The dart extends from his third eye.

CUT TO:

INT. BOY'S DORMITORY CABIN

SHERIFF'S P.O.V.

A row of sleeping boys stacking Z's in their cots.

ANGLE ON SHERIFF

Standing in the doorway, the sheriff quietly closes the door.

EXT. CAMP FOREST GREEN - NIGHT

The panicked sheriff now rushes across to the girls' dorm.

INT. GIRL'S DORMITORY CABIN

As silently as possible, he opens the door and peeks it. He carefully surveys all the slumbering occupants. The sheriff suddenly registers alarm.

SHERIFF'S P.O.V.

All the girls are nestled contentedly in their beds...except one. The covers have been kicked off and her pillow lies on the floor. Little Nancy is missing.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST ROAD - NIGHT

The orange speed-demon Camaro rockets past us.

INT. MEGAN'S CAR

Megan, sitting shotgun, stares open-mouthed at Tommy.

MEGAN

(sarcastically)

Let me know when you're about to  
blast into hyperspace. I'll  
fasten my seat belt.

TOMMY

drives like a man possessed.

TOMMY

I got a bad feeling we're already  
too late.

Megan glances back at the large sack in the rear seat. She

reaches over and looks in at his supplies doubtfully.

MEGAN

Are you sure this is gonna work?  
I mean, why didn't we bring that  
gun and just blast him away?

ANGLE ON BOTH

TOMMY

It probably wouldn't have any  
effect on him. The only sure way  
to stop Jason is to return him to  
his original resting place, where  
he drowned in 1957.

MEGAN

Lake Forest Green?

TOMMY

(nods, then corrects her)  
Crystal Lake...where the nightmare  
began.

CUT TO:

EXT. LAKE FOREST GREEN - NIGHT

The infamous lake is churning in the moonlight. RACK FOCUS  
as Officer Pappas steps before us. It's apparent that he's  
getting tired of searching for God-knows-what.

TRACK WITH OFFICER

His flashlight scans the windblown, vibrating bushes.  
Suddenly, FOOTSTEPS are HEARD on the other side of the bushes.

ANGLE ON OFFICER

He stops abruptly and strains to listen. Tentatively, he  
creeps toward the bushes.

OFFICER'S P.O.V.

We HEAD toward whatever is hiding behind the trembling  
shrubbery.

ANOTHER ANGLE - ON OFFICER PAPPAS

Reaching the brushes, he calls out:

OFFICER PAPPAS

Alright, come out of there!

ANGLE ON BUSHES

No reply.

BACK ON OFFICER

He draws his revolver and aims it. He knows someone's there.

OFFICER PAPPAS  
I'm askin' you one more time  
...come out of there!

Still no response.

MOVING SHOT - FOLLOWING OFFICER

With his gun held before him, the nervous officer goes for a closer look.

TIGHT ON HIS FACE

Tension builds as he comes closer.

RESUME ON MOVING SHOT - FOLLOWING HIM

He is almost to the bushes. WITHOUT WARNING, SOMEONE DIVES BEFORE US AND ATTACKS HIS LEG. He gasps aloud.

ANGLE ON OFFICER AND NANCY

The frightened child holds on to Pappas for dear life. He catches his breath, then crouches down next to her.

OFFICER PAPPAS  
(kindly)  
Hey, hey, what are you doing  
running around out here? Now you  
get back to bed.

She squeezes his leg even tighter.

NANCY  
(terrified)  
No. There's a scary man.

The good-looking officer smiles with amusement.

OFFICER PAPPAS  
What scary man?

JASON EXPLODES OUT OF THE BUSHES.

NANCY RUNS SHRIEKING TOWARD THE CAMP.

OFFICER PAPPAS OPENS FIRE ON JASON.

THE BULLETS PENETRATE HIS CHEST, BUT HE KEEPS COMING.

ANGLE ON OFFICER

Suddenly Jason is before him. His powerful hand reaches out and grabs the officer's SCREAMING face.

TIGHT ON OFFICER'S FACE

JASON'S FINGERS DIG IN TO THE COP'S SKIN. HE YANKS DOWN, LITERALLY RIPPING THE SKIN OFF HIS SKULL.

A BLOODY GRINNING SKULL STARES AT US FOR A MOMENT, THEN DROPS FROM VIEW.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAMP FOREST GREEN - NIGHT

THE SHERIFF'S CAR DOOR

is thrown open. The sheriff reaches in and quickly pulls out his shotgun.

WIDER

Leaving the door open, he sprints across the camp towards the gunshots.

MOVING SHOT - ON SHERIFF

As he rounds the corner of a cabin, Nancy comes SCREECHING toward him. He catches the child and attempts to comfort her.

SHERIFF

Hold on. Take it easy. I got you. Everything is fine.

ANGLE ON SHERIFF AND NANCY

As he hugs her, he looks up at the boys' dormitory cabin.

SHERIFF'S P.O.V.

All the children are pressed against the windows, staring down terrified.

WIDER

Quickly, the sheriff picks Nancy up and heads for the cabin.

INT. BOY'S DORMITORY CABIN

Sheriff Garris bursts into the cabin. All the girls have gathered in the boys' cabin for safety. He puts little Nancy down and addresses the petrified youngsters.

SHERIFF

Kids, listen to me very carefully. I want everyone to lie down on the floor and stay there. Do not get

up until I come back. Now hurry.

VARIOUS SHOTS OF KIDS HITTING THE FLOOR

Some cover their heads, others crawl under the cots.

INT. CAMP FOREST GREEN - NIGHT

The sheriff runs out of the children's cabin, securing the door behind him.

TIGHT ON SHOTGUN IN HIS HANDS

He pumps the weapon as he walks.

ANGLE UP - ON SHERIFF - DOLLYING BACK

With stern vigilance, he storms toward his objective.

SHERIFF GARRIS

arrives in the area behind the cabins near the lake. There is no one to be found. The savage wind whips the trees and bushes, causing the sheriff to twitch at every movement.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Slowly, he turns and heads into the shadowed area between the cabins.

MOVING SHOT - ON SHERIFF

With the shotgun held before him, he walks tensely through this dark passage.

TIGHT ON HIS FACE

The sheriff's eyes dart nervously, straining to see in the near blackness. Suddenly, he trips and falls from view.

ANGLE ON SHERIFF FALLING

Rapidly, we TILT DOWN as he slams down on Officer Pappas' corpse.

THE SHERIFF'S FACE LANDS PRESSED AGAINST THE GROTESQUE BLOODY SKULL. Horribly repulsed, he scrambles to his feet.

THE SHERIFF

stands up, turns, and JASON IS WAITING RIGHT THERE.

WIDER

Quickly, he backs away from this masked spectre of evil. Then they both stands motionless for a long time, sizing each other up.

LOW ANGLE - ON JASON

He decides to make the first move. He lunges forward.

LOW ANGLE - ON SHERIFF

Instantly, he raises the shotgun and BLASTS Jason with both barrels!

ANGLE ON JASON'S TORSO

A hole is ripped out of Jason's side!

DOLLY BACK - ON JASON

IT DOESN'T FAZE HIM AT ALL. HE KEEPS COMING.

DOLLY TOWARD THE SHERIFF

Shocked beyond belief, the sheriff drops the rifle and pulls out his .357. Backing up, he empties the chamber into the stalking ghoul.

ANGLE BEHIND JASON

As he advances on the firing sheriff, we see THE BULLETS EXITING FROM JASON'S BACK.

TIGHT ON JASON CLOSING IN

All this is only making him madder.

TIGHT ON TERRIFIED SHERIFF

His gun CLICKING empty, he has but one option left. He takes it. The sheriff turns and runs like hell toward the woods! JASON IS RIGHT BEHIND.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAMP FOREST GREEN - NIGHT

Megan's Camaro roars into the campsite next to the police cars. Megan jumps out and looks around for her father. Tommy grabs the heavy sack from the back seat.

MEGAN

(excited; pointing at cars)  
They did show up. Isn't that great?

TOMMY

(worried)  
I hope so.

MEGAN

sees the lights on in the counselors' cabin. She rushes toward it.

TOMMY  
Megan, wait!

ANGLE ON COUNSELORS' CABIN

Megan dashes up the steps and throws the door open. She SCREAMS in horror at the blood-spattered room. She turns and runs toward the dormitories.

MEGAN  
Dad!...Daddy!!

TOMMY

lugging the heavy sack, chases after her.

TOMMY  
No, Megan!

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Through the violently windblown forest dashes our "formerly macho" sheriff. Primal instincts tell him only one thing... save your own ass. He runs for his life.

JASON

continues his pursuit of the lawman.

CUT TO:

INT. BOY'S DORMITORY CABIN

Megan BURSTS in through the door! All the kids SCREAM. She quickly scans the room.

MEGAN'S P.O.V.

Petrified little faces stare up at her from the floor.

ANGLE ON MEGAN

She hurries into the cabin.

MEGAN  
It's okay. It's me--Megan. Don't be afraid.

NANCY AND A COUPLE OTHER KIDS

run over and hug her for security.

MEGAN  
(trying to sound calm)  
It's all right. Shhh-hh.

ANGLE ON DOORWAY

Tommy looks in and is relieved to see they're all right. He quickly turns and runs back down the steps.

EXT. LAKE FOREST GREEN - BOAT LANDING - NIGHT

Tommy races from the campsite toward the dock, lugging the heavy satchel.

ANGLE ON TOMMY

Reaching the landing, he starts to board one of the two boats.

TIGHT ON TOMMY

He recoils in horror.

TOMMY'S P.O.V.

The murdered cop, Officer Thornton, lies in the rowboat. His dead eyes glare right at us. Blood flows from the impaled dart in his forehead.

BACK TO TOMMY

He immediately goes for another boat.

ANGLE ON ROWBOAT

Unfortunately, this one is older and more rickety, evident when Tommy steps into it and it SQUEAKS and MOANS.

TIGHT ON SACK

Opening it up, Tommy pulls out a long and very heavy chain. He then withdraws some huge padlocks.

ANGLE ON TOMMY

With intense urgency, he looks along the lake shore for something.

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

TRACKING ON JASON'S FEET

Suddenly, they stop, turn, and retrace their steps.

ANGLE THROUGH TREES - ON JASON

Seems he has lost his prey. Carefully, he searches the RUSTLING bushes for the hiding sheriff.

TIGHT ON SHERIFF'S SWEATING FACE

Buried deep in the thick bushes, the winded sheriff holds his breath as Jason passes.

CUT TO:

INT. BOY'S DORMITORY CABIN

Megan has done her best to assure the children that they are safe. She stands up.

MEGAN

Now I gotta find my daddy, the sheriff, so we can all go home. Okay?

The kids nod.

MEGAN

heads for the door. She turns to them.

MEGAN

So you stay here and we'll be back to get you. Everyone lie back down and don't worry.

ANGLE ON TWO BOYS

The 12-year-old youngsters seen earlier. Billy turns to his sarcastic friend Tyen.

BILLY

(scared)

What do you think?

TYEN

I think we're dead meat.

CUT TO:

EXT. LAKE SHORE - NIGHT

Tommy struggles to roll a large, heavy rock toward the boat. In the background, Megan is running around the campsite CALLING OUT for her father.

ANGLE ON TOMMY

Already fearing the worst, he yells to Megan:

TOMMY

Megan! Use your dad's car radio  
and call for assistance...and an  
ambulance!

EXT. CAMP FOREST GREEN - NIGHT

ANGLE ON MEGAN

She stares at Tommy, petrified at what that means. She then  
runs toward the sheriff's car.

ANGLE ON CAR DOOR

As Megan throws the car door open, Sissy's head rolls out and  
lands at her feet.

LOW ANGLE - UP AT MEGAN

She goes berserk with horror.

MEGAN  
(screaming)  
Oh, God! Oh my God!

Megan looks around, terrified that this same fate has  
befallen her father. She SCREAMS OUT even LOUDER:

MEGAN  
Dad! Answer me! Daddy, where are  
you! Help us!

CUT TO:

INT. BOY'S DORMITORY CABIN

Lying on the floor, Tyen looks at Billy with a what-did-I-  
tell-ya' attitude.

TYEN  
(scared)  
Real dead meat.

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

CLOSE ON SHERIFF

He looks up, HEARING his daughter's distant CRY. What can he  
do?

ANGLE ON JASON

He stops his search. He HEARS Megan as well. JASON HEADS IN  
THE DIRECTION OF MEGAN'S VOICE.

WIDER

The sheriff peeks out of his hiding place. Our killer storms by without seeing him. Jason is hell-bent for Megan.

CLOSER ON SHERIFF

Seeing Jason heading towards his daughter, his protective fatherly instincts cause him to take action without thought. He leaps out at Jason!

SHERIFF

No! Not her!

JASON IS TACKLED FROM BEHIND

With almost superhuman strength, the sheriff attacks Jason and starts pounding him into the ground.

TIGHT ON JASON AND SHERIFF

So aggressive and relentless is the pummeling, for a moment you think he might kill the monster. But only for a moment...

CLOSE ON JASON

Only disoriented and not at all hurt, Jason rolls over under the sheriff. He grasps the sheriff's arm, stopping the assault.

ANGLE DOWN - ON THEM

JASON SHOCKINGLY TEARS THE SHERIFF'S ARMS OUT OF THEIR SOCKETS. He throws them aside.

LOW ANGLE UP - ON THEM

JASON GRIPS THE SHRIEKING LAWMAN'S HEAD. HE PUSHES IT BACK, CAUSING THE SHERIFF'S BODY TO BEND ALL THE WAY BACKWARDS.

TIGHT ON SHERIFF'S CONTORTED FACE

As he is forced back toward his feet, a horrid CRACK is HEARD. HIS SPINE HAS BEEN SNAPPED IN HALF. His body collapses backwards.

WIDER

Enraged, Jason throws the rag doll-like body of the sheriff aside as he rises. Megan's VOICE is HEARD again, calling for the father. JASON HEADS FOR HER.

CUT TO:

EXT. LAKE FOREST GREEN - BOAT LANDING - NIGHT

Megan is struggling to help Tommy get the huge rock into the boat. Her eyes are watering from fear.

MEGAN  
You gotta help me look for  
him...We need him to help us.

ANGLE ON BOAT

The chains are arranged to go around the rock. Tommy tries to brace himself as they lower the boulder down. A CRACK is HEARD as the huge stone lands in the old wooden boat.

TOMMY  
(exhausted)  
Whew...Okay, hand me those  
padlocks.

MEGAN  
(near hysteria)  
Did you hear me?!

ANOTHER ANGLE ON THEM

TOMMY  
(impatiently)  
Yes. And I said, hand me those  
padlocks.

She grabs the locks and gives them to him angrily.

MEGAN  
You're gonna be sorry.

TOMMY

starts padlocking the chains tightly around the rock.

TOMMY  
I hope not.

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

JASON STOMPS THROUGH THE WINDY FOREST.

CUT TO:

EXT. LAKE FOREST GREEN - BOAT LANDING - NIGHT

ANGLE ON CHAIN IN BOAT

Tommy straightens out the rest of the heavy chain. He fashions a noose.

MEGAN

paces the dock in nervous fear. She doesn't know what to do.

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

JASON IS COMING CLOSER.

CUT TO:

EXT. LAKE FOREST GREEN - BOAT LANDING - NIGHT

Tommy unties the boat and pushes off the dock into the churning water.

TOMMY

Megan! Get back into the cabin  
with the kids.

MEGAN

keeps pacing and looking around nervously.

TOMMY

Megan, please!

Suddenly it dawns on her that he's actually leaving her alone out here. She panics.

MEGAN

No. Don't leave.

ANGLE ON TOMMY IN BOAT

He starts rowing out into the lake.

TOMMY

(adamant)

Megan, get in there with them  
before it's too late.

CUT TO:

INT. BOY'S DORMITORY CABIN

It's too late...JASON EXPLODES THROUGH THE DOOR, KNOCKING IT OFF ITS HINGES.

THE CHILDREN

run SCREAMING to the back of the cabin.

EXT. CAMP FOREST GREEN - NIGHT

MOVING SHOT - OVER MEGAN'S SHOULDER

She races from the landing toward the cabin.

EXT. ON LAKE - IN BOAT - NIGHT

Tommy watches, helpless. He stands up.

TOMMY

Megan!

EXT. BOY'S DORMITORY CABIN - NIGHT

Megan is only a few yards from the cabin. WITHOUT WARNING, JASON BURSTS OUT THROUGH A WINDOW AND LANDS BEFORE HER.

ANGLE ON JASON AND MEGAN

He springs up and grabs the stunned Megan.

TIGHT ON MEGAN'S FACE

As she SCREAMS, Jason's hand grips her face. She is about to share the same horrific fate as Officer Pappas.

TOMMY (O.S.)

JASON!!

LOW ANGLE - ON JASON GRIPPING MEGAN

He looks over toward the lake.

JASON'S P.O.V.

Out on the lake, Tommy is seen awkwardly standing in the boat, waving his arms.

TOMMY

Come on, Jason! It's me you want!  
Come and get me!

BACK TO JASON

He suddenly tosses Megan aside and heads for Tommy.

MEGAN

falls on the ground, trembling and hyperventilating. She stares at the departing Jason and looks back at the cabin.

ANGLE ON CABIN WINDOWS

All the eyes of the petrified kids peek down at her from the bottom of the window frames.

EXT. ON LAKE - IN BOAT - NIGHT

Tommy keeps taunting Jason to come for him.

TOMMY

That's it! Come on, pus-head!

EXT. LAKE SHORE - NIGHT

Jason reaches the lake and keeps going as if the water didn't even exist. He stays fixed on the one thing he's wanted to kill the most...Tommy.

EXT. ON LAKE - IN BOAT - NIGHT

Seeing he's got him, Tommy sits down. He reaches for the chain noose and holds it in his sweating hands.

EXT. LAKE SHORE - NIGHT

Jason is wading deeper into the dark, choppy waters.

EXT. CAMP FOREST GREEN - NIGHT

Seeing Jason is getting dangerously close to Tommy, Megan jumps up and starts yelling:

MEGAN

Tommy, get out of there! Row to  
the other side of the lake!  
Hurry!!

EXT. LAKE - NIGHT

Jason stops and turns back to look at Megan. Should he get her first?

ANGLE ON TOMMY IN BOAT

He panics and yells at Jason:

TOMMY

Hey, asshole! It's me you want,  
remember?! Come on, chickenshit,  
I'm sittin' here waitin'!

JASON

turns back towards the boy. He moves on him like a hungry shark.

ANGLE ON CHAIN NOOSE

Tommy's nervous hands keep the noose out of Jason's sight as he opens it wider.

TIGHT ON JASON'S MASKED FACE

He is almost to the boat.

TIGHT ON TOMMY'S FACE

He is sweating profusely as he grits his teeth.

TIGHT ON NOOSE

It's ready.

JUST AS JASON REACHES THE BOAT, HE SUBMERGES, DISAPPEARING INTO THE DARK WATERS.

ANGLE DOWN - ON TOMMY IN BOAT

The boy goes crazy, looking from one side to the other.

CLOSER ON TOMMY

He scans the sinister, churning waters. Where will Jason re-emerge?

BACK ON ANGLE ABOVE TOMMY AND BOAT

A long, tense wait.

ANGLE OFF SIDE OF BOAT

Bubbles rise. Tommy holds the noose over him. JASON EXPLODES UP FROM THE OTHER SIDE.

ANOTHER ANGLE ON BOAT

Tommy loses his balance and drops the noose into the bottom of the boat. His fall causes the rickety boat to CRACK.

INSERT - ON HULL

Water starts to leak in around the huge rock.

JASON

grabs for Tommy, who struggles to reach the noose.

EXT. CAMP FOREST GREEN - NIGHT

Megan is freaking out, not knowing what to do.

EXT. LAKE - NIGHT

JASON'S HAND GRABS TOMMY'S JACKET. The boy fights to break free of his grip.

INSERT - ON HULL

Their struggle causes it to split open wide. More water pours in.

ANGLE ON TOMMY'S FOOT

He tries to snag the noose as Jason pulls harder on him.

TOMMY

yanks his arm away violently, causing his sleeve to rip off in Jason's hand.

ANGLE ON TOMMY'S FOOT

He manages to catch to noose with his shoe.

INSERT - ON HULL

The boat is filling up with water around the rock.

JASON

grabs ahold of Tommy's leg.

TOMMY'S OTHER FOOT

slides the chain up to his outstretched fingers.

ANGLE ON TOMMY AND JASON

The boy grabs the noose and forces it over Jason's head.

TIGHT ON JASON

Enraged, he lunges at Tommy!

ANGLE ON BOAT

That's all that's needed to split open the hull! JASON IS PULLED UNDER AND HE DRAGS TOMMY DOWN WITH HIM.

EXT. CAMP FOREST GREEN - NIGHT

MEGAN SCREAMS HYSTERICALLY.

INT. UNDERWATER

The large boulder falls to the bottom of the lake. Its chain pulls taut.

CLOSE ON JASON

The chain noose tightens around Jason's neck.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Jason struggles to hold on to Tommy while trying to loosen the choke-chain.

TIGHT ON TOMMY

He fights to free himself of Jason's grasp before running out of breath.

ANGLE ON JASON

He gives up on the noose, opting to strangle Tommy instead.  
Both are drowning in this battle.

EXT. LAKE - NIGHT

Bubbles appear on the surface of the lake. After a flurry of  
them, they cease.

EXT. CAMP FOREST GREEN - NIGHT

MEGAN COVERS HER MOUTH IN DREAD.

EXT. LAKE - NIGHT

After a moment, Tommy's limp body rises to the surface. It  
floats, lifeless.

INT. UNDERWATER

Jason's body also hangs lifeless, anchored vertically by the  
chain...The two have destroyed each other.

EXT. CAMP FOREST GREEN - NIGHT

Knowing it's over, all the kids slowly exit the cabin. They  
surround the catatonic Megan. The wind has DIED DOWN.

LITTLE NANCY

stares up sorrowfully at Megan.

NANCY  
(softly)  
Is he kill-ded?

MEGAN

breaks out of her shock. She heads for the lake.

MEGAN  
(to kids)  
Stay here.

REVERSE ANGLE TOWARD LAKE

Megan races to the lake and dives in.

EXT. LAKE - NIGHT

Megan swims toward the motionless Tommy.

ANGLE DOWN - ON MEGAN AND TOMMY

She reaches her man, holds him around the chest, and pulls  
him to shore.

INT. UNDERWATER

MEGAN'S LEG IS GRABBED BY JASON. He tries to pull her down.

EXT. LAKE - NIGHT

Megan fights for her life as she repeatedly gets yanked down.

INT. UNDERWATER

Megan's feet kick at her attacker. But Jason's iron grip will not let go of her leg.

TIGHT ON JASON'S HEAD AND NECK

ONE OF MEGAN'S POWERFUL KICKS DRIVES INTO JASON'S THROAT. A stream of final air bubbles and disgusting, ugly black fluid rushes from his mask!

JASON'S HAND

lets go of Megan's leg. She swims away.

FINAL SHOT OF JASON

Our infamous killer is at last defeated. His rotting corpse hangs in its original underwater burial ground.

EXT. LAKE SHORE - NIGHT

Megan pulls Tommy's body onto the shore.

THE CHILDREN

run down and surround them with concerned faces.

ANGLE ON MEGAN AND TOMMY

She frantically gives him mouth-to-mouth resuscitation.

TIGHT ON TOMMY

He doesn't respond.

MEGAN

won't accept that he's dead. She fights back the tears as she pushes on his abdomen.

TIGHT ON TOMMY

Still nothing.

ANGLE ON NANCY

She watches Megan trying desperately to revive the lifeless

boy. The child gets an idea. She closes her eyes and whispers a little prayer.

RESUME MEGAN AND TOMMY

The tears are now flowing down Megan's cheeks. She knows her efforts are in vain. In frustration, she strikes his chest hard.

TIGHT ON TOMMY

He coughs and spits out water.

ANGLE ON MEGAN

She WHOOPS and helps him to sit up. A few of the kids CHEER.

LITTLE NANCY

opens her eyes and is quite surprised it worked. She looks heavenward and smiles a "thank you."

CLOSE ON TOMMY

As Megan hugs him gratefully, Tommy looks out over the moonlit lake.

TOMMY  
(sighs; relieved)  
It's over, Megan. It's finally  
over. Jason is home.

WIDE ON SCENE - BEHIND GROUP

We look over the shoulders of Tommy, Megan and the kids as they stare at the now-peaceful lake.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

SUBJECTIVE MOVING CAMERA

Slowly we HEAD between the tombstones, stalking the old caretaker, Martin. He is bent over, pulling weeds. We COME CLOSER and CLOSER, then finally stand towering over him. He senses us and turns around, STARTLED.

ANOTHER ANGLE ON MARTIN

He climbs nervously to his feet, quickly dropping the weeds.

MARTIN  
(overly friendly)  
You.. .ha-ha.. frightened me. I

was just, you know, cleaning up  
the...place, you know. Ha-ha.

OVER THE SHOULDER OF STRANGER - ON MARTIN

All we see is a dark suit and longish red-gray hair. The way  
Martin looks up at him, we know he is hiding true terror of  
this mysterious stranger.

MARTIN

Er.. nice to see you again, Mr.  
Voorhees...Haven't seen you in  
Crystal...er, Forest Green, in  
quite some time.

There is only a deathly silence from the nefarious man.

MARTIN

(nervously)

Hey, I've been takin' real good  
care of your wife and son's  
graves. Go look. You'll be real  
pleased.

Martin forces a grin to cover his fear.

ANGLE ON MR. VOORHEES' HAND

It reaches into his back pants pocket and withdraws a small  
wad of money. The gnarled hand gives it to Martin.

MARTIN obsequiously accepts his payment. He practically  
genuflects before him.

MARTIN

Thank you, Mr. Voorhees. Thank  
you. I'll leave you in private,  
like you like. Okay, er...bye.  
Thank you.

He takes his earning and dashes away...probably to the liquor  
store.

ANGLE ON LAWN

Mr. Voorhees' black shoes head toward us and stop. Slowly,  
we TILT UP toward his face. Just as we reach his chest...

ANGLE OVER HIS SHOULDER - ON TWO GRAVES

We recognize them from before.

CLOSER ON GRAVES

Of course, they are his wife's and son Jason's.

WIDER ANGLE - FROM BEHIND HIM

He stands menacingly over his family's resting place...Does he sense something is wrong here?

EXTREME CLOSEUP OF HIS EYES

They stare down at his son's grave. These eyes are truly evil. Cold. Dark. Demonic. Then the worst happens... They slowly look up at us. They seem to accuse us of knowing the true whereabouts of his son. AND HE WON'T STOP GLARING AT US.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LAKE FOREST GREEN - DAY

We GLIDE tranquilly over the blue water toward the middle of the lake.

DISSOLVE TO:

SLOWLY MOVING IN on the water, it seems we are about to descend into it... JASON EMERGES AT US! We PULL BACK a bit. No, it's only his infamous MASK. Freed from it's wicked owner, it floats peacefully along old CRYSTAL LAKE... for now.