

The Series

By

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CUE PARAMOUNT PICTURES LOGO

FADE TO BLACK

[KIH-KIH-KIH-KIH, MAH-MAH-MAH-MAH]

SILENCE

Crickets chirp continuously.

FADE IN

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

PAN around the dark, bushy trees.

We hear faint, painful groans of a woman.

A warm wind blows lightly. Green leaves swaying up above, the brown and yellow ones flipping and turning as they travel across the ground.

Fully panning 180, we stop at the sight of a small CABIN in close proximity. A light shines brightly outside the front door while all the lights inside fill the windows with a yellow haze. SHADOWS move quickly within.

ZOOM IN on the cabin surrounded by trees. The woman's cries come from inside and only get louder the closer we get.

WOMAN

(O.S.)

[cries] Oooooohhhhhhhh!

Multiple voices call out.

WOMAN 2

(O.S.)

Come on. Push, Pamela!

WOMAN 3

(O.S.)

Just one more.

We hear one more loud cry from her before the sound of BABY CRIES echo out endlessly.

A BEAT of only the baby's *off* sounding cry is followed by the screen door to the cabin bursting open.

A MAN comes flying out of the cabin, grabbing his stomach as he stumbles forward, PUKE soaring from his mouth.

(CONTINUED)

He regurgitates repeatedly as a thin, middle-aged woman comes out of the cabin.

WOMAN 2
(concerned)
Craig?

CRAIG, mid 30's, red plaid shirt and blue overalls remains hunched over, wiping his mouth.

CRAIG
That child, Rose. That (BEAT)
child.

ROSE rubs his back as she stares into the woods, a shocked look across her face. She wears a late 1960's style floral dress and has her cut short and curled.

ROSE
She knew it was going to be a boy.

CRAIG
His face. (BEAT) Wha--?[shakes
head]

Another woman, CORA, the midwife comes walking out of the cabin, closing the door behind her. She's about 50 and a little chubby. Her face is filled with disappointment and stoicism.

Craig and Rose turn to her as she approaches them.

ROSE
Cora, how is she?

CORA
She's fine.

Cora lights a cigarette, taking a long deep first pull.

CRAIG
But Cora, the baby...?

CORA
She named him. (BEAT) **Jason**.

[KIH-KIH, MAH-MAH]

ROSE
Has she said anything?

(CONTINUED)

CORA
[releases smoke] She's in the bed
holding him. (BEAT) I don't think
she notices.

CRAIG
What do you mean?

CORA
(shakes head)
She hasn't mentioned a word. It's
like she doesn't see it.

CRAIG
How could she not see it?

CORA
Told you something wasn't right
with that girl. [smokes]

Rose shakes her head unapprovingly and proceeds toward the
cabin door.

INT. CABIN - CONTINUOUS

The door opens and Rose steps inside, stopping immediately
and staring in.

PAMELA
(O.S.)
Ah, yes Jason. You're Mother's
special, special boy.

PAMELA lays in her bed in the corner of the dimly lit room.
Pamela is 19, dirty blonde and very easy on the eyes. She
holds her newborn wrapped in her arms, smiling and touching
him with her pointer finger.

A lantern sitting by the glass-pane window lights up one
half of the room, while the other half is lit by an overhead
light bulb. A simple one room cabin with a small kitchen and
fireplace, windows on all walls and one door.

Rose walks up to the bed, struggling to push out a smile as
Pamela glances up at her.

PAMELA (CONT'D)
I've named him Jason. (BEAT) Jason
Kane Voorhees.

[KIH-KIH, MAH-MAH]

(CONTINUED)

ROSE

He-hem... that's a... a good name,
Pam.

PAMELA

Well, he needs a real strong name.
[smiling down] He's going to be one
strong boy. [to Jason] Isn't that
right?

Rose stands there, tense, awkward, looking around.

PAMELA (CONT'D)

Where's Mr. Schaeffer? He ran out
so quick...

ROSE

He, uh--

PAMELA

I just want to thank you both so
much. If it wasn't for you, Jason
and I would probably be DEAD.

Rose again musters up a smile.

PAMELA (CONT'D)

Well...?[looks up]

ROSE

Hm?

PAMELA

Don't you want to hold him?

Rose looks down at the baby, but cannot see him under the
ball of blanket wrapped completely around his miniature
body.

She laughs nervously before walking around the side of the
bed.

Pamela lay there smiling.

PAMELA

Jason, I want you to meet your
godmother, Mrs. Shaeffer.

ROSE

Oh, Pamela, y-you don't have to--

(CONTINUED)

PAMELA

Oh, please, I already told you. We
wouldn't be here if it weren't for
you.

Again, Rose musters up a smile before Pamela passes the ball
of blankets to her.

Rose looks down. She slowly reaches to pull the blankets
from over the baby's face.

P.O.V of Baby Jason: The flap of the blanket is pulled over.
We look up at Rose's face. It slowly turns from that of a
cautious and curious expression to one of disgust of and
horror.

ROSE

(whispers)

Oh, god!

Jason lets out at an angry CRY

HOLD on Susan's face before--

FADING TO BLACK

BLACK SCREEN

The unusual, disturbing cry echoes out--

CUE TITLE CARD: FRIDAY THE 13TH(The Series)

[KIH-KIH-KIH-KIH, MAH-MAH-MAH-MAH)

FADE TO:

EXT. CRYSTAL LAKE - DAY

PAN across the gentle waters of THE LAKE. It's definitely
summer and utterly sublime.

PULL BACK as we turn, coming into the WOODS. Right between
two trees stands a sign - large and yellow with a drawing of
a the lake and the trees. A scroll reads: CAMP CRYSTAL LAKE.