

The Series1

By

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CUE PARAMOUNT PICTURES LOGO

FADE TO BLACK

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

SILENCE

Crickets chirp continuously.

SUPER: CRYSTAL LAKE; June 13th, 1969

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] Oooooohhhhhhh!

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.

(CONTINUED)

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

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?

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.

(CONTINUED)

[KIH-KIH, MAH-MAH]

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. Christie? 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. Christie.

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.

ZOOM IN as her expression slowly turns from that of a
cautious and curious to one of horror and disgust.

ROSE

(whispers)

Oh, god!

Jason lets out at an angry CRY.

HOLD on Rose'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 - DAWN

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

SUPER: 10 Years Later

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

EXT. CRYSTAL LAKE - DAWN

The calm water sways slowly, distorting a reflection of a bald and SEVERELY DISFIGURED FACE... from what we can make out.

PAMELA

(O.S.)

[calling out] Jason! Jason!

P.O.V. of Jason: We turn around, looking up a short hill into the woods, the trees covered in green. Breathing heavily, we jet up the hill and enter the WOODS.

EXT. WOODS - CONTINUOUS

A pair of dirty Pro-Keds covering white knee-high socks run through the woods, stomping on the fallen leaves.

PAMELA

(O.S.)

[calling out] Jason! Oh, Jason!

P.O.V. of Jason: We run through the woods, still breathing heavily, in fact, unusually as well.

BIRD'S EYE: Above the trees of the woods. Through the leaves we can see the bald headed child run below. He moves rather quickly.

P.O.V of Jason: As we run, we see THE CABIN IN THE WOODS in the distance ahead of us. We run straight to it. Standing right outside is Pamela. She is now ten years older, maturer and now has her hair cut very short. She stands in a white shirt and long black pants.

PAMELA

Come along, Jason. We don't want to be late.

We walk toward her. She extends her hand. Jason's small, milky hand reaches out and grabs her's. Pamela smiles down at him with her big teeth.

END P.O.V.

Their backs to the camera, we watch Pamela and Jason walk hand and hand into the woods.

EXT. CAMP CRYSTAL LAKE - DAY

ESTABLISHING: Camp Crystal Lake - ten to twelve small, wooden cabins, dirt trails between them, a large grassy field leading to a passage way through the trees which leads to the sandy shoreline of the lake.

ZOOM IN on a cabin where a woman exits, a clip board and pencil in her hands - it's Rose Christie. She is noticeably older. She now wears glasses and her hair is a little grayer, but other than that, she is physically the same as when we last saw her.

The screen door to the cabin slams shut as she walks away. She stops just outside and jots something down on the clip board.

A young man, KEVIN comes running up to ROSE. He carries a sack full of assorted sports balls over his shoulder. He has dirty blonde hair and wears a white t-shirt and dark green short shorts. The back of his shirt reads: CAMP COUNSELOR.

KEVIN
Hey, Mrs. Christie.

Rose looks up.

ROSE
(smiles)
Oh, good morning, Kevin.

KEVIN
Morning. [nods] Just getting ready
for the buses to arrive.

ROSE
(looks at watch)
They should be here soon. Have you
seen Roger?

Kevin shakes his head.

ROSE(CONT'D)
Well, if you see him could you
please let him know that the
lightbulbs in these two cabins blew
and need to be replaced.

KEVIN
Sure will.

(CONTINUED)

CRAIG
(O.S.)

Rose.

Rose and Kevin look over to see CRAIG coming down the hill with a young girl, JANETTE. Craig carries a suitcase and the girl a duffle bag. She wears a short white dress and has quite a body on her.

JANETTE
Aunt Rose!

Janette comes running over.

ROSE
(big smile)
Janette, sweetie!

Rose opens her arms and Janette runs right into them. They embrace for a BEAT.

Over Rose's shoulder, Janette and Kevin make eye contact. Kevin smiles at her. She looks away before her and Rose break apart.

JANETTE
I'm so happy to be here. Thank you so much for giving the job on such short notice.

ROSE
Oh, well, we're thrilled to have you. I'm sure you'll catch on quickly.

JANETTE
Oh, I definitely will. I'm so excited. I just love kids!

Craig puts his arm around Rose. The two look at each other and smile.

ROSE
Well, you're in for a very fun summer, isn't that right, Craig?

CRAIG
(nods)
Sure is.

Janette smiles.

(CONTINUED)

KEVIN

He-hem.

ROSE

Oh, Janette. This is Kevin. He's a counselor, here.

KEVIN

(interjects)

[proud] Third year in a row.

ROSE

Kevin, this is Janette Pierson, my niece. [to Janette] You stick close to him and he'll show you the ropes, won't you, Kevin?

KEVIN

Sure will. [grins at Janette]

Janette rolls her eyes, then dishes out a fake smile at her aunt and uncle.

CRAIG

Rose, we have to get up the kitchen.

ROSE

Okay. [to Kevin and Janette] Kevin, would you take Janette to meet the others and help her get settled in.

KEVIN

Yes, ma'am.

ROSE

Alright.

Rose and Janette hug.

Craig hands Janette's suitcase to Kevin's one free hand.

JANETTE

Thank you again, Aunt Rose.

Janette pulls Craig into the hug.

JANETTE

You too, Uncle Craig.

ROSE

Oh, you're welcome sweetie.

Rose and Craig begin to walk away.

(CONTINUED)

ROSE(CONT'D)
She's such a sweet girl.

CRAIG
Ah, yes. Then you should keep her
away from Kevin.

Rose and Craig continue on.

Kevin eyes Janette up and down with a devious smile across his face.

KEVIN
Welcome to Camp Crystal Lake.

JANETTE
(fake smile)
Thank you.

KEVIN
You take that stick outta your ass
and this'll be the summer of your
life.

Kevin begins up the hill toward the rest of the cabins.

Janette rolls her eyes and follows him.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Cora Smithers, the chubby midwife walks across the kitchen in an apron, her hair in a net. She holds a large pot, walking over and placing it on the stove.

It's a large kitchen. Typical for a camp. Tile floors, counters, big metal stoves, pots and pans and plates everywhere.

A pair of shutter doors lead to the CAFETERIA. A big wooden door is held open, a screen door shut, letting in the cool air. Greenery right outside.

After placing the pot down, Cora walks back to the other side of the kitchen.

The screen door opens up and Pamela steps through.

Jason's P.O.V.: Still holding Mother's hand, we enter the kitchen to see Cora busy at work.

(CONTINUED)

PAMELA
Hello, Cora.

CORA
(busy)
Pamela.

Cora barely nods or acknowledges Pamela and Jason not at all. We watch her just rushes back and forth, preparing for the first day of summer camp at Camp Crystal Lake.

CORA
That child shouldn't be here,
Pamela.

We look over at Mother who pulls an apron over her head.

PAMELA
Hm? Why not?

CORA
(pauses)
You know why. [continues to work]

Looking back at Mother, she looks at us.

PAMELA
Jason, go for a walk.

We turn and walk back out of the screen door.

END P.O.V.

Pamela pulls her the hair net over her head.

PAMELA
There's no reason why Jason can't
come to camp.

CORA
Than why don't you send him to
school like a regular kid?

Cora picks up a large box of bread with both hands.

PAMELA
(shakes head)
Oh, no. Jason's much too special
for school. Besides, I teach him
everything he needs to know.

Cora stops.

(CONTINUED)

CORA

Yes, well he gets picked on here.
It bothers the other children to
see him. The counselors don't want
to go near him. Even Craig and Rose
don't want him here.

PAMELA

That is not true. They love Jason.
He is there godson. They
understand.

CORA

No. I don't think you understand,
Pamela. You clearly don't get it at
all.

Cora goes about her work, walking right past Pamela.

Pamela stands there with an angered look on her face.

EXT. CAFETERIA - DAY

Kevin and Janette walk up toward the Cafeteria.

INT. CAFETERIA - DAY

The cafeteria is fairly big, lots of tables, a stage, high
ceilings.

GIRL

(O.S.)

Ugh. These kids are gonna be here
in a few hours and so begins the
summer of hell.

GIRL 2

Oh, quit your fuckin' complaining.

PANNING across the cafeteria, we come across two girls,
MARGIE and VERA standing on a tall ladder, hanging a
"WELCOME TO CAMP CRYSTAL LAKE" banner across the room.

Margie, 18, stands tying up the sign to the the wooden
support-beam. She's your typical sexy brunette. Her breast
aren't too big, but her shape is defined and by superficial
society's standard's, perfection.

Hanging on to the lower part of the ladder is the
complainer, VERA, 18. Black hair, olive complexion. She
fills the sexy, fiesty latin role well.

(CONTINUED)

VERA

Two years in a role now that I have
to deal with these little shits.
Ay, this is the last time. I hate
kids.

MARGIE

So why'd you come back this summer?
(BEAT) Oh, I know why. (BEAT)
Dally. Am I right?

VERA

(smiles)

Maybe.

Vera leans back against the ladder, staring across the cafeteria.

On the other side of the cafeteria is DALLY, 20, bowl cut to his brown hair, slight stubble on his face, he sweeps up the floor with a broom. He doesn't even hear Margie and Vera talking about him.

The double doors to the cafeteria open and in steps Kevin. Janette follows him in, looking all around.

They all notice the two walk in.

VERA

Uh-oh, new girl alert.

Across the room, Dally and Janette shake hands as Kevin introduces them.

KEVIN

She's Mrs. Christie's niece.

DALLY

Oh, really? Guess we have some
extra trouble on our hands.

The three of them laugh.

VERA

Come on.

Vera steps off of the ladder and walks toward them. Margie quickly begins down the ladder.