

Friday the 13th: The RPG
Chapter 1#: Meeting the Kids

By

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"Friday the 13th" and "See No Evil"

FADE IN:

EXT. CAMP CRYSTAL LAKE, BARN: NIGHT

It's a beautiful night, with the violet sky being both cloudless and dotted with millions of stars. The counselors have decided to take advantage of the perfect weather by throwing a dance for the kids.

SUBTITLE: JUNE 13TH, 1980. CAMP CRYSTAL LAKE.

We can see them all gathered around a bonfire in the center of camp, all dancing along to **"BEAT IT" by MICHAEL JACKSON**. It's all very loud and very active, with everyone being too caught up in either the music or the fire to notice two of the counselors sneaking off the camp's barn house.

GIRL COUNSELOR

Will you hurry up?

The two counselors are **BRANDON ADAMS** (19) and **CHRISTA HAYES** (17). Both scan their surroundings and, upon seeing no one has spotted them, sprint inside the giant red barn.

CUT TO:

INT. CAMP BARN HOUSE, LOWER FLOOR: NIGHT

The left side of the barn is lined with old boating equipment and forgotten tools, the back wall is lined with a row of boats and a couple small kayaks, while the right side is occupied by an old jeep.

Christa waits till Brandon's secured the doors before practically throwing herself on him, locking her lips with his. Brandon immediately pulls away.

CHRISTA HAYES

What's wrong?

BRANDON ADAMS

This doesn't feel right.

CHRISTA HAYES

Of course it does. You just need to relax.

She moves in and once again locks her lips with his, only to have him again immediately pull away.

(CONTINUED)

CHRISTA HAYES

Why are you being so difficult about this? I thought this is what you wanted?

BRANDON ADAMS

It is! I-I mean, it was... but things have changed. I've changed. I'm the same kid I was two weeks ago.

CHRISTA HAYES

...This is all because of her, isn't it? I knew it! I knew that bitch was trouble when she walked into the counselors lounge, I just knew it!

BRANDON ADAMS

This has nothing to do with her!

CHRISTA HAYES

It has everything to do with her! You couldn't keep your hands off me until she got here, and don't act like you couldn't!

BRANDON ADAMS

Can you please keep your voice down? Somebody could hear you!

CHRISTA HAYES

Oh, and we wouldn't want that, huh? Wouldn't want the rest of the camp to know you're a lousy asshole who likes to lead people on!

CUT TO:

UNKNOWN P.O.V.

We stand at the back of the boathouse, our bodies hidden in the shadows of the boats. We have a perfect few of the bickering teenagers, both of whom have no idea of our presence.

Brandon moves closer to her and immediately lowers his voice another notch.

BRANDON ADAMS

Can you please just calm down and let me explain?

(CONTINUED)

CHRISTA HAYES

Explain what? Explain how you led me on? Explain how in one summer you went from finding me the hottest girl around to not wanting to even touch me? I think I'll pass.

She starts to duck around him, and defensively jumps back when he tries to grab onto her arm.

CHRISTA HAYES

Don't you fucking touch me, you hear? Don't you fucking touch me!

BRANDON ADAMS

I-I'm sorry, I just want to talk--

CHRISTA HAYES

Well I don't want to talk to you, okay boo? Now move!

Again she tries to step around him, only to again have him try to grab her arm. She reacts by pushing him into the door. He hits it hard before collapsing to the ground.

CHRISTA HAYES

Touch me again, and I swear--

The soft thud of our foot accidentally kicking one of the kayaks stops her mid-sentence. She quickly turns in our direction, her expression going from anger to annoyance.

CHRISTA HAYES

Hello?

(BEAT. ANNOYED)

You know, spying on the counselors goes against camp regulations! So unless you want to be sent home early, I suggest you show yourself.

Brandon cringes as he pushes himself back to his feet. He clearly bruised a bone or two with that landing.

We hesitate only a second before stepping out from the shadows. Christa's expression quickly changes to one of relief.

CHRISTA HAYES

Thank God, you're here! This creep followed me in here and just tried to have his way with me!

Brandon's eyes widen and he, despite the pain currently shooting up his back, quickly jumps to his feet.

BRANDON ADAMS

That's not true! She pulled me in here, she did! I-I wanted to stay at the bonfire.

The bottom of Christa's shoes scuff loudly against the floor as she hurries up to us, her eyes welling up with big, fat crocodile tears as she does.

CHRISTA HAYES

Please, you gotta believe me! I was just coming in here to grab a few sticks so the kids can roast marshmallows but then he appeared and just tried to attack me!

She reaches out and takes one of our hands in hers. We can see the yellow cuff of our camp sweater as she squeezes our hand.

CHRISTA HAYES

Please, don't leave me alone with this monster...

We take our hand from hers and she just stares at her, her non-existent tears flowing from her eyes. The fake crying stops, though, when we pull something out from behind our back.

CHRISTA HAYES

What ar--

Before she can finish, we take our hidden machete and bury it deep into her gut. Her eyes grow wide as we twist it this way and that, the machete's rusted blade tearing its way through her insides.

BRANDON ADAMS

Oh, my God!

We rip the machete from her gut and watch as her body crumbles to the floor, convulsing as it does. The front of her counselors tee immediately turns red as blood begins to pool around her.

Our attention then turns to Brandon, who's currently struggling to re-open the door. It's jammed from the push earlier, which mean's he's got no-where to go unless he wants to swim or risk running past us.

He looks at us pleadingly as we start approaching him, our pace quick and almost fluid. Genuine tears spring to his eyes as he starts banging on the doors.

BRANDON ADAMS

Somebody please, help me!

It isn't till we're two feet away that he decides to try and make a run for it. He's barely able to take two steps before we slash at him with our machete, slicing his right side open. He screams before falling into a pile of boating garbage.

He looks down at the deep, bleeding wound before looking up at us. He tries to push him away away from us but there's legit no-where for him to go.

BRANDON ADAMS

Please don't do this, please! I-I swear I didn't do anything to her. I didn't even want to date her! I'm into Jake Bosely!

We allow this new brand of information to sink in before raising the machete above our heads. More tears begin to fall.

BRANDON ADAMS

Please, no!

We bring the machete down, full force, upon his head...

SMASH CUT TO:

FRIDAY THE 13TH: THE RPG

OPEN UP:

EXT. CAMP CRYSTAL LAKE, ENTRYWAY: DAY

We're on the outer limits of the once prosperous, but now desolate Camp Crystal Lake. The entryway is a simple narrow road that leads from the main highway to the camp's front office, with nothing but a handful of decaying signs to lead the way.

SUBTITLE: *June 6th, 2018.*

Parked on the road is an old JEEP CJ-5, and sitting in it's drivers seat is **KARLA ROBBINS** (39). She mumbles under her breath as she stubbornly tries to get her decade old lighter to work.

(CONTINUED)

KARLA ROBBINS

(*MUTTERING*)

Come on, you stupid piece of--

Her lighter clicks at last, and before the flame can go out she picks up her cigarette and lights it up. She takes a drag and instantly loosens up.

KARLA ROBBINS

Finally...

She pockets the lighter before leaning back in her seat and glancing at the review mirror; the corners of her lips instantly pull down.

There's no question that Karla's a beautiful woman, but it's clear the years of being ridiculed and ostracized have left it's mark on her: She's got lines on her face, wrinkles around her eyes, and there are even a couple strands of gray visible in her thick mane of blond hair.

She turns the review mirror in the opposite direction.

KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK!

Karla jumps in surprise and quickly turns to the drivers window, coming face-to-face with **SECURITY OFFICER NEWT ELLWOOD** (40).

KARLA ROBBINS

Jesus!

NEWT ELLWOOD

(*SMIRKS*)

Sorry, didn't mean to scare you!
Are you Mrs. Robbins?

His voice is muffled by the closed window, which Karla at first doesn't move to roll down.

KARLA ROBBINS

The one and only.

She snubs out her cigarette before finally rolling down the window.

KARLA ROBBINS

I'm guessing you're Officer Newt?

NEWT ELLWOOD

That'd be me. Pleasure to finally meet you face-to-face.

(CONTINUED)

Newt's a tall, slender man with a shaggy mop of blond hair and a growing beard. He's not at all intimidating to look at but there's clearly a good amount of muscle packed away under his uniform. He extends a hand out to her and she quickly shakes it.

KARLA ROBBINS

Pleasure's all mine.

(*BEAT*)

Where's the rest?

NEWT ELLWOOD

My partner should be bringing them around in the twenty minutes or so, I'm just here to make sure the security system is activated. Mind showing me where the generator is?

KARLA ROBBINS

Of course. Just follow me.

NEWT ELLWOOD

Sounds good.

Newt turns and walks back to his cruiser, which is 2000 FORD CROWN VICTORIA, and slides back into the drivers seat. Karla starts up her Jeep and, upon hearing the Ford roar to life, starts for the camp.

CUT TO:

INT. CAMP CRYSTAL LAKE, GENERATOR: DAY

The generator rests behind the barn, which sits about half-a-yard from the infamous lake itself. The barn itself is in the middle of repairs, with most of it's upper floor being cut off to public.

Karla pulls to a stop beside the barn and, once he's parked and at her side, leads Officer Newt to the generator. She then watches as he moves to the back of it and starts fiddling with the router the previous officer installed.

KARLA ROBBINS

Do you mind explaining to me exactly what that is?

NEWT ELLWOOD

It's a router. All the kids have tracker bracelets on their ankles, and this here will tell us if any of them go beyond a hundred-and-fifty miles from camp.

(CONTINUED)

KARLA ROBBINS

Wouldn't it be easier to just put up a temporary fence?

Newt raises his brow at her but keeps his eyes trained on the router.

NEWT ELLWOOD

These aren't little kids, miss. A simple fence wouldn't do anything but inconvenience them at best.

(*BEAT*)

Plus the town didn't seemed too thrilled with the idea of installing a fence out here, said it'd disrupt the wildlife too much.

KARLA ROBBINS

Makes sense, I guess.

A moment passes before Newt finally stands up and returns to her side. He gives her a warm smile.

NEWT ELLWOOD

Everything appears to be in working order.

KARLA ROBBINS

Good! That makes that one less thing to worry about, then.

NEWT ELLWOOD

Yep, now all that's left to do is wait. Shouldn't be much longer.

KARLA ROBBINS

Excellent.

(*BEAT*)

Well, while we're waiting, care to join me for a cup of tea? Pretty sure May-Anne has a pot of Earl Grey brewing in the kitchen.

NEWT ELLWOOD

Sure, that sounds nice.

Karla smiles, clearly feeling a mild attraction for the man in front of her. If only she knew...

KARLA ROBBINS

Great, follow me.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE ROCKY PINE FOREST, ROAD: DAY

We watch as a white bus cruises through the forest, it's roaring engine sending every critter within a mile radiance running. All the windows have been tinted black, making it near impossible to see it's inhabitants.

Printed on it's right side, in big bold letters, are the words: **F.G.C'S JUVENILE DELINQUENTS.**

CUT TO:

INT. WHITE TRANSPORTATION BUS: DAY

It's a long and narrow bus, being just big enough to house up to twenty delinquents; but for now there's only 6, along with two officers and a single driver.

The two officers occupy the seat closest to the driver, who sits cut off from the rest by a chain-link door. These two are **OFFICER ALISTAIR 'ALI' MCCOY** (43) and **OFFICER GILLIAN CARTER** (36).

Alistair watches as Gillian as she digs a bottle of pills out of her back pocket. He eyes the name printed on the side as she dumps two blue pills into her palm.

ALISTAIR MCCOY

I didn't know you took Prozac.

GILLIAN CARTER

The perks of living in a small town is that everyone knows everything about anything, and I'm not sure if you notice but the townsfolk here kinda frown down on their protectors being anything but superhuman so... kind of keep this under wraps.

ALISTAIR MCCOY

Is that why you have a rash on your as--

GILLIAN CARTER

No! God, let that go, won't you? That happened years ago.

ALISTAIR MCCOY

Well it was a gross rash.

(CONTINUED)

She rolls her eyes before popping the pills into her mouth. Alistair can't help but smirk at her. He's a very handsome man who doesn't look remotely close to his age. There's not a line on his face and barely a speck of gray in his mop of auburn brown hair.

Sitting two seats behind them are **WILLIAM "WILL" BENNETT** (17) and **KAREN HYONG** (17). Neither seem all that interested in each other, and more than likely just choose to sit next to one so they could avoid the rest of the group.

Karen's interest in Will peaks, though, when he suddenly discreetly pulls an iPhone from his pants pocket.

KAREN HYONG

Where'd you get *that*?

WILL BENNETT

I swiped it from Officer Network's office. Now will you lower your voice?

Will's a fairly good looking boy; a little scrawny looking but nothing at all offensive. His hair's been cut to crudely short, and there's a line of bruises going up the side of his face from a recent brawl.

Karen's a stunning and vibrant Korean woman who looks far, far younger than her seventeen years. She looks almost out of place amongst the rest, with her chubby cheeks and doe-shaped eyes.

KAREN HYONG

(*WHISPERS*)

You really think you're gonna get a signal out in the middle of no-where?

WILL BENNETT

We're in New Jersey, the home state of Snooki and Pauly D. Odds are there's a cell tower or two around here somewhere.

Karen blinks.

KAREN HYONG

...You're really basing your logic off a television show?

WILL BENNETT

(*SHRUGS*)

Sounds logical to me.

Two seats behind them sits **MARCO HARRISON** (17), and across the isle from him sits **BRENDON KALLINS** (17); two sullen boys who prefer the company of their thoughts over the company of others.

Brendon looks up from the Rubik's cube in his hands when he hears the start-up music to Brendon's 3DS.

BRENDON KALLINS

Since when did they start giving delinquents back their things?

MARCO HARRISON

That's what happens when you don't go around pummeling people for no reason: you manage to get into the warden's good graces. You should try it sometime.

Marco's a well built man with a rich tan and shoulder-length hair he always keeps partially tucked away under his lucky beanie. He's got a bit of a hipster vibe to him but it works for him.

Brendon scoffs before leaning back in his seat.

BRENDON KALLINS

(MUMBLES)

The rich fuck had it coming...

Brendon's the type of guy who could be cute if he put in the effort, but unfortunately he chooses not to. He's easily the greasiest looking kid on the bus, with his oily hair and wrinkled clothes. No one on the bus is exactly dressed to-the-nines, but no one else looks like they haven't showered in a week either.

MARCO HARRISON

Won't hear any arguments from me.

Sitting behind Marco is **CASSI VENEMA** (17), a young woman who looks almost as out of place as Karen. She looks like someone you'd see on *TEEN* magazine rather than on a bus full of delinquents, what with her long blond hair and piercing blue eyes.

A smile dances on her lips as she stares out the window, feeling nothing but content about her current situation. She's not thrilled about it but she's not dreading it either, anything is better than being cooped up at the center.

GILLIAN CARTER [O.S.]

Start gathering your things, kids.
We should be arriving at Camp
Crystal Lake in the next three
minutes.

Marco blinks and, without missing a beat, snaps his 3DS shut. So much for that.

Cassi tucks her hair behind her ears before reaching down and tugging her one bag out from under the seat. Her eyes widen when it's zipper catches something and slides open, causing a few pieces of paper to fall out.

CASSI VENEMA

Shit!

She starts quickly gathering them up and stuffing them back into the bag.

One paper slides across the isle and hits the leg of **JAMES "JIMMY" POWELL** (16), the youngest delinquent on the bus. He eyes it for a moment before quickly scooping it up and examining it.

JIMMY POWELL

I didn't know you draw.

It's a drawing of a YOUNG WOMAN, one with curly hair and pout lips. It's surprisingly well detailed and shaded, having true resemblance of a real woman.

JIMMY POWELL

It's good, for an amateur.

She narrows her eyes for a moment before reaching across and snatching the paper from his hand.

JIMMY POWELL

Hey, now, It was a compliment.

CASSI VENEMA

Most compliments don't end with an
insult, but I'll give you a B- for
effort.

He can't help but smirk as he watches her stuff the papers back into her bag before zipping it up. Jimmy's a good looking kid for his age, having just enough muscle and attitude to pass for a "Pretty Boy".

He sits back in his seat and turns his attention towards the window, though not before making sure his backpack is still beside his other leg.

CUT TO:

INT. COUNSELORS CABIN, SITTING ROOM: DAY

It's a surprisingly large area, being big enough to fit two couches, three armchairs and a fireplace to the left that takes up most of the wall.

Newt and Karla sit on the couch directly in front of the fireplace, both eying the roaring fire with mild fascination.

They look up when MAY-ANNE MOSELY (34) enters the room carrying a tray of mugs.

MAY-ANNE MOSELY

Are you sure I can't get you anything to eat? I just went food shopping yesterday.

NEWT ELLWOOD

I'm sure, I stopped for a bite to eat in town before coming here.

(TAKES A MUG)

Thank you.

MAY-ANNE MOSELY

Of course.

May-Anne's a very young looking woman, who's love for all things colorful and bright make her look even younger. Her entire look, from the way she styles her dark hair to the way she wears her make-up, just screams, "LESBIAN HIPSTER".

Karla reaches out and picks up one of the mugs and takes a sip, cringing slightly as the hot tea almost burns her tongue. She chokes on it a bit.

NEWT ELLWOOD

You okay?

KARLA ROBBINS

Fine, fine!

(CLEARS THROAT)

So where are you from, Mr. Newt? I don't think I've ever seen you before.

NEWT ELLWOOD

That'd be because I live over in the city, good ol' New York.

(CONTINUED)

MAY-ANNE MOSELY*(SURPRISED)*

Really? How'd you end up working on our side of the bridge?

NEWT ELLWOOD

I have my partner, Ali, to thank for that.

KARLA ROBBINS

And why's that?

NEWT ELLWOOD

Let's just say I was in a really dark place for awhile, and Ali was the only one who cared enough to pull me out of it.

May-Anne, who sits on the armchair to Karla and Newt's right, leans closer to them.

MAY-ANNE MOSELY

Now when you say "partner", do you mean...?

NEWT ELLWOOD

I mean they're my partner, as in we work together.

May-Anne leans even closer to them, so close that Newt can even smell the cigarette smoke embedded in her clothes.

MAY-ANNE MOSELY

And?

NEWT ELLWOOD*(SMILES SHEEPISHLY)*

Nothing else. Don't you know it's against union policy for co-workers to be anything more than just co-workers?

A smile spreads across May-Anne's red lips, meanwhile Karla's smile has now practically dropped to the floor.

MAY-ANNE MOSELY

Duly noted.

Just then we hear it, the transportation bus. We listen as it bumps and groans its way over the dirt road up to the cabin. HONK!

(CONTINUED)

NEWT ELLWOOD

That's them.

He puts the mug down and practically jogs over to the door. Karla and May-Anne lock eyes with each other before rising in unison.

KARLA ROBBINS

Why are the cute ones always either taken or gay?

MAY-ANNE MOSELY

I know, ain't it great?

They follow him out the door.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAMP CRYSTAL LAKE, COUNSELORS CABIN: DAY

The bus pulls to a rough stop a few yards away from the front entrance, and both women watch as Newt jogs over to meet it's occupants.

MAY-ANNE MOSELY

Think she's pretty?

KARLA ROBBINS

Who?

MAY-ANNE MOSELY

Ali, of course. I'm picturing a woman with Lana Del Ray's face but Dolly Parton's boobs.

Karla's bites her lip to keep from smiling before giving May-Anne a nudge in the ribs, whispering "shh" as she does.

The bus's door creaks open and out step Ali and Gillian. Karla can't help but look Gillian up and down, clearly thinking she's the "Ali" from the story.

KARLA ROBBINS

She's pretty...

MAY-ANNE MOSELY

If you like the whole librarian look.

Newt begins helping Ali unload the heavier bags from the bus's outer department while Gillian, armed with a clipboard and pen, approaches the two camp owners.

(CONTINUED)

GILLIAN CARTER

Would either of you happen to be Mrs. Karla Robbins?

KARLA ROBBINS

That'd be me. Hi.

(SHAKES HER HAND)

You must be the Ali we've been hearing about.

Gillian shakes her head.

GILLIAN CARTER

(CASUAL)

Mm, nope, the name's Gillian, Ali's the one helping Newt with the bags.

Karla's eyes immediately turn towards the well-toned man helping Newt. There's little to no space between the two as they pull the last of the bags out of the compartment.

MAY-ANNE MOSELY

That's Ali?

Gillian nods before holding the clipboard out towards Karla.

GILLIAN CARTER

Can you sign here, please?

KARLA ROBBINS

Of course.

(SIGNS THE PAPERWORK)

There.

GILLIAN CARTER

Thank you. Mrs. May-Anne Mosely?

MAY-ANNE MOSELY

(SUPPRESSING A SMIRK)

That's me.

(SIGNS)

There you go.

GILLIAN CARTER

Thank you.

MAY-ANNE MOSELY

Of course.

She turns and walks back to the other officers, who've now started ushering the kids off the bus. May-Anne leans closer to Karla.

(CONTINUED)

MAY-ANNE MOSELY

So he's taken and gay. Talk about a double whammy.

(*BEAT*)

Sorry.

KARLA ROBBINS

It's fine. C'mon, let's go meet our new recruits.

CUT TO:

EXT. WHITE TRANSPORTATION BUS: SAME TIME

Once Ali sees that all of the delinquents are out of the bus, he signals for the driver to go and park inside the barn. He looks at the waiting group of teens, all of whom are either holding one or two bags of clothes.

ALISTAIR MCCOY

Everybody line up.

They do as their told and begin to line up, none of them daring to take their eyes off the approaching counselors. Karen immediately frowns upon seeing May-Anne's creative outfit choice.

KARLA ROBBINS

(*PEPPY*)

Hello! It is so great to finally meet all of you. Officer Newt faxed me your information last night, and I just know I couldn't have asked for a better group of kids to work with.

She smiles at them, clearly expecting them all to be flattered by the compliment; no one is.

KARLA ROBBINS

(*AWKWARD, PEPPY*)

Alright, well, my name is Karla Robbins and this here is my partner in crime May-Anne Mosely.

MAY-ANNE MOSELY

(*SMILES*)

It's nice to meet you all.

KARLA ROBBINS

And you, my good sir, must be Officer Alistair.

(CONTINUED)

ALISTAIR MCCOY

That is correct. Nice to meet you,
ladie--

BRENDON KALLINS

Can we please get on with this so
we can get out of the sun? I feel a
roasting pig over here...

Karen wrinkles her nose before taking a step away from him,
forcing others in the line to move as well.

KAREN HYONG

And that is why you don't wear
polyester in June, genius.

Brendon frowns at her but Newt interrupts before he can
retaliate.

NEWT ELLWOOD

Knock it off you two. I don't want
to hear any arguing or see any
fighting while we're here, every
got that?

(EVERYONE MURMURS YES)

Good. Now let's get the
introductions rolling, shall we?

ALISTAIR MCCOY

Left to right, we: Brendon Kallins,
Karen Hyong, William Bennett, Marco
Harrison, Cassi Venema, and James
Powell.

MAY-ANNE MOSELY

"Brendon Kallins"? I *knew* you
looked familiar! They did a segment
about you on The View.

BRENDON KALLINS

So I've heard... I'd rather not
talk about that now.

KARLA ROBBINS

And we won't, don't worry. What
you've all done is in the past, and
I have faith in all of you that
you'll all band together this week
and really get this camp back to
it's former glory.

Cassi can't help but feel a bit flattered at the comment,
though she knows the chances of that actually happening were
one in two million.

(CONTINUED)

KARLA ROBBINS

May-Anne and I, of course, will be working right along side. This camp is truly important to me and I'm willing to work as hard as I can if you all are too.

There's a brief silence among the teens as they all, even Brendon, allow her words to sink in. May-Anne quickly decides to take advantage of the sudden silence and attention.

MAY-ANNE MOSELY

Karla and I have cleared out two cabins for you all to stay in. Cassi, Jimmy, and Marco, you'll be in cabin 1. Karen, Will, and Brendon, you'll be in cabin 2.

ALISTAIR MCCOY

That's where you're all to head now. We're gonna give you half the day to get settled in, but then it's time to start working.

JIMMY POWELL

And what exactly are we supposed to be doing?

NEWT ELLWOOD

Good question, and you'll find your answers in the cabins.

MAY-ANNE MOSELY

We've left notebooks on each of your beds, full of instructions on what it is you'll be doing here the few days.

KARLA ROBBINS

We spent all night picking the best kid for specific jobs, so no-one will be stuck doing something they can't do. Hopefully everything should be smooth sailing for all.

MAY-ANNE MOSELY

One can hope. All right, the cabins are over there. Our office is right there. You got any questions you can come talk to us.

The kids nod before taking their bags and starting for the cabins. Karen turns towards Will, who's carrying two duffel bags.

KAREN HYONG

(WHISPERS)

I don't see any cell towers.

WILL BENNETT

That's because they're hidden in the trees. Duh.

KAREN HYONG

Of course...

ALISTAIR MCCOY

And one last thing, before I forget. I'm sure you're all aware of the bracelets on your ankles?

Jimmy makes a point to look dramatically down at his ankle bracelet, which is partially hidden under his pant leg.

JIMMY POWELL

Is that what they are? I thought they looked a bit too clunky to be friendship bracelets.

ALISTAIR MCCOY

Indeed. And if any of you try to go beyond a hundred and fifty feet from your cabins, we will know.

JIMMY POWELL

I'm starting to get the sense you don't trust us as much as you claim you do.

Newt, despite knowing Jimmy is just giving his usual attitude, decides to take the sincere approach.

NEWT ELLWOOD

We do, but the rules forbid us from giving you guys too much freedom.

ALISTAIR MCCOY

This is a big campground inside an even bigger forest, it'd be as easy as counting to three for any one of you to slip away. And that's just a not a chance we're willing to take.

(CONTINUED)

NEWT ELLWOOD

Now go, we'll come by in a bit to see how you all are settling in. And remember, you know where to find us if you have any questions at all.

The kids nod in acknowledgment before, once again, starting for the cabins.

Karla stares longingly at Newt, finding him ungodly attractive at the moment but knowing any type of flirtation with him would be pointless. And rude, considering his relationship status.

Her eyes widen a bit when he catches her staring at him, and she quickly turns her attention towards Alistair.

KARLA ROBBINS

Would you three like to see where you'll be sleeping?

ALISTAIR MCCOY

Considering I thought we were rooming with the kids, yeah. That'd be great.

MAY-ANNE MOSELY

Then follow us.

Alistair nods and, after picking up his and Newt's bags, follows the two owners towards the counselors cabin. Newt keeps up the pace right alongside him.

CUT TO:

INT. CAMP CRYSTAL LAKE, CABIN 1: DAY

Cassi's the first one to enter the cabin, and almost immediately she wishes she hadn't.

It's a decent sized cabin, being big enough to fit six beds, six old toy chests and six little bedside tables, and is relatively clean; but that doesn't change the fact that there are cracks in the walls, tears in the screen door, and a couple scratches on the floor.

Jimmy pops up behind her and quickly gives the room a once over, Marco not far behind.

(CONTINUED)

JIMMY POWELL

Well it's not the Four Seasons, but anything's better than being cooped up at the center, am I right?

CASSI VENEMA

You're not wrong...

While Jimmy and Cassi go and claim the two beds closest to the door, Marco turns his attention towards the stack of notebooks resting on the windowsill. He picks them up and flips through the one labeled 'M. HARRISON'.

MARCO HARRISON

Found our work schedules.

He hands Cassi and Jimmy their respective notebooks before giving his a more thorough look through.

JIMMY POWELL

(RE: HIS NOTEBOOK)

Looks like they're asking a lot from us.

MARCO HARRISON

Nothing we can't handle, at least.

CASSI VENEMA

Speak for yourself, you're not the one stuck with reflooring the cabins.

MARCO HARRISON

Actually...

He holds out his book and shows her the first page of the notebook. The first order on his list? "Refloor cabins 3 and 4".

CASSI VENEMA

Lucky us.

MARCO HARRISON

What about you, Jim?

JIMMY POWELL

Nope. I got something even better.

He turns his notebook around so every can see May-Anne's written words.

JIMMY POWELL

I get to tinker with the plumbing system!

CUT TO:

INT. CAMP CRYSTAL LAKE, CABIN 2: SAME TIME

It looks near identical to cabin 1, only with less damage to the floor. Will and Brendon have claimed the beds closest to the back door and are currently unloading their stuff, while Karen stays rooted by the door.

KAREN HYONG

They can't seriously expect us to stay here. This is child endangerment. Severe child endangerment.

WILL BENNETT

I'm just glad they're not making us sleep in tents.

Karen sighs in irritation before turning her attention to the stack of notebooks on the windowsill. Her name is written on the top one, so she snatches it up and flips it open.

KAREN HYONG

"Repaint the boathouse"? "Help prepare the dinning hall"? This is child labor at it's worst! They can't seriously be expecting us to do all this?

Brendon looks at her, a look of mild annoyance on his face.

BRENDON KALLINS

What exactly did you think they were gonna have us do here?

KAREN HYONG

Pick up trash? Clean the lake? I don't know! But I definitely didn't think they'd have us doing actual construction work.

Will walks over and grabs the notebook with his name on it. He flips it open and scans the list of chores and jobs written out for him.

(CONTINUED)

WILL BENNETT

That's actually what I got.

(*RE: LIST*)

"Pick the trash out of the lake".

KAREN HYONG

Seriously? Lemme see that.

She takes the notebook from his hands and quickly scans his list. She hesitates a second before suddenly tearing the page out.

BRENDON KALLINS

The fuck are you doing?

KAREN HYONG

Trading lists. I guarantee these morons won't even notice.

She tears the page of chores out of her notebook and slips it into Will's notebook. She gives him a surprisingly flirtatious smile before handing it back to him.

KAREN HYONG

You don't mind, do you?

WILL BENNETT

I kinda do...

Karen reaches out and places her hand on his arm, shocking both him and Brendon; who stares at them with one brow arched.

KAREN HYONG

Please, Will? You don't really think I'm the right choice to paint the boathouse, do you? That's a laborious task only a man can do. A strong man.

Will can't help but feel flattered at the compliment. Brendon, on the other hand, rolls his eyes at the fakeness that is Karen Hyong.

WILL BENNETT

Okay, we can swap.

Karen smiles.

KAREN HYONG

Perfect! Thank you so much.

Even though it clearly kills her a bit to do so, she leans over and places a quick peck on his cheek. Will's cheeks turn a slight shade of pink, and upon seeing that Brendon decides to leave.

BRENDON KALLINS

I'm gonna go look around.

WILL BENNETT

Don't you wanna see what they've assigned you?

BRENDON KALLINS

Not really.

And with that, he's gone. Karen waits till the door slams shut before looking at Will, who's still red in the face. She again puts her hand on his arm.

KAREN HYONG

I really hurt my back the way up here, think you could unpack my bag for me? I'd really appreciate it.

WILL BENNETT

(SMILES)

Sure...

KAREN HYONG

Thank you. You are truly the best.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAMP CRYSTAL LAKE, CABIN 2: SAME TIME

Brendon looks around at his surrounding areas, trying his best to get himself familiar with all the big areas. From the front of his cabin he can see part of the lake, the center of camp, and the counselors cabin. He'd have to find out where the dinning hall and bathroom are.

He looks over when Cassi suddenly walks out of cabin 1, her camp notebook tucked under her arm. She pays him no mind as she starts walking off.

BRENDON KALLINS

Where you off too?

She looks back at him and immediately her expression sours, though she tries her best not to show it.

(CONTINUED)

CASSI VENEMA

Just going to look around. If I'm gonna be working here for the next seven days then I may as well get myself familiar with everything.

BRENDON KALLINS

Ah.

Before Brendon can say anything else, Cassi turns and continues on her way. He watches her as she goes, his eyes being drawn immediately to her ass.

BRENDON KALLINS

(TURNED ON)

Mmmm.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAMP CRYSTAL LAKE, BARN: DAY

Cassi slows to a stop upon seeing the camp's barn house. It's a ghost of it's former shell, with chipped paint and broken windows that show off pitch black rooms.

She looks down at her notebook and double checks her list. "Repaint the barn" is one of her jobs here.

CASSI VENEMA

Oh, this'll be fun...

She walks over to the barn and, after a brief moment of hesitation, pushes the front door open. She coughs as a wave of dust comes rushing out at her, filling her mouth and invading her nostrils.

CASSI VENEMA

Jesus Christ.

CUT TO:

INT. CAMP BARN HOUSE, LOWER FLOOR: SAME TIME

Just like the exterior, the interior is a ghost of what it once was. Everything is coated in dust and grime, with a couple piles of forgotten boating machinery scattered throughout.

CASSI VENEMA

The least they could have done is dusted the place, or at the very least wash the floor...

(CONTINUED)

She looks up at the second floor and notices that it's packed to the rim with dead hay and moldy looking boxes. That won't at all be fun to work with.

A moment passes before something catches her attention, a surprisingly large dark spot near the left wall. She tilts her head a bit before slowly approaching it. The spot's barely visible under the years of dust and dirt but it's still clearly there.

She brushes the layers of dust and dirt, stopping only once her fingers actually brush against the wooden floor. She scratches the spot a bit then holds her fingers up to her nose. Whatever the stain is, it smells faintly of bleach and rust.

A nearby table suddenly collapses, causing the stacks of boxes to come crashing down around the startled Cassi. She quickly jumps out of the way, just barely avoiding being whacked in the head by a broken hockey stick.

CASSI VENEMA

Jesus!

The tumbling boxes had hit the floor hard enough to cause a wave of dust to rise into the air, engulfing Cassi within seconds. She coughs as she quickly waves her notebook in front of her face.

Once the shock has died and the dust has resettled Cassi turns her attention to the mess. Six boxes in total had come crashing down, and each was packed with different types of sports gear. The one closest to her, the one with the broken hockey stick, is full of roller hockey gear.

CASSI VENEMA

(QUIETLY)

The hell...?

In the box sits a hockey mask, one with two red triangles under the eye sockets and one on it's forehead. It's a bit scuffed up from usage and has turned yellow with age but overall it's still in decent condition, but there's something on it that sends a minor chill up Cassi's spine.

There's a line of blood drops going across it, starting from the lower left and ending just above the right eye, and something told her it wasn't a hockey game that put it there.

KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK!

Cassi turns back towards the doorway and is surprised to see Brendon standing in it.

(CONTINUED)

BRENDON KALLINS

You okay? I heard the crashing...

CASSI VENEMA

(QUIETLY)

Yeah.

(SHAKES HEAD, LOUDER)

Yeah, I'm fine. The table just broke is all.

(SIGHS)

I need some air. The dust in here's giving me a headache.

She walks to the door and goes to walk out, only to have Brendon block her way with his arm. He gives her a smile, while she simply stares blankly back at him.

CASSI VENEMA

Can I help you?

BRENDON KALLINS

I was just curious if you had looked at your chores list yet?

CASSI VENEMA

Not yet.

She goes to sidestep him, only to have him once again block her exit. Her jaw briefly locks but she manages to swallow down her annoyance... for now.

BRENDON KALLINS

Cause I was thinking maybe I could lend you a hand with some of your tasks? Lift some boards, hold the trash bags, all the stuff a pretty girl shouldn't have to do.

Cassi blinks, clearly unimpressed. She gives him a tight lipped smile that's clearly anything but sincere.

CASSI VENEMA

I'm good, thank you.

Again she tries to sidestep him, and again he blocks her path. Her expression says it all, "What the fuck?"

CASSI VENEMA

Move. Now.

Now it's Brendon's turn to look annoyed.

(CONTINUED)

BRENDON KALLINS

I'm just trying to lend you a friendly helping hand, I don't see why you're being such a bitch.

And that's when Cassi loses it.

CASSI VENEMA

Cause I want nothing to do with you, alright? Don't think I don't know who you really are! We all do, and we all know why you're here, and to be honest? I'd appreciate it if you stayed the the Hell away from me.

Brendon's jaw clenches.

BRENDON KALLINS

What happened between me and Skye was a misunderstanding.

CASSI VENEMA

Well I'll make sure to say this nice and slow so there's no misunderstanding now, okay?

(LEANS CLOSER)

If you come near me again, at all, while we're here? I'll report your ass for harassment, and have you sent right back to juvi where you can continue to jerk off to your non-existent girlfriend for the next two or three years. Now move.

Jaw still tightly clenched, Brendon lowers his arm and steps aside. He watches with complete hatred as she power walks off in the direction of the counselors cabin.

BRENDON KALLINS

Fucking bitch...

CUT TO:

INT. COUNSELORS CABIN, SITTING ROOM: DAY

Newt and Alistair sit side-by-side on one of the couches, while May-Anne and Karla have taken up the armchairs. We can hear Gillian making more tea in the kitchen.

(CONTINUED)

NEWT ELLWOOD

They really weren't going to let you open the place?

Karla shakes her head 'No'.

KARLA ROBBINS

Some of the locals believe this place is cursed, and that opening it back up again would bring nothing but bad luck back to the town.

Ali can't help but let out an amused chuckle.

ALISTAIR MCCOY

(AMUSED)

"Cursed"?

KARLA ROBBINS

Mhm.

ALISTAIR MCCOY

I mean it was a pretty haunting crime, but I don't think the murder of two teenagers is enough to warrant the "cursed" title.

KARLA ROBBINS

It wasn't just those two kids, though.

NEWT ELLWOOD

What do you mean?

Before Karla can respond, Cassi comes walking in through the front door. She still wears a look of mild annoyance on her face. Newt sits up straight upon seeing her.

NEWT ELLWOOD

Something wrong, Mrs. Venema?

CASSI VENEMA

No-- yes-- *I mean*, I have a question. For the counselors.

Now it's Karla's turn to sit up straighter, while May-Anne stays casually how she is.

KARLA ROBBINS

What can I do for you, kiddo?

(CONTINUED)

CASSI VENEMA

First, please don't call me kiddo.

KARLA ROBBINS

Won't happen again.

May-Anne can't help but smile in amusement. It was both sad and amusing to her how hard Karla worked to make sure everyone was not only happy, but comfortable to the finest degree.

CASSI VENEMA

Second, what is that giant stain in the barn?

Karla blinks, clearly surprised at that question.

KARLA ROBBINS

It's dried blood.

Cassi's eyes widen. She had thought as much, but had still hoped that maybe it was an old oil stain.

CASSI VENEMA

Blood?!

Karla looks at the two officers.

KARLA ROBBINS

Didn't you either of you tell them?

Cassi turns towards the two officers as well, s look of irritated annoyance on her face.

CASSI VENEMA

Tell us what? *Tell us what?!*

Newt sighs.

NEWT ELLWOOD

(*RE: KARLA*)

No, we didn't.

ALISTAIR MCCOY

Go collect the others, please, and have them come here. May as well get it out now.

CASSI VENEMA

Get what out? What happened here?

ALISTAIR MCCOY

We'll tell you once everyone is together, now go. Please.

Cassi stares at the officer in defiance for a moment before, albeit reluctantly, turning and heading out. Karla looks at the two officers.

KARLA ROBBINS

Why didn't you tell them?

NEWT ELLWOOD

Our bosses advised us not to, said it may affect the quality of their work.

May-Anne frowns, not at all pleased with the secrecy. She leans forward in her seat.

MAY-ANNE MOSELY

You guys didn't think for a second that them finding out on their own would, oh I don't know, royally freak them out? At least telling them ahead of time would've given them a chance to let it sink in.

NEWT ELLWOOD

We know, but we can't go against orders. If the bosses don't want them knowing, they won't know.

ALISTAIR MCCOY

But now that one knows we may as well tell them all.

CUT TO:

INT. CAMP CRYSTAL LAKE, CABIN 1: DAY

Marco sits cross-legged on his bed, his eyes locked on the pages of his notebook. He's trying to memorize every little job and chore he's got listed so he doesn't have to constantly check the book later.

Jimmy, on the other hand, has decided to spend his time rummaging through the cabin's only closet. Beyond a couple metal hangers and a long-since forgotten rain coat, the closet is empty.

(CONTINUED)

MARCO HARRISON*(LOOKS AT HIM)*

I'll probably regret asking this, but what exactly are you looking for?

JIMMY POWELL*(GRUNTING WITH EFFORT)*

I'm not *looking* for anything, I'm trying to *open* this door here.

Marco blinks in surprise before looking over at the closet, only now seeing that Jimmy's gotten down on all fours. He closes his notebook and, after uncrossing his legs, goes over to him.

And he sees what Jimmy's talking about immediately: a small, child-sized door has been built into the back of the closet. There's no knob of any kind to be seen so Jimmy's resorted to trying to pry his fingers into the cracks.

MARCO HARRISON

What for? If you want to go outside so badly just use the door.

JIMMY POWELL

This doesn't lead outside, smarty. Look at the size of the closet. There's got to be a good five or six feet between the back wall and the outer wall, give or take. That means there's gotta be a room back there.

MARCO HARRISON

It's probably just a storage compartment, then. A place they kept spare pillows and bedsheets.

He shrugs before going back to his bed, leaving Jimmy to his little task. He's about to sit back down when Cassi suddenly pushes her way through the front door.

CASSI VENEMA

Officer Alistair wants us all at the counselors cabin, now.

Jimmy stands up and gives her a look.

JIMMY POWELL

Why?

(CONTINUED)

CASSI VENEMA

Something happened here they didn't tell us about, and they're gonna tell us now. Let's go.

Before Jimmy can reply to her, Cassi turns and disappears back out the door. The two guys share a look before following her.

Cassi bumps into Brendon on her way down the cabin steps and instantly reels back in surprise. She frowns at him, which in turn causes him to raise his hands in mock defense.

BRENDON KALLINS

Calm your tits, Cas, I'm just on my way back to the cabin.

CASSI VENEMA

Officer Alistair wants you, Karen and Will at the counselors cabin. Now.

That's when Brendon's mocking smirk falters, but Cassi takes off before he can ask any questions. He looks at Marco and Jimmy as they come scuffling out of the cabin after her.

BRENDON KALLINS

What's going on?

JIMMY POWELL

My guess is they changed their minds and want us to start working immediately. C'mon.

Jimmy and Marco start off after Cassi, while Brendon simply stands where he is. A moment passes before he decides to cooperate and fetch the other two.

CUT TO:

INT. COUNSELORS CABIN, SITTING ROOM: DAY

Gillian's returns to the group with a tray of tea, completely oblivious of everything that just occurred in the sitting room. She notes the looks on Newt and Alistair's faces and instantly stands up straight.

GILLIAN CARTER

Is something wrong?

(CONTINUED)

NEWT ELLWOOD

Hopefully not.

Just then Cassi storms her way into the cabin, a puzzled Jimmy and Marco only a few steps behind her. Newt and Alistair immediately rise to their feet while Karla and May-Anne stay seated.

MAY-ANNE MOSELY

Weren't there six of you?

CASSI VENEMA

The others are on their way. Now spill.

ALISTAIR MCCOY

We'll explain everything once everyone is here, till then why don't you three just sit down and try to relax?

Cassi wants to give a sarcastic comment, something that would probably just cause him to roll his eyes and tell her to just sit down. She chooses to save her breathe and just sit down on the now empty couch.

Jimmy raises a brow at the two officers.

JIMMY POWELL

Are we in trouble or something?
What's going on?

NEWT ELLWOOD

No, you're not. None of you are. There's just something-- there's something about the camp that we neglected to tell you kids about before.

JIMMY POWELL

(JOKING)

You're not gonna tell me someone died here, are ya?

He chuckles. His smile instantly fades away when he sees that neither Officer Newt or Officer Alistair are laughing, and that Mrs. Karla now looks uncomfortable.

JIMMY POWELL

Wait, are you serious?

(CONTINUED)

ALISTAIR MCCOY

Please sit down, Mr. Powell.

JIMMY POWELL

Not till you answer my question.

Just then Karen charges into the cabin with Will and Brendon, a look of "innocent" curiosity on her face.

NEWT ELLWOOD

(RE: JIMMY)

Which we're about to do now.

KAREN HYONG

What's going on?

ALISTAIR MCCOY

There's a subject matter we neglected to talk to you six about before coming here, so if you'll all please just sit down and cooperate we'll get this on with.

Karen frowns, not at all happy with the answer, but nonetheless does as she's told and sits on a nearby armchair. Jimmy slumps down beside Cassi on the sofa while Marco and Will claim the last two armchairs. Brendon chooses to sit apart from everyone, claiming a stool by the door.

ALISTAIR MCCOY

Back at the center we told you all that the camp was closed down because of a failed health inspection, but that wasn't true.

Karla bites down on her tongue to keep from commenting on the lie.

JIMMY POWELL

Is the truth that someone died here?

Karen and Will sit up straighter upon hearing the suggestion.

NEWT ELLWOOD

Yes, unfortunately.

KAREN HYONG

What? Someone *died* here? It wasn't in our cabin, was it?

ALISTAIR MCCOY

No, Mrs. Hyong. It happened in the barn, two of the camp's counselors were found dead.

Marco leans forward in his seat, placing both hands on his knees as he does. He's trying and failing to hide his curiosity.

MARCO HARRISON

What happened to them?

NEWT ELLWOOD

They were, well... let's see--

ALISTAIR MCCOY

They were gutted.

Newt's eyes widen, and he watches as a wave of shock crashes down on the teens. Almost immediately Karen's look of false innocence goes flying out the window.

NEWT ELLWOOD

Ali!

ALISTAIR MCCOY

What? You were stalling!

NEWT ELLWOOD

I'm sure there was a more tactful way to tell them that.

ALISTAIR MCCOY

Yeah, well, tactfulness was taking too long. Sorry, bud.

Newt shakes his head disapprovingly but otherwise doesn't reply. Gillian, who stands behind Newt and Alistair, simply sips at her tea as she listens intently to the conversation. Truly an important character to have around.

KAREN HYONG

So wait, kids were gutted here? And you guys didn't think that was worthy of a mention before?

NEWT ELLWOOD

The bosses thought it'd be a bad idea to mention it.

MARCO HARRISON

Doesn't that strike you two as kind of stupid?

JIMMY POWELL

I agree. Instead of telling us the truth about this place, you all decided to blindly throw us into a place where not one, but two teenagers were murdered? That's not just stupid, that's *fucked*.

Newt sighs.

NEWT ELLWOOD

I agree that it was wrong of us to withhold the information, but it was only cause they thought you knowing would make working here more uncomfortable for you than it already is.

KAREN HYONG

Well, I'm sure as Hell comfortable now. Thank you ever so much.

Karla stands up now and puts her hands up to silence everyone; it surprisingly works.

KARLA ROBBINS

I understand you all are upset, and you have every right to be; I would be, too, in your shoes. But this happened years ago, long before any of you were even born. I promise this place is safe, and nothing will happen to any of you.

CASSI VENEMA

Were they caught?

KARLA ROBBINS

(*RE: CASSI*)

Hm?

CASSI VENEMA

The person who killed them, were they ever caught?

KARLA ROBBINS

(*HESITATES*)

No, no they weren't, but--

CASSI VENEMA

Then how can you honestly promise us that?

(CONTINUED)

MAY-ANNE MOSELY

This happened almost 40 years ago, Mrs. Venema. This camp and these woods have been scanned through almost half a dozen times since then, and no one's been found hiding anywhere.

Alistair, growing tired of the conversation, decides to give the kids a decision.

ALISTAIR MCCOY

If you six don't think you can work here now, knowing this, then we will escort you back to the center and we will find six others who will. It's up to you.

The teens instinctively look at one another, all considering what they want to do. Karen's the first to speak up.

KAREN HYONG

Well, I'm not leaving. Only an idiot would pass up the chance to get out of that place quicker.

WILL BENNETT

(QUICKLY)

Same, same.

Karen can't help but roll her eyes, even though she had expected the little lapdog to follow her suite.

Cassi thinks for a moment before finally looking Alistair square in the eyes.

CASSI VENEMA

I'm staying, but I'm not going near that barn again. I refuse.

ALISTAIR MCCOY

Is that so?

CASSI VENEMA

It is. I'll wash your ass if you want me too, but I'm not going back in there.

Newt quickly steps up.

NEWT ELLWOOD

That's fine, Mrs. Venema. Mrs. Robbins, don't you think it'd be

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

NEWT ELLWOOD (cont'd)
wise to have the barn refurnished?
Don't want any kids accidentally
walking in on that.

KARLA ROBBINS
I'll call around tonight, see if I
can find someone willing to come
out on short notice.

NEWT ELLWOOD
Thank you.
(*RE: THE KIDS*)
And the rest of you?

JIMMY POWELL
I'm staying. As Karen said, only an
idiot would pass up this chance.

Marco and Brendon both agree, almost in unison. Alistair
nods his head approvingly.

ALISTAIR MCCOY
Good, glad to hear that.

NEWT ELLWOOD
You guys are welcome to go, now.
Because of this bombshell I think
it's only fair we give you the rest
of the day off.

KAREN HYONG
Agreed.

Karen stands up and leaves then, Will not far behind her.
Brendon hesitates a moment before following them out the
door.

Jimmy stands up and looks at the officers.

JIMMY POWELL
And guys had the galls to talk
about not trusting us, at least we
don't hide what we are.

ALISTAIR MCCOY
And what are you?

JIMMY POWELL
Fucked up kids who've made fucked
up choices, and what are you?

NEWT ELLWOOD*(CALMLY)*

Two men doing their jobs, Mr. Powell.

JIMMY POWELL*(SCOFFS)*

Some jobs.

With that, Jimmy turns and marches out. One-by-one the remaining teens follow suit, leaving the adults alone in the counselors cabin.

Karla looks at the three officers.

KARLA ROBBINS

They have a right to be upset, you know. We'd all be just as pissed if something like that were kept from us.

NEWT ELLWOOD

We know, we should've told them earlier.

MAY-ANNE MOSELY*(NODS)*

Definitely would've been the smarter way to handle things.

Karla let's out an exhausted sigh before slumping back down on the couch beside May-Anne. Newt hesitates a moment before turning towards the two women.

NEWT ELLWOOD

Mrs. Robbins, earlier when we were talking, you said that it wasn't just two kids who died here. What do you mean?

KARLA ROBBINS

Oh. Well... a year before the two kids were murdered, a little boy drowned in the lake.

NEWT ELLWOOD

Are you serious?

ALISTAIR MCCOY

That wasn't in our reports...

A moment passes before Karla let's out an ashamed sigh. She runs a hand through her hair and ruffles it up a bit as she tries to figure out how to answer.

(CONTINUED)

KARLA ROBBINS

That's because my father's lawyers paid the police and tabloids to keep it hush hush, to report instead that the kid simply disappeared in the middle of the night. They thought the public would handle it better than reading that the counselors weren't watching him and let him swim out too deep.

GILLIAN CARTER

Did the family ever find out?

KARLA ROBBINS

Of course, and they were rightly furious. They tried to tell everyone what happened but no one would believe them, said my father was "too good a man" to spread a lie like that. It wasn't till the teenagers were killed a year later that the public started believing them, but the police kept to their word and treated it like a "he said, she said" situation. It was awful.

NEWT ELLWOOD

That *sounds* awful. That poor family, I can only imagine what Hells they went through.

ALISTAIR MCCOY

What was his name?

Karla looks at Alistair.

KARLA ROBBINS

Who? The boys name?

ALISTAIR MCCOY

Yes.

She has to think, but it only takes about two seconds for the familiar name to spring back to memory.

KARLA ROBBINS

Jason. His name was Jason.

CUT TO BLACK:

END OF CHAPTER 1